

LYIN' TED!

'Pilot'

Written by

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Based on, the life and times of Ted Cruz and Calvin Cordozar
'Snoop Dogg' Broadus, Jr.

This work is a parody and satire.

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@Nate_Hardisty

FADE IN:

INT. CRUZ HOUSE FIRST FLOOR - DAY

A lavish suburban house. A plush brown couch in the middle. White wooden steps at the back leading to the bedrooms. The kitchen is to the left. Basically your average sitcom setup except this is Ted Cruz's house. All of the pictures on the wall are of his face.

SNOOP DOGG is doing squat thrusts in front of the couch. Clothed in SUNGLASSES and, fuck it you know how exactly how he dresses.

TED CRUZ is sat, dressed in checked shirt and slacks, looking like a fucking idiot, at the dining table reading spreadsheets and SIGHING intermittently.

TED CRUZ

D'ya have to keep doin' that, Snoop?

SNOOP

Gotta get the loins oiled for the ladies, know me?

TED CRUZ

Know you?

SNOOP

Means I gotta keep doin' what am doin' is all.

SQUAT THRUSTING. TED CRUZ eats a booger.

TED CRUZ

Besides, know you? Know you? You've been sleeping on my couch for thirty-eight months now.

SNOOP

Told ye neffew, just waitin' for Snoop season to start. All easy.

TED CRUZ

There is no such thing as Snoop season or easy! Auditing the federal reserve is not going to be easy. Repealing Obamacare-

SNOOP

Yo yo ain't wanting you to spit
rhymes fam, gotta whole lotta oil
to burn.

LAUGH TRACK.

TED CRUZ

(sighing)

I've got no idea what you're
talkin' Snoop. You know--
(doing that fucking thing
where he puts his hands
together like prayer but
actually making a
sardonic remark)
--this data is telling me I can do
it Snoop! I can catch up to Drumpf.
The math is on my side.

(a beat)

And the people of the United
States. They're with me, you know.
And I'm being honest with them.
Blunt.

SNOOP

Imma fan of that if you know what
I'm chattin'.

SNOOP LOOKS DIRECTLY, with a SNOOP patented GRIN to the
audience. Waiting for the... **LAUGH TRACK. APPLAUSE.**

SNOOP (CONT'D)

Marijuana.

LAUGH TRACK. APPLAUSE.

CRUZ reviews his papers. DISTRESSED.

TED CRUZ

I just gotta-gotta you know, get my
act together. You know. Not talk
about my hands too much. Or show
them the bodies. Or drink any
fluids.

A beat.

SNOOP

Dude had a water fetish. Loved
water. Water water everywhere. Not
a bitch to drink.

(a beat, inquisitive)

Damn there's a sexy beat in there.

(MORE)

SNOOP (CONT'D)

Like, the Kate Upton of beats. Or
Søren Kierkegaard. *Damn.*

LAUGH TRACK.

TED CRUZ

We all need water, Snoop Dogg, it
is the liquid origin of all life in
existence.

A beat.

TED CRUZ (CONT'D)

Nah just kidding! What did you
fancy me for, a *liberal* atheist!
Haha!

(slapping his knee like a
fucking shiny marionette
puppet just learned it
can order a Big Mac and
get away with several
alleged murders,
allegedly)

God created the universe in seven
days. Our lord up there high!

CRUZ points above.

TED CRUZ (CONT'D)

(fake crying)
All up *high...*

A beat.

SNOOP

(with grin)
Marijuana!

LAUGH TRACK. APPLAUSE.

A beat.

TED CRUZ

You know I'm inviting some big
Republicans to dinner, you know.
Gotta put on a great show and
they'll endorse me! I got Ron Paul.
Rick Perry. I got Mitt Romney. I
got uh---

(fanning through papers)
---even Jeb is coming!

SNOOP

What a mess.

TED CRUZ'S phone **DINGS!** He LOOKS at it.

TED CRUZ

Aww man! Donald won't stop talking about me.

SNOOP

Gotta strike back neffew.

TED CRUZ

That's great advice Snoop. Now. I just got to figure out what to do for this dinner!

SNOOP

Just shut down the government. That usually solves your problems and makes you friends, right.

LAUGH TRACK.

TED CRUZ

Not after John Boehner took all my lunch money!

LAUGH TRACK.

TED CRUZ (CONT'D)

And Paul Ryan! All he does is crossfit all the time! Like he's running for President, crossing his fingers for a contested convention.

