

Cellmates - Pilot

by

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**FADE IN ON:**

**INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT**

Dingy bunk beds. The only decoration: two embroidered PILLOWS. One reads "H". The other "D".

Outside, a GUARD bellows at prisoners (all unseen.)

GUARD

This ain't no think tank gala, boys n'  
girls. Shake those asses. Hustle now!

Groans, footsteps ensue. Not fast enough for the guard.

GUARD

Bust a move, 45. And -

A hopeful female voice intrudes.

FEMALE VOICE

My number's 47?

GUARD

Whatever perks your pantsuit. Go!

CREAK. The jail cell opens. DONALD TRUMP and HILLARY CLINTON shuffle in - last names on orange uniforms.

A deadbolt CLICKS. The guard sneers through bars.

GUARD

No stayin' up past curfew. When lights  
flash this time, make sure you shut it  
all down.

(points at Hillary)

Which means, no more pretend Oval Office  
meetin's wit da rats.

(points at Donald)

And you - no texts. Or logging onto Truth  
Social.

DONALD

Who does that?!?

GUARD

Lissen, wise ass: you sneak another phone  
in, I'll have you strip searched. Every  
nook, cranny, and...

(shudders)

Ew. Never mind.

The guard walks off, leaves the two alone. They shoot each other looks, speak in old-married-couple tones.

HILLARY

I can't believe they stuck me in here.

DONALD

"Lock her up" wasn't a clue?

HILLARY

That was just sound bite PR. We both knew you wouldn't follow through. Yet here we are, facing lifetime sentences. Of all the historical personalities I could have spent my golden years talking to, my cell bitch had to be you?

DONALD

Speaking of bitc-

HILLARY

DON'T go there. Just... go away. But even if you stay, the way your jumpsuit blends into that spray tan of yours, I can just pretend you've Shawshanked it out of here. I'll hold down this cell on my own, and enjoy the "Orange is the New Black" vibe.

DONALD

You as Piper Chapman? Only after a few years on meth. And 40 extra pounds.

HILLARY

Project much, Donnie? Those are the only two achievements you're "expert" in!

Trump beelines for the ladder to the top bunk. Hillary grabs his belt. Groans with effort, pulls him away.

HILLARY

The top bunk's mine!

DONALD

You like it on top? Too bad. I call dibs on the penthouse suite.

He heads for the ladder again. Hillary blocks his way.

HILLARY

No way I'm looking at your ass all night. The farts alone would knock me out.

DONALD

Fake news. They're not *that* bad.

HILLARY

That's not what Melania says.

The two lock eyes. Stalemate.

DONALD

Tell you what: let's make a deal.

HILLARY

Yippie. Like you're any good at that.

DONALD

Let's compare political mistakes, see who's worse. Whoever gets the first three strikes is a loser. The BIGLY L kind...

HILLARY

Who has to sniff farts and sleep in the bottom bunk. I like those odds. My Turn!

DONALD

Which worked so well in '16. Sure.

Hillary grabs her pillow, hugs it with malicious glee.

HILLARY

I accuse you... of nepotism.

DONALD

"Nepotism"?

HILLARY

Donnie, I thought you knew big words? I mean, what qualifications made Ivanka and Jared White House advisors: their track record of being fast swimming sperm?

DONALD

You wanna hit the kids? Fine, I'll roll: how'd Chelsea score that cush job at NBC? She win any Pulitzers? Ivanka's got more talent, and she's sexier. No offense to Clinton genes.

Donald smirks. Relishes the word "sexier" a bit too much.

HILLARY

Don't pit our daughters against each other. They used to be BFFs! Let's leave family out of this.

This fight's between you, me... and cold hard facts. Like that shit-show you called a foreign policy.

DONALD

"Shit-show"? People are saying I did better than any President in US history!

HILLARY

By calling Kim Jong Un "Rocket Man"? I mean, everyone's expectations were low, but a orangutan could negotiate better peace!

DONALD

Says the Secretary of State who assassinated Gaddafi.

HILLARY

(chuckles)

We came, we saw. He died. Ah, who could forget?

DONALD

Definitely not the Libyans. You turned their country into a failed slave state.

The two grow silent.

HILLARY

One more round, Daddy's boy!  
Administrative violations is where I'll bust you good. Do 15 boxes of stolen presidential records ring a bell?

DONALD

You got 15 boxes? In return, I give you 2 little words: Private server.

Hillary reddens. Exploding, she swings her pillow at Trump. He pelts her back. Pillow fight!

HILLARY

Putin lover!

DONALD

Did Monica Lewinsky tell you that?

HILLARY

No, but E. Jean Carroll did.

DONALD

Where'd Bill spend that half million from the Russian bank... on more side chicks?

HILLARY

Trump University's a gift!

DONALD

Ask Haiti. Clinton Foundation's worse!

The two glare, pant. Then blurt out in unison:

TRUMP AND CLINTON

Impeachment! Damn. You too?!?

Both deflate, drop down together on the bottom bunk.

HILLARY

It's no use. Deep down, we know the truth. We've both made a mess of things.

DONALD

I know it's hard, but look on the bright side. Sure, we may be stuck here 'til our lawyers fish us out. But you're worth \$120 mil. And I'm worth, well...

(fudges/mouths the number)

...more. Which means we're relatively way better off than all those rubes who voted for us.

(waves)

You know, those peasants in the streets.

HILLARY

Don, for once I think you've got a point!

Hillary sits up. They hug. Awkward, but it works.

HILLARY

This feels like the good old days, doesn't it? Back when we were all friends, hanging out at the golf course. Bill and I attending your wedding.

DONALD

Number 3. Good times! This might sound crazy, but I feel a melody coming on. Sing with me, Hills!

Music swells. Donald sings. Hillary joins in.

DONALD

(to Islands in the Stream)

You do something to me I can't explain. Hold me closer, I feel no pain. Every beat of my heart. We got something going on.

HILLARY

Tender love is blind. It requires dedication. All this love we feel needs no conversation. We ride it together, a ha. Making love with each other, a ha...

The two roll eyes at each other, mock-gag.

DONALD

Bring it home, Dolly!

HILLARY

With you, Kenny? All the way!

TRUMP AND CLINTON

Politicians in the stream: that is what we are. It's our dynasty. How can we be wrong?

Sudden pounding on the wall stops them mid-track. The two stare, shocked. A WOMAN in an adjoining cell screams.

WOMAN

Get a room. Assholes!

HILLARY

Do you mind? We've got one here!

WOMAN

Duets are only allowed at yard time. At night, shut the fuck up. People gotta sleep!

Trump cocks his head. Listens.

DONALD

You sound familiar. Are you Rhonda, Cell Block C?

WOMAN

No! That's a different floor. Idiot.

HILLARY

Then who are you?

WOMAN

Ghislaine Maxwell. Who wants to know?

Hillary and Donald slump on the cot, eyes wide. They huddle and whisper, terrified.

HILLARY

Are the guards at their stations?

DONALD

I think there was a shift change. No.

HILLARY

Do we even know if the security cameras work?

Lights FLASH: lock down time. Plunged into sudden darkness, Donald and Hillary gulp.

DONALD

Solidarity's what we both need. Here's the plan: stay awake.

The two fist bump, pinkie lock.

HILLARY

And keep each other's secrets. I got your back, brother. This cell may have its limits....

DONALD

(grumbles)

No kidding. The toilet's not even gold!

HILLARY

...but together, we'll make it work.  
Consider this Mar-a-Lago 2.0!

FINAL FADE OUT: