Only one thing stands between a pretty, dynamic Hispanic senator from Florida and the White House: an old college boyfriend who is running for president too.
FADE IN:

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - CAPITOL HILL - DAY

View of the U.S. Capitol Building.

INT. SPEAKER WESTBERRY’S OFFICE - DAY

Handsome Senator RILEY CRENSHAW, 42, paces, looking bothered.

At the desk sits Speaker of the House ED WESTBERRY, 72, a Missourian who looks his age. On a couch is Georgia Senator JESSE LUMPKIN, still handsome at 65.

RILEY
You guys are some friends. Why do you want to talk me into this?

LUMPKIN
Because the White House is yours for the taking.

RILEY
What if I don’t want to take it? It’s a miserable job. I didn’t even want to be a senator.

WESTBERRY
You didn’t?

RILEY
Remember when my father-in-law retired? Beth wanted to run for his seat. We decided I’d run instead ‘cause I needed a job.

LUMPKIN
And you easily won, that’s the point.

WESTBERRY
That’s right. You’ve got what it takes, young man. You can beat Charles Hanson.

LUMPKIN
I can tell you right now who your main opposition would be for the nomination.

RILEY
You don’t have to tell me. The junior senator from Florida.
LUMPKIN
For you, Maggie Cruz would be a pushover.

WESTBBERRY
Well I wouldn’t say that. She’s a woman, she’s Hispanic, and she’s ruthless.

RILEY
She could clobber me good.

LUMPKIN
What do you base that on, Riley?

RILEY
Personal experience. University of Florida.

BEGIN FLASHBACKS

INT. OFF-CAMPUS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Riley and MAGGIE CRUZ, both 22, lie smooching, fully clothed, on the bed in Maggie’s small apartment.

Maggie is pretty, with dark shoulder-length hair. Riley has a short beard and thick hair.

The smooching gets heavy, both getting hot. Riley starts feeling her up.

MAGGIE
No, Riley. Stop.

He gently persists, Maggie blocking his hand.

Finally she whacks him hard on the temple with the heel of her palm.

MAGGIE
Jesus Christ! Will you keep your hands off my body?

He gets up from the bed.

RILEY
To hell with your body! I don’t need your body.

He grabs up his book bag from the floor.

MAGGIE
Where are you going?
RILEY
I’m getting the hell out of here.

MAGGIE
Oh, we’re breaking up, huh? That it? Because your girl won’t put out?

RILEY
Maggie, look, if you’re one of those nice Catholic girls saving it for marriage, fine. But I don’t like being hit. Not a good sign.

MAGGIE
So I should let myself be raped?

RILEY
“Raped”? My God, you’ve really got a problem.

MAGGIE
Here, you forgot this.

She throws a hardcover book at him that he left on the bed. It sails past his head and hits the wall.

MAGGIE
So much for studying.

RILEY
Damn, you’re homicidal.
(as he retrieves book)
Good luck running for student body president. You could be on Death Row before you get elected.

MAGGIE
One day I’m going to be President of the United States.

RILEY
Oh, is that right?

MAGGIE
Don’t let the door hit you, Riley.

RILEY
I won’t. And God help America.

Riley leaves. Maggie seems upset with herself, regretting what has happened.
EXIT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Exiting, Riley stops. He seems to regret what has happened too. He almost turns to go back in. He walks off instead.

END FLASHBACKS

EXIT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - CAPITOL HILL - DAY

Back to the U.S. Capitol Building.

MAXINE (V.O.)

It’s official. He’s running.

INT. MAGGIE’S SENATE OFFICE - DAY

Maggie, 42, her once shoulder-length hair now glamorously shorter, meets with chief of staff GAYLE STURDIVANT, 38, and African-American campaign manager MAXINE STARK, 50.

Maggie looks surprised and amused.

MAGGIE
Riley Crenshaw wants to be president. Who would have thought it? Okay, so what have we got on Crenshaw? What can we use from his past? I mean besides me.

GAYLE
Not much. He’s been divorced. So what? No children involved. Now seems to be happily married.

MAGGIE
(with hint of jealousy)
Sure, he married right into the Senate. California’s not even his home state. He’s from Lulu, Florida.

MAXINE
(drolly)
How about “The Cuckoo from Lulu”?

MAGGIE
(immediately likes it)
Give that to some columnist. It could really catch on.

GAYLE
Let’s go back to his marriage. What if we set up a temptress, to seduce him?
MAGGIE
Good idea. No, forget it. Let him find his own stuff. Why should we have to do it for him?

INT. CRENSHAW APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Pretty BETH CRENSHAW, 40, in pajamas and robe, brushes her teeth. Riley, in pajamas, puts toothpaste on his brush.

RILEY
It’s going to be a dirty fight for the nomination. When Maggie ran for student body president, she accused her opponent of parking in handicapped parking spaces.

BETH
Was it true?

RILEY
Yes. He was handicapped. Some kind of serious ear problem.

(blinking teeth)
That’s what we’re dealing with. There’s one thing that would be worse than me being president.

Beth finishes rinsing her mouth.

BETH
Maggie Cruz being president?

RILEY
I’ve got to save the country from her. But, God, talk about stress. Why do I have to stop her? You’ve seen how much presidents age while in office.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Beth enters from the bathroom. As she removes her robe, she talks loudly with Riley, seen through the open bathroom door as he brushes his teeth.

BETH
What could Maggie Cruz have on you? Tell me now.

RILEY
Nothing. I have never been untrue, if that’s what you’re wondering.
Beth hangs her robe in the closet.

BETH

What about wife number one? Were you true to her too?

Riley comes in from the bathroom and removes his robe.

RILEY

Yeah, like a fool.

BETH

What do you mean?

RILEY

Look what happened.

They get into bed.

BETH

The fact that she left you for another woman doesn’t detract from your faithfulness.

RILEY

My worst rejection since Maggie Cruz.

BETH

You need something to use on Maggie, just in case.

Riley looks disgusted as he lies on his back.

RILEY

“Something to use on her.” You see, deep down that’s why I hate politics.

Beth props up on an elbow and looks at him.

BETH

Hypothetically, what could you use? Tell me, as much as you hate to.

He sighs and considers.

RILEY

Well, her husband’s a drunk. That’s not commonly known.

BETH

Walter Mackey’s a drunk?
RILEY
He’s a drunk because he’s married
to Maggie. And he’s a “retired”
C.I.A. agent? Tsch. No one really
retires from the Company.

BETH
Maggie Mackey. I wonder why she
uses her maiden name.

She turns out the bedside lamp and lies down.

BETH
You know what I think? You want to
pay Maggie back.

RILEY
For what?

BETH
Rejecting you. That’s what you
said.

RILEY
I was kidding, Beth. I mean, look,
I’m the one who walked out.

BETH
Because she rejected you?

RILEY
We had a little spat, that’s all.
(as if still full of
resentment)
Then she took up with a basketball
player. He was All Conference.
Stood about six feet seven. I
never got another shot at her. But
I think it was just to show me.

BETH
Now you want to show her.

RILEY
No, I told you why I’m running.

BETH
What’s best for the country.
(affectionately rubs his
chest)
You also want to be president.
RILEY
Only a small part of me maybe. A very small part. Power has its attraction.

She starts loving on him.

BETH
Well I like the idea of being First Lady. So you’re also doing it for me. You owe me, remember? I let you have my daddy’s Senate seat.

He starts returning her affection.

RILEY
Oh, you did? I thought I got it from the people of California.

They kiss.

BETH
Only because I didn’t run.

RILEY
You think you did me a favor?

INT. MACKEY APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maggie lies propped up in bed thinking, with a table lamp on beside her. She holds and pets her cat MIZIFUF.

WALTER MACKEY, 55, lies prone with a sleeping mask on. He’s rather pudgy and partially bald.

MAGGIE
How should I answer Crenshaw about bipartisanship?

WALTER
What do you mean?

MAGGIE
Didn’t you hear him today?

Walter sounds drowsy and slurs his words a bit,

WALTER
I spent the day writing.

MAGGIE
He said it’s time to bury gridlock once and for all in D.C. We need a bipartisan spiritual awakening.
WALTER
(laughs)
Is he running for both party
nominations?
(then)
Have you turned the light out yet?

Maggie gives masked Walter a look.

MAGGIE
The light went out for you a long
time ago, Walter.

He chuckles. Maggie hugs Mizifuf.

WALTER
You’ve really got your panties in a
wad over Crenshaw.

MAGGIE
Wrong. I’ve got a pain in the ass,
but it’s not Riley Crenshaw.

INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

Maggie sits with an interviewer on a Sunday-morning “Meet the
Press”-type TV talk show. They’re on the air,

MAGGIE
Senator Crenshaw talks about the
need to be bipartisan --

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CRENSHAW APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Riley and Beth watch Maggie’s interview on TV.

MAGGIE
-- that we should all be one big
happy family in Washington.

Maggie turns to talk straight to the TV camera.

MAGGIE
Well, you’re out of touch with
reality, Senator. There’s a place
for compromise, sure --

Beth notes that Riley seems to have a bad headache.

MAGGIE
Another headache, dear?
MAGGIE
-- but we have a two-party system
for a reason.

RILEY
It’s killing me. Get me something
for it, will you?

MAGGIE
There are times when your party is
right and the other is wrong.

RILEY
(to TV)
Does it have to be all the time?

EXT. PARK IN D.C. - DAY

Walter Mackey sits relaxed on a park bench. He wears black
horn-rimmed glasses and a pork pie hat.

FOSTER MOORE, 50, in a felt hat and sport coat with tie, sits
down by Walter. This is apparently a planned meeting.

FOSTER
Walter. Anything new we should
know about on the campaign front?

WALTER
Not really. Just that Crenshaw’s
won another primary. Maggie’s
going to lose that nomination if
you guys don’t come up with
something.

Foster shrugs as if there’s nothing to come up with.

WALTER
Look, I know it’s no skin off the
Company’s back. Hell, it’s none
off mine either. But I have to
live with her. And I assume all
the powers that be would prefer
Maggie to Crenshaw.

FOSTER
True. Every special interest in
the country is tired of hearing
about the need to get along in D.C.
If Crenshaw had his way, the
country would go straight to hell.
WALTER
Personally I’d just as soon see
Maggie lose. It’s the sadist in
me. But if she wins it all, you’ve
got yours truly right there in the
White House.

FOSTER
That’s the thing. Though I thought
you were retired.

They both smile. Foster rises.

FOSTER
We’ll be in touch if we -- How did
you put it? Come up with something.

WALTER
Appreciate it, Foster.

FOSTER
That Crenshaw’s remarkably clean.
What he’s doing in politics, I’ll
be damned if I know.

INT. TOWN HALL MEETING - DAY
Riley, in shirtsleeves, with a handheld mike, takes questions
at a town hall meeting.

TOWN CALL QUESTIONER
Senator, can you tell us something
about when you and Senator Cruz
were sweethearts in college?

He chuckles, the audience enjoying the question.

RILEY
I wouldn’t say we were sweethearts.
We dated for a time, but nothing
happened.
(drolly)
Believe me, nothing happened.

Laughter.

EXT. CAMPAIGN RALLY - DAY
Maggie stops to talk to reporters at a rally.

REPORTER
Senator, have you heard Riley
Crenshaw’s comment about your
dating each other in college?
MAGGIE
That “nothing happened”? Yes, I can clarify that. Not only did nothing happen, but with Riley Crenshaw, nothing would have happened in a billion years.

INT. CRENSHAW APARTMENT – BEDROOM – NIGHT
Riley in pajamas lies propped up in bed, gazing sadly at a photo in the University of Florida’s “Tower Yearbook.”

