

THE HOT WAR

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

SOPHIA WARD (29) is an average, good-looking brunette woman in her 40s with no children. She wears athleisure and pushes a shopping cart containing a few food items with one hand.

With the other, she holds a phone and chats with her best friend, ELLA.

SOPHIA

It was horrendous. He took me to Olive Garden.

ELLA (O.S.)

Oh God...

Sophia places a loaf of bread in her shopping cart.

SOPHIA

And then he told me he wants like 3 kids and 4 Border Collies.

INT. ELLA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ella (30) wears sweatpants and holds her cellphone between her shoulder and ear as she puts her son, ELI (1) into a onesie. Her other son, JORDAN (4) is running around the couch repeatedly.

ELLA

Aw but that's kinda cute.

INT. SUPERMARKET - CONTINUOUS

Sophia pushes the cart along.

SOPHIA

Ew, Ella. I hate being friends with parents.

INT. ELLA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ella packs a bunch of diapers into a bag as Eli cries and Jordan stands on the granite countertop.

ELLA

(yells to Jordan)

JORDAN! Get down right now!

(MORE)

ELLA (CONT'D)
 (talks calmly to Sophia)
 Kids aren't that bad, Sophia.
 Neither are men. You're gonna need
 to settle down one day, you know.

INT. SUPERMARKET - CONTINUOUS

SOPHIA
 And have a man ruin my entire plan
 to be CEO of a Fortune 500 before
 the age of 35?

INT. ELLA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ella holds Eli in one hand and places her other hand against
 Jordan's head as he attempts to run at her to stand on the
 granite countertop.

ELLA
 Then you just need to find one that
 won't get in the way.

INT. SUPERMARKET - CONTINUOUS

SOPHIA
 I need some dumb frat boy who just
 let's me run my business and stays
 out of the way.

ELLA (O.S.)
 Yeah like Brad from Calc 2.

Sophia laughs.

SOPHIA
 Pretty sure he took that class 3
 times.

ELLA (O.S.)
 Haha, he had negative two brain
 cells. All I'm saying is, just keep
 your options open.

SOPHIA
 Listen, I don't even know if I like
 men...

Sophia reaches for a peach and her hand suddenly meets
 someone else's, reaching for the same peach. She looks up to
 see JOANNA PENG (32), a gorgeous, blonde bombshell with
 extreme confidence.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
 (to Ella)
 Let me call you back.

ELLA (O.S.)
 Wait, Sophia, wait...

She hangs up the phone and puts it in her pocket.

JOANNA
 Hi.

SOPHIA
 Hey.

Joanna reaches her hand out to shake Sophia's. She makes extreme, seductive eye contact with Sophia.

JOANNA
 Joanna.

Sophia reaches back.

SOPHIA
 Sophia. I feel like we've met
 before...

JOANNA
 Hm. Can't recall.

INT. SOPHIA'S REMOTE CABIN - NIGHT

Sophia and Joanna make love on Sophia's bed mostly in the dark, aside from one warm lamp on the bedside table. The cabin is quaint, made of wooden logs and having an incredibly simple interior. The window next to the bed is open, and a forest of trees can be seen on the other side.

Joanna is on top of Sophia. She rolls over as Sophia finishes to the side of the bed near the window. She lays on her back, grabs a cigarette from the bedside table, and lights it.

Sophia abruptly turns her head to the open window when she hears a rustle in the woods. Joanna looks confused, thinking that Sophia is annoyed by her smoking.

JOANNA
 What? Can't smoke in here?

SOPHIA
 Shhh.

The rustling continues. A low growl begins.

JOANNA

What is it?

The pair lay completely still as cigarette smoke blows out of the window. Sophia whispers with clenched teeth.

SOPHIA

Put that out. Right. Now.

JOANNA

What? Why?

The growl gets louder. Two glowing eyes appear in the foliage.

SOPHIA

Bear.

Joanna's eyes widen.

JOANNA

What.

Joanna's phone on the bedside table suddenly receives a call and begins buzzing loudly. It is an unidentified number. The bear growls louder.

SOPHIA

BEAR!

The bear jumps through the side of the cabin with mouth wide open, fangs pointed at Sophia's face, when suddenly...

INT. WHITE HOUSE BEDROOM - DAY

Sophia wakes up. The growl continues, but she realizes that it is the intolerably loud snores of her husband, PRESIDENT DEAN WARD.

It was a dream. Sophia is not in a cabin, but instead in a beautiful presidential bedroom. An American flag hangs on one wall. She is not an average woman with an average life who gets to go grocery shopping and hook up with an oddly familiar woman named Joanna, but instead the First Lady of the United States, married to a man.

The phone buzzing in her dream was actually her own phone buzzing on the bedside table. A clock next to her phone says "3:42." She looks around discombobulated and then picks up the phone.

SOPHIA

Hello?

(beat)

He's right next to me. One sec.

Sophia taps Dean and tries to hand him the phone.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Dean! Dean! It's urgent.

DEAN

(in his sleep, mumbling)

The nuclear codes are 123456.

He swats her away, lets out a huge high-pitched fart, rolls over, and continues his comically loud snores.

SOPHIA

Okay, he won't get up. I'll take the message.

(beat)

What?

(beat)

The Russians?

(beat)

Now?

The line disconnects. She smells Dean's fart and scowls in disgust. She smacks her face into the pillow as Dean's snores remain comically loud.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

The White House staff are seated on the couches when Sophia and Dean walk in through the doors. Sophia wears proper clothing: a pencil skirt, collared blouse, high heels, and hair in a tight bun. Dean looks informal, not wearing a tie or blazer.

The staff all look very serious, holding manila folders and black briefcases. The Secretary of Defense, JEFF BALL (56), stands in military attire, adorned with many pins and medals.

JEFF

Mr. President, thank you for coming on short notice.

As Sophia is walking in, she sees a woman in a suit with blond hair sitting on a chair. Sophia's eyes suddenly go wide as she blushes and quickly looks away. The woman is JOANNA, the Secretary of State, smoking a cigarette.

JEFF (CONT'D)

We received word that...

DEAN

Ayyooo, Jeffy boy. How you been?
How's that divorce going?

JEFF

Mr. President, I think we should
really discuss...

DEAN

I told you to sign that prenup, I
told you!

Joanna stands up abruptly and confidently.

JOANNA

Mr. President! Can we please focus?

Sophia looks at Joanna and blushes. Dean and Joanna both sit
down.

DEAN

Lame. No one wants to have any fun
around here.

JEFF

We have word that Vladimir Putin
has created mind-altering neural
implants for his military that will
give every single man superpowers.

DEAN

That bastard.

JEFF

Everything from invisibility to
telekinesis. Take a look at these
clips that our double agents in the
Russian spy agency secured.

The lights in the Oval Office turn off, and a film flashes on
the screen.

Sophia glances at Joanna every few minutes during the film.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Animal trials showing telekinesis.

The film shows a grizzly bear simply standing in a room and
staring at a table with an apple on it. The apple rolls off
the table.

The screen goes black until another film flashes.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Animal trials showing invisibility.

The film shows the grizzly bear standing in the same room, and suddenly, he vanishes. But, it just looks like 2 independents clips were stitched together, one where the bear is in the room and one where he isn't.

The projector screen goes back into the ceiling, and the lights turn on.

DEAN

Wow.

STAFF MEMBER 1

Damning evidence.

STAFF MEMBER 2

Insanity.

Dean breaks down in tears. A staff member consoles him.

DEAN

Vlad played me in WordHunt last night. He told me we were cool. I thought I could trust him.

Sophia furrows her brow.

SOPHIA

Wait...you guys are really all going to believe that two videos of an apple rolling and a bear disappearing mean that the Russian army has superpowers?

DEAN

Come on Sophia, let the men do the talking. The Russians obviously have superpowers. I saw this one coming.

JEFF

What next steps would you like to take?

DEAN

War.

SOPHIA

WHAT.

DEAN
Activate the nuclear missiles.

Sophia turns to a staff member.

SOPHIA
This is a joke right?

Suddenly, a voice sounds from the corner of the room.

FRANCOIS (O.S.)
(French accent)
Non!

Everyone in the office briskly turns their head to see the mystery man.

A tiny flame in the dark corner of the room appears and quickly disappears as FRANCOIS OUI OUI DU BAGUETTE emerges from the darkness with a newly lit cigarette in his mouth.

DEAN
Hello?

FRANCOIS
(French accent)
No missiles. We fight fire with fire.

DEAN
Who the hell are you?

FRANCOIS
Francois Oui Oui du Baguette.
Bonjour.

SOPHIA
(under her breath)
What is happening...

FRANCOIS
I am...how you say...mad scientist.

DEAN
How'd you get in here...

FRANCOIS
Door was open.

Everyone looks over. The door is in fact open, and 20 random people, including several news reporters, are staring into the Oval Office, where top secret information is being discussed.

DEAN

Oh.

No one moves or lifts a finger.

FRANCOIS

Anyways, oui. I make proposal for you.

DEAN

I'm listening...

FRANCOIS

Oui, I make superpower implant for your soldiers.

DEAN

Hm. Neural implant?

FRANCOIS

Non. Rectal.

JEFF

(whispers to Dean)
How can we trust this man?

DEAN

(whispers to Jeff)
Well, he's French.

Suddenly, Francois is holding a baguette.

SOPHIA

(under her breath)
Where did he get that baguette...

Joanna leans over and whispers into Sophia's ear.

JOANNA

I think it was under his beret.

Suddenly, Francois is wearing a beret. Sophia giggles and blushes.

JEFF

Dr. Francois...

FRANCOIS

Non, please, call me Chad. That is my American name.

JEFF

What...Okay, Chad. How can we trust you?

FRANCOIS

Well, who else in here is a genius
mad scientist Nobel Prize winner?

JEFF

You won the Nobel Prize?

FRANCOIS

Non, but you didn't either.

JEFF

He's got a point, Mr. President.

Sophia is once again dumbfounded.

SOPHIA

Mr. Secretary, think about this
rationally. We have no real
evidence that Russia is preparing
to attack us. If we declare war,
millions of lives are at stake.

STAFF MEMBER 1 holds up the glowing screen of her iPhone in
the air.

STAFF MEMBER 1

Uhh, I think it might be too late
for that.

SOPHIA

What do you mean?

Everyone in the office looks down at their phone.

