

CAMP DAVID

Written by

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CHYRON: "1978"

EXT. CAMP DAVID - NIGHT

Trees.

Lake.

American Flag.

The camera floats through a serene campground. We see trees, an archery ground, a pool, and arrive at a cabin. A wooden sign above the door reads: ASPEN LODGE.

Through the window, official-looking DIGNITARIES cordially chat. We can't quite make out what they're saying. Between them, a translator anchors the two parties.

After a few moments, the door opens. American and Middle-Eastern men muttering. Behind them, PRESIDENT JIMMY CARTER (50s, Jimmy Carter) remains seated in a rocking chair.

SECRETARY WALTER PHELPS (60s) shakes hands at the door.

WALTER PHELPS

We'll continue this in the morning.  
(Southern accent)  
*Sal-ham All-leckim.*

The translator, ELISE (40s, American of MENA descent) snubs his handshake.

ELISE

(correct pronunciation)  
*As-salamu alaykum.*

WALTER PHELPS

That's what I said.

We stay with translator Elise as she walks through camp.

She passes several other cabins lining a walking path. Marines on patrol pass by. American politicians in casual wear nod. Middle-Eastern politicians avert their gazes.

INT. CAMP DAVID - CEDAR CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Elise enters the cabin using a keycard. She closes the door behind her and flips on the lights, revealing a sprawling foyer. The back of the room leads to a living area.

Taking a step further in the room, she hears a noise. Elise freezes -- A MAN creeps out of the shadows. She SCREAMS.

Reveal that it's just... Walter Phelps.

WALTER PHELPS  
(turning on the charm)  
I'm ready for my Egyptian lessons.

ELISE  
You scared me!

Walter motions Elise to keep it down.

WALTER PHELPS  
Sorry. Came in through the back.  
Can't have anyone see me here after  
that disaster of a meeting.

ELISE  
(flirty)  
Yes. You wouldn't want your  
government to know you're *"sleeping  
with the enemy."*

WALTER PHELPS  
Whoa, hey. You're not the enemy.

Phelps takes a step closer to Elise. She reciprocates.

ELISE  
Of course. *"Don't shoot the  
messenger."* Is that the expression?

WALTER PHELPS  
Yeah, you gotta be real clear who  
you can and can't shoot in this  
country. But, back to my language  
lesson. How do I say *"can I shoot  
my load on your tits"* in Egyptian?

They begin to undress. Banter continues mid-grunts and moans.

ELISE  
Well, that's hard to answer, the  
Egyptians have dozens of regional  
words for "load"...

They hear a NOISE at the front door. Someone else is using  
their own keycard. Walter quick pushes Elise out of view.

A SECURITY GUARD enters the room, surprised to see him.

SECURITY GUARD COLLINS  
 Secretary Phelps. What are you  
 doing in Cedar Cabin? It's off  
 limits.

WALTER PHELPS  
 Officer Collins. I need this room.  
 It's the only one without cameras,  
 after all. Here--  
 (slipping him some cash)  
 Don't spend it all in one place.

Collins scowls, then looks down at the cash: it's a bunch of  
 ones.

SECURITY GUARD COLLINS  
 We have been instructed to give you  
 full access to the Camp.  
 Technically, I have to oblige. But:  
 you're not supposed to be here.

He exits, leaving just Elise and Walter. Walter smiles at  
 Elise, flirty again.

While hiding from view, Elise notices an area of the cabin  
 containing a CONTROL ROOM with MONITORS.

WALTER PHELPS  
 Now, where was I?

ELISE  
 Are these camera feeds? You're  
 spying on both sides to mediate  
 them?! That's diabolical!

She gestures to the monitors and the control board.

WALTER PHELPS  
 It's not just to spy. I'm... What's  
 the technical term for it...  
 (finding the word)  
 A pervert!

We see quick shots of everything the monitors can see:  
 Collins walking away from a wide shot of Cedar Cabin. The  
 meeting room in Aspen Lodge. The pool. The bowling alley. The  
 mess hall. Sadat's room. Menachem Begin's room.

Elise takes a moment, then begrudgingly responds:

ELISE  
 And you say this is the only room  
 without cameras. So we're free to  
 do...anything?

They smile and flirt, leaning on the control panel.

WALTER PHELPS

Let me put it this way. I've been a  
serving member of the security  
council for three different  
administrations. We'll do just  
about anything for peace in the  
Middle East.

ELISE

Okay, good. Because I really need  
to blow off some  
(Arabic)  
*Bukhar.*

WALTER PHELPS

(guessing)  
"Load?"

ELISE

..."Steam."

They start making out again while ANWAR SADAT CHANGES IN HIS  
BEDROOM on the monitor behind them.

But, while they get hot and heavy, Phelps accidentally  
PRESSES A BUTTON on the control panel with his elbow.

DRAMATIC MUSIC CUE -- ONE OF THE SCREENS NOW SWITCHES FROM  
"SECURE" TO "OPEN". But neither of them seem to notice.

He pulls back from Elise.

WALTER PHELPS

Pardon. I need to take a shower. I  
smell like shit and Sadat spits on  
me every time he talks. Just sit  
tight, my little flower. I will be  
back in a jiffy to explore the  
department of your interior.

Walter gets up and leaves for the bathroom. The pipes shake  
as the shower turns on.

Elise leans absentmindedly on the control panel. She looks at  
the monitors.

In her POV, she checks out the feed of the outside of Cedar  
Cabin. She -- and we -- suddenly see a A FIGURE STANDING  
OUTSIDE. After catching her breath, she relaxes -- it's  
Phelps playing a trick on her. Right?

Just then, a weird, muffled noise comes from outside. She looks towards the door -- what was that?

After a beat: another noise.

ELISE  
(small)  
Walter? Does anyone else know we're here?

She opens the door to the bathroom -- Walter's no longer there. She turns off the running shower. There's an open door in the back, though.

A LOUDER NOISE comes from outside.

ELISE (CONT'D)  
(louder this time)  
Walter?

Nothing. Through the window, sounds emanate from the blackness of the forest behind the cabin.

She puts her clothes back on to step outside to investigate.

Before she exits, she looks around the room for something to protect herself with. All she can find is a Camp David letter opener. That will have to do -- she grabs it.

As she turns her back, we see SOMEONE destroy a security camera feed -- it goes out on screen. Then another.

Then they're all out.

#### EXT. CAMP DAVID - DORM - CONTINUOUS

Elise wastes no time making her way back to her cabin. Whatever is going on here, she wants no part of it.

CLANG. Another noise. She's scared.

Stepping off the well-lit path, she turns into the woods for a shortcut. To her surprise, she happens upon light emanating from an open trench-like bunker in the middle of the woods. It's totally isolated from the rest of the camp.

ELISE  
(to herself, in Arabic)  
*Al'ashkhas alwahidun aladhin  
yakhafun min aldawda' hum al'atfal  
walmudhnibuna.*

Her curiosity gets the better of her. Armed with the letter opener, gets closer and closer to the trench, eventually staring into a dark set of stairs leading into a cellar-like abyss. She opts to not explore, turning around to see a DARK FIGURE behind her.

Elise SCREAMS. The scream reverberates in English and Arabic. Fear: the universal language.

The Dark Figure slowly holds up AN AMERICAN FLAG on a flagpole with a gold spear tip. A SHARP spear tip.

ELISE (CONT'D)  
Oh God! Please don't hurt me!

Elise, realizing she brought a letter opener to a flag fight, immediately turns to run away. The Dark Figure gives chase.

Elise sprints, her chest heaving.

She hides behind a bush.

A moment of stillness -- did the Dark Figure miss her?

Then: ELISE IS STABBED WITH THE TIP OF THE FLAG POLE THROUGH THE CHEST.

ELISE (CONT'D)  
(pleading, fading)  
Please... Stop... What about peace!

The Dark Figure drags Elise down into the cellar. The cellar door slams shut.

One more BLOODY SCREAM rings out, like the pealing of a horrible Liberty Bell.

As Elise's screams recede into the night, the camera lands on a sign at the entrance to the campground.

The sign reads:

CAMP DAVID.

SMASH TO OPENING CREDITS.

Over credits, we see B-ROLL of important moments in American history drawing a line from 1978 to 1981. We see:

-Pundits discussing the Camp David Accords.

-RONALD REAGAN announcing his run for President. Also running: GEORGE H.W. BUSH.

- Reagan handily defeating Bush in the primaries. Bush begrudgingly accepting a position as Reagan's VP.
- Pundits discussing Russia's invasion of Afghanistan.
- A profile on George H.W. Bush and his large family. His sons GEORGE W., JEB, NEIL, and MARVIN join him on the campaign trail. Everyone, particularly George W., is ALL SMILES.
- Reagan and Bush defeat Jimmy Carter in a landslide.
- Pundits discussing McDonald's introducing the Happy Meal.
- President Reagan surviving an assassination attempt.
- Footage of Reagan recovering from the gun shot and riding a horse at Camp David.
- An aide at Camp David holding REDACTED DOCUMENTS.
- George W. Bush is being interviewed about his past, including his failed run for Texas congress and his DUI. His smile is still sunny, but does it begin to falter?

CHYRON: "1981."

INT. EXTREME CLOSE-UP

A blank white screen is suddenly SPLATTERED WITH BLOOD.

Or is it?

INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE - ART ROOM - DAY

No. It's red paint. GEORGE (35, an amiable-looking jock hiding behind a messy depression beard, you could get a beer with him, or two, or seven) is painting in his sunny art room. Compared to the plucky man we just saw in the B-roll, this George is incredibly downtrodden.

He's painting a picture of a dog in a cowboy hat. He dips his paintbrush in red paint, trying to accent the dog's hat, but he can't seem to control his brush. With a pained look on his face, he tries to aim the brush, but can't, splattering more red paint across the painting. A portrait of his father George H.W. Bush STARES at him from the wall.

He gives up, frustrated with himself, and takes a long swig from a can of beer.



INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE - ART ROOM - LATER

George is still trying to finish his painting, but he's now way drunker and way worse at aiming the brush. There are dozens of empty beer cans by his feet. He takes one more stab with the brush but misses the target by a whole foot.

GEORGE

Fuck!

George puts his hand on the painting and starts speaking right to the dog.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry to let you down, little buddy. I just haven't been myself lately. You deserve the hat of your dreams. And I'm just so sorry I couldn't give that to you.

(welling up)

Hats are hard to draw...

LAURA BUSH (30s, frigid but always with a smile) walks up behind George and puts her hand on his shoulder.

LAURA

How are you doing, honey?

George catches himself so his wife doesn't see him cry.

GEORGE

Oh. I'm okay. Working on finding a hobby to keep me busy, like you said.

(then)

Honestly, I think it's good I lost my election! Think of how much a job would eat into my painting time.

LAURA

Well, sugar, I know you'll find your passion and finish your picture of a sick elephant soon.

GEORGE

(disappointed)

It's a dog.

LAURA

It sure is. But you'll figure it out.

Laura picks up his beers and tosses them in the waste bin.

LAURA (CONT'D)

And you might want to clean  
yourself up, George. I think you  
have a visitor.

George gets up to look out the window. We see a diplomatic  
state car pull up. This is serious.

GEORGE

Fuck. A motorcade. Do you think  
it's my Dad?  
(to Laura)  
I can't do this right now. Can you  
tell him I'm not here? Please.

LAURA

George, do you really want me to  
lie to the Vice President? Maybe  
it's time you two bury the hatchet.

George scowls like a petulant child.

EXT. GEORGE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

A black Lincoln idles in front of George and Laura's modest  
Texan ranch home. George, dragging his feet, walks out to  
greet the diplomatic car.

GEORGE

You coulda just called, Poppy.

The backseat door opens to reveal the lanky silhouette of his  
father, GEORGE H.W. BUSH. He steps out of the car into the  
sun.

Except, it's not his actual face. It's a RUBBER George H.W.  
Bush mask. And right after pops out a man in a RONALD REAGAN  
mask.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

...Mister President?

RONALD REAGAN

George Walker Bush, I want you...  
to suck my dick.

Ronald Reagan gleefully RIPS OFF HIS MASK, revealing George's  
brother MARVIN (25, blank-faced, dim, always cheery).

George laughs, relieved, and gives his brother a hug.

GEORGE

("It's so great to see  
you!")

You piece of shit, Marvin, come  
here!

MARVIN

You should have seen your face when  
you thought I was the president!

GEORGE

Naw, Marv, I knew it was you from  
your distinctive musk.

(sniffing)

You drink a few on way over?

MARVIN

Yeah, I find that drinking helps  
cut down on the stress of driving  
long distances.

GEORGE

That's my brother alright! Come  
here, you sonofabitch.

He gives Marvin a hug. LOUD RING. "H.W." gets a call from a  
BIG 1980S CELL PHONE in his pocket. He picks it up.

"H.W."

(on the phone,  
progressively more angry)

I told the Board to only bother me  
if it was an emergency... No, an  
oil spill is not a fucking  
emergency! You pumped oil *from* the  
ocean and it got back into the  
ocean?! What's the big fucking  
deal?!

GEORGE

Ah. You brought Neil, too!

"H.W." yanks off his mask to reveal their other brother NEIL  
(26, slick, obsessed with money, dresses well, works in oil,  
mercenary, sociopath, ideologically bankrupt. Patrick Bateman  
in a pathetic way.)

NEIL

Guilty as charged!

(quickly covering)

I mean, not guilty. All the charges  
were dropped. We settled out of  
court.

Neil hugs George.

GEORGE

My man! That must mean that you  
also brought--

Last but not least, a third brother in a JIMMY CARTER mask  
trips out of the car.

JIMMY CARTER

Hello my--

Without another word he PROJECTILE VOMITS in the mask. Liquid  
hurl spews out of the mouth and eye holes.

NEIL

What the fuck, Jeb!

MARVIN

Dude, ew!

JEB (28, super nerd, super try-hard, obsessed with becoming  
president, never done drugs, butt of every joke) yanks off  
his mask and his face is soaked in puke.

JEB

--Sorry guys, I'm carsick. I was  
trying to read *Profiles in Courage*  
in the back seat.

(quickly)

Do not tell me the twist! I'm only  
on page forty!

GEORGE

What are you guys doing here in  
Texas?

NEIL

(imitating)

What are you guys doing here in  
Texas?

GEORGE

Shut up.

JEB/MARVIN/NEIL

(imitating George)

Shut up.

George grabs Marvin and Neil and starts punching them in the  
shoulder as Jeb steadies himself. The FOUR BUSH BROTHERS are  
already reverting back into their old immature selves.

LAURA (O.S.)

Are those the Bush Brothers,  
reunited at last? Why don't you  
come on in? I'm making Texas Toast!

JEB/MARVIN/NEIL  
(under their breath)  
I'm makin' Texas Toooooast.

George slaps Jeb in the face.

INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

George and his brothers sit in the living room. Laura serves them snacks and lemonade.

