

THE (WHITE) HOUSE ALWAYS WINS

*Viewed as a loser, the Vice President of the United States
attempts to win back the U.S treasury after accidentally betting
it away in an underground poker game.*

Written by

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1/29/2025 REVISED draft.

OVER BLACK:

BOLTZ (O.C.)
(southern accent always)
Just don't embarrass me, Sherman.
Women may have won me the election,
but they don't win cards.

INT. WHITE HOUSE / GAME ROOM - SAME

President BOLTZ (60), a Foghorn Leghorn southern drawl and attention seeker, and Vice President SHERMAN (35), the youngest and most energetic VP ever, ENTER. Senators and their PATRONS LAUGH around scraps, blackjack, and poker. Seeing the President, everyone KNEELS to him! Sherman grins.

SHERMAN
Oh, thank you everyone! --

CROWD
ALL HAIL THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF!

BOLTZ
Up! Have fun, my gilded eagles!

Boltz puts his arm around one of the many suited gentlemen and walks around, laughing. Sherman spots Senator DAVID TAINT, young (35) but un-enthusiastic. He admires Squidward.

SHERMAN
Can you believe I'm here, David!

TAINT
No.

SHERMAN
Look at us! Feels like yesterday I beat you at Harvard's undie run.

TAINT
Again, it's not an undie run if you're the only contestant --

She takes out a BINDER full of messy paper. It reads "215".

SHERMAN
We can discuss my H.R. 215 agenda!

Taint immediately covers her mouth! She swats his hand away.

TAINT
Shh! Not here. If you want to play games, let's go to the table.

He gestures to a **Poker table** of *Clue*-looking rich people.

The pot is STACKED with WATCHES, CAR KEYS, and American flag PINS. One man drags them all to himself -- flamboyant German Oligarch, HEIDEGGER (40). Sherman and Taint sit.

HEIDEGGER
(German accent always)
Yahtzee!

SHERMAN
We're playing Yahtzee?

HEIDEGGER
Nein. Das ist Poker. Vice President
is little slow, ja?

Our rich cabal all LAUGH. Taint laughs, leaning to Sherman.

TAINT
We didn't win our elections without
his donations. Laugh.

Sherman smiles. But she does not laugh.

SHERMAN
Deal me in.

A man in a black vest -- the Dealer -- is about to give her cards before Heidegger grabs him. He turns to Sherman.

HEIDEGGER
What can you offer, fraulein?

Sherman throws down her HONDA car keys next to PORSCHE keys.

SHERMAN
I believe this will cover it.

Everyone laughs. Taint giggles.

TAINT
You serious? God, you're even a
bigger joke than I remember --

HEIDEGGER
Nein. Das vill do.

SHERMAN
Well, thank you sir!

HEIDEGGER
Call me Heidegger.

The Dealer hands everyone their cards. She's got her PHONE out, looking at a "How to play Poker" picture. She looks up from her research, grabbing her cards closer. Taint looks unhappy with his cards and looks over at Sherman.

SHERMAN

No peeking!

Taint KNOCKS TWICE -- Sherman copies him. The Dealer flips a card. The rich cabal **folds**. Heidegger and Taint do not. Heidegger puts a MERCEDES-BENZ KEY into the pile, *raising the pot*. Taint must raise, so he takes off his American flag PIN.

TAINT

How about your tariffs cut in half?

HEIDEGGER

Ja. *Heidegger Dogs* will finally compete with *wienerschnitzel*!

Taint throws his pin to the pot.

SHERMAN

You can bet legislation?!

HEIDEGGER

Das ist how game works.

SHERMAN

Well, I couldn't possibly bet H.R. 215. It's my baby! So how about free healthcare for your employees?

Everyone LAUGHS, especially Heidegger. He shakes his head.

SHERMAN (CONT'D)

A monument? The gulf of Heidegger?

People keep laughing. Sherman is annoyed, finally grabbing her American flag pin and slamming it down!

SHERMAN (CONT'D)

The U.S Treasury!

Beat on a GASP from everyone.

TAINT

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

SHERMAN

Chill! I'm just playing along!

TAINT

We *play* in congress. This is REAL!

SHERMAN

What?!

Taint **fold**s as Heidegger CACKLES.

HEIDEGGER

Don't get too emotional, Fraulein.

The Dealer flips the last card. An ace. Heidegger knocks. Sherman gulps, knocking. Heidegger reveals TWO ACES.

HEIDEGGER (CONT'D)

Three of un kind.

Sherman nervously reveals her cards. A seven and nine. Taint and Sherman watch in horror as Heidegger grabs the pot.

HEIDEGGER (CONT'D)

YAHTZEE!

Then, President Boltz sits down!

BOLTZ

We playin' Yahtzee?

SHERMAN

I'm so sorry, President Boltz--

BOLTZ

Where is your pin, Sherman?

Heidegger holds it up, TSK TSK TSK-ing.