STAFF MEMBER 2

Mr. President just tweeted "It's on
Vlad. Ki\$\$ my bootyhole you gross
stinky WordHunt loser. Come get me
xoxo"

Everyone looks over to see Dean rolling around in his chair
behind the desk and giggling to himself, looking down at his
phone.

Dean suddenly looks up to see all of them staring. He acts
confused.

DEAN

What?

EXT. SIBERIAN ICE CAP - DAY

VLADIMIR PUTIN (35) is laying in a beach chair wearing a tiny Spandex bikini bottom and sunglasses. He has a glob of white sunscreen on his nose and a cooler of Grey Goose by his side.

He takes a swig of vodka. A giant brown grizzly bear lays on its back next to Putin and groans, breathing out warm air.

BORIS, a man wearing a fur coat, hat, and boots, can be seen from a distance running towards Putin.

He finally arrives and stands 6 feet away from Putin and bows. He pants uncontrollably and leans over with his hands on his knees.

BORIS
(in Russian)
President Comrade Esteemed Leader
All-Mighty Putin.

Putin lowers his glasses to the tip of his nose.

PUTIN
(in Russian)
Can't you see Oleg and I are on
vacation?

He points to the bear, who groans out warm air.

BORIS
President Putin, America has
declared war against us.

Putin sits completely up.

PUTIN
What??

BORIS
Look.

Boris shows him Dean's tweet.

PUTIN
That SLIMY AMERICAN BITCH. He only
won WordHunt because he wrote
'poopoo' and it's not even a real
word.

Putin aggressively sticks his hand into a mound of ice next to his chair and pulls out a bright red telephone. He dials a singular number and puts the phone to his ear.

PUTIN (CONT'D)
(on the phone)
Comrade Secretary Smirnoff. I am
declaring war on America.

SMIRNOFF (V.O.)
But they already declared war on
us.

PUTIN
Well I cancel their declaration and
I declare war first.

SMIRNOFF (V.O.)
Yes sir. I will inform the
Americans that they did not declare
war, and that we declared war
first.

PUTIN
Good. Launch the submarines,
fighter jets, and missiles.

SMIRNOFF
We have no spare troops.

PUTIN
What do you mean? Where are they?

SMIRNOFF
Well, you declared war on Bolivia,
Latvia, Boznia and Herzegovina,
Mongolia, Saudi Arabia, Egypt,
Croatia, Madagascar, and Cancun
earlier this week.

Putin thinks for a moment.

PUTIN
Withdraw all troops and put them on
submarines in the Atlantic. Our
only war is with America now.

SMIRNOFF
Sir, yes sir.

Putin ends the call. He dials another number.

TELEPHONE OPERATOR
The phone number you dialed is no
longer in use.

PUTIN

What do you mean?! This is the President's war phone. There are only two numbers built into it.

TELEPHONE OPERATOR

Sorry. Try again later.

Putin angrily hangs up the phone and calls out to Boris.

PUTIN

Boris, let me use your phone.

BORIS

Yes, Comrade President.

He hands Putin the phone, and Putin dials a long number and puts the phone to his ear.

PUTIN

Supreme Leader Kim, my boy! Long time no speak! I tried to dial your office but you changed your number?

INT. RYONGSONG RESIDENCE - DAY

KIM JONG UN sits on a throne made of knives and red boa feathers and holds his cellphone to his ear as he pets a cheetah.

KIM JONG UN

Oh yeah, my ex wouldn't stop calling.

EXT. SIBERIAN ICE CAP - DAY

PUTIN

On the Ryongsong Residence emergency hotline?

KIM JONG UN (V.O.)

Yeah, crazy chick. She was mad I imprisoned her family or something.

PUTIN

Classic. Well, Kim, I have a proposition for you. You, me, and war with America.

INT. RYONGSONG RESIDENCE - DAY

KIM JONG UN
Say less. I'm in.

EXT. SIBERIAN ICE CAP - DAY

PUTIN
I knew I could count on you.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

In one half of the room, Dean, Jeff, and a few other staff members are talking.

In the other half of the room, Sophia, Joanna, and Staff Member 3 are talking. Staff Member 3 turns on a small TV on their side of the room to a news channel. The news channel shows tweets exchanged between Dean and Putin.

NEWS REPORTER
And then Putin said "You slimy American burger. 'poopoo' isn't even a real word and that's the only reason you won WordHunt." And then President Ward said "You know who's a poopoo? Vladimir Putin. He's the nastiest skank byotch I've ever met. Do not trust him!! He is a fugly \$lut." Then, Putin left him on read.

Sophia and Joanna exchange looks.

SOPHIA
Didn't we change his Twitter password so he couldn't tweet anymore?

JOANNA
I think he bribed the CIA to hack into his account and give him the new password.

SOPHIA
Aha.

NEWS REPORTER

Russia is now claiming that they declared war first, even though President Ward was overheard declaring war in the Oval Office earlier this morning.

Joanna and Sophia look to their left, noticing that the NEWS REPORTER's voice is echoing and that her background appears to be the White House. They see the news reporter standing right outside of the room, along with the 30 other news reporters.

NEWS REPORTER (CONT'D)

As the verbal conflict intensifies, we ask ourselves. Who will make the next move?

SOPHIA

Why did we not close that door when we realized they were all standing their the first time...

Joanna shrugs. They still do nothing about the fact that the Oval Office doors are wide open for the news reporters to hear all of the top secret information.

Dean walks over and turns off the TV, calling everybody in the room's attention.

DEAN

The boys and I made a decision. I know what we need to do.

Dean walks over to the official White House rotary dial phone on the Oval Office desk and dials a number with confidence. He puts the phone to his ear. The oval office is silent.

SOPHIA

Why do we still use rotary phones...

Joanna shrugs.

DEAN

Hi yeah, could I get 4 burger combos with a large order of fries.

(beat)

Coca Cola.

(beat)

No wait, Pepsi.

(covers the phone speaker and talks to his staff)

(MORE)

DEAN (CONT'D)

Got in a fight with Coca Cola CEO
last week.
(gets back to the phone)
That's it...

JEFF

(whisper)
Psst. Can I get a milkshake with
that?

STAFF MEMBER 1

(whisper)
Same.

FRANCOIS

(whisper)
One for me too please.

DEAN

Can you make that 4 combos with
milkshakes.
(covers the phone speaker
and talks to his staff)
What flavors?

STAFF MEMBER 1

Cookies and cream.

FRANCOIS

Chocolat.

JEFF

Strawberry cheesecake rainbow
sprinkle swirl with 6 green gummy
bears and a dash of Oreo crumble.

Joanna and Sophia exchange looks, trying not to laugh out loud. Dean gives Jeff a weird looks but gets back to the phone. While he relays the flavors, Sophia's phone buzzes. The lock screen shows repeated messages from Ella, Sophia's best friend with two annoying children:

"OMG SOPH IS THERE ACTUALLY A WAR W RUSSIA?!"

"UR KIDDING ME RN"

"i thought deans whole new thing is legalizing marijuana not WAR"

"also look at this top im wearing for din w jason tn"

"do u think it's enough boob? [smirking emoji]"

Sophia swipes up on her phone and opens iMessage to respond.

SOPHIA (TEXT)
love the top jason's gonna be all
over u

SOPHIA (TEXT) (CONT'D)
and ya its so crazy dean going
haywire. ill tell u abt it soon.
shouldve left his ass years ago

ELLA (TEXT)
u literally tried and he wouldn't
let u lol

SOPHIA (TEXT)
ikr. wouldve been 'bad pub' for his
campaign smh

ELLA (TEXT)
shouldve left him for that sexy sec
of state [3 smirking emojis]

Sophia quickly looks up, checking to see if Joanna saw Ella's
message on her phone.

SOPHIA (TEXT)
SHHHHH [face with finger covering
lips emoji] shes right here!! plus
all i said is she looks good in her
pantsuit

ELLA (TEXT)
[crying laughing emoji]

ELLA (TEXT) (CONT'D)
u can still watch my kids tn right?

Sophia looks up to see Dean wrapping up the phone call.

DEAN
(still on the phone)
That's all. 1600 Pennsylvania
Avenue.
(beat)
No, it's the Beige House. Hahaha
you silly goose, yes it's the White
House.
(beat)
Yuuuh. Thanks. Alright. Buh bye.

SOPHIA (TEXT)
oh shit gotta go. ttyl

She turns off her phone and puts it away.

Dean puts down the rotary office phone. He stands at the desk proudly.

JEFF
Good work, sir.

DEAN
All in a day's work.

JEFF
What's next?

All the staff in the Oval Office stare at each another with wide eyes. No one makes any suggestions. Several staff members twiddle their thumbs. The silence is deafening, until Sophia breaks it.

SOPHIA
How about we get intel on Russia's plans through our double agents?

JOANNA
That's a great idea!

Not a single other person responds.

DEAN
Wait. I have a brilliant idea.
Let's get intel on Russia's plans through our double agents.

The staff members clap.

STAFF MEMBER 2
Brilliant.

STAFF MEMBER 1
He's done it again.

Sophia's jaw is on the floor.

SOPHIA
I just said that.

DEAN
(to Sophia)
Shh, Sophia. We're concentrating.
(to Staff)
Alright. George, get our best agent on the phone.

GEORGE
On it.

GEORGE (29) dials a number on the phone.

Suddenly, Staff Member 3, PAUL's, phone rings.

DEAN

Wait, Paul? You're a double agent?
Why aren't you in Russia?

PAUL

You canceled the double agent
program 3 years ago, Mr. President.

DEAN

Now, why would I do that?

PAUL

Because you needed money to build
an indoor waterpark.

INTERCUT

INT. WHITE HOUSE WATERPARK - CONTINUOUS

The waterpark is huge with slides, fountains, and pools all
fully active. Not a single person is using any of it.

INTERCUT

INT. OVAL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

DEAN

Oh...

JEFF

Well, how about we call up our
ambassador to Russia?

DEAN

Yes! George!

GEORGE

On it, sir.

He dials another number. Suddenly, another phone in the Oval
Office rings.

Everyone looks at Paul.

PAUL

Not me this time, I swear.

Everyone is confused about the source of the ringing. Dean follows the sound all the way to the back wall of the Oval Office.

He puts his ear to the wall. The ringing persists. He removes a panel from the wall, revealing a hidden cubby with a bright red rotary-looking telephone in it. However, the phone cradle does not even have numbers or a dial on it.

Dean cautiously picks up the phone.

DEAN

Hello?

PUTIN (O.S.)

