

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURES

SPEECHLESS

by

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BUDGETING AND SCHEDULING DRAFT

1 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

1

A brightly-lit living room. Two old widowers, EDDIE GOLD and JIM SILVER, talk compassionately to a BLACK KID.

GOLD
(hand on his
shoulder)
You don't need to buy our friendship,
Joel.

BLACK KID
I don't?

GOLD
No.

SILVER
Speak for yourself.

Studio audience LAUGHTER. It's a syndicated TV sitcom (from the late '80's) being watched by...

2 INT. HOTEL ROOM - LAS CRUCES HILTON - NIGHT

2

... TRINA MANN in a dark hotel room. Trina is Mario Cuomo with a better figure; intelligent, assertive and politically aware. She watches as Gold gives Silver a scolding look and Silver reacts:

SILVER (ON TV)
Alright... Twenty percent off.

More studio LAUGHTER. Trina hates herself for watching this shit; she glares at the bedside clock -- midnight -- yawns, rubs her eyes, can't sleep. She gets up to leave. While...

3 INT. JERRY'S HOTEL ROOM - LAS CRUCES HILTON - NIGHT

3

... in another hotel room:

SILVER (ON TV)
Did I say twenty percent? For you,
half off.

The studio LAUGHTER is joined by a CRAZY LAUGH. JERRY VALLICK. A wild-eyed P.J. O'Rourke; too smart not to be cynical; too dedicated not to keep trying. Like Trina, an incurable insomniac.

SILVER (ON TV)
Okay, last offer...
(glancing at Gold)
Um... free.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

Jerry smiles broadly, anticipating the next beat: the studio audience goes "aww" as Silver and the Black Kid hug.

SILVER (ON TV)

Am I getting soft in my old age?

Silver and Gold look at each other, smile, and even t he kid joins in:

THE THREE

Hell no!

The audience applauds the famous tag line while a grinning Jerry reaches for a box of sleeping pills. It's empty.

4 INT. LAS CRUCES HILTON CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

4

Sominex. The last box in a hotel convenience store. Two hands reach for it. Trina and Jerry. The Titanic and the iceberg. Neither will let go. Polite:

TRINA

Hi.

JERRY

Hi.

Both look down at their hands on the box:

TRINA

I wish I didn't need it.

JERRY

I know.

TRINA

But my kid, he's got this cough.

JERRY

I'm so sorry.

But Jerry doesn't let go.

JERRY

(continuing)

If it were up to me, I'd let you have it. But my wife just came through an operation.

TRINA

How awful. What kind?

Jerry takes a second:

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

JERRY

Spinal.

Trina looks at him, incredulous. A stalemate.

TRINA

How about splitting it?

Jerry nods, opens the box, and counts the pills:

JERRY

Fifteen. One extra.

He accidentally drops it.

JERRY

(continuing)

It's dirty...

(politely)

I'll take it.

5 INT. TRINA'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

5

Trina's room. Again filled with blue throbbing light, but not from the TV: from her lap-top. still unable to work or sleep, she stares at the blinking cursor, shakes her head frustrated, the pills no help. While...

6 INT. JERRY'S HOTEL ROOM

6

... Jerry paces. Ready to sell his soul for sleep.

7 INT. VENTANA TERRACE - HOTEL COFFEE SHOP - LAS CRUCES HILTON - 7 NIGHT

SNORING. A coffee shop hostess sleeps at her station. Trina enters from the hotel lobby, looks at her with distaste. Picks up a menu, and scans the booths. All of them empty. The world's asleep. She goes to one, sets up her lap-top, and begins to type. But...

... there's someone in the booth behind her, slumped down. Jerry. Hearing the typing, he sits up. Sees her. Likes what he sees.

JERRY

What happened to your kid?

Trina peers over at him. Returns to typing.

TRINA

What happened to your wife?

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

Jerry smiles. Turns in the booth to look over Trina's shoulder:

JERRY
What's that?

TRINA
Letter home.

JERRY
(reads)
"Dear Mom. I'm in New Mexico. Near
the border. It's hot. I can't
sleep."

Trina gives him a "Do you mind" look.

JERRY
(continuing)
Too many short sentences. Try semi-
colons.

TRINA
Thank you.

JERRY
Tell her you met a nice man.

Trina looks at him. Too exhausted to object, she types: "I
met a nice man."

JERRY
(continuing)
His name is Jerry.

Trina types this in.

JERRY
(continuing)
Now sign it. Mothers don't like long
letters.

Trina types in: "Your loving daughter, Trina."

JERRY
(continuing)
Sweet. Wanna get a drink, Trina? I
know this hot bar.

Trina thinks a second. Looks at him. Looks back at her lap-
top. Sleep still hours off.

TRINA
Sure.

8 INT. PANCHO VILLA BAR & CAFE

8

Yawning. It's coming from a bartender in a deathly-quiet bar. Only two people in the place, Jerry and Trina, staring at each other across the table.

TRINA

In what way did you mean hot?

Jerry smiles, liking her. Getting his second wind:

JERRY

I feel like I know you, Trina.

Trina half-smiles cynically, not buying this bullshit.

JERRY

(continuing)

From your body language.

Trina nods: Oh, of course.

JERRY

(continuing)

You want me. You're not ready to admit it yet, but you want me. You're in denial. Notice the crossed arms.

Trina uncrosses her arms, slowly raises one hand toward her mouth, and points her finger down her throat in a gagging gesture.

JERRY

(continuing)

Tell me when I'm charming you.

TRINA

Just a few more minutes of this.

Trina's eye is caught by a TV above the bar. A newscast showing several angles of a deep ditch. Jerry comes around to her side of the table, liking the excuse to be closer:

JERRY

What are we watching?

TRINA

The Mexico ditch.

JERRY

(no idea what that means)

Oh...

TRINA

(with disgust)

Keeps out illegal aliens. Garvin, our man-of-the-people, supports it.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

JERRY
(taken aback)
You don't like Garvin?

TRINA
Republican garbage. Patsy to any junk-
bond king with a slush fund.

JERRY
Don't sugar-coat it. What do you
really think?

TRINA
You like him?

JERRY
Better than Wannamaker. Democratic
know-nothing who equates progress with
taxes.

Trina begins to argue, but then stops herself:

TRINA
Let's drop it.

Jerry puts his hand on her knee:

JERRY
Darling, our first fight.

His hand remains. Trina clears her throat. Jerry smiles,
pulls it away.

JERRY
(continuing)
I thought that was pretty smooth,
actually.

TRINA
Not bad.

Suddenly a theme SONG comes from the TV: "Gold and Silver,
Silver and Gold. One's too lazy, the other's too old."

JERRY
(to the bartender)
Turn it up.

Trina peers over at Jerry, appalled, like he dropped from
another planet:

TRINA
You've got to be kidding.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (2)

8

JERRY

What? You don't like "Silver and Gold"?

Trina shakes her head, then, almost simultaneously:

TRINA

It's crap.

JERRY

I wrote it.

Thinking he's joking, Trina laughs.

JERRY

I did.

Trina sees he's serious. She stops laughing. An awkward pause.

TRINA

That rates a "Whoops."

JERRY

At least.

The theme is suddenly snapped off mid-beat by the bartender who also bluntly turns off the bar lights. Trina stands:

TRINA

Well, Jer', as fun as this's been --

JERRY

Do you like breakfast burritos? I know a great place across the border.

Trina is about to shake her head when she notices... Jerry's car keys. A Lotus medallion.

9 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

9

A red Lotus convertible, dusty and aging, races along the winding Rio Grande. A beautiful night.

10 INT. SPORTS CAR - NIGHT

10

Trina drives. Loving it. Getting her second wind. She's a demon when she drives. Jerry, beside her, warily watches the road. They yell over the blasting wind.

TRINA

So you're a TV writer?

Jerry takes a second. He's hiding something.

JERRY

Uh-huh.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

TRINA
You sound unsure.

JERRY
I am unsure.

Eyeing the speedometer, Jerry tries to ignore the speed:

JERRY
What do you do?

Trina hesitates.

TRINA
I write.

JERRY
A reporter?

TRINA
(hesitating)
Right.

Then she looks over at him, surprised. Explaining:

JERRY
The press badge on your lap-top.

She nods: Oh.

JERRY
(continuing)
Who's "Freed"?

TRINA
Hold on.

She skids around a tight corner.

JERRY
Do you usually drive this fast?

TRINA
No.

Trina presses the gas pedal all the way down. The speedometer leaps.

TRINA
This fast.

11 EXT. RIVER ROAD - NIGHT

11

The sports car, its hood up, parked along the Rio Grande; the sky full of stars; a lone hacienda in the distance. Unintentionally romantic. Jerry sits lazily in the driver's seat, playing with the RADIO, feet up:

JERRY

You divorced, Trina?

Tinkering under the hood, Trina peers around it: Huh? Jerry points to his ring finger:

JERRY

(continuing)

Still a tan line.

Trina looks down at her finger: white where her ring used to be. She ducks back under the hood.