SNOOP

He the same one who talks about Ayn Rand?

TED CRUZ

We all love Ayn Rand, Snoop.

SNOOP

She wrote the big, useless books in your loft that have those pages stuck together?

A beat.

TED CRUZ

(a flash of inspiration)
That's it!

HE STANDS UP. PROUD.

TED CRUZ (CONT'D)
 I'll do homebrew barbeque! Texas
 Ranch style. Texas. Texas. Texas.

CLOSE IN. He looks directly into the camera, licking his lips.

TED CRUZ (CONT'D)
 Texas.

LAUGH TRACK. WOO-HOO. Let's start the show!

CUT TO:

MAIN CREDITS.

I shouldn't discuss what they'd be exactly but, like, a farcical jingle in the back. Montage. Proper Nineties stuff. Too Many Cooks but, like, *Too Much Cruz*. Playful with short clips of mishaps and shenanigans that would run throughout the series.

JEB BUSH on fire. TED CRUZ in a banana costume, negotiating a parking ticket. SNOOP filing in his taxes. CRUZ burying the Zodiac bodies, covered in blood and smiling to the camera before we CLOSE IN on his marionette pigeon face. SNOOP surrounded by females and a penguin with a top hat. CRUZ accidentally attending a gay wedding. End with CRUZ and SNOOP diving on the couch.

CUT TO:

INT. CRUZ HOUSE FIRST FLOOR - DAY

CRUZ is donning an apron, with Reagan's face on it, and running around the kitchen. SNOOP is lounged out on the couch.

TED CRUZ
 Say! Could you--
 (he does that fucking
 thing with his hands when
 he's being really
 annoying too)
 --slip us a hand here Snoop? The
 ribs are going well but I need to
 go look upstairs for some nice
 cutlery.

SNOOP
 Sure thing neffew. You go get high.

TED CRUZ
Well I am going upstairs. Okay.

A beat. And then another one.

SNOOP
Marijuana.

LAUGH TRACK.

CRUZ REMOVES THE APRON. HE RUNS UPSTAIRS.

SNOOP (CONT'D)
Damn all by myself. All good.

SNOOP stands up to walk around the place for a little. Whispering beats to himself. He goes towards the kitchen, OPENS up the oven. Piping hot ribs. Mmmmm! Dat defune Planned Parenthood taste!

SNOOP (CONT'D)
Dayum that some fine piece of ass.
(a beat)
I mean meat. Damn.

LAUGH TRACK.

SNOOP is clearly salivating over dem ribs.

Fair enough.

CUT TO:

INT. CRUZ HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

CRUZ ENTERS the bedroom. Ignoring the bloodied Satanic pentagram on the wall, he RUSHES in. The room is just a large cosy bed with a chest at its feet. A closet at the far end.

CRUZ rifles through the chest.

TED CRUZ
Alrighty! Let's see here. Gotta find the sweet stuff.

He chucks items away, looking for the fancy cutlery. We see him throw away his CANADIAN PASSPORT. Because he is Canadian. He was born in Canada.

The BACON-WRAPPED MACHINE-GUN goes flying too. He even throws a picture of HEIDI CRUZ. And a copy of ATLAS SHRUGGED. Finally getting to the cutlery.

TED CRUZ (CONT'D)
 (happily)
 Finally!

RICK PERRY EXITS the closet, in suit.

CLAPPING, WOO-HOO!

CRUZ is so scared he DARTS on top of the bed. COVERING HIS EYES!

TED CRUZ (CONT'D)
 I did not do it! Tell Jake
 Gyllenhaal to go away!

LAUGH TRACK.

RICK PERRY
 Relax Ted, it's me. Former Texas
 Governor Rick Perry.

CRUZ calms down.

TED CRUZ
 (out of breathe)
 You scared the Tea Party out of me
 Rick!

LAUGH TRACK.

RICK PERRY
 I got here early and got scared of
 the early polling so hid away.

LAUGH TRACK.

CRUZ DUSTS himself down and PICKS UP the cutlery.

TED CRUZ
 It's mighty nice to have another
 Texan over the dinner. We can
 discuss the great issues that
 define our great state. Texas.
 Texas. Texas.

RICK PERRY
 You're Cuban-Canadian.

TED CRUZ
 Wait.
 (a beat)
 Did you come here to berate me or
 to stop Donald Drumpf?

RICK PERRY
Your hands are a fine size, don't
worry.. You're no Little Marco.

TED CRUZ
That's what I call my dick.