(in English)

Knock knock.

DEAN

Who's there?

PUTIN (O.S.)

Putin.

DEAN

Putin who?

PUTIN (O.S.)

Putin you to sleep, motherfucker.
Say goodbye to America. You gonna die. Hahaha.

Putin maniacally laughs.

DEAN

You bastard. No one likes a sore loser. Just admit you're upset about WordHunt.

Realizing it's Putin on the phone, Joanna whispers to Sophia.

JOANNA

(whisper)

It's Putin. We should track his location and get his ass.

Sophia nods.

SOPHIA

(whisper)

I'm on it.

Joanna is surprised, unaware that Sophia had this skill. Sophia tiptoes over to the phone cradle, out of Dean's sight and unscrews it. The phone conversation continues in the background.

PUTIN (O.S.)

Never. If "poopoo" didn't count, I'd win in a heartbeat. And you know what else?

DEAN

What?

PUTIN (O.S.)

My buddy Kim could beat you too.

KIM JONG UN (O.S.)

Knock knock.

DEAN

Who's there?

Sophia places a chip inside the phone cradle.

KIM JONG UN (O.S.)

Kim Jong Un.

DEAN

Kim Jong Un who?

KIM JONG UN (O.S.)

Kim Jong Un other visit to your mom's...

TELEPHONE OPERATOR (O.S.)

The rest of this message has been censored.

Kim Jong Un screams in frustration.

Sophia looks at a tracker on her phone as she holds the chip inside the phone. A growing bar says "24%."

KIM JONG UN (O.S.)

What the fu...

TELEPHONE OPERATOR (O.S.)

The rest of this message has been censored.

KIM JONG UN (O.S.)

(a little muffled, to his staff)

What is going on?!

KIM JONG UN'S STAFF (O.S.)
 (quiet, in the background)
 It's the protocol you put in place
 for the entire country. No
 profanity over phones.

KIM JONG UN (O.S.)
 Get out of my palace.

There is shuffling in Kim Jong Un's background as the staff member screams. The screams fade as if she is being taken out of the room.

PUTIN (O.S.)
 (to Dean)
 Anyways dumb-dumb. We called to let
 you know we're teaming up.

KIM JONG UN (O.S.)
 Vladdy and I are invading America.

Sophia continues looking at the tracker. It says "79%."

KIM JONG UN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Suck on that, mother trucker.

PUTIN (O.S.)
 Get ready for the biggest showdown
 in all of history. Vladdy and
 Kimpossible against tiny baby
 little Dean. Pathetic little
 American.

KIM JONG UN (O.S.)
 ...you said you wouldn't call me
 Kimpossible again...

PUTIN (O.S.)
 Come on, Kimmy. It's not that deep.
 It's funny.

KIM JONG UN (O.S.)
 You know I don't like that!

Sophia quickly puts the cover back on the phone cradle and tiptoes back.

SOPHIA
 (whisper to Joanna)
 Got it.

She flashes Putin's location on her phone's map to Joanna.

JOANNA
(whisper)
Where'd you learn that?

SOPHIA
(whisper)
Spent my fair share of time as a
software engineer before meeting
Dean.

JOANNA
(whisper)
Impressive.

Joanna raises her eyebrows, impressed. Sophia smiles.

JOANNA (CONT'D)
Why'd you stop being a software
engineer?

SOPHIA
Married Dean and then he needed
help with his campaign, so it was
like my full-time job.

JOANNA
Do you ever want to go back?

SOPHIA
To before I met Dean?

JOANNA
Well, yeah, but also back to
software engineering.

SOPHIA
More than anything.

The line drops. Dean puts the phone down.

DEAN
Shit.

JEFF
What is it?

DEAN
We need some allies. Things just
got a whoooole lot hotter.

Dean stares off into the distance. Normally, the scene would cut here, but someone interrupts the cinematic ending to the scene.

STAFF MEMBER 2

What, you mean, in like, a sexy way?

DEAN

No. In a dangerous and deadly and really scary war way.

STAFF MEMBER 2

Oh, I mean, you understand how "hot" could be misleading right?

DEAN

Well, yeah, I guess, but if it's like heating up, then that's bad, not sexy.

STAFF MEMBER 2

So then you could've said something like "Things are heating up" but you said "Things just got a whole lot hotter."

DEAN

I see where you're coming from, but I feel like saying "hotter" makes sense.

STAFF MEMBER 2

I just think it's really important to be careful with our words because I was ready for a sexy, fun time.

DEAN

Good point, good point.

Dean stares off into the distance again.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Things are really heating up.

He finally gets the cinematic ending he was hoping for.

Joanna and Sophia exchange looks and nod their heads towards the hallway.

JOANNA

(whisper)

Should we show him the location?

SOPHIA

(whisper)

Nah, he'll never listen.

(MORE)

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Let's head to the satellite room.
They'll be able to get us a good
view of Putin's coordinates.

INT. SATELLITE ROOM - DAY

The room is dark except for glowing green screens with satellite coordinates and positions. Joanna and Sophia stand behind a tall roll-y chair.

TREVOR (24), wearing nerdy glasses, sits in the chair and works away at his computer, zooming into a street-view map on his screen.

TREVOR

Looks like he took the call from a
private cell phone in an
underground secret bunker in
Moscow.

SOPHIA

But the dot moved in the last
couple seconds of the call.

JOANNA

Do you think you can find him now?

TREVOR

Hm. Let me try the cameras in the
surrounding streets.

Trevor types a bunch of code into his computer and hacks into another street-view camera. It shows an intersection crosswalk where many people are crossing, wearing heavy fur coats.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Supermarket street-view camera...
Let's try a couple minutes back.

The footage on the screen rewinds. Then, it plays forward. People cross the intersection.

Trevor zooms into the people's faces. He types a few more lines of code to activate facial recognition software.

The software scans every person's face, but can't find Putin.

JOANNA

Hm, he might be in disguise.

SOPHIA

Does he have any other defining characteristics? Birth marks?

JOANNA

I don't think so...WAIT! I have an idea! It's not a birth mark, but it's an aversion...

Sophia and Trevor look at her intently.

INT. WHITE HOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

Dean storms through the hallway and bursts through the Secretary of Secretary, JOHN JOHNSON's, door. The Secretary for the Secretary of Secretaries, LINDA, sits there.

DEAN

Where's the Secretary of Secretaries?

LINDA

He's in his office but he's busy.

DEAN

Who are you?

LINDA

I'm his secretary.

DEAN

You're the Secretary for the Secretary of Secretaries?

LINDA

Yeah.

Beat.

DEAN

I need to see him now.

Dean opens John Johnson's office door.

INT. JOHN JOHNSON'S OFFICE - DAY

John Johnson is watching a graphic Animal Planet scene.

DEAN

GOD, John, what is that?

JOHN JOHNSON
Oh ahh, Mr. President, it's uh,
snail mating...

DEAN
Put that away! We have a war on our
hands!

JOHN JOHNSON
So sorry Mr. President.

John immediately shuts it off.

DEAN
Oh GOD, I can't get that image out
of my head!!! What were those blue
tentacle things OH GOD.

Linda peers into the room from behind the doorway.

LINDA
I tried to tell him.

DEAN
Mr. Secretary, we need allies for
The Hot War.

JOHN JOHNSON
Oh is that what it's called?

DEAN
Yeah because it's hotter than the
Cold War.

JOHN JOHNSON
True.

DEAN
We need all hands on deck. I want
all the Secretaries in the White
House in my office within the hour.

JOHN JOHNSON
Yes sir. I will ask the Secretaries
of State, Defense, Interior,
Agriculture, Commerce, Labor,
Health and Human Services, Housing
and Urban Development,
Transportation, Energy, Education,
Veterans Affairs, Homeland
Security, and EPA.

DEAN

Good. And tell them to bring their rotary phones. We're making some long distance calls.

Linda comes in.

LINDA

Sorry to interrupt, Mr. Secretary, but I have an urgent note for Mr. President.

DEAN

What is it?

LINDA

Your Wendy's order is here.

WENDY'S MAN walks in, wearing his delivery person attire.

WENDY'S MAN

Yuhhh what up.

DEAN

(to John)

Okay, John. Get on that.

(to Wendy's man)

Let's go.

John immediately dials some number on his office rotary phone as Dean and Wendy's Man leave.

INT. SATELLITE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

TREVOR

So, you wanna create an artificial color pattern on the sidewalk that Putin's averse to?

JOANNA

Yeah, is that possible?

TREVOR

I can probably do it by using the cameras to reflect light off windows and buildings. What colors?

JOANNA

The rainbow.

Sophia gasps.

SOPHIA
You're a genius.

TREVOR
I don't get it.

SOPHIA
Trevor, he's the most homophobic
man alive.

Trevor gasps.

EXT. KREMLIN - CONTINUOUS

Ominous classical music plays (heavy bass string
instruments).

Mass quantities of Russian soldiers march in front of the
Kremlin, weapons drawn. Commanding officers yell from behind.

RUSSIAN COMMANDING OFFICER
(in Russian)
Stupid Americans! Victory will be
ours!

INTERCUT

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Wendy's man pours a couple drops of some oil from a small
dark bottle onto his burger.

DEAN
Can I get some of that sauce?

WENDY'S MAN
Yuhhhh.

FRANCOIS
Moi aussi, s'il vous plaît.

WENDY'S MAN
Sí señor.

The staff pass the sauce around and pour it on their burgers.

INTERCUT

INT. SATELLITE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Trevor manipulates several cameras until a rainbow light is reflected into the street. The three watch many different views of the street.

Suddenly, one man looks at the rainbow and vomits in the street, the ultimate act of homophobia. Joanna frantically points to the vomiting figure on the screen.

JOANNA

There! There! We got him!

INTERCUT

EXT. BALTIC SEA - CONTINUOUS

Russian soldiers climb into submarines.

INTERCUT

INT. OVAL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

JEFF

This sauce is fire. Where'd you get it?

WENDY'S MAN

Yo mama's house.

DEAN

Hey, hey, let's keep it professional.

He secretly gives the Wendy's man a first bump.

DEAN (CONT'D)

What's in the sauce though?

WENDY'S MAN

CBD and sleeping pill powder.

DEAN

Oh.

INTERCUT

INT. SATELLITE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Trevor types quickly.

SOPHIA
 Quick, put a satellite tracker on
 his thermal print!

He types even faster.

