

ROBOREAGAN

by

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LOGLINE: Vice President GEORGE BUSH engineers the assassination of President RONALD REAGAN to replace him with an android, ROBOREAGAN, under Bush's control. But Bush's plans are foiled when NANCY REAGAN communes with her husband from beyond the grave.

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FADE IN:

BEGIN TITLE SEQUENCE

INTERCUT between: MAP ROOM & ASSEMBLY LINE - DAY

NANCY REAGAN, pearls and heels, shuffles a deck of Smith-Waite tarot cards. She places three cards face-side down.

Three mechanical claws distend from blackness. Mechanical claws solder computer chips together.

Nancy looks at herself in a mirror, applies dark eyeshadow.

Off a conveyor belt, a faceless human head lifted by a claw. Two arms with rotating blades drill eye sockets in the head.

Nancy sits at desk, opens a drawer, takes out a leather bound book: *The Complete Astrological Writings* by Aleister Crowley.

The hands of the other two arms morph into spray guns. They spray details on skin. The third hand picks up hair follicles from a petri dish & inserts each hair on torso.

Nancy, opens a vanity-mirror-trunk and triggers automatic lights, rummages through a box of crystals, pulls out a blue stone. She holds it to the light.

A mechanical hand screws in a blue eyeball to the head. The eyes blink, the claws solder the tear ducts, smoke puffs up.

Nancy burns sage, she wafts the smoke into the air.

The claws lift the body into the bottom half of large egg. The claws lower the top of the egg, screw it together.

Nancy flips over the cards.

END TITLE  
SEQUENCE

**BEGIN ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE - Reuters film of Reagan Shooting**

1

**EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. HILTON - DAY**

1

SUPERIMPOSE: Two hours later.

Three POLICEMEN, stand in front of the hotel. A group of SECRET SERVICE AGENTS fill the sidewalk adjacent to the parking lot.

They scan the crowd. LEAD AGENT, 50's, walks along side President RONALD. Reagan waves.

The crowd moves closer. Reagan waves to crowd of ONLOOKERS. He turns towards his motorcade.

The sound of six GUN SHOTS fire off in rapid succession. The crowd ducks, TWO MEN fall to the pavement. SAMARITANS and Police jump on the SHOOTER.

Lead Agent grabs Reagan's shoulder, they dive into the back door of the motorcade.

**END ARRIVAL  
FOOTAGE**

2

**INT. REAGAN'S LIMO - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

2

Reagan lands on the back seat. Lead Agent piles on top of him, the door slams shut. Agent speaks to unseen driver.

LEAD AGENT

We're vulnerable. Move! Move!

DRIVER (O.S.)

Where should we go? The Crown or the Jewel?

LEAD AGENT

Crown, take us to Crown. Report Rawhide is okay!

The motorcade twists and turns, Reagan and Lead Agent struggle to keep their balance, Lead Agent falls on Reagan.

REAGAN

Jesus, Jerry, I think you broke my ribs.

Lead Agent slides his hands around Reagan's waist. He looks at his palms, clean.

He slides his hands inside Reagan's jacket, he looks at his right palm, covered in blood.

LEAD AGENT

Wait.

Lead Agent peels back Reagan's jacket, blood pumps out of a small hole in line with Reagan's heart. Reagan goes limp.

LEAD AGENT (CONT'D)

(shaken)

Rawhide... is hit... he's hit...

(collected)

Change order! Change order. Go to the Jewel! We need a hospital.

Reagan, gasping for air, reaches for a car phone beneath the center console.

3           **INT. WHITE HOUSE - EXECUTIVE RESIDENCE - MAP ROOM - DAY**           3

Nancy flips though tarot cards, left to right. She reads the cards as she draws them. A blue stone on the third card.

NANCY  
Tower of Babel, the Ten of Swords,  
...and Death...

She picks up the blue stone, clutches it. The sound of a PHONE ringing in another room. She runs to it. Her hand shakes as she reaches for the receiver.

4           **INT. WHITE HOUSE - PRESS BRIEFING ROOM - DAY**           4

A throng of REPORTERS wave their hands in the air as they shout. Camera's flash, the roar of the crowd intensifies.

REPORTER 1  
Mr. Haig, where is the President?

REPORTER 2  
Al, can you confirm if you've  
enacted the 25th?

A reporter takes a picture of ALEXANDER HAIG, paunch.