JEB  
First off, we want to say sorry  
that we haven't come to visit yet  
this year. We've been really busy.

NEIL  
I'm not exactly a human emotion  
expert, but I do know what someone  
who looks like shit looks like.  
(beat)  
Like shit. So: we thought it could  
be really fun to do something to  
cheer you up.

MARVIN  
(sincere)  
Yeah, George. We love you. And I  
don't even care if it's gay to love  
a man even if it's your brother.

GEORGE  
I'm not depressed! I just couldn't  
even win a position in the 19th  
congressional district of Texas.  
(hanging his head)  
Nineteenth. That means there are  
eighteen districts better than that  
district. I think.

George cracks another beer. Maybe he is depressed.

MARVIN  
Ever since you lost your election,  
it feels like we lost our bro. And  
you were always the fun one. The  
smart one. The leader, dude.

NEIL  
So we all got to talking and we had  
an idea. What if we surprised  
George for the Fourth of July?

MARVIN  
(explaining)  
You're George!

NEIL  
Dad's going to pick one of us to be  
Chief Advisor to the Vice President  
soon. Can't be all of us.  
Definitely not gonna you. And once  
someone wins, this group is gonna  
splinter. Could be nice to have one  
last ride as the Bush Boys.

JEB  
Plus, we wanted to celebrate the  
Fourth in a way that was respectful  
of the grand and baroque legacy of  
the United States of America--

NEIL  
Respect this baroque legacy!

Neil FLICKS JEB IN THE NUTS. Jeb FLINCHES.

MARVIN  
We thought, to pull you out of your  
funk, what if we all partied  
together for the Fourth?

GEORGE  
So what, you want me to get on a  
plane to Kennebunkport and spend my  
Fourth of July weekend with you? I  
just don't know--

Laura steps in to join them. She's been listening.

LAURA  
Not to be an Eavesdropping Evelyn,  
but you should go. A weekend with  
your brothers could be good for  
you. You really haven't seemed  
quite right lately.  
(to the boys)  
Yesterday, I saw him give a dollar  
to a homeless person!

All the brothers start LAUGHING HYSTERICALLY.

NEIL  
Seriously, though. Listen to Laura.  
She has women's intuition.

George thinks this over.

GEORGE  
Well. It's just a weekend.  
(then)  
Where did you say we're going?

Off his brothers' smiles, we SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPLANE HANGAR - TEXAS - DAY

The Bushes climb aboard a private plane. George is BLINDFOLDED.

EXT. AIRPLANE HANGAR - EAST COAST - DAY

The guys exit the plane. There is a green helicopter idling with an official UNITED STATES OF AMERICA insignia.

EXT. HELICOPTER FLYING ABOVE VIRGINIA WOODS - LATER

The helicopter descends on what looks from above to be a spiraling network of wooden buildings, surrounded by a vast sea of trees in every direction.

It's a summer camp.

EXT. CAMP DAVID - HELICOPTER LANDING FIELD - DAY

The helicopter lands in the field. A Marine officer in uniform walks towards the helipad to greet them.

The helicopter doors open.

Jeb, Marvin, and Neil exchange arrogant smiles. George tears the blindfold off and returns a look of bewilderment.

JEB  
George, welcome to Camp David.

GEORGE  
What the fuck?! Camp David?!

MARVIN  
No big deal, just the president's  
private fucking summer camp.

The Bush Brothers excitedly exit the helicopter. George doesn't exit, still buckled into his seat.

GEORGE

Are you insane? I'm--we're not  
supposed to be here.

JEB

Actually, Dad set this up for us.  
He agreed we should have one last  
brotherly weekend together before  
one of us was professionally deemed  
his favorite. I was the one who  
insisted you come along. And I just  
want you to know, even after I get  
it, I'll always remember to invite  
you to stuff.

GEORGE

(sarcastic)

Wow. I'm so honored to have been  
invited. It's every little boy's  
dream to be an afterthought.

(then, angry)

Seriously, though. We're going to  
Maine, right? This is a prank.

OFFICER COLLINS (O.S.)

Gentlemen, good morning.

COMMANDING OFFICER COLLINS (60s), a distinguished uniformed  
Marine, interrupts to blithely welcome the new guests. This  
is the SAME MAN we saw guarding Cedar Cabin in the cold open.

OFFICER COLLINS (CONT'D)

I'm Commanding Officer Collins. I'd  
like to show you around the Camp  
David facility.

NEIL

We'd love that. Right, George?

Neil smugly smiles at George. George scowls, but gets out.

EXT. CAMP DAVID - ROAD BETWEEN CABINS - DAY

George scowls in the back of the golf cart as the group  
traverses the sprawling grounds of Camp David.

OFFICER COLLINS

This facility was originally a  
military training ground until FDR  
converted it to a Presidential  
retreat in 1938. The name "Camp  
David" actually came from--



JEB  
President Eisenhower, in '53! His  
father and grandson were both named  
David, fun fact.

OFFICER COLLINS  
Yes, that is the thing I was going  
to say next. May I continue?

JEB  
Sorry, big fan is all. Go ahead.

As they drive around, we see quick pops of the golf cart  
showing them all Camp David has to offer: Bowling, Archery,  
Eating at the mess hall, Playing catch, Skeet shooting...

OFFICER COLLINS  
Yes, Camp David hosts many powerful  
dignitaries and summits, but it's  
also a haven for presidential  
recreation.

The golf cart stops by Hickory Lodge, a multi-purpose  
recreational building at the center of camp.

OFFICER COLLINS (CONT'D)  
At ease, Gentlemen. These are Vice  
President Bush's sons.

A dozen armed Marines salute the Bush Boys.

NEIL  
Hello, boys. Amazing job you're  
doing. Barely any wars these days!

All of a sudden, a CREEPY MARINE pops up RIGHT BEHIND  
George's head. JUMP SCARE! George STARTLES.

CREEPY MARINE  
(hissing)  
You're not supposed to be here.

George has a look of terror on his face. His heart is racing.

GEORGE  
(small)  
Excuse me?

## CREEPY MARINE

You're not supposed to be here.  
Presidents, World Leaders -- only a  
select few have ever had the honor  
of traversing these venerated  
grounds. Civilians have no business  
in Camp David.

## OFFICER COLLINS

That's enough, Murphy. They're here  
as guests of the Vice President and  
you will show them the respect you  
would their father.

(to the boys)

Sorry about that. It's an  
incredibly high honor to be  
stationed here. Some let that honor  
go to their heads.

The golf cart continues. As they drive off, Neil shouts:

## NEIL

Keep talking like that and you'll  
be stationed at the Baskin-Robbins  
at Guantanamo Bay, asshole.

## JEB

Is it really necessary for there to  
be this many Marines here?

## OFFICER COLLINS

Camp David is an incredibly secure  
facility. An airplane can't fly  
overhead without getting shot down.

The golf cart pulls up to Cedar Cabin, the Commanding  
Officer's facility.

## OFFICER COLLINS (CONT'D)

It's all run from right here, the  
Command Center, which serves as  
both my office and living quarters.  
I've been stationed here most of my  
career, and I've seen everything  
under the sun. I see to it  
personally that nothing happens  
here of which I am not aware.

## MARVIN

(knowing smile)

I get what you're saying. You have  
cameras in the girls' showers.

OFFICER COLLINS

(cagey)

No. Of course not. There are no cameras here. Privacy and discretion is paramount.

JEB

In that case, you're probably not going to show us the secret bunker, right?

(smug, to the others)

There's a secret bunker under Camp David.

NEIL

Sorry to be that guy, but if you don't show us that secret bunker that I just found out about ten seconds ago, I'm going to kill myself.

Collins, ignoring Marvin, drops the Bush Boys off at the cabins.

OFFICER COLLINS

And that concludes our tour. Your cabins are here: Elm, Dogwood, and Birch.

GEORGE

Wonderful. And please don't take this as an indictment of the quality of the tour, but: I'd like the helicopter to take me home.

OFFICER COLLINS

That's not possible. It's already in the air. It'll be back on Sunday morning.

Officer Collins points to the helicopter taking off from on the other side of camp and flying out of sight.

The Bush boys sans George WHOOP.

NEIL

Let's go see what fuckin' Camp David has to offer.

The boys smile excitedly as George pouts. We specifically clock Marvin TOSSING THE REAGAN MASK aside.

The mask lands on the ground next to a GRATE IN THE ROAD.

We see TWO EYES MAKE EYE CONTACT WITH THE MASK and we hear HEAVY BREATHING. The boys don't notice and walk off...

EXT. CAMP DAVID - ACTIVITY MONTAGE

We see quick pops of the Bushes participating in all Camp David has to offer:

-Bowling

-Archery

-Eating at the mess hall

-Golfing

-Skeet shooting

In each scene, George is having systematically less and less fun as he drinks systematically more and more. The boys notice, and become slightly worried.

We also see a pop of a few Marines (including the creepy Murphy) in the background, looking at the Bush Boys disapprovingly. They glare at them, eyes full of distaste.

George makes eye contact with Murphy, shivers, brushes it off.

Back to scene, during skeet shooting.

EXT. CAMP DAVID - SKEET SHOOTING - MOMENTS LATER DAY

Yacht Rock plays as boys all shoot skeet.

MARVIN

This is nice!

JEB

Nice?! This is more than nice. This is where Lyndon B. Johnson hosted both Australian prime minister Harold Holt and Canadian prime minister Lester B. Pearson! That's like the '71 Milwaukee Bucks of heads of state of former British colonies!

George cannot aim for the life of him. He's clearly off his game. He starts getting more and more frustrated.

GEORGE

Fuck!

MARVIN

(sincere)

Hey, I don't want to sound like a homo, but: you feeling any better?

NEIL

You want me to see if they have real pigeons instead of clay ones? Always cheers me up to watch the life go out of the eyes of a living thing.

George's eyes go to a far-off sad place. He keeps trying to shoot skeet and missing wildly.

INT. ASPEN LODGE LIVING ROOM - LATER

The cabin features a grand cottage sitting area with a fireplace, mini-bar, library and a mix of summer camp decor interspersed framed photos of Presidents and patriotic art.

Everyone's having a blast...everyone but George. He slumps down on a couch staring at the ceiling.

George drinks an Old Fashioned and keeps trying to stick his toothpick in the cherry, but can't aim. He grumbles to himself.

GEORGE

(to himself)

Fuckin' cherry... Keeps moving...

Marvin throws books onto the ground from the book case.

JEB

Would you show some respect please?

MARVIN

There's no secret bunker behind these books. And the books are heavy. There must be so many facts in there.

NEIL

Eh, keep looking.

(then)

George, dude. You're bumming me out. Can you just try to have some fun?

GEORGE

I thought we were going to go somewhere to forget about this politics shit entirely. Like, I don't know, a strip club? Just a nice, easy time out getting a boner next to my three brothers?

NEIL

Don't you get it? No one gets to come here except the most important people in the world. That includes you, whether you like it or not. Dad being Vice President means we earned being here. You act all high and mighty, then ask us to feel sorry for you because "you weren't invited" to work for dad, but you could have at least asked.

GEORGE

I know. I did ask. He said no.

NEIL

What?

GEORGE

When I ran for congress in Texas, Poppy endorsed me. And you know what happened? I got fucking destroyed. I embarrassed him. They called me immature. They said *I wasn't a real Texan*.

JEB

You're from Connecticut. Go on.

GEORGE

So when Poppy decided to make a go at the White House, I wanted to make it up to him. He said no, stay home, and guess what? He was right. He's Vice President because I stayed home. Maybe he coulda been President if I never existed. He sure as hell isn't going to ever ask me to work for him again.

JEB

I didn't know, George. You're being way too hard on yourself. So what if you're not Dad's favorite and you're not going to be his Chief Advisor like I am?

NEIL

Shut up, Jeb. If it's gonna be anyone, it's gonna be me.

MARVIN

I'm the youngest brother, shouldn't it be me in case you guys die of old age?

George interrupts the bickering and gets wistful.

GEORGE

I didn't mean to take this shit out on you guys. The one thing I miss more than anything is what it was like before all this. When we were a bunch of dick heads in the suburbs drinking beers on the beach all summer. This is just about the exact opposite of that and it makes me kinda fucking sad, to be honest.

Marvin has a LIGHT BULB moment.

MARVIN

Whoa. You're right. This is a Pity Party. The Bush Bashes were fucking legendary.

(epiphany)

Wait. What if we did a Bush Bash here at Camp David?!

GEORGE

What do you mean?

MARVIN

Every girl in the world is looking for a July Fourth party this weekend. Easy. I'll put a call in to my frat at UVA. This is what I do, baby. I can get a party bus full of babes here in two hours.

NEIL

That's a lot of babes. Interesting.

JEB

Guys. We are not having a party at Camp David. We're guests. If Dad finds out we had a mixer without permission, we will never be allowed back.

NEIL

Jeb, shut the fuck up. Can't you see that George needs this?

MARVIN

You don't want George to take his titty-medicine?

JEB

George is married!  
(beat, then)  
We're all married!

NEIL

Who cares! This is life-saving medicine!

George's face lights up -- this really does sound fun to him.

GEORGE

I'm in.

INT. CAMP DAVID - ASPEN LODGE - THAT NIGHT

Later that night, everyone is in planning-mode. Marvin works the phones, Neil brings in cases of booze from all over Camp David and George practices making cocktails.

MARVIN

(on the phone)

Dougie. It's Pussy Destroyer. How's your family, good? Anyway, I'm throwing the Fourth of July party. I need you to activate the Delta Phi network. University of Virginia. Georgetown, Penn, Yale, Harvard. I need party buses: full. Titties: big. Doritos: cheese-flavored. Party of the fucking century at Camp David.

JEB

Guys, you know how important I think it is to reach across the aisle and find a compromise. How about this: instead of having a party, we have a brotherly chess tournament.

George, Neil, and Marvin "lightheartedly" slap Jeb around for being a baby.



JEB (CONT'D)  
 (in between slaps)  
 Stop! Stop! That hurts! My skin is  
 really sensitive because I was star-  
 gazing the other night and got a  
 moon-burn!

George laughs a GENUINE LAUGH. The old George they knew and  
 loved starts to peer out from behind the depressed veneer.

NEIL  
 Listen to that! That's the old  
George!

INT. CAMP DAVID - BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

George is sleeping. He stirs as the gorgeous early morning  
 light breaks through the slats on the windows. Outside,  
 someone plays Reville on a trumpet VERY badly. Then, we hear  
 Marvin yell from outside.

MARVIN (O.S.)  
 Happy motherfuckin' Fourth of July!

NEIL (O.S.)  
 Time to get our foreskins wet!

George wakes up and smiles.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL BUS - SIMULTANEOUS

A bus FILLED with COLLEGE STUDENTS is on its way to Camp  
 David. It's a very rowdy, eager bunch of meatheads and  
 cheerleader types. They all CHEER and drink beer!

