

NOT LIZARDS FOR PRESIDENT

Written by

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INT. RICHARD JOHNSON'S CAMPAIGN OFFICE.

Suits stand. Some pace. Some nail-bite. California went blue, no surprise there.

Richard Johnson (60s) aka Dick Dick (... well might as well be) throws a glass-half-empty of water at the wall. Shattered glass and water droplets poorly mask shattered dreams.

INT. MARTA GALLINDO'S CAMPAIGN OFFICE.

Holy fucking shitballs = the look on everyone's face. The United States is about to elect its first gay president. Sorry, its first female president. Sorry, it's first GAY, LATINA PRESIDENT.

Marta Gallindo (40s, opposite of Richard Johnson - Dick Dick) stands beside her voice of reason, her wife, Amari (40s), as they watch the state colors tick in.

MARTA

Holy fucking shitballs.

Everyone was thinking it.

AMARI

You can't say that anymore - Ms. President.

MARTA

Holy. Fucking. Shitballs.

Everyone was still thinking it.

The office erupts. Confetti, champagne, crying. The feels.

EXT. THE VICTORY SPEECH NO ONE THOUGHT WOULD HAPPEN.

Marta walks on stage and shakes hands with Vice President Elect, Andrew Skipinski (50s, tbh his name's too long to fit on a dollar bill/ Marta fuckin loves him/ his politics).

Microphone. The ears of a nation, tuned in.

MARTA

(Sniffling)

I knew it!

FUCK YA WE DID!

MARTA (CONT'D)

I knew it!

U-S-A, U-S-A.

MARTA (CONT'D)

I knew that in a time where we are being pulled apart, we would stand together! I knew that in a time where our students are being shoved down, we would stand up! I knew that in a time where every fiber of our constitution, of our morals, was in question we would stand strong! I knew we would prevail. Good always wins!

People sob. People cheer. People scream. Marta cries, *openly*.

MARTA (CONT'D)

As many of you are now noticing, tonight we've made history by not only electing the first female, US LGBTQIA Latin President...

Holy fucking shitballs.

MARTA (CONT'D)

But in also electing the first president to cry upon giving this speech. These tears, they represent the passion, the love and the pride that I feel for my country, for my people... and I am not ashamed of being human. This branch needs humanity. For too long our nation's need to appear strong has superseded all else - has superseded our needs. But now more than ever it has become clear that the appearance of strength cannot give a divided Union strength - not any more. In fact, this desire, this quest to appear strong is no more than an attempt to hide, to run, to bury our problems and keep face. It strips us of our compassion and of our empathy both abroad and domestically. We knew there needed to be a change. I promised you. I promised that I would stay true to myself - to my humanity. I promised this when I was a city council member, and a senator, and I am not about to start breaking promises now.

(MORE)

MARTA (CONT'D)
 Because without humanity, we are
 nothing. We cannot lead this
 country back to greatness without
 thinking of our people, as people.

Ok, now I'm crying.

MARTA (CONT'D)
 And for those that still wish to
 appear strong, to those that may
 think that these tears, that my
 emotions make me weak... well you
 ain't never been up against an
 emotional Latina have you?

The crowd loses it.

MARTA (CONT'D)
 This is our time to stand up, stand
 together, and stand strong... for
 the next 4 years! Thank you! Thank
 you.

People flick off their TVs and scoff. Smart phones tossed,
 laptops slammed.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME. JUST AFTER.

CNN blares on a flat screen.

CNN REPORTER
 Tonight history was made with the
 election of Marta Gallindo. The
 president-elect is being called the
 ultimate political underdog with
 her shocking victory over favored
 candidate Richard Johnson.

INT. SUBWAY CAR. JUST AFTER.

Tweets vibrate out of control.

"The most controversial election of our times..."

"#IStandWithMarta"

"wtf is the big deal. She doesn't have a cock, and she's our
 Commander in Chief. #getoverit"

Chick's Hot Sauce Co. : "Celebrate history with our new hot
 sauce "La Presidente" almost as spicy as the woman herself!"

"Not my President."

"Fuck a bitch. This some liberal bullshit."

INT. SEMI TRUCK CAB. JUST AFTER.

Fox news sounds through a radio.

FOX NEWS REPORTER

With a woman now in the White
House...

OTHER FOX NEWS REPORTER

And not just as a wife Jan...

INT. DIVE BAR. 2AM.

Marta sits in an empty bar, surrounded by shot glasses,
Amari, on the stool next. Suits guarding the door.

MARTA

(slurring/slurping)

Bartender! Another round!

AMARI

I think you've had enough for
tonight my love.