INTERCUT

EXT. BALTIC SEA - CONTINUOUS

Russian soldiers strap into air force planes.

INTERCUT

INT. OVAL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Half of the staff members are asleep on the couches and floor with Wendy's boxes and stray burgers strewn about. Dean drools while sleeping.

INTERCUT

INT. SATELLITE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Trevor sweats aggressively as he works.

TREVOR
 Come on, come on!

JOANNA
 We're gonna lose him!

On the screen, Putin is about to step into a car and drive away from the street.

SOPHIA
 Come on!

A "ding" sound goes off. Immediately, the three relax.

TREVOR
 Got him.

Now, on the screen, the thermal tracker shows Putin's constant location. It shows him sitting in the backseat of a moving car.

SOPHIA
 Now, we can get some real intel.

JOANNA

Activate voice recognition. Let's hear what this bastard is talking about.

INTERCUT

EXT. BALTIC SEA - CONTINUOUS

Russian troops sit in dark green-lit command rooms with radar screens in front of them and flip switches.

Rockets launch from military bases.

INTERCUT

INT. OVAL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

John Johnson runs into the office, where almost everybody is asleep, laying on the couches, floor, and desk.

JOHN JOHNSON

Mr. President, Mr. President.

He lifts his head from a drool-covered pillow that has his own face printed on it. Some of the other staff members wake up.

DEAN

What? Huh?

JOHN JOHNSON

I brought you all the secretaries, like you asked.

He gestures to the row of secretaries, each holding a rotary phone with an incredibly long chord stretching far beyond of the door.

JOHN JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Except Secretary of State, Joanna Peng. Couldn't find her.

DEAN

Oh, yes, very good. No worries about that. Now, listen. You're all going to individually make calls to our ally countries and ask them for military support in The Hot War. Got it?

Some of the secretaries nod. However, some, including JENNIFER SCALZO, the Secretary of Energy, and DARREN DAVIS, Secretary of Transportation, look skeptical.

JENNIFER

Sorry, but why am I responsible for this?

DEAN

I mean, you're a secretary. Isn't calling people, like, your job?

JENNIFER

Secretary of ENERGY. I handle the country's entire energy economy.

DEAN

Come on, Rachel, my favorite secretary! Can you just do me this one little solid?

JENNIFER

My name's Jennifer.

DEAN

Oh...my B...

Jennifer puts down the rotary phone and leaves the room.

STAFF MEMBER 1 stands up.

STAFF MEMBER 1

Don't worry, Mr. President. I'll cover for her.

DEAN

Thank you! A secretary who cares! What are you, like, Secretary of the Interior or something?

STAFF MEMBER 1

I'm the vice president...

DEAN

Oh, dude! My right hand man! Anyways, let's do this thang.

Staff Member 1 is taken aback by the president not knowing that he is the vice president.

CUT TO:

INT. OVAL OFFICE - AFTERNOON

The secretaries all stand in one long row with their rotary phones in front of them on a comically long plastic table.

They all talk on the phone. One by one, they go down the line and reveal the result of their call.

Linda stands by a chalk board with a list of the countries and crosses each one off as the results come in.

SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE holds the phone to her ear.

QUEEN OF ENGLAND (O.S.)
(British accent)
Oh darling, maybe after teatime.

Linda crosses England off.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE holds the phone.

FRENCH GOVERNOR (O.S.)
(French accent)
Non.

FRENCH GOVERNOR spits into the phone.

Linda crosses France off.

SECRETARY OF COMMERCE holds the phone.

On the line, people sing, rejoice, and yell.

ISRAELI PRIME MINISTER (O.S.)
(Israeli accent)
Ayyy my friend! It is the holy day!
Call back after Shabbos!

Linda crosses Israel off.

SECRETARY OF COMMERCE holds phone.

CANADIAN PRIME MINISTER (O.S.)
Absolutely, our entire army is on
its way.

Secretary of Commerce covers the phone speaker with his hand and yells excitedly to the crowd in the Oval Office.

SECRETARY OF COMMERCE
WE GOT ONE!

The crowd cheers.

Linda circles Canada.

DEAN

Atta boy! Ask him how many people
are in the army.

Secretary of Commerce gets back to the phone and then once
again covers it with his hand to speak with the crowd.

SECRETARY OF COMMERCE

Three.

DEAN

They only have three people in
their army?!

SECRETARY OF COMMERCE

Yeah.

DEAN

Can you ask if they at least have
weapons?

Secretary of Commerce gets back to the phone again and then
covers it to speak with the crowd.

SECRETARY OF COMMERCE

They have Swiss Army Knives.

Linda crosses Canada off.

SECRETARY OF LABOR holds the phone, and Dean stands over him,
now sweating.

AUSTRALIAN PRIME MINISTER (O.S.)

(Australian accent)

Aye mate, we're still recovering
from the war.

Dean grabs the phone from Secretary of Labor's hands.

DEAN

What war?

AUSTRALIAN PRIME MINISTER (O.S.)

(Australian accent)

The Emu War.

Linda crosses Australia off.

SECRETARY OF EDUCATION holds the phone.

ITALIAN PRESIDENT (O.S.)
 (Italian accent)
 It is after 3 pm. Call us back on
 Monday.

Linda crosses Italy off.

Staff Member 1 (Vice President) holds the phone.

KING OF ANTARCTICA
 We don't have an army, but we do
 have dogsledding teams.

DEAN
 (to Staff Member 1)
 Who is this guy?

STAFF MEMBER 1
 (to Dean, covering the
 phone speaker with his
 hand)
 King of Antarctica.

DEAN
 (to Staff Member 1)
 Since when do they have a
 monarchy...

Dean grabs the phone.

DEAN (CONT'D)
 (to King of Antarctica)
 How many dogsledding teams?

KING OF ANTARCTICA (O.S.)
 100.

Linda circles Antarctica and writes "100 Dogsledding Teams"
 next to it.

CUT TO:

Dean and the staff members lounge on the couches and sigh
 heavily.

DEAN
 Welp, folks. We tried.

Suddenly, Dean's alarm goes off on his Apple Watch.

DEAN (CONT'D)
 5 O'Clock! Over and out boys.
 Anyone down for Happy Hour?

The office members let out some mumbled "Yes's". They all pack up to leave the office.

INT. WHITE HOUSE HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Joanna and Sophia walk very briskly, almost out of breath, through the shockingly empty White House hallways. The clicking of their heels echoes.

SOPHIA

Do you think he'll activate the nuclear missiles if the attack on the White House fails?

JOANNA

I hope not. But Putin did say he was considering it on the tapped wires.

SOPHIA

Oh God, I'm too young to die. I don't even own a Fortune 500 yet.

Joanna laughs.

JOANNA

At least you'll be in good company if the world ends.

Sophia laughs. Joanna smirks and looks into her eyes. Sophia blushes.

They round the corner into the Oval Office in an almost-jog.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

SOPHIA

Arm the troops! The Russians are going to storm the White...

They stop in their tracks. The Oval Office is completely empty.

They walk in hesitantly and see a note sitting on the desk. It reads: "Out 2 Rocket Bar 4 Happy Hr."

JOANNA

You're kidding me.

Sophia looks down at her watch.

SOPHIA

5:02. Dean's never worked a second past 5 pm.

JOANNA

Even during World War III...

SOPHIA

At least he's consistent.

They laugh.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

What do we do now?

JOANNA

Should we just say fuck it and go to Happy Hour?

A smile creeps across Sophia's face.

INT. ROCKET BAR - NIGHT

The bar is dimly lit and has few people in it.

Joanna and Sophia hold drinks and chat at the bar while Dean and some staff members play billiards 20 feet away.

The two women laugh together, clearly tipsy.

SOPHIA

I mean, look at him, he's like a college frat boy.

The two turn their heads to the billiard table. In the background, Dean shotguns a beer with Jeff and crushes it against his head.

DEAN

(yells)
Woooooo!

BRAD, a college student, comes up to Dean.

BRAD

Wait, are you the president?

DEAN

Yea.

COLLEGE STUDENT

No way. Can I play pool with you?

DEAN

Listen, kid. I don't have time for amateurs.

FRANCOIS

Come on, Mr. President. Are you une chatte?

DEAN

(whisper to Francois)
What's that mean?

FRANCOIS

How you say...pussy cat.

JEFF

Yeah, Dean, come on. Let the kid play, unless you're a little chicken.

Jeff and Francois start clucking like chickens, making fun of Dean.

DEAN

Alright, alright. Kid, I'm not scared of you. Show me what you got. 2 v 2. You and Jeff versus me and Chad.

BRAD

Chad?

He points to Francois.

FRANCOIS

Oui.

JEFF

(whispers in his ear)
Just go with it.

STAFF MEMBER 1

What about me?

DEAN

Who are you again?

STAFF MEMBER 1

Your vice president.

DEAN

Oh right. You can be our score keeper.

STAFF MEMBER 1

Oh...

He looks dejected.

Back to the conversation with Joanna and Sophia.

SOPHIA

Cannot believe I married that buffoon.

JOANNA

Me neither. I mean, what's a beautiful smart woman like you doing with a guy like that?

Sophia blushes.

SOPHIA

It's a long story.

JOANNA

I got plenty of time. The world's gonna end anyways right?

Sophia laughs.

SOPHIA

Okay, okay. Remember how I said I dabbled in software engineering before this?

JOANNA

Mhm.

SOPHIA

I was actually head tech manager at Precision Neuroscience.

JOANNA

What's that?

SOPHIA

It's a machine learning-based brain computer interface company.

JOANNA

Wow, smartie, I understood 2% of that sentence.

SOPHIA

We basically just map the human brain to automated systems, like robots. Essentially, mind-controlling robots.

JOANNA

Damn.

SOPHIA

And the company was doing great, on track to be the SpaceX of BCIs. And I was on track to be CEO.

JOANNA

But that's when you met Dean.

SOPHIA

Yup. That's when I met Dean.

JOANNA

Ah, love has a way of derailing things, doesn't it?

SOPHIA

I wouldn't necessarily call it love. More like, convenience.

JOANNA

Oh?

SOPHIA

Well, I was 31, and just went through a divorce 3 years before.

JOANNA

Any kids?

SOPHIA

One. Sort of...I had a stillbirth.

JOANNA

Oh my God, I'm so sorry.

SOPHIA

It tore us apart. We got divorced, I threw myself into my work. But I just couldn't get out of my funk. And then came along this goofy, fun man.

JOANNA

Dean.