TRINA

A long engagement.

JERRY

It's over?

TRINA

Yep. Very boring. Not of interest.

Hendrix's "Foxy Lady" whizzes by on the radio.

TRINA

(continuing)

Hey!

But Jerry continues on:

JERRY

I'm celebrating my second anniversary.

Hidden behind the hood, Trina pauses, surprised.

JERRY

(continuing)

Of my divorce.

Oh. Trina returns to the engine, irritated that his answer mattered to her.

JERRY

(continuing)

Very boring. Not of interest.

TRINA

We're boring people.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

JERRY

Yes, that's why we're getting along so well. So what happened with your engagement? Whose fault was it? Give me the one-liner.

TRINA

We were pulled in too many directions. Nothing dramatic.

JERRY

You grew apart?

TRINA

I shot him.

JERRY

Oh. A clean break?

TRINA

Kind of messy actually: the walls, the carpet. And your divorce?

JERRY

My fault. I wanted to stay with her, but I got distracted. I have a short attention span.

TRINA

Nooo? You? Would you find a station?!

JERRY

I'm looking for a song. Our song, if you must know.

TRINA

Oh, we've graduated to "our," have we?

JERRY

An hour ago. I wish you'd keep up.

Trina closes the hood.

JERRY

(continuing)

Figure it out?

TRINA

Yep.

12 INT. TRUCK BED - NIGHT

12

A gas can. It's between Jerry and Trina, sitting side-by-side in the bed of a moving pick-up truck.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

JERRY

Next time I'll check the reserve.

TRINA

That would be smart.

JERRY

Well, what do you think?

Trina looks around, not sure what he's referring to.

JERRY

(continuing)

Us. Do you think we have a future together?

Trina laughs dismissively.

JERRY

(continuing)

Good. Me too.

Jerry turns to talk to the driver through the cab window in broken Spanish, and as he does...

Trina looks appreciatively at Jerry. He's cute. He's cuter when he's not aware of how cute he is, but still there's something there between them. A spark. Turning back:

JERRY

(continuing)

Another ten minutes.

Trina nods. And stretches (a calculated move). Glancing at Jerry, she lies in the truck bed, head on a bag of grass clippings, and looks up at the stars.

Jerry watches her. A beautiful sight. Shrugging, he lies beside her, looks up at the stars too. He digs a bag of airline pretzels from his pocket, offers them.

TRINA

Breakfast?

Jerry smiles, nods. She takes some. A traditional Spanish SONG comes from the truck radio. Acoustic guitars. Crying violins. A weepy-voiced singer.

Both of them listen, the melody sensual, the indecipherable lyrics making it even more sensual. The driver joins in, singing along.

Trina looks over at Jerry, then back up at the safety of the stars. Jerry looks over at Trina. Then back up. And both simultaneously...

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

... bite into a pretzel, suddenly nervous. The silence underlining the possibility of intimacy.

13 EXT. LAS CRUCES HILTON HOTEL - DAWN

13

The Las Cruces Hilton, the only six-story building in town. The sports car, with its top up, pulls up. Dawn is just breaking.

14 INT. CONVERTIBLE - DAWN

14

Jerry turns off the ignition. And looks over at Trina. She looks over at him.

JERRY

Well...

And Trina grabs Jerry, kissing him passionately! Surprised, Jerry's eyes widen; he's usually the aggressor.

Trina still has her seat belt on; it begins to strangle her. She reaches back, frees herself, grabs for Jerry's shirt while...

... Jerry still struggles to catch up, trying to grab the initiative again, but Trina yanks him across the drive shaft to her. Wincing in pain, he reaches back and releases the parking brake sticking into his stomach.

EXT. CONVERTIBLE - DAWN

The sports car begins to roll backwards.

INT. CONVERTIBLE - DAWN

Trina whispers between kisses:

TRINA

Jerry.

JERRY

Uh-huh.

TRINA

We're rolling.

JERRY

(agreeing)

Uh-huh.

TRINA

The clutch.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

Oh. Realizing she's referring to the car, Jerry steps on the clutch, and Trina shifts into first. It stops rolling. The two pause a moment to catch their breath, then...

... They dive at each other again. Jerry's seat flops back, as they tear at each other's clothes. Trina climbs on top of him, bumping up against the dashboard, causing...

EXT. CONVERTIBLE - DAWN

... the windshield wipers to wipe; and the pop-up headlights to flip up and down... up and down, as...

INT. CONVERTIBLE - DAWN

... Trina kicks off one shoe. Then the other. Jerry reaches down to untie his shoes. Trina finally manages to pull his shirt off, ripping it at the seams. Kissing the whole time. When... a person moves past the car window.

TRINA
(eyes widening)

Shit!

EXT. LAS CRUCES HILTON HOTEL - DAWN

A news van rolls up in front of the hotel, and technicians begin to unload camera equipment for a news conference, oblivious to the shaking car in their midst.

INT. SPORTS CAR

The interior is a flurry of activity as Trina and Jerry rush to find and straighten their clothes. Calming:

JERRY
It's just a photo-op.

Trina nods, then looks at Jerry, surprised, about to ask how he knows, when...

... there's a KNOCK at the window! Trina suppresses a startled shriek. DANIEL VENTURA stands there, a balding Sidney Poitier with a grandfatherly manner. Rolling down the window:

TRINA
Hi.

VENTURA
Good morning.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

He smiles across at Jerry, who reaches across to shake his hand.

JERRY

Hi. I'm Jerry.

VENTURA

Dan.

TRINA

Jerry's a sitcom writer.

VENTURA

Nice to meet you.

(to Trina)

Do you have this morning's schedule?

Nodding, Trina opens the door to reach behind her seat for her purse. She hurriedly pulls out a folded piece of paper, and...

... her diaphragm case tumbles out with it, hitting the street with a KLUNK! Ventura picks it up and hands it to her. Ready to die:

TRINA

Thanks.

Ventura winks and starts off. Trina knocks her head against the steering wheel.

JERRY

Your boss?

TRINA

(nods)

It's like being caught by your dad.
It's bad enough they patronize me, but
now...

JERRY

The best thing to do when someone's
patronizing you --

TRINA

You're full of advice, aren't you?
Find my shoe.

JERRY

Talk loud.

Trina just stares at him.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (3)

14

JERRY

(continuing)

When they patronize you, they're trying to intimidate you; they're counting on you wimping out. So don't. Let your voice get louder. Try it. Tell me how it goes tonight.

Trina turns to him incredulously: tonight?

JERRY

(continuing)

We never got breakfast burritos.

A pause.

TRINA

What time?

JERRY

Eight.

TRINA

(looking in the rearview mirror)

My hair's a mess.

JERRY

It's perfect. Eight o'clock, out here.

TRINA

In the lobby.

Trina gets out of the car, and rushes off. Jerry watches her go, smitten, surprised by how smitten he is. He smiles and lifts a hand in a victorious cheer: YES! But Trina turns back, and Jerry quickly changes it into a cool wave.

Sobering, back at the car window:

TRINA

(continuing)

Wait a minute. What do I know about you?

JERRY

What do you need to know?

Trina weighs this. Nods. And reaches in. They formally shake hands like boxers, as we...

CUT TO:

15 EXT. LAS CRUCES HILTON HOTEL STEPS - DAY (AN HOUR LATER) 15

A handshake between two politicians on the steps of the Hilton. Congressman LLOYD WANNAMAKER (67), Democratic candidate for the Senate. Graying but strong: a sincere Lee Hamilton with a tan. And RAY GARVIN (55), Republican. Boyish-looking. A younger Ross Perot.

Both are intelligent men. Both are above-average politicians, suffering the indignities of all politicians: leaving to others what they have no time to do themselves.

As the two are pulled back into their "bubbles," we FOLLOW... Garvin who hands off a speech to his campaign manager:

GARVIN

Needs some fine-tuning, Lee.

LEE CUTLER, bullet-shaped, no-nonsense, a slightly "kinder and gentler" Pat Buchanan, nods and enters...

16 INT. HILTON LOBBY - DAY 16

... the lobby, moving through a large press clique surrounding a press secretary. Thrusting the speech at her:

CUTLER

This is unacceptable, Annette.

ANNETTE NORRIS. Annette Bening's body; Nancy Reagan's mind. The D.C.G. (Designated Campaign Goddess); every campaign has one. She starts toward the elevator.

17 INT. HILTON HALLWAY - DAY 17

The fifth floor. Annette goes to a door, entering...

18 INT. HILTON ROOM - DAY 18

... a hotel room, dropping the speech by the head of a man doing push-ups:

ANNETTE

A piece of shit.

The man turns over:

JERRY

Annette, good to see you!

Jerry hops up to put on a tie.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

ANNETTE

You're our pep man, Jer'. That's why
I fired the last guy. This stuff
should be second nature to you. So
pep it up.

He mangles the tie. She pushes his hands away, begins to tie
it for him.

ANNETTE

(continuing)

You didn't sleep last night?