MARTA

This is the last time that I can
get fucked up in the next 8 YEARS.
Tomorrow will be the last hangover
I will ever have. I can be sober -

AMARI

Marta -

MARTA

Fucking Bill Clinton did it!
Fucking Clinton? Psh... Bartender!

AMARI

You're cut off, lil Ms. President.
You have a press conference
tomorrow. How's the hangover gonna
feel, huh?

MARTA

You think Marilyn'll jump outta a
cake for me?

AMARI
Marilyn's dead.

MARTA
You can't really believe that. I'm
sure the first thing I'll see is
all the cryogenically frozen
celebrities that I can defrost...
occasionally.

AMARI
Are you stoned?

Stoned?

AMARI (CONT'D)
You stoney bologna! Of all the
fucking jobs, they forsore drug
test for this one!

MARTA
Can I have a mushy mushy cake?

AMARI
Let's get you home.

MARTA
But a mushy mushy cake sounds so
good.

AMARI
I know, tomorrow.

MARTA
I can't believe I'm about to be the
mother fucking President of these
God damned United States.

AMARI
I know.

MARTA
You think I can actually like, do
shit?

AMARI
I don't know. But you're the
president.

MARTA
I'm the president.

AMARI
I know.

MARTA
FUCKKKKKK.

INT. ANNUNAKI HEADQUARTERS. SOMEPLACE IN FUCKING SPACE.

SAYSI (Eternal, Zeusian lizard leader) sits atop his marble throne, of his many snakey advisors, ANASI and LEXIUS, advise.

ANASI
She should be eliminated. She's a threat and can't be controlled...

LEXIUS
Please, the humans will rally around her like a martyr. Her memory will be just as dangerous.

ANASI
RFK, JFK, MLK JR...they all had her spark and they all needed to be... dealt with... she is NO exception.

LEXIUS
That was only after they were Annunaki. She is far, far more dangerous... she's created all of this, alone, as a human. Her charisma, it's electric. She should be harnessed...

ANASI
Sire, I urge you.

SAYSI
ENOUGH! This is the opportunity that I've been waiting for.

LEXIUS
Your Highness, in all due respect...

SAYSI
ENOUGH! Fetch me Narousai.

INT. BATHROOM. TOILET BOWL. HUGGED BY MARTA.

The water swirls, swirls, swirls.

Knock, knock, knock.

AMARI

(from behind closed doors)
How you doing baby? Still mad I
didn't let you have that extra
shot?

MARTA

I think I'm going to die.

AMARI

Can you wait? You need to start
putting yourself together, hair and
makeup will be here in 20.

MARTA

(moaning)
Isn't that what they're for? To put
me together?

AMARI

Yes, as the President elect. And I
don't think this is how you want to
make your debut to those that are
about to serve you for the next 4
years.

MARTA

8 years!

AMARI

The way this morning is going let's
start with 4.

Head down on the toilet seat.

AMARI (CONT'D)

Ahora bebe!

Moaning. Eyes, shutting. She just needs like 20 more minutes
and then she'll face people...

AMARI (CONT'D)

Ahora.

MARTA

Uhhhhhhh....

Footsteps, Amari has left her post. Marta stoops and hugs the
base of the toilet, head settled on a plush pink bath mat.

Through her bloodshot, crusty, half-opened eyes we see a
monster - a scaled, green, giant, lizard.

Nah, that can't be...

ENTER Narousai (Eternal, fabulous, brilliant... and disgusted).

MARTA (CONT'D)
Amari, there's a lizard in the
bathroom.

Beat.

MARTA (CONT'D)
Amari! LIZ-ahhrd.

AMARI (O.S.)
Trap it under the tooth brush cup
and I'll free it later.

MARTA
I'm going to need a big cup...

Eyes shutting, vision blurred, this isn't a lizard, is it?

She grabs the cup, tooth brushes flailing everywhere and
starts cupping a 7 foot tall lizard.

She got to be out of her dam mind. This ain't aboutta work.

NAROUSAI
Ok so like first off it's really
fucking offensive that you call me
a lizard.

MARTA
Holy fucking shitballs. You can
talk? Of course you can talk, every
brain cell in my head is talking
and your just the metaphysical
incarnation of my hangover.

NAROUSAI
Wow. Ok so like I thought "lizard"
was an insult... "metaphyiscal
incarnation of your hangover"? Go
fuck yourself.

MARTA
I'm sorry Mr. Lizard I didn't mean
it, I didn't mean it at all. Who
did you say you were?

NAROUSAI
I am Narousai, Son of Saysi, Lord
of the Annunukai. I've come to
invade your body, and rule the
world. You'll hardly notice me...

Vomit. Heaving. Aggressive.

NAROUSAI (CONT'D)

Oh hell no. I told father humans
were foul!

