

# MISS PRESIDENT

A

Script

Written

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. ACADEMY AWARD AUDITORIUM - DAY

STARS arrive in limos and walk down the red carpet. THE CROWD claps and cheers. THE PRESS observes excitedly.

A huge limo stops.

AN EXOTIC FEMALE LIMO DRIVER gets out and opens the door.

NAKISHA BROWN, black, mid thirties, fatter than a pregnant whale, wearing a yellow and purple outfit that shows the mountainous curves of her body, steps out with difficulty.

Walking down the carpet, she smiles and waves to the crowd enthusiastically as photographers and cameramen register the moment.

INT. ACADEMY AWARD AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Nakisha sits in the middle of a row with OTHER STARS.

A FAMOUS ACTRESS, next to a FAMOUS MUSICIAN reads the names of the other famous NOMINEES FOR BEST ACTRESS.

The nominees smile proudly. Nakisha is a little nervous.

ON THE SCREEN

Clips of their movies are shown. In the clip from "Kicking Ass," Nakisha plays the wife of an unfaithful man who has an overused portfolio of lies.

FAMOUS ACTRESS

...And Nakisha Brown for "Kicking Ass."

INT. NAKISHA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The apartment is DARK. There's the sound of the DOOR LOCK TURNING. The door opens. Light comes in from the corridor.

LEROY, black, mid 30s, carefully walks in trying not to make noise.

The light comes on. Nakisha stands near the light switch in her huge nightgown, holding a frying pan.

Leroy pretends to be recovering from the fright of his life.

LEROY

Honey, you scared the shit out of me...

NAKISHA

I can smell your breath from here Leroy.  
I told you: no more partying all night  
with I don't know who, while I have to  
bust my ass to feed you.

LEROY

My car broke down... I just had a Bud  
while I was waiting for the toll truck--

NAKISHA

--Excuse number three! Again Leroy?  
Can't you think of anything else?!

Leroy approaches, confident that he can talk his way out of it.

LEROY

Listen honey--

NAKISHA

--Listen my ass, you're out of here! And  
don't come near me or I'll bust your head.

Threatening with the frying pan, Nakisha walks into the bedroom.

She comes back with a bunch of clothes and throws them at Leroy.

He stands there while more stuff piles up around him.

LEROY

Come on, my little watermelon, you know  
I love you.

Nakisha throws a shoe at Leroy who ducks his head.

NAKISHA  
Don't "watermelon" me... Get out.

Nakisha is taken by her affectionate nickname. Leroy, confident he got to her, approaches tenderly.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Nakisha tosses Leroy down the stairway.

She comes back with his stuff, tossing it at the surprised and speechless Leroy.

NAKISHA  
Get your own place!

INT. ACADEMY AWARDS AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

ON THE SCREEN

Nakisha's last expression freezes.

Nakisha smiles proudly as everyone claps for her "amazing" performance.

The famous actress reaches inside the envelope.

FAMOUS ACTRESS  
...And the winner is...

Nakisha and the other famous nominees wait apprehensively.

FAMOUS ACTRESS  
Nakisha Brown!

Nakisha jumps up in excitement and moves across to the aisle shoving her big ass into all the famous stars sitting in her row.

She walks down the aisle. Everyone applauds enthusiastically.

Nakisha walks on the stage fixing her yellow and purple dress.

The famous actress hands her the Oscar. Nakisha almost drops it.

She approaches the microphone, everyone still clapping on their feet.

NAKISHA

Thank you... Thank you... I just... I just  
want to thank Laurel, Larisha, Su Nee...

EXT. NAKISHA'S BUILDING - DAY

NAKISHA

...and Maria.

Nakisha holds a banana as if it was the Oscar statue.

She's standing on the steps of a building in Harlem looking at four little girls,  
around ten years old, giggling: LAUREL and LARISHA (African-American), SU  
NEE (Asian) and MARIA (Latino).

A school bus stops in front. The girls get their school bags and run to bus. They  
turn back waving Nakisha goodbye.

LARISHA

Bye Mom!

They get into the bus and are greeted by a black female bus driver: The exotic limo  
driver from Nakisha's "Oscar tale."

INT. BUS - DAY

Su Nee walks past the Bus Driver.

SU NEE

Nakisha is going to win the Oscar.

BUS DRIVER

And I'm going to win the New York  
Lottery.

(to Nakisha)

You need another man, Nakisha! Forget  
about Leroy. He's never coming back.

NAKISHA

I don't care about Leroy. Never did.

BUS DRIVER

Yeah, sure.

Smiling, she shuts the bus door and drives off.

EXT. NAKISHA'S BUILDING - DAY

Nakisha waves at the little girls also waving from the bus window.

She heads down the street.

EXT. STREETS OF HARLEM - DAY

During Nakisha's long walk, she greets, talks and jokes with almost everyone  
along the way (to the sound of a rock ballad, "Angel of Harlem," U2).

A CAR drives down the street of this "bad neighborhood," filled with POOR  
PEOPLE, GANG MEMBERS, SOME KIDS.

INT. MOVING CAR - DAY

Jeff BARTELLI, 40s, long hair, pony tail, glasses, drives the car. SUSAN, early  
30's, conservatively groomed sits in the passenger seat.

BARTELLI

This is the real America. The urban slums.  
There's a third world country inside the US  
and Wall Street doesn't give a damn about it.

SUSAN

I think they do care. Just take a look at the

feet of any of those kids. Hundred dollar sneakers.

BARTELLI

America was built according to Henry Ford's economic principle: Higher wages, bigger market.

SUSAN

Thank the Unions, not Henry Ford.

The car stops at the light.

BARTELLI

Unfortunately the majority of the workers don't belong to unions. They'll never get their share of the pie unless they fight for it. Specially minimum wage workers

Susan looks at a bakery and flower shop across the street.

SUSAN

How about if I get you a pie and you get me some flowers. For our...

BARTELLI

"Anniversary?" You can say it. It's the word "wedding" that gives me the creeps.

Bartelli parks the car in front of the flower shop.

SUSAN

"Love shouldn't be institutionalized." We may agree on almost everything when it comes to politics but--

BARTELLI

--You're religious and it's part of



your culture."

Bartelli and Susan get out of the car.

EXT. BAKERY - DAY

BARTELLI

I'll get you some roses.

SUSAN

I'll get you a pie.

BARTELLI

Cherry.

SUSAN

Apple.

BARTELLI

I thought it was "my" present.

SUSAN

It's "our anniversary," remember?

BARTELLI

And what am I going to do with roses?

Bartelli walks to the flower shop.

SUSAN

Make me happy. And improve the economy.

Susan walks to the bakery next door.

BARTELLI

Flowers aren't what I call an essential sector of the economy.

Susan stops at the door of the bakery.

SUSAN

You're so unromantic.

BARTELLI

Thanks. I like simple, direct and spontaneous relationships.

SUSAN

And when are you planning to practice what you preach?

They both walk into the respective shops.

INT. BAKERY - DAY

MRS. ESTHER BERGSTEIN, an old lady, serves a FAT CUSTOMER.  
Susan approaches.

INT. FLOWER SHOP - DAY

Bartelli walks in, looking around.

MR. BENJAMIN BERGSTEIN, an old man wearing a Jewish skullcap, serves a SHY CUSTOMER who is unsure of which flowers to choose.

Nakisha helps an IMPATIENT CUSTOMER who looks at some plants.

The flower shop and the bakery are connected by an opening with no door. Bartelli and Susan look at each other and smile.

ESTHER (OFF SCREEN)

Nakisha! I need your help!

BENJAMIN

She's busy Esther!

The shy customer takes his time examining two flower arrangements.

SHY CUSTOMER

I don't know... What do you think?

BENJAMIN

Take this one.

SHY CUSTOMER

I kind of like this one  
better.

BENJAMIN

Take this one then.

Nakisha turns around.

NAKISHA

(to shy customer)

Take the other one. Unless you're gay  
and you're going out with a man.

BENJAMIN

Nakisha.

SHY CUSTOMER

It's for my sister. And I'm not gay...  
Although she's a lesbian.

NAKISHA

That's a tough one. I would choose  
the one you like the least. That way  
if she doesn't like it you can't blame  
yourself.

Bartelli smiles. The impatient customer looks at Nakisha trying to get her attention.

BARTELLI

That's good thinking.

INT. BAKERY - DAY

Fat Customer looks at some donuts.

FAT CUSTOMER

Do you have any fat free donuts?

Susan waits patiently.

ESTHER

No, I don't think so.

(to Susan)

I'll be with you in a minute.

Susan looks at the pies.

INT. FLOWER SHOP - DAY

Shy Customer pays for the flowers chosen by Nakisha and walks out of the store still wondering if he made the right choice.

Benjamin puts the money in the cash register. Bartelli looks at some roses.

Nakisha talks to the impatient customer who examines an exotic plant.

NAKISHA

I treat my plants just like my dog.

I have one just like this one. I call her

Diana Ross. You know, the singer.

IMPATIENT CUSTOMER

I know who Diana Ross is.

BENJAMIN

Nakisha, why don't you go help Esther,

I'll take care of this customer.

NAKISHA

All right!

BENJAMIN

But please, sell the food, don't eat it.

NAKISHA

I'm on a diet.

Nakisha walks into the bakery through the connection.

Benjamin approaches the impatient customer.

BENJAMIN

I just can't imagine what it would be  
like if she wasn't.

INT. BAKERY - DAY

Nakisha walks behind the counter and approaches Susan who is looking at the  
pies.

NAKISHA

Can I help you, madam?

SUSAN

Yes, I would like an apple pie... And  
also a cherry pie.

Nakisha gets down behind the counter to reach for the pies.

INT. FLOWER SHOP - DAY

Leroy and MALCOLM, black, 20s, enter the flower shop.

Bartelli selects some roses and waits for Benjamin to finish attending the impatient  
customer.

LEROY

This is perfect. Seven Eleven's have  
cameras.

MALCOLM

So what? This shit has no cash.

Leroy takes out a gun and approaches Benjamin who is giving the impatient  
customer his change.

LEROY

Hold it right there pops. I'll take the money. I'm collecting cash to save the rain forest.

Malcolm approaches the opening between the flower shop and the bakery holding a gun.

MALCOLM

Look at this. It's connected to a bakery. Great, we can stick up two places for the price of one.

INT. BAKERY - DAY

Nakisha, kneeling behind the counter, holding a cherry pie with her eyes wide open listens to the delinquents.

LEROY (OFF SCREEN)

C'mon! Get the cash and a couple of bagels!

Nakisha stands holding the pie.

NAKISHA

Leroy?! Is that you?!

She goes around the counter. Susan is frightened. Malcolm, holding the gun, stares at Nakisha, surprised.

MALCOLM

Where are you going, fat bitch! Can't you see I'm holding a gun?

Nakisha, still holding the pie, grabs a long thick baguette and walks into the flower shop.

NAKISHA

Get out of my way.

## INT. FLOWER SHOP - DAY

Nakisha walks in followed by Malcolm. Leroy, surprised, holds a bunch of small bills taken from the shop cash register.

NAKISHA

I knew it! You son of a bitch.

MALCOLM

Do you know this black Moby Dick,  
Leroy?

Leroy is speechless.

NAKISHA

Didn't you tell your friends how you left  
your pregnant girlfriend?

Malcolm starts to laugh.

MALCOLM

No offense bro, but with an ugly bitch like  
this on my tail, I would be hiding in another  
country.

Nakisha plunges the cherry pie into Malcolm's face, socks him in the stomach and throws him against a table of cactus.

Malcolm moans on the floor with thorns all over his ass.

Leroy laughs.

NAKISHA

What are you laughing at?!

Nakisha whacks Leroy several times with the baguette.

NAKISHA

Put the money back!

Leroy hands the money to Benjamin, taking several baguette bashes on his head.

NAKISHA

Gimme all you got! Empty your  
pockets right now!

Leroy empties his pocket. Bartelli and Susan observe the action, containing their  
smiles.

Malcolm gets up in pain and rushes out the door. Nakisha takes Leroy's money.

NAKISHA

That's all you got, you piece of shit?!

She hits him with the baguette until it comes apart.

Nakisha reaches for a vase but Leroy runs out the door.

NAKISHA

Come back here! I'll find your black  
ass! You can't hide from me.

Nakisha's smoking anger cools down. Bartelli and Susan clap their hands.

SUSAN

That's it girl.

Nakisha looks at the mess in the flower shop.

NAKISHA

I'm sorry Benji.

BENJAMIN

It's all right. You saved me the money  
and you sure taught those boys a lesson.

Bartelli helps Nakisha pick up some broken vases.

BARTELLI

You're very courageous.

NAKISHA

No. I'm just defending my turf. It's all



right, I can clean the mess.

Bartelli hands the broken vase to Nakisha who walks to the back of the store observed by everyone.

INT. BARTELLI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Susan puts the roses into a vase, while Bartelli attacks the cherry pie.

SUSAN

What a nice couple, Benjamin and Esther.

BARTELLI

Sure, I love freebies. The pie is delicious.

SUSAN

Can't you forget about your wallet for a second? ...Do you think we'll ever make it that far?

Bartelli continues to devour the pie while Susan gives a final touch to the flowers.

BARTELLI

I love that girl. Tenacious, spontaneous, a true example of the potential for self determination of the disadvantaged. They don't need politicians. They don't need people that come from a completely different environment to "help" them. They can help themselves.

SUSAN

Is this part of a "back-off speech?" Save it for the party meeting.

Susan takes a small piece of the apple pie.

BARTELLI

I'm not backing off. On the contrary. I'm moving forward.

## INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

The auditorium is filled with "Freedom and Democracy Party" banners, American flags and a banner reading "Presidential nomination." NOISE OF DISCUSSION.

Bartelli and Susan sit at a table on a stage with three other party members: DOUGLAS, 60s, bald but wearing a wig; MIRA, 20s, thick glasses; and CONAN, 30s, good looking but with an ugly haircut, OTHER PARTY MEMBERS sit in front.

CONAN

If Bartelli doesn't want to run, that's fine. We'll choose someone else.

