

097355

Bobby

Screenplay  
by  
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Registered WGA  
Revised Production Draft

Bobby

OVER BLACK:

A SIREN'S WAIL. First one, then another. Now many.

SUPER: JUNE 4, 1968 - LOS ANGELES

The siren's VOLUME intensifies. Driving TOWARDS US, urgent, disturbing.

SMASH TO:

1 EXT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL - DAWN 1

Fire trucks. Emergency vehicles. Police cars. DISHEVELED HOTEL GUESTS in their bedclothes trying to stay out of the way of the EMERGENCY PERSONNEL.

Red and blue swivel lights break up doors and window panes.

Chaos and a cacophony of confusion. "What happened?" is the question WE HEAR being asked as WE MOVE through the mass of humanity to find:

PAUL EBBERS

Late fifties, distinguished. Trying to pull himself together and assume some authority. He moves to a FIRE CAPTAIN and offers his hand.

PAUL

I'm Paul Ebbers, manager of the hotel.  
Do we know anything yet?

FIRE CAPTAIN

We have men on the sixth floor going room to room.

PAUL

Perhaps one of the bungalows...

FIRE CAPTAIN

We'll fan out to check them as well.

Some RADIO CHATTER on the Captain's walkie-talkie and WE HEAR:

VOICE ON THE WALKIE

All clear. All clear, Captain. Looks like a false alarm.

The Fire Captain keys his walkie-talkie.

FIRE CAPTAIN

Roger that. False alarm. False alarm.

He looks out at the Hotel Guests, then at Paul.

FIRE CAPTAIN (cont'd)

I wouldn't want to be you today.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

2.  
1

Paul allows a smile.

PAUL  
Occupational hazard.

He offers his hand to the Fire Captain again.

PAUL (cont'd)  
We'll open the cafe. You or your men  
want coffee, a hot breakfast...on the  
house.

FIRE CAPTAIN  
It'll take us a while to wrap this up,  
but I'll let the boys know.

And he moves off. Paul takes a deep breath, moves to see  
most of the HOTEL STAFF and HOTEL GUESTS on the front lawn  
interspersed among the Emergency Vehicles, it's a mess.

He finds MORRIS, the concierge, late fifties, somewhat  
effete.

PAUL  
Morris...

MORRIS  
Mr. Ebberts. False alarm?

PAUL  
Yeah. How'd we do?

MORRIS  
We evacuated the main building in under  
nine minutes.

PAUL  
Not bad.

They look out over the throng of unhappy and disgruntled  
Hotel Guests.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Free breakfast coupon?

MORRIS  
It was a false alarm, sir. These things  
happen at hotels.

PAUL  
The Ambassador is not just a hotel,  
Morris. We're a....

MORRIS  
(finishes for him)  
...a destination. Yes, sir.

PAUL  
A free breakfast coupon, then.

MORRIS  
Yes, sir.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2)

2.  
1

PAUL  
Make the announcement.

Morris moves off and WE HEAR:

MORRIS (O.S.)  
Ladies and gentlemen...ladies and gentlemen may I have your attention please...We're very sorry, but this has been a false alarm...

A COLLECTIVE GROAN from the Guests. Paul begins to move away when he's stopped by:

JOHN CASEY

In his mid-sixties. The former doorman of the Ambassador. Retired after 35 years, but can't leave it behind, it's as much his refuge as his crutch. Has an elegance about him even at this hour of the morning.

JOHN CASEY  
Paul, do you realize there's a hook and ladder separating me from my first cup of coffee and the crosswords?

Paul touches his shoulder, respect.

PAUL  
Mr. Casey. Don't you have a home?

JOHN CASEY  
If there's anything you need me to do, Paul. Crowd control...any help...I'm here, standing by.

PAUL  
Retirement doesn't suit you, Mr. Casey?

JOHN CASEY  
(flexes his bicep for Paul)  
This is not the muscle tone of a retired man, Mr. Ebbers.

PAUL  
If it were up to me, John, you'd still be in uniform, still at that door.

And Paul moves off as:

A YELLOW TAXI CAB

Pulls into the melee, getting as close to the hotel as the chaos will allow. From out of the cab steps:

JACK AND SAMANTHA

East coast socialites, but at this point unkempt and confused by all the activity. They are both in their mid-thirties, attractive. Samantha looks at Jack and rolls her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (3)

4.  
1

SAMANTHA  
Well, this looks like fun...

FLASH BULBS POP O.S., AND TAKE OUR ATTENTION OFF THEM TO  
FIND:

A GROUP OF FIREMEN

They are formed in a semi-circle, posing for a picture and in the middle of them is:

VIRGINIA FALLON

A well known lounge singer and B-movie actress. She's sexy in a trashy kind of way. She's adorned in an Ambassador Hotel terry cloth robe and slippers. At this moment she is loving the attention.

Another Fireman sets up the shot and steadies his little insta-matic camera.

FIREMAN #1  
Okay, one more. Smile!

FLASH! POP!

Satisfied, the admiring Firemen break the pose. They AD LIB their thanks.

FIREMAN #2  
Sure loved you in "Hawaiian Vacation",  
Miss Fallon! Keep up the good work!

VIRGINIA  
Why, thank you. Thank you, gentlemen.

On the sidelines where he's been for the past ten years:

TIM FALLON

Virginia's husband. He's worn and tired, but keeps on a good game face. He nods his thanks to the Firemen. In his arms, he cradles their small dachshund, DIMPLES, rubs his head affectionately.

Virginia moves to Tim, takes the dog from him without asking - this is another side of her.

VIRGINIA (cont'd)  
(scoffs to him)  
"Hawaiian Vacation" - what a piece of  
shit!  
(addresses the dog lovingly)  
Come on, Dimples. False alarm. Back to  
bed, come on, now.

And she leaves. Tim takes a breath and follows behind her, just like he always does.

As WE MOVE with Tim we settle on:

(CONTINUED)

DARYL TIMMONS

The Ambassador's restaurant, food and beverage manager. Thirties. Close cropped hair, Suit, Glasses. Vulgar. He's looking for someone in the crowd. Sees Paul and quickly moves to him.

TIMMONS

False alarm?

Paul glances at Timmons, stays focused on the GUESTS.

PAUL

Yeah.

TIMMONS

Do we know who set it off?

PAUL

I'm not really sure if there was a "who" involved. Could have been anything...

TIMMONS

Right...

PAUL

I need you to get your staff back inside asap, start some hot meals going. On the house for the firemen.

TIMMONS

Right...

And Timmons goes back towards the hotel. On the way, we watch as he wrangles the KITCHEN WORKERS, most dressed in their kitchen whites, all of them brown people of Hispanic descent. There is a carelessness to it, a lack of respect for these people.

Off Timmons WE FIND:

WADE BUCKLEY

Mid-twenties, short cropped hair and "Vote Kennedy" pin on the lapel of his neatly pressed suit. He's flanked by:

WAYNE CLARK, 21, black, no nonsense, with eyes framed by his dark horn rimmed glasses that look right into the center of your racist soul.

They are both trying to chase down Morris the concierge.

WADE BUCKLEY

If you know it's a false alarm, why can't we go back to the room?

MORRIS

We just received the "all clear." I'm about to make an announcement, sir. Then everyone may re-enter the hotel...

(CONTINUED)

Morris makes a move up the front steps and turns to address the Hotel Guests.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen, we apologize for any inconvenience this has caused you. You are free to return to your rooms at this time, or join us in one of our cafes for a complimentary breakfast. Again, on behalf of the Ambassador Hotel, we do apologize...

Dwayne looks at his wristwatch, then to Wade. There is an edge and urgency about these two.

DWAYNE CLARK

Polls are open in South Dakota.

Wade nods, registers this.

WADE BUCKLEY

So, who needed sleep anyway?

DWAYNE CLARK

How long has it been since you've slept?

WADE BUCKLEY

How long has it been since you've slept?

DWAYNE CLARK

We bring home California and we're all gonna be sleeping a hell of a lot easier.

They make their way to towards the lobby and we see:

JIMMY, eighteen. COOPER, nineteen. Dressed in dark rumpled suits. They've been up all night, have sleep in their eyes. Both are "Youth for Kennedy" volunteers.

They are huddled together and speak in hushed tones.

JIMMY

I swear to God, I smelled smoke, man.

Cooper nudges him to shut up.

COOPER

Put a lid on it, Jimmy.

JIMMY

Well, you're acting like you don't believe me...

COOPER

I don't believe you...

JIMMY

I never would have pulled the alarm if I hadn't...

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (6)

7.  
1

COOPER  
(whisper)  
Quiet! Christ, Jimmy! You better hope  
no one else saw you do it...

Jimmy absorbs this.

JIMMY  
Well, we get a free breakfast out of the  
deal...

Cooper just stares at him, shakes his head, then pulls him  
towards the hotel to finally reveal:

FISHER WILSON

Late twenties, long hair, John Lennon glasses and a short  
beard. He cradles a Siamese cat in his arms. Nonplussed by  
all of this, he simply waits his turn, then begins to shuffle  
back towards the lobby.

CUT TO:

2 EXT. WILSHIRE BLVD. - DAWN

2

The City Bus pulls away to reveal:

JOSE ROJAS

A handsome Hispanic kid of eighteen, standing at the curb,  
dressed in his busboy whites. He looks across the street  
curiously at all the commotion surrounding the Ambassador.

He stands, waiting for the light to change with other  
similarly dressed people.

Losing patience, Jose bolts from the pack and races across  
the four lanes of traffic on Wilshire.

3 THE EMPLOYEE ENTRANCE

3

Where WE FIND Jose entering in through the bowels of the  
structure, moving past the giant furnaces, delivery trucks  
maintenance workers, as well as the various Emergency  
Vehicles.

JOSE  
(to a passing Co-worker)  
What's happened?

EMPLOYEE  
(in Spanish, subtitled)  
Someone set off the fire alarm.

A LINEN DELIVERY MAN recognizes Jose, tosses him a bundle of  
freshly laundered dish towels. Jose catches them and doesn't  
break stride as he enters the service doors to the kitchen  
and the Ambassador Hotel swallows him whole.

## 4 INT. KITCHEN/SERVICE AREA - SAME

4

Jose winds his way through the labyrinth, carrying the towels, a Co-worker passes him, also Mexican.

CO-WORKER  
(in Spanish, subtitled)  
You're working a double today, Rojas.

JOSE  
(in Spanish, subtitled)  
Says who?

Jose doesn't get an answer as the Co-worker disappears into the locker room.

FOLLOW Jose as he rounds a corner and passes another co-worker, MIGUEL, twenties, doing dishes, hands off the bundle of dish towels to him.

MIGUEL  
Gracias, Mijo. You're working a double today...

JOSE  
How come everybody knows but me? Just once, I'd like to be asked, "Hey, Jose? Would you mind working a double shift today?"

MIGUEL  
Never happen.

JOSE  
Why not?

MIGUEL  
Because you're Mexican.

JOSE  
(corrects him)  
Hispanic.

MIGUEL  
Mexican.

JOSE  
Hispanic.

MIGUEL  
Jose. You're a fuckin' Mexican, Mijo. Call it what you like. You're no different from any of the rest of us here. You don't like it? Go ahead and leave. There's a hundred guys on the other side of that door ready to take your place.

Jose steams.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIGUEL (CONT'D)

(a beat)  
Makes you feel any better, I got a double  
shift too. So, we're both here 'till  
midnight.

Miguel goes back to washing dishes. Jose kicks a stainless  
steel wash bin.

JOSE

I have tickets to see Drysdale pitch  
against Pittsburgh tonight.

MIGUEL

You do?

JOSE

He's on a streak, y'know?

Jose pulls the tickets out of his back pocket, shows them to  
Miguel. He examines them.

MIGUEL

Wow. Field level. Big spender.

Jose snatches them back from him, scowls.

JOSE

(a beat)  
I'm gonna take my stepfather. He's never  
been to a game...

MIGUEL

You ain't taking nobody now, Mijo. You  
better think about how you can sell those  
tickets.

Jose looks at the tickets for a beat, shakes his head.

JOSE

That son-of-a-bitch, Timmons doesn't show  
me the decency of the respect.

MIGUEL

You know why?

JOSE

(walks right into it)  
Why?

MIGUEL

Because you're a Mexican.

Jose starts to move away, doesn't want to hear this.

MIGUEL (cont'd)

And a bus boy.

(a beat)

We're the new niggers, Mijo. Get used to  
it.

Jose stares at his feet.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

10.

4

MIGUEL (cont'd)  
Shit, man... You couldn't give the Negroes  
these jobs even if you paid 'em double  
what we get.

Jose chews on his lip, storms away.

5 INT. KITCHEN/SERVICE AREA - MORNING

5

WE MOVE through some etched glass doors into a small office  
to find:

DARYL TIMMONS

No windows in his office. He's on the phone.

TIMMONS  
(on the phone)  
...they think some kid pulled the alarm,  
but we don't know for sure...  
(a beat as he listens)  
I'll see you tonight. It'll be late...

A KNOCK on the door and PAUL enters without an invitation.

TIMMONS (cont'd)  
I have to go.

Wears a "Vote Kennedy" button on his lapel. Knows it's a  
personal affront to Timmons.

TIMMONS (CONT'D)  
Sir?

Paul measures him, let's him sweat for a beat.

PAUL  
"The right of citizens of the United  
States to vote shall not be denied by any  
state on account of race, color or  
previous condition of servitude".

Timmons blinks.

PAUL (cont'd)  
Do you know where that's from, Mr.  
Timmons?

TIMMONS  
(shrugs)  
The Constitution, sir.

PAUL  
Amendment 15, introduced in 1870.

Paul lets this hang for a moment.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Mr. Timmons, I do my best to see that the  
employees of this hotel are treated fair  
and equal.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

TIMMONS

Yes, sir. You do.

Paul lets a moment of dead air pass, then:

PAUL

There have been complaints you've refused to let the kitchen employees off work to vote today.

TIMMONS

(he flushes)

Mr. Ebbers, you know as well as anybody, that we're understaffed this week. I have six kitchen workers with the flu I had to deny sick leave to. I need every staffer with a pulse on duty...

PAUL

(cuts him off)

Did you tell them they couldn't leave work to vote?

TIMMONS

You really think these wetbacks are gonna vote, Paul? Come on, man! They'll use it as a way to take the afternoon off.

Paul absorbs this, then:

PAUL

You'll post a memo in English and in Spanish, informing all employees of their right to vote and allowing them the privilege to do so. Additionally, you will inform them that they will be paid for the time off for this privilege.

(a beat)

Am I clear, Daryl?

Timmons can only nod.

Paul leaves and WE FOLLOW HIM down the narrow corridor. He makes a turn and we go with him as he makes a grab for a closing elevator door, just in time. The doors snap back open and Paul steps into:

6 AMBASSADOR SERVICE ELEVATOR

6

Paul presses the button for the main lobby, notices a hotel employee, ANGELA, in the elevator. Angela is a pretty twenty something, dirty blonde hair piled high on her head, she's rummaging through her purse and looks up to see Paul.

ANGELA

Good morning, Mr. Ebbers.

PAUL

Good morning, Angela.

ANGELA

Heard somebody pulled the fire alarm.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL  
(he nods)  
One hell of a wake up call.

ANGELA  
Mr. Ebbers...

PAUL  
I know what you're going to ask,  
Angela...

ANGELA  
It's just that I've been on the  
switchboard for eight months, sir. I  
want to be in management. It's what I  
went to school for, Mr. Ebbers,

PAUL  
Angela...

ANGELA  
I want to learn more about operations. I  
want to learn from the best.

PAUL  
Ahh, flattery...

ANGELA  
Is it working?

He smiles, maybe.

PAUL  
Next week. When things settle down and  
we don't have the next President in our  
midst.

ANGELA  
I'm holding you to it.

She notices his "Vote Kennedy" button.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
I would have figured you a Humphrey man,  
Mr. Ebbers. I don't mean that as an  
insult.

PAUL  
My eyes may not be what they once were.  
But even us old guys can see the storm  
coming.

ANGELA  
You're not so old, Mr. Ebbers.

She smiles for him. The doors open.

Paul gestures for Angela to step out first and she does. He  
watches her go and WE FOLLOW HER now as she makes her way  
through:

7 THE GRAND LOBBY OF THE AMBASSADOR

7

Half the size of a football field. Grand marble pillars. Luxurious red carpet and oversized sofas.

Angela moves past the concierge and reservation desk, acknowledging Fellow Workers as she passes them. WE MOVE with her as she rounds a corner, and enters a door marked "Employees Only."

CAMERA MOVES WITH HER through the door into the:

8 HOTEL COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

8

A long row of HOTEL OPERATORS, all of them female and of various ages. Predominantly white, there are several black women interspersed among them. We hear the cacophony of: "Good Morning, Ambassador Hotel. How may I direct your call?"

Angela moves down the row and finds her seat all the way at the end. With practiced ease, she slings her purse under her chair and whips her headset on with one hand. She pops a Winston in her mouth, torches it. The switchboard lights up in front of her, she jams her plug into the board.

9 CLOSE ON - ANGELA

9

She looks directly at US as she speaks into the headset.

ANGELA  
Good morning, Ambassador Hotel. How can I connect you?

10 INT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL/LOBBY - DAY

10

A Bellman WIPES FRAME to reveal:

JOHN CASEY

Coffee, a chess board and the morning paper laid out on a small table in front of him. Bellhops and other hotel employees wave and touch his shoulder as they pass - respect. He's been a permanent fixture in the lobby since his retirement last year.

Across the table from him, an old crony, NELSON, takes a seat, leans his cane against the wall.

NELSON  
I missed all the excitement, I see.

JOHN CASEY  
Not much to speak of...

NELSON  
The Ambassador Hotel...People coming, people going...nothing ever happens...

John Casey looks up from his newspaper and almost scowls at Nelson.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN CASEY  
"Grand Hotel."

NELSON  
What about it?

JOHN CASEY  
That's a line from the film, "Grand Hotel".

NELSON  
(shrugs)  
So?

JOHN CASEY  
It's derivative...

NELSON  
What?

JOHN CASEY  
It's not original. Not the genuine article...

NELSON  
I know what the hell "derivative" means.

JOHN CASEY  
And it's not true...

NELSON  
(dismissive)  
Okay, John.

John Casey throws him a hard stare, then looks towards the entrance of the hotel.

JOHN CASEY  
I stood at that door from the first day the Ambassador opened for business in 1921...I greeted FDR, Truman, Eisenhower, Jack Kennedy and Johnson...When Madame Chiang Kai-shek rented the entire fifth floor, I personally delivered the oriental furniture to her suite. Antiques mostly...Hand carved jade figures bigger than you and me. Painted screens from the Ming dynasty. I helped place cheery trees into perfect rows in the lobby in her honor.

(a beat)  
I caught Will Rogers having a piss in the greenhouse. He tried to convince me that it was good for the plants...something about the mineral content...Ate breakfast in the cafe next to J. Edgar Hoover...asked me to pass him some salt...And stars? More than in the heavens, Chaplin. The Barrymores. Edward G. Joan Crawford. Al Jolson knew me by my first name. Did ya know the Academy Awards were held here a total of six times?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

JOHN CASEY (cont'd)  
Mary Pickford let me hold her Oscar for  
"Broadway Melody."  
(a beat)  
I danced in the Grove with Barbara  
Stanwyck and Dolores Del Rio...heard  
Crosby and Sinatra sing there too...  
(a beat)  
All good things in this hotel...No  
scandals...Happy times here...Nothing bad  
ever happens at the Ambassador...  
(a beat)  
...almost as if God himself had  
personally blessed this place.

Nelson looks at him for a beat, then:

NELSON  
You done with the sports section?

11 THE FRONT DESK

11

JACK and his wife, SAMANTHA are in an argument with MORRIS.

JACK  
(tired)  
Like I said, our flight was delayed four  
times. We were supposed to have been  
here last night...I can't control an east  
coast storm. My wife and I have been on  
an airplane all night...

MORRIS  
A simple telephone call to our  
reservations desk could have avoided all  
this, sir.

JACK  
We were sitting on a tarmac for hours.  
How in the world could I have gotten to a  
phone?

MORRIS  
The room you originally reserved is no  
longer available. The policy of the  
hotel....

JACK  
I really don't give a damn about the  
policy of the hotel!

SAMANTHA  
(interjects)  
It's our honeymoon.

MORRIS  
(not buying)  
Really?

SAMANTHA  
It's our second honeymoon, actually. But  
really our first if you'd call a thirty  
minute carriage ride around Central Park  
in the middle of December "a honeymoon".  
(she leans in close to Morris)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

SAMANTHA (cont'd)  
We were completely broke at the time.  
It's no reflection on my husband's  
ability to provide now, just so you know.  
See, I wanted to get married in June,  
but...well, that's a whole other story...

Jack is staring at her. So is Morris.

JACK  
You finished?

She gives Jack a withering stare.

SAMANTHA  
No.  
(back to Morris)  
We have tickets to the Embassy ballroom  
tonight...The party for Bobby. So, we  
couldn't possibly stay any place else.

Samantha digs two tickets from her purse, shows them to  
Morris.

MORRIS  
You'd think The Beatles were playing here  
tonight.

12 INT. AMBASSADOR COFFEE SHOP - SAME

12

A couple of customers at the counter. Some booths occupied.  
WE CRASH INTO one of them to find:

Jimmy and Cooper. Jimmy sops up his eggs over easy with a  
piece of white toast, shoves it in his mouth - fuel for  
fatigue. Cooper knocks back a cup of coffee. Mid  
conversation:

COOPER  
Body double.

JIMMY  
Was not.

COOPER  
Yes, it was. The flash outs?

JIMMY  
Yeah. It was her.

COOPER  
Body double. I'll put money on it.

JIMMY  
Her boobs. I read about it somewhere.

COOPER  
You think Anne Bancroft is gonna show her  
breasts in a film...

JIMMY  
She's a good looking lady...

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

COOPER  
I'm not saying she's not...

JIMMY  
Like you wouldn't if you had the chance...

COOPER  
That's not the point...The point is whether we saw her breasts in the film or a body double.

JIMMY  
What? I'm not in this conversation?

COOPER  
Of course...

JIMMY  
Her boobs. And I don't want to talk about it anymore.

COOPER  
Anne Bancroft has too much class to show her breasts in a film.

JIMMY  
It's not just a film, Coop. It's "The Graduate."

SUSAN, twenty-something waitress/actress in a tight fitting uniform. She approaches the table, coffee pot in hand, knows these guys. She's caught the end of the conversation.

SUSAN  
I loved that movie. More coffee?

COOPER  
Yeah, sure.

JIMMY  
Anne Bancroft...

SUSAN  
What about her?

COOPER  
Body double or Miss Bancroft?

SUSAN  
The nude scenes?

COOPER  
Flashes, really.

SUSAN  
Body double. For sure.

JIMMY  
You know this for a fact?

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN  
No. But it's what I'd do. I mean, if I  
ever actually got hired for a movie I  
auditioned for.

COOPER  
It'll happen for you, Susan. You just  
gotta hang in there and it'll happen.  
(a beat)  
You'll always be my favorite ingenue.

SUSAN  
Well, say a prayer for me. I'm  
interviewing for Schwabs tomorrow.

JIMMY  
He some big producer?

COOPER  
Idiot! Schwabs on Sunset! Lana Turner  
was discovered there, duh...

JIMMY  
Right...

SUSAN  
Every out of work actress in Hollywood is  
trying to get a gig there waiting the  
lunch counter.

COOPER  
Well, good luck.

SUSAN  
Y'know, they filmed some of "The  
Graduate" here in the hotel.