MARTA

Hey! I am the Presidente, the Ms.
Presidente of the United Americas.

NAROUSAI

Of the United Americas? Oh Jesus
fucking Christ and they say
Zourices had it hard when he re-
invaded John Lennon's acid washed,
sexy, iconic... hunk of a bod.

MARTA

Ah! Finally, a useful clue!

Vomit everywhere. Amari knocks on the door.

NAROUSAI

Is that our wife?

MARTA

She is *my* wife! I did not agree to
a lizardy... managé.

NAROUSAI

Ok 1. I told you that I get
offended when you call me lizard.
2. You're rude.

MARTA

You're rude.

AMARI

(from behind the door)

Babe! Are you pulling yourself
together? T-Minus... fuck they're
going to be here in 10 minutes!

NAROUSAI

We're not done here.

MARTA

No, we're not done here!

AMARI

Marta are you fucking talking to
yourself again?

NAROUSAI
To be continued...

MARTA
On the flippity flip side!

Narousai vanishes, Amari bursts in, Marta hugs the bowl.

AMARI
Are you for fucking -

Ding dong. Oh shit. They're early.

Amari essentially waterboards the vomit off of Marta. Swabs her with makeup remover wipes, spritzes her with perfume.

AMARI (CONT'D)
Sell it with a smile, ok?

Ding dong.

Amari throws on a matching robe and accompanies Marta to the door. She opens.

Hair and Makeup "awws" in sight of the cute couple.

TOM (60s, Southern, stylin' and certain) gushes.

TOM
Look at our wife and wife team!
Enjoying a lovely morning together?
Celebrating the victory over a
relaxing cup of coffee? Morning
sex? Well snap out of it! It's go
time baby.

Hair and Makeup storm the house. It's game day. CHAI (bad ass bitch, campaign manager and soon-to-be chief of staff) flows behind, feverishly typing.

MARTA
(to Amari)
Can he talk to me like that?

AMARI
(to Marta)
I think your stylist is going to be
your only truly honest advisor for
the duration of your term.

MARTA
2 terms.

AMARI
Let's not count chickens.

MARTA
I'm counting terms.

TOM
Let's go ladies!

CHAI
We have speaking points to go over.
Like now.

Sniffs Marta.

TOM
Nadege, can we get a syringe over
here stat.

CHAI
A syringe?

TOM
We're going to inject her with the
hangover cure. Welcome to your
first Presidential secret!

MARTA
Come on! I knew it! I knew there
had to be one! Amari, didn't I -

TOM
If I ever catch you looking like
this much of a hot mess 2 hours
before a press conference again,
I'll feed you to the wolves. M'am.

MARTA
Did you just threaten a President?

TOM
You act like I haven't done this
before. You think Barrack wanted to
dye his hair grey? Someone has to
speak to you people, like people.

MARTA
Holy fucking shitballs.

TOM
Isn't that what you're all about
Ms. President?

Blow dryers, curlers, straighteners, mascara, lip gloss
 - tissue. Lip stick. Grey suit? Black suit? Blue suit?
 Turquoise suit. Black flats? Nude pumps? Black pumps.

Cameras flash, microphones probe. Interviewers pry.

Holy fucking shitballs, we pulled it off.

INT. TV SET. SNL SKETCH.

SNL NEWSREPORTER

Before President Gallindo,
 President Clinton held the record
 for most inaugural balls at 14. So
 what we're saying is, the only
 President with no balls is the
 President with the most balls...

Laugh track - low hanging fruit ;)

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL INAUGURATION. DAY.

It's become o-fucking-ficial. Marta Gallindo is the President
 of the United States.

People cheer, cry, scream, exclaim. It's a day for the
 history books.

INT. WHITE HOUSE. LAST INAUGURAL BALL. THAT NIGHT.

Elaborate celebrating, champagne flowing, guest twirling
 - it's a beautiful, beautiful dream. Filled with misogynists.

Chai escorts Marta throughout the room. Prepping. Poising.

CHAI

(whispering to Marta)
 Maat Barshurum, Egyptian
 Ambassador/total pig. "A" game.

EGYPTIAN AMBASSADOR

Mrs. President.

Mrs.? It's Ms., you fucker.

MARTA

Ambassador Barshurum.

EGYPTIAN AMBASSADOR

You know I have to say, Cairo was very surprised that a woman was chosen as President. America's certainly not the superpower that it once was, and with a woman, ehh.

Shrugs.

MARTA

Well Mr. Ambassador, the United States has been a tad late to realize the importance of female influence in power. We haven't been as lucky as Egypt. Your country was more than blessed with the rule of Pharaoh Cleopatra, Nefertiti, and Hatshepsut, to name just a few of the female leaders who contributed to the great success of the Egyptian Empire. Perhaps if my predecessors were more open to women in leadership we would still be the superpower we once were as well. I know I intended to bring us back to that status. As for Egypt -

Shrugs. Sips. Sizzles.