MIRA

You? I don't think so.

CONAN

Yes. If the majority wishes to support me. Or you, if the majority of the members feel you can be trusted.

MIRA

What's that suppose to mean?

ANOTHER PARTY MEMBER

You know what it means!

NOISE OF DISCUSSION. Conan smiles. Mira is pissed. Susan intervenes energetically, looking at Conan.

SUSAN

The audit was made. You couldn't prove anything. Can we keep focused on the nomination?

Douglas, thoughtful, adjusts his wig. Everyone waits for his opinion. He takes off his wig revealing his bald head. That doesn't surprise anyone.

DOUGLAS

I like my bald head... I like my wigs... And I like Bartelli's idea!

A moment of silence and everyone gradually starts to CLAP, except for Conan.

CONAN

Are you insane?! Are we going to ignore all  
the hard work the members of this party  
gave for an ideal?

NOISE OF DISCUSSION. Bartelli throws a glass against the wall silencing the  
crowd and getting everyone's attention.

BARTELLI

...A little pyrotechnic effect... Sorry... I'm  
paying for the glass of course... Ideal?! What  
is our ideal?!

Bartelli looks at Conan and at all the other party members. Conan listens. Mira  
adjusts her glasses. Douglas puts his wig back on.

BARTELLI

Do we believe in the leadership of a  
shepherd over his "sheep?" Or do we believe  
that the "sheep" can achieve self  
determination? Find their way, solve their  
own problems. Self-organize. Choose their  
own destiny. We are the sheep! There shall  
be no shepherd!

Everyone applauds. Susan fills a glass of water and gives it to Bartelli. He takes a  
sip.

BARTELLI

We made our choice for direct democracy.  
People voting directly for the issues they  
care about. Solving their own problems.  
Why not run with a "protest candidate" that  
really represents the disadvantaged?

Conan stands.

CONAN

My question is: Can this individual be trusted? Will he or she renounce the power given by the constitution and govern this country by the direct vote of the people on the main issues that affect us all? Isn't that our goal?

Susan looks at her notes.

SUSAN

I think Conan has a point.  
(to Bartelli)  
What makes you think that our candidate from the "urban slums" will follow our ideology?

NOISE OF DISCUSSION. Douglas stands, gets his chair and throws it against the wall, silencing everyone.

DOUGLAS

Listen to yourselves: "follow." No one has to follow us. I say I'd trust anyone until they give me a reason not to.

MIRA

And let's not be over confident here about winning, chances are--

BARTELLI

--We'll lose. In the short run we'll scandalize the establishment, attract attention to the problems of the disadvantaged. In the long run we'll--

Douglas stands with his arms open.

DOUGLAS

--Win! In the long run we'll win! The people will win!

Standing ovation. Bartelli smiles ear to ear and claps enthusiastically. Susan claps, not so euphoric. Mira waves an American flag. Conan grumbles.

CONAN

And where will we find this symbol of the  
"disadvantaged?"

INT. FLOWER SHOP - NIGHT

Nakisha mops the floor, dancing and wiggling her big ass to the sound of Donna  
Summer 70'S DISCO MUSIC.

Benjamin approaches ready to leave for the day.

BENJAMIN

Turn down the music, Nakisha. The floor is  
clean enough, you're wearing down the tiles.

Nakisha continues to dance and tries to take Benjamin along. Esther comes in from  
the bakery.

ESTHER

I'm ready to go. You'll give him a heart  
attack, Nakisha.

Nakisha continues to dance.

NAKISHA

You can go ahead. I'll close up.

BENJAMIN

Are you coming to the synagogue,  
tomorrow?

NAKISHA

I can't. I got a job as a waitress.

ESTHER

We don't work on Saturdays, Nakisha.  
Sabbath, remember.

NAKISHA

Oh yeah, but... I'll rest Sunday and go to  
church.

BENJAMIN

You got to make a choice, Nakisha. Are you Jewish or Christian?

Nakisha stops dancing.

NAKISHA

I don't know. I'm both, I guess. Pastor King talks a lot about Moses and all those guys too.

ESTHER

They are two different religions, my dear.

NAKISHA

God is the same, isn't he? Besides, Jesus was Jewish, wasn't he?

Nakisha continues to dance and tries to take Esther along. Benjamin gives up.

Benjamin pulls Esther by the hand. They head to the front door.

ESTHER

Don't even think about going in the bakery.

INT. BARTELLI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bartelli works on a computer. Susan brings him something to eat.

BARTELLI

I'm fed up with working for this investment company. I'm quitting as soon as we start the campaign.

SUSAN

We need just one more year of savings.

BARTELLI

What we have is enough for me.

SUSAN

Maybe the party can pay you a small salary.

BARTELLI

No way, we need all the money for the campaign.

SUSAN

That's nothing. We'll be better off investing in a full time staff.

BARTELLI

Douglas works full time.

SUSAN

His full time equals a quarter of your part time.

BARTELLI

Do you think Nakisha will say yes?

SUSAN

I have no idea. I would say no if I were her.

INT. PARTY CONVENTION ARENA - NIGHT

The arena is full of excited DELEGATES, holding "REYNALD ROGERS" signs and applauding enthusiastically.

REYNALD ROGERS, 60s, the candidate nominated for the presidency calms the crowd down in order to continue his speech. Behind him is the whole ROGERS FAMILY: Wife, sons, daughters, grandsons, granddaughters and a dog. They are all dressed in clothes of the same style and color.

ROGERS

We are the real America. The America of family values, spiritual values. The hard working men that built this country... And women... We can never forget our wives and daughters that brighten our lives with love.

Rogers looks at his wife who smiles back at him.

ROGERS

We shall bring the light of God back to our schools. We shall let the hard working men of this country keep the money of their labor. We shall not tax the savings hard working people have set aside for rainy days. Will you help me?!

DELEGATES

Yes!

LINFORD, young and chubby, smiles and claps, proud of his boss and idol.

Applause, banners and flags are waved, balloons fall from the ceiling, MUSIC of God Bless America.

ROGERS

God bless you, God bless America!

INT. NAKISHA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A dog stares at the TV.

ON TV

Rogers smiles and makes the "v" sign.

Nakisha approaches holding a bowl of popcorn.

NAKISHA

What are you watching, George?

The dog BARKS. Nakisha changes the channel to a sitcom.

Larisha walks in from the bedroom holding her homework.

LARISHA

Why can't I use a calculator, Mom? I won't have enough time to finish this.

NAKISHA

No calculator. You have to learn without one.



LARISHA

I can't do this one. Can I eat the desert  
before I finish?

Nakisha takes the homework from her daughter.

NAKISHA

You can eat the desert. Let me show you  
how to do this.

Nakisha examines her daughter's homework. Larisha goes to the kitchen.

Nakisha has a hard time solving the problem. She grabs a calculator in a drawer,  
checks to make sure Larisha is out of site and does some adding and subtracting  
while the dog eats out of her unattended bowl of popcorn.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

The beautifully illuminated residency of the president of the United States of  
America.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

IN THE BEDROOM

The FIRST LADY, 50s, in bed with green cream over her face, adjusts her pillow.

FIRST LADY

What are you doing, James?  
You have a meeting very early tomorrow to  
discuss your reelection strategy.

The president, JAMES APPLETREE, 50s, sits in front of a computer playing a  
computer game, shooting alien invaders.

APPLETREE

I'm finishing some work. I'll be there in a  
minute.

Appletree loses the game.

APPLETREE

Damn!

He closes the computer game program. There's also a financial software with an account named "CHARITY DONATIONS" still open.

Under it there are several lines with a bank name, bank location (Cayman Island, Bahamas etc.), account number, and value of deposits in the millions of dollars.

Appletree closes the financial document, turns off the computer, takes the disk from the disk drive and puts it in his pajama pocket.

Walking to the bathroom, he glances at his wife who is sound asleep and snoring.

### IN THE BATHROOM

Appletree stares at the mirror checking his looks for a moment. He smiles and fixes his hair.

Appletree takes off his hair. It's a wig. He places it in a wig box. Takes the disk and places it in the wig box under a cover, under the wig.

Appletree checks his baldness. He seems to have lost some more hair on the left side of his head. "Damn!"

He checks his teeth, takes out his denture and places it in a cup of water.

Appletree whistles a tune while he takes a leak.

### INT. INVESTMENT BANK HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Bartelli, with his hair tied back in a pony tail, wearing a suit, sits in front of a computer terminal, thoughtful.

DOZENS OF INVESTMENT MANAGERS sit at their computer terminals talking with clients over the phone. It's a fast pace, non-stop environment.

Bartelli completely out of the mood, motionless, daydreams playing with a pen, looking at the walls. The phone rings. He doesn't answer. His BOSS, standing next to a terminal nearby, looks at him reprehensibly.

**BOSS**

Wake up Bartelli!

Bartelli picks up the phone. The boss, very busy, talks to another of his subordinates.

BARTELLI

(into phone)

Yes, Mr. Phillips... Yes... I sold the Deutsch mark bonds... I made the transfer to your Cayman Island account... No Sir... Mr. Phillips, I will no longer be managing your account... No... Because I'm quitting...

(speaking louder)

I just want to make a last statement for the record: You and everyone who puts their money in a numbered account are crooks!

The boss and the other investment managers look at Bartelli, surprised.

BARTELLI

I mean, let's face it. You're hiding the money. What have you done, only God knows. Switzerland and all these Caribbean financial havens are bankers of dirty money and they should be expelled from the United Nations if you ask me. Have a nice tax free day, sir.

Bartelli hangs up. Everyone stares at him as if he has lost his mind. His boss is pissed.

Bartelli turns off his computer, takes off his tie and throws it in the wastepaper basket.

He walks past his boss.

BARTELLI

I'm an economist, not a money launderer.

Bartelli walks out.

BOSS

Yeah, don't expect to receive your commissions! Crazy idiot.

(to everyone)

Back to work!

## EXT. FLOWER SHOP - DAY

Bartelli parks his car in front of the shop.

He gets out smiling, happy he is rid of a heavy weight off his back. He takes a moment feeling the morning sun in his face and stretches out.

As he walks into the store, behind him a THIEF, teenager, opens Bartelli's car in a flash.

Bartelli walks into the store. The thief drives away with his car.

## INT. FLOWER SHOP - DAY

Nakisha works on a flower arrangement as Bartelli walks in.

NAKISHA

Mr. Bartender, how nice to see you back so soon.

BARTELLI

Bartelli. Nice to see you too Ms. Brown.

NAKISHA

Is Bartelli Italian for bartender?

Larisha draws with crayons in a corner.

BARTELLI

I have no idea. What about Nakisha and Larisha?

NAKISHA

Larisha is Leroy plus Nakisha. Nakisha I don't know, you'll have to ask my mom when she gets out of prison.

BARTELLI

What did she do?

NAKISHA

You don't want to know... She killed my father... He used to beat her up... So... What is it going to be? More roses for your lucky wife?

BARTELLI

I don't know if she's so lucky. I just quit my job. I'm unemployed.

NAKISHA

You'll find another job.

BARTELLI

I'll be very busy for a while.  
That's why I'm here. I'm involved with a political party called "Freedom and Democracy." Have you heard of it?

NAKISHA

Freedom and what?

BARTELLI

Democracy. You see Nakisha, we believe in direct democracy, we believe in people taking control of their own lives. Not following some "nice looking" leader. We believe--

NAKISHA

--Wait, wait. You are not going to ask me for money or anything, are you?

BARTELLI

No, no. We're in the business of exchanging and debating ideas. We don't want people to give us anything. We want them to participate.

NAKISHA

Well, I don't have time to participate. I have enough problems of my own.

BARTELLI

That's our problem. We don't get that everything is our problem. This country is our problem, because it's our country.

NAKISHA

Have you been drinking, Bartelli? You sound like you just were just fired all right.

Nakisha goes back to work finishing a flower arrangement.

BARTELLI

I don't do alcohol or any kind of drug. That's murdering your mind.

Bartelli looks at Larisha.

BARTELLI

Kids are always high. And they never use drugs. They don't need to. No one does. Because the natural state of mind is "high." "Nothing" that's what you need to get high.

NAKISHA

I used to do crack. That doesn't kill your mind. Kills you period. My friend, Sheryl, died smoking the pipe.

BARTELLI

Let me get direct to the point Nakisha.

NAKISHA

There is still a point?! I don't think I want to hear this.

BARTELLI

We want you to be our candidate for the "Presidency of the United States of America."

Nakisha stares at him and tries to smell his breath.

NAKISHA

I don't know what you've been drinking, but I have work to do. You came all the way down here to make fun of me?

Nakisha pushes Bartelli out of the store.

BARTELLI

I'm serious Nakisha. You'll be a perfect "protest candidate," a true symbol of the disadvantaged, of the low income struggling urban America.

Nakisha pushes Bartelli out.

EXT. FLOWER SHOP - DAY

NAKISHA

Your wife must be worried about you. Go home. You'll find another job. Open a business or whatever. You look like an intelligent man.

Bartelli realizes his car is gone.

BARTELLI

Where's my car?!

NAKISHA

I don't know Mr. President. Call the secret service.

BARTELLI

...I wonder what the impact on the economy would be if there were no thieves... Certainly a significant reduction of the aggregate demand...

Nakisha goes back into the store. Bartelli stares at the empty parking space.

INT. WHITE HOUSE PRESS CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Appletree takes questions from THE PRESS. AMANDA SELLERS, charming, 30s, takes her turn.

AMANDA

Mr. President, how do you respond to the accusations of misappropriation of funds from the "Food and Fun" charity, you have sponsored for so many years.

### APPLETREE

I sponsor several charities and number one on my list of priorities is selecting an organization with impeccable management. The charity you mentioned meets that requirement. I believe that every child has the right to a nice hot plate of nutritious food, a shelter that keeps him warm and why not? A toy to have some fun.