JIMMY  
Get outta town.

SUSAN  
The part where they meet at the hotel for  
the first time, have a drink in the bar.

JIMMY  
Right! And Dustin Hoffman gets the room  
from Buck Henry?

SUSAN  
Filmed it right upstairs in The Palm  
Room.

COOPER  
Man, we gotta see this.

SUSAN  
I've got a break coming up. I'll show  
you fellas if you'd like.

JIMMY  
That'd be great.

(CONTINUED)

And she leaves them. Jimmy turns to Cooper, leans into him.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
I don't care what she says. If Alfred Hitchcock asked her to show her tits on film, she'd peel in a heartbeat.

COOPER  
Hitchcock never had to rely on cheap gimmicks like nudity to get the audience's attention. Watch "Psycho" again. Janet Leigh in the shower.

JIMMY  
Definitely her boobs.

COOPER  
(just stares at him)  
You're pathetic.

AT THE COUNTER

Tim Fallon, waiting to pay his check, he's balancing two breakfasts in "to-go" containers, two hot coffees. In his hand - exact change and a tip. He's ready to leave it there:

SUSAN  
Can I take that for you, Mr. Fallon?

TIM  
Sure... thanks.

SUSAN  
We're not supposed to do this, but I have to tell you that I'm a huge fan of your wife.

TIM  
Thank you.

SUSAN  
But you get that all the time, I'm sure.

TIM  
Yes, well...

SUSAN  
She's so elegant and what a voice!

TIM  
Thank you. I'll tell her.

SUSAN  
She's just so...

TIM  
Yes. Thank you...

And with that, he moves out of the coffee shop.

13 INT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL/PROMENADE LEVEL - SAME

13

WE FOLLOW Tim as he walks down an enormous hallway. This is the Promenade Level of the Ambassador. OVER HIS SHOULDER WE SEE that the hotel has it's own Barber Shop, Floral Shop, Beauty Salon and Post Office.

MOVE with Tim as he gets into an elevator, careful not to spill the hot coffee on his hands, he tries to push the button to his desired floor. And we PAN TO:

MARIO

Room service waiter, 40's, Italian American. He's happy to help Tim, his finger on the controls.

MARIO

What floor, Mr. Fallon?

TIM

Sixth...no seventh.

Mario hits the button for the seventh floor.

MARIO

Heard your wife last night at the Grove, Mr. Fallon. You should be very proud.

TIM

Yes. I am. Thank you.

MARIO

I was working. Didn't see the whole show. She is something else.

Mario indicates the food containers.

MARIO (CONT'D)

We have twenty-four hour room service, Mr. Fallon. If you need anything else, I'll be happy to accommodate you and Mrs. Fallon, sir.

TIM

Yes. We're fine, thank you...

Looks at his name tag.

TIM (cont'd)

...Mario.

THE ELEVATOR

It arrives at Tim's floor, doors open. Mario holds his hand across the threshold, allows Tim to go first and he does.

MARIO

You have a nice day, sir.

TIM

Yes. Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

WE MOVE WITH TIM down the hallway, he stops at the door to his room, 709, fishes for the key, nearly drops the containers again, manages to open the door and:

14 INT. FALCON SUITE - SAME

14

He enters the room, closes the door and quickly puts the breakfasts and coffee on a table. The television is on and we catch a glimpse of Jack Lalane taking viewers through their morning exercises.

Tim moves across the livingroom and opens the double doors to the bedroom to reveal:

VIRGINIA

Wrapped up in the sheets. Their dog, Dimples, is stretched out alongside her.

Tim tiptoes into the bedroom.

TIM  
(whispers)  
Honey...breakfast...

Virginia is dead to the world.

TIM (cont'd)  
Got your favorite...two eggs sunny side up, bacon, well done and whole wheat toast...

She doesn't move. Tim sits on the edge of the bed, strokes her hair. He pats Dimples on the head, rubs his ears affectionately.

TIM (cont'd)  
Whatdayasay, Dimples? You need to go outside? You need to go for a walk, buddy?

Dimples barks an affirmative.

Virginia finally stirs.

TIM (cont'd)  
Baby...

VIRGINIA  
What? Another fire drill?

He stares at her. She speaks into the pillow, face down.

TIM  
There's food...

VIRGINIA  
No...I need something to drink.  
Bloodymary...something, y'know?

(CONTINUED)

TIM  
Food might make you feel a bit better,  
sweetheart.

VIRGINIA  
You eat it...

She lifts up her head and opens one eye to look at him.

TIM  
Yeah. Okay, baby. You eat when you feel  
like it. I love you baby.

She's passed out again. Tim takes a breath, then gets up and  
moves back to the table where his breakfast sits. He plops  
down, opens the container and eats in silence.

ON TIM

Stirs some cream into his coffee, sips. WE SLOWLY DOLLY OFF  
TIM across the room, towards the television.

ON THE TV

Jack Lalane is suddenly interrupted by: an Emergency  
Broadcast System test pattern and the familiar:

TELEVISION ANNOUNCER  
"This is a test of the Emergency  
Broadcast System..."

THE HIGH PITCHED BEEP BEGINS THAT WILL LAST FOR ONE MINUTE.

And we PAN ACROSS THE TELEVISION, across the livingroom and  
WE CROSS THROUGH THE WALL IN ONE FLUID MOVE INTO AN ADJACENT  
ROOM:

15 INT. ROOM 711 - SAME

15

The CAMERA GLIDES across the room, which is similarly  
decorated, but much smaller. The television is on here as  
well. Tuned to the same channel, it also displays the TEST  
PATTERN AND BEEP. WE PAN ACROSS THE TV to reveal:

FISHER WILSON

He sits on the couch in front of ten kilos of marijuana laid  
out on the livingroom table. Also on the table is a small  
scale to weigh the dope and baggies to place it in.

Fisher is meticulous in his task as he weighs the pot, places  
it in the bags. Making specific mixtures as he draws from  
several piles of grass.

The ERS BEEP in the background finally ends and the canned  
ANNOUNCER begins:

TELEVISION ANNOUNCER  
"If this had been an actual emergency,  
you would have been instructed on where  
to tune in for news and information..."

(CONTINUED)

FISHER

(like the TV announcer)

If this had been an actual life, you would have been instructed on where to tune in for news and information.

Fisher looks up, smiles at someone sitting across from him, gets no reaction, goes right on with his business.

FISHER (cont'd)

Your first toke of the day is important. Maybe your most important. See, you wanna have the perfect balance. A little pick me up, but not speedy. Speedy is unnerving and can ruin your whole vibe. So, you mix a little seedless with a little leaf and you have what I call my "morning blend". Gets you started. Gets you out the door and ready for your day.

(a beat)

The afternoon's a whole different trip. Gotta cope. Gotta be on it. Especially if you're workin' a nine to five. Gotta have a blend that's gonna take you from the middle of your work day all the way back to the wife, kids and dinner with the in-laws. Now, that's a ton of ground to cover. No room to be paranoid. Can't have paranoia ruining a important business deal. And since it's close to lunch, you also can't have something that's gonna give you wicked munchies. So, "Walla" - I give you my "afternoon blend" which is a little of this, a little of that. It's my secret. And I guarantee you, that you're not gonna find anything this good anywhere else on the whole west coast, man.

(a beat)

Now you're home. It's after dinner. You're relaxing. Little Timmy wants help with his math. Baby Suzy shil her diapers for the third tonight and your wife just told you she's pregnant again. You need something and you need it now. You go upstairs and pay a visit to the stash box and pull out what I call the Hail Mary.

He holds up a short dark bud, dripping with resin.

FISHER (cont'd)

This simply needs no explanation...like hash only not quite as intense. This is the "evening blend", baby...It is one hit shit and it is definitely lights out. And that, my friend is how one makes it through a normal day, here on planet earth.

Fisher laughs to himself, looks up to say something else, but stops. And now we see that sitting across from him is a very disinterested:

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

24.  
15

SIAMSE CAT

The cat yawns and curls up into a ball.

Fisher shrugs, goes back to filling baggies.

16 INT. HOTEL ROOM/6TH FLOOR - SAME

16

DIANE, stands in front of a mirror, adjusting the shoulder straps on her simple, but elegant lavender formal dress. She's 20, pretty, but has some rough edges to her. She's frowning, not pleased with the fit. The price tag on the dress digs into her side, so she pulls it off abruptly. To her, it makes all the difference how it feels on her body.

She studies the dress on her body again, chews at her nails, when: a light KNOCK at the door. She moves to it and opens it revealing:

WILLIAM AVARY, 20, handsome. He stands there waiting to be invited in. Diane is surprised.

DIANE

William?

WILLIAM

Couldn't sleep last night and I had to get out of the house, my folks were driving me nuts. You going to invite me in?

DIANE

Of course.

He enters, kisses her on the cheek, but Diane pulls away from him, not comfortable with any intimacy.

WILLIAM

The dress looks great on you...

DIANE

Y'know, it's bad luck...

WILLIAM

What is?

DIANE

For the groom to see the bride in her dress before the wedding...

William mock covers his eyes with his hands.

WILLIAM

That better?

DIANE

Silly...

He lowers his hands, admires her.

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAM  
Any chance on getting us in earlier?

DIANE  
(shakes her head)  
Nine o'clock.

WILLIAM  
Seems late for a wedding. Their chapel  
sure is busy for a Tuesday.

DIANE  
It's summer. June brides...

She looks at herself again in the mirror, her face a mask of  
sadness.

WILLIAM  
My brother...My family appreciates what  
you're doing, Diane. It means a lot to  
all of us...to me.

She sits on the edge of the bed, looks at William for a beat.

DIANE  
I always thought when I got married, it  
would be the most exciting day of my  
life...Every little girl's fantasy,  
y'know? The white dress...a cake taller  
than me...hundreds of guests...exchanging  
wedding vows with the man of my dreams...

William sits down on the bed next to her, puts his hand in  
hers.

WILLIAM  
It's just a certificate, Diane. You can  
still have all that...

DIANE  
Yeah...

She looks at his young face and touches it gently.

DIANE (cont'd)  
You beautiful boy. You are a precious  
like. If marrying you tonight keeps you  
from going to Vietnam, then it's worth  
it. I know that this crazy, confusing  
world will be a better place with you in  
it.

WILLIAM  
(smiles)  
No matter what my brother Wendell says?

DIANE  
This was Wendell's idea.

WILLIAM  
Yeah...

(CONTINUED)

DIANE  
He loves you, William...

WILLIAM  
Yeah...

And William gets up from the bed and kisses her on the cheek, then moves away from her, leaving Diane to stare at her reflection in the mirror for what seems like an eternity. Simon and Garfunkel's "AMERICA" fills the SOUNDTRACK:

SIMON AND GARFUNKEL  
"Let us be lovers we'll marry our  
fortunes together. I've got some real  
estate here in my bag..."

17 INT. KITCHEN/SERVICE AREA - SAME

17

Jose and Miguel fold cloth napkins into a fanciful design with practiced ease. Jose still wears a scowl of indignation.

JOSE  
You know, he's gonna break it tonight.

MIGUEL  
Break what?

JOSE  
Drysdale. Consecutive shutouts. It's  
gonna happen tonight.

MIGUEL  
(shrugs, doesn't care)  
Maybe.

JOSE  
You don't have any idea how important  
this is, Miguel.

MIGUEL  
It's one baseball game, Jose. You can  
get tickets for another night.

JOSE  
It's not just a game. Don Drysdale has  
pitched five shutouts, man. That's a  
record that has stood since 1904 by Doc  
White of the Chicago White Sox. And  
Drysdale's gonna break it tonight, man.  
I know he is.

Daryl Timmons interrupts them, he's overheard some of the  
conversation

TIMMONS  
Drysdale?

Jose and Miguel look up at him.

MIGUEL  
Yeah. What do you think?

(CONTINUED)

TIMMONS  
Could do it...

JOSE  
He's gonna do it. You watch.

TIMMONS  
You have money on the game, Jose?

Jose looks at Timmons, almost tells him about the tickets, then:

JOSE  
No...  
(then quietly)  
Just a fan...

TIMMONS  
Well, then. "Go Dodgers."

JOSE  
(weakly)  
Yeah.

TIMMONS  
If I could see you in my office.

Jose and Miguel share a look.

TIMMONS (cont'd)  
(then to Miguel)  
And I'm supposed to inform the staff to  
go to your polling place and vote today.

Miguel looks at him.

MIGUEL  
(shrugs)  
I'm not registered.

JOSE  
I'm not old enough.

Timmons nods at this.

18 INT. GRAND LOBBY OF THE AMBASSADOR/PALM ROOM - MORNING

18

Jimmy, Cooper and Susan, the waitress from the cafe, make their way across the lobby towards the Palm Room.

SIMON AND GARFUNKEL  
"Toss me a cigarette, I think there's one  
in my raincoat... We smoked the last one  
an hour ago. So, I looked at the  
scenery, she read her magazine..."

They pass by John Casey and Nelson Clay playing chess.

SUSAN  
Good morning, Mr. Casey.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN CASEY  
(looks up from the board)  
Good morning, sweetheart.

They move on. Go into the empty Palm room, which is a hopping bar in the evenings.

JIMMY  
They sat at that table, against the window.

COOPER  
Right. And Mrs. Robinson asks him if he's gotten the room.

Cooper sits down in the seat where Dustin sat in the film. Susan sits down next to him. They begin to recite lines of dialogue from the film, "The Graduate" and re-enact the scene.

SUSAN  
(as Mrs. Robinson)  
"So, did you get us a room?"

Cooper is thrown for a beat, taken out of the scene by her very real seductiveness and is momentarily confused.

COOPER  
Huh?

SUSAN  
It's a line from the film.

COOPER  
Right. I know that.

SUSAN  
(she re-composes herself as Mrs. Robinson)  
"So, did you get us a room?"

COOPER  
"What?"

JIMMY  
That's not what Hoffman said.

COOPER  
Yes it is.

JIMMY  
No, it's not.

SUSAN  
I think Cooper's right, Jimmy.

COOPER  
Yeah. I've only seen the movie fifteen times to your six, Jimmy.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY  
No, you're both wrong. That's not what he said. He said, "I haven't no."

COOPER  
Yes, but he says "What?" first. Then, she repeats herself...

JIMMY  
You're wrong. I remember distinctly. And it's eight times I've seen it, not six!

COOPER  
Oh, gimme a break. You can't even remember what you had for breakfast ten minutes ago.

JIMMY  
Okay, tell me what phony name he uses when he registers!

COOPER  
Duh. "Gladstone." Can't you do any better than that?

SUSAN  
You fellas sure take your movies seriously.

They both stop and look at her for a bear.

SUSAN (cont'd)  
I know. I know. It's not just a movie. It's "The Graduate".

They are suddenly interrupted by:

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
There you are...

They all turn to see a group of young men and a couple of women approach headed by:

Wade Buckley and Dwayne Clark. These are the young men and women in charge of the "Youth for Kennedy" brigade in Los Angeles.

WADE BUCKLEY  
The busses are loading in forty-five, gentlemen.

COOPER  
(checks his wristwatch)  
The polls open already?

WADE BUCKLEY  
In an hour. The "undecideds" are gonna help swing it for Bobby. It's about knockin' on doors and knockin' heads...

(CONTINUED)

DWAYNE CLARK  
(interrupts him)  
We're not gonna have another Oregon.

and he's said it like he's personally going to see it doesn't happen. Cooper and Jimmy give him a look.

JIMMY  
You got that serious look on your face today, Dwayne.

Dwayne stares at Jimmy, measures him for an uncomfortable beat.

DWAYNE CLARK  
How old are you, Jimmy? Nineteen?  
Twenty? You can't be older than twenty?

JIMMY  
Eighteen...

Dwayne looks at Cooper.

DWAYNE CLARK  
What about you?

COOPER  
Nineteen...

He then takes a look at the whole group who is transfixed on him.

DWAYNE CLARK  
All these young faces. If Senator Kennedy loses California, he will have no shot at the White House. And without Bobby Kennedy in the White House, a lot of the "young faces" here in this room, will find themselves on a transport plane to the jungles of Southeast Asia.  
(a beat)  
Me included. So, yeah, I got that serious look on my face.

COOPER  
Is that why you're voting for him?

Dwayne absorbs this for a beat, then looks at all the white middle class faces that surround him before he says unapologetically:

DWAYNE CLARK  
I'm voting for Bobby, because he's the only white man in this country that I trust.

And the Group moves off, leaving Jimmy, Cooper and Susan in the wake of their intimidation.

JIMMY  
Christ. It's like they forgot we were at it until one in the morning last night.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (4)

SUSAN  
I thought you guys were doing volunteer work?

JIMMY  
Not when you volunteer to work for the Kennedy's.

COOPER  
It's a full time crusade.

19 INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM -DAY

19

The switchboard is abuzz with activity. Angela works the incoming and outgoing calls.

ANGELA  
Good morning, Ambassador Hotel. How can I connect you? One moment, sir...  
(a beat)  
Connecting you to his room, sir. Have a nice day... Good morning, Ambassador Hotel... Please hold for our reservation desk, sir...

Next to her:

PATRICIA, a black woman in her mid-twenties, is arguing with someone on the other end of her headset.

PATRICIA  
I can't give you his room number, Miss...  
(she gets corrected)  
Excuse me, "Ma'am". It's hotel policy. I don't care, Ma'am. I'm sorry, Ma'am. I can't give out that information. It is the policy of the hotel. Yes it is, Ma'am.  
(a beat as she is yelled at)  
Well, if you are his wife, then you should know his room number now, shouldn't you?

She pulls her cord out, disconnecting the irate woman.

PATRICIA (cont'd)  
What a bitch! Husband's playing around and she's taking it out on me! Not today. No thank you. No, sir...

She looks at Angela, raises her eyebrows.

PATRICIA (cont'd)  
Speaking of...

ANGELA  
Don't start on me now.

PATRICIA  
Gonna bring you nothing but trouble, Angela, you don't end that.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA  
He promised to teach me more about  
operations...

PATRICIA  
I'm sure he did...

ANGELA  
(her irritation)  
Of the hotel, Patricia!

PATRICIA  
Whatever you say, Angie.

Angela, adjusts herself in her seat, shakes it off, then:

ANGELA  
You have plans tonight?

PATRICIA  
Oh sure, got a hot date with my Magnavox.

ANGELA  
You want to go to the party with me in  
the Embassy?

PATRICIA  
For Kennedy? I didn't think employees  
were allowed to attend hotel functions.

ANGELA  
(shrugs)  
Screwing the boss does have it's  
advantages.

Patricia allows a smile at this.

PATRICIA  
Angela. What am I gonna do with you?  
Huh? You're crazier than I am.

ANGELA  
Sure...

PATRICIA  
I know it ain't easy. I know it's damn  
near impossible to find a good man out  
there. Seems all the good ones are  
taken. But a married man?

ANGELA  
I'm not very good at being alone.

PATRICIA  
You stay with a married man who ain't  
gonna leave his wife, you're lookin' at a  
lifetime of being alone, honey. Don't  
kid yourself.

Angela nods, understands.

(CONTINUED)

Patricia takes her headset off, rubs her eyes, looks at her watch.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

(more to herself)  
Been at it since four. Damn split shift  
is ruining my love life...I'm gonna take  
five.

ANGELA

Take ten. I'll cover. What are we doing  
for lunch today?

PATRICIA

Skipping it. Damn landlord raised my  
rent again. So, now I have to choose  
between a cheeseburger or a roof over my  
head. What do you think it's gonna be?

20 INT. KITCHEN/TIMMONS OFFICE - DAY

20

Timmons sits at his desk behind his typewriter. He hunts and  
pecks as Jose translates for him, the letter ordered by Paul.

TIMMONS

"Be informed..."

JOSE

(in Spanish)  
"Informados, importante..."

TIMMONS

(looks up from the typewriter)  
Does that mean the same thing?

JOSE

Yes...

TIMMONS

It's almost like you just add an "e" to  
the end of every English word, huh?

JOSE

(fuck you)  
Almost...

TIMMONS

Okay, let's continue. "Employees must be  
informed of their right to vote..."

JOSE

"Los empleados, deben estar informados  
del derecho de votar..."

Timmons looks up at him, a blank stare on his face, suddenly  
feels very small.

TIMMONS

...I may need some help spelling that...

Jose fiddles with something in his back pocket.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

34.  
20

CLOSE ON - JOSE'S BACK POCKET

We see the edge of the Dodgers Tickets sticking up from the back pocket, the edges worn as they're worked between Jose's nervous fingers.

21 INT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL/PROMENADE LEVEL - DAY

21

THE CAMERA TRACKS along the wide hallway of the Promenade Level of the hotel. WE ARE A MOVING POV and WE NOTICE Guests and Vendors looking into the LENS, offering "Good Mornings" and finally, we stop at:

THE AMBASSADOR POLLING PLACE

And Paul walks into the FRAME as a young man, DAVID NOVAK, 30's, bookish, is explaining the new electronic IBM system of voting to anyone who will listen. Several interested VOTERS pay attention to his instructions.

DAVID NOVAK

Many people are frightened by the word computer. Don't be. Really, what IBM has done is make the process of voting simpler, neater and quicker.

SMART-ASS VOTER

Will it choose the candidate for us?

Some laughs. David Novak politely smiles.

DAVID NOVAK

You're on your own as far as your choices.

(notices the Kennedy button on Paul's lapel)

Sir?

Paul points to himself. "Me?"

DAVID NOVAK (cont'd)

Yes, sir. I'm gonna have to ask you to remove your button, sir. No "electioneering" within one hundred feet of a polling place.

PAUL

This little bitty button?

Paul blushes, removes his button and pockets it.

DAVID NOVAK

Thank you, sir.

David turns to the ELECTRONIC VOTING DEVICE in the center of the room, which is there as a model and to help put voters at ease. He demonstrates as he talks.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID NOVAK (CONT'D)  
What you'll see is the Vote Recorder.  
It's like a desk pad and permanently  
fixed in the middle is a plasticized  
booklet that duplicates the paper booklet  
sample ballots which can be marked and  
taken into the booth for guidance.

As he continues, MIRIAM EBBERS, Paul's wife. Youthful 50's,  
has kept her appearance and her energy intact, moves up to  
Paul and only half listens to David as she kisses him lightly  
on the cheek. She wears a "Vote Kennedy" button on her  
blouse.

MIRIAM  
You had one heck of a morning...

PAUL  
While you slept in...

MIRIAM  
My name tag doesn't say "manager".

Paul glances at his watch.

PAUL  
You're late.

MIRIAM  
Someone used all the hot water.

PAUL  
(shrugs)  
Wasn't me.

MIRIAM  
Then we have a ghost living in our house.  
Paul.

PAUL  
Water heater's acting up again, maybe.

MIRIAM  
Maybe...

PAUL  
You have to remove your button in here.

MIRIAM  
Why?

PAUL  
You'll be accused of "electioneering".

MIRIAM  
I don't even know what that is.

PAUL  
I'm not sure I understand it either, but  
you're doing it. They're very serious  
about it here.

(CONTINUED)

Miriam removes her button before she's found out.

DAVID NOVAK (O.S.)

As you turn the pages of the permanent plastic booklet, names and offices appear at the left. Simply make your choice and push straight down firmly in the proper marking place with the steel stylus chained to the Vote Recorder...

MIRIAM

(glances at David Novak)  
What are we listening to?

PAUL

The electronic age has found it's way into the electoral process.

MIRIAM

Oh.

David Novak continues his demonstration.

DAVID NOVAK

The actual ballot is a slender vertical card and when it's slipped into the Vote Recorder its two red holes are hung on two red pegs and you're ready to vote.

