

WHITE HOUSE CRACKDOWN

by
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Reader be advised

As per usual, all audio queues are written in [BLUE](#)

1 EXT. AVENUE. MIDNIGHT

The pavement of a desolate empty street slowly starts panning in front of us. Dampened light and ominous wind blows across the littered asphalt. The camera continues across the street, revealing hundreds of flyers and posters laying onto the ground, some of them ripped away by the wind. As the camera reaches the other side of the street and starts panning up, one of the rabid posters hurls itself at a car. Our gaze reaches the wall and climbs up to reveal a presidential poster. White haired with devilish smile and a powerful bright slogan:

TIME FOR A CRACKDOWN!

2 INT. LUXURIOUS ROOM. MIDNIGHT

As the crowd finishes uttering the slogan, the camera is panning yet again, spinning across buffets and champagne flutes. Large laughs, gloating, suits and dresses, we manage to carve our way across the celebration. The camera finally stops on a man facing away from us. With his short white hair, he is the man with the most radiating presence here. Relaxed, charismatic, we have yet to see his face but the eyes of his audience say it all. He turns. A devilish smile.

This man is the new president of the United States.

3 INT. LUXURIOUS TOILET. MIDNIGHT

Red lacquered walls. HAROLD is unzipping his presidential pants in front of a urinal. As he starts relieving himself his posture relaxes.

SQUEAK OF THE TOILET DOORS

STRANGER (O.S.)
(strong texan accent)
DRUNK, DRUNK, DRUNK !

Slow footsteps, big hat. A man positions himself on a nearby urinal.

STRANGER
(cont'd texan accent)
Howdy "Mister President". Big
fan, that speech ? Pfeww
You really know how to hit that
nail.

HAROLD

This campaign sure was sports.
I'm overjoyed and yet I'm
struggling to stay awake.

Far outside the room, a DJ-set starts
booming. Both men smile in silence as the
Texan man wobbles around, miraculously not
spilling a drop on the floor.

STRANGER

(cont'd texan accent)
Mmmh hhh ya know I got just the
thing !

QUEUE IN: IT'S THE MOST WONDERFUL TIME OF THE YEAR by
ANDY WILLIAMS

- skip

8 INT. WHITE HOUSE. EVENING

STACEY

(acid rant)

Raaaaaah! What the hell Connor!!

She furiously picks up empty packs of
Cheetos, baffled.

BRAD (O.S.)

(snarkily)

Mommy's angry!

STACEY

This isn't the NSA anymore, you're in the
freaking white house now !

Wide eyed Connor, five cheetos stuffed in
his mouth.

CONNOR

(mumbling)

Can't help it, I'm addicted.

STACEY

Your results just came out. You're both
clear.

Big smile. Brad appears above the cubicle
wall.

BRAD

Of course we are.

CONNOR
You're the best at pissing contests

BRAD
That I am!

STACEY
I feel like I'm at the zoo with you
people.

BRAD
And what are you ? An ostrich ?

CONNOR
(still focused on his
screen)
Yeah probably an ostrich..

Stacey, still frantically walking around.
Reaching the corner of the room, she
throws the Cheetos bags in the bin, picks
up two cards from the wall.

BRAD
(declaring)
I'd wager I am a dashing lion !

Stacey storms out

BRAD
Oh come back we still have to figure what
kind of exotic bird Connor is !

Far in the corridor and without turning
Stacey flips him off. Before shapely
ramming into large doors

- skip

19 INT. WHITE HOUSE. OVAL OFFICE. MID-DAY.

With her team beside her, Stacey is
anxiously looking through the presidential
desk drawers.

BRAD
Koala.

STACEY

What ?

BRAD

Highly specific diet.
Australian. Strangely cute.

STACEY

Don't you have better things to
do than figure out what section
of the zoo you belong to ?

BRAD

I'm a marketer, I have to assess
all angles, be ready for
anything.

CONNOR

(deadbeat tone)

A koala, a lion and an ostrich
illegally enter the oval office..

BRAD

...The ostrich approaches the bar
man and says...

STACEY

HOLY ...SHIT!!

BRAD

Nah Stacey that's not a good
joke. You see...

STACEY

Look at this ! There must have
been 2 pounds of cocaine here
...It's almost empty !

BRAD

(stops smiling livid)

...huhhh..

Brad seems out of breath. He slowly sits on the
presidential couch.

STACEY

How the fuck did he get his
hands on this much in the first
place?

CONNOR

(paternalistic
disappointment)
He of all people...

BRAD
You were right... I can't believe
you were right...

STACEY
What do we even do?

BRAD
(quite very angry)
FFU--

The picture freezes. Brad's scream
suspended on the screen. Staceys is trying
to stop him, eyes wide, worriedly glancing
at the door. A picture of chaos.

AN ELEVATOR DINGS