

November 3

by

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EXT. DRIVEWAY OF A HOUSE DAY

GRANT is hauling stuff out of the open garage and throwing it into the back of a pickup. Other stuff is piled next to the driveway. Tents, food, sleeping bags -- someone's going camping.

ARTHUR walks up to the driveway, and watches silently for a moment. They glance at each other, and say something without words, but then Grant continues packing.

ARTHUR

Yeah, I know.

GRANT

Did you see the chart? Did you see that? Did you see it?

ARTHUR

Yeah. I got it.

GRANT

Five states, Arthur. Five states with electronic voting, in which the exit polls are completely different from the result. Everywhere else, they match.

ARTHUR

Well, we knew Ohio was coming. Wally made it pretty clear.

GRANT

They did it. They stole the election. An American presidential election.

ARTHUR

Two. Two elections.

GRANT

That's it. They've done it. It's all over. Kerry's just rolled over -- I sent fifty bucks I don't have to that recount fund. I want it back.

ARTHUR

It does kinda feels like the end of the world, huh.

GRANT

We torture people. Our nonelected leadership blows shit up to scare people into fascism. The good guys are all either under extensive surveillance, or they've had an unexpected suicide. Now, millions of fake votes in a presidential election. Hardcore right wing neocons own all the voting equipment, fancy that, and no you can't look at the code and no, you can't do a recount. And pretty soon, they're gonna be everywhere. Democracy two point O. Trust us -- to know what's best -- for you. I mean, what else? That's it.

Another friend, KENNETH, walks up the driveway, stops, and regards Grant and Arthur for a moment.

KENNETH

What a freakout. Building 7, right? And Ohio. Same thing. These absolute clues nobody talks about. Fucking brilliant. Psychotic. What are you, running away?

GRANT

Maybe. Coming?

KENNETH

Hell, yeah. Wife and kids'll understand. You know, dad ran off to Canada right before society crumbled, and some neocon psychos started freaking re-enacting the Third Reich, but, you know, he's okay.

GRANT

I can't even imagine what it's like for you guys. If I had a family, I'd be freaking out.

KENNETH

Oh, I'm feeling it. Since twelve eleven oh-oh, that very last day. I carry this -- feeling. Never goes away.

ARTHUR

It's been really hard. Hard on everybody.

GRANT

This is the Project For A New American Century. This is Leo Strauss heaven. Every pinheaded neocon freak is drinking stolen champagne tonight.

(he makes a knifing motion)

Finally, right to the heart of it all.

They regard each other for a moment.

KENNETH

Got a beer?

GRANT

Yeah. Let's go inside.

As Grant turns, he sees his neighbor KEVIN walking toward his car.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Hey, Kevin? Happy? You frickin' stole an election. End of the fricking country! Yayyy!

KEVIN

I didn't vote for him this time, Grant!

GRANT

I believe you. But Diebold doesn't. Thanks, Kev! Thanks for fricking everything!

Kevin looks away, and continues walking to his car. He gets in and drives away.

ARTHUR

You gotta give the guy a break, man. He changed his mind. He woke up. You know how hard that is?

KENNETH

I used to think nine-eleven truthers were all nuts.

Grant considers this.

GRANT

He started it. He started the whole thing.

ARTHUR

Hmm.

KENNETH

I like Kevin. He's weird.

The three men go inside the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM AFTERNOON

Grant, Arthur, and Kenneth are sitting in Grant's living room, each holding a bottle of Downtown Brown's Pale Ale.

KENNETH

You know, they beat people with nightsticks in the sixties. Firehoses. Shot for registering voters.

(he shakes his head)

Somehow this is worse.

ARTHUR

Bigger. Cleaner.

GRANT

Well, they learned from the sixties. They just took over the news. And the voting.

ARTHUR

Mass data mining every single electronic communication, without anyone ever knowing, no judge, no paper trail, just -- them. That's raw power. That's absolute power.

KENNETH

You got to hand it to Turd Blossom. That man single-handedly conquered the United States Of America. From within. Brilliant. Just so psychotic. Couldn't write this stuff.