INSERT – PHOTO IN YEARBOOK
It’s the class photo of pretty, smiling 22-year-old Maggie.

BACK TO SCENE
Riley gazes wistfully at the photo.

Beth comes out of the bathroom in her nightgown. Riley immediately turns to another section of the yearbook.

BETH
It feels kind of strange to be back in D.C., doesn’t it?

She gets into bed.

BETH
What are you reading?

RILEY
My senior yearbook from U.F.

BETH
Oh, let me see your picture.

He hands her the yearbook. She looks for the photos.

BETH
There’s a picture of Maggie Cruz too, huh?

RILEY
Yeah. I think I looked at it once.

INT. MACKEY APARTMENT – BEDROOM – NIGHT
Maggie lies gazing sadly into space, the bedside lamp on, some campaign documents lying beside her. Walter lies prone with his sleeping mask on.
RILEY (V.O.)
You know what?

INT. PIZZERIA - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

College students Maggie and Riley eat pizza together. They look at each other lovingly as they eat. Riley wears a Florida baseball cap. The pizza is cheese only.

RILEY
I wish we had some pepperoni on this.

MAGGIE
You won’t find any meat on my pizza. Or on anything else.

RILEY
You know, I don’t like cheese, except on pizza, ‘cause it doesn’t taste like cheese. Any other way I gag on it.

MAGGIE
I’ve never known anyone who didn’t like cheese.

RILEY
I haven’t either. Do you think something’s wrong with me, Maggie?

They gaze into each other’s eyes as they chew.

MAGGIE
I don’t know. What do you think?

RILEY
There can’t be much wrong if I’m dating Maggie Cruz.

INT. MACKEY APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maggie sadly gazes off as before, Walter lying prone.

WALTER
Have you turned the light out yet?

Maggie gives him a look.

INT. DOCTOR’S OFFICE - EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

Riley buttons his shirt as the DOCTOR, 50, reports results.
DOCTOR
Everything checks out fine,
Senator. Normal E.E.G., all
systems go. When did these
headaches start?

RILEY
About the time I met Maggie Cruz.

DOCTOR
How long ago was that?

RILEY
No, really, since this campaign
started.

DOCTOR
Well I’m not surprised. I suspect
that it’s all due to stress. Are
you sure you want to be president?

RILEY
No, I’m not. But don’t let it get
around. I’ve won so many primaries
it’s not looking good.

DOCTOR
The convention’s just a couple of
weeks away -- in Chicago, right?

RILEY
Yeah.

DOCTOR
Well, good luck, Senator, even if
you’re not sure you want it.

EXT. MIAMI - MRS. CRUZ’S HOME - PATIO - DAY

Maggie, wearing shades and shorts, paints her toenails while
enjoying the sun. MAGGIE’S MOM, 70, sits nearby in a robe.

MAGGIE’S MOM
(Cuban accent)
Is Walter going with you to
Chicago, or joining you there?

MAGGIE
He’s going with me, Mama. He’s
part of the baggage wherever I have
to go for extravaganzas. My poor
cat has to stay at the vet’s.
MAGGIE’S MOM
Tell me something, baby. Why have you and -- that spook, as you call him, never had children?

Maggie smiles as she does her nails.

MAGGIE
The rhythm method. It never once failed me.

Maggie’s Mom frowns incredulously.

MAGGIE’S MOM
You never had children with Walter on purpose?

MAGGIE
Who would have children with Walter on purpose?

MAGGIE’S MOM
Then why did you marry him?

MAGGIE
(sighs with exasperation)
Remember what you told me when I asked you why Papa had to die?

Maggie’s Mom thinks, obviously not remembering.

MAGGIE’S MOM
What did I tell you?

MAGGIE
You said there are some questions we’ll never know the answers to until we get to Heaven.

MAGGIE’S MOM
Yes, now I remember.

MAGGIE
Why my papa died when I was a kid, and why I married Walter when I grew up, are two of those questions.

EXT. CHICAGO — DAY

A view of the Hyatt Regency McCormick Place Hotel.

SUPERIMPOSE: “CHICAGO.”
INT. RILEY’S HOTEL SUITE - BEDROOM - DAY

Riley, in shirtsleeves, lies on the bed laughing at an old cartoon on TV.

Beth sits down on the edge of the bed.

BETH
I see you’re really worried about the nomination.

He watches the cartoon with a smile.

BETH
Have you talked to Jesse Lumpkin about possibly being your running mate, Riley?

He looks at her. It’s an odd look, as if he has never seen her before, and likes what he sees.

RILEY
It’s Brad.

He looks around, as if he has never seen this room before either. Then he watches the cartoon again, Beth staring at him.

BETH
Who’s Brad?

He looks at her again. A normal kind of look.

RILEY
What?

BETH
Is there a candidate named Brad I don’t know about?

RILEY
What do you mean?

BETH
You said, “It’s Brad.”

He looks quizzical, then goes back to the cartoon.

RILEY
I don’t know any Brad.

She stares at him. He glances at her as if wondering what that was all about.
INT. CONVENTION HALL - NIGHT

The CHAIRMAN is at the podium as the Democratic National Convention DELEGATES vote.

CHAIRMAN
Indiana.

INDIANA DELEGATE
Mister Chairman, Indiana casts fifty-six votes for Senator Crenshaw, and twenty-eight votes for Senator Cruz.

CHAIRMAN
Iowa.

INT. MAGGIE’S HOTEL SUITE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Maggie and campaign manager Maxine sit on a couch, chief of staff Gayle and other staffers behind them, as they watch the roll call on TV. Maxine keeps a tally on a notepad.

DELEGATE
(on TV)
Twenty-four votes for Senator Cruz --

MAXINE
Music to my ears.

DELEGATE
(on TV)
-- eighteen votes for Senator Crenshaw --

MAXINE
We may still need a miracle, though.

DELEGATE
(on TV)
-- and five votes for Governor Sykes.

MAGGIE
I should have killed Riley Crenshaw when I had the chance.

Maxine looks quizzically at Maggie.

MAGGIE
Just kidding. He wanted to go all the way. Now, he’s going all the way.
INT. CONVENTION HALL - NIGHT

The roll call of delegates continues.

CHAIRMAN
Virginia.

The VIRGINIA DELEGATE speaks with bombast,

VIRGINIA DELEGATE
Mister Chairman, Virginia casts forty-five votes for Senator Cruz, and fifty-eight votes for the next President of the United States, Riley Crenshaw.

The convention erupts in cheers.

TV COMMENTATOR #1 (V.O.)
That’s it.

INT. RILEY’S HOTEL SUITE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Beth gives Riley a congratulatory kiss, with campaign staffers (including the campaign manager, to be met shortly) cheering behind them, as they watch TV.

TV COMMENTATOR #1 (V.O.)
With the Virginia delegation’s votes, Riley Crenshaw has won the Democratic nomination for president.

INT. MAGGIE’S HOTEL SUITE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Maggie stands off to herself, digesting defeat, as she takes a swig of bottled water. Subdued staffers converse.

Sad-looking Gayle steps to Maggie’s side.

MAGGIE
Issue a statement to the press. Tell ‘em the country just got screwed.

INT. RILEY’S HOTEL SUITE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Riley and campaign manager SPIKE ADAMS, 45, meet in private. Riley nervously sips a cocktail.

RILEY
I can’t run with Maggie.

Spike speaks with a down-home Southern drawl.
SPIKE
Why not?

RILEY
I just can’t. I -- I don’t want to be around her. I’d rather pick Lumpkin.

SPIKE
Too many negatives, Riley. He’s the whoremonger of Capitol Hill.

RILEY
No, he’s not. He’s just one of the whoremongers there.

SPIKE
Riley, a Crenshaw-Cruz ticket will take us right into the White House. Maggie’s clean. She’s mean but she’s clean. At least take and talk to her first. One on one. Take and air out your differences. Kind of get reacquainted.

INT. MAGGIE’S HOTEL SUITE - BEDROOM - NIGHT
Maggie enters, pausing to say something to Maxine outside.

Walter, with a drink, sits typing on his laptop computer.

Maggie, closing the door, walks over to a dresser where a bottle of whiskey sits.

MAGGIE
I just lost the nomination.

WALTER
Oh. Sorry I missed it.

MAGGIE
Can I have a shot of your booze?

WALTER
Help yourself. Drown your sorrows.

MAGGIE
(pours drink)
Your compassion really moves me to tears, Walter.
WALTER
What’s to cry about? Any minute now they’ll be calling, asking you to come over and talk about the number two spot.

MAGGIE
Then I wait for four years, if not eight, for my turn? Shit. That’s not how I planned it. And I don’t know if I can lower myself to be on his ticket.

WALTER
Just be glad that he’s low enough to ask you.

There are KNOCKS at the door. Maxine steps in.

MAXINE
It’s Spike Adams on the phone. Wants to know if you can “take and come over” to talk about the number two spot.

WALTER
Watch how fast the lady lowers herself.

MAGGIE
Go to hell, you prick. (to Maxine)
Tell him we’ll be there in ten.

INT. RILEY’S HOTEL SUITE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Riley looks troubled, sitting on the edge of the bed with an almost empty glass, as Beth comes and sits down beside him.

BETH
What’s the matter? You look like you just lost instead of won.

RILEY
Spike thinks I have to ask Maggie to run with me.

BETH
Will that be so bad?

Riley sighs, staring off.

RILEY
You don’t know how it is.
BETH
No, I guess I don’t. I don’t understand why you --

She stops, puzzled, as Riley looks at her. As earlier, he becomes oddly flirtatious, as if he likes what he sees.

RILEY
Hi.

BETH
Hi.

He looks at the glass in his hand.

RILEY
Looks like Brad needs a refill.
Want a drink?

He finishes the drink.

BETH
I’ve had one. Brad again? You better not drink too much. You won’t be able to get on the podium.

He looks her over with a smile.

RILEY
Who wants to get on the podium? What are you doing tonight?

BETH
The same thing you are, I hope.

RILEY
Then let’s do it together. Be right back. Don’t go away.

She looks concerned as he rises and heads for the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

As Riley comes out of the bedroom, he is met by Spike.

SPIKE
Maggie’s on her way over. Now --

RILEY
Maggie?
SPIKE
Yes, Maggie Cruz herself. With her campaign manager. When you talk to her --

RILEY
What does she look like?

SPIKE
Maxine Stark?

RILEY
Maggie Cruz. She’s coming to see Brad?

SPIKE
She’s coming to see you.

RILEY
Is she hot?

Spike looks aggravated.

SPIKE
I’ll let you be the judge. How many drinks have you had?

RILEY
Brad doesn’t even know what he’s drinking.

SPIKE
Let’s get serious, Riley. What’s this Brad shit? Now when you get with Maggie, get what you want from her first. Before you take and make the offer, if you decide you can make it.

RILEY
What’s the offer?

SPIKE
The number two spot.

RILEY
Okay. Brad will get what he wants from her first.

Spike stares at Riley as if he doesn’t know what to think. He takes Riley’s glass.
SPIKE
And, uh, let’s not have any more
drinks, okay?

Spike moves off. Beth comes out of the bedroom. Riley looks
at her and smiles.

RILEY
How about you?

BETH
How about me what?

RILEY
The number two spot.

BETH
I don’t think they would go for it.

RILEY
Who cares about them?

BETH
(concerned)
Riley --

SPIKE
Senator Crenshaw...

Spike comes back to get Riley.

SPIKE
Senator Cruz is here.

Spike leads Riley over to Maggie and Maxine. Riley looks
Maggie over with a smile as he shakes her hand.

MAGGIE
Congratulations, Senator.

