

NAILED

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Red Wagon Entertainment

EXT. PETLOVE REGIONAL SALES OFFICE - LEBANON, TN

SAMMY JOYCE, 25, wears a telephone headset at the main corporate reception area of PETLOVE a pet supply corporation.

SAMMY

Petlove Supplies, how may I direct your pet call? Have a great pet day. Petlove Supplies, how may I direct your pet call? Have a great pet day.

Sammy punches more buttons. A CHUBBY SECRETARY, 24, walks up with A DELI DELIVERY GUY.

CHUBBY SECRETARY

Lunch is here, yay!

SAMMY

(gives the guy money)

Thanks Danny. Hey, here you go --

She hands him money he leaves. She takes the bag, hands a sandwich to Chubby Secretary, takes a bite of hers.

SAMMY

Yuck. I ALWAYS order smoked turkey and they ALWAYS give me egg salad. I HATE egg salad, it makes me pukey.

CHUBBY SECRETARY

Send it back.

SAMMY

I don't want to make a scene, they work hard.

Chubby Secretary bites into her grinder. Sammy winces and takes a small bite of egg salad. She gags a little, forces herself to swallow, winces, bites, gags again.

CHUBBY SECRETARY

I'd send it back.

(full mouth)

Here comes your man, I'm gonna vamoose.

She leaves in a hurry. Sammy jams the sandwich in the drawer which squashes it half out, oozing egg salad. Then she sits up and fixes her hair as

SCOTT, 34, a somewhat handsome mid-level executive type with too many tech gadgets hanging off his belt, walks up to the receptionist desk. Sammy straightens. The phone's not ringing (nothing's lit up) but she fake answers it anyway.

SAMMY
(fake-answers the phone)
Petlove, how may I direct your call? Have a great pet day. (to Scott) Hi, Scott!

SCOTT
Hey, Sunshine. Guess where you and I are going for dinner tonight?

SAMMY
Where?

SCOTT
The Fancy Gondola.

Sammy pauses, a bit blown away.

SAMMY
The Fancy Gondola? That's. . . fancy! Why are we going there?

SCOTT
Shhhh, it's a surprise. Instead, focus on this: I think the boss is on her way down here right now with some news for you.

SAMMY
(super excited)
Is it a promotion?

SCOTT
(sing-songy)
I think it might be.

BRENDA
(OS)
Sammy.

Sammy turns and sits up straight to face BRENDA, her boss, 30, thick, pretty in a suit and heels.

SAMMY
(nervous)
Brenda, I had no idea you were coming around. What's up?

Scott moves off to the side.

BRENDA
Don't let me chase you off, Scott.

SCOTT
I couldn't be chased by a prettier boss.

BRENDA
(giggling)
Quit that.

Sammy is a bit bothered by the Brenda-Scott flirtation.

BRENDA
Sammy, after two months, everyone feels you've been the best temp receptionist we've ever had. So maybe it's time for an upgrade.

SAMMY
(smiles, faking modesty)
I had no idea this was coming.

BRENDA
I'm officially promoting you to full-time receptionist!

SAMMY
(stands, excited)
You will not regret it! I've been brainstorming all these amazing new cat food ideas--

She grabs her secretly stashed folder labelled "MY AMAZING CAT FOOD IDEAS" and hands it proudly to Brenda, who opens and scans it, her face changing from surprise to interest.

BRENDA
Parakeet Livericious, Mouse-tastic Meringue, my God, these cat food ideas are revolutionary!

Sammy beams, Scott grins, Brenda closes the folder.

BRENDA
Not! These ideas are kind of insane, and the cat food accounts don't involve the receptionist. Nice try.

SAMMY

(awkwardly laughs it off)
Right, right, I'll stick to
answering the phones and scheduling
the appointments. I hope I can
handle the new responsibilities.

She sees the oozing egg salad sandwich stuck in the drawer
and with her fingers shoves it all the way in.

SCOTT

Oh, my insecure Sammy, of course
you can handle them, and now you
get to park in Lot D, PLUS you get,
ta da, health benefits.

SAMMY

(perking up)
Wow, so I can get my teeth cleaned
or a pap smear for free?

SCOTT

Hopefully not at the same place!

SAMMY

(laughs)
Seriously, do I get teeth cleaning?

BRENDA

No, it's not like you're an exec
VP. Tier one provides, let's see
[reads a booklet] a blood
transfusion, up to one pint
American blood, four pints foreign,
after the \$500 deductible.

SAMMY

Do I get anything besides blood?

BRENDA

(flipping shut booklet)
Don't get greedy, Missy, Tier One
is a whole tier better than Tier
NONE, (to Scott) am I right?

SCOTT

Totally, Brenda.

BRENDA

(smiles to Sammy)
Welcome aboard.

Brenda walks off. Sammy tries her best to look pleased.

SCOTT

Don't forget: we've got a surprise to celebrate tonight. You'll have to wait, but it'll be worth it, I promise.

Sammy tries to stay cool as Scott winks and walks off, then she lunges for the phone, knocks over her pencil holder and iced tea, SO THRILLED.

SAMMY

(into phone)

Mom, Scott's taking me to the Fancy Gondola and I think he's gonna maybe propose. I also got a promotion. I have to come home to change.

She leaps up with her headset still on and runs, yanking her head sideways and knocking stuff off her desk with the wire as she exits frame.

INT. SAMMY'S PARENT'S HOUSE - DAY

SAMMY RUNS DOWN THE STAIRS SCREAMING.

SAMMY

AHH! MOM! The snap is broken! I need to borrow Pam's black dress!

She wears a tight beige dress, holds the top corner of the front to her shoulder. OLDER SISTER, PAM, pregnant, prettier, more together, sits with TWO BOYS, Ryan, 8, Joseph, 6, and SAMMY'S MOTHER, 55, thick, kind, but a bit oblivious.

PAM

No f-ing way.

SAMMY

But you're pregnant, you can't even fit into it!

PAM

No one wears that dress but me.

SAMMY

Mom!

SAMMY'S MOM

You're right, honey, Pam should let you wear it, but we also have to respect Pam's right to say no. And a broken clasp is not a disaster.

Sammy stares at her, LETS GO OF THE FLAP, IT DROPS, EXPOSING HER LEFT BREAST IN AN ORANGE LETTERED U. OF TENNESSEE BRA.

PAM

Uh, I think the bra is your real problem, superstar.

SAMMY

Shut up, my lucky bra is going to this dinner.

SAMMY'S MOM

Sweetie, calm down, you look fine.

SAMMY

Fine?! I need a dress that works for my engagement dinner!

PAM

Are you SURE it's an engagement dinner? I wouldn't start counting your chickens, cat food girl.

SAMMY'S MOM

Pam, stop it. Sammy, we just don't want you to be disappointed if Scott doesn't propose tonight, though I think he probably will, now see [double stick tapes the dress front] double stick tape makes this dress just FINE. You look great.

UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sammy, in the dress, stares at herself in the mirror as she very slowly applies lip gloss, and gets lost in a ROMANTIC FUTURE FANTASY AS Chicago's "Make Me Smile" starts in her head:

- JOYOUS FANCY WEDDING - Confetti rains and people cheer as Scott slides off Sammy's garter. She claps a hand over her mouth SO EMBARRASSED! CUT TO Sammy whipping her bouquet like a major-leaguer to a crowd of women, it smashes Pam HARD in the face, ricochets into Brenda's face HARD, then arcs back to gently land in Sammy's hands. Scott kisses her.

-HOSPITAL BED - More confetti rains as Scott and Sammy beam over their swaddled newborn twins.

-SLEEK YACHT THAT READS "PETLOVE SUPPLIES CARIBBEAN REGIONAL SALES OFFICE" sails through a turquoise paradise - Scott is skipper, the tow-headed twins play happily on the deck, and Sammy sits at a high-tech desk with a name plate that reads CAT FOOD ACCOUNT MGR, and cat food displays around her as she answers calls, sailing through her new perfect life.

BACK TO to Sammy gazing happily at herself, her lips caked with an inch of lip gloss SHE KISSES THE MIRROR AND SMILES.

INT. THE FANCY GONDOLA ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The 'upscale' romantic restaurant for this Tennessee town, dim lighting, candles. Scott pours her more chianti.

SCOTT

We've dated for 7 weeks, Sammy, the entire duration of your temping.

She stares into his eyes.

SCOTT

I will never forget the first day I saw you at the photocopier -

A NAIL GUN INTERRUPTS the mood: BLAT, BLAT, BLATTY, BLAT.

They look up and TWO WORKMEN stand on small ladders hanging a 10 FOOT DECORATIVE GONDOLA next to and above their table.

SCOTT

Excuse me, how long will that take?

WORKMAN ONE

Twenty-five minutes tops.

SCOTT

Twenty-five minutes? That could be our entire dinner.

WORKMAN TWO

This is half installed, you want us to leave it dangling?

SCOTT

All right, just hurry up. [looks back at Sammy] Where were we?

SAMMY

When we first met at the copier and
I saw a future together --

Scott gazes at her, going into his own FANTASY AS AC/DC's
"You Shook Me All Night Long" starts in his head:

- Scott mashes Sammy on top of the copier, going at it.
- GOLF COURSE - Scott and Sammy, in madras shorts, smack long drives in tandem then walk down the fairway hand in hand
- LIVING ROOM - Scott watches golf on TV. Sammy brings him a burger and a beer.

BACK TO to Scott gazing happily at Sammy.

SAMMY

Scotty? When we met at the copier?

SCOTT

(returning to reality)
Right, at the copier, I knew in my
heart--

BLAT, BLAT, BLAT, the nail gun above. Scott winces, while
Sammy blinks but tries to hold her romantic gaze steady.

SCOTT

You were the love of my --

BLAT.

WORKMAN

FUCK FINGER! That hurt!

Scott exhales with tension, looks down at the table.

SAMMY

(breathless, not quite
believing it)
You knew I was the love of your --

BLAT BLAT.

SCOTT

SONS OF BITCHES!

WORKMAN

Don't you talk to a lady like that.

SAMMY

Scott's being romantic to me and
you're ruining the mood.

SCOTT

(agitated, out of breath)
No. Don't give them that power.

Scott pulls out a small jewelers' ring box.

SCOTT

Sammy, I love you for who you are,
through thick and thin, sickness
and health, will you --

MANAGER

(interrupting)
Sir, we've had some complaints from
other customers about language at
this table. You can't shout at our
workers, they're hanging a
decorative gondola for your dining
ambience.

SCOTT

The ambience is NOISY and I'm
proposing to my girlfriend, maybe
you could send a complimentary
bottle of champagne to -

MANAGER

Actually, I think it's only fair
you buy the workmen a bottle of
champagne, then I need to ask you
to leave.

SCOTT

That's outrageous! My marriage
proposal is ruined!

SAMMY

No it's not, Scotty! Go!

He takes the ring and SHOVES it HALFWAY onto her finger.

SAMMY

(shakes the finger)
OW, it's too small! Or it's
perfect, but my finger's too big.

SCOTT

Marry me, Pretty Girl.

SAMMY
 (holds finger, in pain)
 It's my honor and privilege to say
 that I will proudly be your --

SUDDENLY ONE END OF THE GONDOLA SWINGS DOWN like a pendulum
 and SMACKS SAMMY OUT OF HER CHAIR.

WORKER ONE
 (OS)
 Heads up.

Worker Two loses his balance on the ladder and when he falls
 his foot kicks Scott in the head. The worker lands on top of
 Sammy on the floor with the nail gun which FIRES BLAT BLAT
 BLAT THREE TIMES FLUSH INTO SAMMY'S HEAD.

SAMMY
 (already on the floor)
 OW, OW, OW! What was that?

WORKER TWO
 (throws nail gun away)
 This nail gun's been nothing but
 trouble all day.

The nail gun lands in A DINER'S PASTA.

SAMMY
 (panicked, feels her head)
 I think there are nails in my head!

SHE FLAILS AROUND IN A PANIC on her knees knocking food off
 other diners' tables.

SAMMY
 (flailing around)
 Get the nails out before I die!

She knocks wine off Disgusted Diner 2's table.

DISGUSTED DINER 2
 That's an '01 Pinot Noir!

SAMMY
 AHHHHHHHHHH!

The taped dress flap falls open as she screams, exposing the
 orange lettered U. Of Tennessee bra.

SCOTT
 This is a whole other side to her
 I've never seen.

Sammy throws herself like a sobbing child onto A PRIM MIDDLE AGED WOMAN DINER'S lap.

SAMMY
(sobbing)
PLEASSSSSE HELP ME!

SCOTT
Are there really nails in there?

PRIM MIDDLE AGED WOMAN
(examines Sammy's head)
I can't see much through the bloody matted hair.

Other diners throw down their napkins in disgust.

SCOTT
I'm her fiance so I should probe her head for nails.

He looks at the bloody matted hair, winces, gags.

SCOTT
See what you can do, then I'll step in.

PRIM MIDDLE AGED WOMAN
(examining Sammy's head)
Oooh I FOUND ONE, I FOUND ONE! It's all the way in there!

WORKER ONE
Relax, it's not like these are five inch nails.

PRIM MIDDLE AGED WOMAN
How long are they?

WORKER TWO
(holds up a long nail)
Four-inchers.

SAMMY
(staring at 4 incher in front of her face)
AAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

SCOTT FAINTS.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Sammy lies on a rolling gurney as DOCTOR TUNSTALL - 55, stern, a prick - looks at her head, while DOCTOR ADAMS - 35, warmer - holds up an x-ray as they walk.

DOCTOR TUNSTALL
(laughs)
This little hottie got nailed,
didn't she?

DOCTOR ADAMS
Let me apologize for my colleague's
poor bedside manner, he loves
medicine, but hates patients.

SCOTT
Why don't we ask him to leave?

DOCTOR ADAMS
He's our best neurologist.

SAMMY
The best around?

DOCTOR ADAMS
The best neurologist in this
building at this particular moment.
Unless maybe one of you is a
neurologist?

Sammy and Scott look scared as the bed is wheeled.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

A surgical team stands around the table ready to begin operating. A SQUARE TWO INCHES across is shaved around the little hole in Sammy's scalp, the nail embedded within.

DOCTOR TUNSTALL
It's penetrated the forward part of
the left frontal lobe. We have to
be extremely careful or she'll be
brain damaged for life.

SAMMY
OH MY GOD! DON'T DAMAGE MY BRAIN!

DOCTOR TUNSTALL
Will somebody please knock this
whiney whore out for surgery?

SAMMY
I AM NOT A WHORE!

DOCTOR TUNSTALL
What were you doing in that
restaurant? Trolling for action?

SCOTT
We were getting ENGAGED!

DOCTOR TUNSTALL
(to Sammy)
So you like role-playing. Should I
'propose' to you right now? Would
that be hot?

DOCTOR ADAMS
Let's just do the surgery, Don.

A nurse puts an anesthesia mask over Sammy's face, knocking
her out. The surgeon LOWERS THE SCALPEL TO SAMMY'S HEAD WHEN
A HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATOR BURSTS IN waving a paper.

ADMINISTRATOR
STOP THE SURGERY, SHE HAS NO
INSURANCE!

DOCTOR TUNSTALL
Yay, no surgery. Let's get burgers
and a tee time.

THE DOCTORS HIGH FIVE EACH OTHER.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

Sammy starts to come to as she is wheeled down the corridor
on the gurney.

ADMINISTRATOR
(reading estimate)
Neurosurgeon for class one brain
surgery lasting approximately 11
hours, \$60,000; operating room with
attending nurses, \$8,000;
anesthesiologist, \$15,000; hospital
equipment, \$7,000; five days
Intensive Care Unit, \$25,000;
insurance costs, surcharges, bring
the total to roughly \$200,000, give
or take, it's just an estimate.

SCOTT

Two hundred thousand dollars! No one can afford that.

ADMINISTRATOR

There are people who can afford it.

SCOTT

Maybe Oprah or Alyssa Milano.

ADMINISTRATOR

I don't know about Alyssa Milano, unless she gets a series picked up.

SAMMY

Doesn't my new health plan cover this?

SCOTT

Technically that doesn't kick in til tomorrow, when you start the new job.

SAMMY

Then let's have the surgery tomorrow.

ADMINISTRATOR

(laughs)

Silly girl! Tomorrow the nail will be a pre-existing condition, and the insurer won't pay.

Drs. Adams and Tunstall stand dressed for golf and eating burgers as the GURNEY STOPS IN THEIR ROOM.

SCOTT

I thought it was illegal to deny someone emergency care.

DR. TUNSTALL

There's the key word: emergency. Is this exactly an emergency? I don't think so. A guy with a gunshot wound to the belly bleeding to death, THAT'S an emergency. This girl's not dying, she can walk out with the nail in her head until she can afford the surgery.

DR. ADAMS

Even though she wants it BEFORE she can afford it.

DR. TUNSTALL

Do you walk into a BMW showroom and say, 'I want this car, but I'm not going to pay for it'? No, but people do that with expensive operations all the time. I am so sick of that routine.

SCOTT

Aren't you required to refer us to another emergency room?

DR. TUNSTALL

(chewing burger)

The only neurosurgeon on duty at County is playing golf with us later, and he feels exactly the same way I do, but he's more of a negative hot head.

SAMMY

Let's just dig the nail out ourselves. What's the big deal?

DOCTOR TUNSTALL

(chewing burger)

Fine, go ahead, DOCTOR Sammy. You wanna gouge the nail out of precious brain matter, cripple yourself for life, go for it.

SAMMY

What if we just leave it in? I feel like I've seen stories about that on the internet.

DOCTOR TUNSTALL

Depends on where it is. There was the case of a much hated local architect whose contractor fragged him on the job...

Cut to CONSTRUCTION SITE where we see a middle-aged ARCHITECT shaking his head, talking unhappily (mos) holding up blueprints, as the bitter CONTRACTOR sneaks up and NAILS the architect in the back of the head.

DR. TUNSTALL (V.O.)

That nail drifted to the sense section of the brain and the man lost all sense of taste and smell.

SEE THE HEAD-BANDAGED OBLIVIOUS ARCHITECT STEPPING IN HUGE
DOG SHIT AS FRIENDS SMELL AND NOTICE; SEE HIM DRINKING
OBVIOUSLY CURDLED MILK WHILE OTHERS WINCE AS HE IS OBLIVIOUS.

DR. TUNSTALL

(VO)

Then there was the case of the
devoted family man, a railroad
worker, who fell off a train
trestle onto an exposed nail. The
guy suddenly turned into a porn
freak and sex club regular.

SEE: WHOLESOME FAMILY MAN DROPPED AT WORK BY WIFE AND KIDS;
FALL FROM RR TRESTLE; HEAD BANDAGED, MASTURBATING AT COMPUTER
AS WIFE WALKS IN UPSET; RUNNING OUT OF SEX CLUB IN G-STRING
AS WIFE CRIES. BACK TO:

DOCTOR TUNSTALL

(studying x-ray)

But those kind of things only
happen if your nail is in an
unlucky spot. Yours is in a...SUPER
unlucky spot.

DOCTOR ADAMS

Lodged in the unfortunate front
part of the left frontal lobe.

SCOTT

What's gonna happen to her?

DOCTOR ADAMS

Could be loss of mouth motor
control, slurred speech, a lifetime
of heavy drooling.

Scott looks horrified.

DOCTOR TUNSTALL

Not a fun wife at all. It's not too
late to back out.