MARTA (CONT'D)

Enjoying the champagne? Madame Clicquot, a revolutionary am I right?

EGYPTIAN AMBASSADOR

I'm not familiar.

MARTA

Oh, well Madame Clicquot of the Veuve Clicquot champagne house revolutionized wine-making techniques to create more bubbly, and that coupled with her cunning business-sense enabled Clicquot to expand her brand and establish champagne as the fundamental drink for European high society and nobility. And here we are, over 100 years later, still under her influence, so to say. Incredible wine-making, and another remarkable woman flexing her power on history.

Cheers bitch.

EGYPTIAN AMBASSADOR
Enjoy your evening Mrs. President.

She turns. Mrs... really? She turns back?

MARTA
Ambassador, apologies, I've misspoken. It's actually not champagne, we're serving a New Zealand sparkling wine in honor of their Prime Minister, Jacinda Ardern and her attendance tonight. I hope you'll be able to say hello. She's doing great things for her country and is quite revered internationally.

EGYPTIAN AMBASSADOR
Looking forward to it, Ms. President.

They turn for real.

CHAI
(whispering, snickering)
From Mrs. to Ms. an exposé.

INT. WHITE HOUSE. OVAL OFFICE. JUST AFTER.

Marta and Chai are full-speed ahead in their inaugural gowns.

CHAI
For press we have Jimmy Fallon tomorrow night, SNL this weekend, oh and Sierra's InstaLIVE Tuesday -

MARTA
The 10 year old?

CHAI
14. Plus staffing and cabinet options are here on your desk...

The weight of the room hits - she needs a Goddam second.

CHAI (CONT'D)
We can take this up tomorrow. You're entitled to have a moment...

MARTA
Of peace?

CHAI
A piece of a moment.

Nods.

CHAI (CONT'D)
Goodnight. Madame President.

She left. Alone. Breath. Sigh? Deeply. Sinking.

Fingers graze the Resolute desk, it's heavy to the touch.

She pushes the chair back and crawls under it. She fingers the carvings, sensually.

NAROUSAI
Hi ya!

Ah! She screams, bumps her head. His scaly, crusty "hand" covers her mouth.

NAROUSAI (CONT'D)
If I wanted to announce myself, I would've had a string quartet.

His hand drops, slowly, gently, peacefully.

MARTA
Holy. fucking. shitballs.

NAROUSAI
For starters we have to stop saying that phrase.

MARTA
I - I - I can't, I can't believe you're real.

NAROUSAI
I'm more than your hangover incarnate sweetie.

Panic, panic. Freaking out. What the actual fuck.

NAROUSAI (CONT'D)
You are the fucking President of the United States. I'm going to need you to screw your head the fuck back on. This isn't the most shocking thing you'll learn in this office.

MARTA
What are you?

NAROUSAI

Rude. Who am I? I am Narousai, son of Saysi, Emperor of the Annunaki.

MARTA

Are you an alien? Or like some sort of top secret bio-experiment...

NAROUSAI

Look I'd love to continue this chat but my father, the Emperor of the Annunaki that I just mentioned, ya, let's work on our listening, well he and his patience are running out and after I didn't invade your bod the last time...

MARTA

Or a pervert? Or a stalker?

NAROUSAI

Like anyone like me would be attracted to anyone like you.

MARTA

Oh. There are racists in space too?

NAROUSAI

Secondly, we have to get that chip the fuck off your shoulder. HUMANS I was talking about HUMANS, you egotistical maniac. START LISTENING

MARTA

WHO THE FUCK -

Knock knock.

From the hall we hear:

AMARI (O.S.)

Marta, it's me... can I come in?

Panic, again.

MARTA

You gotta fuckin hide man. Now!

Knock. Handle clicking, door creaking...

AMARI (O.S.)

I just thought...

A flustered shell of an inaugural Marta runs to the door.

MARTA
Not right now.

AMARI
Oh ok, I just thought, first night
in the Oval Office, you might want
to, I don't know...

MARTA
I don't want to fuck you right now.

What.

AMARI
I just wanted to -

MARTA
Thank you Amari.

AMARI
Marta!

MARTA
Things have changed. When I need
privacy, I need you of all Goddam
people to fucking respect that.

Door slams. Two hearts crack, the start of shatter.

AMARI
(through the door)
We're not like this.

Beat.

AMARI (CONT'D)
I won't let this place turn us into
this... not for the next 8 years.

MARTA
4.

AMARI
Marta.

MARTA
Not now.