ON - PAUL AND MIRIAM

Paul holds up his sample ballot for her to look at.

PAUL

(rattles it out, hushed)  
It's "Yes" on Prop 1, the Veterans Bond Act. And "No" on 2, Mills for supervisor, not Hahn. Cranston, Sheinbaum and of course, Bobby. As far as the judicial seats, there's a mess of 'em, so I can't help you on those.

Miriam looks at him for a beat, then holds up her own sample ballot for emphasis.

MIRIAM

Paul, your hair and your clothes might say 1968, but your attitude is pure 1920. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have a ballot to cast.

Paul looks at her, blinks a few times, half smiles.

PAUL

Okay, sweetheart.

She moves off to the private voting booth and draws the curtain shut with authority. WE PAN BACK to David as he wraps up the instruction.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (3)

DAVID NOVAK  
...And when you're finished, slip out the  
ballot and check the back of it to make  
sure there are no stray bits of punched  
out paper called "card hole aggregate  
debris", or what the fellas down at IBM  
call, "CHADS".

22 INT. JACK AND SAMANTHA'S ROOM - DAY

22

Jack and Samantha Stevens unpack their suitcases, hang  
clothes on hangers.

JACK  
Is this alright?

She stops, looks at him, shrugs.

SAMANTHA  
It's not what I was expecting.

JACK  
I know, but it's a room. There's a bed,  
a closet for our clothes. We'll get some  
sleep. Go to the party. And tomorrow  
we're on the road.

She glances out the window.

SAMANTHA  
No view.

Samantha searches her bags, can't find what she's looking  
for.

JACK  
We know what Los Angeles looks like.

SAMANTHA  
Not much of a honeymoon suite.

JACK  
The honeymoon doesn't officially begin  
until we get to Santa Barbara.

SAMANTHA  
(she panics for beat.)  
We do have the rental car worked out,  
yes?

JACK  
Of course. I've secured the finest  
rickshaw in town.

She smiles at this, at him.

SAMANTHA  
Ten years, Jack.

JACK  
Yeah...

(CONTINUED)

She goes back to her bag, finally gives up.

SAMANTHA  
(a beat)  
Damn!

JACK  
What is it?

SAMANTHA  
It's nothing...It's stupid.

JACK  
What?

SAMANTHA  
You know those black shoes?

She looks up at him expecting him to know. He doesn't have a clue.

SAMANTHA (cont'd)  
I told you it was stupid...

JACK  
No, what?

She pulls a dress out of the closet, shows it to him.

SAMANTHA  
(sighs)  
I bought this dress to go with the black shoes I forgot to pack. Of course, I packed six other pair. None formal. And none of them black. I did, however, bring two pair of tennis shoes, so if you're up for a game later...

(a beat)  
You see, women pack, for every occasion making it virtually impossible to travel light. Like tonight...It's a formal event, so I bring formal wear...

(she holds up the dress)  
But God, has a sense of humor. So, I'm on my period the week of the event and have to bring back up. A plan "B". B for bloat.

She holds up another, less fitted outfit, also black.

SAMANTHA (cont'd)  
(beat)  
However, I'm double-ly screwed. Two dresses. Both black. And no black shoes. You're probably thinking, "Who the hell cares what color shoes she's wearing?" Believe me, Jack, women notice. You should see some of the looks I've gotten in my life for not being "properly attired". And New York City is the worst place in the world for that sort of thing.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

SAMANTHA (cont'd)  
(she sighs)  
Oh, sometimes I hate being a woman.

Jack stares at her.

JACK  
So, basically you're saying we need to go shopping for shoes. Black shoes.

SAMANTHA  
Yes, I suppose, yes. That's what I'm saying.

JACK  
Y'know, if men talked like women, we'd be diagnosed clinically insane.

Off her look.

23 INT. FALLON'S SUITE - DAY

23

Tim sits where we last saw him, at the table, his half eaten breakfast in front of him. Their small Dachshund, Dimples, sits across from him. Tim breaks pieces of bacon into little bites and hand feeds it to Dimples who devours it gratefully.

Tim looks over at the bed, where Virginia continues to sleep. He gives Dimples one last bite of food, then grabs the dog's leash.

24 INT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL/BEAUTY SALON - DAY

24

Miriam opens the blinds of the Beauty Salon, turns on some lights. Chocks herself in the mirror, straightens a curl with a moistened fingertip.

She looks up see her first client of the day enter the salon.

Diane smiles at Miriam.

DIANE  
I have an appointment for a manicure, pedicure.

MIRIAM  
Of course.

Miriam scans her appointment book.

MIRIAM (cont'd)  
You are Diane?

DIANE  
Yes, ma'am.

MIRIAM  
Our young bride-to-be?

Diane hesitates.

DIANE  
Yes, ma'am...

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

Miriam steps closer to her.

MIRIAM  
Let's see 'em.

DIANE  
Excuse me?

MIRIAM  
Your nails. May I see them please?

Diane reluctantly offers her hands to Miriam. She looks down at the young woman's hands.

CLOSE ON - DIANE'S HANDS

Her nails have been bitten down to the skin. They are a mess.

ON MIRIAM

She gives Diane a squeeze of the palm and a reassuring wink.

MIRIAM (cont'd)  
Let's get to work, young lady. What time is the affair?

DIANE  
Not until this evening...

MIRIAM  
(smiles at her)  
Good thing.

Miriam leads Diane over to an empty treatment chair.

25 EXT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL - PARKING LOT

25

Several yellow school buses are lined up as many "Youth for Kennedy" volunteers are piling into them to begin their canvassing.

Wade Buckley and Dwayne Clark are there, handing the volunteers fliers and "Vote Kennedy" buttons.

ACROSS THE PARKING LOT

Jimmy and Cooper. They look at the line of buses, sag. Neither one too excited about another day of wageless humping.

JIMMY  
Shit...

COOPER  
(sincere)  
If I had worked this hard in school, I would have been an honor student...

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY  
Think your brother would loan us his car again? Y'know, use the "for the good of the nation" reasoning?

COOPER  
I dunno. I mean, he was cool the first couple of times. But now? Who knows? Guy voted for Nixon in '60, you know what I'm saying?

JIMMY  
Your brother voted for Nixon?

COOPER  
(shrugs)  
In '60, yeah. Proudly.

Jimmy lets out a labored sigh.

JIMMY  
I can't do another day on that awful bus, Coop.

COOPER  
Me neither.

JIMMY  
Maybe, if I was stoned...

Cooper considers this.

COOPER  
Stoned would be good whether we get on that bus or not.

Wade spots them, calls out:

WADE BUCKLEY  
Fellas!

Cooper and Jimmy reluctantly move towards Wade, Dwayne and the yellow buses.

#### AT THE BUSES

Dwayne puts a handful of Kennedy buttons in Cooper and Jimmy's hands.

WADE BUCKLEY (CONT'D)  
You're on the Glendale/Pasadena bus.

COOPER  
(lying, quickly)  
We have a car today, Wade.

WADE BUCKLEY  
(skeptical)  
Is that right?

JIMMY  
Coop's brother comes through again.

(CONTINUED)

COOPER

He feels guilty about voting for Nixon in '60. Wants to make up for it however he can. Says he's even gonna vote Democrat today.

WADE BUCKLEY

Really?

JIMMY

Add to that, the number of elderly we can help get to the polls with a car and we're much more valuable on our own, Wade.

WADE BUCKLEY

(buys it)

Well, maybe you can persuade him to join you today. Every little bit helps.

COOPER

Sure...

JIMMY

What precincts are you covering?

WADE BUCKLEY

Dwayne and I won't be out in the field today. We'll stay at campaign headquarters to troubleshoot any potential problems.

DWAYNE CLARK

We've already received a call regarding some stolen voting machines from Precinct 180.

COOPER

I'm not familiar with that area.

Dwayne gets up close and personal with them.

DWAYNE CLARK

It's a black neighborhood.

COOPER

Oh...

DWAYNE CLARK

I guess bussing doesn't agree with you boys...

COOPER

No.

(a beat)

So, we have more in common than you think.

Dwayne allows a smile.

DWAYNE CLARK

Good luck today.

(CONTINUED)

Wade and Dwayne turn their attention back to the volunteers.

WADE BUCKLEY  
Okay, people. We're moving out!

ON - COOPER AND JIMMY

As they walk back towards the hotel.

JIMMY  
Now, all we have to do is get a car.

COOPER  
First things first, Jimmy.

26 INT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL/LOBBY - DAY

26

The elevator doors open and Tim Fallon steps out, Dimples on his leash, leading the way.

MOVE with them as they make their way through the lobby, past the front desk and Morris.

MORRIS  
Good morning, Mr. Fallon.

TIM  
Good morning, Morris.

They walk past John Casey and Nelson Clay in the middle of a game of chess.

John Casey looks up at Tim, they know each other.

JOHN CASEY  
Mr. Fallon. Still here I see.

TIM  
You as well.

JOHN CASEY  
(means it)  
I'll die here.

NELSON  
(toasting)  
Maybe today, with any luck.

Dimples jumps up on John Casey's leg, looking for affection, he rubs between the dog's ears.

JOHN CASEY  
Hiya, boy. There's a good dog...There's a good Dimples.  
(a beat)  
Nelson's been "in check" for the last fifteen minutes. Perhaps you'd like to take the place of this "tired old man" when he disappears for his daily nap, Mr. Fallon.

(CONTINUED)

NELSON  
(scoffs at him)  
At least I don't have to get out of bed  
three times a night to have a piss...

JOHN CASEY  
At least I get out of bed when I piss.

NELSON  
Son-of-a-...

Nelson moves a Rook out of anger and frustration that leaves  
his King completely undefendable.

John Casey seizes the opportunity and:

JOHN CASEY  
Checkmate. See, when you make a move out  
of anger, fear or desperation, it will  
always be costly.

NELSON  
A good decision today is better than the  
best decision tomorrow.

JOHN CASEY  
But you lost.

NELSON  
Jesus...

JOHN CASEY  
Add Mary and Joseph or it's blasphemy.

John Casey turns to Tim.

JOHN CASEY (cont'd)  
My invitation to a friendly game still  
stands, Mr. Fallon.

Tim has to smile, as the climate is anything but.

John pats the dog on the head again.

JOHN CASEY (CONT'D)  
Your wife is well?

TIM  
Yes...perfect.

JOHN CASEY  
She'll be performing tonight, yes?

TIM  
(squirms)  
Of course. And introducing Senator  
Kennedy in the ballroom for his speech  
tonight.

JOHN CASEY  
Yes. A shame about his brother. Real  
shame.

(CONTINUED)

TIM  
(studies the board, the boat)  
Nelson, if I may?  
(a beat)  
Your rook could have been held in  
reserve, you could have given up a pawn  
and turned this game back in your favor.

NELSON  
Now you tell me.  
(a beat, turns to John)  
I'd love to beat you, Casey - just once.  
I want to die just having beaten you  
once.  
(he looks to the heavens)  
That's all I ask for God!

Tom allows a smile at this.

A WAITER arrives with a silver pot of fresh coffee for the gentlemen, sets it down on their table and moves off.

JOHN CASEY  
Coffee, Mr. Fallon?

TIM  
(regards the dog)  
Dimples needs come first, Mr. Casey.

JOHN CASEY  
Of course.

Tim and Dimples walk off and we let them EXIT FRAME to reveal:

ANGELA

She moves out of the Communication's Room and quickly walks past John Casey towards the service elevators.

WE FOLLOW ANGELA to the elevator. She presses the "up" button, looks around nervously, takes a compact out of her purse, checks her lipstick as the elevator doors open and she gets in to see Daryl Timmons. The doors close.

27 INT. ELEVATOR - SAME

27

He looks up at Angela, nods a polite "hello". She averts his eyes, looks at her shoes. She doesn't make a floor selection.

TIMMONS  
Floor?

ANGELA  
Oh, sorry...forth. Same.

Timmons presses the already illuminated button for her. A uncomfortable moment of silence, then:

(CONTINUED)

TIMMONS  
I've seen you before. You work here,  
right?

Angela falters a beat, a split second decision to tell him  
the...

ANGELA  
Switchboard...

...truth. Shit. Now, what am I doing in the service  
elevator?

ANGELA (cont'd)  
And you?

TIMMONS  
Kitchen. Food and beverage...

ANGELA  
(nervous prattle)  
That's right...Well, that beats the pants  
off sitting at that switchboard all day.  
Not that I'm complaining...but's it's  
gotta be more stimulating than "Good  
morning, Ambassador Hotel. How may I  
direct your call?"

TIMMONS  
It's always greener...

ANGELA  
The grass, right...  
(a beat)  
Well, your job certainly sounds more  
exciting than mine anyway.

He offers her his clipboard.

TIMMONS  
Be my guest.

She smiles at this, relaxes a moment.

TIMMONS (cont'd)  
(shrugs)  
For today: let the wetbacks know they can  
get off work to vote.

ANGELA  
Oh.

He holds up the English and Spanish memos.

TIMMONS  
(venting)  
Son-of-a-bitch Paul Ebbers. Can you  
believe that guy? Makes me do something  
like this! I feel like an ass.

Angela shifts uncomfortably.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2)

47.

27

TIMMONS (CONT'D)  
Half of 'em can't even understand  
English! How in the hell they gonna read  
the friggin' ballot?

The elevator stops on the forth floor, doors open. Timmons  
allows her out first.

ANGELA  
See ya around.

TIMMONS  
Sure.

Angela goes off to her left, Timmons to the right.

28 INT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL/4TH FLOOR HALLWAY - SAME

28

We MOVE with Angela as she scans the room numbers. She walks  
the hallway, finally stopping at a room, knocks lightly. The  
door opens to reveal:

PAUL  
Anybody see you?

She has to quickly decide between truth and fiction again and  
this time...

ANGELA  
No.

Satisfied, he allows her to enter. They wrap their arms  
around each other and he kicks the door shut, leaving US in  
the empty hallway. Empty until...

TIMMONS

Materializes. He moves towards their room, stops. He takes  
a beat, looks at the room number, then makes a note on his  
clipboard and moves away quietly.

29 INT. PROMENADE LEVEL/BEAUTY SALON - DAY

29

Diane's feet are submerged in a pedicure soaking tub. Miriam  
works on her damaged nails.

MIRIAM  
Love or money?

DIANE  
Pardon me?

MIRIAM  
Why you're getting married. Love? Or  
money?

Diane considers this, then:

DIANE  
I'm saving a life. I mean, that's how I  
see it anyway.

(CONTINUED)

MIRIAM  
(she gets it)  
Lot of that going on these days.

DIANE  
Unfortunately...  
(a beat)  
But, I suppose love plays a part in it too.  
(she giggles to herself, then;)  
The government sends the spouse a check for one hundred and thirty-five dollars a month...so, it's definitely not for money.

MIRIAM  
I married for love. At least I thought I did...

DIANE  
But you're not sure now?

MIRIAM  
No. It was love, of course. Twenty one years now. Summer of '47. My Paul was a war hero and the most handsome man I'd ever seen. He looked like a movie star...He could have had any woman he wanted, but he picked me.

DIANE  
You picked him too.

MIRIAM  
Yes, I suppose.  
(a beat)  
We just sort of...  
(searches for the word)  
Fit.

DIANE  
How nice.

MIRIAM  
I think that's how you know if it's right or not...the fit...and I'm not just talking about...  
(blushes)  
Y'know, I'm talking beyond a...beyond...

DIANE  
(finishes it for her)  
Beyond just a sexual fit?

MIRIAM  
(she blushes)  
Yes. Beyond that.

DIANE  
Although that's important too.

MIRIAM  
It certainly is!

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2)

They share a small laugh, relief.

MIRIAM (cont'd)  
Do you and your groom?

DIANE  
Do we?

MIRIAM  
Fit?

Diane blushes, giggles a bit.

DIANE  
Fit? Well, no...I mean, we  
haven't...it's complicated. Let's say,  
very complicated, that's all.

MIRIAM  
Aren't they all?

DIANE  
Some more than others...

MIRIAM  
Try me. In here, my dear...  
(indicates the salon)  
I've heard my share of "complicated".

Diane takes a breath.

DIANE  
(simply)  
Okay. The groom is the brother of my  
boyfriend.

Miriam stops and stares at her.

MIRIAM  
That is complicated...

A beat, as Miriam looks through the rows of polish.

MIRIAM (CONT'D)  
What color is the dress?

DIANE  
Lavender. A bit lighter maybe.

MIRIAM  
I see...Well, we have a color to match,  
if that's what you'd like.

DIANE  
(shrugs sadly)  
Sure.

Miriam examines her nails, feels Diane's discomfort.

MIRIAM  
Big wedding?

(CONTINUED)

DIANE

No...My father refuses to attend and he calls the shots.

(a beat)

So, it'll just end up being the two of us...some of his family. His brother Wendell, of course.

(a beat)

My father's a veteran. Thinks William should be a man and take whatever tour they give him.

(a beat)

See, if he's married, they'll send him to Germany, if not, he's more likely to go straight to the front lines...My father thinks William is a coward...

She trails off. Miriam stares at her for a beat.

MIRIAM

What do you think?

Diane thinks about this for a beat, then shrugs.

DIANE

Y'know, I'm not very political. I never have been. Politics don't really turn me on all that much. And I'm not some kind of radical. But, I do know that more young men keep coming home from Vietnam in body bags. Two last week were from my graduating class...

(a beat)

If I could have married them both to keep them from getting killed, I would have...

(a beat)

So, when people use a word like "coward" in the context of this war, I have to tell you that it simply doesn't apply. It can't.

(she stops for a beat, then:)

Y'see, until someone in charge can give me a logical reason why we're over there - all bets are off.

Miriam stares at her for a beat.

MIRIAM

You're more political than you think, young lady.

Diane considers this.

DIANE

Perhaps.

Miriam then stops her work on the nails and examines them.

MIRIAM

You're going to be the prettiest June bride in the hotel today, dear. But you have got to stop biting!

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (4)

DIANE  
I know...I know.

30 INT. FISHER WILSON'S ROOM - DAY

30

A door is opened to reveal:

JIMMY AND COOPER

They smile mischievously.

Fisher stares at them for a long beat, trying to remember who they are.

FISHER  
Yes?

Jimmy and Cooper share a look, a bit less confident.

COOPER  
Um, we were here yesterday.

FISHER  
Yes?

COOPER  
We purchased some...  
(searches for the word)  
...goods from you.

FISHER  
(can't place them)  
Yesterday?

JIMMY  
That's right.

FISHER  
You're not cops are you?

JIMMY  
Do we look like cops to you?

FISHER  
(shrugs)  
Shit, man. Everyone looks like a cop to me.

He lets them in the room.

Fisher plops down on his couch in front of the scale and the dope. Jimmy and Cooper follow him into the livingroom, a bit nervously. They notice the Siamese cat.

COOPER  
(small talk)  
Cool cat.

FISHER  
I'm allergic to him. Maybe he's allergic to me too, huh?

(CONTINUED)

COOPER

I never thought of it that way.

Fisher looks at them for a beat, then:

FISHER

So, what are you gentlemen looking for?

COOPER

We wanted to buy another...you know, just another joint from you. That's all we can afford right now...

FISHER

Uh, huh. But what are you looking for?

COOPER

Just what I said....

FISHER

(yells)

NO!

The boys are frozen in place, this is not at all what they expected.

COOPER

Okay...

Jimmy starts to sweat, this is potentially dangerous.

JIMMY

(quietly to Cooper)  
Maybe we should split, man.

FISHER

What are you looking for?

COOPER

(stammers)

I don't...

FISHER

It's not a trick question!

COOPER

I'm not sure I understand...

FISHER

You don't understand because you're not looking past the words! Look past the words, past the question, friend!

COOPER

(nervous)

You know, man...We just came up here to buy a joint from you...

FISHER

Why?

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY  
Why? To get stoned, man! What's with  
all this other shit?

FISHER  
And why do you want to get stoned?

COOPER  
I dunno...

FISHER  
Bullshit!

JIMMY  
(anything to end it)  
Because it feels good!

FISHER  
(laughs)  
Bingo! That's right! Because it feels  
good! That's why people get stoned!  
Right? Because it feels good!

COOPER  
(sigh of relief)  
Right, right.

FISHER  
(explodes)  
WRONG!

COOPER  
(flummoxed)  
What...no...why is that wrong?

FISHER  
Because that's a cop out, man!

JIMMY  
Okay then, why? For what other reason  
than the fact that it feels good!

Fisher looks at them for a long beat.

FISHER  
(simple; measured)  
Because...  
it's our way...  
of getting closer...  
to God.  
(a beat)  
And that is what you're looking for!  
Only you didn't know it! Until this  
moment.

Cooper and Jimmy share a look.

COOPER  
Look, maybe we'll just go...

Fisher doesn't dismiss them, but rather, studies them for an  
uncomfortable beat, then very matter-of-fact:

(CONTINUED)

FISHER  
Are either of you boys familiar with  
lysergic acid diethylamide?

TIME CUT TO:

31 MICRO - TIGHT ON A WHITE CUBE OF SUGAR

31

The head of an eye dropper comes into frame and deposits one pure crystalline drop of lysergic acid diethylamide or LSD onto the cube. The sugar instantly absorbs the liquid like a sponge. While:

FISHER (V.O.)  
LSD was first discovered in 1938. It's  
manufactured from lysergic acid, which is  
found in ergot, a fungus found on rye and  
other grains.

Fisher prepares three sugar cubes as Cooper and Jimmy sit and nervously watch.

FISHER (CONT'D)  
Generally, you'll feel the effects within  
thirty minutes from taking it. Physical  
effects include dilated pupils, higher  
body temperature, sweating, loss of  
appetite and tremors.

The doses are ready.

FISHER (cont'd)  
(a beat)  
Every rumor you've heard about her is  
true. She can be beautiful and she can  
be terrifying. The difference between a  
good trip and a bad trip depends on your  
willingness to "let go" and give yourself  
over to her completely.

He turns to the boys, rises to his feet and like a priest  
giving communion, stands before the boys with the offering.

FISHER (CONT'D)  
Are you ready to have a personal  
relationship with God?

Cooper and Jimmy share a look, then back to Fisher and  
silently nod.

FISHER (cont'd)  
Very well. Open...

Cooper and Jimmy obey, opening their mouths.

FISHER (cont'd)  
Now, under the tongue...

He places the sugar cubes under their tongues, like the  
Eucharist, then does one for himself.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONT.

Cooper and Jimmy sit back, let the cube dissolve slowly in their mouths, share a brief look of panic, then a look to Fisher, who has already closed his eyes in a meditative state, waiting for his trip to begin.

32 INT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL/4TH FLOOR ROOM - DAY

32

Paul rolls off of Angela. They're in bed, just finished having sex. She's upset.

She gets up from bed, starts to put her clothes on.

PAUL  
Is something wrong?

ANGELA  
Just that you're my boss. You're married. And your wife works in the hotel. Other than that? No.

PAUL  
Hang on...We still have a few minutes.

ANGELA  
I have a thirty minute lunch break, Paul. Same as the other employees.

PAUL  
Hang on...

ANGELA  
I don't want to do this anymore...

PAUL  
Why?

ANGELA  
I don't like me in this picture. Can you dig that? I wouldn't want to be friends with someone like me. With someone who would treat someone else's relationship like this. A twenty year marriage, Paul.  
(a beat)  
You're never going to leave her... Are you?

Paul stares at her. His silence is all the answer she needs.

PAUL  
I care for you. I care for you a great deal, Angela.

ANGELA  
Sure...

PAUL  
Angela...