SOPHIA

Yup. He was a fratty, silly lawyer guy, and I thought it was exactly what I needed. He wouldn't get in the way of my work, I wouldn't get in the way of his. Plus, he didn't want kids, and I was too traumatized to have any. Perfect match.

JOANNA

You didn't want to try again?

SOPHIA

I didn't know if I'd ever be ready.

JOANNA

So then everything was going well, right? And you stopped working at your crazy brain computer software place just because he decided to run for president?

SOPHIA

He needed my help with the campaign. Between you and me, I really didn't think he'd win, so I thought I'd go back to work after.

JOANNA

But then he won...

SOPHIA

Exactly. Because of my campaign strategy. And now this is my life.

JOANNA

Wow, look at you go! Braniac computer genius AND campaign manager extraordinaire.

Sophia laughs.

SOPHIA

Well, he used me to get to the top and now he doesn't even look at me in the Oval Office!

JOANNA

It's a boy's club. They don't care about any of us.

Sophia looks back to see her husband drunkenly walking around the pool table and taking the game far too seriously.

He sits on the table to make a behind-the-back shot and instead falls face first into the green pool table cover.

SOPHIA

Dumbasses. If they listened, maybe we wouldn't be entering World War III.

JOANNA

Um it's called the Hot War.

They laugh.

SOPHIA

So how about you, then? What's your story, Madame Secretary?

JOANNA

Nothing special. Parents came from Korea, followed the American Dream. Disowned me when I was 17 because I got mixed up with the wrong crowd.

SOPHIA

What crowd?

JOANNA

Drug addicts, delinquents, dropouts.

SOPHIA

I see.

JOANNA

And when I was 24, living out of my car, I realized my parents might've been right about the whole education thing. I couldn't live in my high school rebellion phase forever. So I went back to school, became a lawyer, served on city council, and finally made it here.

SOPHIA

Living out of a car to being Secretary of State? Pretty impressive.

JOANNA

Yeah well, never got married, never had kids, so my parents aren't satisfied.

SOPHIA
Do you talk to them now?

JOANNA
Here and there. They de-disowned me
when I became a lawyer. Typical.

SOPHIA
There for the good moments but not
the bad.

Joanna shrugs.

JOANNA
Yeah, they weren't great to me. But
I can't say I was any better than
them. The apple doesn't fall far
from the tree.

SOPHIA
Hey, that's not true at all. You're
kind, understanding, down-to-Earth.

Joanna smiles.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Cool, smart, totally awesome. I bet
your parents aren't as cool, smart,
and totally awesome as you.

Joanna laughs.

JOANNA
I still feel like I lost a lot of
time hating them and myself and the
whole world for my situation. I'm
just trying to make up for it now.

She looks into Sophia's eyes. They get closer.

SOPHIA
How do you wanna make up for it?

JOANNA
Spend it with the people I care
about.

The two get closer and closer. Sophia pays attention to
Joanna's lips.

JOANNA (CONT'D)
And the people who care about me.

They are extremely close, almost kissing.

SOPHIA
I think I can help with that.

They're about to kiss.

Suddenly, Sophia's phone rings on the bar counter, visible right between their two touching bodies. The screen shows Ella's face. Sophia jolts back.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Oh shit.

JOANNA
What?

SOPHIA
I totally forgot, I'm supposed to watch my friend's kids tonight.

JOANNA
Let's go!

SOPHIA
You wanna come?

JOANNA
You think I want to stay with these bumbling idiots?

In the background, Jeff falls on top of Dean and they are pushing around the college kid. Francois is clinking cups with Staff Member 1 (Vice President). They are all wasted.

SOPHIA
Good point.

EXT. ELLA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Joanna and Sophia run up the stairs to the porch, where Ella is already walking out the door.

Ella yells behind her to her husband.

ELLA
Chris! Did you deep wash Eli's binky?

CHRIS (O.S.)
(yelling)
Yes, honey.

ELLA

Make sure you stack the diapers and
put Jordan's blanket in his
favorite corner!

Ella suddenly notices Joanna and Sophia on the porch as she's
about to run into them.

ELLA (CONT'D)

Oh, Sophia! Good, you're finally
here.

Ella hugs her friend Sophia.

SOPHIA

Sorry I'm late.

ELLA

Sophia I know you too well. That's
why I told you 7 instead of 7:30.

They laugh. Ella looks at Joanna.

ELLA (CONT'D)

And...who are you?

JOANNA

Hi, I'm Joanna. I hope you don't
mind me helping Sophia with the
kids.

SOPHIA

Ella, this is the Secretary of
State, remember?

Ella raises her eyebrows at Sophia, finally understanding who
Joanna is (Sophia's work crush).

ELLA

Ohhhh, right, right! I've heard so
much about you.

Ella gives Joanna a hug. During the hug, out of Joanna's
view, Sophia gives Ella a stern look, trying to make sure
Ella doesn't say anything revealing or embarrassing about her
big crush on Joanna. Ella gets the hint.

Ella releases Joanna from her embrace.

ELLA (CONT'D)

Yes of course! You're more than
welcome to keep my poor *lonely*
friend Sophia company!

(MORE)

ELLA (CONT'D)

We need all the help we can get
with these two little devils.

She nods to the screaming kids in the back. Down the hallway in the kitchen, Chris is holding Eli and bouncing him up and down as he cries while Jordan is running around in a Spiderman costume screaming his head off.

ELLA (CONT'D)

Ah, kids. Gotta love 'em.
(yelling to Chris)
Come on, honey, we gotta go!
(talking to Joanna and
Sophia)
Just read them some bedtime
stories, play some games, tire them
out, the usual stuff. Bedtime is
8:30pm, Jordan knows that.

Jordan approaches closer in his Spiderman costume.

ELLA (CONT'D)

Right Jordan?

JORDAN

Mom, look at my web shooters.

Jordan shakes a can of silly string and starts shooting it all over the house.

ELLA

And with that, we're out!

Ella runs off the porch. Chris comes running behind her with Eli in his hands. He puts Eli into Joanna's hands.

CHRIS

Godspeed.

Joanna and Sophia look at each other in terror, and then at Jordan, who is covered head to toe in silly string.

INT. ELLA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Joanna closes Jordan's bedroom door and walks toward Sophia, who is sitting on the floor and playing with Eli.

JOANNA

Finally got him to sleep.

SOPHIA

How much did it cost you?

JOANNA
6 games of Simon Says and 2 games
of Hot Cross Buns.

SOPHIA
Brutal.

JOANNA
It had to be done. Took one for the
team.

Joanna sits down next to Sophia in criss-cross apple sauce.

JOANNA (CONT'D)
How are things going over here?

SOPHIA
Oh, good. We're just playing with
some fun toy firetrucks.

JOANNA
(pretending to talk to
Eli)
Good choice in toys, Eli.

Sophia pretends to be the voice of Eli and holds his little
hands up.

SOPHIA
(pretending to be Eli)
Thanks, only the finest toys for an
esteemed gentleman like myself.

Joanna giggles.

JOANNA
So you really still don't want kids
after this cuteness overload?

SOPHIA
I don't think I could ever convince
Dean.

JOANNA
Forget Dean. What do YOU want?

SOPHIA
I guess I do still want to try
again...but God help me if it's two
boys.

Eli laughs.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
 (to Eli)
 You think that's so funny, huh?

She tickles him. His giggles get louder.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
 (repeating)
 You think that's so funny, huh? You
 little tiny adorable menace, you!

She tickles him more. His giggles get even louder. He suddenly toots, surprising even himself.

Joanna and Sophia go silent in surprise and then burst into laughter along with Eli.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
 Alright, maybe boys aren't so bad.
 How about you, you want kids?

JOANNA
 Yeah, why not? I kinda like babies.
 They're pretty cute.

SOPHIA
 What would you name them?

JOANNA
 Something like Prometheus or Blade.

SOPHIA
 BLADE! What if he ends up being
 like a gamer or even worse, a band
 kid, with the name BLADE?

JOANNA
 Hey, I was a band kid.

SOPHIA
 No way.

JOANNA
 Yup. Trombone. Marching band AND
 jazz band.

SOPHIA
 Woah, I retract my statement. Maybe
 band kids ARE cool. Or at least
 they grow up to be cool.

Joanna laughs.

JOANNA

No, who am I kidding, I was a complete nerd in middle school and high school.

SOPHIA

You're still kinda a nerd. But, a cool nerd.

JOANNA

That's the biggest compliment I've ever received. But you're the real nerd here. Computer science engineering hacker girl.

SOPHIA

Haha, not anymore. That was the old me. The pre-First Lady-me.

JOANNA

I think you still got it in you. But maybe you should try not to be First Lady again so you can go back to your extreme hacker lifestyle.

SOPHIA

Unfortunately, I think Dean's running for a second term. Well, I guess that only affects me if I stay with him.

JOANNA

You want to leave him?

SOPHIA

For the past four years. Ever since I found out about his mistresses.

JOANNA

How'd you find out?

SOPHIA

After we got married, he suddenly started shaving his back again.

Joanna grimaces.

JOANNA

Oh God.

SOPHIA

Plus, I found copious pairs of underwear in our bed.

JOANNA

Idiot. First rule of Cheating 101 is remove the undies from the scene of the crime.

SOPHIA

Oh, you're an expert on adultery?

JOANNA

I may have home-wrecked Stephanie and Brad's 1-month relationship in high school...but that was the old me.

SOPHIA

Brad's a lucky guy.

JOANNA

Haha, try Stephanie. I kissed her in the parking lot.

Sophia acts shocked, but had a feeling Joanna was into women.

SOPHIA

Oh!

JOANNA

The home wrecking wasn't my most morally righteous moment, but the kiss was pretty great.

SOPHIA

I'm glad you've grown from the monumental event.

JOANNA

Me too. So how long has Dean been cheating?

SOPHIA

Since he got elected.

JOANNA

Wow. Why haven't you left him yet?

Sophia opens her mouth to respond, but Eli suddenly starts crying.

SOPHIA

Aw, baby. You must be tired. Let's get you to bed.

She picks him up and carries him to the adjacent bedroom.

INT. NAVAL BUNKER OFF THE COAST OF AMERICA - NIGHT

NAVY OFFICER 1 (28) sits in an almost-pitch black room, illuminated only by green and blue screens. He reclines on a chair with his feet on a console. He sips coffee and plays with Barbie dolls (weirdly).