RILEY
So you’re Maggie Cruz. Brad has
heard about you.

Maggie stares at him. Beth worriedly listens.

MAGGIE
Who’s Brad?

Riley takes Maggie gently by the arm.

RILEY
Maggie, we’ve got to talk about the
number two spot.

(MORE)
RILEY (CONT'D)
Now you just come with Brad to where the talk can be in private.

He leads her toward the bedroom, Spike and Maxine following.

MAGGIE
Who is Brad?

SPIKE
He’s just being silly, Senator. He’s still feeling giddy about the nomination. Brad is just a name that he likes.

Riley motions Maggie into the bedroom. Maggie goes in.

Following Maggie in, Riley turns with a smile and closes the door on Spike and Maxine.

Spike and Maxine look at each other.

SPIKE
Would you like a drink, Maxine?

MAXINE
I could use a bourbon and Coke.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Riley moves a chair so that it faces the side of the bed, about a foot and a half away from it.

RILEY
You sit down right here.

Maggie sits down in the chair. Riley sits down facing her on the edge of the bed. He bounces on it a little, and smiles as if pleased with the bed.

He looks at her suggestively. She stares at him.

RILEY
Well. Would you like the number two spot?

MAGGIE
Yes.

His smile fades away. He seems to have second thoughts, and has trouble looking Maggie in the eye.

RILEY
You do, eh?
MAGGIE
What did you expect me to say?
What’s wrong?

RILEY
Maggie, ol’ Brad brought you in here with the worst of intentions. He was going to ask you what you’d be willing to do for the number two spot. Hell, that’s sexual harassment. Brad’s known to make plays, but nothing like that. He ought to be ashamed of himself.

She looks amazed, and even seems to pity him.

MAGGIE
I don’t believe it. I wouldn’t let you have it back in school, and for twenty years it’s been eating you up.

He looks contemptuously amused.

RILEY
Honey, twenty years ago ol’ Brad was getting all he could handle. Did Brad ever run into you?

MAGGIE
What an asshole you are. Let me ask you something. If I were to do it with “ol’ Brad,” would I be on the ticket?

RILEY
Oh, it’s not a question of doing it, Maggie. It’s something that Brad has to think hard about.

She stares at him for a moment. She rises.

MAGGIE
I’m doing some thinking too, Brad. It coincides with the fact that when I want something, I get it.

Pushing the chair out of the way, she kneels down, close in front of him. She puts her hands on his thighs.

MAGGIE
The fact is, Riley...

RILEY
Brad.
MAGGIE
I haven’t had sex with Walter in --
Well, what difference does that
make? I haven’t had sex with a man
for too long.

RILEY
How about with a woman?

MAGGIE
That’s none of your business.

RILEY
You’re horny, eh, Maggie?

MAGGIE
You don’t know what horny is. I
was a virgin for twenty-five years.
We’re going to make a deal here.
We each have a good excuse. You
get what you’ve wanted for twenty
years, and I get the number two
spot -- and a fix I’ve been needing
real bad.

INT. LIVING ROOM – NIGHT
Spike, with a drink in hand, hands one to Maxine.

SPIKE
Cheers, Maxine.

MAXINE
Cheers.

As she sips, Maxine looks toward the closed bedroom door.

INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT
Maggie is down to her underwear, Riley bare-chested, as
Maggie shoves him down on the bed.

MAGGIE
This is something you’re never
going to forget.

INT. LIVING ROOM – NIGHT
Maxine and Spike stand awkwardly nursing their drinks
together. Staffers move about.

INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT
Maggie and Riley make love with Maggie on top.
INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Maxine, her glass emptied, walks over to Spike, who’s talking to a staffer.

    MAXINE
    I think we ought to be in there with them.

    SPIKE
    Why?

    MAXINE
    If nothing else, I’d like to take notes.

    SPIKE
    Let me get you another drink.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maggie and Riley make love as before.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Maxine’s glass is empty again as Spike steps over.

    SPIKE
    Would you like another one?

    MAXINE
    (feeling her booze)
    Are you tryin’ to get me drunk?
    I’m goin’ in there.

    SPIKE
    Maxine, they don’t need our input. They know what they’re doing.

    MAXINE
    Well what’s taking so long?

    SPIKE
    It’s a perfect example of time dilation.

    MAXINE
    What?

    SPIKE
    It seems like a long time out here, but in there, time flies when you’re having fun.
INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maggie is up and almost through dressing, while Riley, still nude, lies on the bed as if half-dozing.

Maggie regards him for a moment. It’s clear that she had a good time with him.

MAGGIE (softly)
God, Riley.

She snaps herself out of it. She nudges his foot with hers.

MAGGIE
Come on, asshole, we’ve got to get out of here.

He sits up and looks around. He seems confused.

RILEY
What are you doing here? What’s going on?

MAGGIE
What are you talking about, Brad?

He jumps up and starts hurriedly dressing.

RILEY
Brad? Where is this Brad stuff coming from?

MAGGIE
You tell me.

RILEY
Is this some kind of setup? What did you do, slip me a mickey? Where’s my wife?

MAGGIE
Are you doing what I think you’re doing?

RILEY
You’ve never seen a man getting dressed in a hurry before?

MAGGIE
Are you reneging on me?

RILEY
What are you talking about?
MAGGIE
The number two spot. Remember?
When are you going to announce it?

RILEY
The number two spot? You think
I would give it to you?

She moves menacingly closer to him.

MAGGIE
Tell me when you’re going to
announce it or, by God, I will
kill you right here.

RILEY
How are you going to kill me?

MAGGIE
I will tear your balls off with
these two bare hands.

RILEY
You would do it too, wouldn’t you?
Look, let’s be calm about this.
Does anyone know? We did, uh -- ?

MAGGIE
You’ve already forgotten?

RILEY
I don’t remember a thing.

MAGGIE
And you waited twenty years. Are
you nuts, drunk, or what?

She straightens the bedcovers.

MAGGIE
Tell me, when are you going to
announce it?

RILEY
Look, don’t rush me on this, okay?
I’ve got to talk to Spike, and --
Thank God we didn’t get caught. Is
everyone waiting outside?

MAGGIE
Yes, and you’re going to tell them
that I’m on the ticket. Or you’ve
got a ticket to --
She seems to realize something, which makes her madder.

MAGGIE
You need me on that ticket. You knew you’d give me the spot before I even got here. Don’t try to kid me. I went to bed with your sorry ass when I didn’t have to.

RILEY
Calm down, Maggie. I didn’t force you, did I?

MAGGIE
Oh, no, you didn’t force me. I needed a fix, or I sure as hell wouldn’t have done it.

RILEY
Good. Well, I wasn’t so bad, was I? I’d like to say I enjoyed it, but --

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT
Maxine, with Spike behind her, knocks on the bedroom door.

Just as Maxine starts to open the door, it opens, and Riley and Maggie step out.

RILEY
She’s on the ticket.

INT. CONVENTION HALL - NIGHT
Riley, Beth, Maggie, and Walter stand before the celebrating delegates. Balloons fall from the ceiling.

Maggie takes Riley’s hand and raises it as in victory.

Maggie and Riley speak quietly under the noise,

RILEY
(as Brad)
Hey Maggie, does Riley know about how you and ol’ Brad got it on?

MAGGIE
If only these people knew what a sicko you are.

RILEY
I’m not the one who needed a “fix.”
MAGGIE
No, but you got rid of that twenty-year itch. Eh, Brad?

INT. UPPER-CLASS HOME (GEORGETOWN) - NIGHT

A cocktail party is in progress. Well-dressed guests chat, MUSIC PLAYS.

The HOSTESS, 50, steps over to a dignified-looking lady (JOSEPH THORN, 67, in drag).

HOSTESS
Excuse me, Doctor Thorn. There’s a phone call for you.

THORN
Oh.

HOSTESS
You can take it in the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Thorn checks his lovely wig in a mirror, then picks up the phone receiver.

THORN
Hello.
(listens)
Yes, this is Joseph Thorn.
(listens)
The psychiatrist, yes. Is this really Mrs. Crenshaw?
(listens)
He’s been behaving abnormally? In what way?

INT. HOTEL SUITE (WASHINGTON) - DAY

Maggie, Beth, and Spike confer with Dr. Thorn (no longer in drag, of course).

MAGGIE
I thought he must be sick or something when we talked about the number two spot.

THORN
What made you think so?

MAGGIE
He didn’t make any sense. He was Brad, then he’s Riley.
(MORE)
Like two different people. Then later Beth and Spike told me about their concerns. I’d say it’s a split personality. But I’m not a doctor.

Thorn glances over his notes.

THORN
(to Spike and Beth)
Do either of you have anything further to add?

BETH
No, Doctor Thorn, I guess we’ve pretty well covered it.

He looks again at his notes.

THORN
Well, based on what you’ve all told me -- the stress he was under, the persistent headaches, the Brad episodes, referring to oneself in the third person, and the loss of memory -- it’s possible that we’re seeing a dissociative identity disorder, or D.I.D.

MAGGIE
A multiple personality.

THORN
Yes. Two or more personalities within one individual. Each personality may have its own name, and be unaware of the others.

A pause. Everyone seems to wait for someone else to say something.

BETH
(to Thorn)
So what do you think we should do? I mean, he’s running for president.

THORN
Yes, I understand the sensitive situation. But as a physician I have to recommend consultation, diagnosis, and treatment.
SKIP
What do you think is the cause, Doctor Thorn?

THORN
At this point, there’s no way to know. Sometimes we never do. The stress of the campaign perhaps?

BETH
I wouldn’t doubt it. He didn’t want to run in the first place.

Maggie glares at Beth.

MAGGIE
Then why the hell did he run?

BETH
(evasively)
That’s a long story.

Maggie rolls her eyes and fumes.

BETH
Riley thinks he’s had blackouts. If we tell him the truth and start treatment now, he’ll probably quit the campaign.

SKIP
(upset)
Why would he take and quit, as long as we just keep it quiet?

MAGGIE
(angrily)
There’s no way we could keep it quiet. If he started therapy now, the media would soon be all over it.

SKIP
(demandingly)
How would they know? Is Doctor Thorn going to go on a talk show?

MAGGIE
Doctor, could we take and get --

Maggie catches herself, with an irritated glance at Skip.
MAGGIE
Could we wait and get back to you later?

INT. CRENSHAW APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Riley, Maggie, and Walter sit having drinks. Maggie seems preoccupied, with a glance toward the kitchen, while Riley speaks,

RILEY
All the problems we’ve had with Iran go back to ’52, when the C.I.A. helped overthrow a democratically elected government there, over oil. And that’s just the tip of the iceberg. Look at Guatemala in ’54.

MAGGIE
(rises)
If you’ll excuse me, I’m gonna check in with Beth.

Maggie walks toward the kitchen. As Walter speaks, Riley slyly watches Maggie’s shapely behind as she walks away.

WALTER
I hope you don’t think I had a hand in those C.I.A coups. I wasn’t even born yet.

Riley forces a smile. With a glance off after Maggie,

RILEY
No. I can’t imagine your hands on something like that.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Beth helps a maid fix a meatless meal as Maggie enters.

BETH
Are they boring you out there?

MAGGIE
Yeah. Riley’s disssing Walter’s former employer.

BETH
That’s not very polite.

Maggie and Beth speak quietly together, out of the maid’s hearing,
MAGGIE
You haven’t said anything to him yet, have you? About the Brad business?

BETH
No. I want to, but I just keep hoping that Brad won’t show up again.

MAGGIE
I wonder if a cross or garlic would help keep Brad away.

Maggie chuckles but Beth looks worried.