GRANT

Case -- James Gannon, Talon News. An online male prostitute posing as a fake journalist spends over a hundred nights at the White House.

(MORE)

GRANT (CONT'D)
 Not one word on the news. That.
 Says everything.

PARK opens the screen door and sticks her head in.

PARKER
 Grant?

GRANT
 Parker! Entre-vous!

Parker steps into the living room.

GRANT (CONT'D)
 Beer in the kitchen?

PARKER
 Oh god, I need one.

She walks past them and into the kitchen. Grant calls out to her.

GRANT
 We were just talking about the
 crumbling vestiges of Liberty.

PARKER
 Yeah, I saw your truck's full of
 camping gear. Going somewhere?

Parker emerges from the kitchen carrying a beer and sits down.

GRANT
 Maybe I'm just -- maybe it's
 cathartic. I'm in catharsis. I'm
 catharticallizing.

PARKER
 Catharticallifragilisticexpialadoci
 ously?

GRANT
 Like death rehearsal or something.

PARKER
 Yeah, well, I know it feels like
 that. I'm having a bad day. But
 I'm not going to give the bastards
 the satisfaction.

ARTHUR
 You saw the chart from the
 Democratic Underground?

PARKER

Yeah, Ohio, Florida, the others.
Perfect crime. Treason, really.
Right out in the open, too. This
is really, really bad. Bad for
everyone. Especially plants and
animals.

EMMET and HILDI knock on the screen door.

GRANT

Please come in and grab a beer,
we're commiserating on certain
terrible national events which have
heretofore ended our Democracy.
Long live the Restored United
States!

Emmet and Hildi enter the living room and wave a little as
Grant, Arthur, Kenneth, and Parker toast each other.

ALL

Long live the Restored United
States!

Emmet and Hildi walk through into the kitchen to get beers.

GRANT

Emmet! Did you see that chart?
With the exit poll differences in
electronic voting states?

Emmet walks in from the kitchen holding a beer. Hildi is
right behind him.

EMMET

I did. Pretty shocking.

HILDI

Grant, you're not leaving, are you?

Grant is silent for a moment.

PARKER

Monday morning, he'll be street-
blogging all the way to work.
(she looks at Grant)
I have faith.

ARTHUR

I was telling him. People have to
go through this shit. Endure.
Together.

EMMET

I'm so pissed off. I mean --

HILDI

I'm thinking, you know, clang --
 (closes an imaginary cell
 door)
 -- and that's just it. This is
 just so bad.

KENNETH

Plus, it's really -- bizarre. This
 stream of disasters. Jets
 descrambled during an attack.
 Shredded tapes. Everything hidden.
 Everything. Fake war. Seymour
 Hersh and the torture videotape.
 With kids. Corporate torture by no-
 bid contract. What.

ARTHUR

We hit some alternate reality, I
 think. This is Jacob's Ladder, and
 pretty soon the tail's gonna come
 out, and the shaking heads, you
 know, in the windows, with no
 faces. I swear, it's just like
 that.

PARKER

Well, it's not over.

EMMET

No, it's not. I'm really pissed
 off.

GRANT

Yeah, well. Detention camp for
 you, then. Zzzzzt.

ARTHUR

One of us is probably a cop.

They stop and look at each other -- it's an inside joke. At
 that very moment, LUCERNE comes through the front door, and
 stands in the living room entryway, looking at Grant.

LUCERNE

You were just going to leave. You
 were going to pack up and leave the
 fucking country and not even tell
 me.

The room becomes deathly silent. Grant looks at Lucerne, then at everyone else, then back to Lucerne --

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR STREET, DAY --

Grant is walking to work. As he passes each available pole, he slaps a small blue and white sticker on each, almost in rhythm. Camera focuses in on one sticker: FIVE MILLION FAKE VOTES.

MUSIC STARTS: EEL'S "OLD SHIT/NEW SHIT". FADE TO CREDITS.