FREEZE: INSERT - photograph of Haig behind the dais.  
SUPERIMPOSE: Alexander Haig [line break] Secretary of State

Haig shouts over the crowd, sweat beads drip down his face.

HAIG  
All of you need to be quiet.

The room goes silent.

HAIG (CONT'D)  
Now, your questions aside, you all  
need to know that I'm in charge  
here until the Vice President gets  
back from Texas.

5           **EXT. DALLAS/FORT WORTH AIRPORT - DAY**           5

Air Force Two fuels on the tarmac. A limousine peels out as it turns to park in front of the airstairs.

REPORTERS line a barricade, they fight to take pictures of the government limousine.

Vice President GEORGE HW BUSH steps out of the back. Secret Service Agents, Uzi in hand, run George up the airstairs.

He stops at the top of the airstairs, looks down to the reporters below. He waves. A reporter takes his picture.

FREEZE: INSERT photograph of George on airstairs.

SUPERIMPOSE: George H.W. Bush [line break] Vice President

George lowers his wave and enters the plane.

6

**EXT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ENTRANCE - DAY**

6

The President's motorcade screeches to a halt. The back door opens, Lead Agent, Uzi in hand, steps out of the limo.

Three more cars screech to a halt behind them. DOZENS of Secret Service Agents, Uzis and pistols, flood the scene.

The Secret Service Agents form a wall between the President's motorcade and the hospital entrance. Lead Agent reaches in, pulls Reagan from the car.

Reagan slaps at Lead Agent's hand.

REAGAN

Damnit, Jerry, I can walk in on my own two feet.

7

**INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY**

7

Lead Agent and Reagan walk through an automatic door. Lead Agent, Uzi pointed outward, surveys the room.

Reagan approaches the front desk and waves hello to NURSE, she has a dumbstruck look on her face--IS THAT THE PRESIDENT?

The sound of heels running on concrete echoes behind Reagan. Nancy, still clutching blue stone, grabs Reagan by the shoulder.

NANCY

Ronnie, oh Ronnie! Your reading was so bad today. I... I didn't think I'd see yo--

REAGAN

Oh, honey don't you worry. I just forgot to duck is all.

Reagan embraces Nancy, kisses her forehead. **She slips the blue stone in his pant's pocket as they embrace.**

NANCY

I just don't know what... where  
we'd be... without each other.

REAGAN

Without you, I'd still be a bum  
with a bad haircut trying be  
somebody.

Nancy, fighting back tears, takes a hair comb out of her  
pocket. She gently parts Reagan's hair. She sniffles.

NANCY

Without me everyone would say  
you're just the husband of that  
bimbo on Falcon Crest.

HOSPITAL STAFF and PATIENTS look around the room, bewildered.  
Lead Agent places his hand on Reagan. He bats it off.

REAGAN

Just you wait.

Reagan holds Nancy's waistline.

REAGAN (CONT'D)

And you'd still be the First Lady,  
with some other lucky fella.

LEAD AGENT

Madam First Lady, excuse us, but  
the President needs to be seen by a  
doctor he's been sh--

REAGAN

I've been worse. Look, honey, I  
walked in her all by myself. Just  
like we'll walk right into our  
little beach-bungalow someday.

NANCY

Okay, Ronnie, I'll be waiting for  
you right here.

Nancy kisses Reagan. She sits in a chair, Reagan exits.

8

**INT. AIR FORRE TWO - VP'S OFFICE - DAY**

8

George sits in a cramped chair. A white phone sits on his  
desk, it rings, he answers it.

GEORGE

Tell me what we know...  
(he sighs)  
(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

No, Let's wait till I make it to Dulles. I'm not taking the Oath on the same tarmac as that Texas hick, LBJ...

George slams the receiver.

9 **INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY**

9

Nancy squirms in her seat. A TV blares the news, Nancy looks at the screen with tears streaming down her face.

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)

We have confirmed the identity of the shooter as one John Warnock Hinckley...

A Secret Service Agent hands Nancy a handkerchief.

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The President is now at George Washington University Hospital. He is stable and in surgery right now.

Nancy blows her nose in the handkerchief, it drips with snot.

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I'm sure I speak for the entire nation when I say our thoughts and prayers are with the First Lady.

Nancy hands the snot drenched handkerchief back to the Secret Service Agent. It makes a SQUISHING sound as he pockets it.

