

Dema and Repah
By Dave McClain

Two politicians meet in a Washington D.C. hostel, trying to do
behind closed doors what they can't do in public.

FADE IN:

EXT. HOSTEL FACADE - DAY

An old, plain-looking brick building is seen. Its sign reads "Rancor Street Hostel, Washington D.C." People walk back and forth on the sidewalk. Some look at the building, but no one goes in. Loud, muffled voices are heard, coming from inside.

INT. HOSTEL - DAY

DEMA CRAT, a black woman, and REPAH BLICAN, a white man, stand in a red and blue hallway, outside a closed white door bearing a sign that reads "Lounge". Their muffled voices were those heard from outside. Their speech is now clear.

REPAH

Why are you even here?

DEMA

The same reason you're here! We can't very well do this sort of thing out in the open - or on Capitol Hill!

REPAH

True, true. But that's beside the point. YOU need to stand aside. I have to get in that room right now. I have a beheading in half an hour.

DEMA

The correct term is decapitation.

REPAH

Yes. You're right, of course. I have a... decapitation in half an hour.

DEMA

Ah, but, I'M the one who has a decapitation scheduled in half an hour. Med-ya says she has already set up the camera for me. They're in there - right now - waiting for me!

REPAH

She told me the same thing - that everything is ready for me! ME!

DEMA

Aw, shit! I bet the room got double-booked! Now what are we gonna do?

REPAH

Well, you could use the kitchen.

DEMA

Holly Wood is in there lecturing on 21st Century Progressive Morals.

REPAH

Oh, yeah, that's right. But I hear that there aren't many people in there. When new folks arrive, the people working the door insist on strip searching everyone and Holly just keeps going with her lecture.

DEMA

Yeah, I heard that too. Um... why don't you use the dormitory area?

REPAH

I can't. Rel Igion is there lecturing on 21st Century Conservative Morals.

DEMA

Of course. I remember now. But I heard there aren't many people listening to that lecture either.

REPAH

Same reason?

DEMA

Same reason.

REPAH

Hey, who are you beheading anyway?

DEMA

Decapitating.

REPAH

Of course... but who is it?

DEMA

I'm not sure, but Med-ya tells me it's someone who's standing in the way of progress.

REPAH

According to Med-ya, my behead-ee...
excuse me, decapitate-ee... is
someone stupid and unpatriotic enough
to oppose what I know is right for
the country. Like not ballooning the
deficit.

DEMA

Unless it benefits our constituents.

REPAH

Obviously.

DEMA

And guaranteeing every conceivable
freedom.

REPAH

Except for those which we know do
more harm than good. Oh, and being
willing to compromise, unless...

DEMA

Unless doing so makes us give up on
any of our principles. Clearly, the
only way to do what's right for our
country is to...

REPAH

Neutralize any who disagree with us!

DEMA

Exactly!

REPAH

(pauses)

Wait a minute...

Repah turns the door handle. Dema pushes the door open. Both
of them enter the room. They see a tripod topped with a
video camera. It's pointed at them. The red light is on.

DEMA

What the...

They look down and see a mannequin, dressed in an orange
jumpsuit, in a kneeling position, with a burlap sack over
its head. Dema and Rebah remove the sack. There's a photo of
each of them taped on the sides of the mannequin's head.

DEMA AND REPAH (TOGETHER)

It's us! But why?

Dema walks towards the camera, looking confused at the logo printed on the side. Repah joins her, also confused.

REPAH
(hesitating)
We... who?

DEMA
"We the... People"?

REPAH
I never heard of that brand.

DEMA
Me neither.

FADE TO BLACK