EXT. CAMP DAVID - CEDAR CABIN - MORNING

The boys huddle behind Cedar Cabin.

GEORGE  
 (sotto)  
 First thing: we need to get the  
 buses in. I'll distract the  
 commanding officer. You figure out  
 the front gate.

Office Collins steps out of Cedar, his personal cabin. As he  
 exits, George runs up to him to DISTRACT HIM.

George surreptitiously wedges a beer can into the front door of the cabin to keep it open, then puts his arm around Collins to lead him away.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Heya, Mr. Collins! You and the guards getting up to anything crazy today?

OFFICER COLLINS

Today is just like any other day.

GEORGE

Come on. It's Fourth of July! Speaking of, where do you keep the hot dogs?

As George distracts Collins, Neil, Jeb, and Marvin SNEAK BEHIND them into the open door to Cedar Cabin.

INT. CAMP DAVID - SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jeb, Neil, and Marvin are now in the security room in the back of Cedar Cabin, the SAME ROOM WE SAW IN THE COLD OPEN. They spot the security camera monitors.

NEIL

Hey, there are cameras. That guy Collins is a fuckin' liar.

MARVIN

(sincerely aghast)

The U.S. government is lying to us?!

NEIL

Okay, whatever. Jeb, which button controls the front gates? If you don't open them I'm going to tell everyone that you clogged all the toilets in Camp David.

JEB

I didn't! I barely ever go number two and when I do, it's like spaghetti, there's something wrong!

Off Jeb's silence, Neil SMACKS him.

JEB (CONT'D)

Ugh. Okay, based on what I know about Camp David security, which granted, I've only read a couple dozen books about, it all runs through a computer terminal with operational access.

Marvin starts clicking through a computer on a desk.

MARVIN

Found it!

(reading)

Okay. Directory, Security, Energy, Climate, Communications.

(then)

Yeah, I'm going to click some random buttons!

Angle on Marvin clicking around. He eventually clicks through to a massive directory of individual options with every entry point labeled.

He clicks around and opens a random door somewhere at camp.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

Was that it?

NEIL

No.

Marvin clicks to Security and finds an option labeled: SECURITY OVERRIDE. Marvin selects it and the entire list of gates switches from SECURE to OPEN, SAME AS IN THE COLD OPEN.

This is it, the master security override! We hear the GRINDING of tons of doors all simultaneously opening, including the door to the security room that Marvin is in.

NEIL (CONT'D)

Nailed it, boys! Good job, Jeb!

Neil smacks Jeb, HARD.

JEB

Ow! Why did you hit me if I helped?!

NEIL

That was a "thank you" smack. They're different. Idiot.

EXT. CAMP DAVID - FRONT GATE - SIMULTANEOUS

BIG CLICK. The front gate to Camp David UNLOCKS.

EXT. CAMP DAVID - STORAGE HALLWAY - SIMULTANEOUS

We're in a storage hallway. CLICK. A bunch of doors UNLOCK.

INT. CAMP DAVID - MYSTERIOUS ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

BANG. We cut to an ELECTRONIC DOOR sliding open somewhere dark and ominous. Clearly the button Marvin pressed does more than just open the back doors -- it looks like it may have opened everything...

...And is that breathing we hear?...

A FIGURE steps out of the shadows, BACKLIT so we can't see any defining features.

The Figure continues forward. Breathing heavily.

In the Figure's POV, he steps out of the shadows completely into the bright sun. In the distance, a small group of MARINES are running drills and scrubbing up the barbecues to prepare for the holidays.

Our Figure considers what to do now that he is out in the open. He decides... to walk towards them.

EXT. CAMP DAVID - FRONT GATE - BACK TO SCENE

Officer Collins and George are still standing where they were when Jeb, Marvin, and Neil snuck off.

GEORGE

I wanted to go to Vietnam, I really did, but they honorably discharged me. You shoulda seen me, I had honorable discharge coming out of every hole--

As Officer Collins nods vacantly, all gates in view START TO OPEN. Then, he turns to George, irate.

OFFICER COLLINS

What the fuck did you just do?!

He radios in to the other guards.

OFFICER COLLINS (CONT'D)

Not again.

(into the radio)

We've got ourselves a Code Red--

EXT. CAMP DAVID - CLEARING - SIMULTANEOUS

Back to the clearing with Marines at the barbecues. As some Marines run drills, a few Marines are cleaning the grills to prepare for the Fourth festivities, clearly unaware of the alarm bells going off. The grills are HOT and steam when they throw water on the grates. One Marine cleans and chats with another.

BBQ MARINE

--Yeah, of course I could beat  
Chris Evert at tennis, I don't play  
but I probably want it more than  
her--

He gets the call from Collins from his radio.

OFFICER COLLINS

(through the radio)

We've got ourselves a Code Red.  
Everyone, check in immediately.

BBQ MARINE

(into his radio)

Looks fine on our end. We spotted a  
civilian vehicle approaching the  
south road but we'll make sure--

The BBQ Marine hears a noise, leaves crunching. He turns around to investigate. No one is there.

BBQ MARINE (CONT'D)

Hello?

He scans the horizon, not realizing that the person he's looking for is standing behind him.

The Marine's feet are swept out from under him and his head slams the side of the BBQ -- HARD. As he tries to staunch the bleeding from his nose and mouth, the Someone opens the grill and SLAMS HIS HEAD DOWN ON THE HOT GRATE.

THE MARINE IS BARBECUED. GRILL MARKS AND ALL.

The other Marines try to neutralize the threat to no avail. The Someone BRUTALIZES THEM ALL BY HAND, ONE BY ONE, and grills a few more for extra measure.

As the dead Marines pile up, the BBQ Marine's radio lies in the grass, covered in blood.

OFFICER COLLINS  
(through the radio)  
Mueller, do you copy?... Do you  
copy?!

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. CAMP DAVID - FRONT GATE - SECONDS LATER

Collins' eyes go wide when he realize Mueller isn't responding. He gets the attention of the Marines around him.

OFFICER COLLINS  
We've got a Code Red.

OFFICER MURPHY  
What about the bus?

Murphy and another Camp David security Marine run by.

OFFICER COLLINS  
All units mobilize immediately to  
the Hen's Nest. Now.

GEORGE  
Huh, where's the party?

Marvin, Neil and Jeb step out of Cedar Cabin, Officer Collins sees them. Officer Collins puts his hand on his holster.

OFFICER COLLINS  
(running by)  
Hurry! Rendezvous in Orange One!

OFFICER MURPHY  
(to George)  
What. Have. You. Done.

Collins follows the guard they both book it. George looks troubled, but shrugs. The party is just getting started.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - SIMULTANEOUS

Back to the caravan of school buses. We see them drive past a sign for "Frederick County, Maryland, Home of Camp David".

Music blares and rowdy college students cheer.

EXT. CAMP DAVID - FRONT ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Marvin, Neil, and Jeb have all caught back up with George. They stand before the access road that is now wide open to highway. Two yellow school buses drive through the gates.

GEORGE

Really good going, Bushes.

MARVIN

I knew you'd get the bug to be the leader again.

The buses have now pulled in to the front entrance. George directs them to follow him. The students on the bus cheer.

GEORGE

I think that guy Collins must really like me. He's just letting us have the place to ourselves, huh?

HARD CUT TO:

INT. CAMP DAVID - MYSTERIOUS HALLWAY - SIMULTANEOUS

BACK IN THE POV of our Someone. He hides in the shadows as DOZENS OF CAMP DAVID MARINES flood the tunnel, lead by Murphy from the previous scene. They have their guns up, frantically looking for a target.

OFFICER MURPHY

Come out, you son of a bitch. You killed six of my men. Fuck our orders, we shoot to kill.

They nod and keep their guns high.

But they're no match for...SOMEONE.

Through our Someone's eyes, we see his hands GRAB MURPHY'S HEAD and RIP IT APART.

The Marines' SCREAMS ECHO OFF THE TUNNEL--

EXT. CAMP DAVID - FRONT ENTRANCE - BACK TO SCENE

The guests hop off the bus. They are gorgeous and sexy young women and men of all different backgrounds, wearing Fourth of July fits.

Marvin greets everyone one at a time.

MARVIN

Where my University of Virginia girls at. Harvard, that's what's up. UPenn, looking good. Yale, yo yo.

Jeb frantically hands out PAPERS to everyone who arrives.

JEB

Everyone, please sign your NDAs before taking any further party measures!

George and Neil start assigning the women number ratings as they climb out of the bus.

GEORGE

8... 8... 9 if she'd take off her glasses... 7.34-repeating... Ew, 3...

(realizing who the "3" is)  
Oh god: Doro?!

DORO

(devilish)  
And you idiots thought you could sneak a Bush Bash by me.

Reveal this woman is DORO, the Bush SISTER. She's 19, boisterous, ungraceful, terrible posture.

DORO (CONT'D)

I have women's intuition. I know when my brothers are trying to bullshit me.

MARVIN

Doro. What the fuck? I specifically told you, you weren't invited.

GEORGE

Hey, Dorothy. We weren't trying to exclude you. This was sort of a last-minute thing.

DORO

That's always what you say. You're never trying to exclude the one girl, it just so happens I'm not allowed to hang with the Bush Boys when you're seeing who can get their dick closest to the beehive.



NEIL

That time was funny. Of course I won, the bees could sense they were in the presence of an alpha.

DORO

Luckily for you guys, I have decided to help out of the goodness of my heart. I heard that every hot college girl on the East Coast was invited to a super secret party at an unspecified president camp, and I was like, oh duh, my dick brothers are having a party... so I made sure I was on the Boston bus.

MARVIN

But like, who told you about this? You don't have any friends.

DORO

(indignant)

I do! I made a friend recently! And this is a perfect place to make more! Also, The Vice President is my dad, too. So that means this is just as much my party. I'm going to change into a bikini and have fun. And who knows, might even take someone's virginity.

NEIL

(stern)

If I see even a sliver of areola, you are out of here.

DORO

You have my Bush promise.

Doro lets out a whoop and joins the partiers. The boys are not thrilled she crashed their party.

EXT. CAMP DAVID - POOL - LATE AFTERNOON

A crowd of around 30-40 college students crack beers and mingle around the Aspen Lodge pool. Jeb hands out PAPERS to the other Bushes.

JEB

I drew up an agenda for our mixer so we stay on track.

(MORE)

JEB (CONT'D)

We'll have amuse bouche for an hour, followed by horseplay, then digestifs followed by trash sweep.

A tipsy George climbs up onto the roof of Aspen Lodge to address his new guests. There goes Jeb's agenda.

GEORGE

Ladies and Gentlemen. I'd like to welcome you to the most exclusive party you've ever been to.

Woohoo's from the crowd.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I'm told that this place, this "Shangri-La" as they called it, was founded as a retreat for the great leaders of this country. For the elite. Fuck that.

He's winning them over. Jeb shakes his head and walks inside. George starts rambling.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Why shouldn't Camp David be open to the people? I wasn't supposed to be here, either. No. Because I'm a loser! I ran for office to do my Daddy proud. But then I lost. Sometimes you win, sometimes you lose. My Dad won. I lost.

The crowd boos.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

He also said I drink too much. Can you believe that?

The crowd boos even louder.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

But hey, now he's Vice President! That means whenever he feels like it he gets to come here and golf, swim in this pool, read dusty books. Not my idea of a party. When I was younger, my brothers and I used to have these parties and they were a little much. I think we ought to have one of those parties one last time, before one of us has to work in our Dad's stuffy office.

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

For those who have never been, we  
call it a "Bush Bash." And there  
are three ingredients needed for a  
Bush Bash: Busch, bush and bush.  
Let me say it again. Busch...

Marvin throws George a can of Busch beer. George holds it up.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Bush.

George pulls out a bag of weed, and takes a joint out of the  
bag. He puts it in his mouth.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

And bush. She knows what I'm  
talking about.

George gestures towards a girl with a visible mound of public  
hair sticking out of her bikini.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

(starting a chant)

Busch, bush, bush... Busch, bush,  
bush... Busch, bush, bush.

The crowd begins to cheer back.

CROWD

Busch! Bush, bush!

The crowd goes nuts. The Bush Bash is back, baby! The Bushes  
and the partiers have all gotten wild. George jumps into the  
pool from the roof, and everyone follows.

GEORGE

(surfacing)

Marvin, play something good!

INT. CAMP DAVID - SECURITY ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

We see a quick pop: in the security room, Marvin has wheeled  
a record player into the emergency loudspeaker system to play  
80s party music.

EXT. CAMP DAVID - POOL - BACK TO SCENE

The college students waste no time in turning Camp David into  
Animal House. Topless girls in the pool. Music blaring.  
Graffiti on the wall. All the hot college boys and girls are  
now around a campfire with the Bushes, and things are getting  
lit. Everyone is drinking and partying like crazy.

MARVIN

(deep in thought)

Yeah, I mean, I definitely think she's hotter than some women I've been with, but she's only ten. Do gorillas have the seem age laws as humans? Whatever, yes, sure, I'd fuck Koko the gorilla.

Angle on Neil, who is showing everyone how long he can put his hand in the fire. His face is extremely placid. The people around him look horrified. A girl nervously times him.

GIRL WITH WATCH

Time.

Neil pulls his hand out and puts water on it. He smiles, never breaking a sweat.

NEIL

See? Forty seconds. My heart rate never gets above 70 beats per minute. I can barely feel pain. *Physical* pain, that is.

GIRL WITH WATCH

Can you feel emotional pain?

NEIL

Good question, also no. Pay up.

The bystanders nervously place money in his outstretched burnt hand, which is red and trembles.

WE HARD CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP DAVID - POV SHOT

Far off in the distance, in the dark.

We see the party through the eyes of SOMEONE in the woods.

Someone is watching them.

INT. CAMP DAVID - ASPEN LODGE - SIMULTANEOUS

Back in the Aspen Lodge, Jeb is having the WORST time ever. He's gluing broken things back together. He's so upset. This is his dream location, and no one is treating Camp David with respect. He starts talking to someone fully passed out on the couch.

JEB

No one has any respect. It is a privilege to be here. There is more history in this one room than any of these philistines can possibly comprehend.

He sees a couple of PARTIERS playing keep away with a beautiful vase. He shouts at them.

JEB (CONT'D)

Stop it! What if I wanted my remains to go in that vase! You ever think about that?

He's miserable.

As he begins to put books back on the shelf, we linger on a DOSSIER THAT WAS PREVIOUSLY WEDGED BEHIND A STACK OF BOOKS.

EXT. CAMP DAVID - POOL - A LITTLE LATER

The sky is a little darker, everyone is a little drunker. A beer pong table is set up next to the pool and the campfire. Doro is playing Beer Pong against Neil, with hot girls and guys flanking them both and cheering them on.

George watches from the side as he sips his beer. Marvin puts a hand on his back.