PERRY slaps him.

LAUGH TRACK.

RICK PERRY
That is no laughing matter Ted! We
can't expect to win against that
jerk with more jerk. I mean, yeah,
he's got really small hands. Like,
kinda weird orange ones. Like,
imagine wrapping your mouth around
one of them.

A beat.

TED CRUZ
I haven't thought of it that way.

A beat.

RICK PERRY
Sorry. I was away. Regardless, we
have to stump the Drumpf. And
Kasich is our guy!

OHIO GOVERNOR JOHN KASICH bursts through the door, in smart
suit. PANTING WITH LOSS OF BREATH. DRENCHED in sweat. HOT
SWEATY... sweat fuck you.

JOHN KASICH
Hello everyone!

CLAPPING! WOO-HOO!

TED CRUZ
John! What on Earth are you doing
here?

JOHN KASICH
(hands in pockets)
Well I'm just waiting for the
convention to start given there
ain't no hope of me getting another
state. Aw geez. So I'm just, you
know, waiting around and stuff.
Just being a guy. A man's man. You
know.

(MORE)

JOHN KASICH (CONT'D)

(a beat)

Aw geez aw man golly gee. This is nuts!

LAUGH TRACK.

A beat.

TED CRUZ

Suck my dick John.

(a beat, pointing)

And my...

(a beat, poking KASICH on the chest)

--dick.

LAUGH TRACK.

CRUZ GATHERS UP his cutlery.

RICK PERRY

I'm sorry Ted here is being so Ted, John. You'll have my endorsement in the morning.

PERRY shakes KASICH'S hand.

JOHN KASICH

Aw golly gee.

RICK PERRY

You know it makes sense, Ted, why have you have no friends in that senate of yours.

JOHN KASICH

Yeah always getting in people's way. Like a cockblocker. Like a dickblocker. Dickblocker. Blockdigger. Aw geez aw man. Not a moderate like me.

RICK PERRY

You're more pro-life than a fucking uterus, Kasich, so shut the fuck up.

A beat.

TED CRUZ

(staring off into the distance)

No friends...

PERRY and KASICH low-five each other.

TED CRUZ (CONT'D)
No friends...

WE CLOSE IN ON TED'S FACE. All colour drains away, leaving a mushy sepia tone. **SAD MUSIC**. A SINGLE TEAR drains down CRUZ's face. Voices circling his mind.

RICK PERRY (V.O.)
You have no friends...

JOHN KASICH (V.O.)
Dickblocker. Dickblocker.

RICK PERRY (V.O.)
You have no friends...

JOHN KASICH (V.O.)
Dickblocker. Dickblocker.

RICK PERRY (V.O.)
You have no friends...

JOHN KASICH (V.O.)
Aww geez aw man!

DONALD J. TRUMP (V.O.)
AND THAT'S WHY HE PROBABLY HAS NO
FRIENDS. WHAT A JOKE. A NASTY GUY.
A REAL NASTY GUY.

(A beat, fading and slowly
- like a carless whisper
into the night air)
Make America Great Again...

A beat.

JOHN KASICH
Ted?

Another.

JOHN KASICH (CONT'D)
Ted!

CRUZ snaps out of it. We go back to normal. CRUZ brushes his face.

TED CRUZ
Sorry. John. Got a little bit misty-eyed there. Went off on a real Biblical journey, you know.

JOHN KASICH
I know what you mean, Ted.

They all drape their arms around each other in brotherhood.

JOHN KASICH (CONT'D)
If the Bible's right about one
thing-

RICK PERRY
Besides abortion.

JOHN KASICH
Besides our legislative necessity
to control a woman's uterus, yes.
(a beat)
It's that we have to stop Donald
Trump.

A beat.

RICK PERRY
That's not one of the ten
commandments but okay.

JOHN KASICH
You know, the Bible also said
something like-
(a beat)
-love thy neighbour. Or something
about getting **stoned** probably! This
is nuts!

They all laugh hertily, slapping their knees like white old
men blocking decades of progressive politics.

The door OPENS and SNOOP DOGG pops his head inside the room,
toward the audience.

SNOOP
Somebody called, neffew?

LAUGH TRACK.

SNOOP (CONT'D)
Marijuana.

LAUGH TRACK. APPLAUSE.

JUMP TO:

FADE IN:

INT. CRUZ HOUSE FIRST FLOOR - DAY

KASICH and PERRY are sat at the table. SNOOP is chilling on the couch. CRUZ is running about the kitchen with Reagan apron.

CRUZ has lost something.

TED CRUZ

Say uh, Snoop. Where have the ribs gone? Did you take them out.

A beat.

SNOOP

(nervously)

Yeah about that, neffew, uh let's have a word in private.

A beat. They both stand up doing nothing.

TED CRUZ

Wait so am I coming over to you or are you coming over here?

SNOOP

You coming over here, right?

TED CRUZ

Well you're making things mighty awkward, Snoop.

(that fucking Ted Cruz laugh)

LAUGH TRACK.

CRUZ moves towards him. They sit on the couch together.

SNOOP

I smoked the ribs.

TED CRUZ

Oh. Oh wow.

(actual surprise)

I wondered for a while if it was a mistake or not having you on this here couch. You know. But you actually, like, smoked them nicely. In such a short amount of time too.

We CLOSE IN slowly on CRUZ's face...

TED CRUZ (CONT'D)

You know. Heidi was like, "No! He'll end up influencing the children. Pass the blunt." But, you see, I told her we just can't throw out the Bible with the bathwater and turn a stranger in need away.

(a beat)

I've never had someone so close to me, Snoop. The Ayatollah Konami can't touch this friendship now. You have closed the Guantanamo of my heart. Truly. This is touching stuff. You stay on this couch.

(patting it)

You stay on it till you feel right, you know, for your Snoop season or whatever it is.

(half-crying)

A beat.

SNOOP

I mean I put it in a fat blunt and I smoked it.

TED CRUZ

I'm sorry?

A beat.

SNOOP

I put it in a blunt.

LAUGH TRACK.

A beat.

SNOOP (CONT'D)

And then I smoked it. All the meat.

LAUGH TRACK. APPLAUSE.

A beat. CRUZ still has the same face of actual human joy.

SNOOP (CONT'D)

I rolled it up in one big one. Damn fine meat, son, you Texas son'o'bitches know how to do your meat. Just a shame you can't help out with entropy, you know?

KASICH turns around.

JOHN KASICH

Aw shucks gee wiz Snoop Dogg you can't expect the state of Texas to intervene in regards to the second law of thermodynamics.

SNOOP

I'm afraid that all matter within an isolated area will, by its nature, slowly degrade and decay. Nearly all atomical matter in the universe has a lifespan close to one-hundred trillion years, neffew. What does it say about the human race that we're not gonna confront this massive existential issue as a collective, but instead bury our heads in the sands and thank Jesus for bread?

(a beat)

I mean, yeah, Jesus was a sweet guy who burnt bush and fucked bitches, but I think there's more pressing matters at hand. We need less Kardashians and more Peter Higgses in the world, you dig me neffew?

CRUZ's face is still frozen.

JOHN KASICH

Well, yeah, I can agree there. It's just, aw jeez aw man, I don't know. If all matter and all of life is going to end anyway then what's the point of winning Ohio and coming second place in New Hampshire?

LAUGH TRACK.

SNOOP

We as a species have to come to grips with our place in the universe. This finite cosmos. Our lives are but a small blink in the great chain of time. Gotta wrestle with these philosophies, you know.

(a beat)

That's what my music was all about, you know? Death. Tragedy. The human experience.

(MORE)

SNOOP (CONT'D)

It's an imagined thing, and it's best time we put it to bed, lest we let our kids believe in such things.

(a beat, sighing)

We should all just allow death to take us, you know. Our whole species was a mistake, human consciousness was a mistake. We should all wade quietly into the stream and make sure evolution doesn't commit the same mistake.

NERVOUS LAUGH TRACK. SINGULAR DRUNKEN WOO-HOO.

JOHN KASICH

But surely by the principles of biological determinism and evolution, then we as a species have naturally evolved with an awareness beyond previous species. And we have to better our predicament for future generations to surpass our very finite biologies.

A beat.

TED CRUZ

You rolled up all of the ribs in a cigarette and smoked it?

A beat.

TED CRUZ (CONT'D)

The ribs. For the dinner today to get my necessary endorsements necessary to my political career?

A beat. SNOOP nods.

TED CRUZ (CONT'D)

I have not felt this way since gay marriage was legalized.

CRUZ reaches from beneath the couch to wield a giant, metallic axe.

TED CRUZ (CONT'D)

I s'ppose it was either the gays or hip-hop music that would ruin me. Can't believe I came so close. Climbed so... *high*.