Nancy takes out a small, black notebook.

INSERT: She writes "Nothing can happen to my Ronnie. My life would be over." She scribbles a dark "X" underneath.

NANCY

Please, Ronnie. Come home to me.

She maintains composure between labored gasps for breath.

PRELAP: The sound of an oxygen machine PUMPING air.

10 **INT. SURGICAL UNIT - DAY**

10

Reagan lays on an operating gurney, an oxygen mask covers his face. He coughs blood. He looks to the doctors.

REAGAN

I hope you're all Republicans...  
(trailing off)  
(MORE)

REAGAN (CONT'D)  
I'd rather be on the beach right  
now, fellas.

BLACK SCREEN

The sound of an EKG beeping. It's rhythm slows, slows... slows -- FLATLINES in a long, single tone.

**FADE TO WHITE**

FLASH: SURGEONS and NURSES give glances of disbelief, sadness, fear.

FLASH: Secret Service Agents stand behind the hospital staff with silenced pistols. In unison: they shoot.

FLASH: Agents toss filled body bags in an industrial incinerator.

11      **EXT. DULLES AIRPORT - DAY**      11

AIR FORRE TWO lands. George enters a motorcade.

12      **INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - DAY**      12

George bursts in. JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF and CABINET MEMBERS all shout over each other, all unaware of George's presence.

George walks behind the President's Desk. He SLAMS a book, the commotion stops. They turn to George.

GEORGE  
Caspar and I need the room.

From the back of the room, someone scoffs in disgust.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Who was that?

The room parts in two. As everyone shuffles, COLONEL OLIVER NORTH stumbles over the couch, lands on his back.

His legs stick in the air. Secret Service Agents help him to his feet. His toupée flops over his ear.

FREEZE: As North fixes his toupée.  
SUPERIMPOSE: Oliver North [line break] Special Military Council to the President

People slowly filter out of the room. Caspar approaches the desk. George points to North.



GEORGE (CONT'D)  
On second thought, you stay here.

North stops, looks bewildered.

NORTH  
Uh, yes, sir, Mr. Vice President.

CASPAR  
Are you sure... sir?

George shoots a glare at Caspar. Caspar retreats to the couch in silence, sits, obedient. Haig pats George's shoulder.

HAIG  
You're in charge now, Georgie.

GEORGE  
You really should brush up on the Constitution before you embarrass us like that again.

**George pulls two hand-sized books out of his pocket, the US Constitution and a book titled "PAX AMERICANA."**

He hands the Constitution to Haig.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
When you get a chance flip to the part about the presidential line of succession...  
(under breath)  
Fucking nit-wit.

Haig, tail between his legs, closes the door behind him. Two SECRET SERVICE AGENTS remain in room, one holds a BRIEFCASE.

George and Caspar walk to the fireplace. In unison, unbutton their collars, loosen their ties, unbutton their shirts.

North looks on, aghast.

NORTH  
Look, guys, I know you're both into that tummy tuck, stuff from Yale...  
But I'm not...

George and Caspar ignore North, they take off key necklaces. George takes down a portrait from above the mantle.

REVEAL: TWO KEYHOLES on the wall behind the portrait.

They insert their keys. Turn together.

GEORGE  
We call this the Kennedy Room.

The room RUMBLES, dust falls from the ceiling, the fireplace ignites, sends a fireball towards North. He leaps over the desk, cowers.

The sound of mechanical whirring, gas escapes through the wall as the fireplace pulls back.

SILENCE.

13

**INT. KENNEDY ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

13

In an automated computer chamber. George looks into dark void. Gas tubes HISS. Light beams illuminate a 10' egg-shaped figure on a stand.

The stand rolls on a track towards George, he smiles as wind throws his tie over his shoulder. The rolling stand locks into place in front of George.

Two mechanical arms descend from the ceiling they grasp the top and bottom of the egg figure.

They rotate, in the center a seam appears. Gas hisses out of the seam. The top lifts away off the shell.

REVEAL: ROBOREAGAN, an android programed to look, act, and speak, like Ronald, completely nude.

FLASH: RoboReagan opens its eyes.

INSERT: RoboReagan's POV: A red & white head's up display (H.U.D) of analytical information flashes across his view. He focuses on George's digital visage.