### AMANDA

Hot plates and warm shelters would probably make a child in equatorial Africa evaporate from overheating. But my question refers specifically to a shipment of toys and food sent to Zaire last February. The numbers come down to \$5000 for a GI Joe and a plate of macaroni and cheese. And Mr. Spencer who runs this charity is a constant presence at your electoral fund raisers and at the White House. He's known for constantly soliciting funds for his charity using your sponsorship as a--

### APPLETREE

--Ms. Sellers, the organization you are referring to was recently audited by the IRS. They didn't find anything wrong. I have to trust my hard working assistants. The inventory you are referring to was made in Africa. Mr. Spencer informed me that he does everything possible to ensure that the goods reach their destiny safely. But Africa is not America. Theft is something they have to deal with constantly.

Appletree points to ANOTHER JOURNALIST.

### ANOTHER JOURNALIST

How do you explain the recent rise of Reynald Rogers in the polls and the incredibly high number of undecided voters?



## APPLETREE

It's your job to explain. I just do my best. I'm confident that the American people will see the hard work we have done for this country once the false accusations of my adversaries dissolve in the wind. Because that's what they are. A cloud of dust blinding the American people.

## EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

The presidential helicopter, ready to take off, waits for the president.

Appletree and his political campaign strategist, NICK NEWMAN, 30s, "yuppie from Harvard," walk to the helicopter. Appletree holds his wig firmly as they enter the chopper.

## INT. PRESIDENTIAL HELICOPTER - DAY

Nick Newman sits next to Appletree.

## NEWMAN

We're digging sir. So far we know Rogers' brother has been seeing a doctor for some venereal disease.

## APPLETREE

Who cares?! No one gives a damn about brothers. The black sheep effect is actually positive. My brother goes in a alcohol coma, I go to visit, what would be the effect on my image?

## NEWMAN

I agree, sir. Shows that despite coming from the same environment you are a winner and your brother is a loser. You're a self-made man.

APPLETREE

There you go. Couldn't have said it better. If Rogers' brother's penis falls off because of gonorrhea I'll bet he gains two points in the polls.

The helicopter takes off.

NEWMAN

But we were thinking of using our tabloid contacts to spread the rumor that the first lady is also seeing a doctor...

APPLETREE

...Next thing we'll be talking about is a bacterial love affair between the wife and the brother. But concentrate on Rogers. I want the Jimmy Swaggert jackpot.

NEWMAN

We are working on it sir. We have a team in his hometown and one in Washington. We'll track down his sex life from the day he bought his first porno magazine. But what if the guy is a saint?

APPLETREE

And I'm Franklin Roosevelt.

INT. BARTELLI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

ON TV

Rogers speaks on a stage.

ROGERS (ON TV)

The family is the heart of a morally strong country. Our young girls have to save themselves until marriage. Teenage pregnancy and abortion are the sign of our moral chaos. They are the sign of a sinful society.

Bartelli puts food on the table. Two steaming pasta primaveras. Susan approaches drying her hair.

SUSAN

Turn it off, Jeff. Rogers and Appletree are probably the worst pair this country has ever seen or will ever see.

She tastes the pasta.

BARTELLI

This system is sick. Old. Hopefully our grandsons will remember the days of representative democracy as a primitive system of the past, just as we see the absolute monarchies of the last centuries.

SUSAN

Do you think we're prepared for direct democracy?

BARTELLI

The king lost his power to the representatives of the people. Now it's time for the representatives to lose their power to the people themselves.

SUSAN

Did you tell that to Nakisha? What did she say about the candidacy?

BARTELLI

...She's thinking about it.

SUSAN

I still think that this "protest candidate" thing is a bad idea. You should be our candidate. You will return the power to the people. You will make the main issues of this country be decided by plebiscite.

BARTELLI

Here you are back with the "leadership" and "trust" thing. Trust comes and goes. Remember Appletree? Look at that crook now.

ON TV

Appletree boards the presidential helicopter.

BARTELLI

And our chances of winning are nil. Zero. So let's carry our message with the perfect leader: Anyone. Me, you, Nakisha.

ON TV

Rogers shakes hands with PEOPLE in a small town.

BARTELLI

Except a politician. They'll never surrender their power.

SUSAN

I think Rogers, the "sex buster" will win.

BARTELLI

At least we won't have women suing the president for sexual harassment.

SUSAN

I wouldn't be so sure about that.

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Rogers lies on a bed in his underwear staring aroused at the other end of the half lit room.

A person in a Ku Klux Klan mask and robe approaches the bed. The robe comes down revealing the perfect body of a TEENAGE BLACK GIRL. She takes off the mask.

Rogers is like a little child begging for mercy. The Black Girl gets a whip and threatens Rogers who is in ecstasy.

EXT. NAKISHA'S BUILDING - DAY

A GANG OF BLACK GUYS, the Skulls, with blue skulls tattooed on their arms, stand on the sidewalk near the street.

INT. MOVING TAXI - DAY

Bartelli gives some money to the TAXI DRIVER, an immigrant from Pakistan.

BARTELLI

Keep the change. I'll get off in front of that building.

TAXI DRIVER

No, no. I can't stop here.

EXT. NAKISHA'S BUILDING - DAY

The taxi cab drives past the building.

INT. MOVING TAXI - DAY

BARTELLI

Okay. Stop at the next corner.

TAXI DRIVER

No, no. Too dangerous. I slow down. You jump out.

Bartelli opens the door and jumps out.

He trips and rolls on the sidewalk. The taxi cab disappears speeding around the corner.

EXT. NAKISHA'S BUILDING - DAY

Bartelli approaches the building brushing off his clothes. The Skulls stare at him. Bartelli, not worried, recognizes Leroy among them.

BARTELLI

What's up, Leroy? Remember me?

The other gang members, including Malcolm and SHAK stare at Leroy as if "how come you know this guy?" Leroy, a little embarrassed, pulls Bartelli to the buildings' front steps.

LEROY

You're the guy from the flower shop...  
Nakisha's boss?

BARTELLI

No, just a friend. I'm looking for her. Is she  
home?

LEROY

I don't know. Can you do me a favor?

Leroy takes a couple of one hundred dollar bills from his pocket.

LEROY

Give this to her. But don't tell her I was  
here.

BARTELLI

Sure.

LEROY

So what're you doing here? Are you into fat  
black chicks or something?

Leroy has his back to the street as a car approaches, speeding. The Skulls take  
cover.

RAUL, mid 30s, and other younger LATINO GANG MEMBERS, the Panteras,  
hang out of the car windows, holding machine guns.

Bartelli pushes Leroy to the ground. The Panteras open fire.

INT. PANTERAS' MOVING CAR - DAY

The Panteras laugh as they speed away. There are panther heads tattooed on their  
arms.

EXT. NAKISHA'S BUILDING - DAY

Leroy gets up and helps Bartelli. The other Skulls come back out.

LEROY

"Cucaracha" motherfuckers.

BARTELLI

We should call the police. Do you know them?

LEROY

Don't worry. We'll take care of them... Shit.

Leroy tries to hide behind his gang buddies. Nakisha comes out of the building. OTHER NEIGHBORS look out the window.

NAKISHA

(to neighbors)

Is everyone okay?

(to gang members)

Why don't you go get killed someplace else?

(to Leroy)

I saw you, Leroy. Did you come here to get your daughter killed?

BARTELLI

He brought you some money.

Bartelli gives Nakisha the money. Nakisha pockets the money.

NAKISHA

(to Leroy)

This doesn't change nothing you asshole. Get out of here!

LEROY

Don't worry, this won't happen again. The morgue will have fresh Latino meat coming in soon.

Nakisha grabs Leroy's arm and shows the skull to Bartelli.

NAKISHA

Look at this. They call themselves the "Skulls." Who were those other guys?

LEROY

Panteras.

NAKISHA

And they just keep killing each other. Why don't you throw tomatoes or eggs at each other? At least no one gets killed.

BARTELLI

Not a bad idea, Leroy.

LEROY

Yeah, sure. We'll do that after they're dead.

Leroy and the rest of the Skulls gang walk away.

NAKISHA

(to Bartelli)

And what are you doing here?

BARTELLI

I'm sober, I'm not crazy and I brought you something.

Bartelli takes out a paper from his pocket and hands it to Nakisha.

BARTELLI

This is an official document from my party inviting you, Nakisha Brown, to join the party and run for the presidency.

Nakisha takes a fast look and gives it back to Bartelli.

NAKISHA

Get lost Bartelli, I have stuff to do.

Nakisha walks up the stairs into the building. Bartelli follows her.

BARTELLI

We're serious Nakisha.

NAKISHA

You're a bunch of crazies.



INT. NAKISHA'S BUILDING - DAY

IN THE STAIRWELL

Bartelli follows Nakisha.

BARTELLI

It's a symbolic effort. We want to attract the eyes of the nation to the problems of the disadvantaged, of low income urban America.

NAKISHA

I have no idea what you're talking about.

IN THE CORRIDOR

Nakisha stops in front of her apartment door.

BARTELLI

I'm talking about what you just saw outside. Young people killing each other, stealing, selling dope and drugging themselves to death. Don't you have anything to say about that?

NAKISHA

You're crazy if you think, I'm the one who is going to change anything.

BARTELLI

We don't want to change anything. We want to give the people the freedom and opportunity to change their own lives.

Nakisha slams the door in Bartelli's face. Bartelli knocks on the door.

BARTELLI

Let me explain the whole thing.

AN OLD LADY, peeks through the door to see what's going on in the hallway.

BARTELLI

(to old lady)

It's just a political debate.

Bartelli walks to the fire escape window of the corridor.

EXT. NAKISHA'S BUILDING - DAY

ON THE FIRE ESCAPE

Bartelli reaches for the open window of Nakisha's apartment.

INT. NAKISHA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Bartelli sticks his head inside. Nakisha is fixing Larisha's hair.

BARTELLI

Think about Larisha. Don't you want a better world for her?

NAKISHA

She's going to college. And you're going to get yourself killed out there.

BARTELLI

Maybe she will. But the ass kissing system will still be the same. Don't you want a system of real democracy and equal opportunity for all. Let me put it this way, wouldn't it be fun to "kick the system's ass?"

NAKISHA

I'm going to kick your ass if you don't get out of my window.

BARTELLI

Larisha, wouldn't mom be a good president?

LARISHA

Yeah she would. And a good actress too. She's going to win the Oscar some day.

NAKISHA

(to Larisha)

Shut up, I was just kidding.

Bartelli gets in the apartment through the window.

NAKISHA

No one invited you in. Does your wife know you're here? Does she know you're nuts? You should see a shrink or something.

BARTELLI

We know you can't win. What we are doing is planting a seed for the future. Who knows, maybe Larisha will be the next president. And maybe she'll be wise enough to let the people decide directly what tax, health and education system they want.

Nakisha looks at Larisha, proudly.

NAKISHA

Larisha would make a great president.

LARISHA

I would give freedom and free candy to everyone.

Nakisha smiles and kisses her. Bartelli walks to the front door.

BARTELLI

Sleep on it Nakisha. I'll see you tomorrow.

Bartelli rushes out the door before Nakisha can give another negative reply. She's left with her thoughts.

INT. LARRY KING SHOW - NIGHT

"LARRY KING" interviews Rogers.

LARRY KING

Why the presidency?

## ROGERS

You know Larry, I really didn't want to run for the presidency. I'm a very humble man, I like to help people... My wife is the one really responsible for my candidacy. She looked into my eyes and said. "Rogers, you have to do something. The country is in the wrong hands. You owe it to the people." And it is true, Larry. I owe my wonderful life to the American people who have supported me all the years I was in congress.

"Larry King" stares at Rogers as he continues to bullshit.

MOMENTS LATER

BACKSTAGE

Rogers walks with his naive wife to the exit, followed by Linford.

ROGERS' WIFE

I don't remember saying that...

ROGERS

Shut up, Lillie.

INT. ELECTION FUND RAISER PARTY - NIGHT

It's a "high society party," men in tuxedos and women in expensive dresses. Appletree and his wife dance a WALTZ surrounded by the excited ass kissing GUESTS.

EXT. TROPICAL ISLAND - DAY

Nakisha and "DENZEL WASHINGTON" kiss on the beach as a pirate ship sails away.

DENZEL

They can have the treasure. You are the only jewel I want. We'll stay on this island forever.

Nakisha looks into his eyes, completely in love. They kiss again as a wave washes over their feet.

EXT. NAKISHA'S BUILDING - DAY

Nakisha sits on the front steps of the building. Laurel, Larisha, Maria and Su nee stand in front.

NAKISHA

And that's the end. Roll the credits.

LARISHA

He would never trade the treasure for you,  
Mom. He's a pirate.

NAKISHA

That's what love is all about.

SU NEE

I like the story where you get the Oscar  
better.

LARISHA

I like this one better.

Susan, Bartelli's wife, approaches.

NAKISHA

Are you looking for your crazy husband? He  
was here yesterday.

SUSAN

He's not "completely" crazy, Nakisha. He  
asked me to talk to you.

The school bus parks in front. The girls run to the bus and wave Nakisha goodbye.

NAKISHA

I have to work. I don't have time for  
bullshit.

Nakisha walks away. Susan follows her.

SUSAN

Why don't you give it a try. I can take care  
of your daughter. You can take a vacation  
and stay at our apartment.

NAKISHA

You're both crazy.

Susan and Nakisha walk down the street talking.

INT. FLOWER SHOP - DAY

Bartelli and Benjamin are engaged in a profound political debate.

BARTELLI

Congress and the president would lose power to the direct vote of the people. Specially for the main issues.

BENJAMIN

Like those yes or no propositions on the ballot? I don't know if that really works.

BARTELLI

Those are a last resort for lobbies that fail to get their proposals through the state assemblies.

BENJAMIN

These lobbies are fueled with money.

BARTELLI

We should have the Congress come up with a group of alternatives on the main issues and let the people decide.

BENJAMIN

Politicians are good at asking for power not giving it.

BARTELLI

Exactly. We have to go and get it. That's what our party is all about.

BENJAMIN

Do you think Nakisha can handle it?

BARTELLI

There's nothing to handle. We don't have the intention of representing anyone. We want the people to represent themselves.

Nakisha and Susan walk in.

NAKISHA

I knew you were going to be here, Bartelli.