SAMMY

Our love is big enough to overcome
that, right, Scotty?

SCOTT

Well, let's hear what the doctors
have to say, honey.

DOCTOR ADAMS

Another option: if the nail shifts within the lobe, she can start losing all kinds of inhibitions.

SAMMY

(trying)

That could be good, right?

DOCTOR TUNSTALL

Frankly, it could be a pain in the ass.

DOCTOR ADAMS

Unless it shifts to the area that affects sex drive. She'd be insatiable, wild, always turned on.

SCOTT

That sounds like a positive.

The doctors emit a low chuckle that Scott joins, they all high five each other. Sammy tries to join the high fives.

SAMMY

And maybe Scott could finally give me an orgasm!

DR. ADAMS

Woah, TMI!

SCOTT

(embarrassed mad whisper)

I told you lots of women don't have them. Just be quiet and listen to the doctors.

SAMMY

Sorry.

DOCTOR ADAMS

Unfortunately, in this lobe, the nail could also make her aggressively angry and wrathful.

SCOTT

What's most likely to happen, drooling, sex drive, or wrathful?

DOCTOR TUNSTALL

Honestly, a brain injury is very complicated and hard to predict, you have to wait and see.

(MORE)

DOCTOR TUNSTALL(cont'd)

She could even sometimes speak in a foreign language she unconsciously absorbed when she was little from TV or something, it's crazy but it happens.

SAMMY

Fun!

DOCTOR TUNSTALL

She'll be fine, but she'll probably just be super drooly and lose control of her bowels.

SAMMY

(distressed, in Portuguese, subtitled)

OH MY LORD, WHAT IS TO BECOME OF ME?!

(covers her mouth)

Ahhhhh!

(then in English)

I had a babysitter from Brazil!

Scott looks scared and slides the engagement ring off Sammy's hand.

SAMMY

What are you doing, taking my ring back?

SCOTT

Um --

SAMMY

Scotty!

SCOTT

It needs to be re-sized, right?

SAMMY

So we're still engaged.

SCOTT

You know, there's a lot going on right now so --

Sammy starts to cry.

SCOTT

Let's just take it one day at a time.

SAMMY

Don't ever leave me!

Sammy throws her arms around his waist and clings tightly.

DR. TUNSTALL

She IS pathetically insecure, isn't she?

Scott extricates himself from her clinginess.

SCOTT

Here, I want you to have this while I'm um re-sizing the ring.

HE HANDS HER--- a chicken foot on a gold chain.

SAMMY

Your lucky chicken foot!

DR. TUNSTALL

How is a chicken foot lucky? Seems chickeny, like you'll chicken out.

SCOTT

No, it's about STEPPING UP.

DR. TUNSTALL

Injuries like this do test people.

DR. ADAMS

They either step up and embrace life, or they fold under the weight of the challenge.

DR. TUNSTALL

She definitely strikes me as a folder.

SAMMY

Oh god, I hope I don't fold. Am I gonna fold?

DR. TUNSTALL

Sure, you're weak as a house of cards on a windy day.

SAMMY

But now I have Professor Cluck on my side.

Sammy proudly brandishes the chicken foot.

DR. TUNSTALL
Oh, THAT'LL save you.

BRENDA their boss walks in with a can of ginger ale.

BRENDA
Hi. I bought this to help with the
nausea.

SAMMY
That's thoughtful, but my stomach's
not the problem.

BRENDA
It's for Scott. He was telling me
the other day how the sight of
blood makes him sick.

Scott sips the ginger ale looking awkwardly from Sammy to
Brenda to Sammy, when Sammy's PARENTS COME IN, a middle class
couple in their 50s, followed by Sammy's sister with the two
boys, Ryan, 8, and Joseph, 6.

SAMMY
(crying)
Oh, thank God, Mom and Dad! You
guys'll pay for my surgery, right?

The parents wince like, 'I don't know about that.'

SAMMY'S MOM
We don't have that kind of money.

SAMMY
Aren't I on your health plan?

SAMMY'S DAD
No, baby, that stopped when you
turned 22, remember?

PAM
HEL-LO, they gave you the choice to
have a basic health plan OR a
credit card Daddy pays up to \$3,000
per year, you chose the credit card
cuz you're a baby.

SAMMY'S MOTHER
Not now, Pam, this isn't the time.
Maybe we can take out a second
mortgage to pay for the operation.

SAMMY
YES! That's it!

SAMMY'S DAD
No, we already have a second mortgage, thanks to the new deck and second bathroom.

SAMMY'S MOM
I do love that deck. I know! Let's have a FUND RAISER!

SAMMY'S DAD
Yes! All our friends will pitch in!

SAMMY'S MOM
(to Sammy)
That nail will be out of your head faster than you can say gangrene brain infection!

SAMMY
(to scott)
Maybe we should make it a fundraiser slash engagement party.

SCOTT
Let's just call it a fundraiser, we don't want to confuse people.

Sammy looks a little bummed.

NURSE
Time to go, nobody's paying for this bed.

SAMMY
OK, let me just--

The nurse and an orderly DUMP Sammy onto the floor.

EXT. BACKYARD AT SAMMY'S PARENTS' HOUSE - DAY

Colored lanterns hang. 50 people are there watching MIDDLE AGED LOUNGE SINGER GINA NACCARATO in a sequined dress sing 'I've Got You Under My Skin' with words tailored to Sammy.

SINGER GINA

(sings)

I've got a / nail in my head / I've
got it / deep in the brain of me /
so deep in my brain / it's really a
part of meeee / I've got a / nail
in my head.

Sammy is dressed up, her hair in a weird comb-over to cover
the SHAVED PART around the nail from the aborted surgery. She
tilts her head to show people gathered around her. AUNT RITA,
47, large, touches the nail that is flush with Sammy's skull.

AUNT RITA

(pressing on the nail)

It's really in there, isn't it?

SAMMY

Not so hard, Aunt Rita.

AUNT RITA

I can't help it, honey, there's a
spongy feeling I find irresistible.

AUNT LIV

(pressing on it)

That's her brain, I guess.

SAMMY

Oww!

AUNT RITA

Relax, doll, I'm a cow and horse
vet, remember?

SAMMY

I'm a human and it hurts.

Pam's two boys (Ryan and Joseph) walk up.

RYAN

Can we see it?

AUNT RITA

Press it a little with your finger.

SAMMY

Aunt Rita!

RYAN

(presses it)

Cool.

OW!

SAMMY

SAMMY'S MOM

(walks up)

Sammy, some other people with uninsured injuries have shown up.

SAMMY

(tense whisper)

I don't wanna be rude but, GEEZ, let them get their own fundraisers.

SAMMY'S DAD WALKS UP with THE INJURED GUESTS.

SAMMY'S DAD

Sammy, you remember Reverend Turner.

A MINISTER IN A COLLAR, NORM, 65 shakes Sammy's hand.

SAMMY

Hi, Reverend, I'm sorry I haven't been to church in about seven years, I've been busy.

MINISTER NORM

Seems like you've got plenty to pray about now. We put the story about you from the Lebanon Courier in our church newsletter, I've got it right here--

Norm reaches deep into his pocket, LIFTING HIS PELVIS, ACCIDENTALLY REVEALING THE ERECTION IN HIS PANTS. SAMMY AND SCOTT LOOK AT EACH OTHER AND SUPPRESS GIGGLES.

MINISTER NORM

Go ahead and giggle. It's a very painful condition called Priapism. One too many pills to keep my 40 year marriage going, and now the blood won't drain from the shaft.

Sammy, Scott, Sammy's parents, Pam, Aunt Rita, look at the boner in his pants uncomfortably.

AUNT RITA

Doesn't seem like much of a problem to me.

She winks and elbows Sammy, who giggles despite herself.

MINISTER NORM

You don't think it's a problem when half my congregation refers to me as Reverend Rod and my grandkids can't sit on my lap without shouting 'There's a stick in granpa's pants!'

SAMMY

(sympathetic)

I'm sure that's hard on you.

Scott and Aunt Rita suppress a laugh; Norm is annoyed.

SAMMY

I mean TOUGH, it's tough on you.

SCOTT

You've been totally boned by your HMO. I mean shafted, whatever, sorry.

MINISTER NORM

The HMO sucks, let's stick to that, I mean, leave it at that.

SAMMY

I've got zero coverage.

Norm turns to A STOUT, PRETTY, WOMAN WEIGHT LIFTER: LYDIA.

MINISTER NORM

We're not alone. You remember Lydia from church, Sammy. She's also got a crippling condition she can't afford to fix, either.

SAMMY

(re: Lydia's muscles)

She looks strong enough to handle anything.

LYDIA

Not anymore. I was about to break the dead lifting record in the Women's Open Light Division, and BAM! My ass fell out. Happens to non-weight lifters too if they push too hard on the can. Of course, it's not covered under my crap health plan.

Lydia turns her back to Sammy and pulls up her dress [AWAY FROM CAMERA WE JUST GO OFF THEIR HORRIFIED REACTION].

SAMMY
(horrificed)
That's not right.

SCOTT
No, it's not.

LYDIA
One day you're with the winners,
and the next you're with the
losers. Try keeping a man with your
anus on the outside.

Sammy looks nervously at Scott who avoids her gaze.

SAMMY'S MOM
(at the mic)
It's time to make our request for
donations and I wanna say --

CRAZY LOUD FEEDBACK SHOOTS OUT OF THE sound system and
everyone covers their ears.

INT. KITCHEN OF SAMMY'S PARENTS' HOUSE - DAY

Sammy, her mom and her dad, and Aunt Rita (smoking), sit at
the table COUNTING CHECKS AND CASH.

SAMMY'S MOM
(counting money)
A lot of people said they woulda
gave more if it was a kidney or an
organ issue.

SAMMY'S DAD
What kind of crazy prejudice is
that?

SCOTT
Is she supposed to put a nail in
her liver?

SAMMY'S MOM
(counting money)
962, 972, 982 dollars! How's that
for a start?

SAMMY'S DAD
(pulls a 20 from wallet)
Make that a thousand and two.

SAMMY
Oh, Daddy! Thank you.

SAMMY'S DAD
Just 249 thousand more to go!

Sammy starts crying as Scott pats her back. Aunt Rita observes them, slams back her whiskey glass and talks too loudly, almost yelling.

AUNT RITA
I've been a vet for 37 years, I've seen pitchforks and backhoes stuck in cow heads. Let me take a look--

She UNFURLS A CASE OF METAL INSTRUMENTS, takes a large pair of tweezers and grabs Sammy's head.

SAMMY'S FATHER
Rita be careful!

AUNT RITA
(works tweezers into the hole)
Wherrrrre is it, wheeerrre is it.

SAMMY
OWWWWWWWOOOOOO.

AUNT RITA
(chuckles)
Sounds like one of my cows!

NORM
Sweet healthy Lord above, please bless this scary ramshackle operation.

SAMMY
AHHH-OOOOOOO.

AUNT RITA
(digging in Sammy's head)
At this point I think. . . I'm just making the hole bigger. Like when you have a glass splinter and you dig too much.

SAMMY
THEN STOP. WHOA, I felt it move.

AUNT RITA
The tip shifted way to the
left I think.

SAMMY'S DAD
Dammit, Rita, you don't know when
to quit.

Sammy clears the table into the wall, with the metal tweezers
standing straight up from her head. They all look at her with
their mouths open.

SAMMY
(furious)
GODDAMMIT BASTARD PEOPLE I HATE YOU
ALL!

SCOTT
I think maybe Rita hit the angry
brain part the doctors mentioned.

They all look scared as Sammy reaches up, pulls out the
tweezers stuck in her head, THROWS them across the room where
they HIT RYAN IN THE FACE.

RYAN
(holds his face)
OWW!

SAMMY
I WANT MY LIFE BACK, UGLY DOUCHES!

They exchange worried looks; SAMMY STORMS OUT THE DOOR.

MINISTER NORM
We should go after her, she's
dangerous.

INT. NORM'S CHURCH MINI-VAN - DUSK

Norm drives a van that says, LEBANON FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.
Scott, Aunt Rita, and Lydia are in the passenger seats.

LYDIA
(points)
There she is!

They see Sammy 30 feet ahead walking angrily along the strip-
malled road.

SCOTT

I wouldn't get too close, let her
blow off some steam.

RITA

Yes, that's how we handle mad cows.

EXT. SUBURBAN STRIP MALL ROAD

Ominous angry music plays as Sammy walks BITTERLY down the sidewalk, the van following her 20 feet behind. SHE STARTS TO SPEAK/RAP ICE-T'S 'COLORS':

SAMMY

(rapping Ice-T)

I am a nightmare walking/
psychopath talking/ king of my
jungle/ just a gangsta stalking/

As Sammy passes a supermarket, Chubby Secretary from work walks out with bags of groceries in her arms.

CHUBBY SECRETARY

Sammy! Brenda doesn't want you back
till you get your head thing
figured out, and I think maybe
she's got a thing for Scott, just a
heads up!

SAMMY

(wrathful in secretary's
face)

You don't know me fool/ you disown
me, cool/ I don't need your
assistance, social persistence/ any
problem I got I just put my fist-
in.

Sammy raps and backs Chubby Secretary to her car, then RIPS A YOO HOO OUT OF HER GROCERY BAG, OPENS, CHUGS IT and throws the bottle at secretary's windshield. Sammy then abruptly turns and almost runs into A TELEPHONE POLE, where she sees a faded campaign poster with A PHOTO OF YOUNG LOCAL CONGRESSMAN: 'GOT A PROBLEM? I CAN HELP. VOTE AARON DRIVER.'

SAMMY

(to the poster)

YEAH, I GOT A PROBLEM, FOOL! WHAT
CAN YOU DO ABOUT IT?

A GROUP OF THUGGISH WHITE AND BLACK TEENAGERS WALKS BY.

WHITE TEEN THUG BLACK TEEN THUG
Yo, it's the freak with the OH SHIT!
nail.

They laugh as one holds up a NAIL TO TAUNT HER.

WHITE TEEN THUG
(holding up a nail)
Want another, nail girl?

GAMMY LUNGES, GRABS THE NAIL, AND THROWS THE WHITE TEEN TO THE GROUND WHERE SHE STARTS TRYING TO PUSH THE NAIL INTO HIS HEAD AS HE TRIES TO HOLD HER OFF.

ANGRY SAMMY
WANT A NAIL IN YOUR HEAD, BITCH?
WHO'S THE BITCH NOW?

The teens scatter as Norm and Scott rush up, followed by Lydia holding her anus in as she runs. They grab flailing Sammy, who snatches at the nearby pole and TEARS DOWN the congressman's faded poster, biting off pieces of it with her teeth as they half-carry her, kicking, screaming, to the van.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAMMY'S PARENT'S HOUSE - LATER

Sammy sits in a chair furiously stabbing a stuffed Nemo doll with a 4 inch nail as Ryan, 8, Joseph, 6, watch.

JOSEPH
(crying)
MOMMY!!! Sammy killed Nemo!!

SAMMY
Nemo had it coming.

Sammy reaches for a Spiderman doll, begins stabbing it as Joseph runs across the room and buries his head in Pam's lap.

PAM
MOM! HELP!

SAMMY'S MOM
(runs in)
Coming, I found the Xanax.

Sammy's mom hands a Xanax and a glass of water Sammy, who snarls and swallows.

CUT TO:

TV PLAYS A COMMERCIAL FOR ZOLOFT
Do you have these symptoms of
depression? Loss of appetite, low
energy, trouble sleeping, feeling
lost [an animated cloud appears
over the woman's face]. Zoloft can--

Scott, Pam, Norm, Lydia watch Sammy, CHILLED OUT ON XANAX,
happily entranced by the commercial.

SCOTT
(to Pam under his breath)
Thank God for Xanax. (then to
Sammy) Honey, I'm gonna head home.

No answer from entranced happy Sammy.

SCOTT
We'll talk in the morning. Don't
come to work, you know that part.
You should sleep well tonight.

SAMMY
What if I wanna stay up? I feel
good now. I'll drink some coffee.

SCOTT
That's a bad idea.

NORM
We'll talk tomorrow, Sammy, we'll
figure it out.

LYDIA
Sure we will, it's gonna be OK.

PAM
It's fine, look, you can wear
pretty ribbons over the nail hole.

She holds up different colored ribbon bows to Sammy's head as
she stares at TV. Scott puts a blanket over Sammy and they
all leave her watching TV. Sammy flips channels, chill on
Xanax, rocking her head, making funny faces, to the rhythm of
channel changing til she stops at a FEMALE LOCAL NEWS ANCHOR.

FEMALE LOCAL ANCHOR
And now we go to Part Two of our
series on Congressman Aaron Driver.
In part one we covered Driver's
rise from a small town attorney for
a large chemical concern.

Old video footage shows Aaron walking up courtroom steps.

FEMALE ANCHOR AS NARRATOR (O.S.)

He made his name defending Hazco
Chemicals, impressing local
political bosses who put him up for
the seat in the 3rd district.

AARON

(in video footage)

'Yes, I defended Hazco, I fell into
it after law school. Look, Hazco
employs a lot of people in our
community. I did feel a little bad
about beating the plaintiffs in
that one case--'

FOOTAGE SHOWS WORKERS RUNNING FROM A FACTORY WITH THEIR HAIR
ON FIRE.

AARON

'Some of their hair grew back, by
the way, but I do have regret about
some of the things I did. Going to
Washington gives me the chance to
do more to help with the guilt I
feel and atone for those profitable
sins. I pledge to make our
factories safer, fix our roads and
bridges, no more collapses like I-
97 last year, and also start some
great art programs for kids here in
Tennessee.'

FOOTAGE SHOWS DRIVER SHAKING HANDS AT A COUNTY FAIR; EATING
BURGERS, FEELING ILL, GETTING HIS HEAD YANKED DOWN BY A A KID
PULLING HIS TIE, SMILING IT OFF AND KICKING THE KID GENTLY.

NARRATOR

We visited Driver, nine months into
his first term to see how he's
doing with those pledges.

DRIVER WELCOMES A GROUP OF 10 YEAR OLD KIDS AS THEY FILE OFF
A BUS IN FRONT OF THE CAPITOL, HE HOLDS HANDS WITH THEM AND
RUNS UP THE STEPS. IN HIS OFFICE, he sits in a circle with
the kids laughing, talking, as another kid YANKS HIS TIE, and
he looks annoyed. DRIVER POINTS WITH A POINTER TO A
WHITEBOARD THAT HAS A DIAGRAM OF EXECUTIVE, LEGISLATIVE, AND
LOBBYISTS on it. Cut to: He points to a large TV PLAYING THE
SCHOOLHOUSE ROCK CARTOON SONG "I'M JUST A BILL."

I'M JUST A BILL CARTOON
 I'm just a bill / Yes, I'm only a
 bill / And I'm sitting here on
 Capitol Hill / Well, it's a long,
 long journey / To the capitol city

DRIVER NOW SINGS ALONG WITH THE CARTOON.

AARON SINGS WITH CARTOON
 It's a long, long wait / While I'm
 sitting in committee / But I know
 I'll be a law someday / At least I
 hope and pray that I will / But
 today I am still just a bill.

VISITING KID
 (SHOUTS)
 WHAT ABOUT MAKING DADDY'S FACTORY
 SAFER LIKE YOU SAID?

AARON
 Well, it's a little complicated
 because the factory owners paid
 some money to my bosses here and
 they have other plans that will
 take some time --

VISITING KID
 YOU PUSSIED OUT.