He stares off into the distance. Contemplating a future, an Oval Office that might've been his.

SNOOP
Marijuana.

LAUGH TRACK.

JUMP TO:

FADE IN:

INT. CRUZ HOUSE FIRST FLOOR - DAY

KASICH, SNOOP and PERRY sat at the dining table.

CRUZ bursts through the door, with the same axe. Brandishing a paper bag.

TED CRUZ
Well it took a lot of threats and
Harvard referencing but I finally
got us some meats!

LAUGH TRACK.

He rushes over to the kitchen to plate up the meats from the paper bag. The doorbell rings!

SNOOP answers it. It's JEB BUSH! Suited and booted.

No applause.

JEB BUSH
I'm sorry I look like a mess now,
you know. This reminds me of a
story--

SNOOP
Chill out neffew. Come in for them
ribs.

JEB BUSH
Thank you. Hi Ted!
(he waves)
So nice to see you!

He does the JEB! smile. CRUZ looks at him and nods.

JEB BUSH (CONT'D)
Can you use your lavatory please? I
can exchange some small turtles for
usage.

SNOOP
Upstairs.

JEB BUSH
Ha. Ha. You mean, upstairs right?
(he jokingly elbows SNOOP,
doing his JEB laugh)

SNOOP
Sorry?

JEB BUSH
You know. You know. Upstairs. Up
high?

KASICH and PERRY turns around. Everyone looks at JEB.

JEB BUSH (CONT'D)
You know. *High.*
(a beat)
Like the stuff I smoked back in
college!
(a beat)
The rolled up marijuana.

Nothing. JEB looks at the audience.

JEB BUSH (CONT'D)
Come on! Please! My daddy was
President.

SNOOP
Yeah and your brother almost made
us forget that.

LAUGH TRACK.

JEB looks sad, like, Charlie Brown sad-walk sad. He slowly
goes up stairs.

JEB BUSH
Peyton Manning supported me.

He leaves to go poop.

TED CRUZ
What a mess.

The doorbell rings. SNOOP answers again, it's RON PAUL!

RON PAUL
This is happening!

APPLAUSE. WOO-HOO!

SNOOP

Yeah maybe stop reading Reddit and
get your son to actually get a
haircut, neffew.

LAUGH TRACK.

They all go to sit down and CRUZ plates up all the food,
rushing to give everyone some ribs. They all dig in as soon
as possible.

RICK PERRY

(chewing)

This is so good Ted!

JOHN KASICH

It's so good it almost makes me
forget you exist!

LAUGH TRACK.

TED CRUZ

Gee-thanks guys!

(putting hands on hips in
victory)

I bet you appreciate the nice
cutlery too.

RON PAUL

They're ribs. You don't need
cutlery.

(a beat)

You're running for President and
you want to use a knife and fork to
eat ribs.

Everyone looks at CRUZ weirdly. He does his Zodiac smile.

A **FLUSHING** sound. JEB enters from the top of the stairs.

JEB BUSH

Say guys! Better build a wall
between us and the toilet, eh,
after I dropped that mad one right
there, yeah?

(a beat)

You know, like Donald Trump.

A beat.

TED CRUZ

I hope you haven't blocked it up.

LAUGH TRACK.

JEB BUSH
 Like we're blocking a Supreme Court
 justice nominee right! Haha!
 (JEB laugh)

The audience ignores him

He goes to walk downstairs but instead falls down clumsily.
Bang, bang, bang!

No one notices the unconscious JEB BUSH at the bottom of the stairs.

Everyone finishes their meats.

RICK PERRY
 Damn some mighty fine meat there
 Ted. You can count me in on your
 Cruz Cruise! Straight to the White
 House.

RON PAUL
 Damn right.

TED CRUZ
 Why did I invite you, Ron, you are
 more irrelevant than Rick Santorum
 at the Iowa caucus.
 (a beat)
 Or Bernie Sanders.

LAUGH TRACK.

SNOOP
 This some good eating, son. Just a
 shame you're not a fan of putting
 some *sparkle* into it.

TED CRUZ
 Oh like the liberal gay media want
 you to enjoy it like that?
 (again with the fucking
 TED CRUZ patented
 gestures like he's
 lecturing at a fucking
 wedding)
 You know, the Supreme Court is not
 the legislative body of the United
 States in regards to gay---

SNOOP

See I saw you, neffew, I was on that couch when you were chatting about Obamacare and hoping Scalia and the Court could strike it down. Now all of a sudden you're against the Court intervening in regards to gay marriage nationwide. And Scalia is more dead than my reggae endeavour.