JERRY

Insomnia, writer's occupational
hazard.

(nodding toward the
speech)

Where's he giving it?

ANNETTE

The barrio. Three o'clock.

JERRY

Where's this ditch thing?

Annette stops, looks at him:

ANNETTE

The Mexico Ditch? Why?

JERRY

A reporter mentioned it.

ANNETTE

A sore point with the Hispanic
community. Our guy's for it. Don't
bring it up in the barrio.

JERRY

Bet our opponent does.

Annette thinks about it.

ANNETTE

Interesting. Spin it our way,
Garvin'll have your baby.

(finished with his
tie)

Which reporter?

Jerry just grins. Annette studies him. Knowingly:

ANNETTE

(continuing)

What's her name?

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

Jerry's grin widens. Annette isn't thrilled. She lowers her voice:

ANNETTE

(continuing)

Watch yourself, Jer'. You're a virgin here. This is the dirtiest campaign I've ever been on. Half the reporters are in Wannamaker's pocket. If she finds something, she'll use it.

He yanks off the uncomfortable tie.

JERRY

She's not in Wannamaker's pocket.

19 INT. WANNAMAKER'S CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - DAY

19

Trina. Being hugged by Wannamaker. Backing out, we see she's one of a dozen workers being photographed with the candidate in his low-budget campaign headquarters.

WANNAMAKER

A month left. Let's keep it up!

Trina turns to see press secretary, MICHAEL KRATZ, an old-fashioned bureaucrat from the back-room school, leave his office. She rushes after him:

TRINA

Mike, let me take a stab at today's speech.

KRATZ

Not now, Trina honey.

TRINA

The Mexico ditch. It's time to attack.

Stopping, he turns to her, voice low:

KRATZ

We've gone over this. Stick with the press releases. Let me handle the policy speeches. Is that all, hon?

Trina begins to nod, then stops herself, remembering Jerry's advice. Loud:

TRINA

No. It isn't.

Kratz is surprised. Turns back to her:

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

KRATZ

Excuse me?

Loud:

TRINA

I don't like being patronized, Mr. Kratz.

Several workers look up at them. Embarrassed:

KRATZ

I'm not patronizing you, honey. Why are you talking so loud?

TRINA

(even louder)

You're the press secretary, Mr. Kratz. I'm the speechwriter. I have twenty years experience at this. If you think I can't handle a speech, let's talk to the campaign manager.

She gestures to the campaign manager crossing the room. Daniel Ventura. Seeing Trina, he winks. She grins back weakly. Kratz, not sure how to interpret his boss's wink, handles Trina with care:

KRATZ

Walk with me.

20 EXT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS WAREHOUSE - DAY

20

More like, run with him. They exit the warehouse, Kratz rushing toward a campaign van, listening.

TRINA

Wannamaker attacks on the Mexico Ditch. We hold his statement till four. We get one untainted news cycle. Garvin can't hit back until tomorrow. And guess where Garvin's speaking today?

Kratz shrugs.

TRINA

(continuing)

The barrio.

Kratz reluctantly nods. It's good. She's good. He gets in the van:

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

KRATZ

Alright, Trina. I'll try to get it approved. But next time don't be so angry. We're in this together, you know.

The van skids off. And Trina smiles.

21 INT. CAMPAIGN BUS - DAY

21

Garvin's campaign bus, speeding at 60 miles per hour. Everyone talking at once: Annette Norris, a stenographer, an advance man, Jerry -- his TV mind churning. (The following all moves fast, everyone drugged on the adrenaline of a campaign and an approaching deadline.)

JERRY

(shutting the
others up)

Here we go, here we go! Is there a local hero or something? You know, kid saved from drowning?

ANNETTE

A spelling bee winner.

JERRY

Girl or boy?

ANNETTE

(looking at her
advance sheet)

Girl.

JERRY

Perfect. Put her up there. "I'd like to introduce someone to you..."

22 EXT. BARRIO - DAY

22

Garvin at a podium, delivering the speech to a large crowd:

GARVIN

... Someone who makes me proud to be an American.

A cute Mexican-American girl in pigtails behind Garvin.

GARVIN

(continuing)

I just met her this afternoon, but what a cute little pig.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

Garvin looks back down at the speech. Jerry watches, panicked. Garvin finally turns the page and realizes:

GARVIN

(continuing)

... pigtailed representative of this Mexican-American community.

Jerry breathes.

23 INT. BANQUET HALL KITCHEN - DAY

23

A hastily-convened speechwriting session in the busy kitchen of a banquet hall. Trina, Mike Kratz, and an aging-radical advance man peer over an already-prepared speech, scribbling in changes. Trina ad libs, talking loud:

TRINA

"My opponent says he's a friend to minorities, but actions speak louder than words."

24 INT. BANQUET HALL- HOLIDAY INN DE LAS CRUCES - DAY

24

Wannamaker's speech in a banquet hall:

WANNAMAKER

My opponent claims he's a friend to minorities.

Trina, at the back of the hall, happily lip-syncs along.

WANNAMAKER

(continuing)

But anyone can speak words. But acting actions, that's the important thing.

Trina's face sours at Wannamaker's awkward changes. While...

25 EXT. BARRIO - DAY

25

... In the barrio, Garvin has a hand on the little girl's shoulder:

GARVIN

I know you've been taught in school how important friendship is...

26 INT. CAMPAIGN BUS - DAY

26

Jerry ad libs, hand on an imaginary shoulder:

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

JERRY

"... Insecure friends soon become enemies. And insecure enemies are soon at war."

Annette laughs at the corniness. Jerry smiles:

JERRY

(continuing)

"This ditch that separates the great countries of Mexico and America..."

27 EXT. BARRIO - DAY

27

GARVIN

... It's really an act of friendship.

28 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

28

Kratz and the advance man exchange glances, struck by Trina's passion:

TRINA

"It rebuilds the Berlin Wall, brick by brick! So I must ask my opponent..."

29 INT. BANQUET HALL - DAY

29

WANNAMAKER

... Have we forgotten the lessons of Berlin so quickly?

Three print reporters at the back of the hall (we'll call them TOM, DICK, and HARRY) have a hat between them. Tom throws a \$5 bill in, betting:

TOM

Sound bite.

30 INT. CAMPAIGN BUS - DAY

30

The Garvin planning session:

JERRY

This ditch is a stretching out of hands.

31 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

31

The Wannamaker session:

(CONTINUED)

- 31 CONTINUED: 31
- TRINA
The beginning of a new intolerance.
- 32 INT. BANQUET - DAY 32
- WANNAMAKER
It's "The American Wall."
- 33 EXT. BARRIO - DAY 33
- GARVIN
I call it... "The Friendship Ditch."
- 34 INT. BANQUET - DAY 34
- The banquet audience applauds Wannamaker. Trina smiles to herself at the speech's impact. While...
- 35 EXT. BARRIO - DAY 35
- ... The barrio audience BOOS Garvin loudly. Jerry looks over at a nervous Annette. She shrugs:
- ANNETTE
We'll find out at five.
- 36 INT. PANCHO VILLA BAR & CAFE - DUSK 36
- Five o'clock. Time for the local news. A TV in the hotel bar shows the Channel Two Action News graphic: anchormen shooting at us from over a city skyline.
- Watching are Kratz, a ponytailed pollster, some volunteers... and a nervous Trina. A mood of expectation, panic. TV news is where the rubber hits the road.
- TRINA
Lead story?
- KRATZ
Should be. Nothing else happened today.
- Trina crosses her fingers. The Action News graphic begins to wind down, but...

37 INT. HOTEL SUITE - LAS CRUCES HILTON - DUSK

37

... Now we're in a hotel suite where Jerry, Annette, and a half-dozen campaign workers, all in power ties, watch. The room is an improvised headquarters, cluttered with phone banks, scheduling boards, and pizzas.

A local anchorwoman, DORIS WIND, appears on the screen:

DORIS WIND (ON TV)
Good evening. Our top story
tonight...

ANNETTE
Please --

JERRY
Gotta be us.

A bear cub graphic appears behind the anchorwoman:

DORIS WIND (ON TV)
It was Day Two in the desperate
struggle of one small bear cub to stay
alive...

Disgusted, Annette, Jerry, and the workers angrily yell "No!"; "You're kidding!" Someone throws some pizza at the TV. While...

38 INT. PANCHO VILLA BAR - DUSK

38

... Kratz and Trina are equally angry and loud. A photo of a bear cub appears:

DORIS WIND (ON TV)
Rescuers are still trying to reach
Teddy, an eight-month-old cub, at the
bottom of a water well in the
Albuquerque Zoo...

TRINA
Try channel four.

The pollster changes the channel: footage of heavy machinery at a dig site. Channel four's reporter JULIE HORTZ in foreground:

JULIE HORTZ (ON TV)
In what is turning into a veritable
race-against-time, workers, from as
far away as Washington, are trying to
save Teddy from water rapidly filling
the natural well...

39 INT. HOTEL SUITE - DUSK

39

Annette has turned to the same channel:

JULIE HORTZ (ON TV)
... As we enter Day Two of... "Bear
Watch."

ANNETTE
Take a gun and put the fucker out of
its misery!

40 INT. PANTHO VILLA BAR - DUSK

40

The third local station: stock footage of bears riding
tricycles, balancing balls on their noses, as reporter JIM
RODRIGUEZ narrates:

JIM RODRIGUEZ (ON TV)
Even the youngest of bears have
traditionally played major roles in
zoos and circuses... But at what
cost?

As the story continues in the background, Trina, with too
much nervous energy, goes to a pay phone and dials...

41 INT. JERRY'S HOTEL ROOM - DUSK

41

... Jerry's room. Jerry rushes through the open doors of the
hotel suite, dives across his bed, and picks up. INTERCUT:

TRINA
Hi.

JERRY
(happily)
Hi!

TRINA
You're out of breath?

JERRY
You have that effect on me.

TRINA
Did you find it hard to work today?

JERRY
I found everything hard today.

Trina winces.

JERRY
(continuing)
Sorry.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

TRINA

You're a naughty boy, Jerry.

JERRY

Yes. And you're my naughty girl.

TRINA

About tonight --

JERRY

You're cancelling? I came on too strong?

TRINA

Shut up. Let's make it midnight.

JERRY

Sweet release, thy name is midnight.

TRINA

That's not too late?

JERRY

I'm just waking up at midnight.

TRINA

(smiles)

Me too.

Meanwhile, through the suite doors...

42 INT. HOTEL SUITE - DUSK

42

... Annette notices Jerry on the phone, talking intimately. Surprised to feel a pang of jealousy, she turns away.

43 INT. HOTEL ROOM/PANCHO VILLA BAR - DUSK

43

TRINA

Oh. It worked.

JERRY

What? Your boss?

TRINA

He thought I was gonna explode.

JERRY

The more dangerous he thinks you are, the better. Get an eye patch and a tattoo.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

TRINA
My old boyfriend had a tattoo. On the
inside of his lip.

Pause.

JERRY
Excuse me.

TRINA
Know what it said?

JERRY
What boyfriend?

TRINA
Know what it said?

JERRY
"Ouch"?

TRINA
Nope. Two words.

JERRY
"Ouch ouch"?

She sees the TV: the news report coming to a close.

TRINA
Gotta go.

Jerry sees the same through the open doors:

JERRY
Me too. Midnight.

TRINA
Midnight.

They hang up. Trina watches the end of the report: a giant grizzly stalking a cage.

JIM RODRIGUEZ (V.O.)
Meanwhile, Teddy's mother, Big Bertha,
paces anxiously, awaiting some word,
any word, of Teddy's fate.

The grizzly growls at the camera. Then, Doris Wind in the studio:

DORIS WIND (ON TV)
In local news, it was politics as
usual...

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (2)

43

KRATZ

Here we go.

Trina focuses on the TV...

DORIS WIND (ON TV)

... as both candidates vying for New Mexico's vacant Senate seat argued the merits of the so-called "Friendship Ditch" --

Trina and Kratz look at each other. Stunned.

KRATZ

Friendship-WHAT?!

44 INT. HOTEL SUITE - DUSK

44

But in Garvin's hotel suite, the reaction is triumphant. Annette lets out a victory "whoop", high-fives with Jerry:

ANNETTE

Dr. Spin!

DORIS WIND (ON TV)

The ditch, which is to be dug along the border between Mexico and New Mexico, was denounced by Democratic Congressman Wannamaker...

45 INT. NEWS ROOM - DUSK

45

Wannamaker's sound-bite is shown on a TV in a paper's news room, where Tom, Dick, and Harry look up expectantly from their computer screens:

WANNAMAKER (ON TV)

"It rebuilds the Berlin Wall, brick by brick!"

Dick and Harry grumble -- "Damn" -- while Tom triumphantly digs his \$15 winnings out of the hat.

46 INT. PANCHO VILLA BAR - DUSK

46

The TV in the hotel bar:

DORIS WIND (ON TV)

But New Mexican business tycoon, Ray Garvin, defended the Friendship Ditch as necessary --

Kratz has to stand, he's so angry:

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

KRATZ
Friendship-WHAT?!

The TV cuts to Garvin's barrio speech, his hand on the little girl's shoulder:

GARVIN
Because the Friendship Ditch insures
our security, it insures our
friendship.

KRATZ
How'd they know we were attacking on
the ditch?!

Trina shrugs, watching the TV stunned, while...

47 INT. HOTEL SUITE - DUSK

47

... Jerry has a grin from ear-to-ear. Annette slaps him on the back:

ANNETTE
Our resident genius!

The room is suddenly silent, seeing the campaign manager, Lee Cutler, at the door. Stone-faced. He goes to Annette, and... smiling, kisses her on both cheeks, to the relief of the room. Everyone applauds.

CUTLER
The Man wants to congratulate you
himself. Haven't seen him this happy
in weeks.

ANNETTE
I'll be right up.

Cutler gives her a thumbs-up:

CUTLER
Great speech.

And leaves. Jerry frowns: the fate of the speechwriter is to never get credit. Annette turns to Jerry happily, but seeing the way he looks at her:

ANNETTE
(embarrassed)
Good work, Jer'.

JERRY
Right.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

Uncomfortable, Annette straightens her hair, prepares to leave:

ANNETTE

Oh. There's a career seminar at Las Cruces High tonight. They want to hear from our speechwriter.

JERRY

Gotta be somewhere at midnight.

ANNETTE

You'll make it. It's at eight.
(teasing)
Seeing your reporter?

JERRY

Maybe... Jealous?

ANNETTE

Should I be?

Jerry thinks about it, then:

JERRY

Yep.

Annette turns, disappointed, and leaves. The "Silver and Gold" theme SONG starts up on TV. Jerry sits and watches.

48 INT. CLASSROOM - NIGHT

48

Forty bright-faced high schoolers. Waiting in neat rows in a high school lecture room, talking among themselves. Scrawled on a blackboard: "Politics: Fun Career Choice."

Jerry, at the front, chats quietly with the pleasantly benign WOMAN TEACHER, prim and Christian:

TEACHER

Can I ask you a question, Mr. Vallick?

JERRY

Sure.

TEACHER

Your campaign is getting pretty hostile, but...

(uncomfortable)

... you're not that way behind the scenes, are you?

JERRY

Oh no. We're professionals.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

TEACHER
(relieved)
You save the fighting for the job?

JERRY
Right.

TEACHER
Good... So this is fine?

Not sure what she's referring to:

JERRY
What?

TEACHER
Ah! Here she is!

Trina. Jerry turns, sees her, and the world, as we know it,
ends. Trina and Jerry at first half-laugh in recognition,
but then realize something terribly wrong.

TEACHER
(continuing)
Mr. Vallick, meet Congressman
Wannamaker's speechwriter, Trina Mann.
(to Trina)
And Mr. Garvin's speechwriter, Jerry
Vallick.

Trina and Jerry's faces turn south in stunned recognition.
Noticing this:

TEACHER
(continuing)
Have you met already?

JERRY
No.

TRINA
Yes.

Confused, the Teacher looks from angry face to angry face.
Heated silence. Clapping her hands cheerily:

TEACHER
Well! Why don't we get started.

More silence.

TEACHER
(continuing)
Ms. Mann. Uh. Could you sit here.

Trina goes to the seat. The Teacher looks warily from Jerry
to Trina -- caught between a lion and a tiger. To the
students:

(CONTINUED)

INCITING
INCIDENT
END ACT ONE

48 CONTINUED: (2)

48

TEACHER

Class.

The students quiet down.

TEACHER

(continuing)

I'm sure we've all heard the horror stories about politics and politicians. Well, Mr. Vallick and Ms. Mann were nice enough to take time out from their busy schedules to show us there is a human side to politics.

The human side: Jerry and Trina. Bitter. Angry.

TEACHER

(continuing)

Maybe we'd better start with... questions. Anyone?

The Teacher points toward a raised hand. A FRESH-FACED fourteen-year-old:

FRESH-FACED

I as gonna run for school treasurer, but my dad said only liars go into politics.

Some snickers pass through the class.

TEACHER

(chuckles)

Bobby, I don't think that's really --

JERRY

I can respond to that. Yes, there are liars in politics. There are also frauds. But there are also a few idealistic, conscientious individuals who...

(to Trina)

... turn out only later to be liars and frauds.

The Teacher laughs awkwardly. Seeing that Jerry isn't laughing, she stops.

TEACHER

Maybe Ms. Mann could offer us a different perspective.

TRINA

Bobby, most people who go into politics aren't cheats.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (3)

48

TEACHER

That's very encouraging --

TRINA

It's only the opportunistic ones who come from other fields -- let's say, TV comedy writing -- who turn into cheats. Oh, and hacks.

Bobby, not sure what to think, sits down. The Teacher looks at Trina uneasily. Then...

TEACHER

Any other questions?

A FEMALE STUDENT stands:

FEMALE STUDENT

Is there much interaction between campaigns? You know, between Democrats and Republicans.

Jerry snorts cynically.

TRINA

I'll answer that, if you don't mind.

JERRY

Go right ahead. Seems like you have more experience.

If looks could kill.

TRINA

(to the student)

It's discouraged for campaigns to socialize. If one speechwriter -- to use an example -- were to date another speechwriter, they might reveal something about their campaigns. Also, if a speechwriter were truly sleazy...

(looks at Jerry)

... he could use the relationship to compromise the other. Sometimes campaigns have spies for exactly this purpose: to pursue someone on the other campaign, to seduce her --

JERRY

Or him.

TRINA

-- And try go get her secrets.

The Student prepares to sit, but Jerry addresses her:

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (4)

48

JERRY

On the other hand, we tend to get paranoid, and think anyone who is after us, is after our secrets.

The Student nods, tries to sit again, but:

TRINA

Still, it's not paranoid to be suspicious of, let's say, a relationship that moves too fast. A chance encounter that really isn't "chance."

JERRY

Or someone lying about the work she does.

TRINA

Or asking too much about the other's work.

JERRY

On the other hand, a speechwriter -- to use Ms. Mann's apt example -- could protect herself --

TRINA

-- or himself.

JERRY

-- From being compromised in this way, by not flirting. By not fucking away around --

The Teacher looks at Jerry horrified.

TRINA

Or she might tell the other speechwriter to his face: "Peddle your shit elsewhere, scumbag --"

TEACHER

I really think --!

JERRY

But these would be extraordinary circumstances. Circumstances that usually backfire, by the way. Because once the "slut spy" -- for lack of a better word -- is uncovered, the other speechwriter finds his passion for the campaign renewed.

Overlapping now, heated:

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (5)

48

TRINA

And luckily for him he'll need it.
Because if he's a hack, let's say,
jumping from field to field like some
fuck-happy rabbit, carrying the
imbecility that comes with youthful
naivete --

JERRY

-- or the importance that comes with
age --

TRINA

-- he'll need any motivation he can
find. Especially if he's fighting
against someone who actually believes
in her cause.

The Student sits. A long pause. The high schoolers stunned.
The Teacher overcoming her horror:

TEACHER

I'd like to thank both Mr. Vallick and
Miss Mann --

49 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - NIGHT

49

BAM! BAM! Two doors slam. And Jerry and Trina storm down
a long high school hallway. Overlapping, hardly giving the
other time to get a word out:

JERRY

You lied to me!

TRINA

YOU lied to ME?!

JERRY

Why was I obligated to tell you the
truth when you --

TRINA

You're not obligated in any way, Mr.
Friendship Ditch! You didn't want to
talk about politics; I didn't want to
talk about politics, so we lied. It's
simple. What's not so simple is: You
used me! You took the "Mexico Ditch!"
You never heard of the goddamned ditch
till I mentioned it!

50 INT. CLASSROOM - NIGHT

50

Stunned silence as students, teachers, councilors, look up from their Career Placement booths, hearing the yelling echoing in the distant hall:

51 INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - NIGHT

51

JERRY

Excuse me, I didn't know you had a copyright on a ditch! Great! Tell me what other forces of nature you control!

TRINA

We are obviously not communicating!
I will keep this simple -- in short syllables! I. Me. This body in front of you. I do not. Not: the international symbol for "no." No smoking. No littering. I do not want you to come near me again. I do not want you to phone me. I do not want you to contact me in any way.
Goodbye.

END ACT ONE

With that, they storm off in opposite direction. We hear two doors SLAM, then... silence. Until...

52 EXT. CAMPAIGN RALLY - DAY

52

... An explosion of colors and sound at a campaign rally in Los Alamos. Blue and white Garvin signs flash back and forth. "Notre Dame Fight Song" plays.

GARVIN

My opponent has accused me of playing politics. My opponent has accused me of taking his issue -- The Friendship Ditch -- and using it for my own ends. Let me ask Congressman Wannamaker this...

Garvin's speech actually turns out to be a sound-bite on...

53 INT. TRINA'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

53

... a TV in a hotel room, a lap-top screen next to it.

GARVIN

... When did he copyright the Friendship Ditch? Perhaps he should warn me what other issues are strictly his!

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: 53

Watching, Trina angrily types away at her lap-top.

54 INT. RADIO STATION - DAY 54

Wannamaker reads from a speech in a radio station's sound booth:

WANNAMAKER

I wish Mr. Garvin would treat the process with some dignity...

Wannamaker's speech continues on...

55 EXT. FREEWAY - DAY 55

... an Albuquerque freeway:

WANNAMAKER (V.O.)

... He's turning this campaign into nothing more than a simple-minded sitcom...

A red Lotus sports car suddenly swerves out of traffic:

WANNAMAKER (V.O.)

... With sound-bites worthy of a Hollywood hack.

Jerry at the wheel, startled, juggling the cologne he was slapping on his face. It spills down his shirt and into his open briefcase.

CUT TO:

56 INT. WANNAMAKER'S CAMPAIGN PLANE - REAR - DAY 56

The zoo. The rear of a small fifty-seater campaign plane. Kratz blathers on to a dozen reporters.

KRATZ

And, please, no yelling during church services --

But the Reporters ignore him, chanting:

REPORTERS

Close the door! Close the door!

The airplane doors close, but not before a last reporter and his two-man crew slip through. BOB FREED, a handsome and even dashing network affiliate reporter. He looks slightly inappropriate in a fading but picturesque army flack jacket.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

FREED

Hey, guys.

Reporters throw sick-bags at him, as Freed bows.

57 EXT. RUNWAY - DAY

57

The plane begins to take off, and...

58 INT. PLANE - DAY

58

... several reporters "sky-surf": that is, they stand on plastic-airplane-safety cards, and slide down the aisles, slamming into the rear of the plane. Meanwhile, Freed sits with Tom, Dick, and Harry:

FREED

So what's the story?

TOM

Right now... you are.

Smiling, Freed looks around at the envious reporters, trying to hide how much he loves this; he's a star among his colleagues; only vaguely familiar to civilians.

DICK

So why does ABC send the great Baghdad Bob to New Mexico?

FREED

I'm a reporter. I follow the story.

HARRY

Come on. This isn't Iraq.

Removing a box from his suitcase:

FREED

It's early yet.

He crosses through a hastily-thrown up curtain into...

59 INT. PLANE - FRONT SECTION - DAY

59

... the front half of the plane. Quiet, dark. Two dozen staffers, catching up on business and sleep. Freed spies.. Trina, her eyes closed. A whisper:

FREED

Guess who?

She doesn't answer. Taking something from the box:

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

FREED
(continuing)
I know you're not sleeping, Trina.

She opens her eyes to see a bouquet held to her face. She closes them again:

TRINA
Bob. What are you doing?

FREED
The network's letting me do a piece on one of the Senate races. They chose New Mexico.

Trina gives him an incredulous look.

FREED
(continuing)
Alright, I chose New Mexico. It's an interesting race.

TRINA
I'd prefer that my love life not determine affiliate programming for CBS.

FREED
ABC.

Kratz comes up behind Freed, slaps his back:

KRATZ
Mr. Freed. We're honored.

Trina rolls her eyes.

FREED
Thank you. I'm not sure how long I'll be with you guys.

He glances pointedly toward Trina.

KRATZ
The Congressman would still love to chat.

FREED
Great.

Freed smiles at Trina and drops the bouquet in her lap, as he's pulled away by Kratz. She stares out the black window. Another complication in her life.

60 INT. ALBUQUERQUE AIRPORT HALLWAY - DAY

60

An endless airport people mover. Trina leans her lap-top on the running rail, trying to type. Coming up behind her:

FREED

So what's the story?

Trina stares at him. Freed raises a hand for a boy scout pledge:

FREED

(continuing)

Strictly business. Honest.

TRINA

(considering it)

Not for attribution?

FREED

(nods)

Deep background.

Trina nods her approval.

FREED

(continuing)

When's the debate?

TRINA

Garvin's dragging his feet. We're meeting to negotiate.

FREED

What about these rumors that Garvin sold his soul to junk bond king, Polehouse?

TRINA

If you got something on it, great. We could win with it.

FREED

Why'd you move out?

TRINA

No comment.

FREED

Two years. You didn't even leave a note.

TRINA

No comment.

FREED

Off-the-record?

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

TRINA

You left me long before I left you.

Suddenly, reporters begin to run past. An important story ahead. Freed's first instinct is to run too, but he hesitates, not wanting to show Trina a mixed-agenda.

TRINA

(continuing;
tempting him)

Wannamaker and Garvin photo-op.

It's like mentioning free beer to an alcoholic. Freed races after the other reporters.

61 INT. TERMINAL LOBBY - DAY

61

Garvin, Wannamaker, and their entourages in the Terminal Lobby, surrounded by a phalanx of reporters, yelling questions. Bob Freed yells above them:

FREED

Mr. Garvin! Mr. Garvin! What about
a debate?!