MARVIN

It's been so long since we got to do this kind of thing. It's great to have the old George back.

GEORGE

Good to be back, Marv. We really were great before this politics stuff got in the way. All this nonsense about picking favorites... Sometimes I think we all just got caught up in how adult we are now.

(then, immediately)

Hey, who wants to see me play ping-pong with my ding-dong?!

George and Marvin take celebratory sips of their beers. Doro calls over from the beer pong table.

DORO

George, I beat Neil. You're up.

NEIL

It's only because I let her. You're not supposed to beat a woman.

DORO

Oh, so now you know you're not supposed to beat a woman?!

A shadow falls over George's face. His momentary confidence is receding. He's nervous.

GEORGE

Eh, no, I'm good. Next round.

MARVIN

Get the fuck up there! You're amazing at Beer Pong! You could have gone pro!

George nervously steps up to the table.

GEORGE

(covering)

Okay. Here we go. Don't mess with Texas.

He throws his ping pong ball and it...misses the whole table by a TON.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Mulligan. I'm just warming up.

He throws the ping pong ball again. It hits a girl in the face.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Sorry, sorry, we'll have someone fix that. We'll give you a new nose, too.

He tries one more time, and pegs Neil in the face.

NEIL

Ow! What the fuck, dude! What's going on with you?

WOMAN (O.S.)

(interrupting)

--yeah, you're just supposed to drink when I get the ball in the cup.

We see a ping pong ball artfully sail through the air from the other side, and land perfectly in a cup of beer. George, intrigued, looks across the table to see, next to Doro:

A beautiful college girl, VIOLET (looks like she's in her early 20s, confident, focused). Hmm. George looks into her eyes. Off his silence:

VIOLET  
Hello. You have to drink.  
(then)  
Wait. That cup's not full.

She SPITS in the cup, all while maintaining eye contact with George.

VIOLET (CONT'D)  
There. Now drink.

She smiles slyly at him. George takes this as a challenge. He smiles back and, without breaking eye contact, drinks from the cup.

VIOLET (CONT'D)  
I thought Doro said you were good  
at this game.

GEORGE  
The drinking part. The aiming part,  
not so much.

VIOLET  
The aiming part is like the main  
part, man.

GEORGE  
Oh yeah?

George downs every single remaining red cup, including hers, leaving one single red cup remaining. He gestures towards it.

Violet aims and sinks it in one. The crowd around the table CLAPS.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Well, I'm impressed.

VIOLET  
Well, I'm Violet.

Off their smiles, we cut to:

EXT. CAMP DAVID - CAMPFIRE - DUSK

It's dusk after a full day of day-drinking. The party has transitioned from rager to passed out chilling by the fire near the pool. Most of the crew are in a post-party ecstasy in and around the Aspen Lodge area.

Doro and Violet sit together in a semi-circle around the fire, sipping their drinks and enjoying each other's company. They're getting real with each other.

George is STARING at Violet from across the fire, infatuated. After a beat:

DORO

George, what the fuck are you looking at? My hot roommate?

GEORGE

Wait. That's your one friend?

DORO

(defensive)

You only need one if it's a really good friend. And she's so supportive of me.

VIOLET

Doro is... the only person I've ever seen tie a cherry stem in a knot with her thighs.

NEIL

No offense, but you know who Doro is right? Like, who we all are?

VIOLET

A bunch of rich assholes?

George laughs. She's winning him over.

NEIL

You know our dad is Vice President of the United States, right?

VIOLET

God! I'm supposed to keep track of Vice Presidents, too?

(then)

Look, I hate talking about politics as much as the next girl, but I do love a party bus. It's a real catch-  
22.



NEIL

You're welcome to leave on that party bus any time you'd like.

DORO

Don't be a dick, Neil. She's having fun.

VIOLET

I definitely am now.

NEIL

Because you're freeloading off the US Government.

GEORGE

Neil, we're all freeloading. We're only here because Poppy's VP.

VIOLET

Sorry... are you calling your dad "Poppy?" What is he, your Cuban pimp?

NEIL

You can't talk to us like that!

GEORGE

She's just being friendly. Neil, take a nap.

NEIL

No! This is my party. I'm gonna get some fancy scotch and none of you can have it.

Neil storms off. George and Violet laugh.

INT. ASPEN LODGE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Neil starts raiding the liquor cabinet in Aspen Lodge. In the background, Jeb is engrossed in the dossier he found.

NEIL

Out of my way, Jeb.

JEB

Neil, this is crazy. I found a top secret document wedged in the bookcase! Bookcases are usually exciting enough, but this is amazing!

NEIL  
Whatever, nerd.

Neil takes a swig of old Scotch. He's entering demon mode.

EXT. CAMP DAVID - CAMPFIRE - CONTINUOUS

Back at the campfire, George and Violet are just talking to each other now. It's intimate.

GEORGE  
Sorry about my brother. You're right, by the way. We are a bunch of rich assholes.

VIOLET  
Is it nice, at least? Getting whatever you want all the time?

GEORGE  
Um, honestly? Being a Bush isn't as fun as it sounds. One wrong move and you've destroyed the legacy of your whole family tree. Kinda prevents you from being you.

VIOLET  
You wanna know what I think? I think: you're from a rich famous family trying to find a way to be a victim. But you're not, so...

GEORGE  
I know, boo hoo, right. But there is a gravity of coming from a family that won't let you make your own name for yourself.

VIOLET  
So this is your little rebellion moment, then? "Fuck my Dad?"

GEORGE  
Yeah. It kinda is.  
(then, sincere)  
Thanks for being honest. Most people are impressed by my name. Or, pretend to be.

George smiles.

EXT. CAMP DAVID - CAMPFIRE - MOMENTS LATER

As George and Violet continue to talk -- and flirt -- angle on a HOT COUPLE that walks off into the woods. They are giggling and kissing -- it sure looks like they're walking off to hook up.

NEIL

Hey, where you guys doing? Need any directions anywhere? I'm Neil Bush, of the Bush Family.

The hot couple ignores Neil. Neil turns to Marvin, hissing.

NEIL (CONT'D)

Marvin, why did you invite other guys here? They're competition.

MARVIN

Competition is good. Capitalism, and shit.

NEIL

Yeah, well, I don't want the Invisible Hand of Capitalism feeling up titties that I should be feeling up.

MARVIN

I don't know, man, I like guys. I share a lot of interests with guys.

Neil returns to the couple and taps them on their shoulders.

NEIL

Hey! I couldn't help but wonder, are you interested in a threesome?

HOT GIRL

Um, sorry, I think we're good.

They keep walking off. Neil fumes.

EXT. CAMP DAVID - CAMPFIRE - LATER

George turns to Violet. They're closer than ever.

VIOLET

I think a grown man talking about his dad all the time is weird. He's just a guy and you're like, another guy. It's sort of like still believing the Tooth Fairy is real.

GEORGE

No, no, I was like eight when I  
knew Poppy was putting those gold  
ingots under my pillow.

(then)

My upbringing was a bit privileged.

VIOLET

Acknowledge the perks. Very good.

GEORGE

Can you keep a secret?

Violet smiles.

VIOLET

Always.

GEORGE

I didn't vote for my dad.

VIOLET

Neither did I. Probably for  
different reasons.

INT. CAMP DAVID - ASPEN LODGE - DUSK

Jeb is still poring over the CLASSIFIED DOCUMENT. It's mostly  
redacted, but damn, this is crazy.

Then.

BANG.

A LOUD BANG echoes from somewhere off in Camp David. Jeb  
startles. He thinks it was a loud gun shot.

JEB

(to a partier in the  
corner)

Who is shooting guns?

(realizing)

It must have just been a frat boy  
lighting a firework.

Right?

INT. CAMP DAVID - DORM - CONTINUOUS

The HOT COUPLE is making out on a bed. The girl turns, takes  
off her top, then slides on the RONALD REAGAN mask.

HOT GIRL  
(wearing mask)  
You like that?

HOT GUY  
Um. I think it's kinda hot, yeah.

HOT GIRL  
(wearing mask)  
Put this on. I found it in the dirt.

She hands him the GEORGE H.W. BUSH mask.

HOT GUY  
I usually don't wear a rubber, but I'll make an exception!

The guy puts on the H.W. mask and takes off his underwear.

EXT. CAMP DAVID - CAMPFIRE - LATER

Back to the fire. The Bushes have rejoined George and Violet's conversation.

VIOLET  
I like your tan.

George examines his shirt for a farmers tan.

VIOLET (CONT'D)  
I mean that one.

Violet points to George's ring finger. He has a tan from clearly having taken off his wedding ring.

GEORGE  
(embarrassed)  
Oh, heh. Yeah that's just. I don't know what to--

Violet laughs at his discomfort, then has an idea.

VIOLET  
Hey, anyone else feel that?

DORO  
What?

VIOLET  
I'm getting the...scary story  
tingles! Why don't we tell campfire stories?

MARVIN

Ooh, I love that! I freaking love getting freaked. Everyone get over here!

VIOLET

Who wants to start? Anyone got any stories about evil government cover-ups?

NEIL

(under his breath)  
Communist.

Marvin brings Jeb over to the group. Jeb is engrossed in his document.

MARVIN

Jeb. You've been hiding all day.  
What are you reading? Is it scary?

Jeb looks up from his document.

JEB

Possibly. I found these documents in the Aspen Lodge over by where you were looking for the Bunker. But they're entirely redacted. Classified and Top Secret.

DORO

Ooh! Very spooky! Let's see!

Violet grabs the document out of Jeb's hands. The group crowds around her, listening raptly.

VIOLET

(skimming)  
"CAMP DAVID ACCORDS INCIDENT.  
According to official records...on  
the night of REDACTED...Walter  
Phelps and REDACTED were seen  
entering the REDACTED."

On George's face, we see that he's searching for something in his memory.

GEORGE

Walter Phelps. I think I know that name...

He grabs the document from Violet and keeps reading.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

(reading)

"The body of REDACTED was never found. Phelps has been REDACTED since the night of REDACTED."

NEIL

Ohhhhh oh oh. Walter Phelps. I just remembered why we know the name "Walter Phelps."

Neil looms over the fire so he's lit from below.

NEIL (CONT'D)

There was a senator a few years back. He had quite a few sexual misconduct allegations.

MARVIN

Oh, you mean Wilbur Mills?

NEIL

No.

JEB

Allan Howe?

JEB (CONT'D)

No.

DORO

Robert Leggett? Wayne Hays? Fred Richmond? John Andrew Young?

NEIL

No, no, I mean Walter Phelps. The guy in the document.

DORO

Okay, you're going to be more specific the next time you bring up sexual misconduct.

An evil smile crosses Neil's face.

NEIL

Phelps was an absolute legend in the Conservative party who up and disappeared a few years ago. But before that, yeah, there were some sexual misconduct allegations. And the conspiracy theory goes...

(MORE)

NEIL (CONT'D)

there was a pattern of women also going missing that he was linked to. "Allegedly."

He leans in even further.

VIOLET

Why am I not surprised? A powerful man doing terrible shit and getting away with it.

NEIL

It was just a rumor. A nasty rumor spread by liberals. But they said he would hire hookers and they all went missing.

He leans in even further.

NEIL (CONT'D)

Some say that he brought his victims to Camp David to kill them.

The group's collective jaw drops.

INT. CAMP DAVID - DORM - INTERCUT

Neil's spooky tale is INTERCUT with shots of the couple who wandered off to have hot sex with president masks on.

We specifically clock that they are having sex in the cabin from the cold open. And the BUNKER is nearby...

EXT. CAMP DAVID - CAMPFIRE - BACK TO SCENE

Back to the campfire.

DORO

You guys think a politician was bringing people to Camp David and killing them?

MARVIN

Seems like a pretty smart place to do it. No one's around.

Marvin and Doro grab the document away from Jeb, who protests.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

Let's read the blacked-out parts like Mad Libs.

(MORE)



MARVIN (CONT'D)  
(reading the document)  
"The exact location is..." ASS!

DORO  
(reading the document)  
"Any whereabouts of Senator Phelps  
is..." TITS!

Everyone laughs like an idiot.

NEIL  
This is stupid. I'm going go get  
laid.

Neil goes off looking for the couple having sex.

INT. CAMP DAVID - DORM

Back to the hook up couple.

As they continue having sex, the DARK FIGURE appears behind them. We can see the Dark Figure -- they cannot. We cannot help them as the Dark Figure slowly approaches them. We can only watch.

The Dark Figure quietly lifts up his FLAGPOLE with an AMERICAN FLAG attached.

HOT GUY  
(climaxing)  
Unh, I'm gonna come!

HOT GIRL  
Pull out!

HOT GUY  
Okay one sec, let me just come  
first--

At the exact moment of climax, the Dark Figure wraps the flag on the flagpole around the face of Hot Guy and SUFFOCATES him with it.

Hot Girl starts screaming and trying to scramble away. The Dark Figure sweeps her legs flag causing her to fall on her face. The Dark Figure stands above her and slams her face into the ground. HARD.

After killing the couple, the Dark Figure steps out of the dorm. As he stands in the doorway, he pulls the bloody REAGAN MASK off of the girl and holds it up into the light.

He puts it on.

We see the Dark Figure, now in the Reagan mask, spot another couple from across the clearing. He grabs his flagpole and follows them away from the dorm.

As the Dark Figure slinks away into the darkness, Neil walks up to the dorm.

After a beat...

NEIL  
(calling out)  
Hey, guys! Hope I'm not  
interrupting anything! I changed my  
mind about the threesome. I'm cool  
to just watch and jack off.

Neil spots the couple, lying DEAD on the floor.

NEIL (CONT'D)  
Oh, fuck.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP DAVID - CAMPFIRE - MOMENTS LATER

Everyone is still around the campfire. A pale-faced Neil rushes over and approaches the rest of the Bushes.

NEIL  
(sotto)  
Boys, we have a possible emergency.  
We need to call a Bush family  
meeting.

DORO  
Yeah okay. I'm ready. Let's go!

NEIL  
(to Doro, pointed)  
No, no, like... This is a boys only  
emergency. No Bush girls. Sorry.

DORO  
You never let me in on the Bush  
emergencies! When George crashed  
the car, when Neil got caught doing  
coke with the Denver Broncos  
mascot, it's always, Doro and Mom,  
wait at home!

VIOLET  
That's kind of fucked up.

DORO  
It's super fucked up! See, Violet  
gets me!

GEORGE  
Um, sure. Be right back, ladies.

INT. CAMP DAVID - DORM - MOMENTS LATER

Neil has brought all the male Bushes to the cabin with the  
dead couple. The color has drained from all of their faces.

NEIL  
Oh god, not again.  
(then, quickly)  
I mean, oh god, not for the first  
time.

GEORGE  
What the fuck, Neil? Are they dead?  
(to Neil)  
Did you kill them?