(a beat)

Except, both Obamacare and the issues of gay marriage cross state borders - they're both federal - so you can't use your constitutional backgammon to try and fool me, son. You playin' a fast and loose game with the Supreme Court.

(angry)

You ain't fit to be President. You even got the same policies as that loudmouth Drumpf. Except no-one notices because you're not an orange billionaire with a cheeto dick.

LAUGH TRACK.

TED CRUZ

Now just hold on for a second, I ain't gonna sell out to the American people like that. I'm no Drumpf. I'm likable!

A beat.

LAUGH TRACK.

Everyone is laughing.

SNOOP

I fucked a lot of bitches in my time. Consensually. And I made a lot of songs about doing it in convertibles too. And with sweat. And the weed--

RON PAUL

Blaze it!

SNOOP
 But you a dumb piece of carbon if
 you think you're more likable than
 that Apprentice. I guess that's why
 they call you--

He stands up, gesturing to the audience and grinning.

SNOOP (CONT'D)
 (happily)
 Lyin' Ted!

LAUGH TRACK. APPLAUSE.

A beat.

JEB recovers, finally, slowly getting up.

JEB BUSH
 Say, uh, Cruz. Is it the head
 trauma or could those ribs of yours
 use some maple syrup? Eh? Haha!
 (JEB laugh, a beat)
 Oh come on guys, it's because he's
 from *Canada*.
 (JEB laugh, a beat)
 He's *Canadian*.

A beat.

JEB BUSH (CONT'D)
Canada.

SNOOP
 Your name is Jeb. Like, "John Ellis
 Bush" right. And you go around
 saying you're Jeb Bush? Like "John
 Ellis Bush Bush."

JEB BUSH
 (nervously)
 Yeah...

SNOOP
 Like ATM machine? Man. I ain't take
 no man seriously who can't even get
 his name right.

LAUGH TRACK.

JEB BUSH
 (defeated)
 Please-- I-I-I have a family.

MITT ROMNEY enters.

TEPID APPLAUSE. A SINGLE MIDDLE-AGED 'WOO-HOO'

MITT ROMNEY
Say those pancakes look delicious!

LAUGH TRACK.

TED CRUZ
(welcoming)
We're having ribs, Mitt.

MITT ROMNEY
Oh fuck off Ted.

LAUGH TRACK.

MITT ROMNEY promptly exits. CRUZ shrugs.

JEB goes back to sleep on the floor. Tired from existence.

KASICH, PERRY and PAUL get up.

JOHN KASICH
I don't know why I came here but
nice ribs Ted! See you at the
convention!

RICK PERRY
You have my endorsement for
President of the United States.
(a beat)
It's practically worthless. I am
going to go back to working as a
Josh Brolin lookalike now.

LAUGH TRACK.

RON PAUL
I'm endorsing my son for President.

TED CRUZ
He dropped out, Sir.

RON PAUL
Legalize now.

They all leave quickly, shaking hands with CRUZ and fist-bumping SNOOP.

SNOOP and CRUZ go to lounge on the couch. Sighing.

SNOOP

Man we put on a mighty fine meal,
neffew. Great dinner.

TED CRUZ

You did nothing, Snoop. You
literally wasted my entire day of
cooking. And smoked my food. And
embarrassed me with your liberal
socialized speech.

LAUGH TRACK.

SNOOP

You got the endorsements though,
right? All good neffew.

TED CRUZ

I suppose. I suppose I did it. Wow.
(a beat)
I might actually be President.

A beat.

SNOOP

Yeah there's not a **high** chance of
that happening.

A beat.

Then CRUZ notices, they point at each other with joy!

CRUZ / SNOOP (TOGETHER)

MARIJUANA!

They laugh! **LAUGH TRACK. THE AUDIENCE APPLAUSES.**

JEB BUSH suddenly appears from behind the couch. A swollen
forehead.

JEB BUSH

Say is there room on this couch for
a *Vice-Marijuana*?

(a beat)

Please. Please just let me into the
White House.

(pleading)

Please. Dad and my brother won't
stop talking about the creaky doors
of the Oval every Christmas and my
mother keeps looking at me like the
greatest disappointment.

A long, uncomfortable beat.

SNOOP
Bazinga!

LAUGH TRACK. APPLAUSE. THE AUDIENCE EXPLODES, LITERALLY.

CUT TO:

END CREDITS.