

SUPER VOTER

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Two long rows of identical houses line the street. JAMES (20s) and RYAN (19), both in smart blue suits, walk side by side. Each wears a large badge reading: VOTE FOR JAMES 2025.

They approach a house and knock. After a moment, an ELDERLY WOMAN opens the door.

James beams.

JAMES

Hi, my name is James. I'm running to be your local MP for the June elections.

She blinks, confused.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Who are you with?

JAMES

I'm with the Young Democrats. Is there anyone else here who can vote?

ELDERLY WOMAN

My husband.

JAMES

How many votes does he get?

ELDERLY WOMAN

He only gets half.

JAMES

And you?

She holds up three fingers.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Three.

Ryan steps forward.

RYAN

Then you're definitely the one we want to speak to.

JAMES

Do you mind if I tell you a little about myself? Those three votes could go a long way.

She shakes her head.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Always voted Labour in this house. My father would turn in his grave if he knew I was voting for someone else.

JAMES

If you just give me five minutes, I can tell you why I'm worth it.

Ryan jumps in.

RYAN

You name it, he'll promise it. Free bus passes, extra police, no more waiting at the doctor's office. Forget what your husband wants with his half a vote - just tell us what you want.

James grabs Ryan by the collar, pulling him back while still smiling politely.

JAMES

Ignore him. Fresh face. Overexcited.

The elderly woman smiles politely back.

ELDERLY WOMAN

I think you're the first politician I've ever spoken to.

JAMES

I'd really like your vote.

She shakes her head.

ELDERLY WOMAN

I'm sorry. Wrong team.

EXT. CITY STREETS - LATER

James and Ryan continue door to door. James grabs Ryan's arm.

JAMES
No more wacky promises.

Ryan scoffs.

RYAN
I'm only making promises to those with lots of votes. I'm not even going to waste my time on anyone who gets less than two.

JAMES
I don't want to lie.

RYAN
People vote for the stupidest reasons. Your haircut, your smile, your suit, the colour of your eyes – hell, the colour of your skin. People don't even know what they're voting for.

A beat.

JAMES
If you could make the world a better place, shouldn't you?

RYAN
That's why you got into politics?

James nods.

JAMES
Why did you?

RYAN
I didn't fancy working 9 to 5.

JAMES
I can't believe they gave me you as a helper.

RYAN
I'm not thrilled about it either.

JAMES
After today, you head back to HQ. I'll find someone else.

RYAN
No one's gonna want to work with you. You're too naïve.

JAMES
Then I'll do it on my own.

Ryan hangs back as James knocks on the next door. A large, bare chested MAN with a beer can opens it.

James beams.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Hi, my name is James. I'm running to be your local MP for the June elections.

FADE OUT.

INT. JAMES'S CAR - DAY

James climbs into his car - annoyed to see Ryan already in the passenger seat, seatbelt fastened.

JAMES
I thought we agreed to go our separate ways?

Ryan smirks, waving his phone.

RYAN
I just got some very interesting news. Want to hear it?

JAMES
The only news I want is that your train's about to pull in and you need a lift to the station.

Ryan shakes his head.

RYAN
A super voter has just been identified in this very town.

James freezes, eyes widening.

JAMES
A super voter?

Ryan nods.

RYAN
A big one. Big fat tuna fish.

JAMES
How many?

RYAN
Twenty thousand.

James almost chokes.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Twenty thousand votes. Lives about
ten minutes from here.

James laughs nervously.

JAMES
Then what are we waiting for? You
handle the directions.

RYAN
So you don't want to get rid of me
anymore?

JAMES
Oh no, I still want to get rid of
you. But super voter first.

EXT. COTTAGE - DAY

Down a long dirt road, MR HARRIS (60's) - small, bald, thick
glasses - tends a lush vegetable garden. He hums Mozart.

EMMA, (20's) in polished shoes and a conservative suit,
approaches with a folder clutched to her chest.

He notices her.

MR HARRIS
Hello?

EMMA
Are you Mr Harris?

He nods.

MR HARRIS
What do I owe the pleasure?

EMMA
I'd like to talk to you about a
proposal. A group I work for wants
to put it forward to the
government.

His expression sours.

MR HARRIS
I'm not interested.

Emma steps closer.

EMMA
One person, one vote. Like the
suffragettes before me. I'm not
stopping until this law passes. No
more super voters.

His scowl softens.

MR HARRIS
No more super voters like me, you
mean?

She nods.

EMMA
One vote. One person.

MR HARRIS
Then you think people will finally
leave me alone?

EMMA
The system is broken. I'm trying to
fix it.

MR HARRIS
Broken according to you – not to
those in power.