Recognizing the voice:

GARVIN

Well, well, Baghdad Bob. Honored to
have you with us. I have to admit,
debates are a low priority with me,
Mr. Freed. I much prefer traveling
this great state, talking to...

As Garvin continues, Freed is distracted, torn, watching Trina exit the terminal. He looks back at the candidates. Is it worth it?

62 EXT. ALBUQUERQUE TERMINAL - DAY

62

Trina crosses toward the campaign bus in the loading zone when a hand grabs her shoulder. She turns to find:

FREED

I'll get a cab.

Surprised:

TRINA

What about your press conference?

Freed shrugs heroically. He stops a cab and reaches for her bag, but Trina won't let go. Gently:

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

TRINA
(continuing)

Bob...

But she falls silent, seeing through the terminal window...

63 INT. TERMINAL - DAY

63

... Jerry. Watching. Freed turns to see who has affected Trina in this way, but Jerry turns away and starts to walk back through the terminal.

Trina leaves her bags on the cab trunk with Freed, and rushes after Jerry. Turning a corner, she grabs his coat before he can enter the men's room. Intense whispers:

TRINA
What the hell are you doing?!

JERRY
Working. What the hell are you doing?

Trina looks around. The press conference still in the distance. She pulls Jerry behind a partition:

TRINA
None of your goddamned business!
(screwing up her
face)
What's that smell?

JERRY
"Overdrive."

Trina looks at him weird.

JERRY
(continuing)
My cologne.

Sneezes:

TRINA
You smell like a magazine.

JERRY
Thank you. So it's that "Freed"? Mr. Flak Jacket?

TRINA
What about him?

JERRY
He's your ex-fiance? Or have things changed?

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

TRINA

Nothing's changed! We're still in
love!

Trina stalks off...

64 EXT. TERMINAL - DAY

64

... rushing back to Freed.

FREED

What's up?

Trina reaches for him and hugs him. Surprised, Freed pushes it further, kissing her. Trina's not sure if she wants to go so far, but she rolls with it, while...

... Jerry watches through the terminal window.

Freed loads Trina's bags into the cab, and the cab pulls away, but Trina's Filofax is left forgotten on the trunk and tumbles off into the street. Jerry runs to pick it up, yelling after the cab:

JERRY

Hey!

65 INT. CAB - DUSK

65

But Trina ignores him, turning to Freed, and pointedly kissing him again. Seeing this...

66 EXT. TERMINAL - DUSK

66

... Jerry stops yelling, looks down at the Filofax. Okay, fine.

67 INT. JERRY'S HOTEL ROOM - HYATT REGENCY - ALBUQUERQUE - NIGHT

67

The Filofax. On a bedside table in Jerry's hotel room. Jerry reaches for the shaving kit next to it, his hand hesitating over the Organizer, but...

... he shakes his head, and goes to the bathroom... then makes an immediate U-turn back to the bed. Grabs his towel. He sits on the bed, grimacing at the temptation. Flicks the Filofax open. Glances at it.

Damn. Nothing interesting on that calendar page. Acting as if his hand weren't connected to his body, he flips to the next page. "Met Jerry" is written on a calendar day.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

Underneath is a sentence or two. Scribbled out.

All pretense gone, Jerry grabs the Filofax, anxiously holds it up to the light, curious what she's written about him, but it's been completely obliterated. Frustrated, he closes the book when...

... some photos fall out. A group of children in a row boat. Jerry easily picks out a five-year-old Trina, looking adorable. He can't help but smile. Another photo...

... Bob Freed in Iraq, looking heroic with an ABC microphone. Jerry's mood darkens. He flips back through the Filofax, stopping on a phone number marked:

LABOR SPEECH

68 INT. LABOR HALL - DAY

68

Wannamaker mid-speech in a spacious Albuquerque labor hall. Hundreds of well-dressed officials sitting in rows.

WANNAMAKER

My sympathies with labor run deep.
Let me tell you a little about myself.

Trina at the back of the hall, smiling: her speech going well. Wannamaker makes a show of folding up his speech. Off-the-cuff:

WANNAMAKER

(continuing)

My dad worked for Southern Pacific
ever since he came to this country.

We see Wannamaker is actually reading his "off-the-cuff" remarks from two mirrored Teleprompters: "I started working..."

WANNAMAKER

(continuing)

I started working for the railroad
when I was sixteen. Hard twelve hour
days. Picture the dirt, the despair.
Smell the sweat, the steam. Can't you
hear the whistle blowing? Rise up so
early in the morn'.

The Teleprompter: that's exactly what it reads.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

WANNAMAKER
 (continuing)
 Can't you hear the captain shoutin'...
 (reads it, but his
 forehead creases)
 ... "Dinah, blow your horn"?

Some audience members exchange glances. Trina and Kratz look at each other: What the...?! Ventura races past them, yanking open a backstage door! Meanwhile, Wannamaker keeps on, trying to make it sound vaguely political:

WANNAMAKER
 (continuing)
 Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah.
 Someone's in the kitchen I know.

69 INT. BACKSTAGE - DAY

69

Ventura screams at the TELEPROMPTER OPERATOR backstage:

VENTURA
 Who?! Who phoned?!

TELEPROMPTER OPERATOR
 He said he was with the campaign. An
 emergency.

Kratz and Trina race in:

KRATZ
 Put something up! Anything!

Trina looks back toward the stage where...

INT. LABOR HALL - DAY

... Wannamaker stares at two blank screens, improvising:

WANNAMAKER
 The kitchen, yes, that's where my
 opponent wants to put women. Dinah,
 Alice, whomever...

INT. BACKSTAGE - DAY

The Teleprompter Operator plugs in the rest of a speech, while Ventura rages at Kratz:

VENTURA
 Someone's slipping information to
 Garvin!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

VENTURA (Cont'd)
 If you see anyone! -- I mean anyone --
 mixing with the other side, fire their
 ass!

Trina searches through her purse for her Filofax: Uh-oh,
 while Ventura turns to the Teleprompter Operator:

VENTURA
 (continuing)
 What did this guy sound like?!

70 INT. JERRY'S ROOM - HYATT REGENCY - ALBUQUERQUE - AFTERNOON 70

Jerry's hotel room. He picks up the RINGING phone:

JERRY
 Trina? So nice to hear from you.

INTERCUT with:

71 INT. TRINA'S ROOM - FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - ALBUQUERQUE - 71
AFTERNOON

Trina whispers into her hotel room phone:

TRINA
 Listen closely, you Republican prick.
 If I don't get my Organizer back,
 life's going to be very difficult --!

JERRY
 Organizer? Did you lose an Organizer?

TRINA
 And you had nothing to do with the
 Teleprompter, right?!

JERRY
 Must be a bad connection, Trina.
 Sounds like you said, Teleprompter.

TRINA
 Fuck you.

Trina hangs up. Jerry cackles evilly. Competition is always
 a favored second to love. Meanwhile...

... Trina dashes for her lap-top, thinking murderous
 thoughts, when there's a KNOCK at her door. She opens it.
 A man with flowers in front of his face. He lowers them.
 Bob Freed. Singing (well):

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

FREED
"Hey little girl is your daddy home?
Did he go and leave you all alone?
Uh-hmm, I got a bad desire.
Oh-ohh-ohh, I'm on fire."

Trina surprises herself by laughing.

72 EXT. TRAM - DAY

72

An overhead tram starts up toward the summit of Sandia Peak, Albuquerque's highest mountain.

73 INT. TRAM - DAY

73

Trina and Freed. The only ones on it. Dark, except for the city lights far below.

FREED
Romantic?

Grudgingly nods:

TRINA
Romantic.

FREED
I slipped him a fifty to keep the car empty.

TRINA
Just so I'm clear on something, Bob.
I'm getting the full-court press here, right?

Freed laughs.

FREED
Wait till you see my jump shot.

74 EXT. SANDIA MOUNTAIN PEAK - DUSK

74

Just after sunset. String of city lights in the distance. A picnic dinner laid out, complete with blankets, cheese board and champagne. Freed leads Trina through the trees, acting surprised:

FREED
Look what the deer left us.

Trina laughs:

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74

TRINA

How much did you slip the deer?

FREED

A small pittance.

They sit. Freed pops a bottle of champagne.

TRINA

Bob, there's got to be some CBS tootsie who'd be good for you, someone who'd worship you.

FREED

You're good for me. I don't want to be worshipped.

(reaching into his pocket)

You'll tell me if I'm making a fool of myself.

He takes out a clump of tissue paper, unwraps it. A ring. A beautiful, simple ring.

TRINA

Didn't we do this already?

FREED

This time we'll set a date.

Trina looks at him, incredulous.

FREED

(continuing)

Right after the election. The day after the election we'll do it.

Com'on, Trina, here I am. I'm yours.

He gets down on his knees. Trina looks up toward the smiling people waiting for the tram, embarrassed, laughing.

FREED

(continuing)

Marry me! This is as romantic as I get, Trina. Marry me!