BETH
I feel so guilty about not doing anything. And we’re playing a trick on the country.

MAGGIE
I know. But it’s not like -- like a brain tumor growing. And tricks are played on the country all the time.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Maggie, Walter, Riley, and Beth dine together. Riley makes an unpleasant discovery.

RILEY
This is cheese ravioli.

BETH
It’s the kind Maggie wanted. She’s a vegetarian, Riley.

MAGGIE
Oh, you don’t like cheese? I’m sorry.

Riley stares at Maggie, who looks blithely at her plate as she eats.

BETH
I thought you liked cheese if it’s cooked.

RILEY
Only on pizza. I wasn’t thinking about the meat thing. Sorry. I’ll just double up on the veggies.
Silence as they eat, then,

BETH
Walter, I understand you’re working on a book.

WALTER
Yes.

BETH
About your days in the C.I.A?

WALTER
No, it’s a novel.

RILEY
What’s it about?

WALTER
About a guy in the C.I.A.

MAGGIE
You know what they say: Write about something you know. That severely limits Walter.

Walter calmly takes a sip of water. He smiles at Beth.

WALTER
We want to thank you again for this dinner invite.

BETH
You’re welcome.

WALTER
(to Riley)
It’s a shame about the cheese ravioli, though. Maggie told me that you don’t like cheese.

Awkward silence. As they eat, Maggie slyly gives Walter the finger by wiping the corner of her mouth with it.

INT. LIMO - MOVING - NIGHT

Maggie and Walter are being driven home. The headlights of a Secret Service car are close behind.

MAGGIE
I was sitting there hoping and praying that you would choke to death on that cheese ravioli.
WALTER
No chance. I’m sure that Riley would save me with the Heimlich maneuver. Besides, who chokestodeath on cheese ravioli?

MAGGIE
Maybe I should start serving meat.

WALTER
It’ll be a sad day for you when I die. You won’t like what’s in my will.

MAGGIE
What do you have to leave?

WALTER
Oh, you don’t know. I could have a secret Swiss bank account.

MAGGIE
Tsch. You’d be lucky to afford a Swiss clock. Or a big slice of Swiss cheese. Wait till you see my will, you loser.

WALTER
Are you going to die soon?

MAGGIE
Hah. You wish. I’ve never been sick in my life, except for a case of infected tonsils, and I had those taken out. I’ll still be around, dear, when you’re dead and pickled. Well, you’re already pickled.

WALTER
You can’t wait for the dead part, can you?

MAGGIE
One thing about us, Walter, we always wish the best for each other.

INT. CRENshaw APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Beth, trying to go to sleep, notes Riley lying awake, staring at the ceiling.
INT. OFF-CAMPUS APARTMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Students Riley and Maggie lie smooching on the bed.

INT. CRENSHAW APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Riley stares at the ceiling as before, Beth looking at him.

BETH
What are you thinking about?

RILEY
(slight smile)
Maggie Cruz. She’s something else.
Cheese ravioli. I’ve gotta hand it to her.

INT. MACKEY APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maggie lies awake on her side, her back to snoring Walter. She stares off nostalgically.

INSERT - CHESS BOARD

Riley’s hand takes a red piece with one of the white ones.

INT. MAGGIE’S APARTMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Students Maggie and Riley play chess, the board on a corner of the dining table so they can sit closer.

Setting aside the taken piece, Riley leans over to Maggie.

RILEY
Just to add to the game, every time I take a piece, I get a kiss.

They kiss. Maggie looks over the board.

MAGGIE
To make it a level playing field...
(takes piece)
Every time I take a piece, I get a kiss.

They kiss again. Riley smiles.

RILEY
Let’s make this a real bloody battle.

Maggie laughs.
INT. MACKEY APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Gazing off, Maggie smiles at the memory. Then she closes her eyes as if to block it out.

EXT. PARK BENCH - DAY

Walter sits relaxed on the bench. Foster joins him.

Foster slips a small manila envelope from his coat and hands it to Walter, who casually puts it in his own coat.

    FOSTER
    I don’t know how much good that’ll do you, Walter. I haven’t looked at it, but I’m passing it on.

    WALTER
    Much obliged, Foster. I’m afraid it’s too little, too late. She’s stuck now with Crenshaw. But all is not lost.

    FOSTER
    Oh? What’s up?

    FOSTER
    Crenshaw has a multiple personality.

    FOSTER
    You’re kidding.

    WALTER
    A psychiatrist has been consulted. Joseph Thorn.

Foster loves it.

    FOSTER
    Josephine? How appropriate. How many personalities are there?

    WALTER
    Two so far. Riley and Brad.

    FOSTER
    What do his handlers plan to do?

    WALTER
    Go ahead and try to get him elected. He doesn’t even know. They’ve been lucky so far. Did you watch the debate with Hanson?
FOSTER
Yeah.

WALTER
Crenshaw did okay. His usual crap about getting things done together.

FOSTER
Yeah, but as soon as his other self is exposed he’ll be toast.

WALTER
It almost happened in Cleveland. Brad showed up right in the middle of a speech. They got him off the podium before he could do any damage.

FOSTER
Are you talking about the bomb scare they had?

WALTER
Yeah. Who knows what ruse they’ll use next if they have to?

Foster laughs, then,

FOSTER
(suggestively)
Suppose someone leaks his condition.

WALTER
No, that could screw things up for Maggie. There’d be chaos. Better he gets elected first.

FOSTER
I gotcha. The Twenty-Fifth Amendment.

WALTER
Yeah. But I don’t know if it’s occurred to Maggie yet. I haven’t brought it up. I want to watch her worry and fret some first. She deserves it.

FOSTER
(rises)
A multiple personality. That’s rich. You’re right, though. They should go ahead and try to make it.

(MORE)
The rest’ll take care of itself. 
Keep us posted.

As Foster walks away,

WALTER 
Will do. See ya, Foster.

INT. MACKEY APARTMENT - STUDY - NIGHT

Maggie gets in his face as Walter sits at his computer.

MAGGIE
There are three of him now! There may be more on the way.

WALTER
(amused interest)
Who is the third one?

MAGGIE
“Michael.” Beth says he wanted his Secret Service detail to take him to a gay bar in Virginia.

Walter laughs.

WALTER
Did they take him?

MAGGIE
No. Beth stopped it before he could ask ‘em.

He offers his emptied glass to her.

WALTER
Would you mind getting me a refill?

MAGGIE
Yes.

He calmly rises with the glass.

MAGGIE
And you couldn’t do one thing for me -- not one thing -- when I asked you to have your “friends” give me something on Crenshaw, to ruin him before the convention. Then I’d be running for president.

She follows him to the desk where there’s a bottle of whiskey, some Coke, and a small container of ice cubes.
WALTER
Well, they found too little too late.

MAGGIE
What do you mean? They found what?

WALTER
(mixes refill)
They didn’t tell me. It doesn’t matter. You have what you need on him now.

MAGGIE
What? This Brad dissociative shit? How can I use it? If he loses, I lose, stupid! I shouldn’t have even told you about it. What good can you do?

He turns to her with his drink.

WALTER
I can direct you, my dear, to something called the Twenty-Fifth Amendment. Didn’t you learn about that in law school?

MAGGIE
(smiles falsely)
Refresh my memory.

She follows him back to the computer.

WALTER
Get a majority of Cabinet members to agree that the president is mentally ill and unfit to hold office, then notify both houses of Congress, and the president relinquishes power. You, the vice president, become acting president, for as long as he’s ill.

He sits down.

MAGGIE
 stil smiling)
There’s only one problem with that.

WALTER
What?

She gets in his face again,
MAGGIE
I’m not vice president yet!
(then)
We’ve got to get that head case elected and make it through the inauguration. Then he’s got to stay nuts so we can remove him.

Maggie, a hand on her hip, looks off as if with regret.

MAGGIE
I hate to do it this way. I like to beat a guy straight up.

WALTER
With some kind of dirt on him.

MAGGIE
But you know what Beth said? He didn’t want to run in the first place. But he screws me. Figuratively speaking. So he deserves to get thrown out.

She starts to go, then,

MAGGIE
(clearly meaning it)
Just so the poor guy gets well.

She walks toward the door.

WALTER
Yeah, like in four to eight years, eh, señora? I’m on your side.

She stops and looks back.

MAGGIE
Oh, I’m sure you are. The Company would like to have a mole residing in the White House, right?

He gives her an amused glance as she leaves.

INT. NETWORK TV NEWS STUDIO - NIGHT

A FEMALE CAMPAIGN ANALYST reports beside a big board of blue and red states. A MALE CAMPAIGN ANALYST is with her.

Across the top of the board in big letters is “Election Night All Night Long.”
FEMALE CAMPAIGN ANALYST
It’s now official, the Crenshaw-Cruz ticket has won the state of Florida.

MALE CAMPAIGN ANALYST
And with that, we can now project that Senator Riley Crenshaw has been elected the next president of the United States.

INT. CRENSHAW CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT
Riley and Beth stand before a roomful of cheering supporters. Riley gestures toward Maggie as she and Walter join them.

INT. HANSON CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT
Silver-haired CHARLES HANSON, 70, stands at a podium before a roomful of subdued supporters, with his family behind him.

Hanson fights back tears, his voice quavering, as he speaks.

HANSON
Well, you can’t win ‘em all. I want to congratulate Riley Crenshaw on his victory. No one can say that Charles Hanson didn’t run a balanced campaign. I spent time on all the issues. But all Crenshaw could do was talk about everyone in government getting along together. I guess he knew what he was doing.

INT. A TV SCREEN - DAY
A TV news channel shows an 80-foot yacht at sea, with a news caption reading, “Crenshaws Take Caribbean Cruise.” MEXICAN MUSIC PLAYS.

EXT. CAPITOL HILL - DAY
Maggie is interviewed by a reporter.

MAGGIE
A good friend and supporter has provided the yacht. We think it’s good for the president-elect to get away after all the hard work and, uh, just be himself for a while. It’s been a long campaign, and why does he need more public appearances?

(MORE)
In fact, they’ll be taking another trip after Christmas.

**EXT. YACHT - DAY**

Riley sits in a deck chair with notepad and pencil. He looks stumped and worried. Beth sits down beside him.

**BETH**

Having trouble with your inaugural address?

**RILEY**

I don’t know where to start.

**BETH**

Too much to say, eh?

**RILEY**

No, not enough. I’ve covered the need for practical bipartisan government.

**BETH**

All right, as president, what’s the first thing you want to do, for the good of the country?

**RILEY**

Resign. But that would make Maggie president. After all the trouble I’ve gone to. And those blackouts. I need to see a doctor again.

**BETH**

I agree. We’ll see one right after the swearing-in.

**RILEY**

(sighs)

The swearing-in. I swear. I think we’re headed for disaster.

**EXT. INAUGURATION - DAY**

Riley and Beth stand before the Supreme Court CHIEF JUSTICE, 60, for the oath of office, Beth holding the Bible.

Maggie, Walter, Speaker of the House Westberry, and other dignitaries sit behind them, before the vast audience.
Riley places his left hand on the Bible. He raises his right hand and smiles, all in a rather effeminate manner.

Noticing, Maggie touches Walter’s hand and whispers,

**MAGGIE**
(expectantly)
Walter, look at him.

**CHIEF JUSTICE**
I, Riley Crenshaw, do solemnly swear...

**RILEY**
He...
(whispers)
The name is Michael.

The Chief Justice stares at him.