EMMA
They said the same when the
suffragettes asked for women's
rights. Nothing gets done if
nothing is tried. I'm just trying
to try.

He considers this, then smiles.

MR HARRIS
I suppose I could offer you a cup
of tea.

EMMA
I'll gladly take it.

EXT. COUNTRY LANE - DAY

A car winds its way along a quiet lane.

EXT. COTTAGE - DAY

The car pulls up outside a quaint stone cottage. A neat vegetable patch thrives beside it.

INT. CAR - DAY

James unclips his seatbelt, ready to get out. Ryan, does the same. James notices and reaches across, placing a firm hand on Ryan's chest.

JAMES

Where do you think you're going?

RYAN

You wouldn't have even found this place if it wasn't for me.

JAMES

You stay here.

James taps the name on the campaign badge pinned to his chest.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I got the nomination, not you. I'm not having you mess this up for me.

Ryan seethes, but says nothing.

EXT. COTTAGE - DAY

James stands at the door, steadying his breath, practicing a smile—prepping for a great first impression. The door opens. MR. HARRIS, composed and guarded, appears. James brightens.

JAMES

Hi, I'm James, and I'm running to be this area's local MP in the June elections. I'd love the opportunity to speak with you—

MR. HARRIS

No.

JAMES

But if I could just—

MR. HARRIS

I'm not interested.

JAMES

But your votes are—

MR. HARRIS

I'm well aware of what my votes can do.

JAMES

Then isn't it fair that you hear what I have to say?

MR. HARRIS

I don't vote.

JAMES

I need your votes.

MR. HARRIS

Why?

JAMES

The whole thing could be swung on what you do or don't do.

MR. HARRIS

I'm not planning on doing anything.

JAMES

You won't even hear what I have to say?

MR. HARRIS

I came out here to retire. I'm not interested in politics.

JAMES

Well, politics is certainly interested in you.

MR. HARRIS

I'm sorry.

He closes the door. A lock turns audibly.

EXT. COTTAGE - LATER

On the front lawn, just beyond the immaculate vegetable patch, James is setting up a small tent. He steps back, admiring his handiwork. The door opens. Emma steps out, amused.

EMMA

Excuse me, but what do you think
you're doing?

JAMES

Did you just come from in there?

EMMA

I did.

JAMES

You live there?

She laughs.

EMMA

It's beautiful—dream home
material—but no, I'm just visiting.

JAMES

Well, if you see him, tell him I'm
not leaving until I get a yes.

EMMA

And what's the yes for?

James taps his badge.

JAMES

I'm running to be elected as your
local MP in the June elections.

EMMA

And why is he so important to you?

JAMES

Well, I could give you twenty
thousand reasons.

EMMA

Oh yeah? But he's not interested in
politics.

JAMES

Are you?

She smiles.

EMMA

Very much, yes.

JAMES

Can I count on your vote?

EMMA

I'm only interested in changing laws—not electing people to Parliament just to watch them argue and do nothing.

JAMES

Oh, so you're a cynic.

EMMA

And what are you?

JAMES

I like to think I'm an idealist.

EMMA

So that's why you're setting up a tent? This is borderline harassment.

JAMES

Maybe. More desperation. But we've got a super voter in town. With him on my side, I'll have no problem.

EMMA

Well, I hate them.

JAMES

Them?

EMMA

Super voters.

He needs a moment to take this in.

JAMES

And yet you've just come out of his house?

EMMA

I'm trying to convince him to sign up for my amendment.

JAMES

So you're an activist?

EMMA

I don't mind that label.

JAMES

And what are you trying to achieve?

She holds up one finger.

EMMA

One person.

She holds up another finger.

EMMA (CONT'D)

One vote.

JAMES

You're crazy.

EMMA

It's fair.

JAMES

Says you.

EMMA

A hundred years ago that's how it was. Before these horrible IQ tests decided how many votes a person could have.

JAMES

Don't you think the smarter you are the more say you should have?

EMMA

No. One person, one vote.

He takes down a long deep breath.

JAMES

But it'll never happen.

EMMA

Why not?

JAMES

Because the smart ones have all the votes, and they're not going to vote against themselves.

A sudden PING! Ropes snap; pegs pop. The once-impressive tent collapses in on itself. Emma laughs.

EMMA

Have you ever done this before?

JAMES

You?

EMMA

I used to go camping with my dad every summer. Would you like a hand?

JAMES

Please.

Together, they begin to rebuild the tent.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Do you live around here?

EMMA

I do.

JAMES

Well, would you vote for me?

EMMA

Depends on what you actually stand for?

JAMES

You're the first person to ask me that. So ask me anything, and I'll tell you.