SUPERIMPOSE: CODENAME: TIMBERWOLF / FUNCTION: TOP SECRET!!/TK/SCI

GEORGE  
Hello again, Ron.

RoboReagan sticks out his hand.

ROBOREAGAN  
Jellybeans, please.

George walks towards a bank of computers behind RoboReagan.

GEORGE  
Let me start off by saying, as of now President Reagan is dead.

North gasps.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

You are among a select few who know this secret, Colonel.

NORTH

So why aren't we swearing you in right now?

George slaps North on the shoulder.

GEORGE

In the early 70's, the CIA was worried that a series of political assassinations could destabilize the New World Order; ya know, lead to general social collapse.

NORTH

That's what the Constitution's for, sir.

GEORGE

The Constitution is weak... think of it, the president assassinated over and over. All the way down the line of succession... the people would lose it if we eventually went from President Dumbass Reagan to President Dipshit Regan.

George chortles.

NORTH

This thing can't be the President.

GEORGE

This 'thing' is an android, and it's part of the last directive I approved as head of the CIA: Operation Bedtime for Bonzo.

George pats RoboReagan on the head.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

We programed its data-core via visual stimulation.

North looks confused.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

He's seen every single one of Ronnie's movies. That's also how he learned to speak... So don't expect Shakespeare.

George toggles a switch on the computer bank. RoboReagan freezes. The rolling stand rotates towards a dark wall.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Along with some... supplemental material I garnered from my year atop the CIA. But you don't need to worry about all of that mumbo jumbo right now.

A projector illuminates, sound of SHARP speaker interference.

INSERT: Footage plays from the 1951 film *Bedtime for Bonzo*. Ronald's character walks over to a chimpanzee.

Light from the projector reflects on RoboReagan's face as the movie plays on the opposite wall.

RONALD (V.O.)

A lot of people think they're born better than others. I'm trying to prove it's the way you're raised that counts.

He picks up the chimpanzee.

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

But even a monkey brought up in the right surroundings can learn the meaning of decency and honesty.

RoboReagan mimics the line with a twinkle in his eye,

ROBOREAGAN

It's the way you're raised that counts.

George toggles switch. RoboReagan halts. Projector turns off.

14

**INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

14

George walks back towards the Cabinet Members.

GEORGE

Now that the android is active no one needs to discuss this outside of this room.

George gestures to a Secret Service Agent with a briefcase.

The Agent walks towards George, sets the brief case on the table in front of him. George thumbs in a code.

Locks on the briefcase SNAP open, North jumps at the SNAP.

George opens the case, it glows neon green. He reaches in.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
These are magic jellybeans.

He takes out a GREEN GLOWING JELLYBEAN, holds it up.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
It's got your run of the mill  
ingredients: sucrose, corn syrup,  
beeswax, pectin... and a pinch of  
(quickly)  
Uranium-235!

He tosses the jellybean at North. North instinctively catches it. Drops it with a SCREECH!

North looks at the jellybean on the floor. The Jellybean rolls between his feet. He looks like he stepped on a mine.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Don't worry, Ollie, they're not  
active. They only combust once  
mashed and jettisoned into his  
power matrix.

George takes the jellybean from between North's feet, he opens RoboReagan's mouth, places the jellybean between RoboReagan's molars. He forces RoboReagan's mouth shut with a CRUNCH.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Every nuclear jellybean he eats  
extends his batteries by 336--

North SLAMS his hands on the coffee table, stands.

NORTH  
Enough! This is insane! Caspar,  
what the H-E-double-hockey-sticks  
is going on, why didn't the rest of  
the administration hear about this?

CASPAR  
It was a need-to-know basis, and  
frankly there weren't a lot of  
people that needed to know we were  
planing to pull a body-double on a  
sitting president.

NORTH  
You can't both possibly think this  
is goin--

Caspar slaps North on the back.

CASPAR

(pointing)

The Vice President and the Secretary of Defense just stood up and pulled a robot out of the goddamned wall. There's not a whole lot you can do to stop us.

George chortles.

GEORGE

And don't forget the immeasurable loyalty of the Secret Service.

George high-fives one of the Agents. George chuckles.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Really though, they're just my ubiquitous henchmen...

North gulps.

NORTH

Wh... what do you want me to do?

GEORGE

I'll need you to help... coordinate certain military efforts.