**CHIEF JUSTICE**
I, Riley Crenshaw.

Everyone wonders what’s wrong. Except Beth, Maggie, and Walter. Riley has trouble saying “I”,

**RILEY**
Uh, uh -- I, Riley Crenshaw, do solemnly swear...

**CHIEF JUSTICE**
That I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States.

**RILEY**
That he will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States.

**CHIEF JUSTICE**
And will to the best of my ability...

**RILEY**
And will to the best of his ability...

**CHIEF JUSTICE**
My ability...
RILEY
Right. Michael’s ability.

CHIEF JUSTICE
Preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States.

RILEY
Preserve, defend -- what you said -- the Constitution of the United States.

CHIEF JUSTICE
So help me God.

RILEY
So help him God.

The Chief Justice stares at Riley as he shakes his hand. There is applause, with looks of concern.

Beth looks agonized. Maggie whispers to Walter,

MAGGIE
Isn’t this great? Michael came to the inauguration.

Riley prepares to speak at the podium, applause subsiding.

RILEY
Thank you, thank you. Thank you all for being here.
(looks at text of speech)
Tsch. Michael isn’t going to read some long, boring speech. Why do these things have to be dull? This ought to be a fun day. Come on, lighten up!

There is stunned silence except for some giggles in the crowd out front.

The grin on Riley’s face suddenly turns to a frown. He looks around as if momentarily disoriented. Then he smiles with Brad-like confidence.

RILEY
(as Brad)
Well! Brad doesn’t exactly know how he got here, but -- Brad guesses he’s president now?

Maggie whispers ecstatically to Walter,
MAGGIE
God, they’re both here, Walter.

RILEY
Brad has nothing special to say, so how about a couple of jokes? A guy walks into a -- No, wait, that one’s too gross.

Riley laughs hard at it anyway. No one laughs with him.

Maggie tries hard not to smile.

RILEY
How about this one? The teacher says, “Johnny, what’s two-t’m-two?” And Johnny says, “Teacher, I don’t even know what two-t’m is.”

Riley has a good laugh. There are some scattered laughs in the crowd.

RILEY
Okay, Brad’s going to keep this short, because Brad wants to get on with the parade, the cheers of the crowd, and the inaugural balls. Brad knows what you’re thinking: “He said balls.”

Maggie shakes with suppressed laughter. Beth looks like she wants to cry.

Walter whispers to Maggie,

WALTER
This tops the Gettysburg Address and “I Have a Dream.”

RILEY
So let Brad just say in closing that, uh, with Brad we’re going to have one hell of a ride, for at least -- what is it -- four years. After that the people can ditch him, and Brad couldn’t care less.

INT. RADIO STUDIO - DAY

A Rush Limbaugh-like RADIO TALK-SHOW HOST is at his mike.
Folks, the first question that has to be asked about this presidential debacle is: “How long have they known that Crenshaw is mentally ill?”

INT. WHITE HOUSE - CORRIDOR - DAY

Spike leads Dr. Thorn to a door and Thorn enters, two Secret Service agents stationed nearby. During this,

TALK-SHOW HOST (V.O.)
Remember the “bomb threat” when Crenshaw started acting peculiar? And all those vacations after the election?

INT. LIVING QUARTERS - DAY

Riley listens with concern to Dr. Thorn.

TALK-SHOW HOST (V.O.)
And the biggest question of all hangs like a dark cloud over this nation today...

INT. RADIO STUDIO - DAY

The Talk-Show Host at his mike as before.

TALK-SHOW HOST
“Who’s in charge here?”

EXT. WHITE HOUSE GROUNDS - DAY

Maggie speaks to reporters.

MAGGIE
There were signs during the campaign of some trouble, but hindsight is always twenty-twenty. Our main concern now is the President’s health. But the nation’s business must also go forth. So we are looking right now at following the provisions of the Twenty-Fifth Amendment.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Riley sits behind his desk, Spike seated in front. They grimly watch NEWSWOMAN #1 on TV report from Capitol Hill.
NEWSWOMAN #1
(on TV)
-- with no comment. Now we’ve been
told that sometime this afternoon
Vice President Cruz and various
department heads will formally
notify both houses of Congress that
President Crenshaw is too ill to
perform his duties. And that Vice
President Cruz should therefore
take over as acting chief
executive. Back to you, Shelby.

Riley waves a hand in disgust. Spike mutes the TV volume
with the remote. Awkward silence.

RILEY
I guess Maggie will be sitting here
in a day or two.

SPIKE
What you have to do is take and get
well, Mister President. Then she
won’t be sitting here for long.
You’ll be right back in business.

RILEY
Yeah. That’s what I’m afraid of.

SPIKE
Afraid of what?

RILEY
(rises)
Having to come back to this job.

Spike shakes his head wearily as Riley thoughtfully paces.

SPIKE
You didn’t fake mental illness, did
you, just to get out of this?

RILEY
No. It would never have occurred
to me. You can’t make this stuff
up.

SPIKE
What do you plan to take and do?

RILEY
I don’t know. Make something up?

Riley stops pacing. He seems to be pleased with an idea.
RILEY
I know what. I’m going to “take and do” just what I want to.

EXT. PARK BENCH - DAY

Foster impatiently waits on the bench. Walter arrives and sits down beside him.

WALTER
Okay, what’s this all about?

FOSTER
That package I gave you. I need it back.

WALTER
Why do you need it back?

FOSTER
No one looked at the whole thing. We had no idea what we’d find toward the end. Till yesterday.

WALTER
Why did no one look at it all?

FOSTER
Do you know how much there was to look at? With nothing worth using. We had other work and we found it too late. Look, you asked if we could do it. We did it, since it might help Maggie, and I handed it over. Not the original, but we need that copy back. Walter, that shit is dynamite. My butt’s in a crack on this. Heads could roll.

Walter considers. Foster looks aggravated.

FOSTER
Walter, look at the stakes. Maggie is now acting president. Unless Crenshaw recovers, Maggie’s in power for good. Do you want to see it all go down the drain? What are you thinking about? Do you hate her that much, or what?

FOSTER
No, I’ll have it for you tomorrow.

Foster heaves a sigh of relief.
FOSTER
Reason prevails.
(rises)
Thanks, Walter. Tomorrow, same
time, same place.

Foster walks off. Walter remains seated, looking thoughtfully off into space.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE OVAL OFFICE - DAY

SECRET SERVICE AGENTS #1 and #2 are stationed near the door to the Oval Office.

They see Riley coming with SECRET SERVICE AGENTS #3 and #4.

Riley stops in front of Agents #1 and #2 in a friendly manner.

RILEY
Good morning, gentlemen.

AGENT #1
Good morning, Mister President.

RILEY
Is the President in?

AGENT #1
Yes, she is, Mister President. Are you going in too?

RILEY
Unless you stop me. Is this going to be a shoot-out?

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Maggie sits at the desk, Gayle sitting in front with notes.

MAGGIE
Find out what we’ve got on the majority leader. If that bastard --

Maggie stops, seeing Riley enter. Riley walks to the front of the desk.

RILEY
How are you, Mrs. Vice President? Or Acting President. What should I call you today?
MAGGIE
Call me surprised. And at the risk of sounding insensitive, who are you today?

RILEY
I’m Riley. You know me.
(to Gayle)
Could I talk with your boss for a while?

Maggie nods “okay” to Gayle, who grudgingly rises with her notes.

Maggie and Riley stare at each other, Riley with a little smile on his face, while Gayle walks out.

RILEY
Ms. Sturdivant seems kind of snooty.

MAGGIE
She doesn’t like to be interrupted when we’re working on the people’s business.

RILEY
Working on the people’s business, or just working on the people?

He sits down.

MAGGIE
Why are you here, Riley? And why do I think you’re Brad?

RILEY
(smiles)
Doctor Thorn thinks we’re going to get rid of that guy. Michael too.
(then)
As you know, Maggie, under the Twenty-Fifth Amendment, when I’m found to be well, I can reclaim my powers as president. I’ll be sitting again where you are.

MAGGIE
So show me some papers that tell me you’re sane.

RILEY
I didn’t bring any with me.
MAGGIE
Then go and get some. And make sure they’re notarized.

RILEY
(rises)
Not necessary. I’ll tell you why I’m here.
(paces)
I didn’t want to be president. That may be why Michael and Brad put on such a show at the inauguration. Like they were trying to get me out of it. Anyway I ran for one reason. To keep you from getting the nomination.

Maggie sits back in her pants suit and puts her feet on the desk.

MAGGIE
So that was it. You really hate me, don’t you?

RILEY
No, I don’t. It’s more like I love you, if you want to know the truth.

MAGGIE
Oh dear. I’m not really a bitch?

RILEY
Well, there are bitches, Maggie, and then there are bitches. I guess I like a high-spirited woman. Let’s put it that way. And you take the cake.

He sits down again.

MAGGIE
Sounds like kind of a love-hate relationship.

RILEY
Where do you fall on the love-hate continuum, toward Riley Crenshaw?

MAGGIE
I’ve never hated you, Riley. I thought about you a lot after college. Hell, I still do.
(MORE)
Then, running for president, you set yourself up as an obstacle to something I wanted. That made you the enemy. And it was just to keep me from the nomination?

RILEY
Well, I didn’t think you would make a good president.

MAGGIE
(chuckles)
Oh. It was your patriotic duty to stop me. I get it.

RILEY
I was wrong, and I’m sorry. You’d make a good one. The presidency is no place for people who can’t be ruthless. That’s why it’s no place for me. I’m a real nice guy.

(rises again)
So I’m here to cut a deal.

(paces)
Here’s my end of the bargain. I’ll resign. I won’t put up a fight. You can be president. Like I said, I don’t even want it. You can let ’em officially swear you in.

Maggie sits up. She has a slight smirk.

MAGGIE
You’re giving up something you don’t even want. Some sacrifice. I hesitate to ask: What do I have to do?

He plants his hands on the desk and leans toward her.

RILEY
What did I talk about, more than anything else, during my campaign?

MAGGIE
Bipartisanship. Getting along.

RILEY
And you came around a little bit, right? As my running mate.
MAGGIE
Isn’t that how it works? Number two on the ticket backs up number one, no matter what number two thinks. Number two can actually think number one is full of number two.

Riley straightens up from the desk.

RILEY
Let’s stop talking numerically. Government according to common-sense principles. Going with good ideas no matter which party comes up with them. Working together instead of against each other. It’s amazing what could get done. Am I asking too much?

MAGGIE
And if I go with that, you agree to make a permanent exit.

RILEY
That’s the deal.

MAGGIE
(affirmatively)
Well, the country’s going to see a new Maggie Cruz.

He smiles and offers his hand across the desk.

RILEY
I’ll make the announcement. I’m resigning from office.

They shake hands.

MAGGIE
And I’ll announce that it’s sad, but we wish you the best of luck.

They finish shaking, but Riley still gently holds Maggie’s hand. She looks at their hands. He lets go.

RILEY
Thank you for your time, Mrs. President.

They look at each other for a moment.
RILEY
I meant what I said a while ago. How I feel about you. Classified information.

He turns and walks toward the door.

RILEY
I didn’t want you as a running mate either. You being a bitch was the excuse, of course.

He stops and looks back.

RILEY
The real reason? I desired you too damn much. I even have a theory: Wanting you was the source of my mental condition. I’ve already told Doctor Thorn.

MAGGIE
Care to elaborate?

RILEY
Well, Brad’s kind of a playboy, right? He’s my lust for Maggie Cruz. Michael is gay? A form of denial, like, hey, I don’t need any woman.

MAGGIE
Interesting theory.

RILEY
Anyway, I guess I’ll see you around. See ya later, Gator.

He starts to go.

MAGGIE
Let’s have a pizza sometime.

He looks back at her.

MAGGIE
It doesn’t taste like cheese.