Trina stops laughing.

75 INT. ANNETTE'S OFFICE - SANTA FE HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

75

A ceiling. A spit-wad is shot up at it, joining six others.

Jerry lies on his back on Annette's desk, shooting spit-wads through a straw. (Garvin's large Santa Fe headquarters visible through the glass walls.) Annette rushes in:

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

ANNETTE

Jerry, this speech won't do.
(noticing his
posture)
Comfortable?

JERRY

Uh-hmmm.

ANNETTE

(reading)
"Wannamaker has run a sloppy, inept,
and hostile campaign..."

JERRY

(smiling)
Good.

ANNETTE

"He's incompetent, crooked, mean-
spirited, and out-of-touch with the
voters. His two years in the Congress
have embarrassed New Mexico and
disgraced himself."

JERRY

What's wrong?

ANNETTE

It's supposed to be a friendly speech.

JERRY

It is! Read the next line.

ANNETTE

"Still, he has the right to run."

JERRY

There you go.

Jerry glances through the glass wall, seeing... Daniel Ventura (who he met the first morning with Trina), being led toward the office. Still a hundred feet away, at the other end of a maze of cubicles, but getting closer!

ANNETTE

Cutler said, cool the mud-slinging,
Jer'. We're ahead in the polls, and --

Springing up:

JERRY

Isn't that Dan Ventura...?

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: (2)

75

ANNETTE
(looks, nods)
We're meeting for debate negotiations.
So lighten --

JERRY
(hiding his panic)
He's coming here? This office?

ANNETTE
Yes. Have you met him?

Jerry edges toward the door:

JERRY
I... I should go.

ANNETTE
Lighten up on the vitriol, Jer'.
Wannamaker'll be backing off pretty
soon too. You know Trina Mann?

Jerry spins to her! Then acts casual. Still edging toward the door. Ventura fifty feet off.

JERRY
No, I don't think so.

ANNETTE
Liberal dinosaur. Been on a dozen
losing campaigns. Didn't you meet her
at that career night?

JERRY
Oh right.

ANNETTE
We hear she's the one mixing the mud.
And here's the thing. End of the
week, she's out.

Startled, Jerry doesn't have time to ask why, seeing: Ventura rounding the last cubicle, now yards away! Jerry covers his face, rushes to open the door when he sees...

... Lee Cutler step out of his office and stop Ventura. The two chat. A reprieve, Jerry turns back to Annette, rushing:

JERRY
Why? Why is she out?

ANNETTE
Politics. Ever since the Friendship
Ditch, you've been kicking her butt.
Great work, Jer'. Even Garvin said
so.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: (3)

75

She slaps Jerry's back. He doesn't respond. Guilty.

ANNETTE

(continuing)

Anyway, Wannamaker's pulling in
another ghost from Washington.
Supposed to be here in four days.

(brightly)

Oh, Garvin likes the idea of doing an
infomercial with Silver and Gold.
You'll contact them?

JERRY

(preoccupied)

Uh-huh.

A KNOCK on Annette's door! Jerry practically jumps,
whispering to Annette before she can open it:

JERRY

(continuing)

I'll explain later.

And with that, he kneels down and crawls under her desk.
Annette is dumbfounded, watching him disappear. Getting over
her surprise, she opens the door for Cutler and Ventura.

UNDER THE DESK, Jerry hears a muffled conversation, then the
office door close. After a second, Jerry looks up to see
Annette, alone, peering down at him.

ANNETTE

A long story?

Pulling himself out:

JERRY

Very.

ANNETTE

Women or money?

Hesitating only a second:

JERRY

Both actually.

ANNETTE

(chuckling)

You never cease to amaze me, Jerry.

She wants to say more, but instead she leaves. Jerry falls
back in a chair, exhausted. He looks out at the Santa Fe
skyline, preoccupied with guilty thoughts of Trina.

- 76 INT. JERRY'S HOTEL ROOM - LA FONDA - NIGHT 76
The skyline at night. The same guilty look on Jerry's face as he glances at a clock -- 12:00 -- and rubs his eyes, unable to sleep, while standing at...
- 77 EXT. SANTA FE - NIGHT 77
... one of La Fonda's few lit windows. Backing out, we see blocks and blocks of more cartoon Indian architecture, then stop at another hotel, also only a few windows lit.
- 78 INT. HOTEL ROOM - INN ON THE ALAMEDA - NIGHT 78
... Trina lies in bed alone, looking at the clock. She raises her hand and looks at her finger. The engagement ring. The phone RINGS! Trina jumps, startled. Picks it up.
- JERRY (V.O.)
Hello, Trina?
- Trina hangs up angrily, as if the call sprang from her unconscious.
- 79 INT. LA FONDA CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT 79
A box of Sominex. The last on a convenience store shelf. A hand reaches for it. Jerry. No one else. He looks around, recognizing the loneliness of the moment.
- 80 INT. TRINA'S ROOM - NIGHT 80
Trina flips the pillow to the cool side. Still can't sleep. She punches it. Eyes the phone.
- 81 INT. LA FONDA HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT 81
Returning to his door, Jerry tries to open it, but his credit-card-key doesn't work, doorknob light turning from green to red. Jerry struggles with it, slumps against it.
- 82 INT. TRINA'S ROOM - NIGHT 82
Flipping TV channels, Trina finally decides. She picks up the phone, dials, and waits as the phone RINGS in...
- 83 INT. CONDO BEDROOM - SANTA FE - NIGHT 83
... Bob Freed's condo bedroom. Freed sleeps soundly, ear plugs in place. And...

84 INT. TRINA'S ROOM - NIGHT

84

... Trina hangs up, frustrated. Returning to channel-flipping, she hears a second of a FAMILIAR SONG. She flips back to it. The traditional Spanish weepy from the truck cab. Sensual as ever. It's on...

... Latino MTV. A melodramatic music video. A macho mustachioed man kisses a barrio woman in a leotard. The woman slaps him. The man smolders convincingly.

Trina watches it, smiling. The Spanish lyrics continue as the macho man buys a dog from the pound. And hugs the dog. Against a sunset.

Trina laughs. It's a song about a man and his dog: the two rolling on the floor, wrestling, as the music crests to its climax.

Trina stops laughing, looking past the TV image, listening to the music. She grows melancholy. Nostalgic. Until her phone RINGS. She snaps it up:

TRINA

What?!

JERRY (V.O.)

(rushing)

What did your boyfriend's lip tattoo say?

TRINA

I can't believe --!

85 INTERCUT WITH JERRY'S HOTEL ROOM

85

where the same song plays on the TV in the background:

JERRY

I've been staring at the ceiling for the last three hours. If you don't tell me what the tattoo said, I'll be staring at it for another three. Please, what did the tattoo say?

Trina is silent. Very silent. It unnerves Jerry.

JERRY

Are you still there?

TRINA

Yes, I'm still there.

Jerry nods, knowing what he has to do.

JERRY

I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

TRINA

For what?

JERRY

For -- You know.

TRINA

Remind me.

JERRY

I never feel comfortable saying what my job is; and you said you didn't like Garvin; and I didn't want to get you angry. Not that I think you're the type who gets angry, but I didn't know you; and the Teleprompter I swear I had nothing to do with.

Jerry winces at his lie, and continues:

JERRY

(continuing)

Still, I know I should've been nicer to you on the phone, but I guess the sight of Freed -- am I making sense here, because I have the distinct feeling I'm rambling?

There's a struggle inside Trina. She sinks her face into the crook of her arm.

JERRY

(continuing)

Hello?

TRINA

You think if you just talk long enough, everything'll be alright?

JERRY

Yeah. It's not working?

TRINA

Sit here.

JERRY

What?

TRINA

The tattoo. It read: "Sit Here."

Jerry repeats it to himself. Then laughs:

JERRY

The only two-word combination I missed.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED: (2)

85

TRINA

Okay?

She prepares to hang up, the receiver almost in the cradle,
when Jerry shouts:

JERRY

Trina!

Trina jumps, concerned for him:

TRINA

What?

JERRY

I thought you were going to hang up.

TRINA

I was.

JERRY

Oh.

(torn)

I have to tell you something.

TRINA

What?

JERRY

About the campaign.

TRINA

Go ahead.

JERRY

What are you doing?

86 INT. CARLOS' GOSPEL COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

86

Trina and Jerry sit across from each other in a nearly empty
coffee shop.

JERRY

So how've you been?

Trina gives him an "Are you crazy" look.

TRINA

Jerry, the only reason I agreed to
meet with you is...

She softens.

JERRY

What? You missed me?

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

86

TRINA
I'm getting married.

There is a slight lowering of the facial muscles in Jerry 's face. The only indication he's affected.

TRINA
(continuing;
sympathetic now)
He proposed again, and I said yes.
Things are different now.

JERRY
Oh.

TRINA
After the election. The weekend
after, in fact, we're... doing it.

This time just silence.

TRINA
(continuing)
Anyway, what is it you wanted to tell
me?