A tear streams down Marta's cheek, but what was she supposed
to do? She can't really fucking explain this. Can she?

INT. WHITE HOUSE HALLWAY.

We follow Amari down the lonely corridor.

She takes a long look at a priceless vase.

Her hands hover on its curves. Tentatively. Tensely.

CHAI
Whatcha doin'?

AMARI
Holy fucking shitballs.

CHAI
We need to stop saying that, as a
collective.

AMARI
You scared me, that's all.

CHAI
You scared me.

Beat.

CHAI (CONT'D)
Were you really going to...

She mimes the vase exploding.

AMARI
I just can't believe it.

CHAI
That your wife is the most powerful
person in the world?

AMARI
How many families this place has
destroyed. You live here for 4
years. 4 grueling, painstaking
years that you've worked your whole
life to get, and they suck
everything out of you. And then
that's it. They don't even let you
pack your own fucking shit up. Did
you know that? And for what? In 100
years she'll either be a President
Lincoln or a President Harding and
I'll still be just a nameless wife.

CHAI

That's no reason to shatter the Magnolia Vase. It's a vase, no one will notice.

AMARI

This whole place is just. Heavy.

CHAI

We can redecorate *thoughtfully*...

Beat. Mimes "no vase explosions". A giggle.

CHAI (CONT'D)

I can bring over your pink plush toilet rug.

AMARI

You hate that.

Hmm, that's an intimate opinion she's aware of...

CHAI

So?

AMARI

And Marta hates it, she says it collects poo particles.

CHAI

It probably does. But you like it and you should have some say. After all, it should be you in there.

She reaches for her hand. It's pulled away.

AMARI

You've over stepped.

CHAI

We all know who the woman behind the woman is.

Leaning in.

AMARI

(sternly)

You may never say anything to that effect again. Understood?

CHAI

It's true.

SLAM! Amari throws Chai to the ground. Stiletto on her chest.

AMARI

FUCK! Chai, I thought you were smarter than this. I did. Don't for one second think you're not expendable, ok? I didn't work my whole life for some two-bit Harvard whore to attempt to validate my potential. I don't give a fuck what you think and nor does anyone else.

CHAI

I'm paid for my opinions.

AMARI

No. You may express your opinions *after* they've been given to you. I didn't hire you to celebrate independent thought. I hired a puppet and I can get any woman in the world do to your job. You're replaceable and there's nothing that you can cook up in your little head that'd make me think otherwise. It'd be wise to remember that. Oh and watch your step huh? Can't be tripping like this. It's dangerous.

Stiletto off. She offers a hand up. Chai shakes. Trembles.

AMARI (CONT'D)

Now, go do your goddam job, regurgitate the information that you're told, and smile Chai. You're in the White House.

She walks away, evening gown trailing through the hall.

INT. OVAL OFFICE. CONTINUOUS.

Narousai pours himself a glass of whatever's being decanted.

NAROUSAI

It has been too long since I have had a drink of brandy like this -

Snatched out of his hand by Marta. Chugged.

NAROUSAI (CONT'D)

Our first meeting is beginning to make a lot more sense to me now. Do you have a problem we need to discuss?

(MORE)

NAROUSAI (CONT'D)

As your designated body snatcher
it's my right to know if I'll be
battling alcoholic tendencies for
the rest of your life.

MARTA

I just turned down OVAL OFFICE sex
because of you.

NAROUSAI

I certainly didn't stop you.

Beat.

NAROUSAI (CONT'D)

What? You better get used to it if
you ever want to bang bang again.
We've got the rest of your life
together. I gotta learn your
rhythms sometime.

MARTA

Tell me WHAT THE FUCK it is that
you want.

NAROUSAI

Oh you think I'm here because I
want to be? No no no, see,
sweetheart, I'm here because I *have*
to be.

Brandy poured, swirled, downed.

MARTA

Explain.

NAROUSAI

I'm an Annunaki.

MARTA

A what?

NAROUSAI

An Annunaki, the Reptilian Elite.

MARTA

Dime mas papí.

NAROUSAI

Entonces....

MARTA

Habla Espanol tambien?

NAROUSAI
I am an ANNUNAKI!

Blanks.

NAROUSAI (CONT'D)
Ok um, look, Angelina, Miley,
Hillary, obviously - Oprah, Malala,
Mother fucking Teresa. The leaders,
celebrities, influencers, star
humans, they're all Annunaki.
Reptilians, like me that either
pose as or invade true humans like
you. Although the true humans are
usually a little less amazing than
you. You're actually quite a threat
for us. Wanna hear a secret? I've
only invaded one person before...
y'all humans DISGUST me, but you,
you really are - for lack of a more
descriptive adjective, special, and
father hand-selected me for you.