NAVY OFFICER 1
 (imitating Barbie)
 Oh Ken, how could you leave me for
 a wench like her?!
 (imitating the home
 wrecking doll)
 Who you calling a wench?!
 (imitating Ken)
 Barbie, she means nothing to me, I
 swear. Your ass is fatter anyways.
 (imitating Barbie)
 Oh Ken, you always know what to
 say.

He makes Ken and Barbie passionately kiss over the electronic console below him, imitating sounds of kissing. He sips on his coffee more. The console shows a radar sonar detection screen: concentric bright green circles.

Suddenly, a new dot appears in the top right of the screen. It approaches the center of the screen at an alarming rate. The navy officer sees it underneath his now-half-naked Barbie dolls in the middle of their make out session.

He violently spits out his coffee all over the screen.

He fumbles with the Barbie dolls, frantically putting them down. In extreme panic, he presses a gigantic red button next to the console. He picks up the bright red phone next to the console and yells into it.

NAVY OFFICER 1 (CONT'D)
 CODE RED. I REPEAT. CODE RED!!!

INT. ROCKET BAR - NIGHT

Dean is completely passed out directly in the middle of the pool table. His phone buzzes next to his face with the contact name "Navy" flashing repeatedly and an accompanying contact picture of a tiny sailboat.

The rest of the staff are similarly asleep on various bar stools, benches, tables, and the floor.

INT. ELLA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ella pours two glasses of red wine for herself and Joanna on the living room table. The two sit on the couch in front of the lifeless television.

JOANNA

You don't think she'll mind you stealing her Cabernet?

SOPHIA

I fueled her alcohol addiction in college, so consider this her repayment to me.

Joanna laughs. They each take a sip of their wine while looking into each other's eyes, then put the wine glasses down. A moment of silence passes.

JOANNA

Sophia, you deserve to be happy.

SOPHIA

I'm scared to lose what I have.

JOANNA

What do you have? A frat boy husband who cheats on you and doesn't care about your opinions or see your incredible intelligence and beauty?

Sophia blushes.

SOPHIA

Well, I'm scared of what people might think, you know, if I leave him.

JOANNA

Who cares what people think? Just do what makes you happy. That's my motto.

Joanna gets closer to Sophia.

JOANNA (CONT'D)

What makes you happy? Software engineering, being independent, maybe kids? What else?

SOPHIA

You make me happy...

JOANNA

You make me happy too.

They kiss, then smile at each other.

SOPHIA

I hope that wasn't too forward.

JOANNA

I've been wanting to do that for 3 years.

SOPHIA

Me too.

They smile.

JOANNA

So what are we gonna do about this whole war thing?

SOPHIA

Maybe we should figure out a way to stop it or something...

JOANNA

Do you think the Russians would even come here though? It's kind of a trek, would probably tank their military funds and put a dent in the economy.

SOPHIA

I wouldn't put it past Putin. He would go to any length to assert his dominance.

JOANNA

So then they're coming. Do you think they actually have mind-controlled soldiers with superpowers?

SOPHIA

That one I doubt. But they do have missiles, bombs, assault rifles. And they have no regard for human life. They'll stop at nothing to get what they want.

JOANNA

So what do we do?

SOPHIA

I have a plan. We need to deactivate the implants.

JOANNA

Do you know how?

SOPHIA

Back when I worked as a software engineer, I built a Bluetooth communication chip for the brain. But the product never went to market because high frequency sound waves would deactivate the chip.

JOANNA

So, you want to do the same for Francois's implants?

SOPHIA

It just might work.

JOANNA

God, you're so sexy.

Sophia smiles.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

The next morning, Dean stands in the Oval Office surrounded by his staff completely dejected as he listens to voicemail messages on the White House telephone speaker.

NAVY OFFICER 1 (O.S.)

Russian submarines spotted off the coast of New Jersey! Code Red! Code Red!

NAVY OFFICER 2 (O.S.)

North Korean ships spotted off the coast of California! Code Red! Code Red!

NAVY OFFICER 1 (O.S.)

Russian missiles spotted over Rhode Island heading for the capitol.

NAVY OFFICER 1 (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Russian soldiers spotted swimming across the Bering Strait from Russia to Alaska.

NAVY OFFICER 2 (O.S.)
Sharks hired by the North Korean
military now approaching the shore
of Oregon. Code Red!

DEAN
Shit.

Sophia and Joanna walk in frantically.

JOANNA
Mr. President, we have a plan to...

Joanna stops speaking when she realizes that everyone is
silent and dejected.

JOANNA (CONT'D)
What happened?

DEAN
When did you two become all buddy
buddy?

JOANNA
We came up with a plan to stop the
war...

DEAN
It's too late.

JEFF
The Russians and North Koreans have
been spotted on all coasts.

SOPHIA
Oh my God.

JEFF
We suspect they're headed for the
White House.

JOANNA
Are they off the Baltimore shore?

STAFF MEMBER 1
They actually appear to be off the
coast of New Jersey.

SOPHIA
Well, that's odd.

CUT

EXT. JERSEY SHORE - DAY

Russian troops climb out of a small boat (almost like a kayak) sporting bear skins and camouflaging mud on their faces. They run onto the beach with extreme speed and aggression. The bright sun burns their eyes and skin.

RUSSIAN COMMANDING OFFICER
Borya, dock the ship.

BORIS
Sir, yes, sir.

RUSSIAN COMMANDING OFFICER
Aleksi, where is the White House?
I do not see it.

RUSSIAN SERGEANT ALEKSEI
Commanding Officer Belinsky, let me
use my White House tracker.

He pulls out a giant controller with a screen. He taps buttons and hears beeps, like it's a video game. The commanding officer and sergeant stand on the beach as 6 other ragged man stand behind and scratch their heads and butts.

Suddenly, PAULY D from the cast of "Jersey Shore" shows up. He is holding a sandwich that he just took a bite out of.

PAULY D
(New Jersey accent)
Hey, uh, you guys need help out
here?

RUSSIAN COMMANDING OFFICER
Oh yes, American boy. Tell me where
White House.

PAULY D
Oh, I think you guys might be
confused.

RUSSIAN COMMANDING OFFICER
What you talk about?

PAULY D
This isn't Washington D.C.

RUSSIAN COMMANDING OFFICER
(in Russian)
Borya, come here. What is this
American boy saying?

PAULY D
I'm trying to tell boss that this
is New Jersey, not D.C.

Boris whispers to the Commanding Officer in Russian.

RUSSIAN COMMANDING OFFICER
New Jersey?

PAULY D
Yea, Dirty Jerz? Jersey Shore? Ever
heard of it?

The Russians give him a blank stare.

PAULY D (CONT'D)
Pizza. Pork roll. Italiano.

Once again, they still stare at him blankly.

PAULY D (CONT'D)
You're telling me you've never had
pork roll egg and cheese on an
everything bagel with salt peppa
ketchup?

BORIS
We eat borscht. Everyday.

PAULY D
Well you gotta try it. Here.

The Commanding Officer takes a bite. His eyes go wide.

RUSSIAN COMMANDING OFFICER
(in Russian)
What is this? Sorcery!

He warmly embraces Pauly D.

PAULY D
Pork Roll! Authentic Jersey baby.
So where are you guys from?

BORIS
Mother Russia.

PAULY D
Oh damn, kinda far. What are you
doing out here?

BORIS
We look for White House.

RUSSIAN COMMANDING OFFICER
To meet with comrade Ward.

PAULY D
Oh damn, the president! Well if you
go in that direction, you'll get to
the White House.

Pauly D points South.

RUSSIAN COMMANDING OFFICER
We walk there?

PAULY D
I would probably say Uber.

RUSSIAN COMMANDING OFFICER
What is Uber?

Pauly D pulls out his phone to show them the app.

PAULY D
You just gotta get this app on your
phone and order a car to wherever
you wanna go. Type in "Washington
D.C." here.

RUSSIAN COMMANDING OFFICER
And car come pick us up?

PAULY D
Yup.

The Commanding Officer gives Pauly D a kiss on the forehead.

RUSSIAN COMMANDING OFFICER
(in Russian)
Good boy!

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Dean is pacing the office as the rest of his cabinet members
stand around nervously.

DEAN
Jeff, what happened to the North
Koreans off the west coast? Have we
heard anything about them?

JEFF
Sir, it appears they've been in the
South Coast Plaza for the past 12
hours.

DEAN

What are they doing in there?

JEFF

They've never seen a mall before.

DEAN

Okay, good. That should hold them over for a bit longer. But the Russians are still coming.

JEFF

We should activate our troops on ground, water, and air.

DEAN

Has Francois finished making his implant yet? We can't win this fight the old fashion way.

FRANCOIS (O.S.)

Oui.

Once again, a tiny flame in the dark corner of the room appears and quickly disappears as Francois emerges from the darkness with a newly lit cigarette in his mouth.

JEFF

Why does this guy have to be so mysterious all the time?

DEAN

Shhh, I kinda like it.

FRANCOIS

(French accent)

I have designed the implant and finished inserting them into 500,000 soldiers.

Francois presses a button on a white remote, and the large projector screen turns on to show thousands of soldiers standing in rows, all armed.

I present to you...Rectal Regulation!

He presses another button on the remote, and a giant white curtain that spans the entire vertical length of the Oval Office and surrounds a table falls to the floor, revealing the table. A spotlight shines on the table, and the spectators are covered in a blanket of darkness.

On the table sits one tiny shiny gold bead and its reflection below.

JOANNA
 (whispers to Sophia)
 We might want to workshop that
 name....

Francois's assistant, a staff member, holds a glove out for Francois, and he dramatically puts it over his hand, loudly snapping it to his skin.

He gingerly places his pointer finger below the gold bead and picks it up. It is tiny and can barely be seen on the very tip of his finger.

FRANCOIS
 Voila. The superpower chip.

DEAN
 Marvelous.

STAFF MEMBER 1
 So tiny!

STAFF MEMBER 2
 Non-invasive!

FRANCOIS
 All 342 nano-sized circuit
 components housed in a one cubic
 millimeter gold bead.

He beckons for his assistant to come closer. She holds out a giant foot-long phallic object. Francois takes it from her using his free hand and places the chip onto the end of it.

DEAN
 What's that...

FRANCOIS
 The insertion device.

DEAN
 That goes up their...?

FRANCOIS
 Oui. All the way up the rectal
 cavity.

All of the staff members are silent.

FRANCOIS (CONT'D)
 Now, I show you the superpowers.