HEIDEGGER

It's too easy with these junior eagles, herr president. Especially when zey are diversity hires.

Boltz makes a fist. It seems he's angry with Heidegger.

BOLTZ

How much did we lose?

But, he turns to Sherman!

BOLTZ (CONT'D)

HOW MUCH, SHERMAN?

SHERMAN

The U.S. treasury! And my Accord.

BOLTZ

My God. That's a damn fine car.

SHERMAN

Just don't give him the money!

BOLTZ

If we don't honor the rules down here, the whole international economy will crumble. The stock market crash alone will cost far more than our paltry treasury!

SHERMAN

I'm so sorry sir. Rest assured I'll help you save our administration!

BOLTZ

Good. But next term, I think I'll have a new running mate.

Boltz slams his fist on the table with a "BOLTZ B&B" KEY.

HEIDEGGER

Nein danke. Auf Wiedersehen.

Heidegger starts gathering his winnings, about to leave.

SHERMAN

Wait! There must be something you could want! Just one more game!

HEIDEGGER

Ich have everything Ich could ever need, fraulein. Except, perhaps...

Heidegger points his ring-filled finger to Boltz's pin.

BOLTZ

What do you want? A future pardon?

Heidegger LAUGHS.

HEIDEGGER

Der presidency.

SHERMAN

Ha! If you think President Boltz would willingly give up his office--

BAM. Boltz slams his fist and PRESIDENTIAL PIN into the pot.

HEIDEGGER

Fraulein. Ich vill deal you in.

Heidegger slides the Honda key back to a *nervous* Sherman. She sits, putting it back in the pot and receiving two cards.

On the table: an ace and a three. Heidegger knocks. So does everyone else. The Dealer turns over a card: another three.

Boltz's face is stoic. So is Heidegger's. Everyone is absolutely still, calm, with no emotion. The MUSIC is tense.

Heidegger farts.

HEIDEGGER (CONT'D)

Eich! Bet this house hasn't faced a bomb that bad since Pearl Harbor.

The rich patrons *cover their noses*, **fold**, and EXIT. It's just Heidegger, Boltz, Taint and Sherman playing now.

HEIDEGGER (CONT'D)

Let's up ze stakes. This ist made of 407 little Deutschland duckling.

Heidegger throws his tuxedo jacket into the pile.

TAINT

Damnit, my dead wife made me this.

Taint throws his COAT in. Boltz does the same.

SHERMAN

You can't even wear mine!

HEIDEGGER

Nein. But it gives me better view of your wassermelones.

Sherman cringes, debating. The patrons gather around.

BOLTZ

DO WHAT THE MAN SAYS! DO YOU NOT LOVE YOUR COUNTRY?!

Sherman sighs, taking out the H.R. 215 binder.

SHERMAN

I raise you, Heidegger. I'm going all in. My life's work. My love of my country. One binder of policy.

Heidegger reads the binder, skeptically.

BOLTZ

Oh c'mon! You really think that scrap will butter his biscuits?

HEIDEGGER

A 93% WEALTH TAX? HOLY HIMMLER!

Heidegger puts his WHOLE pile all in. Taint **folds**.

TAINT
Sorry, dead wife.

HEIDEGGER
Fold now, herr president, and I may
make you my Vice Chancellor.

Boltz can't decide. Heidegger LAUGHS. The rich patrons watch.

SHERMAN
Don't do it! What about your love
of country?

Boltz wavers for a beat. Then **FOLDS**. The patrons GASP.

HEIDEGGER
NAHTZEE -- I mean -- YAHTZEE!

SHERMAN(O.S.)
Wait! Wait.

She checks her phone. Then her hand. Then her phone. Then her
hand. Then her phone. Then her --

HEIDEGGER
SHOW DAS KARTEN!

SHERMAN
How 'bout these *wassermelones*!

She slaps her cards down.

Everyone looks in amazement. An ace and a three, joining the
two aces and one three on the table. A full (white) house.

HEIDEGGER
NEIN! HOW COULD ICH LOSE TO YOU?! A
JOKE, JA?! YOU'RE A JOKE!

She scoops all the winnings for herself, throwing on
Heidegger's goat feather white jacket, smiling.

SHERMAN
We won, President Boltz! We --
what's going on?

The room kneels to Sherman. Taint SIGHS and kneels, too.

HEIDEGGER
Mein gott.

Heidegger kneels! Sherman turns to Boltz. He kneels, sadly.

CROWD
ALL HAIL THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF!

Sherman, in her oversized coat, stands tall, smiling. She puts on Boltz's Presidential pin and puts an arm around him.

SHERMAN
Don't worry, Boltz, you're the VP!
Men may have won me the presidency,
but they just don't win cards.

Boltz smiles, standing. Sherman grabs a GLASS, raising it.

SHERMAN (CONT'D)
Let's have fun, my gilded eagles!

Everyone CHEERS and we --

CUT TO BLACK.