NEIL  
No! I'm not a psycho! I just went  
to spy on them having sex. When I  
got here, they were dead.

Marvin tries to find their pulses, can't, looks in their  
mouths, tries to open their eyes.

George takes the H.W. mask off the corpse. He's disturbed by  
it but puts it in his pocket.

MARVIN  
She's got a bloody nose. A very  
bloody nose. Maybe they O.D.'d?

JEB  
Fuck! We killed someone at Camp  
David!

The Bush kids all turn to George.

MARVIN  
George, you're the leader. You're  
the smart one. What's the plan?

NEIL  
Our lives are fucking over if  
anyone finds out about this.

George looks uncomfortable.

GEORGE

Wait just a minute. I'm not the leader. Jeb is. He said it himself, he's going to be Dad's Chief Advisor. I'm the pariah of the family, remember.

JEB

(proudly)

Thank you, I am the leader--

Marvin STOMPS ON HIS FOOT.

JEB (CONT'D)

(in pain)

Stop it, you're gonna pop my Dr. Scholls!

MARVIN

No offense, we all know Jeb isn't the leader of the Bush Boys.

NEIL

It's not me, either. Don't you dare try to tell me I'm the leader. I have no morals or backbone.

GEORGE

Son of a bitch. It's not me guys, really. I'm not on Dad's radar. I can't even aim in Beer Pong. You're thinking of the old George. Poppy would be the first to tell you, I'm no leader.

(then, despite himself)

But if I was, I'd say, I guess we should hide the bodies...

The rest of the Bushes look hopeful. George is answering the call.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Okay, here's what we're gonna do. We're going to bury them. And Neil, act fucking normal and don't kill anyone else.

Off of Neil's indignant face:

EXT. CAMP DAVID - OUTSIDE GROUNDS - NIGHT

George, Marvin, Neil, and Jeb go to hide the bodies, which are rolled up in sheets.

In a long one-shot, we follow the Bushes and the corpses as they try to find a place to dump the bodies. But, Camp David has college students partying in every corner of it. Archery range, golf, bowling alley, pool, skeet shooting -- there are hot college students drinking and hooking up and graffitizing dicks everywhere.

Thankfully, it's dark. But hiding in the dark doesn't work for long -- the camp keeps being ILLUMINATED by fireworks.

MARVIN  
Fireworks? Fuck.

GEORGE  
Why did it have to be Fourth of July.

Someone has decided to light fireworks which lights up the entire forest from above. They have to be extra careful now, sprinting between cover between the darkness of each firework.

EXT. CAMP DAVID - CLEARING - SIMULTANEOUS

Meanwhile, we cut to the GIRL who is setting off the fireworks. She is in an American flag bikini. The AMERICAN FLAG BIKINI GIRL launches the fireworks and they light up the pitch black woods, reflecting red and blue light off the trees. In the distance, people cheer after each explosion.

With every bright light of a firework, the forest lights the DARK FIGURE IN THE REAGAN MASK standing behind her.

With each firework, he gets closer.

Eventually, the Dark Figure GRABS HER, puts his hand over her mouth, and drags her off.

Her screams are muffled by the explosions.

She struggles, but is ultimately STABBED and HOISTED UP A FLAGPOLE IN THE MIDDLE OF CAMP DAVID like she was a flag.

EXT. CAMP DAVID - CLEARING - A LITTLE LATER

Back to the Bushes and their dead cargo. They've dug a shallow grave to bury the bodies. It covers everything except the girl's large breasts, which protrude from the dirt.

MARVIN  
There's a problem. She's got a huge rack.

GEORGE

Just do your best. We'll figure out the next step of the plan tomorrow morning.

DORO (O.S.)

What plan?

The Bush boys turn around to see that Doro and Violet have caught up to them.

DORO (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you guys doing out here?

GEORGE

Nothing. Some brother stuff.

VIOLET

What's that?

She points to the breasts protruding from the ground. The Bush boys are extremely nervous to have been caught.

MARVIN/NEIL/JEB

It's nothing/No one is dead here/I don't know whose tits those are--

GEORGE

Everyone, calm down. We think there was an accident. We're handling it. Best if you both turn around and don't ask any more questions.

DORO

Holy shit, you killed someone. Was it Neil?

NEIL

You asshole. They OD'd! I found them dead. I swear to God.

GEORGE

Let's all bring it way down. Yes, this a heightened situation. What we're not gonna do is point fingers or panic.

Right as George says this, a red, white, and blue firework LIGHTS UP the clearing in the middle of Camp David.

It lights up the flagpole.

With the girl in the American Flag bikini swinging like a flag from the top.

Covered in blood.

DEAD.

The Bushes and Violet look at each other in horror. After a moment, SCREAMS start erupting from various corners of Camp David.

There is a MURDERER AT CAMP DAVID. And now they ALL know it.

EXT. CAMP DAVID - CLEARING - SECONDS LATER

The Bush boys are aghast. Doro and Violet's faces morph from fear to anger.

NEIL

I'm pretty sure she didn't O.D.

DORO

You guys fucking killed her!

GEORGE

No--

VIOLET

You're burying two dead bodies right under a third dead body.

GEORGE

No no no no, I swear, we were just--

VIOLET

Are you in on this, Doro? Is this some sick Bush Illuminati thing?

DORO

I wasn't even invited!

(desperate)

Don't leave me, I can't make another friend!

NEIL

No one brought you here, you brought yourself!

VIOLET

Says the killer who kills girls that wouldn't have sex with him.

NEIL

Look at my face. You hurt my feelings.

His face is blanker than it has ever been.

MARVIN

(gesturing at the girls)  
How do we know it wasn't them?

VIOLET/DORO

(in unison)  
Because we're girls!

DORO

When's the last time there was a girl murderer?

VIOLET

Not that girls can't do whatever they set their mind to.

Violet turns to George and stares daggers into his eyes.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Or maybe it was George. With the whole "I hate my Dad" thing? Is this how you get back him? A killing spree?

George stammers. He has to talk his way out of a very suspicious situation.

GEORGE

(nervous)  
Why would you think that? Violet, I know you don't know me that well, but I would never stoop to that-- Wait. Ronald Reagan?

Violet and Doro aren't buying it. George is losing the battle of defending his and his brother's reputations. Until...

THE REAGAN-MASKED FIGURE APPEARS BEHIND THEM! He is holding a broken American flag pole with a sharp steel pike on the end.

The Bushes and Violet finally notice the figure with a start.

JEB

Is this a prank?

It's NOT A PRANK. The Reagan-Masked Figure starts ATTACKING THEM.



The Bushes and Violet SCREAM, and DUCK as the Reagan-Masked Figure deftly swings his American Flag spear. He's spry and vicious. He is bent on blood.

JEB (CONT'D)

Oh god! My leg!

The Reagan-Masked Figure has managed to take a HUGE CHUNK out of Jeb's calf. He bleeds from his leg like a stuck pig, and squeals like one, too.

As the Killer swings his flag pole around to finish Jeb off, it gets STUCK on a low branch in a tree above him. He starts HOWLING, trying to get the flag pole unstuck.

Taking advantage of the Killer's distraction, George gestures for all of the crew to follow him.

GEORGE

Come on, I know where we can hide!

They all manage to get away as the Reagan-Masked Figure wails.

#### INT. CAMP DAVID - BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

The gang sprints out of breath into the Camp David bowling alley in Hickory Lodge, a narrow room with two lanes.

GEORGE

We have to reinforce the door. Grab whatever you can.

They reinforce the door by sliding things up against it: bowling balls, bowling pins, etc. Jeb, bleeding and unhelpful, finds an old basket of french fries and gingerly puts it against the door.

Panting and scared, everyone huddles up to regroup.

MARVIN

I'm now starting to think the killer isn't Neil.

JEB

Who was that? Who would want to kill the Bush family?!

The Bushes and Violet look at each other. Then, rapid-fire:

DORO

The Russians?

GEORGE  
Skull and Bones from Yale?

MARVIN  
Dad's CIA enemies?

NEIL  
The United Freedom Front, Abu  
Nidal, Ayatollah Khomeini...

GEORGE  
Democrats? Wait, Republicans?!

VIOLET  
Women?

NEIL  
Iran, Iraq, Palestine, Vietnam,  
Cambodia, North Korea, China...

JEB  
Okay. We've narrowed down those  
with motive to: everyone.

They take a breather. Jeb tries to put pressure on his  
bleeding leg.

GEORGE  
We need a plan. Who has any ideas?

Doro, resolved, launches into a plan.

DORO  
(level-headed)  
I think we need to get to the  
front. We can recruit the armed  
guards we all passed on the way in,  
then go back to get all the other  
students--

Marvin interrupts her with a FART and the boys all laugh.

MARVIN  
Nice plan, loser!

DORO  
Cool.

Jeb thinks. After a moment, he launches into his plan.

JEB  
Wait. Walter Phelps. From the  
redacted document.  
(MORE)

JEB (CONT'D)

The guy who allegedly "had a problem." Of liking to choke women.

VIOLET

Uh huh, yeah, I remember the problem.

JEB

What if it's not just a story? What if he really did bring victims to Camp David?

NEIL

You think he's here? Now?

JEB

I'm not one to indulge a conspiracy theory, but... What if he didn't just disappear? What if he's alive somewhere? I mean, anything could be true. He could have killed himself. The CIA could have killed him. Or: he could be here, killing people at Camp David. This killer could be Walter Phelps.

VIOLET

Do you still have that redacted document? Let me see it.

The group considers this bombshell. As Jeb is about to hand it over, they HEAR SOMEONE AT THE DOOR to the bowling alley, trying to push through.

GEORGE

Oh god--

JEB

--It's Walter!

GEORGE

Hide!

Using the time they bought from reinforcing the door, they all hide behind the bowling pins down the lanes.

The door finally SLAMS open.

We stay with the Reagan-Masked Figure as he attempts to suss them out.

He creeps closer and closer to the pins, where we know our heroes are hiding. Closer. Closer.

It's so quiet, you could hear a bowling pin drop.

The Figure stops. Maybe he's going to leave...

...When a couple of DUMB COLLEGE KIDS come in, laughing, no idea that there's a murderer in their midst. One shakes a graffiti paint can.

DUMB COLLEGE BOY  
I feel like there has to be more  
beer in here.

DUMB COLLEGE BOY #2  
I'm gonna draw some dicks on the  
balls.  
(then, laughing)  
Balls.

The Reagan-Masked Figure switches his attention to them.

DUMB COLLEGE BOY  
Nice mask. It's the Fourth of July,  
not Halloween.

With almost super strength, the Reagan-Masked Figure HUCKS BOWLING BALLS at their heads, CAVING THEM IN.

They scream and bleed and die.

The Bushes and Violet take the Reagan-Masked Figure's distraction as an opportunity to escape.

EXT. CAMP DAVID - CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

Our crew is sprinting as fast as they can out of the bowling alley. Jeb, on his bad leg, is tailing. They loudly whisper as they run, out of breath.

NEIL  
We need help. What do we do?

GEORGE  
Let's get to the front gate. There  
are Marines there. They have guns.  
We can recruit the armed guards we  
all passed on the way in.

DORO  
That was my plan!

GEORGE  
Doro, please stop getting  
hysterical.

EXT. CAMP DAVID - FRONT GATE - NIGHT

They get to the front gate. They're winded, and the door has been RELOCKED AND FORTIFIED.

GEORGE

Fuck. It's locked. We need to get through.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP DAVID - FRONT GATE - LATER

The group is now watching something off in the distance. George starts waving something over.

We see that Jeb is a few yards away in the driver's seat of one of the buses they used to drive the college students into Camp David. He starts running the engine.

JEB

(calling out the window)  
Why do I have to do this?

MARVIN

(calling back)  
Because your leg's already fucked!  
Damaged goods!

Angle on Doro and Violet, who share a private conversation.

DORO

I'm so sorry I brought you here. I just wanted to have fun with my beautiful friend. I didn't know it was going to be a killing ground.

VIOLET

You can buy me dinner when we make it out. Or, like, a house, or something.

Back on Jeb, who is revving the engine of the bus.

GEORGE

Floor it, Jeb!

He drives the bus AS FAST AS HE CAN into the front gate.

He SLAMS into it at high speed, but it DOESN'T BUDGE -- it's too strong. The bus CRUMPLES.

After a moment, Jeb crawls out of the ruined bus.

JEB  
(moaning)  
I got whiplash from the bus.

NEIL  
Stop complaining, Jeb. We all have  
whiplash from the bus.

GEORGE  
Okay. Think. How did we get the  
gates open before?  
(then)  
We need to get to Officer Collins'  
security room.

INT. CAMP DAVID - CEDAR CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

They get to Cedar Cabin, which also houses the commanding  
officer's security room.

GEORGE  
Let's just hope we don't find the  
worst thing we could find: that the  
door is locked.

George and the gang walk in -- the door has been RIPPED from  
the hinges.

BUT: They almost bump into TWO DEAD MARINES slumped in the  
living space, covered in blood.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Wait. I take that back, the cabin  
being locked is the second-worst  
thing we could find.

NEIL  
Jesus Christ. It's a bloodbath. And  
not in a good way.

VIOLET  
(quietly, to herself)  
"Good" way?!

Everyone crowds around the computer terminal -- the screens  
read "LOCKDOWN INITIATED".

MARVIN  
(reading)  
"Lockdown Initiated...?"  
(to the group)  
You want me to start clicking  
again?

Jeb pushes Marvin out of the way and clicks around.

JEB

(reading)

"Lockdown initiated." It says there was a security reset at 12:04 p.m. That's when you opened the gates. And then someone manually triggered a lockdown that prevents anyone from leaving.

(turning to the others)

The security grid has been locked down for hours.

VIOLET

For hours? That's so weird.

DORO

And who initiated it?

(gesturing to the dead bodies)

Could have been those poor saps. They must have seen something before we did.

GEORGE

We need to find a way to call for help. But there's no radio. Fuck.

DORO

What about the secret bunker Jeb mentioned? If we can't leave, maybe we can hide.

No one listens to her. A beat of silence, then:

JEB

Okay, how about this. We hide in the bunker. The one that Jeb mentioned.

The boys start nodding in agreement.

GEORGE

Yeah! Good idea, Jeb.

Doro fumes.

VIOLET

I heard it.

INT. CAMP DAVID - ASPEN LODGE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

They get back to Aspen Lodge. It's wrecked. Something grisly occurred here.

JEB

The exact entrance to the bunker is classified, but I found the dossier here. I'm guessing the entrance might be nearby? But I have no idea.

Marvin starts throwing things off the bookshelves.

MARVIN

It's not in the bookshelf.

GEORGE

I don't know what I thought. Maybe they'd leave a key under a doormat or something.

Jeb thinks. Hard.