MARTA
What???

Eye roll. She this dense?

NAROUSAI
Annunaki are basically lizards who
are, or live inside and control,
all of your most beloved people.

Brandy, swished, chugged.

MARTA
What.

Wow she is this dense. Wait til she finds out who killed JFK.

NAROUSAI
Marilyn Monroe, Kobe Bryant, Marie
Currie for fucks sake, Einstein.

MARTA
They were all...

NAROUSAI
Yes. Members of the Reptilian
Elite. Now some Annunaki come to
Earth in their human shells long
before they reach fame and build
themselves up to this point of
grandeur.

(MORE)

NAROUSAI (CONT'D)

They come as kids or struggling artists to show off their humanoids and "make something of themselves". Then there's the minority of powerful people who actually are people, true humans. The ones so charismatic that they can actually compete on an Annunaki playing field, and once they've achieved too much power they're invaded so they can be controlled. Like you, really amazing that you've made it this far, give yourself a pat on the back. Human President? Unheard of. They must have underestimated you as senator, and council woman and student... And then finally you have the Annunaki who's humans are too powerful for them and they go rogue - Kim Jong-un or Trump for example, or Bob Dylan... givin The Beatles pot and startin' the goddam drug revolution. What a headache.

Wink. Stares.

NAROUSAI (CONT'D)

You think Micheal Phelps or fricken Sean White won all those dam metals with their hair? Or, lack there of.

MARTA

You're going to invade my body...

NAROUSAI

Mmhmm. Your disgusting, fleshy, earthling body...

MARTA

Fuck me.

NAROUSAI

Absolutely not.

Beat.

NAROUSAI (CONT'D)

(in Marta's mind)

It'll be ok. We'll have some fun.

MARTA

Are you in my fucking head right now?

Then.

MARTA (CONT'D)
 (in her mind)
 Can you hear my thoughts.

NAROUSAI
 (in her mind)
 We can communicate telepathically.
 And we also have the opportunity to
 influence the thoughts of others.
 It's why we get whatever we want. I
 can't wait to try it as President!

MARTA
 This is not fucking ok.

INT. RICHARD JOHNSON'S CAMPAIGN OFFICE.

Richard Johnson sits alone drinking a scotch. All that
 remains in the office is his empty desk and solo lamp.

Just then Anasi, poofs into the office.

RICHARD JOHNSON
 What the fuck are you doing here?

Wait a dam minute. He doesn't seem shocked at all...NO!

ANASI
 How could you lose to a human?

RICHARD JOHNSON
 Spare me Anasi.

ANASI
 You'll be lucky if Saysi feels so
 generous.

Gulp.

ANASI (CONT'D)
 I'm here to tell you that you're
 done, and he'll be in touch.

Double gulp.

RICHARD JOHNSON
 I have more to do.

ANASI
 Somehow we all doubt that...

RICHARD JOHNSON
I can prove it.

Go on...

RICHARD JOHNSON (CONT'D)
Her wife... she's... susceptible.

ANASI
Please. You're a pathetic failure.
How dare you call yourself an
Annunaki. Losing a bought and paid
for election... to a HUMAN. Tragic.

RICHARD JOHNSON
Just trust me, if I can leave this
body, I can break Amari.

ANASI
Please. Spare me the saga.

RICHARD JOHNSON
It's true! Did you know she ran
against Marta in her first
election. This success, I don't
give a dam which fucking saint you
are, it has to be eating her the
fuck alive.

ANASI
I can bring it to council.

SMACK. Richard Johnson shoves him into the glass wall.

RICHARD JOHNSON
You can do better than that.

Anasi cracks and massages his neck as he recovers.

ANASI
You're a fool if you think you'll
be let anywhere near that house.

RICHARD JOHNSON
No, you're a fool if you think I
won't be.

INT. WHITE HOUSE KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Chai sits in the kitchen, still in her gown. Scrolling
aimlessly. Maybe swiping. Left.

Enter CHANCE (fucking hell, he's hot) pulling on his chefs coat, exposing parts of his tattooed sleeves...

and Chai is... drooling. Noticeably.

Fingers, arms, neck.

CHANCE

Sorry, first shift. Thought I'd be alone...

CHAI

Oh no, I'm sorry... I'm...

CHANCE

What can I get for you?

CHAI

Chai...

CHANCE

A Chai? I thought the order said a nicoise salad.

CHAI

My name, is Chai.

CHANCE

Oh, so the nicoise then?

CHAI

Uhh....

CHANCE

How about a grilled cheese? You look like you could use some comfort food.

She sees that gown trail away. Panic. Breathing. Hyperventilating.

A pan CLANGS! Back to reality. He's buttering the surface.

CHAI

How did you...

