

THE CANDIDATE

by

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The Candidate

BLACK SCREEN

"The year is 2020. The presidential campaign is in turmoil. Rampant fake news reports and nightmarish tweets have caused many nominees to avoid the campaign circuit altogether."

"The Democratic party, having licked its wounds from the 2016 campaign, have elected the PERFECT BEING, a politician with a pitch perfect past, to run their campaign."

"Deep within the bowels of the Republican Headquarters AGENT DAVID and AGENT JAMIE, two special agents on a secret mission, set up the means to find the party's nominee..."

FADE IN:

INT. REPUBLICAN PARTY HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Dark room with a makeshift polygraph machine and chair.

Two AGENTS argue. AGENT DAVID, 40s, bald and frail, scuttles ahead of AGENT JAMIE, 30s, fierce pencil pusher, punches notes on tablet.

AGENT DAVID

Get me a sit-rep.

AGENT JAMIE

It's not good. Take a look.

David snatches tablet from Jamie. He wipes his brow and stares at the screen bewildered and horrified.

AGENT DAVID

Oh my god. We're losing backers to a Candy Adams Cock Ring infomercial. How did this happen?

AGENT JAMIE

2016 changed the landscape.

Jamie takes back tablet.

AGENT JAMIE (CONT'D)

Americans see politicians as clean cut, eloquent speakers with no checkered past. They hate people like that.

David and Jamie look at the camera for a beat. Then--

AGENT DAVID

Too soon?

AGENT JAMIE

Too soon.

David's phone RINGS.

AGENT DAVID

Agent David. He's cleared? Good,
bring him to Room Nine.

Jamie shakes her head.

AGENT JAMIE

We should've learned our lesson.

AGENT DAVID

You saw who the other side's pushing.
We need him. The party needs him.

Door opens. A SHADOWY MAN immersed in bright, sparkling
light stands before a blinded David and Jamie.

FOOTSTEPS (o.s.).

Shadowy Man saunters toward David and Jamie, with the light
fading with each step, showing himself as a long-haired,
serious looking MAN with a creased, greasy face. His gaudy
clothing is equally bizarre, showing puffs of hair combed
and blow dried to accentuate a toy dog on his chest.

For the first time, David and Jamie lay eyes to the man that
will change the party forever. This is THOMAS WISEMAN
(pronounced TOE-MAAS WITZMAN).

THOMAS WISEMAN

Oh, hai David. Hai Jamie.

AGENT DAVID

Mister Wiseman. A pleasure.

David extends his hand to greet Thomas.

AGENT DAVID (CONT'D)

I'm Special Agent David. This is
Agent Jamie.

Jamie half asses a wave.

AGENT JAMIE

Pleasure.

Thomas stares at the ceiling. Then the floor. Then the
wall. Then the chair. Finally, he squeezes his toy dog to
sing a jingle. He does not seem to notice or care what David
and Jamie just said.

David escorts Thomas to the chair.

AGENT DAVID

This will be a series of 'Yes' or 'No' questions to help evaluate what we need Tommy.

THOMAS WISEMAN

Thomas! Never Tommy. Never. Never.

David attaches pads and wires to Thomas. Jamie mans the polygraph.

AGENT DAVID

Just remember to relax and answer honestly.

Thomas strokes his toy dog.

AGENT JAMIE

You might want to let your "dog" lie on the floor during this.

THOMAS WISEMAN

Princess is traumatized right now. She lost her soulmate few days ago.

AGENT JAMIE

Soulmate?

THOMAS WISEMAN

Champion Cathan Fable Little Star. Very compassionate lover. I learned much from him.

Jamie grimaces.

David squeezes hand sanitizer over his hands.

AGENT JAMIE

Lets start with a baseline. Where are you from?

THOMAS WISEMAN

Tennessee.

Jamie eyeballs machine then Thomas. His Eastern European accent says otherwise.

AGENT JAMIE

And how old are you?

THOMAS WISEMAN

Same as you.

AGENT JAMIE
You're twenty-nine?

Thomas nods.

David snickers.

Jamie shakes her head.

AGENT DAVID
We've got enough for the baseline.
Continue.

AGENT JAMIE
Okay. Have you ever imbibed alcohol?

THOMAS WISEMAN
Yes.

AGENT JAMIE
Have you ever taken any drugs?

THOMAS WISEMAN
Yes.

AGENT JAMIE
What kinds?

THOMAS WISEMAN
Mari-jew-huana, cocaine, crock, angel
dust, quailudes, crystal meth,
ecstasy, poppers, glue, bath salts.

AGENT DAVID
You did bath salts?

THOMAS WISEMAN
Yes.

David leans close to Thomas.

AGENT DAVID
What's it like?

Jamie SLAPS David.

AGENT DAVID (CONT'D)
I'm curious.

AGENT JAMIE
We're a moral, clean party. We don't
promote crazy.

Spray can FIZZES (o.s.).

Thomas scratches toy dog.

THOMAS WISEMAN
Yes, we sold story to Family Channel.
It was breathtaking. Great sexual
stimulating story.

Jamie SMACKS polygraph.

AGENT JAMIE
Did you turn this piece of shit on,
David?

AGENT DAVID
Course I did.

David unstraps Thomas and attaches pads and wires on himself.

AGENT DAVID (CONT'D)
I'm a deviant Furry because I
witnessed my father sexually grope
my pet raccoon when I was kid.

Jamie and Thomas stare at polygraph.

THOMAS WISEMAN
Something supposed to happen?

David grabs his chest. His breathing is erratic.

AGENT DAVID
Dear god, I'm a monster!

David collapses. He curls into a ball.

Jamie reattaches pads and wires on Thomas.

AGENT JAMIE
So Thomas, have you ever started a
career cleaning carbon based on a
squirrel jumping on your lap and
telling you to do it?

Thomas clicks his teeth.

THOMAS WISEMAN
Yes, they made movie about it. Won
many awards. Very emotional.

AGENT JAMIE
Bull shit.

Jamie pulls on her hair.

THOMAS WISEMAN

They changed it to golf course where
overweight gopher and Jackie Mason
played me. It tore me apart, Jamie!

Thomas sulks.

THOMAS WISEMAN (CONT'D)

His name was Acorn. Taught me how
to dance. Cheep, cheep, cheep.

Thomas flaps his arms.

Jamie rests her head on table groaning. She hits her head
with her fist.

AGENT JAMIE

This is hell. I'm in hell.

THOMAS WISEMAN (O.S.)

Let's play football, Princess.

Football flies past Jamie. It SMACKS against the wall.

AGENT JAMIE

No way you could've done this. Have
you ever managed to eat an ear of
corn with your nose and later poop
out a mound of gold?

THOMAS WISEMAN

Yes.

Jamie KICKS table.

THOMAS WISEMAN (CONT'D)

I do for charity. All amazed by the
site.

David stands up.

AGENT DAVID

That's enough.

David unstraps Thomas.

AGENT DAVID (CONT'D)

Congratulations Mister Thomas. We
look forward to having you as our
presidential nomination.

Thomas hugs and shakes David.

THOMAS WISEMAN
Thank you. I and Princess look
forward to make Merica great again.

Polygraph BUZZES.

David, Jamie, and Thomas stare at polygraph. They LAUGH.

FADE OUT:

The End