AARON
 (annoyed but smiling)
 I'm still trying, so let's just
 watch the cartoon please.

I'M JUST A BILL CARTOON
 Boy: Gee, Bill, you certainly have
 a lot of patience and courage.
 Bill: Well I got this far. When I
 started, I wasn't even a bill, I
 was just an idea.

Sammy, oblivious to anything but Xanax hope in this cartoon,
 is entranced. She joins in a beat behind the cartoon and
 Aaron so she can hear the words before chiming in.

SAMMY
 (a beat behind with Aaron
 and the cartoon)
 (MORE)

SAMMY(cont'd)

Some folks back home decided they wanted a law passed, so they called their local Congressman and he said, 'You're right, there oughtta be a law.' Then he sat down and wrote me out and introduced me to Congress.

On TV, Aaron addresses the kids as the cartoon ends.

KID VISITOR

That's a load of--

AARON

(talks loud over the kid)

IF ANY OF YOU KIDS FROM OUR DISTRICT HAVE PROBLEMS that could be fixed by a law, I'm your guy, give my office a call anytime!

Sammy stares at the TV, then turns TO A HANGING MIRROR on the wall and STARES AT HERSELF AS HER EYES LIGHT UP: an idea.

INT. KITCHEN - A BIT LATER

SHE POURS WATER INTO THE COFFEE MAKER AND CATCHES THE COFFEE IN A MUG. There is a packed suitcase on the counter nearby with the faded torn poster of Rep. Driver sticking out.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Sammy tiptoes to the car with coffee mug and suitcase and gets in quietly. Looks at herself in the mirror a beat.

INT. SAMMY'S CAR ON THE HIGHWAY- NIGHT

Sammy SINGS LOUD ALONG WITH THE OPTIMISTIC ROCKING WHITE SNAKE SONG 'HERE I GO AGAIN' as it plays on the radio:

SAMMY

(energetic with radio)

"Here I go again on my ownnn/ Goin' down the only road I've ever knownnn / Like a drifter I was born to walk alonnne/ And I've made up my mindddd/I ain't wastin' no more timmmme."

CAMERA PANS slowly around to a CLOSE UP of the nail in her scalp. As she sings, EXTREME CLOSE UP shows nail, hair, scalp, a tiny bit of blood. A TICKING TIME BOMB.

CUT TO: WIDE SHOT -- car whips under camera and disappears down the highway, passing a sign we hold on that reads: Washington D.C. 410 miles.

INT. SAMMY'S CAR - LATER

She holds a BIG NEW DUNKIN' DONUTS PAPER COFFEE CUP

SAMMY

(still singing)

'Though I keep searchin' for an
answer/ I never seem to find what
I'm lookin' for/ Oh lord I pray you
give me strength to carry on/ Cuz I
know what it means/ To walk along
the lonely street of dreams.'

CUT TO:

LATER -- SAMMY IS VERY TIRED AS SHE HOLDS AN EVEN BIGGER 7/11 PAPER COFFEE CUP AND SHE SINGS SLOWLY AND TIREDLY.

SAMMY

(slowly, tiredly)

'And I've made up my mind/ I ain't
wastin' no more time.'

INT. SAMMY'S TOYOTA - FREEWAY TO D.C.- DAY

Sammy is re-energized as she holds an EVEN BIGGER MCDONALD'S PAPER COFFEE CUP, drives. Now she loudly sings in Portuguese the cartoon song.

SAMMY

'I'm just a bill, yes I'm only a
bill, and I got as far as Capitol
Hill. Well, it's a long, long
journey to the capital city.'

PASSING MOTORIST IN PASSENGER SEAT

(shouts)

SHUT THE HELL UP!

SAMMY THROWS HOT COFFEE AT HIM, HITTING HIM IN THE FACE.

PASSING MOTORIST

(in pain)

Ahhhhhhhhh!

SAMMY

Damn, I forgot to bring my Xanax.

SAMMY

(SINGS IN PORTUGUESE WITH
SUBTITLES)

'It's a long, long wait
While I'm sitting in committee,
But I know I'll be a law someday
At least I hope and pray that I
will, but today I am still just a
bill.'

Sammy continues to SING, oblivious as the car enters Washington and she DRIVES THROUGH ORANGE CONES AND AROUND THE WASHINGTON MEMORIAL, with people DIVING OUT OF THE WAY, Sammy absorbed in the song. POLICE CHASE HER on foot and in cars as she sings and DRIVES UP THE MIDDLE OF THE REFLECTING POOL, THROUGH THE JEFFERSON MEMORIAL-

SAMMY

(sings)

'Poor Mr. Jefferson no one visits
your memorial!'

She drives on, oblivious, EVEN LOSING THE POLICE UNINTENTIONALLY WITH A SHARP TURN.

NOW the orchestrated version of 'I'm Just a Bill' begins and turns, SLOWER, SOLEMN, AND IMPORTANT as the car passes American flags fluttering in the breeze. SHE PARKS IN FRONT OF THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL, gets out of the car, looks at the monument with fierce hope in her eyes and walks up the stairs, inspired, emotional. Behind her, a POLICE OFFICER IMMEDIATELY PUTS A BOOT ON THE WHEEL OF HER CAR, to which she is oblivious as the music swells and she climbs the stairs.

INT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL - DAY

Sammy walks dramatically up to Mr. Lincoln and reads the words inscribed behind him.

SAMMY

(reads)

'With malice toward none, with
charity for all' THAT MEANS
\$250,000 TO GET MY NAIL OUT! 'With
firmness in the right as God gives
us to see the right' THAT MEANS
NORM'S PAINFUL ENDLESS BONER SHOULD
BE FIRM WHEN IT'S RIGHT AND NOT ALL
THE TIME WHEN IT'S WRONG!

(MORE)

SAMMY(cont'd)

'Let us strive to finish the work
we are in, to bind up the nation's
wounds.'

(tears in her eyes)

THAT MEANS BINDING LYDIA'S FALLEN
ANUS!

All emotional, puts her arms around TWO ADULTS standing on
either side of her.

SAMMY

(emotional)

ONE NATION, UNDER GOD, WITH
COVERAGE FOR WEIRD EXTREME
CONDITIONS FOR ALL.

THE TWO ADULTS SHOVE HER ARMS OFF and move away, annoyed.

SAMMY

(yells after them)

ONE NATION UNDER GOD, DOUCHES.

PARK RANGER

(walks up)

You need to leave the monument
immediately.

EXT. SAMMY'S CAR IN FRONT OF THE MONUMENT -- DAY

Sammy is inside her booted car, rapidly changing her clothes,
which looks a bit frenetic from outside as a TOW truck backs
up to her bumper and a POLICE OFFICER KNOCKS on her window.

POLICE OFFICER

Excuse me, we're towing your car.

SAMMY

(pulling blouse over her
head)

ONE SECOND, DAMMIT!

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

A city bus pulls up to a stop and Sammy comes RUNNING in a
fresh white blouse and navy skirt and a little sun hat, with
a large covered COFFEE GO CUP in her hand.

SAMMY

WAIT! WAAITT!

She JUST makes the bus.

INT. CITY BUS - DAY

Sammy walks on, out of breath, and doesn't have exact fare. She puts a few pennies from her purse in, and a quarter, then an ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN hands her change, as Sammy gratefully gives her a dollar.

SAMMY

Thanks! I have a medical emergency
and I came here to get the
government to help me!

Elderly Black Woman STARTS LAUGHING, and the ENTIRE BUS JOINS IN - LAUGHING LOUDLY AT SAMMY, who looks chagrined til she grabs the BUS DRIVER'S soda bottle, SMASHES it on the railing and brandishes the broken bottle menacingly at the crowd, which falls silent. Then she gives the bus driver her money.

SAMMY

That's for the soda.

CUT TO:

A MOMENT LATER: She bounces up and down on the bus, tries to sip coffee but spills it all over her white blouse. Fellow passengers look sympathetic til Sammy smashes her paper cup against the window to punish it. She pulls out her lipstick. The bus lurches, and she gets lipstick all over her face.

SAMMY

Dammit.

BUS PASSENGERS nod sympathetically as she holds the lipstick away from her. The bus lurches again, and gets lipstick on the white shirt of the MAN NEXT TO SAMMY.

SAMMY

Whoops, watch out.

HE TAKES THE LIPSTICK AND makes a mark on Sammy's blouse. Sammy grabs the lipstick back and draws all over his face.

EXT. STEPS OF THE CAPITOL - DAY

The bus stops IN FRONT OF THE CAPITOL. Sammy's face is covered in lipstick marks and her blouse is coffee-stained. She walks to a WATER FOUNTAIN where she washes up. Now her blouse is soaking wet and her bra is completely visible.

SAMMY

Hello, Congress, here I come!

INT. CAPITOL - DAY

She walks through the front doors, marches through the SECURITY METAL DETECTOR and ALARMS BLARE.

SECURITY GUARD
Ma'am, please step to the side.

SAMMY
I was shot in the head with a nail gun, which I brought to show-

Sammy pulls the nail gun out of her bag.

SECURITY GUARD
GUN!

AN ALARM SOUNDS, seven security guys tackle Sammy and try to wrestle the nail gun from her hand.

SAMMY
YOU BITCHES ARE OVERREACTING!

The nail gun fires accidentally, shooting a nail flush into a security guard's forehead. This is RALPH.

RALPH
(holding his forehead)
I BEEN SHOT!

GUARD
(into walkie)
Man down!

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Sammy sits with a supervisor.

SUPERVISOR
We're confiscating your nail gun.
You can pick it up at the end of the day.

SAMMY
It's part of my case! I swear I would never shoot anyone in the face with it.

Ralph holds a bloody towel to his forehead and glares at her. The Supervisor opens the door for Sammy to go.

INT. CONGRESS HALLWAY - DAY

An elevator door opens. Sammy sees a sign that says CONGRESSIONAL OFFICES, marches down the hall, on a mission. Walks up to a door that says 'REP. AARON DRIVER, TENNESSEE.'

INT. REP. AARON DRIVER'S OFFICE - DAY

Sammy holds up the faded, now folded, photo poster of Aaron Driver that she tore down to A PIMPLY FACED BLOND GIRL WHO LOOKS YOUNGER THAN 16 holding a fresh pad and pen.

SAMMY

'Got problems?' (fake nervous angry laugh) Yes, I do. I have a nail in my head I cannot afford to have removed, and I've tried everything.

GIRL INTERN

Did you try just pulling it out?

SAMMY

Don't you think 'everything' would include that, honey? I'm told I'd damage my brain, which may already be damaged. I'm singing in Portuguese and I'm wrathful.

GIRL INTERN

Wow. This is my first meeting as an intern, so I'm a little nervous! Tell me your situation.

SAMMY

I just did, Goldilocks. Now help me pass a law to fix it.

GIRL INTERN

(nervous, writing)

So we're talking about like -- what kind of legislation? Technology? Farm equipment?

Sammy squints at the intern like 'How stupid are you?' then looks PAST her through a partly opened office door to see the HANDSOME YOUNG CONGRESSMAN [AARON DRIVER] with a foot on his desk talking on the phone: SHE CANNOT HEAR HIM.

SAMMY

Is that the congressman?

GIRL INTERN
Isn't he hot?

SAMMY
Why can't he talk to me?

GIRL INTERN
Because you've gotta make an appointment, it takes at least a few weeks, there's a waiting list. (points to a long list of names). Congressman Driver is a very busy, smart and important man working on very important problems right now.

Sammy peers at Rep. Driver through the cracked door.

CLOSE ON CONGRESSMAN AARON DRIVER (SAMMY CANNOT HEAR HIM):

AARON
(ON PHONE)
Dude, she had great legs, and she was a great kisser, and she wrote a killer bill for the lobby, but you know what? I'm starting to think sex is overrated, I mean, 75 percent of the time the connection is so-so and then you're involved and you gotta deal with them and blah blah blah I'd rather be playing golf.

BACK TO:

SAMMY
He doesn't look too busy to me.

She gets up and goes toward AARON's open door when EVERETT, A LARGE MALE AIDE, 29, steps into her path, stiff arms her shoulder, and closes the congressman's door.

SAMMY
I just --

AIDE EVERETT
No. If your name is on the waiting list, you'll be notified of your appointment in six weeks.

He takes Sammy by the arm and escorts her out.

AIDE EVERETT
(to girl intern)
Get back to licking envelopes.

INT. CONGRESSIONAL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The door closes behind Sammy as she finds herself back in the hall. She looks at the poster in her hand, turns and OPENS the DOOR AGAIN, but the EVERETT STANDS THERE, ready for her.

AIDE EVERETT
Try the district next door.
Representative Snoodin's schedule
is usually more open.

SAMMY
(holds up torn Driver
poster)
WHAT ABOUT THIS, BUCKO?

He closes the door in her face. Sammy walks down the hall to a door that says Rep. O. Snoodin, Tennessee. She goes in.

INT. REP. SNOODIN'S OFFICE - DAY

A busy-looking FEMALE AIDE, 30, sits at reception.

SAMMY
I wanna talk to the congressman
about my health care problem.

AIDE
(pointed)
The congresswoman is unavailable.
She's on a fact-finding mission to
Istanbul.

SAMMY
ISTANBULLSHIT!! I need help now!

AIDE
I'll leave a note that you dropped
by. Name?

Sammy leans down into her face.

SAMMY
(quiet, menacing)
First name: Istan. Last name:
Bullshit.

INT. CONGRESSIONAL HALLWAY - DAY

Sammy continues down the hall, inhales, and turns and opens a door that says REP. ROB WINSTON, NEVADA.

INT. A CONGRESSIONAL OFFICE - DAY

Inside, a congressman and several aides stuff money into suitcases. Sammy runs up and tries to grab a handful. The aides pull it back, fighting her for it, tug of war with cash, then shove her out the door.

INT. CONGRESSIONAL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

AS SAMMY EXITS, HER PURSE STRAP CATCHES THE DOORKNOB AND JERKS HER BACK. SHE YANKS IT ANGRILY, BREAKING THE STRAP, SENDING THE CONTENTS ALL OVER THE FLOOR. NOW SHE TANTRUMS, KICKS HER THINGS ANGRILY ALL OVER THE PLACE, AND SMASHES HER PURSE AGAINST THE FLOOR AND INTO A COLUMN WITH A SMALL BUST OF LINCOLN ON TOP.

SAMMY
(smashing purse)
Stupid piece of crap democracy, I
hate you. I smash your face.

She pounds her purse a few more times as RALPH, the forehead nailed security guard (bandaged), passes, pausing to stare.

SAMMY
(gathering her things)
Hey, Nailface, wanna join the
cause?

RALPH
(in Chinese, subtitled)
My insurance blows, so I'll think
about it.

SAMMY
Wow, sounds like you got Japanese.

RALPH
Chinese. I used to watch a lot of
Kung Fu movies, unfortunately.

SAMMY
(in Portuguese, subtitled)
REPRESENT!

Sammy aggressively raises AN INDEX FINGER UPSIDE DOWN in the air in front and above her in a new NAILED symbol.

SAMMY

NAIL side.

RALPH

(returning the sign)

Nail side. How's it going so far?

SAMMY

(smiles brightly)

Really shitty!

RALPH

You ain't gonna get NO WHERE round here if you ain't RICH. That's the ONLY people that gets their attention, believe me.

Ralph walks on. BEHIND SAMMY, A DOOR SLAMS DOWN THE HALL. SAMMY SEES 4 MEMBERS OF CONGRESS IN A HUDDLE IN THE HALLWAY, INCLUDING AARON DRIVER. SHE WATCHES FROM AFAR, THEN FRANTICALLY COLLECTS HER THINGS.

CUT TO:

CONGRESSIONAL HUDDLE DOWN THE HALL: REP. AARON DRIVER stands listening to SENATOR BRAMEN, silver-haired power broker, 70. Also listening are REP. BAM MASTERSON, hard-nosed Karl Rove-type House Whip, and REP. PATRICIA HARSHTONE, a thin, tough lady, Assistant Whip. Sammy can see them but not hear them.

SENATOR BRAMEN

The Death Star prototype is ready to launch, but our polling shows people find the concept of a Death Star "scary" so we can't get them funded for every major city. (to Masterson) What do we do about that, Evil Wizard?

REP. BAM MASTERSON

(with Karl Rove certainty)

One: get money for thirty second spots to soften Death Star's image. Two: bring touchie feelie groups in to endorse it.

SENATOR BRAMEN

Like the Children's Defense Fund. I can get them on board.

(MORE)

SENATOR BRAMEN(cont'd)
I'm working a crazy half-off
wholesale juicebox deal for them.

REP. BAM MASTERSON
Perfect. Children, defense, shows
the Death Stars protect all of us.
How about more kids, something
like the Girl Guides.

REP. PATRICIA HARSHTONE
Maybe I can broker something with
Justin Timberlake's people to bring
them in.

REP. BAM MASTERSON
Excellent. What about you, Driver?
You never do anything.

REP. AARON DRIVER
I co-sponsored the Insurance
Profiteering Bill.

SENATOR BRAMEN
Lobbyists wrote and passed that, I
mean something with actual
constituents.

Aaron thinks hard.

REP. AARON DRIVER
Gosh, it's been so long since I've
been close to any of the groups I
thought about helping when I came
here.

REP. BAM MASTERSON
You've only been in office 9
months.

REP. AARON DRIVER
9 months of powerful lobbies and
party agendas. There hasn't been
time for anything else. I could get
that class that visited, but they
saw right through me.

SENATOR BRAMEN
If you can't scrounge up some
groups, just scrounge up some cash.
Quickly.

REP. PATRICIA HARSHTONE
Or don't expect any re-election
support from us, frosh boy.

THEY LEAVE AARON TROUBLED AS HE WALKS TOWARD SAMMY. She fixes her clothes, takes a deep breath, and strikes a "wealthy" demeanor before she 'stumbles' and grabs onto his shoulder.

SAMMY

(stumbling)

Excuse me, my shoes have gotten so tight, you know how that happens when you yacht party too much with rich food cuz you're champagne drunk? Plus I haven't been able to get rid of this horsehair since we've had the thoroughbreds in the house.

She brushes her shoulder off.

REP. AARON DRIVER

(interested)

You have thoroughbred horses in your home?

SAMMY

If you want to call it that, it's more of a giant hotel or yacht mansion, I know, don't tell me, build a bigger stable, and we are. But I don't want to waste my time and money talking to you unless you're influential.

REP. AARON DRIVER

I'm one of the new dynamic members of what we call the New Dynamic Congress. What's your home state?

SAMMY

I have a lot of homes.

REP. AARON DRIVER

Any of them in Tennessee?

Aaron's assistant Everett taps him on the shoulder.

EVERETT

Congressman, the pharmaceutical lobby is waiting at the golf course-

AARON

Not now, Everett, I'm talking to Miss [turns to Sammy].

SAMMY
Joyce. Sammy Joyce.

EVERETT
She tried to get into see you
before and --

AARON
You should have shown her right in,
she's a wealthy woman with a cause.

EVERETT
If I had known she was wealthy,
sir, I would have --

AARON
And that cause is -- Tax shelters?
Race Horse Daycare? The plight of
the Guccis? I'm joking, but not if
you aren't, tell me and I can help.

SAMMY
(stuffing the poster
deeper into her purse)
It's health care.