CHANCE

Who wants a nicoise salad at 3am?
It's a clear cry for help.

Giggles. Abs, sweat, arms, tattoos.

And... we're back.

Ya, ok a grilled cheese will do.

CHAI

Is it too soon to say I love you?

He slices her a taste off the block.

CHANCE

Try the sandwich first.

INT. OVAL OFFICE. CONTINUOUS.

Marta paces.

NAROUSAI

Ok sweet thang. It's time.

MARTA

Just let me think.

NAROUSAI

We can think together. Trust me it will be better that way.

Narousai stretches, cracks, yogas. Ready to invade. They jostle around the couch. Marta evades him.

MARTA

You just - just. Wait. Ok. Wait a dam second.

NAROUSAI

Waiting.

MARTA

You don't want to do this come on. Please, please don't do this.

NAROUSAI

Don't beg, it's beneath you.

MARTA

Please.

Shuffle, dodging. Evaded again.

MARTA (CONT'D)

You don't even want to invade me!

NAROUSAI

Correct.

MARTA
But you have to?

NAROUSAI
Correct.

MARTA
Daddy issues?

Bitch, really?

NAROUSAI
K, filibustering, not your strong
suit. We'll work on it.

He's pinned her. It's over. Think Marta, THINK!

MARTA
I'm disgusting. All skin and sweat.

He releases the pin, air wipes his hands, shakes it off.

NAROUSAI
Uhh! This is why I haven't had a
successful body snatching since
Marie Antionette!

MARTA
You call that successful? You were
beheaded. I like my head.

NAROUSAI
What's more interesting than
revolution? Plus I never had to
human age! Let them eat cake!
Stroke of fucking genius. Father
was of course disappointed...

MARTA
You realize she's my antithesis.

NAROUSAI
Well I'm sure that's why he wanted
us paired. Give you a bite of cake
on a silver spoon, pull your head
out of the slums. Make you forget.
Make you, one of us...

Shuffling. Dodging. Attempting to body snatch.

INT. BEDROOM.

Amari looks in a mirror. Something's not quite right.

Tap tap.

She knocks on the glass, then slowly, surgically peels the frame of the mirror back.

She's not being watched. At least not from there.

Bedside lamp. It looks tempting. Valuable? Priceless?

Water glass. Held powerfully. THROWN against the wall.

Looks a little like Dick Dick. If you know what I mean.

Secret service rushes the room.

SECRET SERVICE 1

Is everything ok ma'm?

AMARI

Sorry, I was just getting settled.

SECRET SERVICE 2

We'll send someone to get this cleaned right away.

AMARI

Oh don't bother -

Sigh. In comes a cleaning crew. That was fast.

INT. OVAL OFFICE. CONTINUOUS.

Still dodging - a new dance: the body-snatch shuffle.

NAROUSAI

You are rambling. On and on.

She dips away again.

NAROUSAI (CONT'D)

Enough games sweetie, let's invade.

MARTA

I want to keep my soul, please.

NAROUSAI

I don't eat your soul. I just suppress it deep, deep down into your lil pinky toe.

MARTA

I don't want that, and you don't want... what if we... fake it. LIE!

NAROUSAI
This isn't an orgasm...

MARTA
(in her mind)
Can you still hear me? What if you
just influence me, from your body.
And I get to stay in mine. Alone.

NAROUSAI
(in her mind)
This only works because technically
we're supposed to be having the
same thoughts, in our joined mind.
We can't be far...

MARTA
We just need a sheet or a human
suit to hide behind... Prosthetics!

NAROUSAI
Prosthetics?!

He spins, flips, shifts. He's a humanoid. And he's gorg!

MARTA
YOU CAN SHAPE SHIFT?!? Why the fuck
wouldn't you come to me looking
like this? You give Cristiano
Ronaldo a run for his fucking
money, Jesus!

NAROUSAI
Please, Cristiano ripped my
humanoid off, he's nothing but a
cheap replica... a bad Prado bag.

MARTA
You mean Prada?

NAROUSAI
Exactly.

MARTA
Well, Narou my most trusted new
advisor, I don't see why I can't
introduce you as such tomorrow.

NAROUSAI
I shoulda just body snatched you.

MARTA
What! This is exactly what you
want. A way out. A way to...

Thinks.

MARTA (CONT'D)
 (in her mind)
 Be yourself. Give it a chance!

NAROUSAI
 (in her mind)
 You don't listen.

MARTA
 If we have the next 50 years
 together, whats a couple days of
 trying it out in our own bodies. As
 partners. All right, 60/40? Ok.
 70/30 teammates. I can work with
 that. You're the boss. El Jefe.

INT. BEDROOM. CONTINUOUS.

