

UNPRESIDENTED

1x01

"Pilot"

by

Matty Mendez

COLD OPEN

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL AUDITORIUM- HOME VIDEO

The video quality is low. It's 2000.

YOUNG MATTY stands on a podium in front of a banner that reads 'If I Ruled The World!'

He is dressed in a large white button down and pleated khaki slacks. He holds a piece of loose leaf in front of his face.

YOUNG MATTY
(on the tape)
If I ruled the world,
every-everyone would have th-their
own horses and I-I would assign a
branch of the mi-litairy just to
protect Mandy Moore and to see how
she's doing.

The crowd of ten erupts in applause. Young Matty takes a stiff bow and exits stage left.

FADE TO:

TITLE OVER BLACK: November 3rd, 2020.

FADE TO:

INT. MATTY'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

Jumping forward, we see MATTY all grown up in his 20s.

He paints his toenails black while watching CNN.

INSERT: A disheveled ANDERSON COOPER sits at his desk alone with piles of papers and boxes of yellow highlighters.

The title under him reads "ELECTION NIGHT IN AMERICA: WHY EVEN BOTHER?"

ANDERSON COOPER
(from the television)
I am the sole survivor. What's
left of the liberal press is
basically me and Rachel Maddow
now. Kellyanne comes and goes as
she pleases.

Matty pays no mind to the cable television proceedings.

This is the new normal.

MATTY
(to his toes)
Tell me what I need to know, Coop.

ANDERSON COOPER
This is Anderson Cooper 360! It's election night in America but who really cares about that. You'd rather be watching This is Us and I'd rather be watching a freshly painted wall. Who were we for thinking we could "glam up the midterms?" America doesn't want to change we want to revel in the mess we've made for 4 more years. Democrats could not manage to pull a worthy opponent for this unchecked beast and the time has come. Polls have closed in just about every state and this is our hour of reckoning.

Matty looks up for the first time as the television flashes a whole bunch of charts and maps.

ANDERSON COOPER (CONT'D)
Do my eyes deceive? Could it possibly be? The Nobody Democrat and The Donald vanquished... by a write-in candidate.

Matty's eyes widen.

MATTY
No way. No. Way.

INSERT: Across the screen comes a blurry MySpace profile picture from none other than Matty Mendez.

The title under the pixelated image reads: "Both Parties Shut Out For First Time Ever By Write-In Matty Mendez."

Matty's phone starts blaring with all sorts of notification sounds.

The bottle of black nail polish drops and shatters all over the white, faux-fur rug.

ANDERSON COOPER (O.S.)
 Our best and only reporters are
 currently on the case trying to
 figure out the whereabouts of this
 mysterious man that has just
 become the president-elect of the
 United States. Seen here eating a
 Blooming Onion.

A pounding on the door.

MATTY
 Oh come on! I don't even have
 pants on!

Matty slaps his exposed thighs and makes his way to answer
 the door.

LIZA (O.S.)
 (muffled)
 Open the damn door!

Matty abides.

LIZA, around the same age as Matty but shorter,
 Indian-American, stands, fist clenched as if to bang at
 wood no longer there.

LIZA
 (frantic)
 I came as soon as I heard.

The small girl throws her Louis Vuitton off her back and
 onto the sofa.

MATTY
 I just-

LIZA
 Anderson Cooper is retiring??

The upset on Liza's face is completely genuine as she looks
 up at her friend for reaffirmation.

MATTY
 What? No!
 (then)
 Liz, I just became the president.

Liza is not following the path of the conversation.

LIZA
 ...but you love Anderson Cooper.

MATTY

No-yeah-but- I'm the leader of the
free world... I think.

The new normal hasn't set in on him.

Liza paces around the studio apartment, collecting a
bottled water from Matty's refrigerator.

LIZA

So do you think it's like a
permanent thing or is it a
publicity stunt or is he going to
another major network or is he
going to Diane Sawyer us and
linger in the shadows...

She takes a prolonged sip as Matty collects her.

MATTY

(in a shout)

ELIZABETH!

(then, quieter but
manic)

I just swept the presidential
election without knowing I was
running. This is a huge mistake
and I don't really get how this
isn't a big deal to you.

Liza sets the Voss down. She dabs sweat off her forehead
with her designer jacket.

They both slump onto the sofa like boujee robots.

The glare from the TV gleams across their oily faces.

ANDERSON COOPER

This is gearing up to be a wild
couple of years.

END COLD OPEN