REP. AARON DRIVER
Wow, that is what we call a real
bummer issue. Not to be negative
but it just sucks because it's so
COMPLICATED and BORING.

A SCHLUBBY BALDING REPRESENTATIVE, 55, REP. BUTTERMAN, HAD
BEEN WALKING BY BUT NOW RUSHES OVER, phonebook-thick document
under his arm which he drops to make OVER-REHEARSED
politician hand gestures.

REP. BUTTERMAN
Did someone say health care? [both
hands open and forward]
That's my issue [touches heart]
I've introduced it five times [five
fingers] in the past 22 years [two
peace signs]. Right now we're
scheduled to introduce a
comprehensive [hands make a globe
circle] plan in 2012 that will
start with an employee purchase
step plan for--

AARON
(mocks the hand gestures)
Thank you, Ron [hands over heart].
(MORE)

AARON(cont'd)

You [sleep hands next to cheek]
bore the shit [hand motions from
ass] out of me. Bye [hands wave].

Sammy hands Buttermen his phonebook-thick document. He looks
pissed and leaves.

SAMMY

I'm talking about a super simple
thing, like if you have a nail
accident, you get help.

REP. AARON DRIVER

It's such a LOSER issue.

SAMMY

Unpopular causes don't scare me.
I'll give my kajillions to someone
who will actually help me. Not THAT
2012 guy, for God's sake, but like
a next week guy, which is obviously
not you.

REP. AARON DRIVER

Wait! I don't mean to be rash. I
actually think your goal could be
accomplished if you attach it to a
larger, less controversial security
measure, like the Death Star, for
example.

SAMMY

What's the Death Star?

AARON

An amazing defense technology that
will float huge satellite warships
over every major city protecting us
from attacks-- how's THAT for
taking care of your body? It won't
get blown up!

SAMMY

FYI a lot more people get blown up
one household or workplace or
restaurant accident at a time, not
all at once in a missile attack.

AARON

You're missing my point. I think we should discuss bringing your cash support to run spots for this Death Star bill and then the leadership can slip your little bill into this one. You SLIP in the door, see?

SAMMY

Not really, I'm stupid but I'm not rich, I mean I'm rich but I'm not stupid. The issues are totally different: medical help, Death Star? How can they 'slip' that in?

AARON

You're new here, so let me take a little time to explain--

HE LEANS TOWARD HER HIGH SCHOOL STYLE, PUTTING HIS HAND ON THE PEDESTAL BEHIND SAMMY. THE PEDESTAL MOVES UNEXPECTEDLY, WOBBLING THE SMALL BUST OF LINCOLN ON TOP OF IT.

AARON

Whoa.

The LINCOLN BUST WOBBLES OFF THE PEDESTAL AND BOUNCES ON SAMMY'S HEAD before hitting the floor.

SAMMY

OW.

AARON

Oh, no.

She doesn't look so good as she holds her head and DROPS TO THE FLOOR, DIZZY. Aaron bends down to help her as she winces and holds her head. ECU on nail hole near her hand (Aaron doesn't see) and a drop of blood oozes out.

SAMMY

(wincing)

It hit the nail hole right on the head.

AARON

I'm so sorry, ummm, maybe this can be a great bonding experience between backer and congressman. I'm feeling like it is.

She stares into Aaron's eyes, DIZZY.

SAMMY
(dizzy, flushed)
I'm suddenly feeling like it is
too...It's weird, I'm not angry or
wrathful at all -

AARON
Good because it was an accident.

SAMMY
There's like a warmth all over my
body, oh! Now chills, wow --

She leans forward and kisses him passionately on the mouth.

AARON
(looks around nervously)
That was hot, but we can't do this
here.

SAMMY
I can't do this at all, what about
Scott?! AAHHH, it shifted to the
'sex on' position.

AARON
Yes, babe, it did for me, too.

SAMMY
I really shouldn't cuz--

Aaron touches her shoulder.

SAMMY
OH YOU'RE MELTING ME!

AARON
SHHHH.

He pulls her into a cloak room, a small chamber with a
sitting room with a telephone and desk.

INT. CLOAK ROOM - DAY

SAMMY
(opening his shirt)
This is so not me, the brain can
make you do things beyond your
control MAMA LOOK AT THOSE PECS!

SAMMY KISSES HIM PASSIONATELY AS THEIR HANDS GREEDILY GO WILD
OVER EACH OTHER.

THEY SLIDE OUT OF FRAME AGAINST THE WALL as we hear MUTTERS, MOANS, GASPS, OUCHES, SIGHs as the camera slowly pans around the cloak room, with ONLY THEIR FLYING HANDS OR FEET coming up from the bottom of the frame occasionally. They knock things off the wall, a bare ass pops up from bottom of frame, disappears, hands come up and fix a picture they'd knocked, hands appear from below struggle to open a condom, drop down again. Sex sounds continue and camera keeps panning around the room, UNTIL IT COMES TO REST ON A PORTRAIT OF JFK, AS ONE OF SAMMY'S BARE ARMS REACHES UP, FINGERS SPLAYED WIDE IN PLEASURE AND SHE GRABS KENNEDY'S CROTCH, FINGERS DIGGING INTO THE PAINTING'S CANVAS, AND TEARING IT STRAIGHT DOWN THE MIDDLE WITH A LOUD RIP.

SAMMY
(CLIMAXING, OS)
HOLY GALLUP POLEY!!

CAMERA FINALLY TILTS DOWN and we see them disheveled, half dressed, leaning deliriously against the wall.

AARON
(delirious)
I never had anything like that in my life. And I've had a lot.

SAMMY
Me, either, and by that I mean an orgasm during sex.

AARON
I'd say this is the start of a great legislative partnership, you hottie.

SAMMY
Right, based on -- my money or the sex we just had?

AARON
Do I have to choose? I think the bond clicked somewhere between the money and the sex, but we can keep working on it to find out [starts to kiss her head] Oh my God what is that bloody hole in your head with shaved hair around it?

SAMMY
A nail. Inside. The headhole.

AARON

(examining her head)

I'm not a doctor, but I'm pretty sure you should have that removed ASAP.

SAMMY

I know, but I can't afford to (catches herself) while so many others suffer underinsured. Morally, emotionally, I can't afford it. Rich as I am, I've pledged not to have surgery til everyone in America can treat their expensive catastrophic injuries, which is why I've gotta pass this bill.

AARON

Yikes, isn't that gambling your life on politics?

SAMMY

Isn't that what you do every day as a congressman?

He looks at her a beat like 'Are you crazy?' but then covers.

AARON

(covering)

Uh, yes, of course, and that's what we're going to do for your legislation.

He jumps up, fixes his clothing.

AARON

But I can't get caught in here.
Call me.

He hands her his card, kisses her nail hole, and leaves. Alone she looks at his card smiles, then her smile fades as she adjusts a gold chain around her neck, which pulls the CHICKEN FOOT from her back, to hang in the front. She WINCES.

SAMMY

(wincing)

Scotty.

INT. SENATOR BRAMEN'S OFFICE

A LARGE ORNATE MAJORITY LEADER'S OFFICE. Bramen sits in a fancy arm chair, flanked by Majority Whip Rep. Bam Masterson and Assistant Whip Patricia Harshtone. Aaron sits across from them. There's an ominous silence as they stare at each other.

SENATOR BRAMEN
Where is her money from?

AARON
She just said on the phone it's from a huge sock business.

SENATOR BRAMEN
Socks?

AARON
Family owned and operated in Tennessee, no party affiliation at all - until now. [chuckles darkly]

SENATOR BRAMEN
Sweet. Check it out, make sure it's legitimate.

AARON
The money's real, she has problems with racehorses living in her yacht hotel.

REP. PATRICIA HARSHTONE
A yacht hotel?

AARON
Apparently it's pretty big. Very big. Did I say yacht hotel?

SENATOR BRAMEN
That's what you said.

AARON
Maybe she meant yacht-THEMED hotel.

SENATOR BRAMEN
Crazy rich people with nails in their heads and deep convictions.

AARON
Yeah, she won't get it removed til everyone is covered.

REP. BAM MASTERSON

You sure you can get her on board with the Death Star? The idea that we'd actually slip in an accident health coverage bill is a stretch.

REP. PATRICIA HARSHTONE

You gotta make her believe in the Death Star. Tell her that health care will be useless if we all get blown to bits because of a shortage of death stars for protection.

AARON

I told her that already.

REP. BAM MASTERSON

Also mention that no health care bill has never passed Congress.

SENATOR BRAMEN

But putting this as part of a defense spending bill is revolutionary, maybe her one chance.

REP. PATRICIA HARSHTONE

Even though it won't really find its way into our death star bill.

REP. BAM MASTERSON

Exactly.

AARON

(points to TV)

OH MY GOD, THERE SHE IS!

He POINTS TO A MUTED TELEVISION SCREEN NEAR SENATOR BRAMEN, where JON STEWART IS ON WITH A LARGE PHOTO OF SAMMY BEHIND HIM. Aaron grabs the remote and turns the volume up.

On TV:

JON STEWART

In today's mid-day Daily Show Report, we bring you the story of a woman with a nail in her head, yes you heard correctly, who went to the Capitol to lobby for accident health care and was...welcomed for her brave commitment to helping others? No.

(MORE)

JON STEWART(cont'd)

Wrestled to the ground for bringing the nail gun that caused her accident? YES! Reportedly she's a rich, good-hearted activist, so of course she was treated like a terrorist affiliated with Al-Naila Head-a. Plus, while wrestling her, one of the zealous GUARDS got shot in the face with a nail. Great job! We can't get Osama who's trying to kill us but we CAN take down injured ladies who are trying to help us. Your hard-earned tax dollars at work, ladies and gentleman. This is why America is loved throughout the world. I'm Jon Stewart, tune in tonight for more!

REP. BAM MASTERSON

She's not just rich, she's a popular underdog.

Aaron tries to act like this was all part of his plan.

AARON

Um, RIGHT, that was my plan. Yes. I guess I didn't get to that part yet. She's already a media darling! You asked me for money - I got you that PLUS a PR homerun. Let's hear it for Representative Driver!

He puts his arms in the air and grins.

REP. MASTERSON

Look at you, Driver. Who knew?

REP. PATRICIA HARSHSTONE

(motherly squeezing his face)

Who's a dark prince of manipulation in training, huh?

Aaron grins proudly and stupidly as she squeezes his face.

SENATOR BRAMEN

Can you bring her to tonight's tv spot?

AARON

(gently removes Harshstone's hands)

I think it can be arranged.

REP. HARSHTONE

Just how close are you and her? I hope this wasn't one of your cloak room "meetings."

REP. MASTERSON

Who cares. Can you control what she says?

AARON

Totally.

Aaron looks proud.

INT. SAMMY'S PARENTS' KITCHEN - LATER

Sammy's mom cooks at the stove, answers the ringing phone.

SAMMY'S MOM

Joyce residence.

SAMMY (O.S.)

Hi Mom, it's Sammy, I'm getting a law passed that'll get my nail out!

SAMMY'S MOM

(flummoxed)

What? Where are you? You're supposed to be in bed resting!

SAMMY (O.S.)

I drove all night to D.C. and everything's going great--

SAMMY'S MOM

(yelling off screen)

STEVE WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING
INSTEAD OF CHECKING ON SAMMY LIKE
YOU SAID!

INT. UPSTAIRS DEN

Sammy's dad leaps up from where he's been constructing an elaborate model train set and Wild West village, camped out in front of NASCAR on TV. He shouts as he hurries to Sammy's room.

SAMMY'S DAD

I TOLD YOU SHE'S ---

He goes to the sleeping 'body' in the bed, rolls it, and sees it is pillows arranged under the covers.

SAMMY'S DAD

Uh oh.

INT. SAMMY'S PARENTS' LIVING ROOM

Sammy's mother, father, Pam, the boys, Lydia, and Norm stand around the phone, talking to Sammy ON SPEAKER. Lydia and Norm walk in with "GET WELL SAMMY" balloons.

SAMMY'S MOM

(into speaker phone)

Sweetheart, you've got a swollen brain. Dr. Tunstall says you've got a week, ten days, TOPS before you start blacking out and hemorrhaging, which doesn't sound fun.

SAMMY

Maybe then it would be more emergency-ish and I'd get it out, BUT we'd still owe like \$200,000. Instead, for a lot less, I think I can get them to help me up here.

PAM

In WASHINGTON? ARE YOU HIGH?

INT. SAMMY'S MOTEL ROOM --

SAMMY

(lying on bed)

SHUT UP, PAM! I RAN OUT OF XANAX AND I'M MAKING PROGRESS. I TOLD THEM I'M a rich sock heiress, you have to back me up.

INT. SAMMY'S PARENTS' LIVING ROOM

PAM

(twirls the 'crazy' finger
round her ear)

Sounds like a solid plan.

SAMMY

BACK ME UP, ASS-BITCH.

SAMMY'S DAD

That's enough, girls. Sammy, we're just not sure you're thinking clearly. Maybe Reverend Norm can --

MINISTER NORM

Yes, offer some counseling. I'm a minister and I say --

Pause. Everyone listens.

MINISTER NORM

Talk about capital gains, and St. Barts. Don't say caviar or champagne, that's cliché and phony.

Parents and Pam look shocked.

SAMMY

(on speaker)

Thank you, Reverend Norm. Up yours, Pam.

MINISTER NORM

Tell them it's a privately held sock company, not publicly traded, so they can't go nosing around. Use my second phone line at the church, I'll make that the Happy Sock Corporation.

SAMMY

Thank you, Norm, you're the best.

SAMMY'S FATHER

We love you, honey. Have you talked to Scott?

SAMMY

(winces)

Um, no. I'm gonna...pretty soon. Love you, bye.

She hangs up; her father hangs up.

RYAN

(to his mom Pam)

You better buy me the X-Box 3000 or no one's gonna believe we're rich.

INT. AARON'S BLACK MERCEDES - NIGHT

Aaron, driven by assistant Everett, pulls up to the motel.

AARON
This can't be where she's staying.

EVERETT
It's definitely the place, Room 9.

AARON
What an eccentric kajillionairess.

INT. SAMMY'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

CU: a framed, photo-studio style shot of Scott. Cut to: Sammy looks from Scott's photo to the torn faded campaign poster of Aaron beside it. Guilty and confused, she dials the phone.

INT. SCOTT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Scott lies on his bed in his work clothes, shirt open. SPLIT SCREEN SHOWS BOTH OF THEM SIMULTANEOUSLY ON THE PHONE.

SCOTT
(on phone)
Hey, crazy Sammy, Pam just filled me in.

SAMMY
I'm sorry I took off like I did, Scotty, but the good news is, I'm making cockgress.

SCOTT
Cock-gress? What do you mean?

She winces.

SAMMY
I don't know, it's cockfusing, I mean CON-FUSING. (frustrated) Man.

SCOTT
Slow down, tell me what's happening.

SAMMY
(deep breath)
After I got here, I was hit on the head and the nail shifted out of the wrath mode and into the sex mode the doctors talked about.

SCOTT
(intrigued)
Really? What's it like?

SAMMY
Hot, tingly, impulsive, and like I want to have wild nonstop sex.

SCOTT
Wow, I wish I was there with you.

SAMMY
Yeah, well if you were, it would save a lot of confusion. Then YOU could've given me my first orgasm.

SCOTT
Did it happen spontaneously because of the nail?

SAMMY
Mmmm...not exactly.
(tortured)
You know I came here to get the nail out and our old life back. But now all these unexpected things are happening and I'm not even clear, are we still engaged or what?

SCOTT
I thought we were taking that one day at a time.

SAMMY
Right, then something DID happen one cloak room at a time --

She pulls the chicken foot by its chain out from under her shirt and holds it in her hand.

SCOTT
What? What's a cloak room?

SAMMY
(gazing at chicken foot)
Do you love me or not?

BRENDA
(entering Scott's bedroom)
WE'RE OUT OF BABY OIL, HOTCOCK.

Sammy's mouth drops open in shock when she hears this.

SCOTT SQUEEZES HIS EYES SHUT and holds up a 'STOP' hand to BRENDA, WHO STOPS AS SHE WALKS IN WEARING BRA AND PANTIES HOLDING AN EMPTY BABY OIL BOTTLE. SCOTT COVERS THE PHONE.

SAMMY
Brenda's there?

SCOTT
Yes, for a meeting about balancing the sales books.

SAMMY
With baby oil and your cock?

SCOTT
(lamely)
The books are really complicated this month.

A LOUD KNOCKING ON SAMMY'S DOOR.

SAMMY
(shouts to door)
Just a minute!

SCOTT
Who's that?

SAMMY
Like you care. Tell Brenda organic douches are available at Whole Foods. That should help the yeast infection we all smelled in the ladies room at work. Bye.

Scott hangs up the phone, turns to Brenda lying on the bed next to him in her underwear. Scott looks down toward Brenda's crotch and smells the air, scowls slightly.

SCOTT
Let's go to the movies.

INT. SAMMY'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Sammy walks to the door, shaken, tearful, wipes her face, composes herself, opens the door and Aaron is there with his ear to the door.

SAMMY

Did you hear all that?

AARON

Just the last ten minutes. Sorry about your situation.

SAMMY

Maybe we should try to get the nail out of this position before I do more crazy things.

Sammy opens a drawer, puts the Bible into Aaron's hands.

SAMMY

Hit me hard.

AARON

That's not in my comfort zone. Plus I like you horny. So I take it that the guy on the phone was-

SAMMY

My fiance, yes. A pretty big catch for me. Even though he's maybe a bastard.

AARON

A bastard big catch who never gave you the Big O?

SAMMY

He feels they're overrated.

AARON

A woman as wealthy as you should have hot and cold running g-spot explosions.[looks around]
Do you like cheap motels because you enjoy living like regular people? Does that turn you on?

SAMMY

Yes, that's me, live like the regular people who have crazy accidents they can't afford to fix, which enrages them.

She sits and puts her face in her hands.

AARON

You've had a helluva day. Let's get out of here, take a walk, and you can tell me about your family's sock making fortune.

Sammy gives him a slightly pained look and nods.

EXT. TIDAL BASIN - LATER

Aaron and Sammy walk along the tidal basin, sharing a 40 ounce beer. The lighted monuments glow romantically behind them. Sammy gulps some beer and hands it to Aaron.

SAMMY

The sock trade can be brutal. Competition is insane, with every Tom, Dick, and Harry thinking they can suddenly start a sock company, thanks to the internet. Just because you CAN start a sock business doesn't mean you SHOULD.

AARON

(nods sympathetically)
You and your sister help your dad run the company?

SAMMY

Yes, but my sister gets all the credit. I was up for a big promotion in the anklet division when the nail accident happened.

AARON

But you've used the nail as a gift, it brought you to Washington and made you a kind of a hero.

SAMMY

Please.

AARON

Any other rich girl would just care about themselves and get the nail out. Give yourself some credit.

SAMMY

I'm not so good at that, which you probably can't understand since you're a successful congressman and all.

AARON

Are you kidding? You think someone who has to compromise his ideals and then campaign to be liked every twelve months by groveling to people who don't even care about him is a secure person?

She looks at him with new eyes as he walks drinking beer.

SAMMY

That sounds pretty bad, is it worth it?

AARON

I don't know anymore. Have you ever grabbed onto something you thought you were so lucky to get, then it turned into something really disappointing and you wondered what you were doing?

She pulls Scott's lucky chicken foot out of a pocket.

SAMMY

I know exactly what you're talking about.

She throws it in the river.

AARON

Was that a chicken foot?

SAMMY

Yes. Scott gave it to me. It's called Professor Cluck

AARON

Put the past behind you, and let's go fight for the issue that burns brightly in your heart.

He walks her to the crest of a small grassy hill, and when they look over it, there is A BRIGHTLY LIT TELEVISION SET AROUND A 10' HIGH ROUND MODEL OF THE DEATH STAR. Tele-journalists mill, and a crowd of about 50 has gathered.

SAMMY

What's that?

AARON

A news segment on this week's launch of the very first Death Star. It's exciting. Supporters will be interviewed, and you can be one of them.

EXT. MODEL DEATH STAR TV SET ON THE MALL -- NIGHT

Aaron walks her through the crowd toward the brightly lit set around the Death Star model.

SAMMY

So I can get up there and talk about my nail and --

AARON

This isn't the time to say anything about your health bill. That will come later. This is the time to show that --

REP. BAM MASTERSON

(puts arm around Sammy)

--you support funding more of these wonderful Death Stars to protect our nation. Hi, Bam Masterson, Chair of the Ways and Means Committee.

SAMMY

Hi. Wow.

REP. BAM MASTERSON

Thanks for coming down tonight, Aaron's told me all about you, and how ridiculous was that nail gun accident caused by security?

SAMMY

Thanks. Are you gonna help me with--

REP. BAM MASTERSON

We're gonna show you how you can make the only progress ever on health care by including it in a defense bill. Which you're going to support tonight without mentioning health care AT ALL, trust me, this is how it works.

SAMMY

(looks at the giant round satellite)

Is this the Death Star?

REP. BAM MASTERSON

No, it's a model replica of what will be launched this week. These are camera sensors, these are ballistic launchers, and these are laser trackers. Oh, look at this!

REP. PATRICIA HARSHTONE

Aren't they marvelous?

They watch 20 GIRL GUIDES (like girl scouts), 10 years old, in green uniforms with green sashes and berets, dance in a circle around the Death Star.

GIRL GUIDES

(sing as they dance)

Here we are, here we are, you're our lucky Death Star!

REP. PAT HARSHTONE

(low, aside to Masterson)

We promised to deliver Justin Timberlake for two Minihaha Powwows per year for three years.

Rep. Bam Masterson nods.

AARON

Sammy, meet the National Grand Sacajawea of the Girl Guides, Marsha Weber. Sammy's a big backer of our cause, Marsha.

Sammy extends her hand. MARSHA (11 yrs old, chipped front tooth) goes to shake it and Sammy's EYES WIDEN as she sees that Marsha has a RUSTY 5 INCH NAIL THROUGH HER RIGHT HAND.

MARSHA

Careful, watch the nail, you just gotta shake around it.

SAMMY

OH MY GOD YOU HAVE A NAIL IN YOUR HAND!

MARSHA

Yeah, I haven't been able to get it removed because my parents' insurance doesn't cover it.

SAMMY

I have the exact same situation with a nail in my head! We have so much to talk about. I have a bill that'll help us that we're quietly slipping into the Death Star package --

Masterson and Aaron interrupt her with Shhh's.

SAMMY

Oh right, sorry, talk later. Tonight's JUST about the Death Star.

MARSHA

Which is totally awesome, right? Almost as awesome as Justin Timberlake!

Masterson and Harshstone quiet Marsha with Shhh's.

MARSHA

Ooops, no Justin Timberlake talk tonight. Death Star, woo hoo!

TV JOURNALIST

(puts mic in Marsha's face)

Grand Sacajawea Marsha Weber! Are you here to support the Death Star?

MARSHA WEBER

You betcha! We wanna hike, and camp, and make lanyards and sleep safe while the lasers patrol the skies above!

Rep. Patricia Harshstone nods approvingly.

TV JOURNALIST
(looks at Sammy)
Congressman Masterson, who's this?

REP. BAM MASTERSON
This is the young lady who had the
unfortunate nail incident today!

TV JOURNALIST
Oh, my goodness! Did they take your
nail gun away?

SAMMY STARES INTO THE BRIGHT LIGHTS AND CAMERAS LIKE A DEER
CAUGHT IN HEADLIGHTS.

TV JOURNALIST
Maybe she hasn't recovered yet!

REP. BAM MASTERSON
She's new to all this, give her a
chance. She's here to support our
cause with the resources of her
family's large sock business.

SAMMY
(into lens, deer in
headlights)
Yes, the socks. Will help. The
Death Star. For all.

TV JOURNALIST
Thank you!

He starts leave, but Sammy wakes up and pulls the mic back.

SAMMY
Plus Death Star's way cooler if you
take care of everyone on Earth with
basic accident health care, cuz
otherwise you're --

REP. BAM MASTERSON
Whoa, very well said -- look at
these inner city kids who came
down!

A bunch of BLACK HIP HOP 14 YEAR OLDS step in front of Sammy.

HIP HOP KID
Da Def Star is DEF. It is da
BADDEST gangsta of ALLL YO.

He strikes a hip hop arm fold pose which Masterson joins.

REP. MASTERSON
WORD TO MY NIGGAZZZ. The Def Star
protects us all, we are glad to
have Sammy on our side, the homies,
the Girl Guides, and the Children's
Defense Fund HOLLLAAHHH.

Masterson and Harshtone throw Aaron a look to get Sammy out
of there, and Aaron escorts her off the set. Sammy looks
back.

AARON
(walking her away)
That was cool til the last part,
you can't break a deal with your
political partners, be careful.

SAMMY
I kinda couldn't help it.

AARON
(struggling)
You kinda have to, politics is a
balance.

SUDDENLY AARON'S ARM IS GRABBED BY SENATOR BRAMEN and he is
pulled toward the shadows of some trees, away from Sammy.

SENATOR BRAMEN
Excuse us.

AARON
(back to Sammy, as Bramen
pulls him like a bad
schoolkid))
See, I'm in trouble now.

Sammy can't hear as Bramen corners Aaron by the trees.

SENATOR BRAMEN
I thought you said you could
control her.

AARON
She's a strong-willed person --

SENATOR BRAMEN
We can't have any more close calls
with Lippy McGee over there. We
can't use her for the campaign,
just get her money soon, bring her
in to meet if you have to.

AARON
Got it. Will do.

He lets Aaron go, Aaron resumes walking with Sammy. It feels tense a moment.

SAMMY
Everything OK?

AARON
He was impressed by you, they'd like to have a meeting.

SAMMY
(unsure)
Are they really going to help me?

Aaron inhales, torn for a moment, then chooses his path.

AARON
I know you may not trust them, but you can trust me. I hope.

SAMMY
I do. You turn me on.

AARON
You turn ME on.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

MUTTERS, MOANS, GASPS, OUCHES, SIGHS as the camera again slowly pans around the motel room, with ONLY THEIR FLYING LIMBS AND OTHER BARE BODY PARTS coming up from the bottom of the frame occasionally. Hands appear from below and struggle to open the shrinkwrapped motel soap before tossing it away in disgust. They rip open the shower cap, try it out on fingers to see if it would work as a condom, then pull it down out of frame as camera keeps panning around the room.

SAMMY	AARON
(climaxing in Portuguese subtitled)	(climaxing)
I'M EXPLODING INSIDE!	THANK YOU JESUS!

CAMERA TILTS DOWN: THEY'RE BLISSFUL, HALF-NAKED, IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS.

Sammy smiles as they cuddle and fall asleep. FADE OUT.

FADE IN NEXT MORNING. Sammy and Aaron are asleep, entwined.

SAMMY

This time the O had a weird feeling
above my stomach.

AARON

Yes, near my chest organs, almost
like gas that became pleasurable.

SAMMY

Around the lungs, I think. Maybe it
was a lung-asm, or a liver-asm.

AARON

A pancre-asm. A heartasm.

THERE'S A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. Aaron leaps up.

AARON

Oh my God!

SAMMY

Take it easy!

AARON

(putting his pants on)
No congressman takes it easy when
he's in a motel and there's a
strange knock at the door.

Sammy puts on a robe, goes to the door, OPENS IT: NORM AND
LYDIA STAND THERE.

NORM / LYDIA

Surprise!

SAMMY

(excited)
What are you guys doing here?

LYDIA

We had to come up here to help.

NORM

We drove all night! How's it going?

SAMMY

Scott and I are done, I think.

NORM

Oh, no!

LYDIA

With your condition you'll never
get another man!

SAMMY

Try to stay positive, Lydia, geez.
Meet Congressman Aaron Driver.

She turns around to reveal Aaron, dressed, in shirtsleeves.
Lydia sticks out her hand.

LYDIA

I'm Lydia.

AARON

You look extremely muscular.

LYDIA

Not muscular enough to keep my ass
in.

Aaron tries to look behind Lydia as Norm shakes Aaron's hand.

NORM

Norm.

AARON

Reverend. Good to meet you. What
brings you to DC?

SAMMY

These friends have ailments like
mine that aren't covered by un-
insurance.

AARON

And they're not even rich, look at
this Toyota.

SAMMY

That's the point, Aaron, not
everyone is rich like me.

AARON

(sympathetic)

So you have a nail in your ass, is
that it? I feel your ass pain.

SAMMY

No, her anus fell out lifting
weights and Norm suffers from perma-
boner.

Aaron's glances at Norm's pants, disturbed.

AARON

Well... Sammy's passion and conviction just blow me away. The fact that she's super wealthy but won't get care until everyone has access to it, I mean, wow.

LYDIA

That's our rich Sock heiress Sammy.

NORM

We begged her to pay for our operations, kind of got pissed off that she wouldn't, little Richie Rich there. YOU! [points at her]

SAMMY

YOU! Hard-on minister!

LYDIA

But instead she inspired us to fight for everyone to get proper catastrophe coverage.

AARON

She inspires me, too. [checks time] And we can meet now to talk turkey with the big bosses on the hill.

NORM

(smiling)

That IS penetration! To the inner chamber. Of Congress.

INT. SENATE HALLWAY - DAY

They follow Aaron down the vast corridor, Sammy smiles nervously at Lydia and Norm as they walk. They turn a corner and run into Ralph, who eyes them all, especially Lydia.

SAMMY

Ralph, these are my friends Norm and Lydia.

Ralph takes extra time shaking Lydia's hand.

RALPH

(in subtitled Chinese)

Hello there.

Ralph kisses her hand and Lydia stares at him, interested.

SAMMY
Shake a leg, Lydia.

Lydia joins them outside a big door that says SENATOR BRAMEN,
MAJORITY LEADER.

AARON
(inhales nervously)
Ready?

SAMMY
Before we go in, I wanna say: I
know you're getting some of my
money, but even then, there are a
lot of rich people out there, WHOA-

SHE GETS SUDDENLY DIZZY, holds her head, leans on the wall.

AARON
Are you all right?

SAMMY
Large wave of nail dizziness. Wow.

AARON
Maybe we should get you to a
doctor.

SAMMY
(inhales, recovering)
No, I'll be fine, it means the
world to me that you're fighting
for our cause today.

She sweetly gives him a kiss on the cheek. He is moved, and
conflicted about setting her up with his bosses.

AARON
(torn, a bit tormented)
Let's hope for the best in here.

Sammy nods hopefully. Aaron opens the door, worried.

INT. SENATOR BRAMEN'S OFFICE- DAY

CLOSE UP: A HAND DIGS INTO A NEARLY EMPTY BOX OF CHUNKY GUNK
DEATH STAR GIRL GUIDE COOKIES, RAISES A HANDFUL AND STUFFS IT
INTO A MOUTH THAT LOUDLY CRUNCH/CHEWS THE COOKIES.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL SENATOR BRAMEN CRUNCHING the Girl Guide cookies in his mouth: crunch crunch crunch. We are in -

INT. SENATOR BRAMEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Bramen sits in his arm chair, flanked by Majority Whip Rep. Bam Masterson and Assistant Whip Patricia Harshtone. Sammy, Aaron, Lydia, Norm, in clerical collar, sit on Bramen's sofa. A 1' TALL MODEL DEATH STAR stands on a pedestal behind Bramen.

REP. PATRICIA HARSHTONE
What is it exactly that keeps blood
in the shaft? I still don't
understand.

AARON
It's a medication imbalance, which
requires surgery.

SENATOR BRAMEN
(crunching cookie)
I can't get enough of these Girl
Guide cookies!

HE HOLDS ONE UP, WHICH IS SHAPED LIKE A FLOATING WAR
SATELLITE.

REP. BAM MASTERSON
(to Sammy)
When the Girl Guides joined Team
Death Star they made a special
cookie to promote it.

Sammy and Aaron turn to notice: MARSHA, in her uniform,
seated in the corner who holds up a FIST of solidarity.

MARSHA
(fist in air)
Death Starrrrr!
(then)
More Death Star Chunky Gunks,
Senator?

She points to a box which Masterson hands to Senator Bramen.

REP. MASTERSON
These have real macademia chunks in
them.

MARSHA

(fist back in air)
And pecan bits, walnut shards, and
chocolate crystals which all
represent multiple warheads.

SENATOR BRAMEN

(laying it on)
We're sure happy to have you on
board, too, Sammy. We can help you
and your friends get the care you
need AFTER you write us that check
to--

AARON

The Death Star Committee.

SENATOR BRAMEN

No, Mr. Driver, it's now called the
Basic Air Land Safe America
Committee.

REP. PATRICIA HARSHTONE

BALSAC, for short.

Masterson, Bramen, and Harshtone nod solemnly as Sammy,
Lydia, and Norm stare incredulously.

SENATOR BRAMEN

Oh, I know. Very funny. BALSAC
sounds just like the name of the
famous French writer.

REP. MASTERSON

Balzac. BALSAC. Ho ho ho, everyone
thinks it's so funny.

SAMMY

Anyway, before I break out the
checkbook to help grow your BALSAC,
can you explain how you're slipping
in my bill for catastrophic health
care?

SENATOR BRAMEN

Aaron, I thought you'd explained
all this. Sammy, it's a complicated
legislative process that we don't
want to bore you with.

SAMMY

(looking at Aaron)

But it'll result in my friends and me getting the surgeries we desperately need, right? I'm not sure how much longer I have, my nail's really bothering me.

Aaron looks incredibly torn.

AARON

Sammy, if you just write the check, I promise that everything will be-- [she looks at him trustingly; he stares into her eyes, falters, takes a risky plunge]. You know, Senator, there's no reason we can't do both balls, I mean bills, at the same time for real.

SAMMY

What do you mean, 'for real'?

SENATOR BRAMEN

Yes, what on earth do you mean, Mr. Driver? Everything here is for real, you know that.

AARON

(addressing Bramen)

No, seriously. I was thinking we could do both bills and simply increase the deficit, which we've already tripled in the past few years. What's another trillion if it gives everyone minimum health protection in addition to death star security?

Bramen, Masterson, Harshtone glare at Aaron like 'WHAT?!'

SAMMY

Wait a second, were you NOT planning on doing both bills?

AARON

(holding Sammy off)

Hold on, just wait.

(to others, ploughing ahead)

I really think we can make this work.

(MORE)

AARON(cont'd)

IN FACT, maybe Sammy's health bill can even become, and I know I'm out on a limb here, the lead issue INSTEAD of the Death Star, flip them around, I know it's a little unpopular, but think about it: The HEALTH Star!

AARON PICKS UP THE 1' MODEL DEATH STAR AND TOUCHES IT TO SAMMY'S HEAD. Bramen chews tensely, his face turning red.

REP. MASTERSON

That's not very realistic and it's not BALSAC's plan.

AARON

OK, I take it back, sorry, Mr. Chairman. It was just an idea, we're just spitballing here, right?

SAMMY

Aaron! You lied to me. I'm not getting my bill and Marsha's not getting Justin Timberlake.

REP. HARSHTONE

We're working on that.

SAMMY

COME ON! I could barely believe ONE Timberlake show per year for the Girl Guides, but TWO? Where's the proof? Get Timberlake on the phone!

REP. HARSHTONE

That's unreasonable.

MARSHA

We're not getting Justin?! Then girl guides are OFF Team Death Star and ON Team Health Star!

AARON

Let's all calm down, please. I didn't mean to stir the pot.

SAMMY

I WANT A PRESS CONFERENCE NOW!

MARSHA

YEAH! ME TOO!

Bramen is mid-cookie swallow when he hears and sees this, INHALES SHARPLY WITH ANGER, and starts to CHOKE.

SENATOR BRAMEN
 (suddenly inhales and
 chokes on the cookie)
 ACH --- acchhh--

MARSHA
 LOOK AT MY NAILLLLL!

SAMMY AND MARSHA TOGETHER
 NAILLLLL!! AAAHHHHHHHHH!!!

SENATOR BRAMEN
 (choking on cookie)
 Aaccch uchhhhh uch.

REP. PATRICIA HARSHTONE
 (smacks Bramen harder)
 Breathe, Senator!

Aaron looks super concerned.

AARON
 I didn't mean it, Senator, we'll do
 it your way.

SAMMY
 Go ahead and cave LIAR.

AARON
 The man is choking, Sammy.

SAMMY
 So are you, man without a ball
 sack.

NORM
 Good one.

Bramen GAGS harder, struggles to breathe.

REP. MASTERSON
 SENATOR! WE NEED HELP!

SAMMY
 I know the Heimlich! Watch out!

She leaps over a side table, knocking the shade off a lamp
 into Rep. Bam Masterson's face.

Sammy gets behind Senator Bramen, grips him for the Heimlich,
 and thrusts her fists repeatedly as he grunts.

Rep. Harshtone grabs a telephone.

REP. HARSHTONE
 (into phone)
 We need EMT here RIGHT NOW.

REP. MASTERSON PUSHES SAMMY ASIDE AND TAKES OVER THE HEIMLICH
 ON BRAMEN.

BRAMEN
 (getting Heimlichd)
 ACHH-ACHH--

The DOOR BURSTS OPEN and several Bramen aides rush in and
 watch with concern as Masterson applies the Heimlich.

BRAMEN'S AIDE
 EMT is on the way!

REP. MASTERSON
 Where the hell are they?

SAMMY
 Norm is CPR certified!

Sammy and Norm shove Masterson out of the way and now NORM
 takes over the Heimlich. Aaron watches in horror as

Norm's priapic member POKES the Majority Leader in the ass
 with each Heimlich thrust, making the Senator's eyes BULGE
 repeatedly til the Senator GRUNTS LOUDLY, BREAKS AWAY FROM
 NORM, and falls into the wall knocking a FIRE EXTINGUISHER
 down, which hits the floor and SPRAYS UP A WHITE CLOUD INTO
 THE AIR SETTING OFF THE SPRINKLERS AS

AN EMT MAN AND WOMAN BURST IN with medical bags, and see
 Bramen lying unconscious on the floor. Sammy and Aaron grab
 the defibrilator from them, tear open Bramen's shirt and
 Sammy applies the electric paddles.

SAMMY
 CLEAR!

Bramen's body LURCHES.

AARON
 Let me try --

SAMMY
 I'm doing it.

AARON
 Let ME save the Senator's life, I
 need it to save my career. Plus, I
 always wanted to do this, CLEAR.

He wrestles the paddles from Sammy, JOLTS Bramen's limp body.

AARON
DON'T WORRY, WE'RE NOT GONNA LOSE
HIM.