Susan signals okay to Bartelli.

BARTELLI

What is your decision Ms. Brown?

NAKISHA

What do you think Benjamin?

BENJAMIN

Working to improve the country is very important. I like Bartelli's ideas. I just need to find someone to replace you.

NAKISHA

My cousin, Shawana is looking for a job.

BARTELLI

And Susan can take care of Larisha.

NAKISHA

I just want to know something. Are we really going to kick some serious ass?

BARTELLI

You bet. Appletree and Rogers watch out.

Nakisha is unsure about what she's getting into.

NAKISHA

You have to explain this thing of direct democracy to me better. I don't have to decide nothing, right?

BARTELLI

The only decision you'll have to make is to let the people decide for themselves.

SUSAN

And we're not winning anyway.

BARTELLI

We'll voice the problems of the disadvantaged, Nakisha!

NAKISHA

Yeah... No offense Benji but the minimum wage sucks!

BENJAMIN

...I pay what everyone pays... What the government says...

NAKISHA

I want what you said Susan, equal opportunity. I don't want Larisha to have to bust her ass to get some education and then have to kiss ass of some ass kisser in a suit to get a job!

BARTELLI

The vicious circle of "ass kissing." Are you in?

NAKISHA

All right! I'm in!

Bartelli claps and kisses Nakisha on the cheek.

BENJAMIN

And who's running for vice president?

EXT. WALL STREET - DAY

LEO O'BRIEN, a dwarf with red hair, walks around in front of a luxury office building, holding a sign: "I'M HIV POSITIVE, SO WHAT?!"



MEN AND WOMEN dressed in business clothes walk by. Some are indifferent, some are disgusted.

AN EXECUTIVE with his GIRLFRIEND takes a ten dollar bill out of his wallet and hands it to Leo.

LEO

What's this?! I'm not begging for money!  
Get out of here!

The executive takes back his money, pissed. The girlfriend tries to show some compassion.

GIRLFRIEND

We're just trying to help. We understand your pain.

LEO

Who's in pain?! I'm not. Are you? I just want to go on with my life as it was.

GIRLFRIEND

I understand. People are full of prejudice.

LEO

And you're not? Prove it. Give me a kiss.

Leo got her. She doesn't want him that close. Leo hugs her legs.

LEO

Give me at least a hug.

The executive tries to pull Leo away from her but he holds on to her legs.

EXECUTIVE

Let go of her you midget pervert!

Other people stare at the scene. The girlfriend, disgusted, tries to push Leo away. Leo lets go of her legs.

LEO

It's all right. It's not contagious by air or touch.

The executive and his girlfriend walk away outraged. Leo looks at the other people staring at him and smiles.

LEO

Does anyone want a kiss?

Everyone pretends to mind their own business and continue on their way.

A car HONKS.

Leo walks to the car still holding his sign. Mira is inside the car.

MIRA

Let's go home Leo. You've been here for hours.

LEO

I was just starting to have some fun.

Leo throws the sign in the back seat and gets in the car.

INT. MIRA'S CAR - DAY

MIRA

Let's go to a movie.

LEO

No, I'm tired of sitting in the front row.  
Let's rent a movie.

Mira kisses him and drives away.

INT. PARTY HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Douglas and Conan play chess as Bartelli and Nakisha walk in. Conan is stunned. Douglas smiles.

DOUGLAS

She's perfect. A beauty of mother Africa.

NAKISHA

Hey, no sweet talk. I know I'm no beauty.

Douglas stands and puts his arm around Nakisha.

DOUGLAS

Oh yes you are. Don't let our European standard of beauty blind you. You're as beautiful as a--

CONAN

--Overweight hippo. I'm sorry. No offense Kanisha. I'm Conan. I refuse to be a hypocrite. I say what I think.

Conan stands and extends his hand to Nakisha.

NAKISHA

My name is Nakisha. And I also say what I think. You have the worst haircut I've ever seen. Who cut your hair? Stevie Wonder?

Nakisha shakes hands with Conan: a tight grip that makes Conan cringe.

CONAN

(to Bartelli)

Where's the Leprechaun?

BARTELLI

He said he had to talk to Mira.

CONAN

You didn't tell her first? She's going to get pissed.

BARTELLI

She'll understand.

Douglas pours a can of beer into four glasses.

DOUGLAS

Let's toast to the future president of the United States. Miss or Mrs. President?

NAKISHA

Miss Brown. And my chances of being the next president are the same as being the next Miss America.

Bartelli holds up a glass of beer.

BARTELLI

To Nakisha Brown and Leo O'brien. The  
winning ticket!

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Mira and Leo get in LINE.

MIRA

No, no and no. Bartelli wants to turn this  
campaign into a circus attraction.

LEO

Oh, so you think I'm a circus attraction.

MIRA

That's how people will see it.

LEO

I don't care what people think. I wanted to  
rent a movie, but you made me come to the  
theater. Why? Because you want to be the  
circus attraction. "Look the girl is married to  
a dwarf."

People stare at the "odd" couple arguing.

LEO

"Your parents are horrified!" And you love  
it.

MIRA

Don't bring my parents into this again. You  
know I love you. And you're sick, Goddamn  
it!

LEO

(to everyone in the line)

Attention everybody! I'm running for the  
vice presidency of the United States of  
America!

A YOUNG MAN with a BLONDE GIRLFRIEND in the line raises his fist.

YOUNG MAN

Yeah dude, you got my vote.

EXT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Leroy walks down a street in front of a supermarket parking lot. There's an old red Volkswagen beetle parked.

Shak crosses the street and they high-five.

LEROY

It's Nakisha's car. She never drives.

SHAK

She must be looking for a job. My sister said she was fired from the flower shop.

LEROY

Why?

SHAK

Totally nuts. She says she's running for president.

Shak follows Leroy to the supermarket entrance.

Nakisha and Bartelli stand in front of the entrance trying to get SHOPPERS, coming in and out, mostly black and Latino, to register to vote.

BARTELLI

Register and vote for Nakisha Brown!

Nakisha is a little embarrassed and awkward with the situation.

NAKISHA

Vote for me...

BARTELLI

Nakisha is somebody like you.

A LATINO WOMAN walks by Bartelli.

BARTELLI

Are you registered to vote?

LATINO WOMAN

(Spanish)

No comprende. Es gratis?

SUBTITLE: I don't understand. Is this free?

She walks into the supermarket as Bartelli's attention shifts to Leroy and Shak approaching.

BARTELLI

Leroy! Are you registered to vote?

LEROY

For what?

BARTELLI

To make things better.

LEROY

Better for who?

Nakisha stands embarrassed looking at Leroy.

LEROY

(to Nakisha)

What're you doing here?

NAKISHA

I'm helping... Everyone should register to vote... Don't you want to vote for me?

LEROY

Shouldn't you be taking care of Larisha?

(to Bartelli)

What are you doing to her?

SHAK

Yeah, I'm voting for you Nakisha. That'd be funny.

NAKISHA

(to Leroy)

Oh, now you're worried about your daughter. Show me some money and I'll start believing you.

LEROY

I'm a little short right now.

BARTELLI

(to Shak)

Why is it funny to vote for someone like you?

Shak shifts his attention to Raul, the Latino gang member of the Panteras, who is leaving the store with a bag of groceries.

SHAK

Raul! "Maricon!" Pantera motherfucker!

Raul turns towards Shak just in time to be knocked down by a powerful blow.

Leroy's eyes bulge in anger as he takes a gun from under his shirt. Bartelli is tense. Nakisha tries to stop Leroy.

LEROY

Pay back time motherfucker!

Shak kicks Raul in the stomach. SHOPPERS run scared.

NAKISHA

Don't do it Leroy!

LEROY

They killed Z and your cousin Martin. Get out of my way.

Leroy points the gun at Raul on the ground.

BARTELLI

It has to stop some where Leroy!

SHAK

Waste him! I knew I should've brought my piece.

RAUL

You killed my brother.

RAUL'S GIRLFRIEND and their LITTLE DAUGHTER stare terrified from the parking lot.

RAUL'S GIRLFRIEND

Raul!

NAKISHA

You want revenge? Here's revenge.

Nakisha picks up a box of eggs from Raul's groceries on the floor and throws an egg at his head.

Leroy looks at Raul's girlfriend and kid for a moment.

Nakisha hits Raul with another egg. Leroy takes an egg, looks at Raul for a moment and throws it.

LEROY

Let's egg the motherfucker.

Shak, annoyed, grabs an egg.

Leroy and Shak throw eggs furiously at Raul.

Bartelli observes. Nakisha laughs. SIREN from a police car.

Shak picks up the rest of Raul's groceries and dumps them on his head. A pack of flour rolls over Raul half open.

Leroy tosses the flour all over Raul.

The police car drives into the parking lot. Leroy and Shak disappear in a flash, jumping over a wall.

Raul, helped by his girlfriend, slowly gets up, looking like a cake mixture of flour and eggs.



TWO POLICEMAN get out of their car and try to talk to Raul but he walks away with his girlfriend.

POLICEMAN ONE

(to Nakisha and Bartelli)

What's going on here?

BARTELLI

I guess he was the victim of an egg-by shooting.

NAKISHA

Officers, are you registered to vote?

POLICEMAN TWO

Of course we are.

Nakisha gives a pamphlet to the policeman who reads it curiously.

Behind them Leo approaches running across the parking lot.

LEO

Hey wait, I'm the vice! You're going to have to arrest me too.

Leo catches his breath.

BARTELLI

You're late Leo.

LEO

Did I miss anything? Are we getting busted?

POLICEMAN ONE

Is there a reason why you should go to jail?

BARTELLI

Shut up Leo.

(to Nakisha)

Nakisha, Leo.

(to Leo)  
Leo, Nakisha.

Nakisha examines the dwarf for a moment. The Policemen walk away to talk to the SUPERMARKET MANAGER.

NAKISHA  
He sure'll improve our chances of winning.

LEO  
I sure will. Leo O'Brien, HIV positive.  
Pleasure to meet you, Miss President.

Nakisha and Leo shake hands.

NAKISHA  
Nakisha Brown... What kind of name is  
"Achyvpositive?"

LEO  
It's not my name. It's a virus.

Nakisha stares at Leo still not getting it but... "Whatever."

BARTELLI  
Come on guys, let's rock and roll!

Nakisha looks around at the people who do not seem to care about their cause, walking by minding their own business.

NAKISHA  
I'm not sure we're getting any where  
Bartelli.

INT. PARTY HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Douglas reads the paper. Conan and Mira talk on the phone. OTHER PARTY MEMBERS organize campaign material on a large table.

Conan hangs up and examines a sign: "NAKISHA BROWN: PRESIDENT, LEO O'BRIEN: VICE, Freedom and Democracy Party."

Bartelli, Nakisha and Leo walk in looking exhausted.

Douglas gets up excitedly with the arrival of his candidates.

DOUGLAS

I have some exciting news! I just arranged with an old friend of mine for you to speak to his students at Harvard University!

Nakisha sits down, not very excited. Leo proudly examines a banner with his name on it.

NAKISHA

A bunch of rich college kids won't vote for me.

BARTELLI

It's crucial to gain the support of the university community. It's an excellent vehicle to spread our cause.

DOUGLAS

But that's not all. Guess who is going to be at the campus?

LEO

I hope some cute college girls.

Mira looks at Leo reprehensibly.

NAKISHA

Aren't we going to have something to eat?

DOUGLAS

The president!

BARTELLI

Great! Maybe we can get some attention of the press.

INT. HARVARD CLASS ROOM - DAY

A small group of bored yuppie law STUDENTS stare at Nakisha who tries to explain the platform of the Freedom and Democracy Party. Bartelli, Leo, Douglas and his friend, a LAW PROFESSOR, are next to her.

NAKISHA

We have this direct democracy thing... You guys can vote directly to change whatever you want...

STUDENT ONE raises his hand.

STUDENT ONE

But if you are the president, it means we are empowering you to make the decisions for us. You are the leader. That's what our constitution says.

Nakisha doesn't know what to say. Bartelli steps forward.

BARTELLI

We don't believe in leadership. We--

STUDENT TWO

--Why don't you let "Miss President" answer?

STUDENT THREE

What if you have a heart attack or something. Your cholesterol is probably a "little" high. What will your vice do?

STUDENT FOUR

Yeah, let the little man say something.

The students giggle. Leo is pissed.

NAKISHA

He'll kick your ass that's for sure. I have a question for you guys. How come my daughter and I have to bust our asses to get to college while you rich kids can get in an expensive school like this with your daddy's money.

STUDENT ONE

We don't have negative GPAs that's why.

Students laugh. They see Nakisha and Leo more as a circus attraction than presidential candidates.

BARTELLI

Nakisha has a good point. Isn't America about equal opportunity?

Law Professor stands.

LAW PROFESSOR

Opportunities are available for everyone. They just have to reach out and grab them.

BARTELLI

But the means to reach out are not equal for everyone, are they?

STUDENT TWO

People have different brains.

Nakisha and Leo are totally lost in this discussion.

BARTELLI

Everyone has the same hardware. What they don't have is the same opportunity to develop their software.

DOUGLAS

Two guys. One is born in Harlem, one in Bel Air--

BARTELLI

--The system does not provide equal opportunity for both.

STUDENT THREE

It's also a question of communication skills, social efficiency. Your candidates obviously don't have them.

BARTELLI

We're back to the same place. No equal opportunity. No cultural democracy. A social dictatorship. Or you are "in" or you are "out."

DOUGLAS

Kissing up.

Student One looks out the window. A CROWD OF STUDENTS gather at the main entrance of the auditorium. There's a red carpet extending from the street to the entrance. SECRET SERVICE AGENTS, TV vans and THE PRESS wait for the president.

STUDENT ONE

The president will be here soon.

(to Law Professor)

Can we go now? We're going to lose a good spot.

Law Professor checks his watch.

STUDENT FOUR

Appletree is not a great president. But he certainly has the communication skills.

BARTELLI

He's a thief. He doesn't get impeached because he bought half the congress with "favours."

LEO

Nice on the outside but full of shit on the inside.