ANGELA  
You can fire me, if you have to. I don't care...  
(sarcastically)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

ANGELA (cont'd)  
I'll live if I never become "Assistant GM  
of the Ambassador Hotel..

Paul moves to her, puts his arms around her. She pulls free  
of him, but it's no easy task.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
No, Paul. I'm sick and tired of men your  
age using the sexual revolution to act  
like adolescents.

This stops Paul, he shakes his head.

PAUL  
(hurt)  
Wow...okay..."Men my age"...huh...

Angela puts on her skirt and blouse.

ANGELA  
You're old enough to be my father...  
(a beat)  
And I'm old enough to know better.

She puts on her shoes, gets up from the bed and doesn't look  
back as she moves towards the door.

Paul stares at her as she exits the hotel room, leaving him  
very much alone.

33 EXTREME CLOSE ON - A TENNIS BALL

33

It rolls into FRAME and stops. Dimples CRASHES in and grabs  
the ball in his mouth, carrying it back to:

34 EXT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL/GROUNDS - DAY

34

Tim Fallon. Where he deposits it at his feet. Tim picks up  
the ball again and tosses it across the lawn. Dimples pumps  
his puny legs to chase it down.

Suddenly, an O.S. CRASH of GLASS startles Tim.

He looks up to see:

A WOODEN DESK CHAIR - SLO-MOTION

Exploding through a window on the seventh floor! It sails  
through the air at 120 FPS (frames per second), directly at  
OUR LENS.

RESUME SPEED:

The chair buries itself into the lawn, legs first, inches  
from Tim's feet. Almost an invitation to sit.

Tim looks around at this bizarre sight, then quickly scans  
the grounds to discover that he is the only witness to the  
near impaling.

(CONTINUED)

He looks up at the hotel and the broken window. The CAMERA booms up and over his head, looking down on his small figure.

SIMON AND GARFUNKEL'S "PUNKY'S DILEMMA" OVER:

SIMON AND GARFUNKEL  
"Wish I was a Kellogg's cornflake,  
floatin' in my bowl, takin' movies...  
Relaxing a while...livin' in style..."

35 INT. FISHER'S ROOM - SAME

35

Cooper staring straight down the barrel of a 14mm MANS. His face is distorted and gargoyle-like. The LSD is in full effect. He's just thrown the chair through the window.

COOPER  
I'm a rock star, man! I'm Keith  
Richards!

He goes to the broken window and sticks his head outside. He turns back to the room and announces:

COOPER (cont'd)  
Everything must go! It's our summer  
clearance sale!

He makes a grab for the television set. Fisher is there to prevent him from picking it up. A tug-of-war over the TV ensues. Fisher finally prevails and Cooper falls back on his ass and laughs hysterically.

JUMP CUT:

Jimmy sits in a lotus position, eyes rolled into the back of his head. He opens one eye and looks at the room.

JIMMY'S P.O.V.

The walls instantly turn to viscous liquid and begin to drip and melt into a puddle on the floor.

JUMP CUT:

Cooper watches Fisher's Siamese Cat do his business in the cat litter box with utter fascination. Even the cat is a bit uncomfortable with the intrusion.

JUMP CUT:

Jimmy violently throws up in a sink.

JUMP CUT:

Cooper, now completely naked, tries to get comfortable in the cat litter box, shuffling his feet back and forth in the sand.

(CONTINUED)

CLOSE ON - FISHER

He sits back on the couch, tripping.

FISHER'S POV

Suddenly: The entire room MORPHS into an animated black and white cartoon, ROBERT CRUMB, ZAP COMICS, style. The classic 60's stoner comics found in every head shop.

Fisher looks like a shorter haired version of "MR. NATURAL". He grins and the animated SHOT spins and swirls around the room, pulling US deeper into the Crumb-like world.

JUMP CUT:

Jimmy and Cooper, both naked and both animated versions of themselves, play air guitars.

JUMP CUT:

The Siamese Cat, now animated as well, plays a guitar and sings along to the Simon and Garfunkel song, word for word.

SIMON AND GARFUNKEL  
"Old Rodger draft dodger leavin' by the  
basement door....Everybody knows what  
he's tippy toeing down there for..."

JUMP CUT:

The animated Fisher has just finished rolling a joint and lights up. He inhales deeply, smiles and then blows a cloud of animated smoke, DIRECTLY INTO THE LENS which takes US OUT.

36 INT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL/KITCHEN, PANTRY - DAY

36

Lunch time for the kitchen staff. Ten to fifteen kitchen workers, predominantly Mexican, eat food prepared and served to them by "sous" chef EDWARD CHARLES ROBINSON, 50's, black, tall. He sets two plates of food in front of Jose and Miguel.

JOSE  
Thanks, Edward.

MIGUEL  
(attitude)  
Chef's special, Edward?

EDWARD CHARLES ROBINSON  
(shakes his head)  
You know I would if I could, Miguel.

MIGUEL  
Bullshit. I see you serving "the  
brothers" the good stuff. White folks  
too. Don't see 'em eatin' this...

Throws his fork into the plate. Edward rolls his eyes, takes a deep breath.

(CONTINUED)

EDWARD CHARLES ROBINSON  
Why does it have to be like this everyday  
with you, Miguel?

MIGUEL  
'Cause you're trying to keep the brown  
man down, Edward. Trying to keep the  
brown man down.

Edward laughs at this and we realize it's just part of their  
routine.

EDWARD CHARLES ROBINSON  
You know it, baby! Keep the brown man  
weak and undernourished! Make 'em run on  
home across the border. Back to their  
sweet senoritas and refried beans!

MIGUEL  
Sweeter than your fried chicken eatin'  
mama with the big back yard.

EDWARD CHARLES ROBINSON  
Now see...?

Edward produces two small bowls of steaming berry cobbler.

EDWARD CHARLES ROBINSON  
(cont'd)  
My own special berry cobbler right out of  
the oven. But since you brought my  
'mama' into it, Miguel.

He only sets one bowl down in front of Jose. Miguel can't  
believe it.

MIGUEL  
Hey, man!

EDWARD CHARLES ROBINSON  
Don't snivel. You Mexican boys can't  
play 'the Dozers'...Don't know why you  
keep on.

JOSE  
(to Miguel, laughs)  
Yeah, man.

MIGUEL  
(snorts at Jose)  
What do you know about it?

JOSE  
I know I got some cobbler and you don't.

Jose digs in to the dessert.

EDWARD CHARLES ROBINSON  
Good, isn't it, Jose?

Jose nods with a mouthful.

(CONTINUED)

EDWARD CHARLES ROBINSON  
(cont'd)  
Recipe was handed down from my great-  
great grandmother...hasn't changed in  
over a hundred years.

He watches proudly as Jose indulges.

EDWARD CHARLES ROBINSON  
(CONT'D)  
It tastes like...  
(searches for the word)  
...history, man.

Miguel looks at Edward, rolls his eyes.

MIGUEL  
Let's have some of that history.

EDWARD CHARLES ROBINSON  
(denies him)  
The hell...

MIGUEL  
Come on, brother...

EDWARD CHARLES ROBINSON  
We ain't brothers, amigo.

MIGUEL  
And we ain't amigos, brother.

A beat, then Edward laughs, sets the dessert in front of Miguel.

EDWARD CHARLES ROBINSON  
Bon appetit, man.

Miguel shoves his main course aside, starts in on the cobbler.

JOSE  
You workin' a double shift like the rest  
of us?

EDWARD CHARLES ROBINSON  
I am not.

MIGUEL  
Then you must be the only one.

EDWARD CHARLES ROBINSON  
You know why?

JOSE  
Why?

EDWARD CHARLES ROBINSON  
Because I'm so damn good lookin'!

Jose laughs, but Miguel just scoffs.

(CONTINUED)

MIGUEL  
You ain't workin' a double, 'cause whitey  
is scared of your ass, man. Scared  
you're gonna go all Huey Newton on 'em.  
They ain't scared of us yet, Jose. But  
they will be someday. We'll get the  
respect we deserve one day.

Edward gets nose to nose with Miguel, it's uncomfortable.

EDWARD CHARLES ROBINSON  
You better park that anger, man.

MIGUEL  
Get outta my face, Negro!

Edward backs off of Miguel.

He moves away from them, pulls another large tray of cobbler  
from the oven, sticks a fork in it, it's done.

EDWARD CHARLES ROBINSON  
I remember the first few times I ever  
made this dessert. Now, mind you, I had  
eaten my mama's and my Grand-mama's  
hundreds of times...maybe thousands.  
(a beat)  
But for the life of me, I couldn't get it  
right. Too much sugar one time. Not  
enough the next. I couldn't find the  
balance. It lacked...poetry. It lacked  
light. I was forcing it to taste like my  
mama's...like her mother's...  
(a beat)  
See, it had to be Edwards creation. It  
had to be my poem...It had to come from  
me...

Edward looks at Miguel for a beat, shakes his head.

EDWARD CHARLES ROBINSON  
(CONT'D)  
You got shit to offer, Miguel. You got  
no poetry. You got no light. You got  
nobody lookin' at Miguel Rubio and  
saying, "Damn! Look at that Miguel! I  
want what he's got!" You got nothing but  
your anger, amigo.

MIGUEL  
(seething)  
I'm not angry...

EDWARD CHARLES ROBINSON  
(he's heard him, but...)  
What's that?

MIGUEL  
(screams)  
I SAID, I'M NOT ANGRY!

(CONTINUED)

The entire kitchen grinds to a halt, all eyes on are them. Miguel can't help but feel a bit foolish, but he's got his pride.

EDWARD CHARLES ROBINSON

Miguel, man. I used to be like you. I had anger. Had some serious anger. And after Dr. King was killed...anger like you can't imagine.

(a beat)

White folks ain't trying to keep you down, Miguel. See, white folks don't like to be pushed into a corner. They'll come around. They gotta make it look like it was their idea. Like they thought of it. They need to feel like the great emancipators. Like it was theirs to give away in the first place. Let 'em have that. Let 'em have it, if that's what it takes. Can you dig it?

Miguel looks at him, shrugs, maybe.

EDWARD CHARLES ROBINSON

(cont'd)

I know my man Juan can dig that. Can't you, Juan?

Juan looks up from his cobbler and nods.

JUAN

Yeah.

Timmons enters the kitchen, everyone stiffens.

TIMMONS

Is that your famous cobbler I'm smelling from way down in my office, Edward?

Edward smiles at Timmons.

EDWARD CHARLES ROBINSON

Sure is, Mr. Timmons.

TIMMONS

Don't suppose you have a little extra?

EDWARD CHARLES ROBINSON

I just pulled another tray out of the oven, Mr. Timmons. I'll see that some of it finds its way to you.

TIMMONS

Thank you, Edward.

Timmons leaves. The kitchen staff relaxes. Miguel looks at Edward and shakes his head, disgusted with the display of servitude.

MIGUEL

"Step and fetch it," motherfucker.

(CONTINUED)

Edward yanks the bowl of cobbler away from Miguel mid-bite.

MIGUEL (cont'd)  
Hey...

EDWARD CHARLES ROBINSON  
But I ain't workin' a double shift like  
you now? Am I, amigo?

MOVE with Angela as she walks the length of the room, past the other Hotel Operators and takes her seat at the end of the row.

She numbly puts on her headset and catches Patricia staring at her out of the corner of her eye. She turns to her.

ANGELA  
(quietly)  
It's over...

Patricia nods sympathetically.

PATRICIA  
You okay?

Angela stares at the switchboard, doesn't answer.

PATRICIA (cont'd)  
You okay, Honey?

Angela takes a breath.

ANGELA  
I will be...

Patricia's switchboard lights up, she jams her plug into it.

PATRICIA  
Ambassador Hotel, hold please.

She puts the caller on HOLD, turns back to Angela.

PATRICIA (cont'd)  
You want to talk about it?

ANGELA  
Not really.

PATRICIA  
Sometimes it helps...

ANGELA  
(snaps at her)  
Not this time! Not right now!

A beat.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA (CONT'D)

It's done. You can stop giving me grief about it now.

PATRICIA

Okay...

ANGELA

And you have someone on "hold."

Patricia stares at her for a beat, then goes back to work. Angela takes a breath and plugs into the switchboard.

38 INT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL/LOBBY - DAY

38

Tim Fallon and John Casey sit and play chess. Tim's king is in a tough spot and John has captured a good many of Tim's pieces.

TIM

I distinctly remember you saying something about a "friendly game", Mr. Casey.

JOHN CASEY

I said, "friendly", Mr. Fallon, but I didn't say I was going to let you win.

Tim carefully studies the board.

TIM

(frustrated)  
Would that I had a bishop to sacrifice.

JOHN CASEY

Would that the king was as powerful as the queen, Mr. Fallon. Like all husbands, no?

TIM

You can say that again.

JOHN CASEY

Any direction, but only one box at a time.

TIM

But he desires a move to many boxes, don't you agree, Mr. Casey?

John laughs out loud.

JOHN CASEY

Perhaps when he was younger, Mr. Fallon.

Tim smiles at this.

JOHN CASEY (CONT'D)

Chess is like life. That's why it scares people. Intimidates them. That's why they invented checkers. You're in check, Mr. Fallon.

(CONTINUED)

Tim studies the board, looks for a way out, finds it and moves his King.

TIM  
The story of my life...

JOHN CASEY  
What exactly is that story, Mr. Fallon?  
Assuming what we read in those awful  
movie rags isn't true?

TIM  
You read those too?

JOHN CASEY  
I'm sixty-seven years old. I'm entitled  
to some vices.

TIM  
And my wife and I are entitled to some  
privacy...

John looks at Tim, realizes he's in uncomfortable territory.  
And Tim realizes he's been overly sensitive.

TIM (cont'd)  
I'm sorry, John...

JOHN CASEY  
No. You are absolutely right. You are  
one hundred per cent right on that one,  
sir. You are entitled to your privacy.

TIM  
(a beat, then)  
It's all true...

John stops and looks at him.

TIM (cont'd)  
The booze...the drugs...the other  
men...all of it...she's out of control,  
John. I don't know how to help her.

Tim takes a breath. He seems relieved to have been able to  
tell someone, anyone, what his life has been like for God  
know's how long. John looks at Tim carefully for a beat.

JOHN CASEY  
But you stay...you stay with her...

TIM  
You stay.

JOHN CASEY  
Damn right.

TIM  
Real men don't leave...don't walk out.  
They stay, fight the good fight.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN CASEY  
That's right...

TIM  
People are divorcing now...it's getting  
more common.

JOHN CASEY  
But not you...

TIM  
No. Your wife?

JOHN CASEY  
She passed. Last year...

TIM  
Sorry.  
(a beat)  
Regrets?

JOHN CASEY  
That I didn't go with her...  
(stops himself)  
Christ, how cliché!

TIM  
It's not if you mean it.

John thinks for a moment, then:

JOHN CASEY  
I suppose I would have spent more time  
with my children. I have three...eight  
grandchildren. I missed a lot being  
here. Working here. Sometimes it would  
get so busy they would set up cots for  
the staff to take naps. I remember I  
spent an entire week here once. It was  
easier than making the drive home, you  
see. And "overtime" hadn't been invented  
yet, so...  
(a beat)  
We were constantly reminded that we were  
lucky to have a job. I suppose we  
were...lucky, that is. But in those  
days, your work was your life, because  
your life depended on it...

He trails off, then:

JOHN CASEY (CONT'D)  
My wife told me once, that I loved this  
hotel more than I loved her...

He looks around at the hotel lobby for a long beat, then:

JOHN CASEY (cont'd)  
Perhaps she was right.

Off Tom's look.

39 INT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL/PROMENADE LEVEL - AFTERNOON

39

Diane moves through the busy Promenade, admiring window decorations, stopping to look, then moving on to the Chapel where she stops, discovers the door ajar.

She quietly opens the door and peeks inside.

40 INT. CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

40

Diane allows her eyes to adjust to the dim candlelight inside the small chapel which is empty with the exception of:

WILLIAM

He's in one of the pews, on his knees, praying quietly to himself.

Diane watches him for a beat, then moves down the aisle and kneels beside him. He looks up at her.

WILLIAM

(his explanation)

This morning, I realized I hadn't prayed in a long time.

DIANE

What are we praying for?

William looks at her. It's an odd question.

WILLIAM

(shrugs)

World peace. A better job. A sick grandmother...

She absorbs this.

DIANE

Do you think it works?

WILLIAM

Prayer?

DIANE

Do you think our prayers get answered?

WILLIAM

I suppose some do, a lot don't. When they do it's called a miracle. And I suppose that's why we call miracles "miracles."

DIANE

I'm going to pray that my mother and father show up this evening.

WILLIAM

Now, that would be a miracle.

She allows a smile at this.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

The door to the chapel open behind them and a WEDDING PARTY begins to set up for a ceremony. SEVERAL BRIDESMAIDS enter and Diane can't help but study them, take them in. William sees this, then looks away quietly.

41 INT. AMBASSADOR COFFEE SHOP - DAY

41

Daryl Timmons sits at the counter, eats lunch by himself. Susan moves over to him and fills his coffee cup, puts a bowl of Edward's cobbler down in front of him.

SUSAN

Special cobbler from Edward.

He hands her one of the voting notices.

TIMMONS

If you wouldn't mind posting this in the kitchen in plain view when you go back.

She examines the notices.

SUSAN

Sure.

She looks it over.

TIMMONS

Susan, right?

She indicates her name tag as if to say, "yeah and duh" equally. Timmons is embarrassed.

TIMMONS (cont'd)

Right, sorry...Lemme ask your opinion about something that troubles me...

SUSAN

(shrugs)

Okay...

TIMMONS

When government intrudes into the workplace and enforces us to abide by rules and regulations that are broad by any standards...when they force employers to adhere to a set of guidelines that were written over a hundred years ago...doesn't anyone ever question whether or not there's a practical application anymore?

SUSAN

I think you lost me.

He points at the notices.

TIMMONS

All employees must be given a minimum of two hours off work to vote.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

SUSAN  
You don't agree?

TIMMONS  
Sure, for people like you and me. But  
I have a problem with a law that was  
written before the North American border  
lines were drawn. And I have a problem  
with illegal immigrants who abuse and  
take advantage of our system.

SUSAN  
Okay...  
(a beat)  
You want anything else from the kitchen?

TIMMONS  
No...

A beat, she doesn't know what else to say.

SUSAN  
I'll take these back and post them.  
Timmons grunts his thanks, digs into his cobbler.  
Susan heads back towards the kitchen and sees:

MIRIAM

Waiting at the register.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
Hello, Miriam. To go order, right?

MIRIAM  
Yes.

SUSAN  
It's coming right up.

She disappears into the kitchen.

Miriam fishes some dollar bills from her change purse, looks  
over to see Daryl Timmons staring back at her.

Miriam smiles self-consciously and nods politely to him.

Timmons nods back, his lips set in a thin grim line.

42 EXT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL/TENNIS COURTS - DAY

42

Jack and Samantha are dressed in their tennis whites, on  
opposite sides of the court. Samantha serves to him which he  
returns gently and then she counters with a punishing  
backhand that leaves Jack flatfooted and losing the point.

JACK  
Nice shot.

She nods, she knows.

(CONTINUED)

SAMANTHA  
Thirty/Love.

Jack stops, gives her a look.

JACK  
I don't think so.

SAMANTHA  
Sure. There was that one and then the  
other two. So, Thirty/Love.

Jack shrugs at the vagueness of it all, not gonna argue.

Samantha moves to the serve line, prepares to serve. When  
suddenly:

ANOTHER TENNIS BALL

From another court is smacked into the middle of their game!  
Then another, followed by a third!

Samantha stops. Looks at the court next to them to see the  
offending players:

COOPER AND JIMMY

Dressed in their suits, making fools of themselves on the  
court. Both serving to each other simultaneously. Laughing  
and being totally obnoxious.

Cooper takes a swing at a ball and misses completely.

Jimmy chases a ball towards the net and continues on right  
into it, getting tangled and falling on his face.

Copper runs to him, laughing, grabs him by the shirt collar.

COOPER  
How long does this shit last?

JIMMY  
I don't know, man!

COOPER  
I don't wanna be high anymore!

This makes Jimmy laugh, but he's in trouble too.

JIMMY  
Me neither.

COOPER  
I'm serious. I'm freaking, man.

Jimmy pulls away from his grasp.

JIMMY  
(LSD nonsense)  
Unhand me, knave.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (2)

42

Jimmy jumps to his feet, grabs his tennis racket and points it at Cooper like a sword.

JIMMY (cont'd)  
En guard!

Cooper responds, picks up his racket and the two of them "fence" their way across the court.

ON JACK AND SAMANTHA

Watching this display of insanity. They can only wonder.

43 INT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL/EMBASSY BALLROOM - DAY

43

Hotel STAFF, Kennedy VOLUNTEERS and various others are helping to decorate, prep and stock the ballroom for the evening party.

Jose and Miguel lay out cloth napkins and cutlery on the buffet table.

MIGUEL  
You figure out what to do with the tickets? I know a few guys might like to buy 'em.

JOSE  
They're not for sale, Miguel. How many times I gotta say it?

MIGUEL  
What's the face value?

JOSE  
(he shrugs)  
Four fifty a piece.

MIGUEL  
Yeah, but with this whole Drysdale thing, you could get ten easy.

JOSE  
I'm not selling 'em.

MIGUEL  
That's twenty bucks, Mijo. You won't even make that tonight, you deduct for taxes. It's like throwing money away, you don't sell them.

Timmons enters the ballroom, surveys the staff, all busy preparing the ballroom.

Jose throws a look to Timmons, who is barking some instructions to some minimum wage BROWN PEOPLE. WE MOVE off of them to find:

Paul Ebbers with Wade and Dwayne and other KENNEDY STAFFERS in the center of the ballroom, going over the details of the evening, mid conversation:

(CONTINUED)

WADE BUCKLEY  
Either way, the Senator will be taken to the Colonial Room where the press will already be assembled for a brief conference.

Paul surveys the ballroom, thinking, then:

PAUL  
We can take him directly across the ballroom and out the front doors, but I'm worried that with a capacity crowd, it could take him a while to get there. That's a concern.

DWAYNE CLARK  
There's no quicker way to the Colonial Room?

PAUL  
Well, sure. We could take him into the back through the kitchen, but...

WADE BUCKLEY  
Is there a problem with that?

PAUL  
Well, it's a kitchen, fellas. Y'know? It's not the cleanest area of the hotel...It doesn't seem very Presidential that's all.

WADE BUCKLEY  
It'll be fine. I'm sure the kitchen staff would love an opportunity to see the Senator.

PAUL  
Of course.

WADE BUCKLEY  
Good then. We'll bring him in that way as well, take the service elevator down. Depending on how it goes, it could be very late. McCarthy is gonna be loathe to give a concession from atop the "Oregon cloud" he's currently floating on.

PAUL  
Do we know anything yet?

WADE BUCKLEY  
It's still too early.

A Youth For Kennedy VOLUNTEER rushes up to Dwayne and Wade with a note which she thrusts at Dwayne.

VOLUNTEER  
We need you upstairs...

Dwayne quickly reads the note.

(CONTINUED)

DWAYNE CLARK  
Excuse me.

And he's racing out of the ballroom, the Volunteer and Wade following close behind.

## 44 INT. FIFTH FLOOR SUITE - AFTERNOON

44

The situation room. Several staffers and Kennedy Aides are there, manning phones, collecting exit poll results. We find Dwayne on the phone. He's hot.