EXT. CHURCH - BRAMEN'S FUNERAL - DAY

Church bells chime slowly DONG DONGG DONGGG; black banners hang; dozens of Senators and dignitaries walk in a cortege into the church. Pall bearers, including Reps. Masterson and Harsntone, carry the coffin of Senator Bramen into the church. WALKING BEHIND THEM ARE SAMMY AND AARON, DRESSED IN BLACK. THEY GLANCE AT EACH OTHER GUILTILY. BEHIND THEM ARE MARSHA AND DOZENS OF GIRL GUIDES.

INT. SCOTT'S DEN - DAY

He sits watching the funeral on C-SPAN. Brenda stands in front of the television.

BRENDA
Why are you watching C-Span all the
time?

SCOTT
I'm not.

BRENDA
You ARE. We're supposed to be
watching the re-run of Top Chef!

SCOTT
Could you get out of the way
please?

BRENDA
You're still in love with her! Get
over it!

She turns off the TV and leaves him sighing on the couch. Then he jumps up and turns it back on: the casket is in the church.

INT. BRAMEN'S CHURCH FUNERAL - DAY

The casket sits draped in an American flag at the front. A OLDER WOMAN SINGS 'PROUD TO BE AN AMERICAN' with organ accompaniment. Aaron and Sammy sit with Marsha. Sammy is PISSED. Aaron reaches for her hand but she YANKS it away.

AARON

(whispers)

How many times do I have to say I'm sorry? I got caught in the jaws of politics, but I do love you, look, we killed a man, can't you show some compassion here? We're in church. Take the long view: we can try to draft a real health bill. Meanwhile you go pay for your and your friends' operations to make sure no one else dies.

SAMMY

(whispers, pissed)

I CAN'T pay for any operations because I lied too and I'm not rich. Deal with that.

Aaron looks stunned as this sinks in.

AARON

(stunned; whispers)

Not even a little rich?

SAMMY

(whispers)

No. I'm an unemployed temp who can't afford to get her nail removed. I acted rich to get a bill going and even that didn't work, thank you very much.

AARON

(exhales, whispers)

Wow. Well, I guess it makes me feel a little better that we both lied.

SAMMY

(whispers)

In my case it was to save my and my friends' lives and in yours it was cowardice and greed, but the important thing is we're being honest now. (sighs, softening)

AARON

(whispers)

Let me pay for your operation. How about it.

SAMMY
(whispers)
Are YOU rich?

AARON
(whispers)
Hell no, but as a member of
Congress I have awesome health
care. I can give you my surgery
voucher.

Sammy studies Aaron, then sees Lydia and Norm looking at her
from the other side of Aaron.

SAMMY
(whispers)
What about my friends?

AARON
(whispers)
Do I look like I'm made of
vouchers? I have one major surgery
voucher I can give away.

Masterson turns, pissed, from two pews in front of them.

REP. MASTERSON
SHHHH.

The woman continues to sing up front.

AARON
Just get the fucking nail removed.

SAMMY
(looks ahead, whispers)
No. I won't do it til everyone can
get the same help.

AARON
I hate to say this, but you could
be old and dead before you pass
that bill.

SAMMY
There has to be SOME way.

AARON
There isn't, unless something SUPER
DRAMATIC happens, and how often
does that happen?

SAMMY

He died, that was dramatic.

AARON

Which makes it even LESS likely
we'll get ANOTHER super dramatic
thing, let alone one that HELPS
you.

Sammy thinks hard as the SINGER ENDS the song. Masterson
stands solemnly and starts toward the podium. Sammy suddenly
leaps to her feet.

AARON

(whispers)

What are you doing?

Sammy walks quickly to the front, PUSHES PAST Masterson, who
looks stunned, and takes the podium before he can.

SAMMY

(at the podium)

What a sad, sad occasion it is that
has brought us together today.

She looks out at the massive crowd, the BRAMEN'S TEARFUL
WIDOW and GROWN CHILDREN, the many television cameras and
photojournalists, WRATHFUL MASTERSON AND HARSHSTONE, terrified
Aaron, and she starts to panic for a moment, then gathers
herself.

SAMMY

My name is Sammy Joyce, and I am a
regular citizen from Tennessee whom
Senator Bramen was kind enough to
take the time to see yesterday. I
was there when he died.

She looks emotionally to Bramen's widow and family tearfully.
Sammy puts a hand over her heart then extends it to the
family, and nods. They nod back, bonding in grief.

SAMMY

I was there, trying to heimlich the
cookie chunks from the majority
leader's throat, but I just
couldn't heimlich [she stops,
choked up] enough to make those
macadamia bits come up. I just
couldn't do it. I tried! And I
blame myself!

The WIDOW SHAKES HER HEAD at Sammy, as if to say 'Don't blame yourself.' Masterson looks disgusted.

SAMMY

Even though I didn't tell him to eat that overly chunky death star cookie while he was mad. You should never eat mad.

Masterson approaches, red faced, to take the podium but Sammy covers her eyes like she is crying and holds up the other hand to Masterson to stop. He does, and waits, furious.

SAMMY

Here's the kind of man Senator Bramen was: he met with me not because I'm some rich donor, but because I am a woman with a nail in my head that I cannot afford to have removed. Here was a man who, I have learned, gleefully crushed every piece of health legislation he could get his liver-spotted hands on during his 31 year career, but do you know what his last, dying words were? I do. Because he said them to me, in my ear, as he lay choking on that cookie. He said, 'Sammy,' he said, 'Sammy, if a Senator had a nail in his head, Congress would pay to have it removed. Why can't you and all Americans be shown that same human decency?' [She weeps] He REVERSED his position, what an extraordinary man that makes him, and this is what he will be remembered for.

MARSHA LEADS THE GIRL GUIDES IN A STANDING OVATION THAT TAKES OVER THE ENTIRE CHURCH WITH CHEERS. Even the journalists and Bramen's family stand and cheer. Masterson is tortured but it's too late. He's lost the defining moment.

SAMMY

(BEAMS, SHOUTS OVER
APPLAUSE)

We have to fulfill the Senator's dream. Let's do it for HIM!

CHEERING GROWS LOUDER. Aaron looks at Sammy with awe, then sees Masterson and Harshtone FURIOUS, staring daggers at him and his face goes from awestruck by Sammy to TERRIFIED of the consequences. JOURNALISTS SWARM AROUND SAMMY.

REPORTER
Sammy, did Bramen say
anything else as he died?

REPORTER 2
Why do you think Bramen
reversed his position in his
last moments?

Aaron look shocked and amazed, til Masterson puts a hand on
his shoulder and, with Harshtone, smiles at cameras, as they
guide a scared Aaron through the crowd to a SIDE DOOR.

REP. BAM MASTERSON
(smiling at cameras)
Smile, Driver.

Across the church, the swarmed Sammy looks worried as she
sees Aaron look over his shoulder at her with an 'I'm fucked
now' look as he's taken out.

INT. SIDE CHAPEL OF CHURCH - DAY

Empty, quiet, as Aaron sits, scared, watching Masterson pace
bitterly, while Harshtone just stares eerily at Aaron.

REP. MASTERSON
(furious, pacing)
It wasn't enough to KILL the
majority leader, you let her take a
massive shit on his lifetime
legacy.

AARON
(scared)
I didn't plan today's shit, I can't
control her.

REP. HARSHTONE
Please, she's your girlfriend, and
she pulled off quite an evil stunt
out there.

AARON
(proud in spite of
himself)
You have to admit it was pretty
genius what she did.

REP. MASTERSTON
DRIVER!

REP. HARSHTONE
(disapproving mother)
I am so, so disappointed.

AARON

I'm sorry, I'm sorry. We'll fix it!

REP. MASTERSON

It won't be easy to undo what she did. But you're going to undo it, of course.

Aaron looks torn.

INT. BACK HALL OF CHURCH - DAY

Sammy closes a door on the loud crowd and pressing reporters behind her, and enters the empty hall. She walks to a quiet side chapel where she finds Aaron sitting alone.

SAMMY

You said dramatic and we got it, I know it's scary with the leadership but we have the momentum.

AARON

(sweetly)

You were amazing. You were.
[stands] But I'm sorry, I don't have your crazy courage. That isn't how I got here, I'm the SAFE guy, the lawyer for the corporation who got here the easy way, and you're amazing, but I'm...not.

SAMMY

You can be! Come on, I've gotta run with this! I need you!

AARON

I know, this is your shot. But I'm not strong enough to help you.

He opens the window of the side chapel, starts to climb out

SAMMY

Where are you going?!

AARON

To hide til I figure this out. Yes it's panicked and cowardly, but I guess that's me right now, just keepin' it real. I'll call you. I'm sorry.

SAMMY

Aaron!

Sammy watches him run into the trees as we hear the SOUND
PRELAP OF INCOMING SCENE:

MARSHA

(OS)

As Grand National Sacajawea of all
Girl Guides, I apologize --

INT. STAGE-HOTEL BALLROOM - GIRL GUIDE LEADERSHIP COUNCIL

Marsha addresses 500 assembled Girl Guide leaders.

MARSHA

--for the disappointment of not
delivering Justin Timberlake. But
as payback to the guys who lied and
let us down, plus to do some good,
I decree that we direct our efforts
to Congress to GET THE NAIL OUT.

GIRL GUIDE

ALL GIRL GUIDES TOGETHER

(stands)

(chanting)

GET THE NAIL OUT!

GET THE NAIL OUT! GET THE
NAIL OUT! GET THE NAIL OUT!

Marsha's mother nods, along with OTHER DEN MOTHERS.

MARSHA

Here's our inspiration and leader,
Sammy Joyce.

Sammy steps up and takes the mic.

SAMMY

If you're on a Girl Guide camp out
and an axe gets embedded in your
femur, or your face is badly burned
in a s'mores accident, you'll be
taken care of by this bill even if
your family isn't insured. How's
that sound, girl tigers?

THE GIRL GUIDES CHEER.

MARSHA

(MORE)

And we have a new SPECIAL EDITION
cookie to replace the discontinued
hazardous Death Star cookie: It's
the Sammy Nail in the Head Cookie,
all soft and non-chokable!

SHE HOLDS IT UP-- CLOSE ON COOKIE SHAPED LIKE SAMMY'S FACE
AND HEAD WITH A NAIL IN IT AND red blood drop. Marsha puts
it in Sammy's mouth and she chews. Everybody cheers again.

MONTAGE TO 'GOING OUT OF MY HEAD (OVER YOU)'
EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD

-CRANE SHOT FROM ABOVE: 300 Girls Scouts in a cluster RUN AND
SPREAD OUT fast like a pill dissolving in water.

-Single shots of girls knocking on doors that then are opened
by VARIOUS PEOPLE.

-LYDIA and Ralph, in a long relay line of girl guides, UNLOAD
CRATES OF COOKIES from a truck, reach for same box at same
time, touch HANDS, look at each other, START SUCKING FACE.

EXT. SUBURBAN PORCH

SAMMY (on doorstep with Marsha) Hi!	MARSHA We have a special Sammy Nail in The Head Cookie --
--	--

SAMMY
I'm Sammy! Try my cookie!

ANOTHER PORCH

WOMAN AT DOOR
(chewing)
What are the red things?

GIRL GUIDE
They represent the blood on Sammy's
head, and the grey marshmallow
inside represents her precious
brain matter.

WOMAN AT DOOR
Yum. I'll take four boxes.

CUT TO:

MAN AT DOOR
Seven boxes.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER MAN
Nine boxes.

CUT TO:

ORNERY WOMAN
When I was a Girl Guide we didn't
do any of this stupid political
stuff.

GIRL GUIDE
I'll take back the thick mints if
you're gonna talk like that.

ORNERY WOMAN
You can't take back the mints if I
don't buy the Sammy Nail cookies!

The woman starts to SLAM the door and the Girl Guide shoves
her foot in it, which is CRUSHED by the door.

GIRL GUIDE
(in agony)
OWW. (now shouts a code signal) Caw-
cawww caw-caww!

Girl Guides swarm from every direction onto the ornery
customer, who disappears in a beat down.

INT. SUBURBAN LIVING ROOM

A GIRL GUIDE sits at her computer watching **YOU-TUBE where a
GIRL GUIDE VIDEO PLAYS:**

YOU-TUBE VIDEO: AN 11 YEAR OLD GIRL'S PINKISH ROOM - with
Shakira posters, dolls, lacy pillows.

THREE GIRL GUIDES in uniform carry in a girl guide PATIENT,
bloody head and hand bandaged and put her on the bed.

GIRL GUIDE ONE
She's got a nail in her head and
one in her hand and her family has
a piece of shit HMO.

GIRL GUIDE ONE
We have to perform unlicensed home
surgery. Scalpel.

She is handed a kitchen knife, pries at the head of the patient til SHE SCREAMS in agony --

GIRL GUIDE VICTIM
AHHHH. HELLLPPP!!

FAKE BLOOD SPURTS WILDLY from tubes in girl's head and hand.

GIRL GUIDE TWO
She's hemorrhaging!

GIRL GUIDES
(blood splattered, close
into camera)
AHHHHHHHHHHH.

SMASH CUT TO:

SHAKIRA BLASTS as the four bloody girl guides dance, shake, and rotate in unison, one hand in the air Shakira-style.

SMASH -- the video ENDS abruptly.

GIRL GUIDE WATCHING ON UTUBE
Awesome! Gotta send it to all my
friends on My Space!

GIRL GUIDE'S DAD
(over her shoulder)
Send it to me, too, honey, it'll be
super duper at the office.

CUT TO:

-WOMAN IN KITCHEN, 35 -- watching the UTube video on a laptop, laughing.

-WORKERS IN AN OFFICE, watching and laughing

-MULTIPLY IT TIL THE SCREEN DOUBLES, TRIPLES, QUADRUPLES, TIL IT IS FILLED WITH 50 little boxes of people watching U Tube laughing at the Girl Guides. BURSTING THROUGH THIS SHOT IS --

-CRANE DOWN: AS ALL GIRL GUIDES GATHER TOGETHER BUSBY BERKLEE STYLE (VERSUS DISPERSING EARLIER)- CHEERING AND PUMPED UP

100 GIRL GUIDES
YAHHHHHHHHHH.

CRANE DOWN TO CENTER OF THIS CROWD: SAMMY LOOKS UP AND BEAMS AT THE CAMERA FROM THE MIDDLE OF THE Girl Guides.

INT. MASTERSON'S OFFICE - DAY

REP. HARSHTONE

(slams down documents)

Email's 9 to 1 in favor of that little nail skank. The Girl Guides are killing us. [looks out window] Now they're camped on the mall.

REP. MASTERSON

What's happened to the poison oak spray we deployed?

REP. HARSHTONE

Slower-acting than we expected.

REP. MASTERSON

Driver's in hiding. He won't dare help them, which means they can camp and U Tube all they want they got NOBODY to introduce their bill.

EXT. THE MALL IN FRONT OF THE CAPITOL

Activity buzzes as Girl Guides set up tents on the mall. Rep. Butterman walks with Sammy.

SAMMY

Look at this [sweeping hand gesture to tents]. We have massive support [hands clasped together]. We need one [one finger up] congressman to introduce [arm gesture] our legislation.

REP. BUTTERMAN

In principle I can't [fist onto palm] because it contradicts [hands criss cross as in 'no goal'] the three year plan [three fingers up] to propose comprehensive [globe hands] single payer insurance.

SAMMY

(finger down throat)

UGHGHH.

Butterman leaves. Sammy whips out and dials her cell phone.

SAMMY
(tense)
It's me, Aaron.

AARON (O.S.)
Sammy, I'm so glad you called.

SAMMY
Where the hell are you? We have
everything we need, except a
congressman to introduce our bill.
I need you, Aaron.

EXT. OPEN WOODED AREA IN VIRGINIA - DAY

Aaron stands with his cell phone, naked, with black mud lines
drawn all over his face and body like a native.

AARON
(into phone)
I'm on a Vision Quest to find my
inner core so I can possibly take a
stand with you.

SAMMY
Are you kidding me?

AARON
I've never been more serious in my
life. I also had to leave town to
avoid Masterson.

SAMMY
When do you expect to find your
core?

AARON
It depends on how I do in the ring
of fire - it's no cakewalk here,
they don't just hand out cores left
and right like at some workshops,
this one's hard core.

Suddenly a man garrotes Aaron from behind with a strap,
jerking him flat onto his back, then dragging him fast into a
thirty foot wide ring of fire. Men in moose antlers stand
chanting as a two flaming clubs are thrust into Aaron's
hands. Aaron DUCKS when AN OPPONENT with his own flaming
clubs swings at Aaron's head. They each take big, flaming
swipes at each other in the dark. Aaron goes down when he's
hit in the legs.

AARON
(drops to his knees)
AUGGGHHH.

EXT. STAGE AT TENT ENCAMPMENT OUTSIDE CAPITOL -- NIGHT

Sammy addresses the Girl Guide throngs.

SAMMY
LADIES: Who says a bunch of girls
can't change the world?

GIRL GUIDES
YEAHHHH!

Sammy looks to the side of the stage for Aaron, and Norm and Marsha SHAKES HER HEAD 'NO.'

SAMMY
We were hoping for a Congressman to
show up and help, but, quelle
surprise, doesn't look like it -

AARON (O.S.)
(shouting)
I AM THE FIRE WARRIOR!

Sammy looks up as THE CROWD TURNS AND PARTS FROM THE BACK AS AARON RUNS FORWARD in a tattered, burned suit, streaks of dirt and black paint on his face as HE LEAPS ONTO THE STAGE. Sammy and the girl guides look kind of shocked.

AARON
My name is Aaron Driver and I AM
MANNNN. Also, CongressMANNN,
Tennessee, 3rd district. I have
here in my hand a pair of Moose
balls.
(holds above his head)
A trophy for finding my inner core
in Virginia - which gives me the
power to announce that I'm
resigning from my party before they
lynch me in a secret ceremony and
make it look like an accident, and
I'm registering as an Independent.

SAMMY
Wow.

Crowd erupts into CHEERS.

AARON

(thru the cheers)

Hold on, it gets better: tomorrow I will introduce on the floor of the House a bill to provide Basic Catastrophic Health Care for all, especially this hot woman who's put a nail through my heart.

A ROARING CHEER GROWS LOUDER. AARON EMBRACES SAMMY, DIPS HER, AND GIVES HER A LONG KISS.

FADE OUT/ FADE IN: AS THE SUN RISES OVER THE MALL IN FRONT OF THE CAPITOL. THE MALL HAS BEEN TRANSFORMED INTO A TENT CITY thanks to all the girl guide tents. A church bell rings out 'BONG, BONGGG' this is a momentous day. Aaron and Sammy emerge from their tent; Marsha and girl guides run through camp ringing a hand bell and handing out BUTTONS OF SAMMY'S HEAD SILHOUETTED WITH THE NAIL STICKING OUT (though in reality it is flush with her scalp). AND BRAMEN PHOTO PIN: "HE DIED FOR YOUR NAILS."

CUT TO: A MONTAGE to stirring build of music as each Girl Guide fixes her uniform, puts on their Sammy pins, and bump fists with a fellow Guide.

AT SAMMY AND AARON'S CAMPSITE, Sammy fixes her navy suit, as he uses a hand steamer on her blouse.

CUT TO:

Sammy and Aaron lock arms and step into the MAIN STREET OF THE TENT CITY AS THE MUSIC BUILDS. THEY MARCH PURPOSEFULLY as Norm, Lydia and Ralph fall in behind them, followed by Marsha and the Girl Guides from each row of tents, going to the Capitol. Aaron raises the moose balls to his nose and INHALES deeply, which seems to fortify him.