NAKISHA

That's it Leo. I'm tired of this bullshit.

(to Bartelli)

We're wasting our time here. They won't vote for us.

(to Douglas)

Let's go after the president. Applethief.

Let's kick some ass!

Nakisha walks out of the room followed by Leo. Everyone else looks at each other for a moment and follows the two determined candidates.

EXT. HARVARD UNIVERSITY AUDITORIUM - DAY

The presidential limo approaches.

The crowd of well-behaved students looks curiously at the arriving presidential caravan. Secret Service Agents guard the street and the red carpet path leading to the auditorium.

Appletree gets out smiling and shaking hands with students. SEVERAL PHOTOGRAPHERS AND CAMERAMEN register the moment.

APPLETREE

They are the future of America.

Appletree smiles to the cameras.

Nakisha emerges from the crowd looking like a fat Muhammad Ali in skirts challenging Sonny Liston for a fight.

NAKISHA

I want your ass Appletree!

The press follows the action enthusiastically. Secret service agents hold Nakisha.

NAKISHA

I'm Nakisha Brown, next president of the United States!

Appletree tries to be a sport and "score some points with the African-American community." He approaches Nakisha with a smile.

APPLETREE

(to Nakisha)

Why do you want to be president, young lady?

(to the cameras)

There will certainly be a day when a young African American woman will be in the White House--

NAKISHA

--Tomorrow! I'm Nakisha Brown, candidate of the Freedom and Democracy party to the presidency of the United States of America! I want a debate!

Leo squeezes in between some legs and emerges behind Nakisha.

APPLETREE

How interesting.  
 (to the cameras)  
 Every American has the right to be a candidate. America is about open constructive competition--

NAKISHA

--You're a crook and a liar!

Appletree, annoyed, continues smiling. He tries to move on but Nakisha grabs his arm. He whispers in Nakisha's face.

APPLETREE

(whispering)  
 Let go you fat bitch.

The secret service agents pull Nakisha away.

NAKISHA

What did you say?!

Nakisha plows over the agents and grabs the president, pushing him to the ground. Total confusion. Cameras register the moment.

A Secret Service agent tries to pull Nakisha away from the president violently. Leo jumps on his back.

Bartelli emerges from the crowd and stares stunned at the confusion.

INT. BARTELLI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Susan serves Larisha a vegetarian dinner, glancing at the TV with the CNN political news on.



LARISHA

Where's the meat?

SUSAN

You should learn to eat smart while you are young.

LARISHA

Or I'll end up like my Mom?

SUSAN

Well... You could say that...

Susan stares at the screen.

ON TV

There's NEWS FOOTAGE of the incident at the university.

Susan turns up the volume.

SUSAN

Is that Nakisha? ...Oh my God... Jeff...

ON TV

Secret service agents push Bartelli away. Nakisha still holds on to the president on the ground as the agents try to break them apart.

AMANDA (VOICE OVER)

In a bizarre incident at Harvard University, the president's reelection campaign received another splatter of mud as he wrestled on the ground with an African-American woman.

An anchorman, JIM, observes the scene on a small monitor.

JIM (ON TV)

Is this woman a student? What is her name, Amanda? What exactly happened there?

Amanda wraps up her coverage with the "back to normal" Harvard campus in the background.

AMANDA (ON TV)

Her name is Nakisha Brown and she's the Freedom and Democracy Party's candidate to the presidency. She confronted Appletree and a student standing next to them said she attacked the president after he called her the "b word." She was arrested but I think Appletree is the one who should be worried.

Larisha and Susan stand close to the TV. Susan is worried.

JIM (ON TV)

Indeed. In the most recent poll Appletree has only 15 percent of the voter's support while his adversary, Reynald Rogers, is way ahead but with only 21 percent. This election has the largest percentage of undecided voters in the history of presidential election polls.

INT. PARTY HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Conan and Mira answer the phones and have to put some callers on hold.

MIRA

(on the phone)

Can you please, hold? Thanks. Hello? No... Her agenda is completely taken. But we can squeeze in an interview, tomorrow at three.

On a table the front page of the Washington Post reads: "WRESTLING TO THE WHITE HOUSE." There's a photo of Nakisha and Appletree wrestling on the ground with comic book bubbles superimposed: Nakisha: "Crook! Liar!." James Appletree: "Fat (b word)!"

CONAN

Yes, she's interested in doing your commercial.

Mira puts her hand over the phone.

MIRA

Commercials?! What do you think this is? A talent agency?

CONAN

We're going to use all the free TV access we can get.

MIRA

Let's see what Bartelli thinks about that.  
What's this commercial for?

CONAN

...Used cars... But maybe we can get something better.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Nakisha, confused, and Bartelli, calm and delighted with the press coverage, are surrounded by the press, including Amanda, as they leave the police station.

REPORTER

Will you press charges against the president?

BARTELLI

No. Appletree dropped the charges against our candidate and we will do the same. We want to win this campaign debating ideas, not throwing mud at each other.

REPORTER

(to Nakisha)

Did the president offer you this deal?

NAKISHA

I don't make deals with idiots!

(to Bartelli)

He did.

BARTELLI

Yes, the president offered the deal. He crossed the line, we crossed the line. It's all water under the bridge.

NAKISHA

We are going to win and show the world  
what de... de-mocracy is really all about!

AMANDA

Do you actually think you can win?

NAKISHA

If everyone votes for me, I will win. That's  
for sure.

AMANDA

And what do you think about Reynald  
Rogers? He's ahead in the polls.

NAKISHA

They are all part of the same gang. I'm going  
to kick his ass back to Alabama.

BARTELLI

Rogers is a hypocrite moralist who will take  
this country back to the middle age.

AMANDA

(to Nakisha)

What's your platform? What's your position  
on tax reform for example?

NAKISHA

I don't know. I mean, we don't like taxes but  
we all want the government to spend money  
on something. That's why we're going to let  
the people decide directly. Bartelli knows  
everything about this. Why don't you talk to  
him. I'm going home to see my daughter.

Nakisha leaves the scene.

BARTELLI

Nakisha is right. It's time for the people to  
run America directly. We will offer the  
citizens alternative propositions...

The press follows Nakisha, leaving Bartelli alone with his political discourse.

INT. WHITE HOUSE OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Newman and Appletree talk, very concerned.

APPLETREE

Did anyone get what I said on tape?

NEWMAN

No.

APPLETREE

Good. Deny everything.

NEWMAN

Rogers gained six points in the polls.

APPLETREE

Anything on him yet?

NEWMAN

Nothing substantial. We interviewed several of his high school pals. He had been dating his wife since then.

APPLETREE

Continue digging. That old hillbilly doesn't fool me. There's dirt under every carpet. Find it.

NEWMAN

Yes, sir. We will.

EXT. HARLEM STREET - DAY

Leroy walks down the street.

He's holding and petting a cute puppy dog. On the dog's collar there's a hand tag that reads: "Looking for Larisha," with a heart drawn around it.

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK - DAY

Raul instructs the DRIVER to drive up to Leroy.

RAUL

That's him. Let's waste the son of a bitch.

Raul knocks on the back window.

EXT. HARLEM STREET - DAY

THREE PANTERAS are on the back of the pick-up.

Leroy sees them and runs.

The pick-up cuts into a driveway, blocking Leroy and HITTING a bunch of trash cans.

SEVERAL SKULLS run up the street to try to help Leroy.

But it's too late. The Panteras drive away with tires screeching.

Leroy's lies motionless on the sidewalk.

EXT. NAKISHA'S BUILDING - DAY

Nakisha looks out the window of her apartment at the Skulls standing around Leroy.

The old neighbor lady also looks out the window. She turns to Nakisha.

OLD LADY

It's your Leroy. They finally got him. I told you this was going to happen.

INT. NAKISHA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Nakisha rushes out the door. Larisha looks at her.

LARISHA

What happened?

EXT. HARLEM STREET - DAY

Nakisha reaches the scene where Leroy's still lying on the sidewalk surrounded by Skulls and NEIGHBORS.

Leroy was hit by dozens of eggs and tomatoes. And just like he did to Raul before, he's also covered with flour.

The puppy licks the yolk on Leroy's face. Larisha reaches the scene behind Nakisha.

Leroy, serious and determined to get revenge, gets up.

LEROY

I'm all right.  
(to the other Skulls)  
War. No prisoners.

Leroy gives the puppy, also splattered with eggs, to Larisha who pets it excitedly.

Leroy and the rest of the gang walk away determined. Nakisha laughs.

NAKISHA

Come on, Larisha. Let's get that poor little thing cleaned up.

EXT. AUTO WORLD - DAY

Bartelli and Conan walk alongside FRANCO, a fat bald man with what is left of his hair tied back in a pony tail. They go across a huge used car lot. A huge sign reads: "AUTO WORLD - Experienced Quality Cars."

FRANCO

We are the second largest used car dealer in America. We have outlets in almost every state. I want to be number one. I'm producing my own commercial that will air on all major networks. I like your girl, she has talent.

BARTELLI

Your proposition sounds very interesting. Do you have a script for the commercial?

FRANCO

I'm still working on it. I'm not very good with words.

CONAN

"Experienced quality cars." Sounds good. I'm tempted to buy one of your cars.

FRANCO

My wife's idea. She died last year.

Franco shows a picture of his wife to Bartelli and Conan: A fat Latino woman.

FRANCO

Isn't she beautiful? I like chubby women.

BARTELLI

I can write the script for your commercial if you want me to, no charge.

FRANCO

Sure. If I like it, we'll shoot it. How about if we put Nakisha in this huge bed with one of my Ford Broncos and she tells the car how good he was in bed?

Conan looks at Bartelli as if he thinks it's ridiculous.

BARTELLI

Funny. I have another idea. Everyone likes an underdog. Nakisha is the underdog running for president. Your "Experienced quality cars" are the underdog competing against the sleek upper-class models coming from the big factories.

CONAN

Better, against some fancy imported cars. Porsches, BMW's.

FRANCO

...Yeah. I like that...

INT. PARTY HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Bartelli types on a lap top computer. Douglas reads the paper. Nakisha, Leo, Conan and Mira read loose papers of the commercial script.

BARTELLI

I have a new version.

Bartelli hits a key and prints the new version of the script.



MIRA

I like this one.

LEO

Don't I get a part?

BARTELLI

I gave you a line in this one. What do you think Nakisha?

Nakisha reads, thoughtful.

NAKISHA

I don't like being compared to a used car.  
I'm not that old.

CONAN

Maybe we should switch to used trucks.

NAKISHA

Anyone would prefer a brand new Mercedes than an old Buick.

MIRA

I agree with Nakisha. Do we really want to do this? We're selling lies like any used car dealer.

NAKISHA

Leroy and his buddies can turn any old wreck into a lean mean machine.

BARTELLI

Leroy is a mechanic?

NAKISHA

He used to fix and paint cars, but he got in a fight with Raul. Shak is also a mechanic. They were all fired.

Bartelli's deep in thought.

CONAN

(to Bartelli)

Isn't he that gang member that almost got you killed?

NAKISHA

The Panteras got him today in an "egg-by shooting." They're in some sort of egg war.

Bartelli gets up still thinking.

BARTELLI

This is fantastic... Perfect. I have to talk to Leroy, Raul and Franco. This can be a perfect showcase for an economic program I've been thinking about... Come with me Nakisha. I need your help.

Bartelli walks out. Nakisha follows. Conan and Mira look at each other with no clue as to what Bartelli's talking about. Leo jumps off his chair.

LEO

Wait for me. I'm the VP!

MIRA

So go home and get some sleep as on-the-job-training.

EXT. AUTO WORLD - DAY

Bartelli and Franco talk in the used car lot.

FRANCO

I like the idea. But do you think these guys can work together?

BARTELLI

They'll be actually competing with each other, doing what they like and helping themselves and their communities. I think you can all make a lot of money. Nakisha will talk them into it.

FRANCO

I have to see these "Wonder Cars."

A restyled 70s car screeches its tires turning into the used car lot.

Another one, different style but also an old 70s model, zooms into the lot from another entrance.

Leroy, Nakisha, Shak and Malcolm get out of the first one. Raul and a bunch of Panteras get out of the second one.

Franco examines the cars. The Skulls and Panteras stare at each other threateningly.

FRANCO

Great sports car. But what about family cars?

LEROY

I can make a Pinto look better than any 4 by 4. I do some serious family shit.

RAUL

Anything he does, we do better. There's nothing like a Pantera car.

Leroy and Raul stare at each other like two boxers before a fight.

NAKISHA

They agreed to a truce.

FRANCO

Let's do it.

Bartelli grabs some paper work from inside a briefcase.

BARTELLI

Here's the deal guys. "Pantera" and "Skull" are trademarks of your respective corporations. We'll also be licensing your trademarks for everything: sportswear, rap labels, sneakers. Forty percent of the profits will be pumped into your communities for projects voted on by the majority.

Raul and Leroy still have their eyes locked on each other.

LEROY

I want to see some cash.

RAUL

I want double of anything this "pendejo" gets paid.

NAKISHA

Come on boys. We're going to kick some serious ass. Everyone's going to get rich, and I'm going to the White House.

Raul and Leroy look at Nakisha and back at each other. They try to contain their laughter but it's impossible.

FRANCO

Let's shoot this commercial!

EXT. NRA MEETING - DAY

Rogers speaks to an audience of NRA MEMBERS.

ROGERS

I'll protect the right of every American to carry a weapon to protect their families until the day I die.

Linford hands a semi-automatic weapon to Rogers.

ROGERS

Every delinquent has a gun. We have the right to carry semi-automatic and automatic weapons. If they get their hands on these guns we'll carry missile launchers. The criminals will not win this war!

The audience applauds enthusiastically. Linford hands a piece of paper to Rogers who reads it.

ROGERS

I'm proud of you, I'm proud of myself, I'm proud of being an American. I am pleased to inform you and all my loyal supporters that the American people are on our side! We have more than double the support of the president in the latest poll!

The audience stands on its feet applauding.

ROGERS

(to Linford, whispering)

Are these numbers right? Only twenty two and a half percent?