JEB

When we arrived I did notice discrepancies between the arrangement of our cabins and maps I had seen before. For example, Cabin Dogwood is between Cabins Birch and Red Oak. But when we arrived, Dogwood was actually between Elm and Maple, which I'm sure threw you all, as well. Why would they have moved Dogwood?

He furrows his brow.

JEB (CONT'D)

Could the original location of Dogwood be the site of the bunker entrance?

George turns to the rest of the group, looking like a leader.

GEORGE

We need to do three things right now. We need guns. We need to call for help. We need to find that bunker.

(resolved)

We're going to split up. Doro: see if you can call for help.



NEIL

I volunteer for that one.

MARVIN

Me too, the phone's right there, I want to do that one.

They nod.

GEORGE

(to Jeb)

Jeb, you sound like you have an idea of where the bunker is.

JEB

Maybe. I'm pretty seriously injured, though. Anyone want to come with me?

Silence. Then:

DORO

No.

JEB

...I have to go alone?

GEORGE

Yes.

JEB

...Can Doro go with me?

GEORGE

No.

DORO

No, Doro doesn't want to go with you.

JEB

Cool.

GEORGE

And that just leaves Violet and me. We'll go to the barracks and the armory and see if any Marines are still alive. And if not, we'll get weapons.

NEIL

I have a weapon.

He pulls a knife engraved with "Neil's Knife" from his pocket.

GEORGE  
Cool, Neil.

JEB  
(to George and Violet)  
You're going to want to go back towards the Hickory Lodge, where the bowling alley was, and then keep going. The armory is in the barracks. Be careful.

GEORGE  
(appreciative)  
Thanks, nerd.

George looks at Violet. She nods, resolved.

VIOLET  
I'm in. Let's get some guns.

DORO  
Good to see the old George back.

GEORGE  
I can't promise you everything. But I can promise you this: I won't let anything bad happen to any of you.

They smile through their fear.

EXT. CAMP DAVID - CLEARING - MOMENTS LATER

George and Violet run through camp on the way to the barracks and warn everyone they can about what's happening.

COLLEGE STUDENTS  
Dude! What the fuck is going on.

GEORGE  
Find somewhere to hide. Stay quiet.

George and Violet spot BLOODY DEAD COLLEGE STUDENTS littering Camp David.

COLLEGE STUDENTS  
Stay quiet? My entire frat is dead!

VIOLET  
(horrificed)  
We gotta keep moving.

GEORGE

I'm sorry. Just hide.

Some of the remaining college students are hiding, some are trying to climb over the fence.

COLLEGE STUDENTS

Fuck this.

As George and Violet run out of frame, we stay with SOME STUDENTS who try to get over the barbed wire fence by climbing up and over a tree.

Having heard the commotion, the REAGAN-MASKED FIGURE pops out and SHAKES the tree with intense strength.

The students FALL ON THE BARBED WIRE FENCE AND DIE!

The Reagan-Masked Killer turns his attention towards George and Violet...

INT. CAMP DAVID - ASPEN LODGE - SIMULTANEOUS

Meanwhile, Marvin, Neil, and Doro try to place a call back in Aspen Lodge.

NEIL

911? Hey, this is Neil Bush, can I speak the to President?

(then)

What do you mean "no?" Fuck you!

MARVIN

What did he say.

NEIL

They hung up. But hey, the phone works.

Marvin takes the phone. Marvin immediately picks it up and calls the operator.

MARVIN

(on the phone)

Hello, this is Marvin Bush. I'm at Camp David and I need the Vice President, my Dad.

A beat, then:

MARVIN (CONT'D)

They hung up.

EXT. CAMP DAVID - CABIN AREA - SIMULTANEOUS

Jeb is walking slowly, studying a rudimentary map he's sketched on the back of the redacted document.

JEB  
(to himself)  
If Maple is on my left... And the  
archery court is in front of me...  
I should be in Dogwood but Dogwood  
is over there...  
(smug)  
I knew it!

We know he's right -- we recognize the geography of the cold open. Though, there's one slight difference now: where there was once a flag pole, now there's just a jagged metal stump. We linger on this for a moment. Clearly, our Killer ripped the flag pole and this is what he's been using as his murder weapon.

JEB (CONT'D)  
What the...

Jeb takes another few steps and FALLS INTO A HIDDEN OPEN TRENCH. He SCREAMS on the way down.

INT. CAMP DAVID - BUNKER - CONTINUOUS

Jeb pops up, having hurt himself more. Now his other leg is bleeding, too. We see him look around, close on his face.

JEB  
Where am I?

Jeb crawls around a concrete landing at the bottom of the set a stairs that lead back up to the woods.

He searches for a light switch and flips it on, revealing--

JEB (CONT'D)  
The White House?!

Lights flicker on one by one to reveal Jeb is in a hallway leading to an EXACT REPLICA OF THE WHITE HOUSE OVAL OFFICE.

AND he's SURROUNDED by DEAD SOLDIERS IN A BLOODY PILE. Uh-oh.

Jeb gets up, bleeding from both legs, and limps over to a computer monitor on the wall. It's flashing "SECURITY OVERRIDE," like the monitors in the security desk at the front gate. And what's this?

Jeb spots a small dark opening in the corner of the office...

INT. CAMP DAVID - ASPEN LODGE - A LITTLE LATER

Marvin, Neil, and Doro keep striking out on the phone.

DORO  
Let me try this time!

MARVIN  
No, this is important. Girls aren't  
good at talking on the phone.

DORO  
That's like the one thing people  
think girls are good at!

She scowls and wrenches the phone away from him. She dials  
the operator again.

DORO (CONT'D)  
(on the phone)  
This is Doro Bush. I am in Camp  
David. I need the police.  
(then, fake crying)  
Pweese?

INT. POLICE DISPATCHER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A MAN listens on the other end, then raises his eyebrow. He  
connects his switchboard.

INT. CAMP DAVID - ASPEN LODGE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She listens, then smiles at Marvin and Neil. Covering the  
phone:

DORO  
It worked! They're patching us  
through!

The boys give thumbs up.

DORO (CONT'D)  
(on the phone)  
Hi, yes, thank you, we need help.  
There is a murderer here at Camp  
David.  
(MORE)

DORO (CONT'D)

We have first-hand evidence that he is killing dozens of college students and--whatever you call them--army guys who are guarding the facility.

(beat)

Oh God, thank you, thank you. We'll keep safe until you get here.

INT. SHADOWY SITUATION ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

We cut to the other side of the phone call: we are now in an UNKNOWN SITUATION ROOM. These MEN do not look like the police. This appears to be some sort of secret United States government agency.

SHADOWY MAN

(on the phone)

Remain calm and hide until we can get our reinforcements to you.

He hangs up and turns to the other SHADOWY AGENTS in the room.

SHADOWY MAN (CONT'D)

Camp David. It's happening again.  
Get me the Pentagon.

What is going on?

INT. CAMP DAVID - ARMORY - SIMULTANEOUS

Back to George and Violet, who have just entered the armory. They look around: there are no Marines to be found but there are a few scattered weapons and some fireworks.

VIOLET

M16, 5 caliber, 7 caliber, M4  
carbine, shotgun for you because  
you can't aim, no offense.

GEORGE

You know your guns. Impressive.

VIOLET

(playing along)

Aww, I bet you say that to all the girls.

GEORGE

You know? I don't know anything  
about you.

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I've been prattling on about my daddy issues. I'm such an asshole.

VIOLET

You're good. I get it. Well, I don't get it. But I get it.

The two of them get locked and loaded. George puts a hand on Violet's shoulder.

GEORGE

(sincere)

One more thing. I'm sorry I lied about my wedding ring. I'm married. My wife is pregnant.

(then)

I'm not a very good person.

VIOLET

We're all working through some shit.

(softening)

I'm not perfect either.

He hesitates, then continues.

GEORGE

I don't even think I can shoot these guns. If I can't even beat you at beer pong, how in the world am I going to shoot Walter Phelps?

VIOLET

We're still alive, aren't we? And it's because of you. I mean, yes, we're here in the first place because of you too, but the point is, you're gonna get us out of here.

GEORGE

Do you think?

VIOLET

Forget about your dad. You can be whatever you want to be. Be president, if that's what you want.

GEORGE

But that's the thing. I don't. I think that's what my Father wanted for me. But I don't think I'm cut out for that.

VIOLET

Maybe the person who should be  
President, shouldn't want to.

He stares straight into Violet's eyes.

GEORGE

What do you want?

Violet thinks. Her face goes to a dreamy place.

VIOLET

I guess, I just want to be someone  
people remember.

GEORGE

I'll always remember you, Violet.

He stares deep into Violet's eyes. Stock still. Then: HE  
KISSES HER. George pulls back, embarrassed.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

(flustered)

I'm... I'm so sorry, I shouldn't  
have done that...

VIOLET

What are you apologizing for?

She goes back in for another kiss, this one LONGER and MORE  
PASSIONATE.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Who cares what we do? Just add it  
to the list of crazy things that  
have happened tonight.

GEORGE

I don't know if it's so crazy. I  
know people are dying, but I feel  
like I'm living. Maybe for the  
first time in a long time.

(then)

Yeah. I'm fucking living.

They beam at each other. She puts her hand on George.

VIOLET

I think that the next time we see  
old Walter Phelps, you'll know  
exactly what to do.



GEORGE  
You're right. That fucker never met  
a Texan!  
(then)  
Or, you know, guy from Texas via  
Connecticut.

George grabs the fireworks, too.

VIOLET  
What are those for?

GEORGE  
Hey, it's still the Fourth of July  
for a few more hours. We might need  
to celebrate when this is all over.

INT. CAMP DAVID - BUNKER - SIMULTANEOUS

Back to Jeb. He looks up at the hatch to the hole where he  
fell into the bunker. He turns and starts exploring.

The bunker is an exact replica of the White House, except  
that there appear to be weird tunnels leading out of it.

Jeb starts following a tunnel that leads out of the dark hole  
in the corner that he spotted.

INT. CAMP DAVID - DARK TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

We follow him down, down, down the tunnel, as it becomes  
smaller, narrower, and more dimly lit...

EXT. CAMP DAVID - GROUNDS - INTERCUT

...Intercut with George and Violet sneaking their way across  
Camp David, now armed with guns from the Armory. We watch  
both parties, intercut, until...

INT. CAMP DAVID - SCIENCE LAB - CONTINUOUS

...Jeb pops out in a NEW ROOM: a SCIENCE LAB?

JEB  
(to himself)  
I don't think the Oval Office  
has...beakers?

There is high-tech science equipment and computer technology everywhere. There's a wall of photos. In one of them, Walter Phelps SHAKING HANDS WITH NIXON.

As Jeb gets very close to the photo, examining it, he is interrupted by a LOUD NOISE somewhere in a shadowy corner. Almost a moan.

Jeb investigates.

Oh, God--

There is a Marine STILL ALIVE. BARELY.

EXT. CAMP DAVID - ARCHERY COURSE - MOMENTS LATER

Back to George and Violet.

GEORGE

Which way was Aspen Lodge? I'm all turned around. Give me a second.

George puts down his gun to look at a map. Violet leans over his shoulder to see. The moment is loaded -- are they going to kiss? When, all of a sudden:

THE KILLER'S SHARP FLAG POLE WHIZZES BY GEORGE'S HEAD AND HITS THE BULLSEYE ON THE ARCHERY TARGET THAT HE'S RESTING ON.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Oh god!

VIOLET

Time to go.

GEORGE

No. I can hit him.

They spot the Reagan-Masked Killer SPRINTING towards the target to pull his weapon out. George and Violet run back and take aim with all their guns on the Killer, who is pulling his pole out from the target.

George and Violet cock their M4 military machine guns.

They OPEN FIRE ON THE KILLER.

And they HIT HIM!

OVER AND OVER AGAIN!

Or, at least: VIOLET DOES! George still seems to miss by a bit.

But...

...The Killer is still functioning FINE.

He successfully wrests the flag pole out of the target and starts charging at George and Violet.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
What the fuck?

VIOLET  
He's bulletproof?!

GEORGE  
Reload.

George and Violet reload and unload even more bullets. Again, nothing. This guy is bulletproof.

That's when George has a realization. They're in the archery course. He grabs an arrow and one of the fireworks he took from the Armory.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
I have a stupid idea.

George STABS AN ARROW through a FIREWORK.

He strings a nearby bow with the FIREWORK ARROW, lights it and shoots it. It lands at The Killer's feet.

Accuracy isn't so important with a firework.

The Firework Arrow EXPLODES WITH A HUGE BOOM. The Killer CATCHES ON FIRE. He FALLS TO THE GROUND, flailing and trying to douse it out.

George and Violet YELL with excitement.

GEORGE (CONT'D)	VIOLET
I got him!	You got him!

INT. CAMP DAVID - SCIENCE LAB - SIMULTANEOUS

SIMULTANEOUSLY: Back in the Bunker, Jeb tries to help the wounded Marine. It's OFFICER COLLINS! He rushes over to him and tries to staunch the bleeding.

JEB  
(frantic)  
Oh man, oh god, you're still alive!  
Stay with me, Sir!

OFFICER COLLINS  
(whispering)  
Please... Come closer...

Officer Collins GRABS A KNIFE FROM HIS SIDE AND STABS JEB IN THE SHOULDER WITH IT. He misses his neck by INCHES.

OFFICER COLLINS (CONT'D)  
You fucking morons... I cannot let anyone... Know the secret... Secret is... Bigger than any one person...

Jeb SHRIEKS. The Knife is STILL IN HIS SHOULDER.

Officer Collins tries to kill Jeb. He is more concerned with protecting a secret than Jeb's life.

OFFICER COLLINS (CONT'D)  
I don't care whose kid you are -- this is my life's work! I have given my whole life to protecting this place and I won't let a nobody like you compromise it! I let my guard down once and I will never let the country down again!

Jeb is forced to attack Collins, which is VERY hard for him as a patriot.

JEB  
No! I can't kill you!

Collins GROWLS and SCRATCHES Jeb's face.

JEB (CONT'D)  
No no no! I'll never be president now!

Jeb starts SOBBING as he STRANGLES COLLINS TO DEATH.

JEB (CONT'D)  
(sobbing)  
Thank you for your service!

EXT. CAMP DAVID - ARCHERY COURSE - INTERCUT

George and Violet run away from where they've left the Killer flailing on the ground. They look back, to watch him die.

Instead, they watch the Killer STAND UP AND RUN AWAY. FAST. The flames are out, and his clothes are still smoking, but he seems to be...FINE.

George and Violet turn to each other, scared. What the FUCK is with this guy?!

INT. CAMP DAVID - BUNKER - MOMENTS LATER

Jeb has walked back to the Oval Office area of the bunker, still sobbing from killing the Officer Collins.

He sits in the big leather chair at the elegant wood desk, puts his head in his hands, and cries.

While Jeb is indisposed with his emotions, THE REAGAN-MASKED KILLER OPENS THE HATCH AND JUMPS INTO THE BUNKER. He is wounded from the flaming bow and arrow and his clothes are tattered.

Jeb opens his mouth to SCREAM, but stops himself. He decides to PLAY DEAD instead. The Killer looks over at him, considers him, then turns away. The Killer believes Jeb really is dead. Clever, cowardly Jeb.

With one eye slightly open, Jeb watches what the Reagan-Masked Killer does while he thinks he's alone.

He PUSHES THE WALL with a portrait of Reagan and reveals a hidden door to... HIS BEDROOM?

INT. CAMP DAVID - STRANGE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

From Jeb's vantage point, we see the Killer enter a bedroom of sorts behind the portrait.

Jeb can't fully make out what is happening, but it appears that the Killer has a room with a full-length mirror and piles of skeletons stacked on top of each other, all in suits.

The Killer rips the skeletons out of the suits and tries on new ones, looking for one that fits. He's trying to replace his suit which was burnt in George's gambit.

This gives Jeb the opportunity to see him without a shirt. The Reagan-Masked Killer has a muscular body covered in BURNS and SCARS. Jeb slowly and careful gets up from his desk and tries to creep towards the exit.

The Killer grows frustrated, unable to find a suit.

He suddenly TURNS in Jeb's direction. Jeb plays dead again, lying next to one of the dead Secret Service men.

The Killer looks like he's about to grab Jeb, but grabs a Secret Service member's dead body next to him. He rips off his coat and it fits the Killer well. He stares at himself in a broken mirror, then leaves.

After a beat, Jeb breathes a HUGE SIGH.

EXT. CAMP DAVID - WOODS - NIGHT

George and Violet are still RUNNING. They LITERALLY RUN INTO Marvin, Doro, and Neil in the middle of the woods.

EVERYONE

Oh my god!/It's you/Did you figure  
out anything?!/Did you fix  
it?!/ETC.

They all calm down. George speaks.

GEORGE

Were you able to call for help?

DORO

Yes. We got the police. They're on  
their way.

VIOLET

Thank god. But I don't know how  
they're going to help.

NEIL

What do you mean?

VIOLET

We tried to kill Phelps, and he  
wouldn't die. I don't think this is  
going to be so easy.

George and Violet shake their heads, sadly.

GEORGE

I think we need to change tactics.

INT. CAMP DAVID - STRANGE BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Back at the bunker. Now that the Killer has left, Jeb pops up and starts exploring the bedroom where he was sifting through suits. Keep in mind, he is still bleeding from both legs and has a knife still in his shoulder.

Jeb finds a PILE OF SKELETONS wearing formal wear.

As he gingerly moves some of the skeletons, looking around, he finds one that has a WALLET still in its pocket.

He picks out the wallet and flips it open. There's an I.D. still inside.

The I.D. reads: "Walter Phelps."

JEB  
Wait. Wait. Wait. Walter Phelps?!  
If this is Walter...

His eyes grow WIDE as he looks towards the exit.

JEB (CONT'D)  
...Who is trying to kill us?!

Right as he says this out loud, THE KILLER JUMPS ON JEB FROM BEHIND. He didn't actually leave the Bunker!

Jeb SCREAMS as the Killer WRESTLES HIM TO THE GROUND. The Killer RIPS the knife out of Jeb's shoulder and STABS HIM OVER AND OVER WITH IT.

This is it for our hero Jeb. He slowly closes his eyes as the killer DRAGS HIM INTO THE DARKNESS. As he's dragged off, he drops the redacted document, COVERED IN BLOOD.

Jeb is DEAD. And with him, the information he's just discovered that this killer ISN'T WALTER PHELPS.

#### EXT. CAMP DAVID - WOODS - NIGHT

George, flanked by Violet, Doro, Marvin, is calling out to the college kids who haven't been killed (yet).

GEORGE  
Hey, everyone! Something horrible  
is happening at Camp David! The  
police are on their way! You have  
to trust us!

A group of a dozen COLLEGE KIDS come out of their hiding places and PULL MAKESHIFT WEAPONS ON THE BUSHES: bow and arrows, heavy beer cans, anything that could hurt them.

FRAT GUY #1  
No fucking way.

GEORGE  
What are you talking about?

SORORITY GIRL #1

How do we know you're not the ones  
killing us?

DORO

(sincere)

Because we're The Bushes! We love  
America!

FRAT GUY #2

We've been doing some planning  
while you've been running around  
doing god-knows-what, and we're  
prepared to kill you guys to make  
an escape. Calvin over there knows  
how to make sailor knots.

FRAT GUY #3

I quit a few badges short of Eagle  
Scout because I had to move to a  
different school district that  
didn't have a troop.

Marvin's feeling have never been more hurt.

MARVIN

Calvin, what the hell? I thought we  
were bros!

A frat bro SOCKS Marvin in the face. Marvin blindly swings  
back and misses. After a few more punches, George intervenes.

GEORGE

Break it up! Break it up!

Marvin narrows his eyes at Frat Guy #3.

MARVIN

I'm glad you didn't get your Eagle  
Scout, you don't deserve the rank--

George shoots Marvin a look: shut up. Marvin does.

GEORGE

We're going to go hide until we can  
figure out our options.

FRAT GUY #1

Good for you. And we're going to  
climb over the wreckage where you  
idiots crashed your bus.

SORORITY GIRL #2

Violet, let's go.



Violet looks at her college friends, then back at the Bushes.

VIOLET

(small)

I think my chances are better with them.

SORORITY GIRL #2

Suit yourself, traitor. Doro, we never liked you anyway.

The college kids all SPRINT to the front gate.

George reaches out for Violet's hand and gives it a squeeze.

GEORGE

Go with them. I'm not leaving without Jeb. We need to find that thing, even if we don't know how to kill it.

NEIL

Yet. There's always a way to kill something.

(beat, then, listing)

Knife, gun, drown--

VIOLET

(interrupting)

--Maybe that will help.

She points to a trail of the Killer's BURNT CLOTHES that's leading off to the cabins somewhere...

EXT. CAMP DAVID - GROUNDS - MOMENTS LATER

The Bushes and Violet are tracking the Killer by following the trail of burned clothes and skin. They get to the HOLE in the ground that we know leads to the bunker, and Jeb.

NEIL

(sniffing)

Smells like...file folders and pants-piss. Jeb's been here.

INT. CAMP DAVID - BUNKER - SECONDS LATER

The Bushes and Violet have entered the bunker. And of course, the first thing they see is:

The redacted document COVERED IN BLOOD.

Dead soldiers everywhere but no sign of Jeb.

The Bushes rush over to the document.

DORO  
That's Jeb's.

MARVIN  
There are so many dead bodies--  
(realizing with horror)  
Oh god, we sent Jeb to his death.

Everyone gets back at George, who's just as bereft as the rest of them.

DORO  
You said you'd protect us! You said  
we'd be okay!

GEORGE  
I didn't know... I never wanted to  
be here.

He buries his head in his hands.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
I told you I wasn't a good leader.

NEIL  
Yeah, well, you were right. You  
always were the smart one.

As the Bushes continue bickering, angle on Violet who picks up the bloody redacted document.

Before they can mourn Jeb too much, they hear a noise. The Bushes and Violet all snap their faces towards it. Uh oh.

GEORGE  
(whispering)  
You guys can do what you want. But  
I need to know what's down there.

They start trying to tiptoe towards the noise, guns drawn. They turn down a different hallway than the one we've seen.

The sound of the Star-Spangled Banner is muffled behind a closed door at the end of a long hallway.

As they walk down towards the sound, they see photos of all the presidents adorning the hallway.

INT. CAMP DAVID - BRIEFING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They follow the noise down a tunnel, then a hallway, into a ROOM WITH PRESIDENTIAL PORTRAITS AND GIANT PROJECTOR SCREEN hooked up to a VHS PLAYER WITH A TAPE IN IT. There is also a ton of Presidential memorabilia (like George Washington's fake teeth).

George SHUSHES the group, then inches in to the new room to find...

...The Reagan-Masked Killer in the corner. And it's, uh, a very weird scene. He is DISTRACTED: he's sitting on a pile of hay and watching a very strange video on the projector screen that seems to be briefing him on something.

On the screen, we see a bunch of clips of the various presidents. There's an ominous sounding voice over.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

This is who you are. This is who  
you are. This is who you are.

He's grunting with delight like it's a children's show. This seems to be the only thing he's really "obedient" about.

The tape that the Killer is watching suddenly ends. We see the tape flip upside and automatically begin to rewind. In that quiet moment, everyone freezes and all that can be heard is the tape rewinding.

At this exact moment, Marvin spots a plate of ROTTING FOOD in the corner. He starts to gag and makes a SMALL NOISE.

Big mistake, Marvin. Big mistake.

The Killer hears the noise and is FILLED WITH RAGE. He sees the Bushes and Violet and attacks them.

It's CHAOS.

Pure STRUGGLE.

The Killer is as strong as TEN MEN. He swings wildly and hits the Bushes and Violet in the face, the arms, the legs, the body.

Marvin, putting his own stupid body to use for once, throws himself on the floor and The Killer TRIPS OVER HIM. The Bushes take this opportunity to throw their weight on the Killer to restrain him. George grabs his weapon, the American flag, and holds its spear end up to his neck.

With The Killer pinned to the ground, Doro takes the opportunity to rip off The Killer's REAGAN MASK.

DORO

We fucking got you, Phelps!

Slow, momentous zoom on his face as she reveals what's under the mask for the first time.

And boy, is it NOT WALTER PHELPS.

Under the Reagan mask is a HIDEOUS MUTANT.

The Bushes and Violet SCREAM and Marvin sounds like he's gagging again.

NEIL

Who the fuck is this guy?!

DORO (CONT'D)

That is not Walter Phelps!

The VHS tape he was watching finishes rewinding and goes back into the VCR to play again. It starts projecting on the screen.

As it plays, the screen widens to become the entire VHS tape.

#### INT. STUDIO - VHS TAPE

A male NARRATOR is in a nondescript studio, ostensibly speaking directly to The Killer.

NARRATOR

Hello, David.

#### INT. CAMP DAVID - BRIEFING ROOM - BACK TO SCENE

The Bushes and Violet notice The Killer -- or, "David" -- turn his head to screen.

He stops fighting back and becomes completely enraptured in watching his favorite tape again.

NEIL

(hissing to George)

Kill him!

GEORGE

I don't know how.

VIOLET

(shushing them)

Just wait. Watch.

They all turn back to watch David watch the video.

INT. STUDIO - VHS TAPE

The narrator continues speaking straight to camera.

NARRATOR

Do not be afraid. You are safe. You  
are wanted. This is who you are.

As the narrator keeps talking off-camera, we see GRAPHICS and B-ROLL FOOTAGE of what he's describing, in the style of Mr. DNA from *Jurassic Park*.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

You are the greatest legacy of the  
American political system who has  
ever existed. You were created from  
the DNA of all of the thirty-eight  
past presidents of the United  
States of America.

We see the faces of all of the former presidents race by.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Using cutting-edge technology known  
as "genome editing," the United  
States government has combined all  
the DNA of the past presidents into  
the most scientifically perfect,  
ideal president: President David.

We see all the faces of the presidents MORPH on screen into a HANDSOME, WHITE MALE FACE that somehow looks like every past President at once. Is this what David is supposed to look like?!

INT. CAMP DAVID - BRIEFING ROOM - BACK TO SCENE

We see a quick pop of David's REAL FACE: a horribly mutated face that is barely recognizable as human. The Bushes make grossed-out faces as they look at it.

INT. STUDIO - VHS TAPE

Back to the video.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The United States is breeding the  
perfect president. You.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

President David is an alpha male,  
he is honest, you can have a beer  
with him...

We see B-ROLL of people LAUGHING with an older handsome white man and clinking beer glasses.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

President David is also a walking  
weapon of mass destruction. Nearly  
un-assassinate-able, with the  
strength to stand up to our many  
adversaries. This valiant effort is  
called...THE AMERICAN EXPERIMENT.

We see shots of the former Presidents next to their Vice Presidents with TOKENS that represent their presidencies: George Washington's AXE, Abraham Lincoln's HAT, etc.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The room you are currently in is a  
shrine to all the of the most  
precious and history-imbued  
artifacts from the presidencies of  
this great nation. Let the tokens  
inspire you, and feel their power.

The video starts showing gorgeous American scenes: oceans, fields, wheat, the whole shebang.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

You are being perfected for your  
grand entrance into American  
politics. The time is nigh. In two  
more terms, you will be ready for  
your election run. We have work to  
do preparing you, our son. You,  
President David, will be the  
ultimate uniter of this beautiful  
land. This is who you are. This is  
who you are. This is who you are.

INT. CAMP DAVID - BRIEFING ROOM - BACK TO SCENE

Back to The Bushes and Violet watching David watch the video in horror. The video ends with a news clip of Reagan.

David mirrors what he sees: the president waving, then addressing the nation in his inauguration speech.

DAVID  
 (waving)  
 Gurrerrraahh... Aaaargh, slaahgh.  
 aaaaahhhhrrr liburaahhhhtahh.

David has picked up on Reagan's mannerisms, but is unable to copy his speech without slurred words and guttural screams.

MARVIN  
 How... how...

NEIL  
 This is disgusting. This  
 freak...was made by the  
 government?!

MARVIN  
Dad is in the government!

GEORGE  
 What do I do? Should I kill it?

DORO  
 I thought we can't?

GEORGE  
 We never got a headshot before. And  
 I'm feeling like aim might be not  
 that important this close...

He presses the flag's spear to the back of David's neck.

But before he can shoot, he feels a GUN PRESSED INTO THE BACK  
 OF HIS NECK.

VIOLET  
 What about this close?

George's jaw drops.

GEORGE  
 Violet. What are you doing?

VIOLET  
 I can't let you kill him.

DORO  
 Why?!

VIOLET  
 Because it's why I'm here. To prove  
 he exists and bring him back home,  
 dead or alive. But we all know that  
 means "preferably alive."

DORO

What are you going to do with a  
mutant president at Boston  
College?!

VIOLET

I don't mean that home. I mean my  
real home.

(switching into Russian)  
*Sovetsky Soyuz.*

She smiles. In Russian.

GEORGE

(quiet)  
You're a spy.

Violet WINKS.

VIOLET

This is what you get for not asking  
a girl literally any questions  
about herself.

NEIL

I knew she was a fucking Communist!

DORO

I thought you were my friend!  
You're literally my only friend!

Violet waves her gun around the room at all of them.

VIOLET

Doro, why would anyone be your  
friend? Why would anyone be any of  
your friends? You are the most vile  
family in this vile fucking  
country. Anyone who says you are  
anything other than greed-laden  
devils is lying to you. Your legacy  
will be that you ruined America.  
You and everyone like you. Which:  
can't say I mind!

As The Bushes are read the riot act by Violet, George clocks  
that David's videotape is about to end and rewind again.