The spotlight now moves to a different part of the room, where John Johnson stands wearing athletic clothing and an athletic headband.

He looks like he has just seen a ghost. Dean walks over to him and places a reassuring hand on his shoulder.

DEAN
How you doing, son?

He doesn't say anything. Dean points to the phallic insertion device.

DEAN (CONT'D)
They put that thing up you?

John painfully nods.

FRANCOIS
Please step aside. Demonstration is beginning.

Dean leaves the stage.

FRANCOIS (CONT'D)
First, super strength! Soldier,
punch through that brick wall.

A brick wall stands under the spotlight. With only the force of his right hand, John smashes through he bricks in one fell swoop, causing them to topple off the stage.

The spectators are in awe. They clap.

JEFF
This is impossible!

FRANCOIS
Now, X-Ray vision. John, scan the room and tell us what you see.

John places his right index finger to his temple and looks around the room.

JOHN JOHNSON
Vice President Beal has a metal rod
in his femur.

STAFF MEMBER 1
It's true! I fractured my femur
when I was 12!

JOHN JOHNSON
Secretary Rogers has a pacemaker.

SECRETARY OF COMMERCE ROGERS

Yeah...

JOHN JOHNSON

Secretary Doyle is pregnant.

SECRETARY OF COMMERCE DOYLE

What?!

JOANNA

(whisper to Sophia)

This has to be some sort of HIPAA violation.

FRANCOIS

Now, supernatural accuracy. John will demonstrate with a dart board.

John grabs a dart and throws it at a dart board across the large room. It lands directly in the center of the board.

JEFF

Impressive. But how does this translate to shooting a gun?

FRANCOIS

Ah, you Americans and your guns. Voila.

Francois walks over to the intercom on the table and presses it to speak to the soldiers that are shown in the live video on the projector screen.

FRANCOIS (CONT'D)

Soldiers, on 3, shoot the target at the end of the stadium.

Visible on the projector screen, all of the soldiers (thousands of them) raise their weapons and aim at one target.

FRANCOIS (CONT'D)

3...2...1.

All of the soldiers fire at once. The screen shows a zoomed-in image of the target. There is a singular large hole directly in the center.

DEAN

Holy shit.

JEFF

This is revolutionary. I need to shake your hand, sir.

Jeff shakes Francois's hand.

FRANCOIS
Wait, there's more.

Joanna and Sophia exchanged worried looks.

EXT. JERSEY SHORE - DAY

Pauly D bends down as he parts ways with the Russians in their Uber.

PAULY D
See ya guys, best of luck.

RUSSIAN COMMANDING OFFICER
(in Russian)
Death to America!

PAULY D
What's that?

BORIS
Thank you!

He closes the door of the Uber and it zooms off. He stands up, and suddenly SNOOKI appears next to him.

SNOOKI
Pauly, who was that?

PAULY D
Some Russian guys, going to the White House.

SNOOKI
Pauly, what do you mean? Soldiers? They're going to kill the president.

PAULY D
What do you mean?

SNOOKI
There's a war with Russia, you idiot.

PAULY D
How was I supposed to know??!

SNOOKI
It's all over the news, Pauly!!!!

PAULY D

Snooki, you know this is my busiest DJ week. I been doing three gigs a day. Yesterday at Madonna's birthday party.

SNOOKI

Okay shut up, lemme call the president.

She dials a number on her phone and puts it to her ear.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Dean talks through his rotary phone.

DEAN

Got it. Thanks, love you, Snooki.

He ends the call.

DEAN (CONT'D)

The Russians have invaded the Jersey Shore and are on their way here. T-3 hours.

JEFF

Our only hope now is these implants.

FRANCOIS

May I continue with the presentation?

DEAN

Yes, so sorry, Chad. Please continue.

FRANCOIS

Now, telepathy. John, what am I thinking right now?

JEFF

I don't believe it. Let me test it out. What am I thinking right now, son?

JOHN JOHNSON

It's so weird that we park on the driveway and drive on the parkway?

JEFF

Well, I'll be damned.

DEAN

Ooh, ooh, me next. What am I thinking?

JOHN JOHNSON

Why are the foot longs at Subway not \$5?

DEAN

Amazing.

John now goes in a circle and says what everyone is thinking. Each time, they gasp and laugh in awe.

JOHN JOHNSON

Vice President Beal is thinking about Chipotle burritos, Secretary Doyle is thinking about her new puppy, and Secretary Peng is thinking about...First Lady Ward?

Joanna had been looking at Sophia. She snaps out of her trance. She laughs it off.

The other staff members, including Dean, look skeptical.

JOANNA

Ahh, what, that's funny.

Sophia gives her a nervous side glance.

JOHN JOHNSON

And First Lady Ward is thinking about...how to stop President Ward from using the implants?

SOPHIA

What? No, no, I'm not.

JEFF

She's trying to sabotage our plan?!

DEAN

Sophia, is this true?

Sophia stays silent.

JOHN JOHNSON

It's true! She has a plan with Secretary Peng to destroy the implants with some sort of supersonic sound wave.

DEAN

Joanna, you're in on this too?
Why?!

JOANNA

Mr. President, these superpowers
are wildly untested and unsafe.

SOPHIA

Violence isn't the answer, Dean.
The Russians don't actually have
superpower implants; those evidence
videos were nonsense. And even if
they do, we can't fight their fire
with fire. We need to talk to them,
nation to nation. Diplomacy is the
answer.

JOANNA

If you use these implants, it's
World War 3. And no one knows which
soldiers might take advantage of
their powers. This isn't safe.

SOPHIA

Dean, please! You have to listen to
us.

DEAN

Guards, escort them to the
basement.

Just as two guards are about to grab them, Sophia sprints to the President's table and presses the intercom button. She places her cell phone speaker right above the intercom and plays an inaudible high-pitched whistle sound.

All of the staff members are confused, not hearing anything. Suddenly, however, on the screen showing all of the soldiers that Francois previously pulled up, all of the soldiers fall to their knees and grab their heads in agony.

FRANCOIS

What are you doing?!

SOPHIA

Preventing World War 3.

FRANCOIS

My precious implants!

JEFF

And the soldiers! You're hurting
them!

SOPHIA

It won't cause more than a little headache. But it'll destroy the implants forever.

DEAN

Guards, take them away! They've ruined all of our plans!

One guard grabs Sophia and the other grabs Joanna. They place their hands behind their back and push them out the door.

STAFF MEMBER 1

Now, how are we supposed to defend ourselves against the Russians?

DEAN

I guess we have to do it the hot way...nuclear war.

SOPHIA

Don't do this Jeff! You're better than this! This will end the world. There are better ways to fight!

The guard finally pushes Sophia fully out the door. The staff are speechless and dejected. Dean sighs heavily.

JEFF

Do you want me to begin the nuclear weapon activation sequence, sir?

DEAN

Yes.

EXT. BALTIMORE HARBOR - DAY

Hundreds of Russian war ships dock at the harbor, and Russian soldiers wearing bear skins climb off.

The American civilians run in confusion and fear.

EXT. ELDERLY COUPLE'S WHITE HOUSE - DAY

BARBARA (81) and BERT JACKSON (83) live together in a quaint little old house that happens to be painted white on the outside. They are both hard of hearing.

Bert opens the door to the group of Russian soldiers standing on his porch.

BERT

Well, hello, young fellas. Now I
don't want any of your sales today.
Goodbye.

Bert attempts to close the door, but the Russian commanding
officer puts his foot in the doorway.

RUSSIAN COMMANDING OFFICER

Give us president.

BERT

What?

RUSSIAN COMMANDING OFFICER

President Ward.

BERT

Sword?

BORIS

President. Dean Ward. President of
United States.

BARBARA (O.S.)

Bert, will ya close the damn door?!
There's a draft in here.

BERT

(yells backwards)
Honey, there's some fellas out
here. Askin' for a sword.

BARBARA (O.S.)

The lord?

BERT

Yes!

BARBARA (O.S.)

Tell 'em we already believe in the
lord. Every Sunday!

BERT

No, SWORD.

BARBARA (O.S.)

For heaven's sake, Bert.

Barbara slowly makes her way from the back of the house to
the door. The floors creek as she walks. Everyone stands in
silence at the door until she gets there.

BARBARA (CONT'D)
Hello fellas.

BORIS
Ma'am. We come to white house for
President Ward.

BARBARA
You want the president? Well honey,
this ain't the White House.

The Russian soldiers are extremely confused.

RUSSIAN COMMANDING OFFICER
But your house...it is white.

BARBARA
Honey, we just painted this house
white about...what was it, 2 months
ago, Bert?

BERT
Couples weeks back, yup.

BARBARA
Our son came by, bless his heart.
Did the whole thing for us.

The Russian Commanding Officer grabs the walkie talkie from
his belt loop and speaks into it.

RUSSIAN COMMANDING OFFICER
(in Russian)
Officer Volkov to Secretary
Smirnoff.

SMIRNOFF (V.O.)
(in Russian)
Copy.

RUSSIAN COMMANDING OFFICER
We showed up at a white house, but
the president is not here.

SMIRNOFF (V.O.)
Send me your coordinates.

Sergeant Aleksei plays around with his digital navigation
system to send the coordinates. Meanwhile, Bert and Barbara
are murmuring amongst themselves, starting to understand the
mishap.

BARBARA

Oh darlings, I think you meant to go to THE White House. This ain't THE White House. It's just A white house.

BORIS

Where is White House?

Barbara points to the gigantic, beautiful White House in President's Park, where the Capitol Building is also clearly visible.

BARBARA

There's your White House, darlings.

Suddenly, a voice comes on over the Walkie Talkie.

PUTIN (O.S.)

(in Russian)

You absolute idiots. You went to a random white house? Do you have any brain cells? Don't even come back to Russia because I will personally rip each of you apart with my bare...

The commanding officer silences the walkie talkie. He turns back to the old couple.

RUSSIAN COMMANDING OFFICER

Sorry, Americans.

BARBARA

That's alright, honey. Run along, now.

They close the door on the Russians. The Russians turn and head to the actual White House.

INT. WHITE HOUSE BEDROOM - DAY

Dean dons a clean, presentable suit. He tugs on his sleeves, fixes his cufflinks, and straightens his tie. He looks into a mirror and breathes out slowly with a determined look on his face.

He holds the key to the nuclear weapons in his hand and spins it around slowly. He talks to himself in the mirror.