LINFORD

Yes. Appletree has only eleven percent.

Rogers shrugs and smiles to the audience as if it was at least better than being behind.

INT. WHITE HOUSE OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Newman walks in with an incredible smile on his face and a video tape under his arm while Appletree makes a castle of cards on his desk.

APPLETREE

What's the matter? You decided to get a divorce?

NEWMAN

The jackpot!

APPLETREE

...You mean... The jackpot?

NEWMAN

Actually, it's better! It's fantastic! I mean... disgusting.

Newman pushes a button. A gigantic screen comes down. He sticks the tape inside the presidential videocassette.

## ON THE SCREEN

The scene of Rogers with the "black KKK girl" rolls. Appletree, at first perplexed then excited claps his hand: "Rogers' screwed!"

NEWMAN

It gets better.

APPLETREE

Explicit sex?

Appletree is turned on by the scene.

NEWMAN

No. We found the girl. She's a minor. We're back in the game.

APPLETREE

The game is over boy! Start working on my second term inauguration speech.

## INT. HOWARD STERN'S RADIO SHOW - DAY

HOWARD STERN, "the king of all media," and the rest of his gang, ROBIN, JACKIE, FRED and also CRACK HEAD BOB prepare to receive their next guest.

HOWARD STERN

We have the candidate of the Freedom and Democracy Party here today. She's the fat black chick that kicked Appletree's ass the other day. She's got my vote.

ROBIN

She has three points in the polls in New York, can you believe that?

HOWARD STERN

That's nothing. I had 10 percent when I was running for governor.

ROBIN

But you have your own radio show. This girl is a high school dropout from Harlem.

HOWARD STERN

How come people want to vote for her?  
Probably she has a lot of cousins and friends  
in Harlem. Take a look at Marion Barry. He  
smoked crack and black people elected him  
mayor of Washington.

ROBIN

It has nothing to do with color. The political  
analysts say she's getting the "protest vote."  
People don't like the current candidates.

HOWARD STERN

Sure. Appletree and Rogers are two idiots.

ROBIN

What about the dwarf who's running for  
vice?

HOWARD STERN

He's here too. I'm going to try to convince  
him to give his place to Crack Head Bob.  
You want to run, don't you, Crack Head?

CRACK HEAD BOB

Yeaah!

The door opens and Nakisha, followed by Leo and GARY, Howard's manager,  
come in.

HOWARD STERN

Oh my God, you're huge! What are you? Z  
cup?

Nakisha puts on the headphones. Leo climbs into a chair.

NAKISHA

Thank you, Howard. I'm on a diet. Soon  
you'll never see this beautiful body again.

LEO

You just ate two hot dogs? What kind of diet  
is that?

HOWARD STERN

Hot dog diet. You should write a book about it. You'll make a fortune.

NAKISHA

Two doggies. That's it. Besides, I'm going to burn a lot of calories on my way to the White House.

HOWARD STERN

Do you seriously think you can win?

NAKISHA

Why not? If people vote for us we'll win. And if I don't win, who knows, maybe some day my daughter, Larisha, will be the first female African American president. If we win we're going to give the power back to the people. You'll all vote directly to change whatever you want. I'll paint the White House blue if the people vote for it.

HOWARD STERN

That's good. I'll vote for that. Paint the White House blue.

Howard claps his hands.

ROBIN

What about the little man, Leo? Are you going to be like all other vice-presidents?

HOWARD STERN

Doing nothing and waiting for something bad to happen to the president while everybody makes fun of you.

LEO

If somebody is going to die first it'll be me. I'm HIV positive and Nakisha is stronger than an elephant.



HOWARD STERN

HIV positive! Oh man, you two are a weird couple. I'm seriously considering voting for you.

NAKISHA

Thank you, Howard. We have a commercial that will be broadcasted all over the country soon.

HOWARD STERN

Where did you get money for that?

NAKISHA

We do what we can. We improvise.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - NIGHT

IN THE ELECTRONIC SECTION

There's a wall of TV sets tuned to the same program.

CUSTOMERS examine products, some talk to the store's SALE REPRESENTATIVES.

ON TV

The Auto World's COMMERCIAL fills the screens. Nakisha stands in the car lot in front of Leroy and Raul, staring at each other, and two amazing sports cars: "The Pantera" and "The Skull," remodeled American cars of the 70s.

NAKISHA

I'm Nakisha Brown, candidate of the Freedom and Democracy party for the presidency of the United States. I know I'm no Porsche or Mercedes. But who needs one? Auto World is the home of the Wonder Cars and the best in "experienced quality cars."

Nakisha moves closer to Leroy and Raul.

NAKISHA

Their gangs used to kill each other. Now they build the most incredible sports cars in America, exclusively for Auto World. Come on in and check it out! And I hope you vote for me in November because we're going to change this country together.

INT. BARTELLI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

ON TV

The same image of Nakisha in the Auto World commercial.

Bartelli and Larisha clap their hands. Nakisha smiles proudly.

BARTELLI

We're going up!

Susan arrives from work.

LARISHA

You just missed my mom's commercial, Susan!

SUSAN

I saw you on the Howard Stern show, Nakisha. You were terrific. Specially when you told Howard to cut off his penis and become a lesbian himself.

NAKISHA

(to Susan)

It was fun.

(to Bartelli)

Do you think Leroy will be making a lot of money?

BARTELLI

Why not? Sounds like a great business. I contacted two friends of mine from college to help us out. I'll concentrate on our campaign.

NAKISHA

I want him to help out with Larisha.

LARISHA

I want one of those cars. Do you think daddy can make one of those for me?

NAKISHA

What for? Since when do you have a driver's license?

EXT. AUTO WORLD - DAY

Leroy arrives in the parking lot with another Skull sports car. There's a small skull logo on the hood of the car.

The car lot is filled with CUSTOMERS. Franco talks to a YUPPIE CUSTOMER who examines a Pantera sports car.

Leroy gets out of the car and Franco approaches with a smile.

LEROY

Why are you pushing that ugly hot tub? You should be selling my cars too!

FRANCO

They have been sold! And we already have a waiting list.

LEROY

I knew we were going to sell out first!

FRANCO

...Well... The Pantera was the first one to sell out. Raul and his gang brought others in this morning.

LEROY

What?!

Leroy sees ANOTHER POTENTIAL CUSTOMER approaching the Pantera sports car. He walks up to him like a determined sales pro.

LEROY

How're you doing today. I just brought in the most powerful car on this planet. I mean in this Galaxy!

The customer follows Leroy to his Skull sports car. Leroy turns on the car.

LEROY

Listen to this baby! If any ET sees this car we're going to have some serious contact of the fourth kind here at Auto World.

The customer is impressed.

INT. PANTERAS INC. WAREHOUSE - DAY

In an old warehouse, Raul and the rest of the Panteras gang work on more units in several stages of completion.

Raul throws a tool to another Pantera as if they were having a lot of fun.

An old car rolls in to receive the incredible transformation.

INT. SKULLS INC. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Another old warehouse. Shak, Malcolm and other Skulls work to the sound of RAP MUSIC.

EXT. NAKISHA'S BUILDING - DAY

The press, including Amanda, stand in front of Nakisha's building waiting for her to show up.

Amanda speaks looking into the camera.

## AMANDA

We're in Harlem, New York. The home of the surprise of this campaign, Nakisha Brown, candidate of the Freedom and Democracy party. She has jumped to four percent in the latest national poll. She may not represent any threat for the candidates of the two major parties but it's a wake up call as we approach election day. There's a huge percentage of undecided and unsatisfied voters and these last weeks will be crucial to determine the winner. Back to you Jim.

## INT. TV NEWS STUDIO - DAY

Jim, the anchorman, continues reading the latest news from a prompter.

## JIM

And the latest victim of the intense negative campaign between the candidates of the two major parties seems to be Reynald Rogers as he took a dive in the polls after the release to the media from an unidentified source of a video tape where a man who appears to be Reynald Rogers is engaged in a bizarre and unlawful sexual act with an African American minor.

## ON SCREEN

The video tape shows the scene with Rogers and the African American girl taking off her KKK costume and grabbing a whip. Black tags cover the girl's face and the "private parts" of the "bizarre couple."

## JIM (VOICE OVER)

Rogers denies he's the man in the video. He claims this man is a double and that this immoral impersonation was, quote, "the work of the dirtiest president ever."

The video shows that the man's face and body are a perfect match to Rogers.

JIM

Rogers has thirteen and Appletree fifteen percent in the latest poll. They are technically tied.

EXT. SKULLS INC. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Several Skull members paint the old warehouse blue. Shak, Malcolm and Leroy pull up and put into place a new sign reading "SKULLS INC." with a huge skull logo.

Nakisha, Leo and Bartelli clap their hands as the press registers the moment.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL DEBATE STUDIO - NIGHT

Appletree and Rogers, engaged in a debate, try to show confidence and politeness, but it's impossible.

ROGERS

I'm sure that if your term wasn't ending, you would probably have to face impeachment.

APPLETREE

I have nothing to hide. My life has always been an open book.

ROGERS

A book I wouldn't want to show my children. The evidence is overwhelming. I don't want to be rude or overaggressive. It's not of my nature--

APPLETREE

--We know your nature. And I don't think it's a good idea to have children around you.

The MEDIATOR senses that the debate is overheating but doesn't say a word.

ROGERS

You don't belong in the White House. We should reopen Alcatraz and have you as a permanent guest.

APPLETREE

And you can't attack the pornographic industry when your own video is on the best seller chart.

ROGERS

We all know who set up that farce!

MEDIATOR

...Calm down gentlemen...

APPLETREE

A pimp?

ROGERS

I'll sue you for slander! You're a liar and a thief!

APPLETREE

You're going to have to sue me from your jail cell, you pervert, child molester!

Rogers jumps on Appletree and they fall on the floor fighting each other. The Mediator is confused.

The secret service agents run in to help the president.

Linford jumps in to protect his boss from the agents' brutality. Total confusion.

EXT. NEWSPAPER STAND - DAY

A MAN picks up a newspaper. The headline reads: "Election day: Appletree and Rogers tied on record low in the polls."

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Amanda and her cameraman finish a live report from the White House.

## AMANDA

The president is confident that his small lead over Rogers will continue to expand as the incredible flock of undecided voters head his way. Rogers' camp shows the same confidence. A record low number of voters is expected to cast their ballot today. But that's not what's taking place in Harlem, New York, home of the surprise of this election, Nakisha Brown. She's expected to receive five percent of the votes nation wide according to political analysts. Let's go live to New York, with Zuma Perkins.

## EXT. HARLEM COLORFUL STREETS - DAY

Harlem looks completely different. Each building is painted a different color. The street looks like a surrealistic rainbow. ZUMA PERKINS speaks in front of her CAMERAMAN.

## ZUMA

At least here in Harlem we are having a record attendance of voters and at least in this district Nakisha Brown will have a victory. The Skulls and the Panteras, two rival gangs from this neighborhood, have sponsored, as you can see, a complete renovation of this area. They have mobilized other gangs across the country to campaign in favor of Nakisha Brown. She certainly won't win, but at least there's something different in the air in this election.

## EXT. PANTERAS INC. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The warehouse is painted orange and black and there's a Pantera logo, a panther, on the wall. The former old buildings around it are also painted and there are coconut trees planted along the street.

The front gate slowly opens and the NOISE OF ENGINES gets louder and louder.



A line of Pantera sports cars, with Raul driving the first one, roars out of the garage. The cars carry flags and banners pro Nakisha and they parade down the street.

INT. PARTY HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Nakisha, Bartelli, Leo, Conan and Mira, busy answering phones, try to watch the news on TV.

BARTELLI

(into phone)

...We'll do very well according to the exit polls...

Douglas watches the TV news, relaxed in a chair.

DOUGLAS

Very well?! We're having one of the greatest performances of an independent candidate in the history of this country!

Douglas opens a can of beer. Nakisha looks at him.

NAKISHA

I want this "history" to get over soon. I'm kind of tired of all this song and dance. In the end the same people will win and nothing will change.

Bartelli hangs up.

BARTELLI

Things have already changed Nakisha. Your neighborhood will never be the same!

NAKISHA

Yeah... But I barely have time to see Larisha...

ON TV

Jim, the anchorman, receives a paper and looks stunned.

JIM (ON TV)

...Some surprising news coming in... I have the first results... from Washington DC... Seems like... I mean this is the official results... Nakisha Brown has won in Washington DC and... and will be taking Washington's 3 vote share of the electoral college...

Nakisha, Bartelli, Conan and Mira stare at the TV in amazement. Douglas starts to laugh. Everyone has a mixture of euphoria and astonishment on their faces.

NAKISHA

What?! Is this real news? ...What's this electoral college thing?

BARTELLI

We won in Washington! I can't believe it!

Bartelli grabs the phone. Conan and Mira get closer to the TV.

CONAN

Let's check the other stations.

MIRA

Where's Leo? Leo!

Leo walks in carrying three large pizzas. Nakisha immediately volunteers to help him.

LEO

There's a crowd of reporters outside.

INT. WHITE HOUSE OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT

Appletree gets up from his desk. Newman stands in front holding a paper.

APPLETREE

We lost Washington and New York! How can these metropolitan idiots vote for a hillbilly pervert like Rogers?

NEWMAN

He didn't win...

APPLETREE

I want all the results of the east coast now!  
What's taking those morons so long?

NEWMAN

Rogers didn't win, sir.

APPLETREE

What are you talking about?!

NEWMAN

...The fat girl... Nawisha... Nakisha.

Appletree grabs the paper from Newman's hands. He looks and crumples it.

APPLETREE

Are you crazy? Where are you getting our  
information from? The National Enquirer?

Appletree grabs a remote control from the desk and presses a button. A gigantic TV screen appears on the wall.

NEWMAN

We'll have a complete report on the east  
coast results in a couple of minutes.

ON THE SCREEN

The news coverage of the election gives a graphic report on the election results so far. On the total votes graph Appletree has a small advantage over Rogers in second and Nakisha in third. Jim, the anchorman describes the situation.