GEORGE

Criticism taken, but I think we  
should continue this conversation  
another time.



Violet is enraged, but before she can do anything, David's attention turns back to the Bushes while the video tape rewinds itself.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Can we just... put a pin in the  
anti-Bush stuff before this mutant  
president freak kills us...

David grabs an HATCHET off the wall and starts ATTACKING.

He SWINGS at Violet, just barely missing her head.

DORO

(angry)

I don't even care if you have a  
head anymore because you're not my  
friend!

The Bushes and Violet all arm themselves with the PRICELESS ARTIFACTS FROM PRESIDENTS PAST that are lining the room. George grabs Washington's Cherry Tree Axe, Violet grabs Lincoln's railroad spike.

It's the Bushes versus Violet and David versus all of them indiscriminately.

Neil gets stabbed by Violet and, without missing a beat, pulls out the knife and hands it to Doro.

NEIL

Take this. I have a knife in my  
other leg, I don't need it.

DORO

You fucking freak, I love you!

His weird sociopathic skill is finally useful!

Doro and Violet lock eyes.

DORO (CONT'D)

So all those times you said that my  
outfit looked cute, that was a lie?

VIOLET

Yes.

DORO

All of them?!

VIOLET

All of them.

Doro and Violet SQUARE OFF with each other. Knife to knife. Hand to hand combat.

Doro fights Violet. Yes! She's finally learned to become her own woman!

Angle on David, who is about to kill George with a huge BUST OF LYNDON JOHNSON.

George tries to talk to David. For the first time. Quiet, sincere. Man to man.

GEORGE

I'm sorry. I know your legacy is a weight on your shoulders, too. Sometimes I also feel like I've grown up in a Hall of Presidents. But you can make a choice. You're a person.

George is talking to David, but he's also talking to himself.

David looks like he might hear George. Is that...recognition in his eyes?

NO. It's not. David shakes off the glassy stare and is ABOUT TO BRING THE BUST DOWN ON GEORGE'S HEAD.

George braces himself for the release of Death.

But it NEVER COMES. Because: David gets shot--

--BY JEB!

Everyone turns to see that JEB IS ALIVE! He's dragged himself back into the fray from the pile of bodies he was on!

EVERYONE

Jeb!/Oh my god Jeb's alive!/Thank God!

Jeb smiles weakly. As David writhes on the floor, and Doro pins Violet to the ground, the others EMBRACE JEB.

JEB

Hey, guys. We found the bunker.

GEORGE

And we found your document! We thought you were dead!

JEB

I was. Sort of. I got stabbed, but I just played dead until the right moment.

(then)

My wife likes me to lie very still when we have sex. But guys! The killer isn't Walter Phelps! It's--

DORO

Yeah, yeah, we know, there was a very well-produced video that explained all this.

JEB

(disappointed)

I wanted to solve it.

They look at David, small, hurt on the ground. David rouses. Whatever they're going to do, they better do it fast.

JEB (CONT'D)

It was very hard to shoot someone while Dad was watching.

George looks back at David's projected video, which has paused on a STILL OF REAGAN AND GEORGE H.W. BUSH.

He has an epiphany.

George, fully embracing his role as a leader, has an idea that *just might work*.

George positions himself in front of the projector.

His FATHER'S FACE AND BODY IS EXACTLY PROJECTED ONTO HIS OWN.

David looks up from him, and his face morphs from rage into COMFORT AND LOVE.

He KNOWS THIS PERSON.

With his father's face projected onto his own, George orders David to listen to him, like the trick with Pamela Vorhees' sweater in *Friday the 13th Part 2*.

GEORGE

David. It's me. George. Bush.  
George H.W. Bush. Vice President of  
these great United States.

David LOVINGLY MEWLS IN RECOGNITION.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

You've done good, David. And I've never told you I'm proud of you. Whatever you become. Whether you take on the mantle to become President, or help me as my Chief Advisor, or do something else really cool like paint dogs.

As before, George is talking to David, but he's also talking to himself.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

But I must give you one more order, David. Before you can make your own path forward. You must protect the Bush Family. Do not do them any harm. And do not allow anyone else to do them any harm.

David starts CRYING, out of LOVE for "Vice President Bush" and his family.

Violet breaks free from Doro's grip. Violet grabs the rifle from Jeb and aims it at Doro. Just as she FIRES--

VIOLET

(Russian)

*Vernost' Rodine!*

--David GRABS THE BARREL OF HER RIFLE AND BENDS IT. The recoil KNOCKS Violet to the ground.

She reaches for another weapon--

SLAM -- a railroad spike goes her chest, held by DORO.

Violet GASPS, then goes SILENT.

FOREVER.

DORO

This is why I will never, ever trust another woman.

George puts the George H.W. Bush mask on from his pocket. He pulls Lincoln's railroad spike out of Violet's chest and stashes it away.

INT. CAMP DAVID - BUNKER - MOMENTS LATER

The Bushes and David, who is now following after a masked George and trying to give him a HUG, are running back through the tunnel to the main Oval Office area of the bunker.

GEORGE  
 (turning back to David)  
 That's right, my boy! My son! My  
 favorite son!  
 (then, to Neil)  
 How do we shake this guy?

NEIL  
 You know, I think I've heard Dad  
 say that exact thing about Jeb.

GEORGE  
 (cheery)  
 Fuck Dad!

They get to the Oval Office area past Officer Collins' corpse.

JEB  
 Office Collins tried to kill me  
 when I found him. I don't know  
 what's going on, but it's something  
 sinister...

While Jeb explains the vast conspiracy, we cross cut with:

EXT. CAMP DAVID - FRONT GATE - SIMULTANEOUS

A group of college kids have approached the Camp David gates. Just as they do, they are hit with flood lights.

Uh-oh.

JEB (V.O.)  
 He was trying to protect a secret.  
 To protect David. And yes, I do  
 think I deserve some sort of medal  
 for killing a traitor, and yes, I'd  
 do it again, but this is a secret  
 the Marines are willing to kill  
 anyone to protect, even us.

Each student is shot once in the chest, once in the head. NO SURVIVORS.

A group SHADOWY MEN and Marines put down their weapons and break open the front gate.

SHADOWY MAN #2

(into a radio)

We've neutralized the survivors at the Front Gate.

(to Shadowy Man)

We're not going to neutralize the Bushes, are we?

SHADOWY MAN

I don't care if they're the Vice President's children. They opened the Bunker by accident and they let David out of his home. They have caused one of the biggest fuck-ups in American domestic security. No survivors means no survivors.

BACK TO:

INT. CAMP DAVID - BUNKER - MOMENTS LATER

The Bushes finish listening to Jeb's warning.

NEIL

So you think they're not going to let us leave here alive? Do they not know who our dad is?

JEB

We know about the genetically engineered super-president. The CIA has killed people for much less.

GEORGE

David, help us escape. Help *George and Ronald* escape.

David YELPS in acknowledgment.

David puts his Reagan mask back on. "GEORGE H.W. BUSH" AND "RONALD REAGAN" SHAKE HANDS. George is finally embracing his destiny.

EXT. CAMP DAVID - GROUNDS - MOMENTS LATER

THE U.S. STRIKE FORCE approaches the bunker entrance from the outside and surrounds it.

Heavy footsteps echo from the Bunker. DAVID STEPS OUT, holding the hatchet in his hand.

The leader of the Shadowy Men signals to stand down.

SHADOWY MAN

(soothing)

Hey there, Big Guy. You get out again, huh? Looks like you made a big mess this time. But that's okay. We'll clean it up like we always do. America says, drop the weapon.

David looks around at the men with guns, still gripping his hatchet.

GEORGE

Wait just a minute, David.

George, in his George H.W. Bush mask, steps out of the bunker, standing slightly behind David.

The Shadowy Men point their guns at George.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Hey, let's just chill out for a sec. Everything is okay now. There was a killer. And a Russian spy that infiltrated Camp David. But as you can see we have things under control.

SHADOWY MAN

Step away from the asset. We don't want this to get messy.

GEORGE

David. Protect the Bushes.

At the same moment that the Shadowy Man tells the Marine in the back to raise his gun, George lowers his mask of his father back on and SICS DAVID ON THEM.

SHADOWY MAN

Open fire!

GEORGE (CONT'D)

David, kill them!

David goes BUCK-WILD. With the Reagan mask still on, David RIPS THE MARINES AND SHADOWY MEN TO SHREDS.

He tears their faces off, breaks their arms and legs, and generally pulverizes their human bodies in a way that only a super genetically-engineered mutant can.

SHADOWY MAN (CONT'D)

(dying)

No... We can't let this get out...

He DIES, choking and gurgling on his own blood.

A quiet moment, as the Bushes are left with the blood-covered David panting nearby.

David turns back to look at George for his approval. Just as their faces meet -- CRACK...

George has planted the railroad spike directly between David's eyes. A PERFECT HIT.

Eyes still open, David FALLS TO THE GROUND.

DEAD.

FINALLY.

The rest of the Bush survivors emerge from the bunker, hugging George and slapping him on the back.

JEB

George, you got him in right  
between the eyes.

GEORGE

I can aim again! I can go back to  
Texas with my head held high!

Jeb shakes George's hand, proudly.

JEB

They'd be proud of you. Dad would  
be proud of you. All the Presidents  
would be proud of you.

GEORGE

I don't need them to be proud of  
me. I don't need their stupid  
fucking legacy or to be the  
Advisor. I just need the Bush Bash.

He smiles at Jeb. At his whole family.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Now, let's get the fuck out of  
here.

(then, to Doro)

Sucks about Violet, huh?

#### EXT. CAMP DAVID - FRONT GATE - NIGHT

The Bushes leave in a government vehicle left behind by the shadowy government organization.



EXT. CAMP DAVID - CLEARING - NIGHT

Angle on David's dead body.

He is face down, bleeding from the hole in his face where George piked him.

EXT. CAMP DAVID - FRONT GATE - THE NEXT MORNING

Very early the next morning. Sunrise on what should be a beautiful day in the peaceful country.

Except that this is Camp David. And there is blood all over the place.

A new batch of SECRET SERVICE MEMBERS roll up to the Front Gate. The wrecked bus is hooked with tow cables.

HEAD SECRET SERVICE AGENT  
Murray. Wright. You head up corpse  
duty. The rest of you: grab a  
paintbrush.

The Secret Service cover up all signs of Davidgate. We see them paint over red graffiti of a cock, which is also splattered with red blood. Both are gone with a fresh coat of paint.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT  
And we have eyes on the Asset?

HEAD SECRET SERVICE AGENT  
Come again?

SECRET SERVICE AGENT  
Where is he? The asset.

HEAD SECRET SERVICE AGENT  
We're still looking, sir.

The patch of grass where we last saw David is now VACANT... he's GONE.

INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE - ART ROOM - DAY

George is back in his art room where we first met him. It's the same room, but a BRAND-NEW GEORGE.

Or rather: the Old George is back.

He's working on a new painting. One of Camp David. It's...terrible. But at least he can aim.

GEORGE  
 (talking to the painting)  
 And with one more bit of shading on  
 the pool girl's titties, you are  
 done, my little masterpiece. Now,  
 all it needs is a dog celebrating  
 the Fourth of July.

LAURA  
 George. Honey, there's a car out  
 front for you. I think it might be  
 your brothers.

GEORGE  
 What now?

We see a diplomatic state car outside. Not again.

George stands up to open the door, expecting his brothers,  
 But it's TWO SECRET SERVICE AGENTS. Real ones.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 Uh-oh. You're not my brothers.

George has a confused look.

EXT. WASHINGTON DC - THE WHITE HOUSE - DAY

A black car pulls up to the White House and lets George out.

INT. WASHINGTON DC - THE OVAL OFFICE

George is lead into the Oval Office, the real one this time.

VICE PRESIDENT GEORGE H.W. BUSH and PRESIDENT RONALD REAGAN  
 sit on the couches.

H.W.  
 Hello, Junior.

George is taken aback.

GEORGE  
 Hi, Dad.  
 (to Reagan)  
 Honor to meet you, Mr. President.

REAGAN  
 There's that cowboy I've heard so  
 much about!

He smiles and shakes George's hand.

REAGAN (CONT'D)

I'll give you a few minutes of privacy. If that red phone rings, you two can handle it.

He winks and exits, shutting the door behind him. George and the Vice President have the Oval Office now. George wades into conversation uneasily.

H.W.

How's the wife?

GEORGE

Yeah. Good. About to pop. Having a George Junior of my own soon.

H.W.

That's very nice.

GEORGE

Did you call me all the way out here for any reason in particular?

H.W.

You know, It just occurred to me I've never... I wanted to tell you I'm proud of you. That's it.

Tears rush to George's eyes, which he blinks away.

GEORGE

What makes you say that?

H.W. smiles.

H.W.

Did you have a good time with your brothers? For Fourth of July?

GEORGE

(uneasy)

Sure did... I'm guessing you heard about that?

Long pause. Then:

H.W.

Yes.

George and his father stew in the silence.

H.W. (CONT'D)

A few times in a man's life, he's tested, and I mean really tested.

(MORE)

H.W. (CONT'D)

But it's not about the test, it's about rising to the test. Whatever that may be. It doesn't really matter what did or didn't happen. I think you did just fine, boy.

GEORGE

Yes, sir?

George lets his father's words wash over him.

H.W.

We'll have to go back to Camp David. Next time, with you as a Chief Advisor, even.

George is speechless. After taking a moment to digest, he steadies himself.

GEORGE

Poppy, I've never had the balls to say this to you before, but I think I just might have 'em now.

(deep breath)

I'm not here to tell you you were a fucking asshole for kicking me off your campaign. You're right -- I fucked up. I've been thinking a lot about all the times I've fucked up over the past few years. And it's been a lot of times. I thought that made me less of a man, less of a Bush. But I've realized: it's fucking up that makes a Bush a Bush. It's about getting back up and back in the saddle, even when you're down for the count. That's my superpower -- getting back up. So maybe I just needed to run my own race.

(remembering Violet)

Maybe the person who should be in this room, shouldn't want to.

H.W.

I like that, son. I like that very much.

(then)

Well, let's talk about getting you some running shoes when you're right and ready.

(ominous)

The '88 spot just opened up and we got a lot of work to do.

GEORGE  
I should let you get back to it.

H.W.  
Thanks for coming. See you soon,  
George.  
(then)  
You really are my son.

George is touched.

INT. D.C. SOUVENIR STORE - DAY - EPILOGUE

We cut to a D.C. souvenir store. Post-meeting, George strolls through the aisles, checking out the President bobbleheads, bald eagle t-shirts, and commemorative coins on sale.

George smiles, relieved, ecstatic. The New George can do anything.

Except notice the man staring at him across the store.

The very strange man.

The very strange man in a Reagan mask.

George doesn't see him and keeps happily walking.

On Reagan's plastic, unmoving face, we FADE OUT.

THE END