WOLF BLITZER stands next to the passing procession.

WOLF BLITZER

On what was scheduled to be the launch day of the Death Star prototype, a basic health care bill, riding a strong wave of Girl Guide support, has stolen BALSAC's momentum. Here's the woman of the hour now. Some say she's crazy, some say she's hot, some say she's hot and crazy. And a visionary. Hi, Sammy.

SAMMY
Hello, Wolf.

ARRON
(leans in front of Sammy)
I'm Representative Aaron Driver,
I'll be doing most of the work
today.

WOLF BLITZER
Playing a high stakes game that
could cost you your career,
Congressman.
(walking along)
What inspired you to go against
your party and turn independent?

AARON
I'm hoping each party will see the
wisdom of this bill before I lose
my seat.

Masterson runs up and TEARS the Bramen 'Died for This' button
off Aaron.

REP. MASTERSON
Today belongs to the Death Star,
beloved project of the late
Senator, not to the girlie cookies
that killed him.

AARON
I guess my own party will need some
cajoling, but I have high hopes for
the other party --

Rep. Butterman runs up and slaps, hits, kicks Aaron --

REP. BUTTERMAN
My three year plan is the way to
go, not this baby step crap!

WOLF BLITZER
Looks like trouble from both sides
of the aisle.

As Sammy and Aaron continue LOBBYISTS IN SUITS run alongside
them. Everett jogs along, looking concerned.

CHUBBY PHARMACEUTICAL LOBBYIST
Congressman, Pharmaceutical
International will still be taken
care of by you, won't it?

AARON

Of course! You guys backed my campaign to get elected, I won't let you down --

SAMMY ELBOWS HIM HARD IN THE RIBS.

AARON

AGGH. Actually my new priority is to introduce this daring basic care bill.

CHUBBY PHARMACUETICAL GUY

In that case, we're gonna have to -- this is uncomfortable -- can we have the keys to the car back?

AARON

Oh geez, not the Mercedes, come on!

SAMMY

Aaron, Abe Lincoln never had a Mercedes and he won the Civil War and ended up with his face on money.

AARON

Yes, you're right.

He takes out the moose balls, raises them to his nose and INHALES DEEPLY as SAMMY THEN RIPS THE KEYS from his suit pocket. Everett makes a grab for them, but Sammy bats his hand away and gives the keys to Pharmaceutical Guy.

CHUBBY PHARMACEUTICAL GUY

Also that deal with our custom tailor's gonna have to go, too.

Chubby Pharmaceutical Lobbyist RIPS THE SUIT OFF AARON'S BACK THEN RIPS THE SLEEVES OFF HIS SHIRT, so Aaron is walking in a sleeveless shirt with a tie and no jacket. As they continue to walk AN INSURANCE LOBBYIST falls in step with them.

INSURANCE LOBBYIST

Hi, Tom Jenkins from the Association of Insurers.

AARON

Thanks for coming, Tom. How'd that fishing trip work out?

INSURANCE LOBBYIST

We sure missed ya, caught some big
ass marlins. Hey, we wanna make
sure you're not really gonna
introduce this hideous bill unless
we rewrite it.

AARON

Sure, Tom, we'll play golf and AHHH-

SAMMY PULLS THE BACK OF AARON'S HAIR, TILTING HIS HEAD BACK.

AARON

(head tilted back)

I'm pushing a brave, simple law
today with basic rights for all
Americans, period.

With that THE INSURANCE LOBBYIST TEARS AARON'S PANTS OFF IN
ONE MOTION. Now Aaron is just walking in jockeys, black
socks, black shoes, a tie and a shirt with no sleeves.

A GROUP OF CONGRESSMEN joins Aaron and Sammy as they march up
the STEPS TO THE CAPITOL.

CONGRESSMAN

You're not going to break with our
moderate do-nothing caucus and lose
election funds, are you?

AARON

Uh, looks like it, unfortunately.

THEY LOOK AT HIM AND DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO, THEN THEY RIP HIS
SOCKS OFF. NOW HE IS WALKING WITH SHOES NO SOCKS, JOCKEY
SHORTS, A TIE, A SHIRT WITH NO SLEEVES.

SAMMY

Now you have nothing, just like Abe
Lincoln!

AARON

I don't know how I'll get re-
elected without their support, but
maybe this high profile bill will
make me a bigger celebrity so I can
run for Senate and make more money.

SAMMY

Try not to sound quite so self-
interested, sweetie. Remember
ideals are fueling you now.

AARON

I thought love was fueling me.

He starts caressing her breasts and kissing her neck.

SAMMY

Love and ideals, let's move.

SUDDENLY, SCOTT RUNS UP AND TEARS OFF A PIECE OF AARON'S SHIRT. Aaron stares daggers at him.

AARON

What lobbyist are you?

SCOTT

The one trying to win back Sammy's heart. How much will it cost me?

AARON

A knuckle sandwich, your timing blows plus we're already in love.

SAMMY

Scott, I thought we broke up.

SCOTT

All I watch is C-SPAN, but I can't help myself. These last ten days have been pure hell. I miss you. I'm SORRY, but c'mon, I deserve another chance because of this nail stuff and you know it.

SAMMY

You're a little late, Scott.

AARON

As I said, major blowingness in your timing.

SAMMY

I'm with Aaron now and we're introducing a bill that could change history.

SCOTT

You're riding a high that's gonna crash so hard, baby. I KNOW you, he doesn't even know you.

AARON

I know her lungs, pancreas, you name it, I know it. Liver.

Sammy looks from Scott to Aaron.

SCOTT

How many women has he met in Washington? You're probably nothing special to him. But you are to me, with your new celebrity we'll be treated like royalty back home, think of it, Sammy! Carte blanche at the Fancy Gondola. Live the dream with me.

Sammy looks a bit torn as she stares into Scott's eyes. Aaron steps between them.

AARON

(listens to his watch,
taps it)

Excuse me, but that's the past, this is the present. She's got more going on now.

SAMMY

I need some space, Scott.

SCOTT

You got it. Take all the space you need. I'll be waiting.

Scott moves three feet behind them and follows closely as they continue up the steps.

SAMMY

(over shoulder to Scott)
More space than that.

AARON

(over shoulder to Scott)
I wanna see 100 yards, please, or I'll come at you with a flaming club, I'm warning you, don't mess with a Fire Warrior.

SCOTT

Oooh a fire warrior, is that one of your slick D.C. nicknames?

Scott drops back only 4 feet behind them and croons tauntingly the Sade song "Smooth Operator."

SCOTT
(singing tauntingly)
He's a smooth operatorrrrr...a
smooth operatorrrrr...

SAMMY
Let it go, ignore him.

Aaron turns, lunges onto Scott and they fight on the ground.

GIRL GUIDES
Fight, fight, fight!!!

REP. BAM MASTERSON
Fight, fight, fight!

MARSHA
Go for the arm bar, Mr. Driver!

Aaron locks Scott in an arm bar before they are pulled apart.
They leave Scott brushing himself off as they march into the
Capitol, MUSIC SWELLS DRAMATICALLY.

SCOTT
(shouts after them)
You wait! You'll see I'm right!

WOLF BLITZER
Emotions run high, fueled by the
Helen of Troy named Sammy of
Tennessee.

Overhearing, Sammy fluffs her hair, secretly proud when
suddenly she has A DIZZY MOMENT; AARON STEADIES HER, SHE
NODS, SHE'S OK.

INT. CAPITOL - CONTINUOUS

WIDE SHOT shows the girl guide-packed gallery and the House
floor beyond, where representatives take their seats. The
SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE, a silver haired man, 75, TAKES THE
PODIUM AT THE FRONT AND hits the gavel: BANG BANG BANG.

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE
Let this 110th congress be called
to order.

Everybody sits down, INCLUDING AARON WITH SAMMY BY HIS SIDE.

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE
Do we have any new business today?

Aaron stands up, all eyes are on him.

AARON

I move to propose a basic
catastrophic health care bill for
all Americans.

CHEERING GIRL GUIDES

YAAHHHH.

Sammy beams as she looks up at the cheering Girl Guides --
then she sees Scott sitting with them, signing "I Heart You"
to Sammy and "Loser" to Aaron, who glares back at Scott.

SPEAKER

Order! We have a motion on the
floor. Does anyone second?

HARSHTONE RUSHES UP TO MASTERSON, PULLS OUT PAPERS, HANDS
THEM OVER AND WHISPERS IN HIS EAR; HE ABRUPTLY STANDS.

REP. BAM MASTERSON

(holds up the papers)

Mr. Speaker, we have some important
revelations that I believe will
change everything. They will expose
these people for the frauds they
are and let us get back to the bill
the late Senator Bramen truly
wanted us to focus on: the Death
Star.

AARON, SAMMY, THE OTHERS WATCH, WORRIED.

SAMMY

What's he got?

AARON

(worried)

I have no idea.

REP. BAM MASTERSON

We already know Sammy Joyce lied
and faked her way into Rep.
Driver's good graces, but perhaps
she wouldn't have gone to all that
trouble if she'd known Driver's
true character.

Murmurs ripple through the gallery. Scott nods.

REP. BAM MASTERSON
I hold in my hand a signed
affidavit showing that Mr. Driver
was sexually involved with another
woman lobbyist before Sammy Joyce,
who also used him to introduce
legislation.

SCOTT
(shouts from the gallery)
I TOLD YOU! I FELT IT IN MY GUT!

THE CROWD GASPS. SAMMY LOOKS AT AARON, HURT. AARON SWEATS.

REP. BAM MASTERSON
This pattern continues today, where
Mr. Driver is the sexual hand
puppet of Sammy Joyce, author of
this bill. It's like she has her
hand up his bum and is making his
jaw and limbs do whatever she
wants.

Murmurs and gasps grow throughout the chamber. Sammy is
shocked, Aaron looks profoundly humiliated.

REP. HARSHTONE
THIS SOUNDS LIKE A POSSIBLE
CENSURE, INVOLVING ETHICS CHARGES.

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE
I'm afraid it does.

AARON DRIVER
NONE OF THAT IS TRUE!

REP. HARSHTONE
Really? Here's the woman.

AN ATTRACTIVE BLOND, 35, is escorted by pages to the front
amid murmurs.

REP. MASTERSON
What legislation did you use your
hot body to get Mr. Driver to
introduce here?

ATTRACTIVE BLOND LOBBYIST, 35
Off reservation casinos. And thank
you, I work out every day.

A gasp through the House.

REP. MASTERSON

It seems Mr. Driver's convictions
can be bought fairly easily if
you're got a nice pair of legs.

AARON

Sammy --

SAMMY

This won't stop us, Aaron. It's one
woman, big deal.

REP. MASTERSON

But this isn't the only woman
lobbyist Mr. Driver slept with.
My next witness is from Arizona --

AN ATTRACTIVE BRUNETTE, 40, walks out to the front and joins
the first woman facing the House.

REP. MASTERSON

Who got Driver to introduce a bill
on --

ATTRACTIVE BRUNETTE, 40

Dynamite fishing.

REP. MASTERSON

The legalization of dynamite
fishing.

Sounds of disgust issue from the gallery.

GALLERY SPECTATOR

(shouting)

You monster!

AARON

(shouting back)

It was only for polluted lakes with
toxic fish!

SAMMY

(to Aaron)

Big deal, two women lobbyists, I
can handle that.

REP. MASTERSON

And there is a THIRD woman, who
partnered with Driver --

AN ATTRACTIVE THIRD WOMAN WALKS UP.

ATTRACTIVE THIRD
Our bill protected tax shelters for
off shore businesses known as
'shell' corporations--

Sammy rolls her eyes with the beginnings of exasperation.

REP. MASTERSON
The FOURTH wanted to fund research
into transexual operations and is
herself a transexual --

AARON
(to Sammy as she glares at
him)
I didn't know and we never went all
the way.

SAMMY
(starting to lose it)
Goddamnit, Aaron.

She gets dizzy, leans on a desk, shakes it off.

NORM
Sammy! Are you okay?

SAMMY
I can't tell if it's the nail or
the sleaze that's nauseating me.

DISSOLVE TO:

GIRL GUIDES IN THE GALLERY LOOK DEFLATED, PISSED, EXHAUSTED.
SCOTT, SITTING AMID THEM, IS BEAMING.

REP. MASTERSON
The 16th woman to sign our
affidavit actually was into shells,
like seashells, and wanted to put
more of them on our beaches --

AARON
I never really took that bill
seriously, it was all about the sex
with her.

SAMMY LOOKS COMPLETELY PISSED, UNDONE, FED UP. HER EYES ARE NARROWED TO SLITS. ONE OF AARON'S MOOSE BALLS SLIPS FROM HIS HAND AND ROLLS ACROSS THE FLOOR WHERE MASTERSON STEPS ON IT.

AARON

Sammy, please! It's a cheap effort to take us down cuz I dared to break away from the pack and you know it.

SAMMY

Yes, but it's killing me inside, Aaron, I can't take much more. I think it's killing our bill, too.

AARON

The important thing is I never loved a single one of them in any way close to the way that I love you.

He takes her hands, they stare into each other's eyes, moist with emotion, Sammy starts to melt.

SEA SHELL WOMAN

(on mic up front)

He truly loved me, and I could feel it, we shared a deep abiding love that I still feel to this day in every cell and pore of my tanned body. Plus inside the four chambers of my heart.

SAMMY

Son of a bitch, that does it.

All melting freezes. Sammy looks like she's been slapped. Girl guides glare daggers at Aaron as Scott claps his hands.

REP. BAM MASTERSON

Every one of these boinked women introduced bills via Mr. Driver. So Sammy's bill is as frivolous as all the others.

Gasps and murmurs throughout the chamber.

AARON

Mr. Speaker, I need to confer with my lawyer.

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE
I should say so, Mr. Driver. You're
excused.

AARON
(turns to Sammy, fervent)
Don't let them tear us apart. There
were no heartasms, no gall
bladderisms, I swear on my life. I
was sleep-walking til I met you,
you have to believe me.

HE REACHES FOR HER HANDS, SHE PULLS AWAY, IN TEARS.

AARON
I'll be back. I'll fix this.

THE CROWD MURMURS. AARON LEAVES WITH EVERETT. SAMMY CRIES AS
THE OTHERS LOOK DEVASTATED. SCOTT MAKES A FIST OF VICTORY IN
FRONT OF HIS OWN FACE.

LYDIA
(calling from the gallery)
SPEAK SAMMY! We need to stay alive
here!

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE
Sammy, you may speak as a witness
for Mr. Driver's bill.

Sammy faces the chamber a bleary-eyed mess.

SAMMY
(teary)
I uh...I don't know if I have much
to say. I guess I didn't really
know Mr. Driver.

SOME CHORTLES FROM CONGRESS - MASTERSON AND HARSHTONE HIGH
FIVE. SAMMY LOOKS UP AT SCOTT WHO'S NODDING VIGOROUSLY. NEXT
TO HIM SHE SEES MARSHA STARING AT HER HOPEFULLY, WITH OTHER
GIRL GUIDES. SHE SEES NORM PRAYING ALONGSIDE LYDIA AND RALPH.
WITH GREAT EFFORT, SAMMY WIPES HER TEARS, COMPOSES HERSELF.

SAMMY
But this isn't just about me. This
bill...[she struggles] is...more
important than... a single
congressman, or his stupid ugly
lobbyist whores...

THE SIXTEEN WOMEN RAISE THEIR EYEBROWS AT HER. SAMMY FALTERS
AND TRIES TO REFOCUS.

SAMMY

It's about real people...OWW
(clutching her head in pain)...with
real problems...(grasping for the
desk to steady herself)...and real
nails stuck in brains...for too
long...and America should set the
gold standard for citizens around
the [suddenly in Portuguese] world,
it's a disgrace [sudden rage, back
to English] PASS THIS OR I WILL
KILL YOU DOUCHES [sudden lust]I'm
horny you guys look hot OW my head
hurts! ARGHH--

SAMMY'S EYES ROLL BACK AND SHE COLLAPSES TO THE FLOOR. PEOPLE
GASP AND SHRIEK.

NORM

We need a doctor!

THEY LIFT SAMMY AND CARRY HER OUT.

INT. MAKESHIFT CONGRESSIONAL CLINIC - DAY

Sammy lies on a gurney, conscious but clearly in a lot of
pain. Her parents, Scott, Lydia, Ralph, Norm, and Girl Guides
are there. A CONGRESSIONAL DOCTOR COMES IN WITH X-RAYS.

CONGRESSIONAL DOCTOR

If we don't remove the nail
immediately, she'll suffer a
hemorrhage and die.

SAMMY'S FATHER

Take it out!

SAMMY

(weak)
No, not till everyone can get the
help they need.

SAMMY'S MOM

Don't be a martyr, Sammy, we've
gotta save your life.

MARSHA

(crying)
Be a martyr, and you'll be on a
commemorative stamp, I'll miss you!

SAMMY'S FATHER
No commemorative stamp, remove it!

SCOTT
Who's gonna pay for the surgery?

AARON
(rushing in the room)
Me! My god Sammy, are you okay?

SAMMY
(weak)
Leave me alone!

Aaron drops to a knee beside her and takes her hand.

AARON
I'm so sorry you had to hear about those other women. It's all true what they said, but I was a different man then. You've made me a better one, and I could never go back to the way I was. I couldn't stand a life that doesn't have you in it. Please, Sammy, I love you.

Sammy stares into his eyes and connects again.

SAMMY
I believe you.

SCOTT
Sammy -

SAMMY
No, Scott. Please.
(soft)
I love you, too, Aaron.

Dramatically, without taking his eyes off Sammy, Aaron hands a piece of paper to the Congressional doctor.

AARON
Use my free surgery voucher.

CONGRESSIONAL DOCTOR
Wow, a double coupon. This covers the operation plus recovery time in Hawaii. Prepare her for surgery right here.

SAMMY
(weakly)
But I want to keep my pledge to
Marsha and everyone like us.

AARON
Sometimes you have to compromise,
Sammy, that's reality. I hope you
realize that when your surgery's
done.

She stares with tearful eyes.

MARSHA
(a tear)
We won't be nail sisters anymore!

INT. MAKESHIFT SURGICAL OPERATING TABLE - LATER

Sammy lies on a cleared-off desk, unconscious, prepped for
surgery. A surgeon with a mask is poised above her.

SURGEON
Scalpel.

A nurse hands him a scalpel, HE LOOKS AT SAMMY'S PARENTS.

SURGEON
We are about to remove one
historic nail.

He operates carefully, the atmosphere is tense. Everyone
watches in surgical scrubs as the nail is SLOWLY SLID HALF-
WAY OUT OF SAMMY'S HEAD when the surgeon STOPS. Sammy's
mother buries her face in Sammy's father's shoulder.

SURGEON
Careful! We almost pulled that
piece of brain out.

SCOTT
(under his breath)
Come on, Sammy.

The entire nail slowly SLIDES OUT. Everyone gasps.

SURGEON
Perfect! Close her up, the
operation's a success.

EVERYONE CLAPS.

LATER - SAMMY COMES TO ON THE GURNEY

NORM
She's waking up!

SAMMY
(coming to)
Am I alive?

AARON
And nail-free, Beautiful.

SAMMY
What happened with the bill?

AARON
It got postponed when you passed out.