DWAYNE CLARK  
(his rage)  
You can't tell me, because you don't know! We're not just talking about a few stolen voting machines this time! Under the VRA, I can make one call and the attorney general will replace your cracker registrars! You're damn right I'm threatening you! My candidate is the former attorney general! So, you either fix these problems, or someone from the DOJ will be on you in thirty minutes to make your life miserable! Are we understanding each other? Yes, it is a big deal when the "raw vote count" is showing my candidate behind by ten per cent!

He SLAMS the receiver back in the cradle, all eyes in the room are on him.

DWAYNE CLARK (cont'd)  
(loudly to the room)  
Will somebody please tell me why it feels more like Birmingham than Los Angeles?

WADE BUCKLEY  
What is it?

DWAYNE CLARK  
There's a police checkpoint outside of a polling place in Watts, man...  
(he shakes his head,  
devastated)  
A police checkpoint, Wade.

Wade puts a reassuring hand on his shoulder, Dwayne shrugs it off.

DWAYNE CLARK (cont'd)  
The system is not working for us...again.

He moves away from Wade to cool off, exits the suite. After a moment, Wade follows him out into the corridor.

Dwayne takes short breaths, trying to regain his composure.

(CONTINUED)

DWAYNE CLARK (CONT'D)

I was watching the local news a day ago. And what I saw happen on his motorcade through the city streets gave me hope. Negros and Mexican Americans by the tens of thousands leaping in front of his moving car, tearing at his clothes, ripping the shoes from his feet.

(a beat)

Y'see, Wade, now that Dr. King is gone, there's no one left but Bobby.

(a beat, then)

No one.

Wade studies Dwayne for a beat, he knows it's true.

## 45 INT. FALLON'S SUITE - AFTERNOON

45

Tim enters the room. Moves into the livingroom to find Virginia still in her bathrobe, she's signing the room service tab as Mario stands by. Tim grimly notices a full bottle of scotch, bucket of ice and clean tumblers, but no food. Virginia is bubbly and excited by the prospect of the full bottle of booze.

Mario gives Tim a forced smile.

MARIO

Good afternoon, Mr. Fallon.

TIM

Afternoon.

VIRGINIA

Tim, did you know Mario is from Portofino?

(to Mario)

Tim simply adores Portofino. We spent two weeks there one summer. I had to drag him off the beaches to work. It's fabulous. Just fabulous.

MARIO

Yes, ma'am.

(a beat)

Will there be anything else, Mrs. Fallon?

TIM

No. We're fine.

Mario looks to Tim, then nervously back to Virginia.

MARIO

Very well. Have a nice night and a wonderful show, Mrs. Fallon.

VIRGINIA

Thank you, Mario. Ciao! Arrivederci!

Mario quickly exits the room.

(CONTINUED)

Tim moves to the room service table and makes a grab for the scotch, but she is quicker and snatches the bottle before he can.

TIM  
What the hell is this?

She examines the bottle.

VIRGINIA  
From the looks of it, a very fine, twelve year old single malt.

TIM  
Jesus Christ!

VIRGINIA  
No, Virginia will do...

She cracks the seal of the bottle.

VIRGINIA (cont'd)  
...but thanks for the upgrade.

TIM  
I thought we had an agreement, V.

VIRGINIA  
I haven't had a drink all day!

TIM  
You've been sleeping all day!

She pours a big slug into a tumbler. Gives Tim a "fuck you" look and drains the glass.

VIRGINIA  
Come on, Timmy. In fifteen years I've never missed a show. Not one! Never even been late. Not to one show, Thomas! Even after I friggin' miscarried.

She pours another glass of booze.

Tim is silent, stares at her as she knocks the second glass down like a pro.

VIRGINIA (cont'd)  
(her rage)  
So, take your fucking judgement and check it at the door, baby. I'm the reason we have all this. Not you. People come to see me. People love me, Timmy. I provide the lifestyle in which you've become accustomed to living, sweetheart. I'm the reason you got a few bucks in your pocket. So, if I wanna have a fucking drink, I'm gonna fucking have one.

Tim stares at her. Won't fight her. He looks at his watch, sucks it up.

(CONTINUED)

TIM

You hair appointment's in an hour. You're on at eight sharp. You'll have a forty-five minute break, then you'll be introducing Senator Kennedy in the Embassy Ballroom. Try and stay sober enough to not embarrass us in front of the next President, Virginia.

VIRGINIA

You don't have to worry about me!

She scoops the bottle off the table, heads towards the bathroom, SLAMS the door behind her.

Tim takes a deep breath, he'll keep towing the line.

46 INT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL/LOBBY - AFTERNOON

46

With the help of a cane, Nelson makes his way back to the table where John Casey sits doing a crossword puzzle.

JOHN CASEY

A six letter word for subservient.

Nelson takes his seat with a groan.

NELSON

Flunky.

John checks it on the page.

JOHN CASEY

That works.

He writes it in.

JOHN CASEY (cont'd)

How was your nap?

NELSON

(sullen)

Peachy...

John indicates the chess board.

JOHN CASEY

You want to set up the pieces? Play another game?

NELSON

Pass.

John studies Nelson for a beat, then:

JOHN CASEY

What's the matter, Nelson?

NELSON

I don't know if it's because of my age or that I just simply can't remember...

(CONTINUED)

JOHN CASEY  
Usually you can't remember because of  
your age...

NELSON  
(ignores this)  
I'm losing track of things...my keys...my  
cane...I can't seem to remember which is  
the sock drawer and which one's for  
undershirts...I lost my way going home  
today...  
(a beat)  
...that's never happened before.

John allows a smile at this, then sees how troubled Nelson  
is.

JOHN CASEY  
Perhaps it's just a phase...

NELSON  
(snaps at him)  
It's not!  
(a beat, then self-loathing)  
It's about growing old. Old bones, old  
face, old man...  
(a beat)  
I hate retirement.

JOHN CASEY  
Yes.

NELSON  
I feel useless.

JOHN CASEY  
(he does as well)  
Yes.

John Casey puts his hand over Nelsons, pats it.

JOHN CASEY (CONT'D)  
(gently, quietly)  
Shall I order us some tea?

NELSON  
Christ! Tea! An old person's drink!  
How about a cognac?

John has to smile at this.

JOHN CASEY  
That can be arranged.

NELSON  
Make it a double!

John flags down a passing Bellman.

47 INT. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

47

Jose stacks glasses in the pantry. Edward is there, taking his apron off, finishing for the day.

EDWARD CHARLES ROBINSON  
I understand someone is trying to unload  
tickets to tonight's Dodger game.

Jose relents, takes a breath, reaches into his back pocket and retrieves the tickets. Tosses them on the table. Edward examines them.

EDWARD CHARLES ROBINSON  
(CONT'D)  
Drysedale's night.

JOSE  
Tell me about it.

EDWARD CHARLES ROBINSON  
Six consecutive. It's gonna happen  
tonight. Not since 1904.

JOSE  
Yeah, I know.

Jose looks at Edward for a beat, a kindred spirit. He scoops the tickets off the table and hands them to Edward.

JOSE (CONT'D)  
They're yours, man.

Edward hesitates, looks at the tickets, then to Jose.

EDWARD CHARLES ROBINSON  
We didn't discuss a price.

JOSE  
They're not for sale...

Edward looks at the tickets again.

JOSE (cont'd)  
Enjoy the game.

Edward is genuinely moved.

EDWARD CHARLES ROBINSON  
You're quite an individual, Jose.

JOSE  
It was always more than the game. I  
wanted to be there for Drysdale, y'know?  
Be there for that moment in history.

He smiles sadly at Edward, shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

JOSE (cont'd)  
But I'm happy it's you, Edward. I'm glad  
you'll be there. You'll tell me all  
about it tomorrow, okay?

EDWARD CHARLES ROBINSON  
I will, indeed.

Edward picks up a black felt tip pen and starts to scrawl on  
the tiled wall of the pantry above Jose.

*"the once and future king"*

Jose looks at it curiously and then back to Edward.

EDWARD CHARLES ROBINSON  
(CONT'D)  
That's you, little man.

Jose looks back at the inscription, then to Edward, his face  
full of bewilderment.

EDWARD CHARLES ROBINSON  
(CONT'D)  
An act of charity where charity was not  
asked for...An act of kindness in an  
unkind world...An act of generosity when  
so many cling selfishly to what they  
have...An act of chivalry, when chivalry  
was thought to be a thing of the past.

Jose just stares at him.

EDWARD CHARLES ROBINSON  
(cont'd)  
The story of King Arthur. The Knights of  
the Round Table. Merlin. You've heard  
of it, of course.

JOSE  
We read the stories in school.

EDWARD CHARLES ROBINSON  
Well, then you know Arthur wasn't always  
a king...he was a boy like you...You're a  
boy king, Jose. Like young Arthur: kind,  
caring, humble and eager for adventure.

Edward bows grandly to the boy king.

EDWARD CHARLES ROBINSON  
(cont'd)  
And so, I accept these tickets  
gratefully. It is a chivalrous act, my  
young brother. My young king. A  
chivalrous act indeed.

He turns and leaves. Jose just watches him go, then studies  
the inscription on the wall for a beat.

48 EXT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL GROUNDS - AFTERNOON

48

Diane and William stroll the park-like grounds. It's awkward small talk.

WILLIAM  
Your nails look nice.

DIANE  
You noticed?

WILLIAM  
(shrugs)  
I notice a lot of things.

She looks at him, surprised.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)  
I notice that you blush easily...

DIANE  
I do not!

But she's blushing now.

WILLIAM  
You're blushing now...

DIANE  
(relents)  
Fine...What else?

WILLIAM  
I notice how you look people in the eyes when you talk to them and how rare that is...like you have nothing to hide. And you know how rare that is?

DIANE  
No...

WILLIAM  
I notice that you care about people... you care about things that matter.  
(a beat)  
I notice how good you are...  
(a beat)  
And I notice how my brother lights up when you're with him...and how lucky he is to have someone like you in his life...

Diane catches her breath, a bit uncomfortable with this, so she glances at her nails again, changes the subject.

DIANE  
She says I have to stop biting...nervous habit.

WILLIAM  
What are you nervous about?

(CONTINUED)

DIANE  
(she sighs)  
Do you want a list?

WILLIAM  
You worried about Wendall? Worried we've  
upset my big brother?

Diane thinks for a beat.

DIANE  
No. If Wendall is anything, he's strong.  
And he knows you'd do the same for him,  
if things were the other way around.

WILLIAM  
Yeah. I mean, it's just a certificate.

Diane looks at him for a moment.

DIANE  
Yeah...

49 EXT. AMBASSADOR POOL SIDE - AFTERNOON

49

Cooper and Jimmy lay out in chaise lounges by the pool, still  
dressed in their wrinkled suits.

They sip fruity drinks through straws, their eyes covered by  
Ray Bans.

After a beat:

JIMMY  
We have to get more of this stuff.

COOPER  
I know...

JIMMY  
Doesn't make you hungry like grass.

A beat, then:

COOPER  
How's your personal relationship with God  
coming along?

COOPER (CONT'D)  
Beautiful. And you?

JIMMY  
Me and the big "G" are solid, my Brother.

COOPER  
Right on.

A pool side WAITER approaches them with two fresh drinks.

(CONTINUED)

WAITER  
Will there be anything else, Mr.  
Gladstone?

COOPER  
No, thank you. Just charge it to our  
room, please.

The waiter sets the drinks down and goes away.

JIMMY  
At some point, they're gonna figure out  
we don't have a room here, Coop.

Cooper shrugs, drains the last of his drink and picks up the  
fresh one.

COOPER  
Wanna see a movie?

JIMMY  
Don't we have to make an appearance at  
the party tonight?

COOPER  
Could make a matinee.

JIMMY  
"Planet of the Apes?"

Cooper nods, smiles.

COOPER  
"Planet of the Apes" on acid would be  
good.

JIMMY  
(a bad Chuck Heston)  
"Get your dirty paws off me, you damn  
stinking ape!"

Cooper stares at him, can't let it go without correcting him.

COOPER  
No, he said, "Take your stinking paws off  
me, you damn dirty ape!"

JIMMY  
You're wrong again, friend.

COOPER  
I don't think so.

Jimmy puts his hand on Cooper and shoves him.

COOPER (cont'd)  
Take your stinking paws off me!

Cooper shoves Jimmy back.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (2)

JIMMY

You can't admit when you're wrong, Coop!

COOPER

I do when I'm wrong! But I'm not about this!

Jimmy responds, by shoving him harder and right out of the chair onto the hard deck. This is a schoolyard shoving match.

Copper jumps up and tackles Jimmy and the two of them wrestle each other, grappling for control, grunting, cursing and making a scene.

We MOVE OFF of them and on the other side of the pool we see:

JACK AND SAMANTHA

They lay out in their swim suits, lathered in tanning lotion. Samantha notices the boys at the pool.

SAMANTHA

Dear God. Look! It's those awful boys again.

Jack glances in their direction, shrugs.

JACK

They're not bothering anyone.

SAMANTHA

There should be rules...

JACK

Against being young and crazy?

SAMANTHA

You know what I'm talking about!

JACK

(he's kidding)

You want me to call security?

SAMANTHA

No. I want you to put some suntan lotion on my back.

She hands him some Coppertone and rolls over onto her stomach. Jack squeezes a small amount into his hand, rubs it on her back.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

I look fat.

JACK

You're not fat.

SAMANTHA

I feel fat...

(CONTINUED)

JACK  
Maybe it's your swim suit.

SAMANTHA  
So, you do think I look fat?

JACK  
(flummoxed)  
Huh? No. I didn't say that.  
I was just trying to get inside your  
head, trying to get to the root of what's  
bothering you...

SAMANTHA  
Oh , please...Don't do that!

JACK  
Okay...

SAMANTHA  
I mean it. All that "head-shrinker"  
gibberish...I never thought you needed to  
be "fixed" in the first place!

JACK  
It was your idea for me to go!

SAMANTHA  
Because you were sad...

JACK  
Sam, it's called depression!

SAMANTHA  
Please keep your voice down.

JACK  
(a loud whisper)  
It's called depression!

SAMANTHA  
I don't understand what you have to be  
depressed about.

A beat. She suddenly feels very self conscious, very  
vulnerable.

SAMANTHA (cont'd)  
Is it me?

Jack sits up in his chair, pushes the hair back off his  
wife's beautiful face.

JACK  
Samantha...sweetheart...honey...no.  
(a beat)  
It's me.

Off her look we:

50 INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - AFTERNOON

50

Angela and Patricia work side by side. Patricia checks her wrist watch.

PATRICIA

Another day, another fifty cents.

She takes off her headset and unplugs from the switchboard.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

Your offer still good?

Angela stares at her.

PATRICIA (cont'd)

The party? You asked me to be your date.

Angela remembers, nods.

ANGELA

I'm not really feeling up to it...

PATRICIA

Yeah. I understand...sure.

ANGELA

He'll be there. Chances are she'll be there too.

(a beat)

I was falling for the guy...I mean, I'm such an idiot. I mean, the guy was old...y'know? And you were right, he was never gonna leave his wife.

PATRICIA

Yeah...so maybe some other time, then.

Patricia gets up to go, gathers her belongings.

ANGELA

(total and complete non-sequitur, she blurts)

I don't have a lot of friends.

This stops Patricia, not sure where this is leading.

PATRICIA

Okay.

ANGELA

I'm pretty much alone out here. My whole family is on the East coast...where's your family from?

PATRICIA

Most of them live in New Orleans.

ANGELA

See? This whole time we've worked together - almost a year now - I didn't know that.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA (cont'd)  
I don't know hardly anything about you, Patricia. I sit next to you five days of every week and I don't know where you're from. Isn't that weird?

PATRICIA  
Yeah it's weird, I guess. Well, all you have to do is ask, right?

ANGELA  
Yeah. You too. You ask too, okay?

PATRICIA  
I will.

Patricia goes to leave again, when:

ANGELA  
Hey, there's gonna be hundreds of people at this party tonight...

PATRICIA  
Sure. Maybe more.

ANGELA  
So we should go. We should just go. I'm off at eight. I'll freshen up here and meet you in the lobby.

PATRICIA  
You sure?

ANGELA  
Yes. I'm not freaking or anything. We should go and have a good time and the hell with all the rest of it. You can tell me all about New Orleans and gumbo and being at Mardi Gras and anything else you want to tell me.

Patricia just stares at her for a long beat, shakes her head.

ANGELA (cont'd)  
I know. Don't say it...

PATRICIA  
Girl...

ANGELA  
Don't...

PATRICIA  
(she has to)  
You're crazier than I am.  
(a beat)  
See you at eight.

William tries on his suit for the wedding. Diane moves into the bedroom, sizes him up.

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAM

It's the suit I wore to my senior prom.  
Still fits.

(a beat)

Look...I'm having a difficult time  
with...I'm not sure about this...about  
what we're doing...

DIANE

William...

WILLIAM

No...I can't help feeling like I'm taking  
something away from you...something  
sacred. Marriage is something you should  
only do once. Like our parents. It's  
not frivolous...It's not disposable.

Diane takes his hand, walks him to the bed and motions for  
him to sit. He does.

DIANE

Look, I'm okay with this...I'm okay with  
it in my heart...in my head. You're not  
taking anything away from me. This is my  
choice, William.

WILLIAM

Christ, Diane, I've created a rift  
between you and your father...

DIANE

My father has a problem with you, not  
with me...

WILLIAM

That sure makes me feel better.

DIANE

He's a stubborn man.

William nods, accepts this, takes a beat and relents.

WILLIAM

Well, look at the bright side, you'll be  
getting 135 bucks a month until the  
annulment.

Diane swallows, she moves closer to him.

DIANE

(her breath)

What if I don't want an annulment?

William stares at her.

WILLIAM

(his whisper)

Diane...

She lovingly touches his face and they move to kiss. William  
stops, centimeters from her lips.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (2)

They kiss and fall into each other's arms.

Diane unbuttons his dress shirt, kisses his bare chest and William's hands explore her body, pulling her closer to him.

*SIMON AND GARFUNKEL'S, "SCARBOROUGH FAIR/CANTICLE, PLAYS OVER.*

*SIMON AND GARFUNKEL*

*"Are you going to Scarborough Fair:  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.  
Remember me to one who lives there. She  
once was a true love of mine..."*

52 INT. SERVICE ELEVATOR - AFTERNOON

52

Virginia, now drunk, leans against the wall of the elevator. Tim holds her up on one side and Paul on the other.

The elevator doors open and WE MOVE WITH THEM as the boys each take an arm and escort her out and down a hallway and into the back door of:

THE BEAUTY SALON - CONTINUOUS

They walk Virginia to a seat at Miriam's station.

Miriam is across the room at the register when she spots the trio and Virginia's state.

MIRIAM

(to herself)

Oh, my...

She moves to the entrance of the salon and quickly shuts the glass door and locks it. Flips the "OPEN" sign over to "CLOSED". Makes her way over to them.

MIRIAM (cont'd)

I'll take it from here, fellas.

Tim and Paul fade away and WE MOVE WITH THEM out the back door into the service passageway. They stop. Paul measures him.

PAUL

You alright?

TIM

(he's not)

Sure. Yeah...

PAUL

If there's anything you need, Mr. Fallon...

TIM

She's supposed to introduce the Senator tonight, after her show...she always manages to pull it together...but, man...

(CONTINUED)

PAUL  
Then tonight will be no different.

TIM  
(convincing himself)  
Right.

PAUL  
Is there anything else you need, Mr.  
Fallon?

TIM  
No, she'll be in there for quite a  
while...  
(a beat)  
I'll take the dog for another walk or  
something...

53 INT. KENNEDY CAMPAIGN FIFTH FLOOR SUITE - AFTERNOON

53

The room is a beehive of activity as Kennedy volunteers man  
phones, and compile incoming data about the election results.  
Dwayne paces the floor, Wade hangs up the phone, moves to  
him.

WADE BUCKLEY  
Thirty percent of the precincts reporting  
have McCarthy and Senator Kennedy in a  
dead heat.

DWAYNE CLARK  
(looks at his watch.)  
Polls are open for another four hours.

Wade studies Dwayne for a beat.

WADE BUCKLEY  
How long has it been since you've slept?

DWAYNE CLARK  
How long has it been since you've slept?

They share a beat, warriors on the same team.

DWAYNE CLARK (cont'd)  
(teasing)  
There'd better be cabinet posts for us.

WADE BUCKLEY  
I got dibs on Secretary of State.

DWAYNE CLARK  
You can have it! I want something low  
profile. Say, Secretary of  
Transportation.

WADE BUCKLEY  
Boring. But if that's where you're  
aiming, you can ask him yourself.

DWAYNE CLARK  
I will.

(CONTINUED)

WADE BUCKLEY  
He's specifically asked to meet you,  
Dwayne. Wants to thank you personally  
for all your help with the campaign.

DWAYNE CLARK  
Sure, Wade.

He looks at Wade, laughs. Wade stares at him.

DWAYNE CLARK (cont'd)  
You're kidding right?

WADE BUCKLEY  
(very serious)  
He's sent word to the advance team. He  
wants to meet you.

Dwayne is speechless.

WADE BUCKLEY (cont'd)  
You okay?

Dwayne can't reply just yet.

WADE BUCKLEY (cont'd)  
(answers it for him)  
Yeah, you're okay.

And Wade touches Dwayne on the shoulder and moves away to  
watch the incoming election results on a nearby television.  
Dwayne is left alone, totally stunned.

54 INT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL/PROMENADE LEVEL - AFTERNOON

54

Jack and Samantha are seated in one of the boutique shops  
that specialize in shoes.

An overly eager SALESMAN slips an elegant black shoe onto  
Samantha's foot. Jack looks on.

SALESMAN  
Lovely. How's the fit?

SAMANTHA  
I'll take them.

JACK  
Don't you want to walk around in them?  
See how they feel?

She stands up, then immediately sits.

SAMANTHA  
Fantastic.

JACK  
(more of a statement)  
You don't need to walk around then?

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

SAMANTHA  
It's not about how they feel, Jack. It's  
about how they look. And they look  
fabulous!

Jack looks at the Salesman and shrugs, pulls out his wallet  
and gives the Salesman a large bill.

55 INT. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

55

We follow Jose through the service area and knocks lightly on  
Timmons office door.

TIMMONS (O.S.)  
Yes?

Jose enters the office.

TIMMONS (cont'd)  
I'm pretty busy right now.

JOSE  
Mr. Timmons...

Jose locks up, doesn't know how to say this.

TIMMONS  
What is it, Jose?

JOSE  
Well, sir, I came to work with tickets to  
see the Dodgers play tonight. It was  
important to me. I even thought about  
quitting so I could go. But I considered  
that it might put you in a bad way to  
just split, so I gave the tickets up.  
(a beat)

I guess that's the difference between us.  
You never gave any consideration to me  
when you put me down for a double  
shift...

(a beat)  
So...that's all. That's all I  
wanted...for you to know that...

TIMMONS  
Jose, you should have told me you had  
tickets to the game.

Jose takes a beat.

JOSE  
Would it have made any difference?

Timmons blinks. He doesn't answer. Obviously not. Jose  
leaves.

56 INT. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

56

We follow Jose as he winds his way through the service area,  
pushing a room service tray.

(CONTINUED)

He passes Susan, who is on a pay phone, having just made a call, WE STAY with her, begin a SLOW PUSH IN on her as she talks.

SUSAN

Yes, operator, collect from Susan.  
That's right.

(a beat, then:)

Hello? Can you hear me okay, Momma?  
Everything's fine. Yes. I'm up for a big part in a new Dean Martin movie. My agent says it's between me and two other girls. Can you believe it? I'll know by the end of the week. Of course I'll call you as soon as I know. It's just so very exciting. My agent says I'm just what they're looking for, Momma. Of course you can come visit when we're filming.