North hesitates to say "no," sweat beads on his forehead. George gestures to the Agents. They flash guns at North.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

But, if you aren't up to the job, these fellas will help you to an early retirement. I'm sure there's another good Marine out there who'd love to take your place.

NORTH

I... might have spoken out of turn.

The Agents force North down on the chair behind the desk.

GEORGE

Now, on to business. Our first big problem is going to be convincing Nancy this is her husband--

A phone rings. George picks up the receiver.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 Hello? ... On her way now?  
 Fantastic. Thanks for the warning.

George's shoulders sink into a deep sigh. He takes his glasses off, rubs his eyes.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 Every little birdie has to leave  
 the nest at some point.

15

**INT. KENNEDY ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

15

George walks to the bank of computers behind RoboReagan.

**FLASH: A GHOSTLY SHADOW distracts George's attention.**

**George stumbles over the mechanical arm holding the bottom of the shell. The arm moves out of alignment with a small SPARK.**

George swears, recovers his balance. He picks up a blinking device labeled "**RoboRemote.**"

GEORGE  
 (while typing)  
 Just a minute, ol' Nancy. Ronnie's  
 gonna be right...

A string of data flows across a monitor over George's head, reflects off his glasses and pale face. As he presses enter:

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 ...with ya.

The unaligned mechanical arm TWISTS out of control, RoboReagan tumbles out of the shell. His neck rolls like rubber against the wall, reverberates.

His head SMACKS into the concrete floor with a CRUNCH.

INSERT: RoboReagan's POV: On floor, his vision terminates.

**BLACKSCREEN**

SUPERIMPOSE: Critical impact--ALERT--Critical impact--ALERT

RoboReagan slides out of the bottom of the shell.

A broken hose SPRAYS RED FLUID ACROSS THE ROOM, smatters over George's face. Agents wrestle the hose into submission. Red goop drips everywhere.

George wipes mechanical fluid from his glasses. He turns to the keyboard, types with haste.

INSERT: RoboReagan's POV: His vision returns, fluid on his eyes. Rotates his head 180 degrees, looks at George, a flicker of red light streams across his eyes.

SUPERIMPOSE: CODENAME: TIMBERWOLF [line break] FUNCTION:  
Second in Command of Operation Pax Americana

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Will someone please help the  
President to his feet?

Secret Service Agents handcuff the hose, pinched off. They scurry over to RoboReagan.

They lift RoboReagan to his feet. They wipe mechanical fluid off RoboReagan's face and out of his hair.

ROBOREAGAN  
(repeating)  
Trust, but verify... trust, but  
verify... trust, but verify...

George picks up a manual from the computer bank. Wipes goeey mechanical fluid from the cover.

INSERT: Manual title: "RoboReagan: Challenges and Passwords"

GEORGE  
(reading)  
Uh, I'm from the government and I'm  
here to help.

RoboReagan goes silent.

ROBOREAGAN  
Input verified.

16

**INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

16

RoboReagan walks toward North. North shutters at him. RoboReagan smiles, he shakes hands with North.

ROBOREAGAN  
Putter there, partner. It'll be  
nice getting to know you.

North stutters, wipes goo off his hand on to the couch. He awkwardly shields his eyes from RoboReagan's nudity.



ROBOREAGAN (CONT'D)

Of course, I already know what's on file, but what's that got to say about your personality?

NORTH

Please tell me that room has a wardrobe for this...

BANG! The hallway door RATTLES. BANG! BANG!

NANCY (O.C.)

(through the door)

Ronald!? Are you in there?

George presses buttons on the RoboRemote in a panic. The Kennedy Room slowly opens...

GEORGE

Get in there and put some pants o--

The hallway door BLASTS OPEN. Nancy heaves in the hallway.

Everyone freezes. Nancy scans the scene. Her mouth agape at RoboReagan, totally nude and dripping in fluid. "How weird?"

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Nancy! Lovely. We were ju--

Nancy throws her hand up in the air to silence George.

NANCY

Ron, get cleaned up from... whatever it is you were doing in here. I need to speak to you, privately.

Nancy SLAMS the door on her way out.

NORTH

Well, I guess she didn't notice.

CASPAR

Do you think we fooled her?

GEORGE

Really? Who left the goddamned door unlocked while I'm in the middle of revealing the diabolical scheme!?

George looks at Agent by the door -- "are you kidding me!?"

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Just... go... away... Just go...