## JIM (VOICE OVER)

An incredible turnout of previously unregistered voters, specially coming from the young low income segments of the population, has sent this election into a tornado of unpredictability. As you can see on the graph, Nakisha Brown, until now described as a catalyst of the protest vote of citizens highly unsatisfied with the front runner candidates, has turned into a major contender for the White House, although most likely she won't win.

A new graph showing the results from the east coast states, by electoral college votes, has Appletree in first, Rogers in second, very close, and Nakisha in third, with the electoral votes from Washington DC, New York and New Jersey: total of 51.

Newman listens on his cell phone. Appletree stares at the screen.

## JIM (VOICE OVER)

The president seems closer to reelection, but this election may have to be decided in the house of representatives.

## INT. STUDIO - NIGHT

Jim talks to Amanda sitting next to him in front of the camera.

## JIM

Seems to me, Amanda that we could have a situation here where the candidate with the most votes may not win. And can you tell us about this absolutely astonishing and unpredictable performance of this African American woman, Nakisha Brown... A candidate from the small Freedom and Democracy party.

AMANDA

This is a totally unusual situation. Looks like many typical voters of white middle class America stayed at home because of the scandals and negative campaign involving the usual front runners. Meanwhile a lot of people that usually don't vote showed up to cast their ballots for Nakisha Brown.

JIM

Why Nakisha Brown?

AMANDA

She has been in the news since that incident with Appletree at Harvard University; she is in a popular nationally broadcasted commercial; but most important, her party has sponsored a program which has changed the face of Harlem, New York. I have been there and I must say, they have two peaceful rival gangs making an "industrial revolution" in that neighborhood and Nakisha seems to have capitalized on their success.

JIM

I bought a Skull. A very impressive sports car.

AMANDA

Maybe this will begin a new trend in the auto industry. But back to the election. In 1888, Benjamin Harrison was elected by defeating Grover Cleveland even though Grover had received more popular votes. We may see that happen again between Appletree and Rogers.

INT. PARTY HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Nakisha, Bartelli, Conan, Douglas and Mira watch Amanda talking on TV.

NAKISHA

How can someone have more votes and not win?

BARTELLI

Unfortunately we really don't have a popular direct vote system for president.

CONAN

What happens is that voters in each state choose electors publicly pledged to one of the candidates.

MIRA

The electoral college meets and each states' electors usually cast their votes for the candidate to whom they are pledged.

BARTELLI

The candidate with the majority of votes wins.

DOUGLAS

This system is futile. We should vote directly for whatever idiot we want to run the country.

BARTELLI

The people should run the country directly.

DOUGLAS

Right.

NAKISHA

What if no one gets the majority in this college thing?

MIRA

Appletree will take it. He has the house of representatives in his pocket.

CONAN

They will choose the president.

DOUGLAS

And you'll be in, Nakisha! The top three candidates get to run in the second round!

Nakisha is excited.

BARTELLI

Maybe we have a chance if congress deals seriously with Appletree's dirt. We could defeat Rogers.

NAKISHA

How come I have so many votes from the people and so few votes in this college thing compared with those two morons?

BARTELLI

Who wins in each state takes all the electoral votes for that state. But we have 51 votes! I still can't believe it.

INT. ROGERS' HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Rogers hangs up the phone, furious. Linford reads a bunch of papers.

ROGERS

Bastard. If this election ends up in the house, we're done.

LINFORD

It only happened two times: Thomas Jefferson, 1800, and John Adams in 1824.

ROGERS

We'll turn things around with California and Texas. I want a complete report on that fat black girl... How can our country have sunk so low...

LINFORD

Don't worry sir, we'll track down every single spot of dirt in her life.

### ROGERS

Go for the usual for this kind of person:  
Shoplifting, drugs, murder. I want all her  
electoral votes.

### EXT. COLORFUL AND ILLUMINATED HARLEM STREETS - NIGHT

PEOPLE celebrate on the streets with American flags and Nakisha's banners. Cars  
HONK.

OTHER PEOPLE shout and make noise from windows.

Skulls and Panteras are mixed together celebrating Nakisha's performance.

A GROUP watches on a TV placed in a window facing the street.

### ON TV

A map of the United States is colored state by state with red or blue and some  
white in the east corner. The legend shows blue for Appletree, red for Rogers and  
white for Nakisha. New York, New Jersey and Washington DC are colored white.  
The electoral vote count shows Appletree ten votes ahead of Rogers. Nakisha has  
51, way behind in third. But in the total votes percentage Nakisha is close behind.

### JIM (VOICE OVER)

No candidate will be able to establish a  
majority when the electoral college meets on  
the first Monday after the second  
Wednesday in December to vote for the  
candidate who will be the next president of  
the United States.

Amanda, sitting next to Jim, makes her political analysis of the situation.



AMANDA

Remember that the fact that the electors usually vote for their party nominees is a long established custom that we take it for granted, because by law they are not required to do so. These people will be choosing the next president. But guess what? The electors from the Freedom and Democracy party, with their 51 votes, have a Royal flush in their hands to determine who will be the next president between Appletree and Rogers. Nakisha Brown's buddies are dealing the cards!

The group watching TV claps their hands excited and proud of their candidate.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Appletree stares out the window. Newman stands in front of the presidential desk with a happy face.

NEWMAN

You're reelected sir. In congress you can beat Rogers easily.

APPLETREE

We have to make sure it goes to the house. I want a meeting with the idiots of this "Freedom and whatever" party fast before Rogers puts his hands on them.

NEWMAN

We can offer their leaders some crappie positions in our government and some other "incentives."

APPLETREE

Meanwhile "work" individually with each of their electors.

NEWMAN

Don't worry sir. One thing I can guarantee. They won't vote for Rogers.

## EXT. NAKISHA'S REMODELED BUILDING - DAY

The building is completely and colorfully remodeled. Nakisha is surrounded, kissed and hugged by neighbors, Skulls and Panteras. Raul and Leroy stare at each other. The press registers the moment.

### NEIGHBORS

Nakisha president! Nakisha president!

### LEROY

(to Raul)

This is a family thing now. Why don't you go back to your stinking hood.

### RAUL

Your mouth smells like your asshole. I'm not going nowhere. And you're not part of hers or nobody's family.

Larisha comes down the stairway and jumps into Nakisha's arms.

### NEIGHBORS

Nakisha president! Nakisha president!

### NAKISHA

I still didn't win anything. And I don't think I will. I'm going back to work in the flower shop soon.

### REPORTER ONE

Is it true your party is considering supporting Appletree or Rogers in exchange for some positions in the government?

### NAKISHA

I don't know anything about that. I can tell you for sure that we don't like either of these guys.

### REPORTER TWO

Will you run again in four years?

NAKISHA

I don't think so. I have to go now. I have to eat a little something and watch Roseanne.

Nakisha walks up the stairway taking Larisha by the hand. The reporters struggle for more answers.

LEROY

Hey, Nakisha, can I come with you?

NAKISHA

Go to your own home, Leroy.

Raul smiles. Leroy watches Nakisha from the rear entering the building.

RAUL

What a big ass.

Leroy looks at Raul reprehensibly.

INT. PARTY HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Bartelli, Conan, Newman and Linford sit around a meeting table. The two campaign assistants stare at each other as if they were mortal enemies.

BARTELLI

Gentleman, the reason I called this meeting is because things are going too far. I'm sure you know what I mean.

NEWMAN

I have no idea what you mean. The president is convinced that he is the best alternative for America and we want the support of the intelligent and patriotic electors of your party.

LINFORD

You probably are referring to the unethical advancements of Mr. Appletree's corruption gang. We can assure you--

NEWMAN

--You can't assure anything, my friend.  
Rogers is a devil dressed like an angel. A  
psychopath!

LINFORD

I'm not your friend. And you're desperate  
because things are turning around. He's  
lucky his term is ending because a new  
congress would impeach his ass out of the  
White House!

CONAN

Calm down, calm down. You're both right.  
Appletree is a thief and Rogers is a  
psychopath.

BARTELLI

Let's get down to business. There'll be no  
business.

CONAN

I wouldn't vote for Appletree even if he  
gave me all the money he has in the  
Caribbean.

BARTELLI

What we want to propose is a change in the  
constitution. We want this election to be  
decided by direct popular vote instead of in  
congress.

CONAN

It's a shame we have a record low voter  
turnout.

NEWMAN

You should be happy about it. Your fat girl  
did so well because of that.

BARTELLI

You two should be ashamed of your candidates. Let's turn this around and call for a second round of popular vote!

NEWMAN

We'll respect the constitution. Mr. Appletree will win in the house.

LINFORD

You're dreaming.

NEWMAN

(to Bartelli)

You have the chance to make history leading your party to our side. You have no chance and we are ideologically closer to your party.

BARTELLI

We'll take our chances in the house of representatives, gentleman.

Newman and Linford look at each, skeptical.

LINFORD

You'll have zero votes from your zero representatives.

INT. NAKISHA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Nakisha and Larisha stare at the TV excited and nervous.

ON TV

Amanda wraps up her report in front of the congress.

AMANDA (ON TV)

The electoral votes have been counted. No one has a majority. The house of representatives will decide between James Appletree, Reynald Rogers and Nakisha Brown who will be the next president. Miss Brown obviously does not stand a chance but what she and her party have accomplished so far will undoubtedly go down in history.

LARISHA

How come you don't have a chance, mom.

NAKISHA

Because no one on our side is part of congress. They'll vote for their buddies... Everything will continue the same... But who cares.

The telephone RINGS. Nakisha answers. Larisha changes the TV channel to a cartoon program. Nakisha listens and swallows nervously.

EXT. ROGERS' HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Rogers addresses a crowd of reporters and cameramen.

ROGERS

We're confident of victory in the house of representatives. Members of Appletree's party are coming to our side. Although we don't have a majority in the house, as you know, all the representatives from each state must combine to cast one vote for that state. According to our figures we'll have a close victory.

INT. WHITE HOUSE PRESS CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

APPLETREE

We have the majority of the house and we have the majority state by state. Rogers is counting on defections from our ranks that will not happen.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Bartelli looks around and makes eye contact with a man walking his way.

The man, Bartelli's ex-boss from his ex-job in the investment company, sits on a bench and leaves a small envelope.

Bartelli's ex-boss, looking around suspiciously and doubtfully, walks away passed Bartelli.

BOSS

I'm an investment broker not a money launderer.

Bartelli smiles a thank you.

Bartelli waits for a moment, walks to the bench, sits, looks around and takes the envelope discreetly.

EXT. WASHINGTON DC - DAY

The sun rises in the capital. A HOMELESS man sleeps near the capitol. A POLICEMAN wakes him up.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

A plane lands on the runway.

INT. PLANE - DAY

Bartelli, Nakisha and Leo sit next to each other in tourist class. Nakisha barely fits in the seat. She looks at Bartelli as if trying to say something.

NAKISHA

...I should have stayed home. They'll vote for Rogers or Appletree any way.

BARTELLI

I have a surprise for Appletree. We're in the game.

LEO

The secret is talking to the secretaries of the congressmen. I can take care of that.

PASSENGERS get their bags, preparing to leave. Some look at Nakisha and whisper at each other as if recognizing her.

Nakisha makes her way to the aisle with difficulty, her ass smashing Leo against his seat.

LEO

Let me get out first! You should have left your ass in the cargo compartment with the luggage.

Nakisha struggles to make room in the aisle with all the other passengers.

NAKISHA

First and last time I'm traveling on a plane.  
 This is worst then the subway at rush hour.

A LITTLE OLD WOMAN stares at Nakisha with a smile, a pen and a piece of paper in her hands.

LITTLE OLD WOMAN

Can I have your autograph Mrs. Brown?

NAKISHA

It's Ms. Brown, and you sure can.

Nakisha signs the autograph proudly. Other passengers recognize and stare at her. Bartelli and Leo stand behind Nakisha waiting to merge into the jammed aisle.

LITTLE OLD WOMAN

I voted for you. I hope congress makes you the first "Miss President."

NAKISHA

Well, I don't think that's going to happen.  
 Thanks for your vote, anyway.



A GROUP OF NOISY STUDENTS, wearing college sweatshirts, try to get their bags and find their way out on the other side of the aisle. One of the students recognizes Nakisha and Leo.

ONE OF THE STUDENTS

Hey, everybody! It's Nakisha and Leo!

ANOTHER STUDENT

Nakisha rules!

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Nakisha, Bartelli and Leo get to the arrival area followed by the group of chanting loyal student supporters.

STUDENTS

Nakisha! Nakisha! Nakisha!

Soon a CROWD gathers around Nakisha. Bartelli and Leo, riding horseback on Bartelli, chant with the crowd.

EVERYONE

Nakisha! Nakisha! Nakisha!

Nakisha smiles ear to ear. A BLACK MAN kisses her on the cheek. The press tries to reach Nakisha but it's impossible with the crowd.

BLACK MAN

President! President!

EVERYONE

President! President!

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

PROTESTERS are gathered in front of the White House with "IMPEACH THE THIEF" signs.

INT. WHITE HOUSE OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Appletree has never been seen so happy. Newman comes in happier than his boss.

NEWMAN

Rogers is desperate. He's trying everything. McCormick said that he never thought for one moment about switching sides.

APPLETREE

Sure. I had to give the Secretary of Education to that son of a bitch and his followers.

NEWMAN

He sure deserves it. We have this one wrapped up. Poor Rogers. We found that girl's father and convinced him to press charges for statutory rape.

APPLETREE

You little devil.

Appletree opens a box of cigars and gives one to his proud pupil.

APPLETREE

Four more years. I just love this job.

NEWMAN

Me too, sir. What about the fat girl? We have some hot info on her.

APPLETREE

We don't need it any more. Let her enjoy the moment.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

A taxi cab passes in front.

INT. TAXI CAB - DAY

Nakisha looks out the window fascinated. Bartelli examines a box filled with sets of stapled papers. Leo enjoys an ice cream cone.

NAKISHA

It sure is white.

LEO

"It sure is white." Can't you think of anything more intelligent to say?

NAKISHA

Bartelli's the man with the brains.