(a beat)

Well, I have absolutely no idea what people wear to a Hollywood film set, Momma. I imagine the same thing they wear when they go out in Cleveland.

(a beat)

I miss you too, mom.

(she breaks, tries to hide it from her, does a good job)

No...I'm fine. I just miss you is all. I miss you and Daddy so much. I know you and Daddy were mad about me moving to Los Angeles, but I did the right thing by coming here. I think I have a real shot, Momma. I have talent and people like me. And that's what counts, Momma.

(a beat)

That's what really counts. People like me.

57 INT. BEAUTY SALON - AFTERNOON

57

Miriam and Virginia alone in the salon. Miriam is putting her hair in rollers, getting her ready for her show. Virginia slumps in the chair, would rather be anywhere else.

MIRIAM

Same as last night?

VIRGINIA

As long as it stays out of my face, I don't care.

MIRIAM

I suppose you're past the point of getting nervous before a show.

VIRGINIA

The only thing I'm nervous about these days is whether anyone's gonna show up...

Miriam smiles, thinks she's kidding. She's not.

MIRIAM

You're Virginia Fallon, of course they're going to show.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

Virginia shrugs.

VIRGINIA

I'm getting older...people don't care so much about you when you get older...

MIRIAM

Oh, please. You look terrific...

Virginia leans into the mirror, examines herself, almost spits at her sour reflection.

VIRGINIA

It's why they call women "tootsie" or "cupcake", you know. Anyone ever call you a "twinkie"?

MIRIAM

No...

VIRGINIA

That's right...you'll never hear anyone call you a twinkie, I guarantee it. Know why? 'Cause women don't have the same shelf life a twinkie has...We're like melting ice cream cones...

(a beat)

No wonder they trade us in for a new model every few years...Christ, I probably would too...Sometimes I look in the mirror and I wonder, "When did I grow that flat spot on my ass?"

Miriam smiles at this.

MIRIAM

You don't really believe your husband would trade you in, do you?

Virginia rolls this around in her booze addled head, then:

VIRGINIA

No, not my Timmy. He's different. He's been with me from the start, y'know. Not my Tim.

Mario, the room service waiter enters with a tumbler full of martinis and one glass.

Virginia sees him and brightens.

VIRGINIA (CONT'D)

Buena Serra, Mario.

MARIO

Good afternoon, ma'am.

He sets the tray down near Virginia.

VIRGINIA

Put it on my room, Mario.

(CONTINUED)

MARIO

Yes, ma'am. Thank you, ma'am.

Mario exits, leaving the women alone. Virginia helps herself to a martini, doesn't offer Miriam. Miriam watches her without judgement, keeps doing her rollers, changes the subject.

MIRIAM

I never could carry a tune. Not even Christmas carols.

VIRGINIA

(couldn't care less)  
That's fantastic...

Miriam blinks, keeps her composure.

MIRIAM

My husband always tries to get me to sing...thinks it's funny...a joke at my expense, I suppose.

VIRGINIA

Uh-huh...

Miriam stops, stung. Looks at her, then goes back to doing her rollers. Virginia stops and catches herself.

VIRGINIA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry...

MIRIAM

(it's not)  
It's okay...

VIRGINIA

I'm a drunk...

Miriam continues with the rollers.

VIRGINIA (cont'd)

An awful drunk...  
(a beat, then quietly)  
And an awful person sometimes...

Miriam stares at her.

58 INT. HOTEL ROOM/6TH FLOOR - EVENING

58

Diane and William lay in bed. They are both naked, bodies entwined. Faces relaxed in the afterglow.

WILLIAM

Diane...

She puts a finger against his lips to silence him.

DIANE

Don't...

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAM  
(his conflict)  
Why doesn't this feel wrong? It should  
feel wrong...

DIANE  
You know why it doesn't?

WILLIAM  
Why?

DIANE  
(her whisper)  
Because we fit, William. We just fit...

William stares at her, seems satisfied with that answer.

A KNOCK on the door.

They freeze.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Room service!

Diane and William look at each other, confused.

WILLIAM  
I didn't order room service...

William wraps himself up in a sheet, goes to the door and  
opens it to reveal:

WENDALL AVARY

William's older brother. Twenty-six, handsome. He holds a  
bottle of chilled champagne in his hand. A few BUDDIES are  
with him, a little liquored up.

WENDALL  
Did I have you fooled, brother?

He stops, his mind trying to comprehend the situation in  
front of him.

WILLIAM  
Wendall...

Wendell wears a frozen expression as he sees Diane, also  
wrapped in the sheets and sitting up in bed. He pushes past  
William to get a better view of the darkened room and clearer  
picture of the shocking discovery.

WENDALL  
Diane...

DIANE  
Wendall please...

WENDALL  
What the...? What is this?

(CONTINUED)

Diane tries to cover herself, wrapping the sheets tighter to her body.

William is beside himself, can't defend his actions.

WILLIAM

I'm sorry, man....

Wendall deflates, he is beyond words. He stares at his brother for a long moment - and severs the tie, the family bond - forever. WE recognize it and William does too.

Wendall turns on his heels and is gone as quickly as he came.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

(a whisper)

Wendall!

But Wendall is long gone. William stops and goes back to the room where he pauses in the door frame and takes a heavy, saddened breath.

Diane sits on the edge of the bed, quietly crying, she looks up and locks eyes with him.

The strains of a big band rendition of "ALL OF ME" bleeds into the scene and we:

59 INT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL/COCOANUT GROVE NIGHTCLUB - EVENING

59

The THIRTY PIECE ORCHESTRA is warming up on stage for tonight's show. Comprised mostly of OLDER GENTLEMEN, they are dressed in unbuttoned tuxedos and all of them, great old school musicians.

Tim sits on the edge of the stage, bopping to the rhythm of "ALL OF ME". The band winds it down to the finale.

Tim applauds.

TIM

Nice work, fellas.

BAND LEADER

You want to sit in, Mr. Fallon?

TIM

No. I don't play anymore.

BAND LEADER

Once a musician...Come on, Tim!

The rest of the Band takes up the chant. Reluctantly, an embarrassed Tim gets up and makes his way to the Drummer, who hands him his drum sticks happily. Tim takes a seat behind the drum set, adjusts the stool.

BAND LEADER (cont'd)

You call it, Timmy.

Tim thinks for a minute, then shrugs:

(CONTINUED)

TIM  
"Mack The Knife."

The Band sounds it's approval.

BAND LEADER  
A one, two, three, four...

And they begin to play. And Tim is more than adequate, he's pretty damn good. We see, in-fact, here is a truly wasted talent.

WE MOVE IN to Tim as he plays and the MUSIC TAKES US TO:

60 INT. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

60

Jose has resumed his duties in the pantry, folding napkins in a decorative design. Miguel moves up to his side, does the same. After a beat, Miguel reaches into his back pocket and pulls out a small transistor radio and gives it to Jose.

MIGUEL  
So, you can listen to the game tonight,  
Mijo.

Jose's is truly touched. He inspects the radio, plays with the dials.

JOSE  
Miguel...

MIGUEL  
Just don't let Timmons catch you with it.  
These little things are expensive.

Jose gratefully accepts the radio.

JOSE  
Thank you.

MIGUEL  
(smiles)  
Go Dodgers.

61 INT. AMBASSADOR COFFEE SHOP - EVENING

61

Jimmy and Cooper take a seat at a booth. It's the same booth we saw them seated at when we introduced them. They are dressed in the same clothes, now more rumpled than ever, looking wasted.

Susan approaches their table, stops at the sight of them.

SUSAN  
Hello, guys...Coffee?

JIMMY  
Immediately...

She fills their cups.

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN  
Rough day in the mines?

COOPER  
Yeah...

These are definitely not the same two people she waited on in the morning. She skips the small talk, studies them carefully.

SUSAN  
You need some menus?

JIMMY  
No. Coffee's fine for now, Susan.

She leaves. Cooper examines a large grass stain on his suit.

COOPER  
That's never gonna come out.

Cooper digs into his pockets and pulls out handfuls of "Vote for Kennedy" buttons, tosses them on the table.

He stares at them. Jimmy watches him. He then digs his hands into his pockets and pulls out a handful of buttons as well.

COOPER (CONT'D)  
Christ, Jimmy. What have we done?

JIMMY  
What do you mean?

COOPER  
I mean, what if Dwayne was right? What if Kennedy loses? We can all just forget it, man.  
(a beat)  
I'm nineteen, Jimmy. I don't wanna go to Vietnam.

Jimmy stares at him.

COOPER (cont'd)  
(a beat)  
We fucked off today, man. We should have done what we were supposed to do. What we committed to do!

JIMMY  
Coop, it's just two guys knockin' on doors, come on...

COOPER  
(his panic)  
McCarthy in New Hampshire! He came within 230 votes of Johnson! 230! We could have knocked on two hundred and thirty doors, man! Shit, I've done well over a hundred by myself!

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY  
(trying to placate him)  
If it makes you feel better, we can still  
go out, the polls will be open for a  
while longer...

COOPER  
No! It's too late! It's too goddamn  
late!

JIMMY  
Coop, calm down, man.

COOPER  
Don't tell me to calm down!

JIMMY  
You're causing a scene...

COOPER  
(yelling now)  
WHAT IF WE COST HIM THE ELECTION, MAN!!!?

Heads turn. Cooper gets a grip, takes a breath.

COOPER (cont'd)  
I feel like we should personally  
apologize to him...y'know? Apologize for  
not doing our part today...

Jimmy stares at him.

JIMMY  
Are you still high from the acid?

COOPER  
No.

Jimmy gives him a look. Cooper checks in with himself.

COOPER (CONT'D)  
Maybe a little. Yeah.

Susan returns with some french fries and places them on the  
table.

JIMMY  
We didn't order these.

SUSAN  
You gotta eat something.

COOPER  
What? Why?

SUSAN  
Is this the first time you two have  
"turned on"?

They look at her, dumbfounded.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: (3)

SUSAN (cont'd)  
Oh come on, fellas. Your pupils are like saucers. When did you take it?

They look to each other, shrug.

JIMMY  
I dunno. Ten or eleven this morning.

Susan checks her wrist watch.

SUSAN  
Okay then. You should be eating now. I'll get some menus.

She leaves. They watch her go, then share a look.

COOPER  
Were we that obvious?

Jimmy rolls his eyes.

JIMMY  
(mimics him)  
"What if we cost him the election, Man?"

62 EXT. BEAUTY SALON - EVENING

62

Miriam is saying her "good nights" to a couple of STAFF as they move out the back door of the salon. She turns around and moves to the front to close up when we sees:

TIMMONS

He stands in the entrance door.

Miriam is surprised to see him, looks at him curiously.

MIRIAM  
Hello, Daryl.

Timmons can't look at her, stares at the floor nervously, but we know why he's there.

63 INT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL/LOBBY - EVENING

63

John Casey and Nelson, finishing their cocktails.

John Casey drains his glass, looks up at Nelson, searching for the words. Regards the empty glass for a moment.

JOHN CASEY  
God, man....I don't believe I've ever done this. Forty seven years and I've never had a drink in this hotel. I feel like...like...  
(a beat, then he gets it)  
I feel like a guest.

NELSON  
A guest?

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

JOHN CASEY  
A guest at the Ambassador Hotel.

NELSON  
How does it feel?

JOHN CASEY  
Glorious. I feel good enough to buy you  
supper tonight.

NELSON  
I'm afraid I'll have to take a rain  
check, John. Dorothy worries if I'm out  
late.

John Casey tries to mask his disappointment.

JOHN CASEY  
Of course.

Nelson rises to his feet, takes hold of his cane and steadies  
himself.

JOHN CASEY (CONT'D)  
I'll walk you out.

John Casey gets up, and walks his friend to the main doors.  
As they move slowly through the well dressed party-goers, in  
their own elderly world:

NELSON  
Wish I could stay.

JOHN CASEY  
No, you cherish the fact that someone is  
still home who worries about you.

John walks him to the door and opens it for him.

JOHN CASEY (CONT'D)  
Perhaps tomorrow will be more forgiving.

NELSON  
You've always beaten me at chess, John  
Casey. You always will. That's why you  
play me.

John thinks about this for a moment, then:

JOHN CASEY  
Perhaps you're right.

Nelson laughs and touches his old friend on the shoulder  
affectionately.

NELSON  
Goodnight, John.

And he goes off into the night, leaving John alone at the  
door, but only for a moment as he nearly bumps into:

(CONTINUED)

Morris leaving for the night.

MORRIS  
Good evening, Mr. Casey.

JOHN CASEY  
Good evening, Morris. How about joining  
me for a cup of coffee? A bite to eat?

MORRIS  
(as he walks away)  
I have cats to feed. Don't you have a  
home, John?

JOHN CASEY  
(more to himself)  
I am home.

Morris just shakes his head as he walks off. John is alone,  
but only for a moment again as:

SEVERAL BLACK SEDANS drive up to the entrance way and stop.  
Car doors are opened and PEOPLE begin to pour out.

This the KENNEDY PARTY and BOBBY is among the group, though  
seeing him clearly is difficult because of the number of  
people surrounding him.

The KENNEDY PARTY makes it's way towards the entrance doors.

With no other Bellmen around to assist, John Casey is the  
only person on duty.

He straightens his jacket, his shoulders and puts on a warm  
smile.

He proudly opens the door for Robert F. Kennedy, Ethel  
Kennedy and their entourage.

JOHN CASEY (cont'd)  
Good evening. Welcome to the Ambassador  
Hotel. Good evening, Senator. Have a  
lovely evening.

Amid a chorus of "Thank You's" the Kennedy Group pass him as  
they go into the hotel, WE SLOWLY PUSH IN ON John, back in  
his element, if just for that moment.

64 INT. BEAUTY SALON - EVENING

64

Paul sticks his head in to see Miriam cleaning up for the  
day.

PAUL  
Knock, knock...

Miriam looks up at him.

MIRIAM  
Hello...

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

PAUL  
(trying to charm her)  
Do you work here, Young Lady?

MIRIAM  
One of us has to bring home the bacon.

PAUL  
So, you finally agree that I'm underpaid  
and undervalued.

MIRIAM  
Do you really want to rehash the pay  
scale argument again?

PAUL  
No.

MIRIAM  
Because you'll lose again.

PAUL  
I know...  
(a beat)  
I'd like to never argue with you again...  
About anything.

MIRIAM  
That makes two of us.

PAUL  
Okay, now that that's settled...You have  
time for a quick trim?

MIRIAM  
Sure, Paul.

65 INT. KITCHEN/SERVICE AREA - EVENING

65

MOVE WITH Timmons as he winds his way through the noisy  
kitchen, checking on food preparation, etc. Off in a corner,  
something catches his attention and he moves off to find:

Jose and Miguel huddled around the transistor radio,  
listening to the Dodger game. They look up to see Timmons -  
deer caught in the headlights!

Timmons clears his throat, takes a step closer to them.

MIGUEL  
(quietly to himself)  
Shit...

Timmons looks at the radio, picks it up and examines it, then  
turns to Jose.

TIMMONS  
What inning?

JOSE  
Bottom of the forth...no hits for  
Pittsburgh so far.

(CONTINUED)

65 . CONTINUED:

65

Timmons cranks up the volume, then much to their surprise, takes a seat next to Jose and listens to the game with them.

66 INT. FALLON'S SUITE - EVENING

66

Tim is in the bedroom getting dressed in his evening attire. Virginia enters in her bathrobe, hair and make-up done.

TIM

You're on stage in an hour...

She holds a cocktail. He tries to take the drink from her, but she slinks away from him, laughs.

VIRGINIA

(singing)

"Tall and tan and young and lovely, the girl from Impanema goes walking, and when she passes, each one she passes goes ahhh!"

TIM

Why don't you save it for the show?

VIRGINIA

(singing)

"When she walks she's like a samba that, swings so cool and sways so gentle, that when she passes, each one she passes goes, ahhh!"

TIM

We have to start getting you dressed, V.

VIRGINIA

(singing)

"Oh, but I watch her so sadly, how can I tell her I love her? Yes, I would give up my heart gladly. But each day when she walks to sea, she looks straight ahead not at me."

TIM

Come on, Virginia...We don't have time for this...

VIRGINIA

(singing)

"Tall and tan and young and lovely, the girl from Impanema goes walking and when she passes I smile, but she doesn't see..."

TIM

I can't do this anymore...

VIRGINIA

(singing)

"She doesn't see..."

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

TIM  
I'm your husband, Virginia...not your  
baby-sitter...

VIRGINIA  
(singing, softly now)  
"No, she doesn't see..."

Tim has had it, he finally snaps.

TIM  
(his anger)  
I can't keep picking you up! I can't  
keep carrying you.  
(cracking now)  
I can't compete with it. I'm not gonna  
fight it anymore. I keep losing. I'm  
just gonna keep losing, Virginia. And so  
are you...

He weeps. Virginia stops and looks at him, puts the bottle  
down and moves to him, puts her arms around him. Talks to  
him like a child.

VIRGINIA  
You gonna quit on me? You promised you'd  
always be there for me, Tim. I need you,  
baby. We're a team, Timmy.

TIM  
Virginia...

She holds him close while he weeps.

67 INT. BEAUTY SALON - LATER

67

Paul sits in the chair while Miriam cuts his hair.

PAUL  
I've gotten so damn grey.

MIRIAM  
It's distinguished.

PAUL  
You ever notice how the people who always  
say that don't ever have any grey hairs  
themselves? I just don't want to look  
too conservative is all.  
(teasing)  
I want to preserve my liberal flair.

She stops cutting, looks at Paul's reflection in the mirror.

MIRIAM  
Liberal flair or not, you wear it well.  
(a beat)  
People tell me all the time how lucky I  
am to be married to such a handsome man  
like Paul Ebbers. How wonderful it must  
be.

(a beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

MIRIAM (cont'd)

And I nod in agreement, not because I'm playing the role of grateful wife - but because it's true. You are wonderful and handsome and more - so much more - Paul. You're strong and caring - a great provider, a good father to our children...a true gentleman...

She continues cutting his hair, then:

MIRIAM (CONT'D)

But tell me Paul: Does preserving your "liberal flair" also mean you can stick your prick anywhere you want to, as long as you don't discriminate?

Paul doesn't answer.

MIRIAM (cont'd)

I mean, a penis doesn't know from discrimination, does it, Paul? It doesn't care if a vagina is white, black, brown, yellow or...

She cracks...

MIRIAM (cont'd)

Or young.

Paul remains still, barely breathes.

MIRIAM (cont'd)

It ends, Paul...

PAUL

Yes...

MIRIAM

Or we do...

PAUL

Yes...

MIRIAM

You tell her it's over.

PAUL

Yes...

MIRIAM

You tell her...

PAUL

(his pain)

I'm sorry, Miriam. I'm so very sorry.

Paul lets a tear slip, then another. Soon he is weeping uncontrollably.

Miriam stares at him sadly, then goes back to her work, quietly trimming his sideburns while he cries like a child. She offers him no comfort, quietly continues to cut his hair.

68 INT. FISHER'S ROOM - EVENING

68

Fisher holds the Siamese Cat in his arms as he opens the door for:

TWO YOUNG MEN

Late teens, beatnik types. They both wear goofy grins and tie-dyed shirts.

Fisher recognizes them.

FISHER  
Evening gentlemen. Back so soon...

BEATNIK #1  
You have the best grass in Los Angeles, man.

FISHER  
NO!

They both stop for a beat at the outburst. Fisher smiles.

FISHER (cont'd)  
The best in the whole state, my friends.

The Beatniks relax and they enter the room. Fisher shuffles to the table with the dope and scales, sets the cat on the couch.

FISHER (cont'd)  
Sit down, make yourselves comfy cozy.

BEATNIK #2  
No, man. We have a party to get to.  
Gotta do our business and split.

FISHER  
"Do our business"...  
(laughs)  
That's funny...

The Beatniks look at one another, they don't really see the humor, but they smile to be polite.

FISHER (cont'd)  
So, big party? Lots of chicks? And why haven't I been invited?

BEATNIK #1  
(ignores this)  
We were thinking about an ounce this time.

Fisher stares at them for a beat, then smiles.

FISHER  
Must be some kinda party.  
(holds up a rolled joint)  
Wanna smoke?

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

He lights up the joint, inhales.

FISHER (cont'd)  
(regarding the pot)  
Yeah. Wow. The "evening blend."  
Doesn't really put you in the partying  
frame of mind.

He "bogarts" the joint. Doesn't offer them a hit.

FISHER (cont'd)  
No. This is definitely not for you...

He takes it down to a roach, then stops, looks at the Two  
Beatniks staring at him.

FISHER (cont'd)  
What's that saying about keeping away  
from your own stash?

No one in the room knows.

FISHER (cont'd)  
Anyway...I don't subscribe to it...never  
have....

Fisher then laughs, moves to the stash and gets down to  
business.

69 INT. JACK AND SAMANTHA'S ROOM - EVENING

69

Jack and Samantha get ready for the night. Samantha in her  
black dress and shoes. She examines her reflection in the  
mirror, frowns.

SAMANTHA  
I should have brought the dress in with  
us when we purchased the shoes.

JACK  
Why?

SAMANTHA  
The blacks are different.

JACK  
I thought black was black...

SAMANTHA  
There are different shades of black.

Jack lets loose a heavy sigh, this has been brewing since we  
met them. He stares at her.

JACK  
Man, I can't keep track of you.

She looks at him for a beat, cocks her head.

SAMANTHA  
Jack, I'm right here, of course.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

JACK  
(skeptical)  
Are you? I don't know, Samantha...

SAMANTHA  
Where's this coming from?

JACK  
I just wish you could see what I see,  
Samantha. You're more than the shoes on  
your feet or the designer dress on your  
body. You're more than the purse you  
carry or the money inside...You and I are  
more than the "stuff", the "things" we  
fill our lives with.

He moves to her and touches her, gently touches her face.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Somewhere in between all our "stuff", all  
our "things"...is us. I don't want to  
lose "us".

SAMANTHA  
I don't wanna lose "us" either.

Jack stops, takes a breath.

JACK  
I suppose I wanna know that even if all  
this went away, the house, the cars, the  
vacations...if it all just disappeared  
tomorrow, we'd still have each  
other...and we'd both be okay with that.

Samantha stares at him.

SAMANTHA  
(gently)  
Is this more of that head shrinker  
gibberish?

Jack takes a breath.

JACK  
We call them tools...In our sessions we  
call them tools, Samantha...

SAMANTHA  
Well, whatever the hell you call them...  
(a beat)  
Maybe you're not the only one who needs  
"fixing"...Maybe you'd let me go with you  
next time...  
(a beat)  
That is, if it's okay with you and the  
good doctor...

He looks at his wife as if seeing her for the first time.

JACK  
I'd like that...

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: (2)

69

He pulls her into him and they embrace.

70 EXT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL/VENETIAN ROOM - EVENING

70

A party in full swing for the GOP senatorial candidate Max Rafferty, who has won the nomination of his party by a landslide. The mood is upbeat and the drinks are flowing. WE MOVE with Daryl Timmons as he moves through the festivities, making sure the party is stocked and staffed properly. He shakes hands with a few wealthy politicians whom he recognizes.

Timmons moves towards the entrance doors and exits the Venetian Room when he's suddenly confronted by:

PAUL

He charges Timmons, cocks his fist and plants a wallop into his nose.

Timmons, taken off guard, crumbles. He staggers to his feet and comes after Paul.

People scream and scatter, while others move in to pull Paul and Timmons apart.

Separated now by SEVERAL SUITED MEN, they square off, breathing hard.