They both smile.

RILEY
I’ll look forward to it.

A pause as they regard each other.
RILEY
Sometimes I sure wish we could go back.

MAGGIE
I’ve wished it too, Riley. Sometimes. You turned out all right.

RILEY
What became of the basketball player?

MAGGIE
I don’t have any idea. Now get out of here.

He smiles. She watches him turn and leave. She sighs and closes her eyes as if heartsick.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Coming out of the Oval Office, Riley sees Walter waiting in a chair by the wall. Gayle and the Secret Service Agents stand nearby.

RILEY
Hello, Walter.

Walter rises and they shake hands, while Gayle goes back in the office.

WALTER
Mister President, how are you doing?

RILEY
Oh, I’m coming along. Got that book finished yet?

WALTER
No, but -- I’m thinking of starting a new one. The material sort of fell in my lap.

RILEY
Can’t beat that. Good to see you.

Walter watches Riley walk away with Agents #3 and #4.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Maggie and Gayle stand conferring by the desk as Walter strolls in.
Gayle nods to Walter as she leaves. Walter and Maggie walk over to the sitting area.

WALTER
Mrs. President -- so to speak.

MAGGIE
(businesslike)
Hello, Walter.

She sits down on a couch by the sleeping cat Mizifuf. Maggie pets the cat while Walter sits down on the couch facing hers.

WALTER
I appreciate you working me into your schedule.

MAGGIE
Well, two minutes doesn’t make that much difference. What’s on your mind?

WALTER
I wanted to experience being here, at least once. You haven’t told me what role I’m to play as First Husband.

MAGGIE
None.

WALTER
Come again?

MAGGIE
I might as well say it now. I want a divorce.

He stares at her petting the cat.

WALTER
Let me get this straight. Your first official act here is to divorce your husband.

MAGGIE
(rises)
Well, it’s hardly an impeachable offense.

She exercises her neck.
WALTER
No. You simply announce to the nation that you’ve asked your husband for his resignation.

She casually does some aerobics while she speaks,

MAGGIE
I’ll explain it as something that’s best for the country. I don’t need personal problems. So I’m shedding the albatross that’s been hanging around my neck.

(stops exercising)
Or should I say mole?

She glances at her watch as she walks toward the desk.

MAGGIE
Your time is practically up.

WALTER
(rises)
So is yours.

She stops at the desk and looks back.

MAGGIE
What do you mean by that?

WALTER
(smiles)
I mean if Crenshaw comes back in good health. What did he have to say?

She sits down with a glance at her watch.

MAGGIE
The clock has run out on you, Walter. I’ve got things to do.

She looks at a document. Walter strolls toward the door.

WALTER
That was quite a two-minute drill. But yes, we must do what is best for the country.

He stops at the door with a smile.
WALTER
I don’t mind doing what seems best... now that I know where I stand.

He walks out, Maggie curiously watching him.

INT. EAST ROOM – DAY

The Chief Justice administers the oath of office to Maggie.

Maggie’s Mom holds the Bible. House Speaker Westberry, other dignitaries, and a TV crew are present.

CHIEF JUSTICE
Place your left hand on the Bible, raise your right hand, and repeat after me. I, Magdalena Cruz, do solemnly swear...

MAGGIE
I, Magdalena Cruz, do solemnly swear...

INT. CRENSHAW APARTMENT – LIVING ROOM – DAY

Riley and Beth sit on the couch watching the ceremony on TV.

CHIEF JUSTICE
(on TV)
That I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States.

Riley has an admiring little smile on his face. Beth is stoical.

MAGGIE
(on TV)
That I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States.

RILEY
She did it.

CHIEF JUSTICE
(on TV)
And will to the best of my ability...

RILEY
She said back at U.F. she was going to be president. And she is.
MAGGIE
(overlapping, on TV)
And will to the best of my ability...

Beth looks at Riley as he enjoys the ceremony.

CHIEF JUSTICE
(on TV)
Preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States.

BETH
Happy?

MAGGIE
(on TV)
Preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States.

RILEY
Well, I got out of what I didn’t want.

CHIEF JUSTICE
(on TV)
So help me God.

RILEY
So I guess you could say I got what I wanted.

MAGGIE
(overlapping, on TV)
So help me God.

CHIEF JUSTICE
(on TV)
Congratulations.

Those at the ceremony applaud.

BETH
What do you want now?

Riley looks wistfully at Maggie on the TV as she prepares to speak. Then he notes Beth looking at him.

RILEY
I’ve got a pension to live on while I think about it.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Maggie talks with the ATTORNEY GENERAL (AG), 52.
MAGGIE
First, I want to assure you that
I fully intend to keep you on as
Attorney General.

AG
Thank you, Mrs. President. I
appreciate the vote of confidence.

MAGGIE
Confidence has nothing to do with
it. I didn’t say how long I’ll
keep you on. Most members of the
Cabinet are Crenshaw friends and
cronies so incompetent they make me
want to puke. But before I bring
out the mop and bucket, I want to
see which ones can halfway perform.
When I hold up a hoop, I want to
see how fast they jump through it.
Do I make myself clear?

The PHONE RINGS.

AG
Yes, Mrs. President.

MAGGIE
(into phone)
Yes?

SECRETARY (V.O.)
(filtered, on phone)
Your husband is on the line, Mrs.
President.

MAGGIE
I don’t want to talk to my husband.

SECRETARY (V.O.)
(filtered, on phone)
He says that it’s urgent.

MAGGIE
Okay, I’ll take it.
(punches button)
What do you want?

INT. MACKEY APARTMENT - STUDY - DAY

Walter sits at his desk.
WALTER (into phone)
This won’t take long. Is anyone with you?

MAGGIE (V.O.)
(filtered, on phone)
Yes. I’m busy.

WALTER (into phone)
You may want to ask them to leave the room.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Maggie lowers the receiver and looks at the AG.

MAGGIE
I need you to step outside for a minute.

The AG quickly rises.

AG
Certainly, Mrs. President.

As the AG leaves,

MAGGIE (into phone)
This better be good. Let’s have it.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

WALTER
Do you remember when I told you that my friends got something for us on Crenshaw, too little too late?

MAGGIE
What about it?

WALTER
They tried a few things before the convention, which produced no results. The last thing they did was bug Senator Crenshaw’s hotel suite during the convention. It included a hidden video camera in the senator’s bedroom.
Maggie’s eyes get big.

WALTER
You know, ordinary-type secret surveillance. Are you with me so far?

MAGGIE
Keep going.

WALTER
They watched a large part of the videotape. No revelations, and they had other things to do. But what they belatedly found was a most unexpected episode, some real adults-only stuff, starring you and Senator Crenshaw. Well, they had given me a copy, then suddenly they wanted it back.
(listens with smile)
Are you there?

MAGGIE
Did you give them back the copy?

WALTER
No, I gave it to someone else. But you can see it now for yourself. It’s on the Internet. Would you like me to give you the url? Of course, it’s already getting so many hits, you probably can’t get a connection. I mean, it’s an international smash.
(listens)
Are you there?

Maggie’s there, passed out in her chair. The phone receiver dangles on its cord beside her.

WALTER (V.O.)
(filtered, on phone)
Maggie, are you there?

INT. MAGGIE’S SECRETARY’S DESK – DAY

Maggie’s Secretary watches something on her computer with a look of disbelief. Standing by are Secret Service Agents #1 and #2.

SECRETARY
Who’s going to tell the President?
AGENT #1
You are, I guess.

SECRETARY
Do you know what she’ll do? She’ll pass out at her desk.

INT. CRENSHAW APARTMENT - STUDY - DAY

Riley looks in horror at a YouTube-type Web page entitled “The Crenshaw-Cruz Sex Tape.”

He watches as the downloaded video starts with a title:

“The Love Ticket
starring
Maggie Cruz and Riley Crenshaw.”

The tape action starts with Maggie kneeling, her hands on Riley’s thighs, as Riley sits on the edge of the bed.

MAGGIE
(on videotape)
We’re going to make a deal here.
We each have a good excuse.

INT. MACKEY APARTMENT - STUDY - DAY

Walter, sitting back with a grin at his computer, watches Maggie and Riley make love on the videotape.

INT. CRENSHAW APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY

Riley, pleading, knocks on the locked bathroom door.

RILEY
Beth? Honey, come on out of there, please. It wasn’t me.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Tearful Beth stands propped against the wall.

RILEY
It was Brad. That son of a bitch. I’ve got no memory at all of what happened with Maggie. You were there that night. Wasn’t I Brad?
(rubs brow)
Honey, I need something for a headache. This one is bad.
INT. WHITE HOUSE - LIVING QUARTERS - NIGHT

Maggie sits drunk, another glass in hand from a half-emptied bottle of Bacardi rum, as she watches the tape on a computer. With her other hand she holds Mizifuf.

RILEY
(on videotape)
I wasn’t so bad, was I? I’d like to say I enjoyed it, but...

Maggie offers a toast to Riley’s image on the tape.

MAGGIE
No, you weren’t so bad, Riley...
I’d like to ask you how I was, but you don’t remember.

Gayle steps to Maggie’s side and puts a hand on her shoulder.

GAYLE
Mrs. President, you’ve had enough to drink.

MAGGIE
When I pass out, that’s when I’ve had enough to drink.

Maggie takes a swig.

MAGGIE
You know something, Gayle? I screwed up with Riley.

GAYLE
It wouldn’t have happened if he wasn’t sick and --

MAGGIE
I’m not talking about the damn tape. The people who made it are the ones who are sick. I’m talkin’ twenty years ago. I ran Riley off. You know how? With a damn slap up beside the head. Who knows what we might-a become?

Maggie swigs.

GAYLE
Mrs. President --
MAGGIE
Shut up, I’m not through kicking myself. Oh, I still would-a been president, just like I planned back in grade school. But who knows? Riley might-a been First Husband. The first one to have me, instead of that sorry-ass C.I.A. spook that I married.

Mizifuf gets out of her grasp and jumps down.

MAGGIE
Even Mizifuf doesn’t love me anymore.

INT. GREENHOUSE - DAY
Sweet-looking MRS. WESTBERRY, 75, hums as she tends her plants.

Westberry enters. Looking worried, he puts an arm around her.

MRS. WESTBERRY
What is it, dear? Is something wrong?

WESTBERRY
It looks like President Cruz may have to resign.

MRS. WESTBERRY
Oh. For what reason?

WESTBERRY
A sex scandal. Traveling the globe at the speed of light. She can’t govern now. She’s been reduced to a worldwide dirty joke.

MRS. WESTBERRY
But if she resigns, with no vice president, who will be president?

WESTBERRY
It’s in the Constitution, dear. The Speaker of the House of Representatives.

MRS. WESTBERRY
Oh... The Speaker of the House? But that’s you.
WESTBERRY

I know.

MRS. WESTBERRY

Holy shit.

INT. CRENSHAW APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Beth eats a sandwich on the bed while she watches a NEWS ANCHORMAN on the bedroom TV.

NEWS ANCHORMAN

In a few moments we’ll be going to the Oval Office...

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Riley sits with a drink watching the News Anchorman on TV.

NEWS ANCHORMAN

... for what will be only the second presidential resignation speech in U.S. history.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT

Maggie addresses the nation on TV. She soon clearly departs from any prepared text.

MAGGIE

My fellow Americans. It has been my honor and privilege to serve as your president for all too brief a time. In fact, this has been the shortest term in presidential history, beating out Riley Crenshaw’s by some twenty-four hours. I don’t have to tell you that I’m going to resign -- “effective at noon tomorrow,” to quote Richard Nixon. Ed Westberry will then take the oath of office, which is becoming a habit around here.