EMMA

How about we start with education--then go from there?

JAMES

Every school to get tent-building lessons.

She laughs.

INT. WINDOWLESS MEETING ROOM - DAY

A small room with party slogans and THE YOUNG DEMOCRATS logos. Four grey-haired men and two grey-haired women in expensive suits and statement jewellery. RYAN sits at the end of the table, basking in the attention.

RYAN

I took him to the super voter. But James isn't getting him.

The elders exchange concerned looks.

RYAN (CONT'D)

James doesn't know what he's doing.

OLDER MAN

And you think you can? That's what this is about?

Ryan puts a hand over his heart.

RYAN

I could win that seat without even trying.

OLDER WOMAN

And what makes you so confident?

RYAN

The super voter. I know him.

Ryan is clearly lying. No one calls him on it. He leans back, hands behind his head.

RYAN (CONT'D)

He was my maths teacher at university. He knows me, he trusts me. He'd do whatever I said. You give me the nomination—put me forward as the candidate instead of James—and I'll win. I'll get the votes, including his twenty thousand super votes.

The older members share another look. A decision looms.

EXT. COTTAGE - DAY

Ryan rips down the tent. He pulls a pocket knife and slices fabric to ensure it can't be simply put back up.

INT. COTTAGE - KITCHEN - DAY

Mr. Harris's kitchen. James, Emma, and Mr. Harris peel and chop potatoes, carrots, and celery—fresh from the garden. James and Emma break into a playful vegetable swordfight: her celery vs. his absurdly long carrot.

EMMA

Careful where you stick that thing.

JAMES

You took the words right out of my mouth.

Mr. Harris stops, listening. He steps toward the door.

MR. HARRIS
Is anyone else hearing that?

EXT. COTTAGE - DAY

James, Emma, and Mr. Harris confront Ryan. James picks up ragged tent scraps, scowling.

JAMES
What have you done?

Ryan flashes a new badge: VOTE RYAN FOR YOUR LOCAL MP.

RYAN
You've been replaced.

INT. COTTAGE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

James drinks cheap red wine, despondent. Emma enters.

EMMA
Hungry?

JAMES
I can't begin to tell you how long
I've worked to get here—just to
have it all snatched away.

EMMA
Who says he's gonna win?

JAMES
Well, nobody thinks I can win
either.

EMMA
And what is winning? I thought you
wanted to make the world a better
place.

JAMES
I do.

EMMA
Then do it.

JAMES
I'm a nobody now. Ever heard of a
nobody changing the world?

She takes his hands, helping him up.

EMMA

I asked if you were hungry.
Vegetable pie's ready. All we need
now is the gravy.

INT. COTTAGE - KITCHEN - DAY

James and Emma watch Mr. Harris struggle with instant
gravy—granules and hot water somehow becoming lumpy glue.

EMMA

Well, that's not going on my pie.

JAMES

Never made gravy before?

MR. HARRIS

Promise not to judge—I've never
cooked for myself. If I lived alone
on a deserted island, I'd starve.

JAMES

I thought you were supposed to be a
genius?

MR. HARRIS

I'm good at maths equations. I
don't know anything else.

James is taken aback.

JAMES

I thought super voters were a step
above everyone else.

Emma laughs.

EMMA

Have you ever actually met a super
voter before?

James shakes his head.

MR. HARRIS

I'm just good with numbers. Useless
at everything else.

JAMES

And yet you're one of the people
the entire election rests on—not
just this town, not just this
county, but the whole country.

MR. HARRIS

I never asked to be a super voter.
They just made me one.

Emma slips an arm around James; a playful squeeze.

EMMA

Now do you see my cause? One vote,
one person. No one deserves more or
less than that.

James considers—then nods.

JAMES

You're right.

EMMA

You're on my side now?

JAMES

I don't think I was ever against
you.

EMMA

Yeah?

JAMES

It's not so crazy when you say it
out loud.

EMMA

One vote, one person.

JAMES

I'm all in. But just out of
curiosity—how many votes do you
get? When I vote it counts as
twenty, so how about you?

She grins, cocky.

EMMA

A hundred.

James gasps.

JAMES

Smarter than me too. Damn.

EMMA

Does that still mean you want to
help me?

JAMES
Of course. Let's change the world
together.

EMMA
And how does that look?

JAMES
I'll show you.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

The same street as before. Identical terraces. James and Emma go door-to-door, wearing big buttons: PROPOSITION 817 - ONE PERSON, ONE VOTE. They approach a door.

EMMA
Do you want to take the lead, or
should I?

James gestures: after you.

JAMES
I'm just your assistant.

She laughs, rings the bell. They wait, eager. He reaches for her hand; she takes it.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.