Timmons pulls away from the people restraining him, straightens his jacket and wipes a trickle of blood from his nose before he moves away.

Paul, embarrassed by the lack of control over his emotions, turns and walks away, leaving people in his wake to only wonder.

71 INT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL ROOM/6TH FLOOR - EVENING

71

Diane and William dress for their wedding in silence. Diane looks at him for a long beat while he fixes his tie. She knows she's doing the right thing, with the right man.

72 INT. KENNEDY CAMPAIGN FIFTH FLOOR SUITE - EVENING

72

Election coverage on the many TV screens. Volunteers milling about, drinking and eating from a buffet table. Dwayne sits in a quiet corner of the room. An older KENNEDY AIDE sits next to him. On the TV, ABC anchor Howard K. Smith is talking about the California and South Dakota primaries.

Dwayne nervously glances across the hall at the closed doors to the Kennedy suite.

DWAYNE CLARK

(small talk)

Thought I saw John Glenn over there...

KENNEDY AIDE

You did...And Rosie Grier, Rafer Johnson, George Plimpton too, among others. You're not nervous are you?

(CONTINUED)

Dwayne looks at him, rolls his eyes.

                  DWAYNE CLARK  
Of course not, they come over to my house  
for dinner all the time.

The Kennedy Aide chuckles.

Dwayne fidgets, looks at his shoes. Turns his attention to the television.

                  HOWARD K. SMITH  
                  (on television)  
"And with 51 percent of the precincts  
counted, Senator Kennedy with a  
commanding lead of fifty percent of the  
vote, Vice President Hubert Humphrey with  
thirty percent and a laggardly twenty  
percent for Senator McCarthy."

                  KENNEDY AIDE  
South Dakota's for Bobby.

                  DWAYNE CLARK  
                  (nods)  
Humphrey's home state.

                  KENNEDY AIDE  
You can hardly call that an "inconclusive  
victory".

A large CHEER from across the hall in the Senator's suite.  
Dwayne looks over there again in anticipation.

On another television, Chet Huntley with the NBC election  
results coming in:

                  CHET HUNTLEY  
                  (on television)  
"...and while the polls are still open  
for another few minutes, California has  
been harder to call. The trouble is in  
Los Angeles where a new computer type  
voting method has been instituted. This  
has made counting the votes much more  
difficult...."

Wade enters the room, shakes the Kennedy Aide's hand.

                  WADE BUCKLEY  
Hello, Ted.

                  KENNEDY AIDE  
How is it possible that computers can  
control space flights to the moon and  
Mars, yet can't seem to scan a bunch of  
punch cards, Wade?

                  WADE BUCKLEY  
We're fine. CBS is predicting a victory  
for Kennedy....And if Walter Cronkite  
says Bobby's the winner...

(CONTINUED)

KENNEDY AIDE  
From Mr. Cronkite's lips, then...

Wade turns to Dwayne.

WADE BUCKLEY  
Are you ready to meet the next President  
of the United States?

Dwayne swallows, starts to sweat.

WADE BUCKLEY (cont'd)  
He's not gonna bite you, Dwayne.

KENNEDY AIDE  
(teasing)  
I wouldn't be so sure about that.

Dwayne allows a smile, gets to his feet and takes a deep  
breath. He's ready.

DWAYNE CLARK  
Okay.

WADE BUCKLEY  
Very well, then. Follow me.

Wade leads the way across the hall and Dwayne follows. Wade  
opens the double doors and we catch glimpses of people  
inside, maybe Bobby or Ethel even. But it's just a glimpse  
as the door is quickly shut and Dwayne disappears inside.

SIMON AND GARFUNKEL'S GREGORIAN CHANT-LIKE "BENEDICTUS"  
BEGINS AND PLAYS OVER THE MONTAGE:

73 INT. CHAPEL - EVENING

73

Diane looking radiant and completely sure of herself.  
William holds her hand tightly and they face the MINISTER who  
presides over the ceremony. They are the only three in the  
chapel.

SIMON AND GARFUNKEL  
"Bene-dictus...Bene-dictus..."

74 INT. EMBASSY BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

74

As the staff makes their last minute preparations and guests  
and party-goers have started to arrive, we find Paul alone in  
the grand ballroom. He picks up a "Vote Kennedy" straw hat,  
stares off, lost in himself and his own brokenness.

75 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

75

Jose is alone now listening to the Dodger game on the radio.  
Through the MUSIC, we HEAR the Sportscaster call the plays.

76 INT. FISHER'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

76

The Beatniks look on, as Fisher measures the dope on the  
scale and starts putting it in the baggies.

77 INT. TIMMONS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

77

Timmons is alone in his office. He places a large cardboard box on top of his desk, then very slowly begins to clean out the contents of his desk, putting pictures of family and other personal effects into the box.

78 INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

78

Angela is at her post, makes one final connection on the board. Then pulls her plug and slowly takes the headset off. She sits there for a long beat. The day has taken it's toll on her.

79 INT. COCOANUT GROVE NIGHTCLUB - CONTINUOUS

79

Tim is backstage with Virginia. He holds her steady as the LARGE BACKUP ORCHESTRA begins to play her intro to "MORE". A spotlight is illuminated as a signal for her cue and Virginia steps out on stage and into the glare of it. She moves across the stage and is met with a wild applause from a very enthusiastic audience. She takes the microphone and begins a rousing rendition of "MORE." The crowd loves it.

Tim watches from the wings, he's done it again. But tonight has been a Herculean effort and it shows on his face.

80 INT. AMBASSADOR COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

80

John Casey sits in a corner booth, alone. A plate of food in front of him.

He carefully tucks a napkin into his shirt as a bib, says a small mealtime prayer, "Amen". Begins to eat supper by himself.

In another part of the coffee shop:

JIMMY AND COOPER

They sit quietly stacking their "Vote Kennedy" buttons on top of each other creating tall, narrow columns. Half eaten plates of food and empty coffee cups litter the table.

Cooper adds one final button to his, and the lot of them crash to the table top, scattering buttons everywhere.

81 INT. FISHER'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

81

The Siamese cat looks up from the couch suddenly startled as:

The door to Fisher's room is kicked in and THREE PLAINCLOTHES COPS burst into the room, guns drawn.

The Beatniks jump back out of their chairs, flashing police badges and .38 revolvers at Fisher.

Fisher just simply raises his hands in submission, his face holding a sad smile, like he was somehow expecting it all along.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

One of the COPS pulls Fisher to his feet and slaps the handcuffs on his wrists.

82 INT. BEAUTY SALON - CONTINUOUS

82

Miriam now alone in the salon, most of the lights are off. She is at a mirror, takes a curler out of her own hair, straightens out her dress and adjusts her "Vote Kennedy" pin, she catches a glimpse of herself in the mirror and stops. Acknowledging her own beauty, her own strength, perhaps for the first time in a long while. She then turns and heads out of the salon, locking the door behind her.

83 INT. KENNEDY CAMPAIGN FIFTH FLOOR SUITE - CONTINUOUS

83

The double doors open to reveal:

DWAYNE

He's a changed man. Literally walking on air following his meeting with the New Emancipator. Wade comes out a moment behind the truly euphoric Dwayne.

84 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

84

Jose, listens as the Dodger Sportscaster calls the plays in the bottom of the ninth.

DODGER SPORTSCASTER

"...Two outs here in the bottom of the ninth...Drysdale with a curve ball. Stargel gets a slice on it, but he's thrown out and that's it! That's it! Don Drysdale has just entered the history books! Breaking a record that has stood for sixty-four years, ladies and gentlemen!"

Jose goes bananas!!

ON MIGUEL

He's just entered the kitchen with a serving tray full of dirty glasses, sees Jose off in the corner, jumping for joy. He smiles to himself, goes back to work.

SIMON AND GARFUNKEL

"Bene-dictus...In no-mine..."

85 INT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL/LOBBY - EVENING

85

ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN TO REVEAL:

A pair of elegant black shoes. WE SLOWLY PAN UP to see that they belong to the stylishly dressed Samantha. Jack escorts her out of the elevator and we move with them through the lobby.

SAMANTHA

Slow down, please. I can barely walk in these heels.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

JACK  
But they look great.

SAMANTHA  
(her eyes narrow)  
I hate you.

JACK  
No, you don't.

And WE MOVE WITH THEM as they enter the double doors to the Embassy Ballroom.

Jack produces their tickets to the one of the DOORMEN and they are allowed entry.

THE SHOT CONTINUES AS Jack and Samantha are swallowed up by the party and WE GO UP AND OVERHEAD to see the fifteen hundred volunteers, supporters and friends, all celebrating an imminent victory for Bobby.

"BENEDICTUS" ENDS

86 INT. EMBASSY BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

86

We find Cooper and Jimmy getting drinks from the bar, looking around nervously.

COOPER  
Have you seen him?

JIMMY  
Who?

COOPER  
Wade.

JIMMY  
Not yet.

COOPER  
Look in my eyes!

Jimmy does. After a beat:

JIMMY  
What am I looking for?

COOPER  
My eyes...Am I still a bust?

Jimmy takes a closer look.

JIMMY  
No.

He starts to move away. Cooper grabs him.

COOPER  
Are you sure?

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY  
You're good, Coop.

COOPER  
I don't want Wade to know.

JIMMY  
(a beat)  
You're good, I said.

They move off and we see Angela and Patricia, drinks in hand. Patricia has dressed up for the event.

A drunk KENNEDY SUPPORTER brushes past them, places a couple of "Vote Kennedy" straw hats on their heads, gives them a drunken victory hug and moves off.

Angela and Patricia are caught up in the excitement and energy of the room.

Patricia takes off the hat and looks at it for a beat.

ANGELA  
It goes with your outfit.

PATRICIA  
I feel guilty about wearing it.

ANGELA  
Why's that?

PATRICIA  
I didn't vote.

ANGELA  
Why?

PATRICIA  
When you come from the South, they don't make it real easy to cast your ballot, if you know what I mean.

ANGELA  
You're in Los Angeles now, Patricia.

PATRICIA  
(shrugs)  
Old habits...

They cross Wade and Dwayne as they move through the crowd.  
CAMERA MOVES WITH THEM.

Dwayne checks his watch.

WADE BUCKLEY  
He'll wait until all three networks call it officially. He wants there to be no doubt in any part of the state.

DWAYNE CLARK  
There's certainly no doubt in this room.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: (2)

WADE BUCKLEY  
He's nervous. Couldn't you tell?

DWAYNE CLARK  
No one could have been more nervous than me.

WADE BUCKLEY  
You were fine, Dwayne. He liked you.

DWAYNE CLARK  
Really?

WADE BUCKLEY  
Sure. Maybe you'll even get that cabinet post.

Dwayne laughs.

Jose passes him carrying a tray of dirty glasses, WE MOVE WITH HIM through the crowd and into the:

87 KITCHEN/PANTRY

87

Jose enters the kitchen with a tray of dirty glasses, drops them off to Jesus the dishwasher. They're sweating, tired.

JESUS  
Man, you think they could use the same glass more than once!

JOSE  
It's packed in there.

Miguel enters, sets his own tray of dirty dishes on the counter top for Jesus.

MIGUEL  
There's gotta be over a thousand people.

Timmons passes them, overhears this.

TIMMONS  
Fifteen hundred's more like it!

And WE MOVE WITH HIM as he winds his way through the kitchen pantry, getting lost in the bustle.

88 INT. COCOANUT GROVE NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

88

Virginia who is center stage has finished her set. She takes a final bow, acknowledges the BAND and the audience cheers again.

She then staggers off stage and brushes past Tim like he wasn't even there, goes right for a drink of booze.

VIRGINIA  
The sound sucks in this shithole. Never book it again, Tim.

(CONTINUED)

Tim just stares at her.

VIRGINIA (cont'd)  
How much time do I have before the next thingy?

TIM  
You mean the Kennedy party?

VIRGINIA  
Yeah, right.

TIM  
You're not going.

VIRGINIA  
Oh, Tim, of course I am. I'm introducing the Senator - the "next President" is what you called him, right?

TIM  
Not any more, V.

VIRGINIA  
Well, I'm going. You can't stop me.

TIM  
I said "no" Virginia.

Virginia saunters up into his face. She's wobbly.

VIRGINIA  
I get it. You figure tonight's the night to finally grow a pair and put ole Virginia Fallon in her place, huh?

TIM  
This is something I should have done a long time ago, Virginia.

VIRGINIA  
What a load of crap. I mean, where are you gonna go, Tim? You can't just walk out on me. You can't just leave me!

TIM  
Watch closely: this is me leaving now.

He turns to go, but Virginia snaps and abruptly and violently grabs him, slaps his face, pounds him in the chest.

VIRGINIA  
You're a weak man, Tommy! You're a weak fucking man! You always have been!

Some of the BAND MEMBERS rush in to pull her away from him, she fights them all the way. She stops and stares at Tim, breathing hard. Tim maintains his composure.

TIM  
Goodnight and good luck, sweetheart.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED: (2)

88

Tim turns and walks away from her, never looking back.

89 TNT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL/LOBBY - NIGHT

89

The lobby leading into ballroom has become quite crowded.  
The line to get inside is considerable.

MIRIAM

Moving through the lobby towards the Ballroom, when she's stopped by the sight of the newlyweds, Diane and William.

In her excitement, Diane hurriedly drags William to her.

MIRIAM  
Don't you look fabulous!

DIANE  
Thank you.

MIRIAM  
Let's see 'em.

Diane stops, then turns her palms down and shows Miriam her nails. They are in pristine condition.

MIRIAM (cont'd)  
Good girl.  
(a beat as she inspects  
William)  
And this is the lucky man?

DIANE  
Miriam, I'd like you to meet my husband,  
William.  
(she giggles)  
My husband. How weird does that sound?

William and Miriam exchange pleasantries.

MIRIAM  
You make an absolutely lovely couple.

Diane leans in to whisper conspiratorially in Miriam's ear.

DIANE  
Guess what? We fit!

MIRIAM  
Oh, my!

Miriam smiles, gives her a squeeze.

PAUL (O.S.)  
There you are!

Paul moves up to the group, he's been looking for Miriam.  
She stiffens when she sees him.

(CONTINUED)

MIRIAM  
Paul, introduce yourself to these very  
special newlyweds.

Paul shakes William's hand.

MIRIAM (cont'd)  
See the look in their eyes, Paul? You  
remember when we used to have that?

PAUL  
Yes, I do.

DIANE  
(to ease the discomfort)  
It didn't go anywhere! In fact, I still  
see it. Don't you, William?

WILLIAM  
Clear as day.

Miriam has her gaze fixed on Paul, unblinking.

MIRIAM  
Perhaps.  
(a beat)  
I insist that we take these lovebirds to  
the party and buy them a good luck drink.

PAUL  
Y'know, we're already at capacity crowd  
in there, Miriam.

MIRIAM  
Are you or are you not the manager of  
this establishment?

PAUL  
Yes...

MIRIAM  
Then lead the way, Paul.

Paul relents.

Miriam grabs Diane's hand and they begin to cut through the  
crowd towards the doors.

We PAN off them to see:

TIM FALLON

Tim ambles toward the entrance to the Embassy Ballroom, the  
ticket in his hand, but he soon realizes that the crowd of  
people is so thick trying to get in, that he could be there  
for quite some time.

Discouraged, he turns to walk away from the Ballroom when he  
hears:

MARIO (O.S.)  
Mr. Fallon!

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED: (2)

Tim turns to see Mario, the room service waiter motioning to him from a service door.

TIM  
Hello, Mario.

MARIO  
It will take forever to get in that way.  
I'll take you through the back.

TIM  
I don't want to be any trouble.

Mario grabs his arm and leads him away.

MARIO (CONT'D)  
It's no trouble, Mr. Fallon.

And Tim and Mario disappear through the service doors.

90 INT. EMBASSY BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

90

Jimmy and Cooper skulk through the crowd, trying to remain anonymous.

When suddenly Wade is in their faces!

WADE BUCKLEY  
Gentlemen! How did it go out there?

Jimmy and Copper look at each other, then back to Wade.

COOPER  
Great.

WADE BUCKLEY  
Fantastic.

COOPER  
Yeah, really great.  
(a beat)  
We dropped acid and went to the movies.  
It was incredible. "Planet of the Apes"  
on acid. You should try it, man.

Wade looks at them for an astonished beat, then breaks out into a wide grin, the grin giving way to laughter.

WADE BUCKLEY  
That's the funniest thing I've heard all day. You two are a couple of clowns.  
You almost had me though.

Cooper and Jimmy exchange a look, then stare back at Wade.

At that moment a KENNEDY VOLUNTEER moves to Wade and thrusts a note in his hands. Wade reads it quickly and darts off towards the stage.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

JIMMY  
(bewildered)  
I thought you didn't want him to know.

COOPER  
Yeah...

JIMMY  
So, why'd you tell him?

COOPER  
I'm not sure...

JIMMY  
Are you still high?

COOPER  
Probably.

91 ON - WADE

91

He steps up onto the stage, pulling Dwayne up there with him and takes a position behind the podium.

WADE BUCKLEY  
Ladies and gentlemen...If I could have your attention...Ladies and gentlemen...please...

The Crowd slowly quiets, giving Wade their partial attention for now. Someone yells:

KENNEDY SUPPORTER  
We want Bobby!

WADE BUCKLEY  
We have an announcement to make...If I could have your attention please...We have an announcement...With over sixty percent of the precincts reporting...  
(he stops)  
Here Dwayne, you read it.

He hands Dwayne the note.

WADE BUCKLEY (cont'd)  
(he adds)  
Future Secretary of Transportation,  
Dwayne Clark, ladies and gentlemen...

A smattering of confused applause as Dwayne takes the microphone, gives Wade a withering stare.

DWAYNE CLARK  
With sixty percent of the precincts now reporting: forty-two percent for Senator Eugene McCarthy...and forty-six percent for the next President of the United States, Senator Robert F. Kennedy!

The crowd CHEERS wildly!

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

Dwayne excuses himself from the podium.

In the crowd, we find Angela and Patricia, both now wearing the straw hats.

PATRICIA  
(watching Dwayne)  
I recognize his voice.

ANGELA  
He's cute.

PATRICIA  
Back off, girl! My love life is the one  
that needs some attention.

ANGELA  
Go get him, then.

Patricia moves closer to the stage, finds Dwayne.

PATRICIA  
Aren't you a little young to be  
Secretary of Transportation?

DWAYNE CLARK  
(looks over at Wade)  
I'm gonna strangle him.

PATRICIA  
I recognize your voice.

DWAYNE CLARK  
Yeah? You work for the F.B.I.?

PATRICIA  
You're the young brother from 506, always  
yelling, always angry. I'd recognize it  
anywhere.

DWAYNE CLARK  
You ~~do~~ work for the F.B.I.

PATRICIA  
I'm a switchboard operator for the  
hotel...  
(she extends her hand)  
Patricia Curtis. What's your name, angry  
young brother?

He shakes her hand.

DWAYNE CLARK  
Dwayne...And I'm not always yelling and  
angry.

PATRICIA  
Why don't you prove that by buying me a  
drink?

92 KITCHEN/PANTRY - CONTINUOUS

92

Mario takes Tim through the kitchen towards the doors to the Ballroom.

MARIO  
Here we are, Mr. Fallon.

Tim opens the door and looks out into the Ballroom, suddenly feeling very out of place.

TIM  
Thank you, Mario.

MARIO  
Have a nice evening, sir.

Tim takes baby steps into the room and fights his way through the crowd towards the bar when he sees:

Paul pouring champagne for Miriam, Diane and William.

Paul stops to shake Tim's hand, leans into him to be heard.

PAUL  
Glad you made it, Mr. Fallon. How was the show tonight?

TIM  
(shrugs)  
She made it through her set. She won't be introducing the Senator though.

Paul studies him for a beat.

PAUL  
It can't be easy.

TIM  
Somehow she does it.

PAUL  
For you, I meant.

Tim stares at him. Paul offers Tim a champagne flute.

Tim accepts the glass and he's pulled into the small circle with Miriam, Diane and William. He nods politely to the group.

TIM  
What are we toasting to?

They all look at each other for a short beat, then:

DIANE  
How about "peace"?

A beat as they exchange glances, then agree.

(CONTINUED)

EVERYONE  
To "peace".

Clink glasses, drink.

Paul leans in close to Miriam.

PAUL  
I'm working tonight...

MIRIAM  
You're *always* working.

PAUL  
I mean, I know we need to spend some time, talk, work through this and y'know...

MIRIAM  
My expectations are pretty low, right now. You do whatever you have to do. I'm not going anywhere for the moment.

Paul gives her a look. He shakes William's hand.

PAUL  
Congratulations to the newlyweds.

As he exits, he doesn't see Angela pass in the other direction.

Dwayne and Patricia are at the buffet table. Patricia puts some food on her plate and surreptitiously slides some packages of crackers and whole fruit into her purse. This is something she's gotten good at.

DWAYNE CLARK  
Are you sure I'm not keeping you from your friend?

PATRICIA  
Angie? No, sir. We work together. I see her almost everyday.

DWAYNE CLARK  
May I ask you a personal question, Patricia?

PATRICIA  
How personal you wanna get.

DWAYNE CLARK  
How much do you make a week?

PATRICIA  
That's pretty personal.

DWAYNE CLARK  
I don't ask to embarrass you...

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

PATRICIA  
Fifty-five dollars...

DWAYNE CLARK  
A week?

PATRICIA  
That's right.

DWAYNE CLARK  
And that's why you're filling up your  
purse?

Patricia stops and looks at him.

PATRICIA  
These folks ain't interested in eating.  
They're gonna end up throwing most of it  
away.

DWAYNE CLARK  
Yeah...

PATRICIA  
I'm not proud, Dwayne. Just another  
sister trying to survive in the world.

DWAYNE CLARK  
You're much more than that.

Dwayne looks at her with a different respect, then picks up a  
whole apple from the table.

DWAYNE CLARK (CONT'D)  
This one looks pretty good.

He gives it to her and she smiles at him, then puts the apple  
in her purse.

94 EMBASSY BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

94

Angela is engaged in conversation with Jack and Samantha.

ANGELA  
I'm from the lower east side.

SAMANTHA  
We love going downtown, but we rarely do.  
Most of our friends live near us at The  
Dakota.

ANGELA  
You live in The Dakota? Wow!

SAMANTHA  
I'm an artist.

JACK  
More like a patron of the arts.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

SAMANTHA  
Oh, hush, Jack.  
(a beat)  
I do have an appreciation for the arts,  
that's true, but I paint as well.

JACK  
She bought a painting of a can of soup  
last month. A can of soup! Campbell's  
tomato I think it was.

SAMANTHA  
Onion!

JACK  
"I say tomato, you say onion..."

SAMANTHA  
It's an original Warhol, Jack.  
(to Miriam)  
You know he was shot yesterday?

JACK  
Someone got mad when they realized they  
paid a fortune for painting of a can of  
soup.

SAMANTHA  
Jack! The poor man...

Angela leans in to Samantha.

ANGELA  
Can I tell you how much I just love your  
shoes?

SAMANTHA  
Why, thank you.

Samantha throws a look to Jack, "See?"

SAMANTHA (cont'd)  
They don't totally match the dress,  
but...

ANGELA  
But it's pretty dark in here and black is  
black, really.

Now Jack looks at Samantha, "See?"

95 EMBASSY BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

95

Diane and William hold onto each other, sip champagne and for  
them, there's no one else in the room.

WILLIAM  
Y'know, something just occurred to me.

DIANE  
What?

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAM

I don't know your birth date.

DIANE

August 3rd...

He mentally logs this, still seems troubled.