As Maggie gets mad,

MAGGIE

Now here’s the crux of the matter. I was taken down by illegal domestic spying. By whom? I’ll give you a hint. Who did my husband used to work for? I say “used to” tongue in cheek.
INT. CRENshaw APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Fascinated Riley watches as Maggie’s anger builds on TV.

MAGGIE
The whole idea was to ruin Riley Crenshaw -- shut him up -- and supposedly do me a favor. Dirty tricks at its worst. And someone needs to kick my butt for going along all these years with our corrupted system instead of trying to do something about it.

Maggie leans forward for emphasis,

MAGGIE
Well here’s one thing I can do. How many spooks have been fired over this? None. Meanwhile the Justice Department is being stonewalled, like some hotel bellhops must have done the taping. Well listen to this -- Here’s how you get things done.

Maggie rises. She props her hands on the desk to lean toward the TV camera.

MAGGIE
I hereby order the head spook at Langley to meet right here with me, and to bring me the names of those he is firing, by ten a.m. mañana. If he doesn’t, he’s out of a job at ten.

(leans closer to shout)
You hear me? You’re on the clock over there!

She sits back down and assumes a calm demeanor.

MAGGIE
Then for me at twelve noon, it’s “Vaya con Dios.” Till then, good night, and as good ol’ Riley once said to me, God help America.

INT. CRENshaw APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Riley and Beth lie on their sides, turned away from each other, in bed. Both awake, Beth seems to be in serious thought, while Riley gazes off into space with a smile.
RILEY
(under his breath)
You’re something else, Maggie.

BETH
(half-turns)
Did you say something?

RILEY
(calmly)
I must have been talking in my sleep.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY
Maggie sits at her desk reading a memo.
In front of the desk sits the gruff CIA DIRECTOR, 54.
Maggie puts down the memo.

MAGGIE
Do you expect me to believe this shit?

CIA DIRECTOR
You can believe what you wish, Mrs. President. Agent Foster Moore and the other three were rogue agents within the Company. They --

MAGGIE
Oh, I believe that part. It’s the other part that I find hard to swallow.

CIA DIRECTOR
I don’t quite follow you.

MAGGIE
(chuckles)
Swallow and follow. Sounds like a government motto. What I’m saying is, under ordinary circumstances you wouldn’t have done a damn thing about it.

The Director looks offended.

CIA DIRECTOR
On the contrary, their identity and dismissals have been the result of our own internal investigation.
(MORE)
CIA DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
It has nothing at all to do with your threat last night to fire me.

Maggie chuckles cynically as she rises. She turns to look out the window at nothing in particular.

MAGGIE
It always amazes me how stupid we people in government think those outside of government are.

"Swallow and follow."

(turns from window)

Well I’m not outside of it yet. Now what do you think I should do with this? Pending, I’m sure, criminal charges for your -- shall we call ‘em sacrificial lambs?

CIA DIRECTOR
(defiantly)
You insinuate I’m a liar. I --

As Maggie paces furiously behind the desk,

MAGGIE
This has cost me dearly, and by God someone is dearly going to pay. Who’s responsible for so-called rogues working at the C.I.A.? I’d say it’s you the director.

CIA DIRECTOR
If you want to blame me for this escapade, you can go ahead and fire me, with less than two hours left here yourself. I double-dog dare you to do it.

MAGGIE
(sits down)
Now you’ve done it. You’re fired.

(scribbles note on memo)

You’re right, I only have two hours left.

(picks up phone)

But to make sure that you stay fired --

(punches button)

I’ll appoint an acting director right now.

SECRETARY (O.S.)
(filtered, on phone)

Yes, Mrs. President?
MAGGIE
(into phone)
Call Charles Hanson. I want to
give that poor loser a job.

LATER

Maggie pours the last drop from her bottle of Bacardi rum
into a glass of Coke on her cleaned-off desk.

She is clearly high. Gayle stands disapprovingly beside her.
They are alone in the Oval Office, except for Mizifuf on the
desk.

MAGGIE
There. I haven’t left anything
unfinished.

Maggie swigs, then remembers something with amusement,

MAGGIE
Oh, right, there’s one more thing.

INT. EAST ROOM – DAY

Half-drunk Maggie stands before White House staff members,
who are somberly seated to hear her farewell.

MAGGIE
As my last official act before I
get outta here, I would like to
unveil my unfinished presidential
portrait.

Maggie snatches the veil from a canvas on an easel beside
her. On the canvas is a simple drawing of her, with one
upper corner of the canvas painted.

MAGGIE
How symbolic, eh? I have ordered
that it be taken today to the
National Gallery of Art. It will
probably be in a gallery dumpster by
evening. But that’s okay, by this
evening I’ll probably be somewhere in
a D.C. dumpster myself.

Maggie chuckles. She glances at her watch.

MAGGIE
Well, here it is, almost high noon.
It is certainly a high noon for me.
(MORE)
I thought about having someone here to sing that old Tex Ritter song from the movie. Instead, I would like you all to join me now in singing a traditional ballad. Only the name has been changed.

(sings)
"Maggie’s gone, one more round, Maggie’s gone."

The sad staffers seemingly don’t know what else to do but join in singing,

ALL
"Maggie’s gone, one more round, Maggie’s gone."

INT. CRENSHAW APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Riley sits with a canned soft drink on the sofa, Beth sits in a chair, as they watch a limo move down a D.C. street on TV.

TV COMMENTATOR #2 (V.O.)
So there goes Maggie Cruz, private citizen, on her way to Reagan National Airport, for a flight home to Miami. We’ll be right back after this.

Riley mutes the TV with the remote.

RILEY
The last few weeks makes you wonder who would want to run for public office.

Beth, subdued, looks reluctant to say something.

BETH
There’s something I have to tell you.

Riley looks at her and waits.

BETH
I’m going to run for public office. Your old Senate seat. You know I really did want to run when Daddy retired.

Riley heaves a sigh.

RILEY
I should have let you.
BETH
Now I’d like to give it a shot.
But I need to get started.

RILEY
Won’t yours truly be kind of a
liability?

BETH
In a way. So I think it’s best
if we...

RILEY
Part ways.

BETH
I’m sorry. When I run, I’ll say we
parted on amicable terms.

RILEY
What a day this is. My wife and
the president both ride off into
the sunset.

BETH
Dad’s more than wealthy enough to
bankroll me, to start with, and --

RILEY
I guess I saw this coming. Not the
running for the Senate part. But
you still blame me for what Brad
did with Maggie.

BETH
No, I don’t. At the same time, I
can’t pretend that it didn’t
happen. I still love you, Riley.
I assume you still love me. But
I have to admit that it changed
things. Added to the fact that
you’ve never gotten over Maggie
Cruz. I don’t mean Brad, but you.
Even two wives later.

RILEY
It shows that much, eh?

BETH
Yeah. Anyway, it’s all made me
want to strike out on my own now
and pursue my old ambition.

Riley considers for a moment.
RILEY
Your mind is made up?

BETH
I’ve done a lot of thinking. Yes, it’s made up.

Riley rises. He drinks the last of his soft drink.

RILEY
Well, good luck. We had some good times, Beth. I hope you don’t strike out.

He moves off. Beth muses.

TALK-SHOW HOST (V.O.)
(sarcastic tone)
And so, my fellow Americans, the Constitution just keeps on chugging along.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - EAST ROOM - DAY

The Chief Justice administers the oath of office to the 70-ish PRESIDENT PRO TEMPORE of the Senate, his wife holding the Bible, other dignitaries present.

During this,

TALK-SHOW HOST (V.O.)
President Westberry dies of a heart attack after one week in office, and the newest character to jump on the White House carousel, which seems to be spinning out of control, is the president pro tempore of the Senate.

INT. RADIO STUDIO - DAY

The Limbaugh-like Radio Talk-Show Host is at his mike.

TALK-SHOW HOST
But will he in turn go nuts, resign, or drop dead? Or will he surprise us with something else?

EXT. LULU, FLORIDA - MRS. CRENSHAW’S HOME - DAY

Riley and his mother MRS. CRENSHAW, 67, sit in a nice shady backyard. He looks relaxed but not happy. She snaps string beans in a bowl. Both sip iced tea.
SUPERIMPOSE: “THREE MONTHS LATER.”

MRS. CRENSHAW

Miami?

RILEY

I’m thinking about it, Ma.

MRS. CRENSHAW

Why would you want to live in Miami, when you can have peace and quiet here in Lulu?

RILEY

Maggie Cruz is in Miami.

MRS. CRENSHAW

Maggie? Lord, son, hasn’t she caused you trouble enough already, given what they did to y’all with that -- that sex tape?

Riley gives her a look of amused interest.

RILEY

Have you watched that video, Ma?

MRS. CRENSHAW

Oh no, I just read about it. You think I would watch my own son in a sex tape?

RILEY

The quality isn’t that good anyway.

MRS. CRENSHAW

It certainly isn’t. I mean that’s what I’ve read.

RILEY

You know what got me about it? After the initial shock. There I was making love with Maggie Cruz, and I didn’t even know it. I didn’t even get to enjoy it.

MRS. CRENSHAW

At least you got to watch it on tape.

RILEY

Yeah, but I’m not much into porn.

He sips his tea.
MRS. CRENSHAW
You really love Maggie. I thought it was just a few dates back in college.

RILEY
It was. We broke up. I made a mistake, Ma, a silly mistake. Then before I knew it she was dating a basketball player -- till I think he flunked out of school.
(sighs)
I never got over her. Then there she was every day on the Hill. Then throughout the primaries. Then throughout the general election campaign. I was obsessed with her, Ma. I still am. She literally drove me crazy.

MRS. CRENSHAW
(accusingly)
But didn’t she keep your illness a secret, to get you elected so that she could be president?

RILEY
Yes, she did. That’s politics, Ma.

MRS. CRENSHAW
So you love her anyway. What makes you think she loves you?

RILEY
We had something, Ma, but we both let it go. Yeah, I think she still loves me. I think she told me so in a way. But how much? Would she really admit it? Who else does she love? And how much does she resent me because of the tape scandal?

MRS. CRENSHAW
Have you two spoken since she had to resign?

RILEY
No.

MRS. CRENSHAW
Then don’t bother. She’s a bitch, Riley.
RILEY
I know. She and I have already covered that.

MRS. CRENSHAW
In fact, judging by her resignation speech, she’s borderline crazy.

RILEY
That’s one of the things I like about her. She’s one exciting woman. What she needs is someone like me.

MRS. CRENSHAW
Someone who is crazy? Sorry, I couldn’t resist it, dear.

RILEY
I think I’m over it, Ma.

MRS. CRENSHAW
Of course you are.

RILEY
But if I try for her, Ma, and fail, I could be in the same old fix. I don’t know if I could take it.

MRS. CRENSHAW
Then forget her, Riley. Stay here and take care of yourself.

RILEY
She’s probably out on the town every night with -- I don’t know, some Latin lover.

INT. CUBAN RESTAURANT (MIAMI) - DAY

EDUARDO, 45, is a handsome, suave Cuban American. He looks immaculate in his expensive suit as he sips a Bloody Mary at a table for two.

He smiles as he sees Maggie enter and walk toward him. She wears a business suit. The lunch-hour patrons in the nice little place all watch her.

Eduardo rises to greet her familiarly.

EDUARDO
Mrs. President.
MAGGIE
Don’t remind me.

They sit down at the table.

EDUARDO
You draw quite a bit of attention.
No Secret Service protection?

MAGGIE
No. I don’t want any help from the government.

EDUARDO
What about your pension?

MAGGIE
I’ll take that. But I don’t want any goons around.