BARTELLI

Nobody needs brains. Everyone has one. It's just a question of freeing it.

NAKISHA

Leo, you sure freed your brains and they escaped, no where to be found.

Leo drips some ice cream on Bartelli's folders.

BARTELLI

Watch it.

LEO

What's this, anyway?

BARTELLI

We're giving a press conference in front of the congress. A burial ceremony for Appletree.

Nakisha takes one of the folders, examining the papers inside. She looks again at Bartelli trying to say something and again doesn't have the courage.

EXT. CONGRESS - DAY

Bartelli, holding sets of stapled papers, Nakisha and Leo stand on top of a stairway facing a gathering of reporters and cameramen, including Amanda.

BARTELLI

We're in this game to win!

NAKISHA

And here's our first knock out!

## BARTELLI

What I'll distribute to you are transcripts of a disk containing records of overseas financial transfers involving charities in the United States; payments to a shipping company in Panama; interest and loan payments to an investment company in the Cayman Islands and the export of goods from a group of US companies. The amounts and dates all reflect a pattern of money laundering, that involves millions of dollars ending up in numbered accounts in the Caribbean. If we add all the facts involving the recent lousy investigation efforts of the congress into the charity and political contribution scandals, we come to one common denominator: Appletree.

Bartelli distributes the papers to the reporters who examine them curiously.

## NAKISHA

This is an outrage! We want a serious ass kicking independent investigation! If I win we'll propose a law to the American people to bust, once and for all, this phony numbered account business!

## AMANDA

People can open accounts with false names.

## NAKISHA

We'll bust them all!

## LEO

Yeeeeeha!

## AMANDA

Let's be reasonable. Despite Appletree and Rogers' scandals, they have the votes in the house.

BARTELLI

We'll propose to the congress to take this election back to the people. We want an amendment to the constitution for a direct vote for the presidency.

LEO

And vice presidency! If these congressmen have one last drop of honor we'll go back to the people's ballots!

Nakisha high-five's Leo and picks him up in her arms.

NAKISHA

This is the man!

LEO

This is the woman!

Cameramen and photographers register the moment.

EXT. NEWSPAPER STAND - DAY

A NEWSPAPER VENDOR drops a newspaper bundle on his stand. The newspaper reads: "CANDIDATES SINKING IN MUD."

INT. HOTEL - DAY

Bartelli walks in holding a paper. Nakisha sleeps on a bed in a huge night gown. Leo sleeps on a sofa. Bartelli's bed is made.

Bartelli opens the curtains and the sunlight blasts in.

LEO

What are you doing?! I was on this island with Cindy Crawford and Claudia Schiffer!

NAKISHA

Go back to sleep, Bartelli!

BARTELLI

Who is Mr. Chong?!

Nakisha hides behind her pillow.

NAKISHA

Mr. Chong... Let me see... Oh yes, "Mr. Chong."

BARTELLI

Is this true?

Nakisha gets up and walks to the bathroom.

NAKISHA

I was trying to tell you about it.

BARTELLI

Trying?! Why didn't you?

Nakisha shuts the bathroom door and then opens it, sticking her head out.

NAKISHA

I'm not perfect, you know!

Nakisha slams the door. Bartelli stands next to the shut door.

BARTELLI

I know you're not perfect. No one is. But we have a commitment of truth with the electors.

Nakisha comes out brushing her teeth.

NAKISHA

You want the truth, there it is!

Nakisha goes back to the bathroom to spit the toothpaste out and comes back.

NAKISHA

So what, I shoplifted a couple of beers from Mr. Chong's grocery store when I was a teenager.

BARTELLI

We'll give a press conference and you'll say just that!

NAKISHA

Fine! If you want I can quit too!

Nakisha returns to the bathroom, slamming the door. Bartelli looks at Leo.

LEO

Don't look at me. I have some "little things"  
of my own.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

The press is gathered for Nakisha's press conference. Bartelli looks at his watch.

Nakisha finally appears finishing a donut.

Leo finishes a can of beer, behind a pillar, tosses it in a garbage can and follows on with a six pack, now five, of beer in his other hand.

NAKISHA

Good morning, gentlemen and  
gentlewomen. As you have read in the  
gossip pages of your newspapers, I  
shoplifted two cans of beer from Mr.  
Chong's grocery store when I was a  
teenager. Mr. Chong is a very nice guy... and  
has a hell of a memory!

Leo gives the cans of beer to Nakisha.

NAKISHA

I'm shipping this six pack to Mr. Chong,  
UPS. The other four are for the interest I  
owe him since it has been a long time.

Nakisha notices there are only five and looks at Leo.

LEO

We don't want Mr. Chong looking like a  
loan shark. Three extra is enough.

NAKISHA

Now, I must say to everyone including my daughter that shoplifting is a crime. I did it a couple of times for fun when I was a teenager but, there's so much stuff to have fun with that I wouldn't go around stealing stuff from hard working people like Mr. Chong or from anybody.

REPORTER

Do you still think you're worthy of representing the American people as the president.

NAKISHA

No, I'm not. And I don't think anyone is. Our party does not believe in representation. We want the American people to have control over their lives and decide directly the main issues that affect our country.

Bartelli, impressed with Nakisha's performance, nods and claps enthusiastically. Leo claps too.

INT. WHITE HOUSE PRESS CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Appletree speaks to the audience of Reporters.

APPLETREE

I'm amazed at these transactions just like all of you. We'll conduct a complete, energetic and detailed investigation. My government will always be an open book. I don't think my desperate adversary can say the same. You all know he's facing a serious accusation of soliciting prostitution and statutory rape of a minor. Thank God we have a solid majority in the house. This man will never step where I'm standing now.



INT. ROGERS' PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY

ROGERS

My mind is at peace with God. All the lies, slander, and immoral farces perpetrated by my despicable adversary will not defeat me. I shall follow on with my head up and the flag of dignity firm in my hand.

INT. CONGRESS OFFICE - DAY

Bartelli sits in front of a GROUP OF REPRESENTATIVES FROM APPLETREE'S PARTY.

BARTELLI

Gentleman, you know Appletree and the evidence is overwhelming. You have opposed him, even though you are in the same party. We have to seize this opportunity. You can convince your colleagues to impeach Appletree. We can also send this election back to the people. Nakisha Brown and my party are a viable option for this country. We will govern through plebiscites on alternative propositions elaborated and discussed in the congress. Also we would like to propose that any president, including Nakisha if elected, can be impeached any time by the direct majority vote of the people. So nobody has anything to worry about.

INT. ANOTHER CONGRESS OFFICE - DAY

Nakisha and Leo sit facing a GROUP OF REPRESENTATIVES FROM ROGERS' PARTY.

NAKISHA

My buddy is talking right now with some of Appletree's party members. They want to boot him out. They want to take this election back to the people.

LEO

Nakisha against Rogers, one on one. How easy can it get.

NAKISHA

Personally, I have nothing against Rogers' getting laid with a nun if that's what she wanted.

INT. CONGRESS PLENARY SESSION - DAY

THE CROWD OF REPRESENTATIVES makes a lot of noise discussing and preparing to vote.

EXT. NEWSSTAND - DAY

Newspaper vendor puts a bundle of newspapers on the stand. The headline reads: "APPLETREE RESIGNS BUT STILL IN THE RACE."

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Just like Nixon, Appletree walks to the presidential helicopter, turns back and makes the "v" sign with both hands and with big smile on his face.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL HELICOPTER - DAY

As he walks in he mumbles:

APPLETREE

...Screw you all, assholes... I'll be back soon.

EXT. CONGRESS - DAY

Amanda reports live from congress.

## AMANDA

This election will go down in history as the most surprising and confusing. Recent negotiations between representatives of both parties and the president came down to a complicated agreement: 1) Appletree would resign from his current mandate; 2) Appletree would step out of the current presidential race giving place to his vice, Harry Belvich 3) The house would give immunity from prosecution to Appletree 4) The race between Belvich and Rogers would go back to the direct vote of the people. Everything was accomplished, except that Appletree broke his word and is still in the race. But guess what? If he gets elected he will deal with a new congress, not the one he just lied to. Direct elections will be held between Appletree and Rogers and also, we must not forget, Nakisha Brown.

SEVERAL MOMENTS of Nakisha's campaign:

Nakisha, Bartelli and Leo get in and out of airports in different cities.

They meet gang members who are the core of her campaign effort, having all kinds of banners, T-shirts, posters.

They give interviews and press conferences, including Larry King calling the commercial break with Nakisha sitting in front of him.

EXT. COLORFUL HARLEM STREETS - DAY

Everywhere, including windows and bumper stickers, there're signs of Nakisha's campaign.

EXT. NAKISHA'S REMODELED BUILDING - DAY

Larisha and Susan sit on the front steps playing a board game.

Leroy driving a Skull sports car parks in front. There's a bicycle sticking out of the trunk.

Getting out with a big smile, he grabs the bicycle in the trunk. It's a bicycle version of a Skull sports car, very unordinary.

Larisha approaches excited.

LEROY

It's all yours, Larisha. What do you think?

LARISHA

Cool. Can I try it?

LEROY

Sure. Go ahead.

Larisha rides the bike while Leroy sits next to Susan.

SUSAN

Did you see the latest poll?

LEROY

Yeah, Nakisha's in third.

SUSAN

But closing in. Not in my wildest dreams did I think all this would be possible.

LEROY

We're gonna win this shit. We're registering across the country every single motherfucker who never voted in their whole fucking life.

EXT. NEWSPAPER STAND - DAY

The newspaper vendor puts a bundle of papers on his stand. The headline reads: "ELECTION DAY AGAIN."

EXT. NAKISHA'S REMODELED BUILDING ROOF - NIGHT

Nakisha is on the roof of her building, sitting on the edge, facing the colorful and illuminated streets of Harlem, talking on a cell phone.

Below there's a CROWD gathered in front of a TV set.

NAKISHA

I'm scared, Bartelli. What if I win?

## EXT. CONGRESS ROOF - NIGHT

Bartelli sits on the edge of the Capitol roof, holding a cell phone to one ear and a radio to the other.

BARTELLI

If you win you're still going to be Nakisha Brown, the "Angel from Harlem," right?

## EXT. NAKISHA'S REMODELED BUILDING ROOF - NIGHT

NAKISHA

I'm no angel... Harlem is beautiful from up here.

## EXT. CONGRESS ROOF - NIGHT

BARTELLI

Washington is beautiful from up here too... We'll know in a couple of minutes... Oh my God... You're five points ahead on the east coast!

## EXT. COLORFUL AND ILLUMINATED HARLEM STREETS - NIGHT

The Crowd, delirious, jumps and shouts. Firecrackers fill the air.

A group of Skulls tosses Leo up and down in the air.

LEO

I'm the VP! I'm the VP!

Leroy and Raul hug each other.

Leroy looks up to the roof top of Nakisha's building.

LEROY

Nakisha! Get your fat presidential ass down here!

## EXT. NAKISHA'S REMODELED BUILDING ROOF - NIGHT

Nakisha lies on the roof, passed out.

## EXT. PRESIDENTIAL INAUGURATION - DAY

Nakisha takes the presidential oath.

Bartelli, Leo, Susan, Larisha, Leroy, Raul, Douglas, Mira, Conan, Franco, Benjamin, Esther, Malcolm and Shak look at Nakisha.

NAKISHA

I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully  
execute the Office of President of the United  
States, and will, to the best of my ability,  
preserve, protect and defend the Constitution  
of the United States.

The American Flag blows in the wind to the sound of the American anthem.

## EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL LA EXOTIC STREETS - DAY

A sign in gothic letters "Welcome to South Central LA" stands above a surrealistically decorated neighborhood.

Nakisha inaugurates the "BLOODS AND CRIPS SPORTSWEAR INC." facilities side by side with some FAMOUS SPORTS FIGURES.

## INT. WHITE HOUSE DINNING ROOM - NIGHT

A "G-8" dinner meeting, with the HEADS OF GOVERNMENT of Canada, France, Great Britain, Italy, Germany, Japan and Russia plus Nakisha of the US. There are small flags of these countries on the wall plus one of the US.

They eat chicken with their hands.

Larisha walks into the room, approaching the Prime Minister of Japan holding an electronic toy.

LARISHA

Can you fix my Nintendo?

The Prime Minister, holding a chicken thigh, looks at the toy with his greasy hands and mouth.

NAKISHA

Get lost Larisha, leave the Prime Minister  
alone. Can't you see we're busy?

EXT. VOTING CENTER - DAY

A huge line of voters waits for their turn to cast their ballots. A sign reads "TAX AND HEALTH REFORM DIRECT VOTE."

EXT. STATE PENITENTIARY - DAY

A tractor bulldozers over a sign that reads "Keat Gilson State Penitentiary." The complex is under radical reform. Another civil engineering sign reads: "PROJECT: MALCOLM X UNIVERSITY."

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

On the front lawn, Nakisha, Leroy, Larisha, Bartelli and Susan sit in the sun, wearing bathing suits and dark glasses. Susan passes the suntan lotion to Bartelli.

LEROY

So what do you say Nakisha, let's tie the knot?

BARTELLI

I say love shouldn't be institutionalized.

SUSAN

Shut up, Jeff.

Nakisha holds a set of big silver rings with a skull carved on them.

NAKISHA

I don't know. Ms. President sounds better than Mrs. President. But I'm going to think about it. And you're going to have to work on these rings.

A cell phone RINGS. Bartelli answers and hands the phone to Nakisha.

BARTELLI

It's the president of Russia, Boris Yeltsin.

Nakisha listens and puts her hand over the receiver.

NAKISHA

He wants to go out on a date.

Leroy is annoyed.

NAKISHA

Just kidding. He said Russia wants to copy  
the new American direct democracy system.  
And that I'm very pretty.

BARTELLI

Indeed you are.

Nakisha looks at her huge stomach and grabs some grapes next to the bowl of potato chips.

NAKISHA

I need to lose some weight... After the  
freebies of the White House are over.

The presidential sun tanning continues as we see the White House and its new occupants from a distance.

FADE OUT.

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