DEAN

This is the last time he crosses you.

INT. WHITE HOUSE DUNGEON PRISON - DAY

The barren basement dungeon is made of large beige boulders and includes only two holding cells that are right next to each other. Sophia and Joanna sit in their separate cells. They can still see each other through the prison bars. They sit back to back.

The guard stands 5 feet away with his back to them. His face is stern and expressionless.

Sophia and Joanna look completely dejected.

JOANNA

I guess this is it...

SOPHIA

Maybe superpower war wouldn't have been as bad as nuclear war...

JOANNA

Hey, it's not our fault. We tried our best to stop the war.

SOPHIA

Yeah, but joke's on us for thinking Dean would ever resort to diplomacy. All he knows is guns and nukes. No words, just bombs.

JOANNA

Some president...I can't believe the American people voted for him.

SOPHIA

I can't believe I married him...

JOANNA

He was what you needed at the time. Maybe I'm saying this selfishly, but isn't it time to leave him now?

The two get closer, now sitting and facing each other with only the prison bars between their bodies.

SOPHIA

I've been wanting to leave.

JOANNA

What's stopping you?

SOPHIA

Nothing, anymore.

They get even closer and kiss through the bars. After the kiss, they smile at each other.

Sophia's phone is sitting on the edge of a table next to but slightly behind the guard. Suddenly, it starts buzzing. The screen lights up with Ella's contact picture and name.

The phone vibrates so much on the table that it falls off and onto the floor, a few feet away from Joanna.

Sophia's eyes go wide. She motions to Joanna that she wants to get the phone. Joanna nods.

Joanna gets up and goes to the back of her cell. She re-emerges with a wooden stick. She holds it up to Sophia and smiles.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Russian soldiers climb the walls of the White House and attempt to break windows to get in. However, the windows are difficult to break, and guards slow them down by hitting them with batons and throwing tear gas.

The Russians are stumbling around, yelling and covering their eyes.

INT. KREMLIN UNDERGROUND BUNKER - DAY

Putin sits alone in a dimly lit bunker at a board room table and watches the scene unfold on a large screen in front. He speaks into a walkie talkie.

PUTIN
(in Russian)
Activate superpower implants.

All of the soldiers on the television stop their stumbling and stand upright.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

The Russian soldiers' eyes glaze over and become pale.

With single punches of their fists, they break windows and knock out guards. They tear down the side panels of the walls. They shoot the guards with extreme precision. They scale the sides of the building.

A few Russians carry a giant tree and ram it into the locked front doors, which explode open.

The Russians flood into the White House.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

JEFF

Sir, the Russians have activated their superpower implants and breached the White House. They are on the first floor.

DEAN

Let them come. I am ready.

STAFF MEMBER 1

Mr. President! Why don't you activate the nukes now?

DEAN

I wanna see their faces when I do it.

INT. WHITE HOUSE DUNGEON PRISON - DAY

Joanna is carefully using the stick to pull the phone closer to her. She sweats. Sophia whispers in her ear.

SOPHIA

So close! So close! You got this!

The guard shifts his weight, and his keys jingle. The two look at him nervously. The phone is almost in reach.

Finally, Joanna puts the stick to the side and reaches through the bars with her hand. Her fingertips JUST reach the phone and she pulls it in closer until she can grab it.

Sophia's arms shoot up victoriously, and Joanna hands her the phone. Sophia grabs Joanna's face with both hands and kisses her forehead.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

You're amazing.

She opens the phone to a slew of texts from Ella:

"girl smh you left eli's milk out of the fridge"

"are you busy rn?"

"i called u like 5 times in the last hour pls pick up"

"girl something doesn't feel right im coming to the white house"

Sophia texts back, and Ella immediately responds. They start a text conversation.

SOPHIA (TEXT) (CONT'D)
 ella come to the White House
 basement right now.

ELLA (TEXT)
 there's a basement?!

SOPHIA (TEXT)
 yea we're stuck in a prison cell

ELLA (TEXT)
 WTF?! i fucking knew something was
 off. i always know my best friend

SOPHIA (TEXT)
 B careful theres a guard here.

ELLA (TEXT)
 psh sophia yk i can take a guard. i
 have 2 sons. i can handle anything.

Suddenly, a frantic voice sounds from the guard's walkie talkie. Joanna and Sophia look at each other with wide eyes.

WALKIE TALKIE (O.S.)
 Code Red! The Russians have
 breached the White House! They
 activated their superpower
 implants. They are about to breach
 the Oval Office! We need all hands
 on deck! I repeat, we need all
 hands on deck! All soldiers and
 guards, drop your posts and report
 to the Oval Office immediately.

GUARD
 Oh shit.
 (to Joanna and Sophia)
 Stay right here.

Joanna and Sophia are shocked.

SOPHIA
 I stand corrected...I guess the
 Russians do have superpower
 implants.

JOANNA

Hm! Who would've thought.

SOPHIA

We have to get up there right now.
Dean could pull the trigger any
second.

Joanna and Sophia stand up. Joanna tries to pry open the lock on her cell door.

JOANNA

Fuck, it won't open.

INT. WHITE HOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

The Russians run down the hallway, obliterating every American guard and soldier in their way.

They jump with extreme height, punch with extreme power, and aim with extreme precision.

Two American soldiers shouts behind him towards the Oval Office.

SOLDIER 1

We can't hold 'em! We're gonna
lose!

SOLDIER 2

They're breaking through the Oval
Office doors!

SOLDIER 1

How is this possible?! They're made
of titanium!

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

The Russians storm the office. The doors fly wide open and smash into the walls.

RUSSIAN COMMANDING OFFICER

(in Russian)

Hello, Mr. President.

DEAN

Stay back!

Dean threateningly holds a small key above his head. He stands above a portable console that has a screen, a place to insert a key, and a pad with numbers on the side.

All of the Russian soldiers point their guns at the president. All of the remaining American soldiers point their guns at the Russians.

Some staff members, including Francois and Staff Member 1 (Vice President), hide behind the desk in fetal position.

DEAN (CONT'D)

You don't want me to activate the nuclear codes, do you?

RUSSIAN COMMANDING OFFICER

If you do, we do.

DEAN

Mutually assured destruction. EXCEPT, who's gonna activate your nuclear codes when you're all the way in America?! Your president doesn't even know our plans.

Suddenly, a Russian soldier with an iPhone emerges from the back of the group of Russians and presents Dean with a FaceTime call. Putin is on the screen. He sits at a table and talks through the screen.

PUTIN

I am always one step ahead of you.

DEAN

You bastard.

PUTIN

If you activate the nukes, we will destroy America.

DEAN

Not if I kill you first.

PUTIN

Dean, you're trapped. I have you in a chokehold. The only one who's being killed right now is you.

DEAN

You know that if you order your men to shoot me right now, Russia will be gone within the blink of an eye.

PUTIN

So with America.

DEAN

What do you even want?!

PUTIN
America. I want to kick your ass
and rule America.

DEAN
You know there's no way in hell I'm
giving up America, Vlad.

PUTIN
Then I nuke it.

DEAN
Then, I nuke Russia.

PUTIN
Empty threats.

Dean thinks for a second. He then has a brilliant idea and
his face lights up.

DEAN
Alright, how about this? One last
game of WordHunt. Winner wins the
war.

PUTIN
If I win, I take America.

DEAN
Sure, whatever.

All of the American staff members gasp.

DEAN (CONT'D)
And if I win, your troops leave
America forever and never come
back.

PUTIN
Deal.

INT. WHITE HOUSE DUNGEON PRISON - DAY

Joanna and Sophia sit on the floor, back to back again,
slumped. They have run out of ideas.

SOPHIA
How much time till they activate
the nukes?

JOANNA
I give it a good 30 seconds.

SOPHIA
Well, we tried.

There is a rumbling down the stairwell as Ella emerges.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Ella?!

ELLA
Girl! What are you doing down
here?!

SOPHIA
We got in the way of Dean's plans.

ELLA
What plans?!

JOANNA
He wants to nuke Russia.

ELLA
What?!

SOPHIA
Ella, we'll explain later! Help us
get out!!

ELLA
Alright, alright.

Ella dangles a small ring of keys. One by one, she puts them into the lock and jiggles them around.

SOPHIA
How'd you get the keys?!

ELLA
They were literally on the front
door key holder. Labeled "dungeon
prison."

JOANNA
Top notch security.

Ella finally gets the right key and unlocks Sophia's cell door. Sophia gives her a big hug. She takes the key from Ella and unlocks Joanna's door. Joanna gives Sophia a hug. They kiss.

ELLA
Woah, I feel like I missed a
chapter.

SOPHIA
I'll explain everything later.

The three women run out the door into the stairwell.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Dean sits at the conference table. The room is completely dark except for the glow of the iPhone screen on his face. All of the White House staff members and Russian soldiers crowd around him, watching the WordHunt game.

Still on FaceTime, Putin's scowling, concentrating face is in the top right corner of the screen.

All the spectators hold their breaths as Dean moves his finger around the screen at an extreme speed. Dean talks to himself. Putin, hearing him through the Facetime, responds.

DEAN
Come on, come on.

PUTIN
I'm gonna rip you to shreds, loser.

DEAN
You're gonna eat your words.

He gets a 6 letter word.

DEAN (CONT'D)
AYO!

PUTIN
I got a big word too, you know.

DEAN
Shut up.

Some staff members clap and then return to their anxious stares at the phone screen. The timer approaches zero.

DEAN (CONT'D)
ONE MORE, ONE MORE!!

Dean searches for one final word and ultimately writes, "LIGMA." The timer runs out.

As the results slowly load on the screen, everyone waits with baited breaths. Each player's words slowly populate the screen. First, it looks like Putin might've won.

PUTIN
I won, cocksucker!

DEAN
Wait.

Then, the top three words appear on Dean's side: "ligma,"
"broski," and "borked."

The scores appear above. Putin's is shown first: 15300.

PUTIN
Personal record!

Then, Dean's appears: 15400.

DEAN
THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT!!!

PUTIN
What is Ligma?!?!

DEAN
Ligma balls!!

PUTIN
That's not even a real word.

DEAN
I win! I win! I win the war!

PUTIN
You slimy bitch.

DEAN
Don't be a sore loser again, Vlad.

PUTIN
(into his Walkie Talkie)
Activate the nuclear missiles.

DEAN
What?! I won fair and square, Vlad.

PUTIN
I don't care. Activate the nuclear
missiles.