SAMMY
Can we save it?

AARON
(honestly)
I'm sorry, I think they beat us. We can try again next year.

SAMMY
(bummed)
Damn. Why did I have to pass out then?

GIRL GUIDE
(runs in)
Hey everybody, they're launching the Death Star!

All eyes turn to THE TV, which shows the Death Star.

VOICE ON TV
6-5-4-3-2-1 LIFT OFF!

WHITE SMOKE ERUPTS FROM THE ROCKETS UNDER THE DEATH STAR AS IT SLOWLY LIFTS OFF AND INTO THE AIR, HEADED FOR SPACE. A CHEER GOES UP IN CONGRESS, LED BY Harshtone and Masterson.

The Death Star soars skyward -- THEN BLOWS SIDEWAYS IN STREAMS OF WHITE SMOKE, like the misfiring 'Challenger' space shuttle.

REP. BAM MASTERSON
(on TV)
That's no biggie.

WOLF BLITZER
(on TV)
The Death Star is malfunctioning!

REP. BAM MASTERSON
Stop that, it's fine.

EXT. STREET - DAY

People stare at the exploding Death Star high in the sky.

PEDESTRIANS
Ohhhh, what happened?

After a pause, LITTLE GLIMMERING METAL SHARDS RAIN DOWN
FLICKING EACH PEDESTRIAN IN THE HEAD WITH A LITTLE SHARD WITH
ONE INNOCUOUS HIT -- NOT GRUESOME, JUST QUICK LITTLE FLICKS.

PEDESTRIAN #1
(holds her head)
Ow, what was that?

PEDESTRIAN #2
(scratches his head)
Hey! Ouch!

MORE PEDESTRIANS TRY TO SHIELD THEMSELVES WITH THEIR ARMS BUT
IT'S NO USE, THEY ALL TAKE LITTLE FLICKS ON THE HEAD.

PEDESTRIANS
OW. WHAT WAS THAT?

EXT. BASEBALL DIAMOND

Kids playing baseball. One kid misses a fly ball.

BASEBALL KID
Dammit! (Then flicked on head) Ow.

EXT. SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT

A mother with a baby in a stroller loads groceries into her
car. She gets hit.

MOTHER
Ouch!

HER BABY
Waah!

INT. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Everyone watches the screen in horror.

SAMMY

Oh my god, what's happening?

ON SCREEN.

WOLF BLITZER

The Death Star's exploded, spewing millions of small nail-like metal pieces like this (holds one up) into people's heads. OW!

BLITZER SCRATCHES HIS HEAD, HE'S BEEN HIT.

WOLF BLITZER

(to a passerby)

Sir, how do you feel?

PASSERBY

A little dizzy, a little horny.

WOLF BLITZER

I'm extremely horny also.

PASSERBY

Can we get a room around here?

WOLF BLITZER

No, we cannot, sir.

EXT. EMERGENCY ROOM

Thousands of people line up, all holding their heads.

INT. MAKESHIFT CONGRESSIONAL CLINIC - CONTINUOUS

Sammy and company watch all this on television.

AARON

What a complete catastrophe.

SAMMY

I think you mean stroke of luck.

AARON

Don't turn dark and cynical, Sammy, it's your idealism that I love.

SAMMY
(big smile)
EVERYONE HAS A NAIL IN THEIR HEAD,
Aaron, see?

AARON
You've become cruel, as well.

LYDIA
They're just like us now!

SAMMY
We gained a HUGE ANGRY
CONSTITUENCY!

AARON
Yes! Anger!

EXT. CAPITOL STEPS

One after another, normal citizens pass Wolf Blitzer's
microphone along and speak into the camera.

OLD BLACK MAN
That girl Sammy wuz tryin' to help,
but we didn't lissen. Now we done
all got nails in our damn heads we
can't affode to git out! We all
Sammy Joyce.

A young Asian woman takes the mike.

YOUNG ASIAN WOMAN
I'm Sammy Joyce!

A middle-aged German man takes the mike.

GERMAN MAN
I'm Sammy Joyce!

MIDGET IN A DIAPER
I'm Sammy Joyce.

CROWD
I'm Sammy Joyce! I'm Sammy Joyce!

INT. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES - CONTINUOUS

The walls vibrate from the noise. Sammy and her posse return
to the House floor, Aaron re-takes his seat. Most of the
congressmen look extremely nervous.

REP. BAM MASTERSON
Mr. Speaker, I move we do something
to make the angry mob go away.

REP. HARSHTONE
How about a military police action?

AARON
How about we pass the Sammy Joyce
bill we just postponed in order to
stop the angry mob from killing us?

The Girl Guides cheer, the roar from outside grows louder.

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE
All in favor?

UNANIMOUS CONGRESS
Aye!

The speaker slams his gavel.

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE
For the first time in the history
of this country, health care wins!

All of Congress stands and gives Sammy a HUGE OVATION. SAMMY
WAVES AT EVERYONE. TRIUMPHANT CHIMES PLAY.

ALL OF THE SUDDEN A BOOM SOUNDS AND LITTLE METALLIC THINGS
FALL FROM THE CEILING. EVERYONE SCREAMS AND DUCKS.

AARON
Relax! It's metal-colored confetti
to symbolize nails! MY IDEA!

EVERYONE LOOKS AT THE SHINY CONFETTI, MANY ARE ANNOYED. Sammy
puts her arms around his neck.

AARON
I owe it all to you, My Little Head
Wound. Do you love me?

SAMMY
More than ever. I need you like I
need a hole in my head, which is a
lot.

AARON
Did you know that this is Abe
Lincoln's old desk?

He taps the desk in front of them.

SAMMY

That turns me on.

She smiles and yanks him down under the desk out of frame.
The ghost of Abe Lincoln appears sitting on the desk.

GHOST OF ABE LINCOLN

Look at those kids sanctifying this
chapel of democracy with their
unbowed idealism and hot asses.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MAKESHIFT CONGRESSIONAL CLINIC - LATER

Sammy slowly comes to FOR REAL. Scott holds her hand.

SCOTT

How's my fantastic receptionist?

SAMMY

WHAT?! Where's Aaron?

SCOTT

Probably banging one of his 16
lobbyist ho's, remember?

SAMMY

NO! He's changed, he told me. He
loves me, he's a better man.

SCOTT

You believed that crap? He's a D.C.
guy, Sammy, he'll say anything.

SAMMY

(pained)

He was with me when I woke up from
surgery and all these things
happened and we were together!

SCOTT

You were dreaming, pretty girl.

SAMMY

No wayyyy!

LYDIA

I'm afraid it's true. When you were
knocked out for surgery, Aaron got
collared by Bam Masterson and
crawled back to his old party.

Sammy inhales with shock. Her eyes well up.

NORM
(shaking his head)
He wasn't the guy we thought he
was.

Sammy sobs in anguish.

SCOTT
(wincing)
It's okay. You're better off,
pretty girl.

MARSHA
(runs in)
They're going to vote on the bill,
but they're willing to hear from
you, Sammy, if you're well enough
to go out there.

SAMMY
Didn't the Death Star explode and
we passed the bill? Please?

LYDIA
Dream, again. Let it go.

SAMMY
God-DAMMIT.

NORM
Can you go out there and save us?
You're the last chance we've got.

SAMMY'S MOM
She just had brain surgery!

LYDIA
Can you handle it, Sammy?

CONGRESSIONAL DOCTOR
She's too weak.

SAMMY
I'm not weak, I just feel super
insecure and scared.

SCOTT
(warmly takes her hand)
That's the Sammy I know. What a
sweetheart.

SAMMY

The nail really was hitting some part of my brain that gave me confidence because I feel like I could NEVER speak to Congress now.

NORM

Come on, Sammy, if you could just--

SAMMY

I don't know if I can.

SCOTT

why don't you all leave her alone? The girl you knew isn't who she really is, that was a brain thing, OK?

People look forlorn as they accept this.

CONGRESSIONAL DOCTOR

Excuse me, this may not be my business, the notion that a confidence part of the brain was stimulated by a nail is Grade 'A' hooey.

SAMMY

But what about the anger, or the Portuguese, or the sex drive?

CONGRESSIONAL DOCTOR

Those all might have been affected, but something general like confidence was NOT the nail, it was all you, Sammy.

SAMMY

For real?

CONGRESSIONAL DOCTOR

For realsy dealsies.

SAMMY

OK, help me up, I'm going out there.

SCOTT

(grabbing Sammy's arm)
You're crazy, don't risk it!

SAMMY

Let me go, Scott. My country needs me.

SAMMY STOICALLY GRABS A METAL MEDICAL CANE AND LEAVES.

INT. CORRIDOR OF CONGRESS --

AS SAMMY WALKS TO THE HOUSE FLOOR, SHE SEES AARON HUDDLING IN THE CORRIDOR WITH MASTERSON AND HARSHTONE. AARON'S EYES MEET HERS, SHE STOPS, HE STEPS TOWARD HER.

AARON

(pained)

Sammy.

SAMMY

Is it true you've gone back?

Masterson and Harshtone step forward and listen.

AARON

I love you very much but my political career is in flames, I have to think about my future. I have to be realistic about what we can get done in this climate. I'm sorry. I hope you'll still love me.

SAMMY

(eyes welling up)

I don't know if I can. I can't believe this is happening. I wish I could go back to the happy dream I had.

AARON

(eyes welling up)

So do I. But here we are. I'm glad you at least got your nail removed.

SAMMY

I gave you my heart and you gave me a double coupon.

AARON

That includes recovery time in Hawaii, by the way.

SAMMY

I heard.

AARON

Try Kona, it's gorgeous this time of year.

Sammy stares at him and shakes her head.

SCOTT

Come on, Sammy, this isn't my thing, but at least I'll stand by you when others fink out like pansies.

Aaron stares as Scott puts his arm around her and walks her to the floor; then Aaron returns to Masterson and Harshstone who nod approvingly.

REP. MASTERSON

Tough choice, but the right one.

Aaron nods, resumes huddling with them.

INT. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES - DAY

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE

I believe this will conclude the last piece of business--

SAMMY

STOP THE VOTE!

People watch as Sammy walks in dramatically with her cane. She PAUSES, LOOKS AT EVERYONE, inhales and suddenly SHOUTS with passion that makes everyone jump in their seats.

SAMMY

LOOK AT ME! I JUST HAD A NAIL
TAKEN OUT OF MY HEAD BY A GREAT
CONGRESSIONAL DOCTOR ON YOUR DIME
which also allows me to go to Kona.
But the only way regular Americans
can get that coverage is if a nail
goes through their heads in a
tsunami. Then FEMA will pay, so why
not just pretend life is a tsunami?
Stop being such selfish rich stingy
bastards and let us all have the
protection YOU spoiled babies have,
PERIOD, OVER, and OUT!

SHE SMASHES STUFF UP ON CONGRESSIONAL DESKS NEARBY WITH HER
CANE, THROWS IT DOWN AND WALKS OFF. THE CROWD GOES WILD.

LYDIA
That was incredible!

NORM
Way to go! You left it all on the
floor, you were amazing!

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE
Let us begin roll call to vote.

THE VOTE OCCURS IN A SERIES OF DISSOLVES AS SAMMY AND GANG
WATCH WITH FINGERS CROSSED.

CONGRESSMAN BUTTERMAN
Even though this isn't part of my
master reform plan, Sammy made me
see it's a good step, so I proudly
vote yes.

SAMMY AND CO.
Hooray!

VOTING CONGRESSMAN
I VOTE NO.

VOTING CONGRESSMAN 2
I VOTE NO.

VOTING CONGRESSMAN 3
I VOTE NO.

NORM
Don't panic, it's only three to
one, there's a lot more voting to
be done.

DISSOLVE TO:

VOTING CONGRESSMAN 430
NO.

VOTING CONGRESSMAN 431
NO.

VOTING CONGRESSMAN 432
NO.

VOTING CONGRESSMAN 433
NO.

VOTING CONGRESSMAN 434
NO.

NORM

OK, now we're just losing by a lot.

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE

(banging his gavel)
Catastrophic Health Care is
decisively defeated.

SAMMY ET AL ARE DEFLATED. THEY GATHER THEIR THINGS, NUMB.

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE

Moving on to other business, we
have a statement from Congressman
Aaron Driver.

SAMMY LOOKS UP. AARON AVOIDS HER GAZE AS HE TAKES THE FLOOR.

AARON

Thank you, Mr. Speaker. First of
all, I want to clearly state that
it was a foolhardy mistake to leave
my party. The same goes for
sponsoring the Catastrophic Care
Bill, thank God it didn't pass.

Sammy's JAW DROPS as she listens.

AARON

I was under the spell of a woman,
my bad. I stand here today humbly
begging my colleagues to forgive my
temporary insanity and let me back
into their strong party, which is
so much better than the lame
Independents which have like, what,
three people? Is that even a party?
I assure my colleagues I will serve
their agenda loyally and well.

SAMMY ALMOST THROWS UP AS SCOTT BRACES HER.

SCOTT

I told you, baby. He's no good.

NORM AND LYDIA HELP SAMMY EXIT, SHELL SHOCKED.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN TO SAMMY'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Sammy packs her bags. Norm, Lydia and Ralph help.

SAMMY
(despondent)
I just want to get out of this town
as quickly as possible.

Lydia reads from a paper.

LYDIA
If it's any consolation, all those
women Aaron slept with said the sex
was terrible.

RALPH
So the connection between you two
WAS special, sort of, as far as the
G-spot goes.

SAMMY
The connection we had was crap. I
bet on the wrong horse - for the
bill, for me, for everything.

Norm, Lydia, and Ralph exchange worried glances.

NORM
But you've gotta get back on a
horse right away, you know? Not the
Aaron horse, but another horse. The
caring-about-life horse.

SAMMY
(sarcastic)
And we'll all make cupcakes with
daisies and rainbows and unicorns.

LYDIA
Have you ever tried weight lifting?
Endorphins can help with sarcastic
despair. Here, start with twenty
pounds.

She pushes a light barbell toward Sammy with her foot. Scott
bursts in with a bouquet of roses.

SCOTT
Is my fiance ready to hit the road?

SAMMY
(resigned)
Almost packed.

Sammy glances at the muted television set, where it says
SNEAKY HEALTH BILL behind NBC anchor Brian Williams.

LYDIA
Should I turn it up?

SAMMY
No, who cares?

Lydia turns up the volume on the television anyway:

BRIAN WILLIAMS
A routine passing of The Big
Company Tax Break Bill today turned
into mayhem due to a surprise RIDER
that was snuck into the bill,
taking the House leadership totally
off guard.

VIDEO FOOTAGE SHOWS BAM MASTERSON AND PATRICIA HARSHTONE
ANGRILY STOMPING AROUND AND SHOUTING ON THE HOUSE FLOOR.

BRIAN WILLIAMS
Apparently a version of the
Catastrophic Care measure that was
defeated last week was snuck into
the Tax Break Bill by notorious
Congressman Aaron Driver --

Sammy, Scott, Lydia, Ralph, Norm, stare at the TV in shock.

LYDIA
What?!

SAMMY
Yes! Aaron!

BRIAN WILLIAMS
The sneaky rider specifically
provides national health care ONLY
for the following three accidents:
a nail in the head; a fallen anus;
and prolonged priapism. For
everyone else, you're on your own
as usual. Here to comment is Ways
and Means Chair Bam Masterson. Is
this a narrow and meaningless
victory, Congressman?

REP. BAM MASTERSON
(via satellite)
It's extremely dangerous, Brian,
the door has been opened and an
avalanche of socialist medical
spending may now follow.

BRIAN WILLIAMS

How will this affect Representative Driver's standing?

REP. BAM MASTERSON

His sneakiness has earned him the dreaded triple censure. He is now expected to resign from Congress before he's officially kicked out.

SAMMY

Wow.

BRIAN WILLIAMS

Mr. Driver joins us live via satellite.

Sammy, Scott, Norm, Lydia and Ralph watch intently as AARON APPEARS IN A SATELLITE SCREEN.

BRIAN WILLIAMS

Sounds like you're in very hot water with your leadership, Congressman.

AARON

They'd like to kill me, Brian, and put me in a wood chipper, which they've kind of done politically with this triple censure.

BRIAN WILLIAMS

Was the sneaky risk worth it?

AARON

For the respect of the only woman I ever loved and everything she taught me about courage and conviction? Hell yes, Brian. If I can't have Sammy Joyce, at least I'll have this narrow but glorious victory I earned fighting for a good law she wrote. You can't cuddle or make love with a law, you can't hold hands with a law, take it to the movies or give it a back rub, but if this is the closest I can get to my only true love, a truly amazing woman, I'm happy this law now exists even though it destroyed my career.

SAMMY STARES AT THE TV WITH HER MOUTH OPEN, HER TOILETRY BAG DROPS FROM HER HAND WITHOUT NOTICE. SHE TEARS UP. SCOTT STEPS IN FRONT OF THE TV WITH HIS BODY.

SCOTT

No, no, no, get in the car, we're going home, getting married, getting back to normal. You'll be a full-time receptionist, a cat food account manager, eventually, and we'll live a simple, solid happy, happy life.

Sammy pushes Scott aside and lovingly touches Aaron's face on the TV screen.

SCOTT

Sammy??

Sammy traces the outline of Aaron's cheek on the TV.

AARON

(on TV)

I don't know if there's any chance you're watching this somewhere out there, Sammy...

SAMMY

There is! I am! I'm right here!

Sammy puts her arms around the TV and nuzzles her face to the screen.

SCOTT

Oh this is nauseating.

AARON

(on TV)

If so, I just want you to know everything I did, I did for you. I love you.

SAMMY

Oh my hot amazing Honey Bear! I love you, too!

SAMMY STARTS FULL-TONGUE MAKING OUT WITH THE SCREEN.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP ON Norm is in his minister collar.

NORM

(big smile)

I'm very happy to now pronounce you
husband and wife. You may make out.

PULL BACK to show that the couple getting married is Lydia and Ralph, who make out. Norm happily pats down the FLAT FRONT of his robe- boner gone! Ralph runs his hands over the back of Lydia's tight mermaid wedding dress, showing that her ass is firmly intact. She shakes it for emphasis.

LYDIA

That's right, baby. My ass is on
the INSIDE.

RALPH

Like a good American ass SHOULD be.

Ralph growls approval. Lydia kisses the nail scar in the middle of his forehead. Bridesmaids Sammy and Marsha, groomsman Aaron cheer and throw METALLIC CONFETTI.

MARSHA

(clapping happily with her
UNNAILED hand)

I can clap as hard as I want now
without repeatedly puncturing
myself!

(examining her hand)

Though I do miss what a great
weapon it was in a beatdown. Thank
god for this.

She pulls out a pocket-sized medieval mace with protruding nails and tests it gently against her palm. DIVINE HAMMER by the Breeders STARTS TO PLAY (the energetic part). Aaron and Sammy laugh and embrace amid the fluttering confetti:

AARON

Maybe we should think about tying
the knot, koo koo bird.

SAMMY

(flirty)

I'm not sure how I feel about
marrying a politician.

AARON

I'm not sure how I feel about
marrying a politician.

PULL BACK reveals "SAMMY FOR CONGRESS" button on his lapel which he taps. Most of the crowd wears them. Sammy grins and runs her finger suggestively along his collar.

SAMMY
(lovey naughty)
How do you feel about getting
screwed by one?

AARON
For the first time in my life,
lucky.

They make out. THE END.