The cleaning crew has gone and Amari stares blankly at the wall. On the ground, a small shard of blue glass glimmers.

She collects the shard, delicately.

Fondling it.

She stands in front of the mirror. Suddenly, we're transported. We're at Marta's inauguration. Standing by her side. Watching her take her oath. It's blurry. Dull. Dim.

Shakes. We're in front of the mirror.

And then again, in an instant it's Inauguration Day and there stands Marta, beaming, starring at us. We pan out to the crowd cheering and watch our hand hover over the Bible. Gaze out. It's Amari, being sworn in. An alternate reality. The reality that should have been. Maybe. Probably. But not.

The blue shard falls.

Back to the bedroom. Amari bends down and scoops it up. She pricks her finger. Blood. Suck. Lick. Tears.

INT. OVAL OFFICE. CONTINUOUS.

NAROUSAI
 Fuck it.

MARTA
 You'll give people a chance?

NAROUSAI

Absolutely not. But we get a chance to pull one over on my father. It's kinda fun. No one's ever done something like this. It's exciting!

Secret service knocks and enters.

SECRET SERVICE

Sorry ma'm we thought we heard...

Narousai is gone, vanished.

MARTA

I sometimes talk to myself.

SECRET SERVICE

Ms. President.

He leaves.

Marta plops on a couch.

MARTA

(in her mind)

I think I dodged a bullet.

NAROUSAI

(in her mind)

Oh honey, we're in even deeper water. Hope you like swimming.

INT. KITCHEN. LATER.

Chance's washing dishes, Chai stares at his back. More drool.

In walks Marta. On a mission. She grabs a crust off Chai's plate and rummages through the fridge.

A small gecko crawls up her arm, she giggles - a tickle.

MARTA

Don't mind me not even here at all.

CHANCE

Ms. President. It's an honor to meet you, Chance.

He sticks out a hand for her to shake, then quickly dries it off on his coat, sticks it back out.

MARTA

No shit! Chance Mallarky? Fuck ya!

NAROUSI (V.O.)

You're welcome. Head chef of "Zucchero" doesn't just walk out of the LA fine dining scene without a little... nudge.

MARTA

I can't believe they got you! I wanted you to be our head chef but you know apparently there's some politics that go on in that decision... I mean, I know I'm the President, to be honest, I thought this sando would be better.

Marta continues rummaging in the fridge.

CHANCE

Oh um, I didn't think I'd actually get to cook for you, being the graveyard chef. How about house made pasta with uni tomorrow?

NAROUSI (V.O.)

Finally! You can't expect me to eat prison swill here. That sounds FAB!

MARTA

Actually no uni. I want to eat shit that I can actually afford without tax payers... just the pasta?

NAROUSI (V.O.)

Marta... you're boring me.

CHANCE

Yes m'am. I respect that.

MARTA

So Chef, why leave LA? I mean, you're washing your own dishes...

CHANCE

It's not everyday you get to wash dishes in the White House m'am.

Good answer. Marta rummages in the fridge.

NAROUSI (V.O.)

Sexy. Did you have a bisexual phase? We should re-explore.

CHANCE

Can I help you find something?

MARTA
SHUT UP!

Eeek/Bingo! Chocolate milk in the carton, guzzled.

MARTA (CONT'D)
Chocolate milk's supposed to help
when shit's all weird right?

CHANCE
First night jitters?

Chug chug chug.

CHAI
Marta! You're lactose intolerant!
And please stop taking advice from
the Men in Black movies.

Guzzle. Milk runs down the sides of her lips.

NAROUSI (V.O.)
Are you fucking kidding me bitch.

MARTA
More applicable now than ever.

CHANCE
I can send up a ginger seltzer.

MARTA
Lovely! Hasta mañana friends!

Marta begins to walk out.

CHANCE
Oh, and for what it's worth, I
voted for you Ms. President.

MARTA
I'd hope so. You're making me
ginger seltzers at 2am. It's not
exactly LA fine dining, but, for
what it's worth, thanks.

Marta leaves.

CHANCE
She is THE coolest chick...

CHAI
Hey! Show some fucking respect.
That's the fucking President.

INT. WHITE HOUSE STAIR WELL.

Narousi spins out from his gecko into himself.

MARTA

How'd we do?

NAROUSI

Considering you're fucking lactose intolerant and I can't leave your goddam side I'm not very optimistic for our next 5 hours sweetheart. And you turned down uni!

MARTA

I am not Marie Antionette.

NAROUSI

No, she was actually someone I could work with.

MARTA

What are you saying?

NAROUSI

I'm saying to fasten your fucking seatbelt Dorothy. We gotta fool the wicked wizard of Oz and so far, all you've done is get is a chocolate milk stain.