Eduardo chuckles.

EDUARDO
How goes the legal service in Little Havana?

MAGGIE
Fine. I’m there twice a week myself.

A waitress brings a glass of water for Maggie.

MAGGIE
(to waitress)
I’ll just have the black beans and rice.

EDUARDO
(to waitress)
Make it two.
(to Maggie)
Nothing to drink?

MAGGIE
Nada.

The waitress moves off.

MAGGIE
So what’s up, Eduardo?

EDUARDO
(suggestively)
I have a proposition for you.
She gives him a look. He smiles.

EDUARDO
A business proposition, I should say. The public library system is going to auction off an old building. We’re thinking of buying it.

MAGGIE
An old library building? You want me to invest? Tsch. I’m paying for an old building now in Little Havana.

EDUARDO
Oh, you would put no money in it. As one possible use, it would be a perfect site for your presidential library.

Maggie reacts as if her sip of water almost went down the wrong way.

MAGGIE
(incredulously)
For my what?

EDUARDO
Miami would like to honor one of its own. Every former president has a library.

MAGGIE
And what’s going to be in mine? That videotape of me and world-famous Brad in the sack?

EDUARDO
Well, that would be up to you.

MAGGIE
What else would be in it? My resignation speech? Thanks anyway for the offer, dear. That’s sweet.

EDUARDO
The auction will be in twenty days. You have at least that long to think it over.
MAGGIE
All I want to do is be a lawyer.
I don’t want to run an X-rated theater. That’s all it would be.

She picks up Eduardo’s Bloody Mary.

EDUARDO
You should value your legacy more.
Since you were a kid at Dade High you wanted to be president. It was quite an accomplishment.

She sips the drink.

MAGGIE
Yeah, and you know what?

She returns the Bloody Mary.

MAGGIE
When I got there, there was no one to enjoy it with. It was just me and Mizifuf.

EDUARDO
Your mom was there, holding the Bible when you were sworn in.

MAGGIE
That’s not what I mean. There was no one there to hold me. It felt kind of empty.

EDUARDO
How is your love life now?

MAGGIE
It’s extinct. I would join a convent but none of ‘em practice law.

EDUARDO
A love life inactive, perhaps, not extinct. I would be happy to help you resuscitate it. I used to be a lifeguard, you know.

She watches him sip and set down his drink as he eyes her.
MAGGIE
(indulgently)
Do you think I came back to Miami to get involved with some married man?

EDUARDO
What if I were single?

She picks up the drink.

MAGGIE
You’re not. So we’re both out of luck.

She sips.

EDUARDO
You could have any man you wanted.

She chuckles as she returns the drink to him.

MAGGIE
And would he want me for me?

EDUARDO
Are you trying to say there is no one out there for you?

A pause, Maggie seemingly abstracted.

MAGGIE
I’m not sure. I want someone who’s... I don’t know. Sane.

EDUARDO
If you have one in mind, go for it.

MAGGIE
Chase him down like Sadie Hawkins? That’s not my style.
(a bit wistfully)
I’m more like a chess player.

EDUARDO
Checkmate him, eh? Well, good luck.
(picks up drink)
Getting back to my proposition, do think about the building.

She glances casually around as Eduardo sips.
MAGGIE
I told you, I don’t need it. I...

She doesn’t finish. Something seems to dawn on her. She gazes into space, looking pleasantly intrigued. Eduardo watches her inquisitively as he sets down the Bloody Mary.

She looks at him with a shrewd little smile. She picks up the drink.

MAGGIE
Tell me more about it.
(starts to sip, then)
Oh, and, uh -- Why don’t you order yourself a Bloody Mary?

EXT. MRS. CRENSHAW’S HOME - DAY

Riley paces in the backyard, thinking as he speaks,

RILEY
Maggie, I’ve come down to Miami to reaffirm what I told you in the Oval Office about how I feel. I didn’t say more because, well, we were both married then. But now that we’re not, I -- Maggie, I know there could be some bad feeling since --

Mrs. Crenshaw calls to him from the back door,

MRS. CRENSHAW
Riley, Maggie Cruz is on the phone!

He looks surprised, then almost afraid to go answer.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Riley steps to the phone. He hesitates before picking up the waiting receiver.

RILEY
(into phone)
Maggie?

INT. MAGGIE’S LEGAL SERVICES OFFICE (MIAMI) - DAY

Maggie is on the phone in a basic, unluxurious office.

MAGGIE
(into phone)
Riley, how are you?
INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

Riley seems both pleased and nervous.

RILEY
Fine, I -- I haven’t had any more blackouts.

MAGGIE
That’s good to hear. I was kind of surprised to hear about Beth.

RILEY
The divorce? Oh, well, I guess I gave her a good excuse -- or Brad did -- to pursue her political dreams.

Maggie chuckles, calmly bitter.

MAGGIE
Political dreams, eh?

RILEY
Yeah... So, uh, why have you --

MAGGIE
Here’s the reason I’ve called.

She seems reluctant, as if second-guessing herself.

MAGGIE
Could you be in Miami in a couple of days, say early afternoon?

RILEY
(nervous smile)
Sure, uh, what’s the occasion?

MAGGIE
It’s a surprise. There’s something I want to show you.
(as if half-hearted)
I shouldn’t really do it, but then, well, I guess I should.

RILEY
Where shall I meet you?

MAGGIE
Here at the Cuban-American Pro Bono Legal Services. Little Havana.
RILEY
What about Secret Service? Will they --

MAGGIE
I don’t fool with Secret Service. You want Secret Service, you get it.

INT. LINCOLN (MIAMI) - MOVING - DAY

Riley and Maggie sit in back, space between them, SECRET SERVICE AGENTS #5 and #6 in front.

Riley eyes Maggie, who ignores him.

RILEY
I like what you’re doing, Maggie. Free legal services. That’s cool.

MAGGIE
(brusquely)
It’s my small way of helping the less fortunate fight the damn system.

RILEY
So ruthless Maggie is now a goody two-shoes.

MAGGIE
I’m also with a very successful law firm, so I’m not exactly Mother Teresa.

Silence, then,

RILEY
I was sort of hoping for a warmer reception, since I’m here by invitation. You still seem kind of pissed. I’m sorry about all that happened.

She shows a flair of temper,

MAGGIE
You ought to be. You don’t want the nomination but you screw me out of it. And it doesn’t stop there. I got screwed right out of the White House. I shouldn’t even be talking to you.
RILEY
Then why are you doing it?

She tightens her lips. She’s clearly still mad.

RILEY
What about you not getting me
treatment when you knew I was sick?
It’s like I was in a car wreck,
lying by the road, and you just
drive on by.

MAGGIE
Let’s not exaggerate, shall we?
Your life wasn’t exactly in danger.
But yes, I was wrong. I’m sorry.
You’re well now, and we’re both out
of the job.
    (sarcastically)
The one you’re all broken up about.

She looks out the window. Riley sighs.

RILEY
Now that apologies are out of the
way, can you tell me where we’re
going?

She nods toward the Agents in front.

MAGGIE
I gave ‘em the address. Just sit
tight.

INT. OLD LIBRARY BUILDING – DAY

Vacant. Dark but for light from broken windows and the dirty
glass entrance.

On the first floor Maggie and Riley stand facing an upper
floor where apparently there used to be book stacks.

RILEY
    (gently sarcastic)
This is really a pleasant surprise,
Maggie. What is it?

MAGGIE
It’s going to be a presidential
library.

Riley looks amused and incredulous.
RILEY
A presidential -- ? Maggie, how many days were you president?

MAGGIE
Not many.

RILEY
Then what are you going to have here?

MAGGIE
I asked the same question at first. Not much. But then it occurred to me. How many days were you president?

RILEY
Not many.

MAGGIE
How long was Ed Westberry president before he dropped dead?

RILEY
About a week, rest his soul.

Maggie strolls about, looking the place over, Riley watching her.

MAGGIE
I thought it would be nice if the three of us went in together -- Mrs. Westberry has already agreed -- and had us a presidential library like all the presidents before us. (gestures around) This will be the Crenshaw-Cruz-Westberry Presidential Library.

She looks at Riley for his reaction.

MAGGIE
What do you think?

He seems appreciative but dubious. He walks over to her.

RILEY
I’ll tell you what I think. I’m afraid that people will laugh at us, Maggie. You know, since --
MAGGIE
(mock surprise)
Laugh at us? You and me? No!
(then)
Who cares? Screw ‘em. We’re former presidents, and I think we should get our stuff together.

Standing fairly close, they look at each other.

RILEY
“Together” sounds good to me. I --

Maggie suddenly stifles a scream and grabs hold of Riley, who holds her protectively. She looks around at the shadowy floor.

MAGGIE
I thought I saw a rat.

She tries to step back, but he holds on to her. He smiles.

RILEY
You didn’t see any rat.

MAGGIE
(coyly)
Well, I could have sworn...

RILEY
I told you how I feel about you -- remember? -- that day in the Oval Office. Do I sense some mutual affection?

She gently rubs the front of his shoulder as he holds her.

MAGGIE
You’re a real nice guy. You said so yourself.

RILEY
Then you heard it from the horse’s mouth.

MAGGIE
The nomination -- That was your asshole moment.

RILEY
We all have those now and then. Sorry.
MAGGIE
Now that we’ve both said we’re sorry -- Oh, I’m sorry I slapped you.

RILEY
I’m sorry I walked out like I did.

MAGGIE
I’m sorry about getting us caught on tape. Let’s see, what else...

Smiling, he holds her closer.

RILEY
What about the cheese ravioli?

She puts her arms around his neck.

MAGGIE
I’m sorry about that too. I don’t know what got into me.

RILEY
We’re two sorry people.

He gently kisses her.

MAGGIE
And if I caused you any other problems, I -- (wants another kiss)
-- didn’t intend to.

A long kiss.

RILEY
That was just like I remember it. Years ago.

They speak between tender kisses,

MAGGIE
Would you like to have pizza tonight?

RILEY
As long as it’s not too cheesy.

MAGGIE
We could tell ‘em to hold the cheese. What would you like to do afterward?
RILEY
I’d like to make out like Brad did.

MAGGIE
I was just wondering.

She pulls away from him and starts toward the entrance.

MAGGIE
You’ll have to wait till we’re hitched. Let’s go, I’ve still got work to do.

RILEY
Are we getting married?

She stops at the door and looks back.

MAGGIE
Yeah. I need a man. I love ya. And I always get what I want. Sooner or later.
   (opens door)
   I might not keep it long, but I get it.
   (starts to go, then)
   Do you like cats?

RILEY
Love ‘em.

EXT. BUILDING - DAY

Smiling Riley follows Maggie out onto the landing. Secret Service Agents #5 and #6 wait by the Lincoln below.

RILEY
Maggie, you didn’t have to do this, you know.

Maggie stops at the top of the steps. Riley steps to her side.

MAGGIE
Do what?

RILEY
The library bit.

MAGGIE
We’re going to have this library.
RILEY
I know. But I was going to ask you to marry me anyway.

MAGGIE
Oh, you were, huh?

RILEY
Would you have said “yes,” if I had just come down and asked?

MAGGIE
I think I would’ve made you sweat it some first.

RILEY
I wouldn’t doubt it.

She starts down the steps.

RILEY
You know something?

She stops and waits as he steps down to join her.

RILEY
Brad and Michael may be gone, but I’m still crazy ‘bout ya, Maggie.

She smiles and takes hold of his hand.

MAGGIE
You know what you are?

RILEY
What?

MAGGIE
The Cuckoo from Lulu.

They proceed down the steps together.

FADE OUT.

THE END