

INT. HOTEL SUITE - MORNING

The CAMERA looks through the bedroom doorway of a hotel suite into the main area. We SEE a crap game being played on a fancy crap table by GAMBLERS in tuxedos and LUCKY LADIES in fancy evening gowns. The CAMERA PANS to the right revealing: Sitting on a bed, phone in hand with his back to us, the tuxedo-clad ANTHONY FAUCI aka "THE FOUCH". We also see The Fouch has a small notepad that he jots details in.

THE FAUCH
(into phone)
Does he know what he's talking about?
(pause)
How many people listen to this guy?
(jotting down)
Give me the principals' names again?
(jots down)
Eddie...

We SEE his book. The page has written on it:

"ROGAN STUDIO
Austin, TX
1 asshole (no brain)
Uneducated audience
Danger to the community

THE FAUCH
... Joe... Jaime... Eddie...

He writes:

"Joe (Ape man)
Jaime (Studio)
Eddie (thinks the earth is flat)"

THE FAUCH
Expect a call around 10:30. It's about
thirty minutes away. I'll be there in ten.

He hangs up. We never see his face.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD OVER BLACK:

"NINE MINUTES AND THIRTY-SEVEN SECONDS LATER"

CUT TO:

EXT. JAMIE'S STREET - MORNING

A silver Porsche WHIPS the corner leading to ROGAN'S STUDIO, in

HYPER DRIVE. Easily doing 135 mph, the Porsche stops on a dime in front of Jamie's house.
A ringed finger touches the doorbell: DING DONG.

INT. Jamie'S HOUSE - MORNING

Jamie opens the door. We see, standing in the doorway, the tuxedo-clad man. He looks down to his notebook, then up at Jamie.

THE FAUCH

You're Jamie, right? This is your house?

Jamie

Yeah.

THE FAUCH

(stick his hand out)

I'm Dr. Fauci, I'm an American physician-scientist and immunologist who serves as the director of the U.S. National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases (NIAID) and the chief medical advisor to the president.

Jamie

Good, 'cause we don't know shit about we're talking about.

THE FAUCH

So I heard. May I come in?

Jamie

Please do.

In the dining room, Eddie and Joe stand up.

THE FAUCH

You must be Eddie, which would make you Joe. Let's get down to brass tacks, gentlemen. If I was informed correctly, You all don't know anything about science and medicine?

Jamie

100%.

THE FAUCH

And Joe has, a show...

(refers to his pad)

... a "podcast" with millions of listeners, is that correct?

Jamie

Uh-huh.

THE FAUCH

I was led to believe the audience isn't too well educated either.
Lots of "bro science" and conspiracies?

Jamie
That sounds about right.

THE FAUCH
Well with this infection rate that doesn't give us
much time, which, if you do what I
say when I say it, should be plenty. Now
you got a studio in the basement where you make and
disseminate this garbage? Take me to it.

INT. Jamie'S Basement- MORNING

The three men stand back as The Fauch listens to the episode and
hears Joe say vaccines aren't needed. He listens intently,
circling it thinking.

THE FAUCH
Jamie?

Jamie
Yes.

THE FAUCH
Do me a favor, will ya? Thought I smelled
some coffee in there. Would you make me a
cup?

Jamie
Sure, how do you take it?

THE FAUCH
Lotsa cream, lotsa sugar.

Jamie exists. The Fauch continues his examination.

THE FAUCH
About your education, is there anything I need to
Know? Did you graduate high school, any college, have you read a
book?

EDDIE
Aside from the teachings of Giorgio and Machado?

THE FAUCH
Positive? I don't want to start explaining this stuff to you and
find out you think vaccines cause autism.

EDDIE
Hey man, as far as I know, if you drive this car far
enough you'll fall off into an infinite abyss

THE FAUCH
Good enough, let's go back to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Jamie hands The Fauch a cup of coffee.

THE FAUCH

Thank you, Jamie.

He takes a sip, then, pacing as he thinks, lays out for the three men the plan of action.

THE FAUCH

Okay first thing, you two.

(meaning Eddie and Joe)

Go down to the studio, and record new episode

Now Jamie, this needs to be the same quality of any normal episode. You all have professional recording equipment, microphones, sound booth and shit like that, am I correct?

Jamie

Yeah. Exactly. That's the point of a podcast studio.

THE FAUCH

Good. What I need you two fellas to do is get down there and start making a new episode. And I'm talkin' fast,

fast, fast. You need to go in the studio, skip your 32 minutes of ads for bull shit suplements. Get it recorded and out there.

We need you to tell people the reason to take the COVID-19 vaccine is because it's proving to be more than 94% effective. Reducing COVID symptoms for those that do end up getting it greatly reducing hospitalizations and deaths. There are many who for various health reasons can't take the vaccine. And the virus is rapidly mutating. The sooner all those who can vaccinated, are vaccinated, the sooner we can all get back to doing what we love. For me that's science and medicine and making the world a better place, and you guys do whatever the fuck it is you do. I've brought vaccine shots for both of you so you'll take these on air in front of everyone and since Eddie thinks the moon landing was faked the audience should eat this up.

Jamie - lead the way, boys - get to work.

The Fauch and Jamie turn, heading for the bedroom, leaving Eddie and Joe standing in the kitchen.

Joe

(calling after him)

A "please" would be nice.

The Fauch stops and turns around.

THE FAUCH

Come again?

JOE

I said a "please" would be nice.
The Fauch takes a step toward him.

THE FAUCH

Set is straight, Buster. I'm not here to
say "please." I'm here to tell you what to
say. And if correcting your misinformation before it
causing any more damage is an
instinct you possess, you better fuckin'
do it and do it quick. I'm here to help.
If my help's not appreciated, lotsa luck
gentlemen.

EDDIE

It ain't that way, Dr. Fauci. Your help is
definitely appreciated.

JOE

I don't mean any disrespect. I just don't
like the government telling me what to do with my body

THE FAUCH

If I'm curt with you, it's because you guys don't know shit.
You're not doctors, you don't even understand the difference
between a hypothesis and a theory. You caused a lot of problems
that can kill people
. So pretty please, with
sugar on top, take the fucking shot.