WILLIAM

I don't know a lot about you, Diane.  
Your favorite food, favorite color. I  
don't know your favorite book or  
movie...I don't know what side of the bed  
you like to sleep on, or if you snore...I  
don't know how you take your coffee...or  
what you eat for breakfast. I don't even  
know if your bellybutton is an  
"in-ie" or an "out-ie."

DIANE

(never takes her eyes from him,  
while:)  
Italian...blue...anything by Henry  
Miller..."Gone With the Wind"...left  
side...never...a little cream...an  
English muffin...an "in-ie."  
(a beat)  
But I'm surprised you didn't know that  
one.

She laughs, kisses him. And we realize that these are two  
people who have the potential to be together forever.

96 KITCHEN/PANTRY - CONTINUOUS

96

Jose and Miguel in the kitchen. It's now getting more  
crowded with people who are clearly not kitchen staff.

JOSE

How in the hell are we supposed to work  
with all these people in here?

Susan, now out of her waitress uniform and looking great,  
moves through the kitchen, spots Timmons.

SUSAN

Hello, Daryl. I'm sneaking into the  
Ballroom through the kitchen.

TIMMONS

I can see that.

SUSAN

I know it's against the rules to be in  
there if we're not working.

Timmons looks at her very directly.

TIMMONS

I don't really give a damn about this  
hotel or it's rules anymore.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

SUSAN

Okay...

She turns and exits the kitchen.

97 EMBASSY BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

97

Jimmy and Cooper making their way closer to the stage, they are mid-conversation.

COOPER

...Because I want to shake his hand.

JIMMY

Why?

COOPER

I want to meet the man we've been busting our butts for.

JIMMY

But the closer we get to the stage, the further away we get from the bar.

Susan finds them in the Ballroom.

SUSAN

How are my little drug addicts?

JIMMY

Hey, Susan.

COOPER

Don't you look like a movie star!

SUSAN

(she blushes)

Silly.

COOPER

I can't remember ever seeing you out of your uniform.

JIMMY

But we've both fantasized about you being out of it, on several occasions.

Cooper rolls his eyes.

COOPER

He's still high.

JIMMY

You're the one who's still high, Cooper.

SUSAN

I'm flattered to be anyone's fantasy right now.

COOPER

What's the matter?

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

SUSAN

I found out Schwabs filled the position I was going to interview for tomorrow. The manager's niece or something.

(a beat)

So, that means you're stuck with me. For awhile anyway.

COOPER

Who needs Schwabs when you got us?

Susan smiles at them, grateful.

SUSAN

It's so impossibly crowded in here. Which way to the bar?

JIMMY

In the opposite direction of where Cooper's dragging us!

COOPER

(he explains)

I want to shake his hand. Is that too much to ask? The guy's gonna be President, Jimmy!

JIMMY

You didn't seem so concerned about that today.

Someone YELLS:

KENNEDY SUPPORTER

He's here! He's here!

And suddenly there is a rush and a crush towards the stage as bodies push forward, taking the three of them in its wake.

And then the chant, "Bobby!" "Bobby!" "Bobby!"

Jimmy, Cooper and Susan take up the chant, "Bobby!"

98 EMBASSY BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS (QUICK CUTS)

98

We find:

Angela, still with Samantha and Jack, they chant as well, "Bobby!" "Bobby!"

Diane and William raising their hands in the victory salute, caught up in the excitement, chanting, "Bobby!"

Dwayne and Patricia, chanting, "Bobby!" pushing their way towards the stage.

Wade Buckley is just off the stage, chanting wildly, "Bobby!"

Timmons stands in the pantry doorway, eyeing the crowd, watching the political tide turn in front of him: the changing of the old guard.

(CONTINUED)

Paul on stage, applauding.

Jose Romero, trying to take a peek through the pantry doors, the energy is overwhelming, as if in a trance, he picks up the chant as well, "Bobby!"

EMBASSY BALLROOM

Senator Kennedy enters the room through the kitchen pantry doors behind the stage. Another ENORMOUS ROAR from the CROWD.

NEWSREEL FOOTAGE

Bobby takes center stage at the podium. ETHEL KENNEDY at his side. Close friends and supporters crowd him, as well as DOZENS OF NEWSMEN AND NEWS CREWS, sticking multiple cameras and microphones in his direction.

Someone from the back yells out:

KENNEDY SUPPORTER (O.S.)  
Bobby, we love you!

ANOTHER ROAR from the crowd. Senator Kennedy pushes the hair off his forehead and gives a slight smile.

SENATOR KENNEDY  
*"Mayor Yorty has just sent a message that we've been here too long already..."*

Laughs and catcalls from the audience. Some "boos" for Yorty.

ON - WADE BUCKLEY

He stands near the stage, listening.

SENATOR KENNEDY (CONT'D)  
*"I'm very grateful for the vote that I received and for all of you who worked on behalf of the agricultural areas of the state as well as in the cities."*

ON - JIMMY COOPER AND SUSAN

They listen to the speech, throw the "V" sign high above their heads.

SENATOR KENNEDY (CONT'D)  
*I think it indicates quite clearly, as well as in the suburbs, I think it indicates quite clearly what we can do here in the United States.*

ON - TIM FALLON

He's lost in the crowd, caught up in the excitement.

(CONTINUED)

SENATOR KENNEDY (CONT'D)

The vote here in the state of California, the vote in the state of South Dakota. Here is the most urban state of any of the states in our Union. South Dakota the most rural state of any of the states of our Union.

ON - MIRIAM

She watches her husband, Paul on stage.

SENATOR KENNEDY (CONT'D)

What I think is quite clear, is that we can work together in the last analysis and that what has been going on within the United States over the past three years, the divisions, the violence, the disenchantment with our society.

ON - DWAYNE CLARK AND PATRICIA

He's close to the stage.

SENATOR KENNEDY (CONT'D)

The divisions, whether it's between blacks and whites, between the poor and the more affluent, or between age groups, or over the war in Vietnam.

ON - DARYL TIMMONS

He stands in the doorway of the kitchen pantry, half-listening.

SENATOR KENNEDY (CONT'D)

What I think is quite clear is that we can start to work together...We are a great country, a selfless country and a compassionate country...and I intend to make that my basis for running over the next few months..."

A LOUD CHEER from the crowd.

ON - PAUL

He's up on the stage with the Kennedy Party, wildly applauding.

SENATOR KENNEDY (CONT'D)

"What we're going to do in the rural areas of our country, what we're going to do for those who still suffer within the United States from hunger..."

ON - DIANE AND WILLIAM

The happy newlyweds. He hugs her tightly while they listen.

(CONTINUED)

SENATOR KENNEDY (CONT'D)

"...what we're going to in the rest of the globe and whether we're going to continue the policies that have been so unsuccessful in Vietnam of American troops and American marines carrying the major burden of that conflict, I do not want to and I think we should move in a different direction..."

Another loud CHEER.

ON - ANGELA

Alone now, wearing the Vote Kennedy straw hat, applauding.

ON - JOSE ROMERO

He's in the kitchen pantry, listens through the open door to the ballroom.

SENATOR KENNEDY (CONT'D)

So, my thanks to all of you...now, it's on to Chicago and let's win there."

NEWSREEL FOOTAGE

Another ROAR from the crowd and Bobby flashes the "Victory Sign" and pushes his hair off his forehead once again. He is congratulated by those around him.

ON WADE BUCKLEY

He moves to Dwayne and shakes his hand, leans in close to be heard over the din of the crowd.

WADE BUCKLEY

Come on up to the suite, let our hair down a bit.  
(he looks at Patricia)  
Have your friend join us.

Dwayne nods and takes Patricia's hand, they start to follow Wade towards the kitchen doors.

Samantha and Jack are caught up in the sea of people all flowing towards the pantry doors. Samantha gets separated from Jack. She looks back at him.

JACK

I'm right behind you...

Tim ducks into the kitchen to escape the crush of people.

Cooper and Jimmy move up to the stage, straining to get closer to Bobby before he exits the ballroom.

COOPER

I want to shake his hand.

Cooper is undaunted as he makes his way towards the kitchen doors.

(CONTINUED)

Diane and William stand in the pantry doors watching the mass of people move towards them, they are swept inside the kitchen as the Kennedy Party approaches them.

Daryl Timmons at the door to the pantry. Wade Buckley is there also. Paul moves towards Wade, leans in close to be heard.

PAUL  
This doesn't look any easier than going through the ballroom.

WADE BUCKLEY  
I agree. But it's too late now.

Wade opens the door for the Kennedy Party as they begin to enter the kitchen pantry.

99 INT. KITCHEN - SAME

99

Timmons moves back into the kitchen and yells out to the staff.

TIMMONS  
The Senator's coming through.

The Kitchen Staff, all people of color, quickly assemble in a line to the left of the Senator. The Kennedy Group starts to make it's way through the kitchen.

Jose looks over to Miguel, smiles slightly.

MIGUEL  
Maybe missing the game wasn't so bad afterall.

Jose nods.

The Kennedy Party moves through the kitchen, greeting the workers. Smiles, handshakes. The small area is filling up fast with supporters and volunteers.

Cooper and Jimmy have been swept up in the tide and now find themselves in the kitchen as well.

Jose reaches out to shake Bobby's hand and then:

SIRHAN BISHARA SIRHAN

Seems to materialize out of thin air. His arm outstretched. A .22 caliber handgun pointed directly at Senator Kennedy.

SIRHAN SIRHAN  
Kennedy! You son-of-a-bitch!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Pandemonium!!! People hit the ground. SCREAMS AND YELLS. A CBS cameraman and his camera are splattered with blood.

NEWSREEL FOOTAGE

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

Senator Kennedy lies on the floor, blood pours out of a fatal wound to his head.

Utter bedlam as cries of "Oh, Goddamn! Oh, no...Oh, no."

PAUL. TIM FALLON AND WADE BUCKLEY

Along with others, desperately trying to wrestle the gun from Sirhan. More SHOTS ARE FIRED. Complete bedlam.

NBC newsmen SANDER VANOCUR on the ground, trampled in the chaos, reporting first hand into his microphone. "He still has the gun!" "Get his thumb!" "Get his thumb!"

More SCREAMS FROM REPORTERS COVERING THE EVENT: "Senator Kennedy's been shot! Senator Kennedy's been shot! Is that possible? Is that possible? It is possible, ladies and gentlemen, he has!"

In the madness and utter confusion of Photographers, Reporters, Political Aides and Kitchen Staff, we find:

JOSE

He kneels beside Bobby, pulls a rosary out his pocket and places it in the Senator's right hand.

ON KENNEDY'S HAND

His fingers wrap around the rosary beads and he pulls them to rest on his chest.

FLASH - ON THE WALL OF THE PANTRY

*"the once and future king"*

CLOSE ON - JOSE

Flashbulbs POP! He's at the epicenter of one of the most important events of the 20th century. He looks down at Bobby, his eyes filled with confusion and terror.

IN BATTLEFIELD STYLE "CINEMA-VERTE" WE SEE THE TABLEAU OF CARNAGE:

COOPER

He's sprawled out on the concrete floor. His face contorted as he yells out, bleeding from a bullet wound to the leg.

JIMMY

He's been knocked back into a chair. He clutches his abdomen where a large blood stain is rapidly growing in size. He glances at his wound and his predicament.

JIMMY  
(his whisper)  
Will you help me? I've been shot...

(CONTINUED)

A PAIR OF BLACK SHOES

Blood stained. We PAN UP from the shoes to reveal:

SAMANTHA

She lies on the pantry floor, bleeding from a gunshot wound to the head. She's conscious, but in shock as the blood flows down her face and onto her dress.

SAMANTHA

Jack? Jack?

DARYL TIMMONS

We find him among the chaos, bleeding from a bullet wound to the gut. People are rushing past him, shoving. He gets knocked back against a wall where he slumps.

TIMMONS

(to no one in particular)  
If you don't mind...I've been shot...

WILLIAM AVARY

Bleeds from a bullet wound to the head. He's unconscious and his body twitches. By far, the worst wound of the innocent bystanders.

Diane is at his side. She screams out for help, takes off her "Vote Kennedy" straw hat and props it under his head.

In the horror of this moment, THE PRODUCTION SOUND BEGINS TO RECEDE and WE HEAR A VOICE OVER of a speech Bobby gave on April 5th, 1968, a day after the assassination of the Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King:

SENATOR KENNEDY (V.O.)

*It is not a day for politics. I have saved this one opportunity, my only event of today, to speak briefly to you about the mindless menace of violence in America which again stains our land and every one of our lives.*

KITCHEN/PANTRY - CONTINUOUS

Jose is shoved aside as Kennedy Aides and Ethel Kennedy move next to the body of the Senator. Someone loosens his collar and another strips off his shoes.

.00 INT. EMBASSY BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

100

Mass confusion as people have crowded the pantry doors.

Miriam strains to get closer, but it's like swimming upstream.

MIRIAM

(panicked, to anyone)  
What's happened? Can you tell me what's happened? Can anyone tell me what's happened?

(CONTINUED)

A frustrated Dwayne and Patricia also fight their way towards the kitchen, unable to make any real headway. Someone shoves into him, he shoves back.

DWAYNE CLARK  
Goddamn it, what happened?

Wade Buckley manages to push himself through the pantry doors and into the ballroom. By happenstance, he and Dwayne come face to face.

DWAYNE CLARK (cont'd)  
Wade...Wade...What's happened?

Wade can't answer, but the look in his eyes tell Dwayne Clark everything he needs to know.

DWAYNE CLARK (cont'd)  
Oh, no...Oh, God, no...

Wade pushes past him and takes the podium. We notice he is splattered with blood.

WADE BUCKLEY  
Senator Kennedy has been shot...We need a doctor...Is there a doctor?

A collective CRY AND GASP from the ballroom attendees.

SENATOR KENNEDY (V.O.)  
*It is not the concern of any one race.  
The victims of the violence are black and  
white, rich and poor, young and old,  
famous and unknown. They are, most  
important of all, human beings whom other  
human beings loved and needed. No one -  
no matter where he lives or what he does -  
can be certain who next will suffer from  
some senseless act of bloodshed.*

ON MIRIAM

She lets out a slight sob, stunned by the news.

WADE BUCKLEY  
Be calm. Be calm, please. If there's a doctor...

ON ANGELA

Trying to comprehend the magnitude of the situation.

WADE BUCKLEY (CONT'D)  
(choking back his emotions)  
If there's a doctor...If we could clear  
the ballroom to let a doctor  
through...please...

He stops, can't keep it together and excuses himself.

(CONTINUED)

*SENATOR KENNEDY (V.O.)*

And yet it goes on and on and on in this country of ours. Why? What has violence ever accomplished? What has it ever created? No martyr's cause has ever been stilled by an assassin's bullet. No wrongs have ever been righted by riots and civil disorders. A sniper is only a coward, not a hero; and an uncontrolled, or uncontrollable mob is only the voice of madness, not the voice of the people.

\*

101 IN THE PANTRY/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

101

The confusion and chaos.

The ANGRY MOB has subdued Sirhan Sirhan. Tim stops to catch his breath. Paul leans down and picks up a small .22 Caliber handgun from the floor, he looks at it curiously.

We find Diane now holding William in her arms, her lavender wedding dress covered in his blood and no one coming to their aid, as all the focus, all the attention is on Senator Kennedy.

Jimmy now on the floor, bleeding horribly from his gut shot, he looks across the pantry floor to his friend, Cooper, also shot, looking back at him. It's a totally surreal moment for both of them.

Timmons is now slumped on the floor of the kitchen, his back against the wall. The loss of blood has taken it's toll on him.

Samantha leans against Jack for support. Jack has covered her with his jacket and tries to protect her from the crowd around them.

Senator Kennedy, still on the floor, his necktie off and shirt now unbuttoned. He is surrounded by AIDES and wife Ethel.

*SENATOR KENNEDY (V.O.)*

Whenever any American's life is taken by another American unnecessarily - whether it is done in the name of the law or in defiance of the law, by one man or a gang, in cold blood or in passion, in an attack of violence or in response to violence - whenever we tear at the fabric of our lives, which another man has painfully and clumsily woven for himself and his children, whenever we do this, then the whole nation is degraded.

\*

\*

102 INT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL/LOBBY - SAME

102

Dwayne, beside himself, staggers out of the Embassy Ballroom in a rage. He picks up a large chair and flings it into the water fountain where it lands with an enormous splash!

(CONTINUED)

DWAYNE CLARK  
(raving)  
That's what you get!!! That's what you  
get in white America!!!

Patricia and some others VOLUNTEERS move to calm him down.

John Casey reacts to the commotion, he stops a bellboy  
rushing past him.

JOHN CASEY  
What's happened? Tell me...

BELLMAN  
Senator Kennedy's been shot.

JOHN CASEY  
My God....

SENATOR KENNEDY (V.O.)  
"Among free men," said Abraham Lincoln,  
"there can be no successful appeal from  
the ballot to the bullet; ...and those  
who take such appeal are sure to lose  
their case and pay the cost." Yet we  
seemingly tolerate a rising level of  
violence that ignores our common humanity  
and our claims to civilization alike.  
Too often we honor swagger and bluster  
and the wielders of force; too often we  
excuse those who are willing to build  
their own lives on the shattered dreams  
of other human beings.

103 INT. EMBASSY BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

103

SEVERAL PARAMEDICS move through the ballroom with a  
stretcher. The crowd parts for them as they burst through  
the kitchen doors.

Miriam makes a grab for the doors before they close and she  
moves inside the kitchen.

Angela comes through the doors into the pantry as well.

104 KITCHEN/PANTRY - CONTINUOUS

104

The Paramedics fight their way into the small space and roll  
the stretcher to Senator Kennedy.

PAUL

He's on the floor, covered in blood. But the blood is not  
his own as we now reveal he is administering help to Timmons,  
putting digital pressure on his stomach wound with a rolled  
up towel. Though not a lethal wound, Timmons is grateful.

ON ANGELA

She looks around the room, sees faces of the people she  
knows, looks for Paul, concerned about his well being.

(CONTINUED)

Through the bedlam, she finally sees him and is horrified. She begins to move to him, but abruptly stops herself as she sees:

MIRIAM

Moving to Paul. She checks him over, makes sure he's not been shot and Paul assures her with a glance.

Miriam looks from Paul to see Angela in the doorway. A look of recognition for her. This is the "other woman."

But Angela can never fill the shoes Miriam wears and in this moment, they both know it.

Angela backs out of the pantry and out into the ballroom.

SENATOR KENNEDY (V.O.)

Some Americans who preach non-violence abroad fail to practice it here at home. Some accuse others of inciting riots have by their own conduct invited them. Some look for scapegoats, others look for conspiracies, but this much is clear: violence breeds violence, repression brings retaliation, and only a cleansing of our whole society can remove this sickness from our souls. For there is another kind of violence, slower but just as deadly destructive as the shot or the bomb in the night.

105 INT/EXT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL - NIGHT

105

WE ARE MOVING with Senator Kennedy's stretcher at a rapid pace through the hotel and out towards the exit where we explode through the doors of The Ambassador to a waiting ambulance.

SENATOR KENNEDY (V.O.)

This is the violence of institutions; indifference and inaction and slow decay. This is the violence that afflicts the poor, that poisons relations between men because their skin has different colors. This is the slow destruction of a child by hunger, and schools without books and homes without heat in the winter. This is the breaking of a man's spirit by denying him the chance to stand as a father and as a man amongst other men. And this too afflicts us all.

\*

Senator Kennedy is loaded into an ambulance, Ethel goes in after and the door is shut.

The ambulance roars off into the night, sirens wailing, taking Bobby off for his last and longest day.

A group of people are left standing in it's wake, some sobbing, some void of any emotion. It's all too much to bear. Among the group is:

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

Spattered with the blood of many, watching the ambulance recede in the distance.

CLOSE ON - MIRIAM

She stands next to Paul, her face a mask of shock, she puts an arm around him and begins to weep.

CLOSE ON - WADE

Stands at the curb, numb.

CLOSE ON - TIM

He's breathing hard, watches after the ambulance and we know things will never be the same for him.

CLOSE ON - JOSE

Watches in silence. Looks down at his blood stained hands. Then, very intimately and personally, crosses himself.

SENATOR KENNEDY (V.O.)

(cont'd)

When you teach a man to hate and fear his brother, when you teach that he is a lesser man because of his color or his beliefs or the policies that he pursues, when you teach that those who differ from you threaten your freedom or your job or your home or your family, then you also learn to confront others not as fellow citizens but as enemies, to be met not with cooperation but with conquest; to be subjugated and to be mastered. We learn, at the last, to look at our brothers as aliens, alien men with whom we share a city, but not a community; men bound to us in common dwelling, but not in common effort.

106 KITCHEN/PANTRY - CONTINUOUS

106

The pandemonium continues.

CLOSE ON - JIMMY

He's being secured on a stretcher. He's dazed. He looks down to see:

CLOSE ON - COOPER

Still on the floor of the pantry, a paramedic tending to his wound. Susan is nearby, giving him comfort and reassurance.

CLOSE ON - WILLIAM

Badly wounded and unconscious. Another Paramedic works on him.

(CONTINUED)

CLOSE ON - DIANE

She is next to him, cradles his bleeding head, talking to him, through her tears.

CLOSE ON - SAMANTHA

Lying in a puddle of her own blood. She's dazed. Jack is at her side.

CLOSE ON - TIMMONS

A thousand yard stare. He holds a compress against his stomach, still in shock, losing blood.

SENATOR KENNEDY (V.O.)

We learn to share only a common fear,  
only a common desire to retreat from each  
other, only a common impulse to meet  
disagreement with force. For all this,  
there are no final answers for those of  
us who are American citizens. Our lives  
on this planet are too short and the work  
to be done too great to let this spirit  
flourish any longer in this land of  
ours. Of course we cannot vanquish it  
with a program, nor with a resolution.

107 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

107

A large crowd lingers, people hold onto one another for support.

CLOSE ON - DWAYNE

Standing near the fountain, breathing hard and trying to hold back the tears, but they come anyway.

CLOSE ON - JOHN CASEY

He sits in his chair near the fountain. He's bewildered. Overwhelmed. Something bad, something awful, happened at the Ambassador. He can't quite fathom it.

108 EXT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL - NIGHT

108

And the SOUNDS OF SIRENS come again. First one, then another. Like at the opening of our story, only now more desperate, more urgent, more infinitely heartbreaking.

And we PULL OUT AND AWAY from the Ambassador. Away from the chaos. Away from the sobbing mass of humanity. Away from the red and blue swivel lights that break up the night sky and bounce off the walls and window panes and away from this grand hotel.

SENATOR KENNEDY

But we can perhaps remember, if only for  
a time, that those who live with us are  
our brothers, that they share with us the  
same short moment of life;

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

SENATOR KENNEDY (cont'd)  
that they seek, as do we, nothing but the  
chance to live out their lives in purpose  
and in happiness, winning what  
satisfaction and fulfillment that they  
can. Surely, this bond of common faith,  
this bond of common goal, can begin to  
teach us something. Surely, we can learn,  
at least, to look at those around us as  
fellow men, and surely we can begin to  
work a little harder to bind up the  
wounds among us and to become in our own  
hearts, brothers and countrymen once  
again.

ROBERT FRANCIS KENNEDY DIED NEARLY TWENTY-SIX HOURS LATER ON  
THE MORNING OF JUNE 6TH, 1968.

THE OTHER PEOPLE WOUNDED THAT NIGHT IN THE AMBASSADOR HOTEL  
ALL RECOVERED.

"MEN ARE NOT MADE FOR SAFE HAVENS" EDITH HAMILTON

\*