

LAST STOP

The transfer of power is never smooth--that is, unless one of the parties involved is unaware.

FADE IN:

INT. CAR - DAY

Thunder rolls as sheets of rain spatter on the windows and roof of the limousine. RICHARD KEMP (70s), a broad-shouldered tank of a man in an ill-fitting Armani suit, is squinting at his mobile phone as he rides in the backseat. He mutters a few harsh words under his breath and taps furiously on the screen. His personal adviser, DANIEL (early 30s), sits beside him, watching with a mixture of confusion and wariness.

DANIEL
Everything all right, sir?

RICHARD
Fine, fine. (puts the phone away)
Great! Couldn't be better! When do we get to our stop?

DANIEL
It won't be long now, sir.

EXT. ARENA - DAY

A crowd of people lines the street leading up to the One World Arena. Some are waving American flags even as they struggle with umbrellas and ponchos. All are clapping and cheering. For a brief moment, the sun bursts out from behind the clouds.

INT. CAR - CONTINUES

RICHARD
Great day for a rally. Great day!
Never been a better day.

Daniel gives the president a look that is part apprehension, part relief.

DANIEL
True, sir. Never been a better day.

EXT. ARENA - CONTINUES

The limousine winds up the path and parks at the entrance of the arena. Richard barely waits for the car to stop before he pops out, smiling and waving to the cheering crowd before heading inside. Daniel grabs the large black umbrella beside him before exiting the car himself.

INT. ARENA - DAY

The lobby is packed with more reporters, camera operators, and more spectators, including security guards and uniformed police. Richard shoves his way past the security guards flanking the stairs leading to the stage. Daniel follows closely behind.

Inside the arena itself there is a large podium placed in the middle of the huge stage. Behind the podium, a marching band is blasting patriotic tunes while the assembled crowd streams in to take their seats. Richard approaches the stage with surprising speed. There is already a MAN at the podium preparing to speak, with a WOMAN standing nearby. She is holding a book that appears to be a Bible.

Meanwhile, we see Daniel talking with one of the security guards positioned at the edge of the stage. The guard gestures toward a nearby escalator which leads away from the stage toward the exit. Two men in white coats appear to be watching the proceedings with interest.

Richard greedily heads for the podium, pushing past the man who was already there and addressing the crowd.

RICHARD
How's everybody doing today?

The crowd roars its approval. The marching band abruptly stops their music.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Great day for a rally, wouldn't you say? Great day for America.

The cheers diminish a bit and are somewhat replaced by a combination of confused murmuring and laughter.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Big things are coming, people. Big things. Lowest unemployment in history. Biggest market gains EVER. Big plans to colonize Mars. And act right now, vote for me again, right now, and I PROMISE... I'll think about lowering taxes. A little.

The man who Richard had pushed aside returns to the podium and pulls the microphone away from Richard. He eyes Richard nervously. Daniel also makes his way closer to the podium, opposite the man. The vibe in the crowd changes to outright laughter.

MAN

It's true. Big things happening,
today! Isn't that right?

The crowd roars again. Daniel has reached Richard's side and begins to pull him away from the podium.

DANIEL

Sir, this way. You're needed over
here.

RICHARD

What? I wasn't done talking yet!

DANIEL

I know, sir. But we need you to
come with us. We have...another
stop to get to.

RICHARD

Another campaign stop? Already?

DANIEL

(beat) Um. Yes. Another...campaign
stop. Exactly.

Daniel gives a pointed look to the nearby police officer. The officer closes in on the two of them as the emcee at the podium continues. Daniel pulls the officer aside.

EMCEE (O.S.)

The day you've been waiting for is
finally here. The end of the
madness and lies of the old
administration. A new day starts
today!

DANIEL (TO OFFICER)

I don't get it. It's not like he
hasn't seen the tweets. I'd say
he's in denial, but I think he's
finally lost his marbles
completely.

RICHARD (TO DANIEL)

(confused) What did he say? What
are they talking about?

DANIEL (TO RICHARD)

Nothing, sir. You need to come this
way.

The officer reaches for his handcuffs, but Daniel waves them away with a hard look.

The officer puts the cuffs away and gestures for another officer to join them as they move toward the escalator. The men in white are still watching.

EMCEE

It took time. It took patience. It took persistence. But finally, justice will reign. Today, we will inaugurate our new president, Alexis Youngblood!

The crowd bursts into loud cheers and applause. The band picks up with another rousing march. Richard yells to Daniel over the noise.

RICHARD

WHAT DID HE SAY ABOUT ME?!

DANIEL (PLACATING)

He called you an inspiration, sir.

RICHARD

Who's that hot chick coming up to talk?

DANIEL

Oh her? She's nobody, sir. Look, everybody wants to watch you get on the plane and head off to your next stop. It's waiting for you outside. This way, sir.

Richard puffs up his chest and snatches Daniel's umbrella out of his hand as he strides over to the escalator. He plants his feet on the step and turns around to face the crowd as he ascends. Then men in white turn and follow Richard up the escalator.

RICHARD

Great day! Lots of winning!

As Richard waves to the crowd, the umbrella pops open in his hand. The crowd roars again. Encouraged, Richard waves the umbrella like a flag over his head as he continues his ascent up the escalator.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

U-S-A! U-S-A! U-S-A!

The crowd joins in the chant, though their excitement soon shifts back to the podium as the new president takes her place at the podium and prepares to speak.

CROWD

U-S-A! U-S-A!
YOUNG-BLOOD! YOUNG-BLOOD!

ALEXIS (ADDRESSING CROWD)

Thank you! Thank you so much! It's such an honor to be given this opportunity to serve this great nation. Together, we will undo the damage of the past and move forward to a brighter future.

RICHARD (CATCHING ON, FINALLY)

What the--

The crowd cheers for their new president, ignoring Richard entirely now. There is a popping sound, and confetti rains down over the podium and the people closest to the stage.

Richard, still facing the crowd, reaches the top of the escalator, trips and falls over. The security guards at the top of the escalator catch him and put him in handcuffs as they escort him away.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Well, that's gratitude for you.