Jerry considers it.

JERRY
Nothing.

TRINA
Okay. I'd better --
(stands up)
Goodbye, Jerry.

She leaves. Jerry lets her go.

87 EXT. CARLOS' GOSPEL COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

87

Trina starts away from the coffee shop. Into the plaza.

JERRY
Wait a minute.

Jerry rushes up beside her, his composure completely regained.

JERRY
(continuing)
That's great. Did you get another
ring anyway?

Trina forces a smile, shows her hand. Jerry whistles.
Kisses her on the cheek.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

87

JERRY
(continuing)
Congratulations.

TRINA
Thanks.

JERRY
There's no reason we can't be friends
now.

Caught off guard:

TRINA
What?

JERRY
There's no reason we can't be friends.

TRINA
We're in a campaign!

JERRY
Com'on, I need your help.

TRINA
No.
(suspicious)
With what?

88 EXT. LA FONDA PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

88

Jerry's sports car, the hood up. In an adobe parking lot
(one of those authentic Navajo garages). Jerry sits lazily
in the driver's seat, playing with the RADIO. Trina under
the hood:

TRINA
It's censorship! It's cultural
warfare!

JERRY
Everything's "warfare" to you guys!
Look, all we want is some decency in
the arts.

TRINA
(a pain to her
heart)
Oh! Oh! Let's get on another subject
here.

But at that second, a car pulls up behind Trina:

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

KRATZ

Car trouble, hon?

Trina spins. Her boss, Mike Kratz. She keeps the hood up,
hiding Jerry:

TRINA

Nope, nope. I'm fine.

KRATZ

(holding up a
newspaper)

Have you seen the polls? Bad news.
We're sliding.

TRINA

It's temporary. we'll get them on
the...

She glances at the hood.

KRATZ

What?

TRINA

On the... thing we were talking about.

KRATZ

What thing?

TRINA

Never mind.

KRATZ

You're really unfocused lately, Trina.
It's affecting your work.

TRINA

Is my job in jeopardy, Mike?

KRATZ

No, but we'll have to talk.

Jerry listens in, guilt returning. Kratz pulls away and
Trina watches him go, relieved. Then she slams the hood.

TRINA

That's it, Jer'. You're on your own.

But before she can leave, he points to her greasy hands:

JERRY

You can't go back like that.

89 EXT. SANTA FE PLAZA - NIGHT

89

The throbbing heart of Santa Fe, but, at this time of night, it's far from throbbing. In fact, Jerry and Trina are alone, walking toward the plaza's large circular fountain.

JERRY

It seemed like the thing to do. I'm not the type to write a novel. I like TV. I despise the people who despise TV.

(looks at Trina)

Well, you I don't mind.

TRINA

So you stole "The Golden Girls"?

JERRY

(an old argument)

I didn't steal it! The Golden Girls are women!

Chuckles:

TRINA

God, you are so completely amoral.

JERRY

Not like Baghdad Bob?

TRINA

Exactly. And don't say "Baghdad Bob" that way.

JERRY

What way?

TRINA

A slur. You couldn't do half the things he's done.

JERRY

That's why you're marrying him?

TRINA

I'm marrying him because -- Why am I explaining to you?

JERRY

He's changed?

Trina looks to see if he's making fun. He's not.

TRINA

We promised we'd spend more time together, that's all.

Jerry nods, thoughtfully:

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

89

JERRY

Relationships need time to grow.

Surprised he's taking it so seriously, Trina nods.

JERRY

(continuing)

Here.

He motions toward the fountain. Trina stares at him, shrugs, and begins to wash the grease from her hands with the fountain water.

TRINA

I don't understand you, Jerry. You don't need the money. Why are you in this campaign?

JERRY

I want to help people.

Trina laughs. Jerry smiles:

JERRY

Sorry, worth a try. I need the money.
(off Trina's look)
I'm bad with finances. Anyway, I want to do something with my life. Speechwriting's just a start. I'm going to be press secretary.

She laughs again, this time derisively.

JERRY

(continuing)

Always glad when I can make you laugh, Trina.

She looks for someplace to dry her hands. He turns, offering the back of his sweatshirt. Trina uses it. Preoccupied, feeling guilty:

JERRY

(continuing)

That thing I had to tell you...

TRINA

Uh-huh?

JERRY

(not sure how to start)

What would you do if you weren't campaigning? If you were -- if you quit?

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED: (2)

89

TRINA

I won't quit. I've spent fourteen years on losing campaigns. Clinton made it. Now its my turn. Why?

Jerry can't say. But he has to do something.

JERRY

Mind some advice? From a beginner?
(notices she's
 untying her shoes)
What are you doing?

TRINA

Take off your shoes.

JERRY

Why?

TRINA

Why not?

Can't argue with that. Jerry starts to take off his shoes:

JERRY

Your sound-bites are passionate but they're so full of facts, they seem...

TRINA

(smiling)
Factual?

JERRY

Cold. Wannamaker's just throwing words at the viewers. There's no drama, no...

Shoes off, she gets in the fountain:

TRINA

With all due respect, Mr. TV, he's trying to talk to people, not entertain them.

JERRY

He's trying to get their vote.

TRINA

Not if it means talking down to them. Get in.

Hesitating, Jerry climbs into the fountain:

JERRY

On "Silver and Gold" -- Ahhh!

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED: (3)

89

The water's cold. Jerry tries to get out, but Trina grabs his arm.

TRINA

It warms up.

JERRY

On "Silver and Gold," there's a moment in every episode. A serious moment. When the characters learn something. When Gold learns he needs to rely on other people. When Silver learns his pet duck is better off in a lake. The M.O.S.

TRINA

The what?

JERRY

(unembarrassed)

The Moment of Shit.

TRINA

I can't believe I'm listening to this.

JERRY

It's what gives the show heart. That's what Wannamaker needs, Trina. A Moment of Shit. The voters need to see he can learn. They need to see he has heart.

(looking down)

When? When does it warm up?

TRINA

So that's it. Patronize the voters.

JERRY

Sell the voters.

TRINA

Trivialize the process.

JERRY

The process is trivial. Campaigns aren't about education. They're about winning. They're about closing a sale.

TRINA

(passionate)

They're about changing the world. They're about making people just a bit more hopeful or a bit more cynical.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED: (4)

89

TRINA (Cont'd)

You can't bend the candidate to fit your needs and not be left with a bent candidate. You can't treat voters with disgust and not legislate with disgust. Why are you looking at me like that?

Jerry realizes he is staring at her. There's something about her he finds irresistible. Mock-serious:

JERRY

I want to tear your clothes off.

Smiling, Trina kicks a wave of water at him. Jerry stares deadpan, soaking wet as Trina giggles. He kicks a wave of water back at her. She screams as the water soaks her. The two begin to splash at each other, screaming! Until...

JERRY

(continuing)

Hold on, hold on! My watch!

Trina pauses to let him take it off, but instead Jerry douses her with a splash! Outraged, Trina fights back, and Jerry, on the losing end, finally grabs her, stops her:

JERRY

(continuing)

Truce, truce!

Silence. As Jerry holds her from behind. The mood changes: heating up. Trina lets herself be held, looking stunning: clothes wet against her breasts, strap sliding off her shoulder.

Overcome, Jerry kisses her shoulder. Trina doesn't move, swallowing slowly. Aroused. Jerry cautiously kisses the back of her neck. And turns her toward him. And...

... Trina responds! Almost violently. She's all over him, covering his face with kisses. Wrapping a leg around him. Pulling him to her, but...

... Jerry's eyes open, and he slows down, guilt welling up in him. Needing to say it. Between kisses:

JERRY

Trina. I have to tell you.

TRINA

(a passionate
whisper)

I know, I know...

She continues to kiss him.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED: (5)

89

JERRY

They plan to fire you Friday.

Trina stops. Shocked. Steps away from Jerry. Looks at him, trying to sense how much he wants to help her or hurt her, while Jerry grimaces at his own self-destructiveness:

JERRY

(continuing)

I guess this means sex is out?

90 INT. CAMPAIGN BUS - DAY

90

Trina. Still thinking about Jerry's revelation. Should she believe him? All around her, campaign workers argue and yell into phones. Kratz is angry about something, yelling at them. Feeling ignored, useless, Trina looks down at...

... a portable TV. Reporter Julie Hertz at some dark location. Solemn:

JULIE HORTZ (ON TV)

The President's note read in part:

"America is proud of your courage and your diligence. All we can do now is hope... and pray." And that seems to sum up the mood here. This is Julie Hertz... Bear Watch: Day Fifteen.

91 EXT. TESQUE PUEBLO - DAY

91

We see what Kratz is angry about: a sparsely-attended Indian reservation rally, Wannamaker making the best of it. Kratz and Ventura start out of the bus, whispering grimly:

VENTURA

Two weeks left and ten points down!
That's what I call hitting bottom!
Whatever we're doing, it's not
working! We need something new!

Trina catches up with them:

TRINA

Get them on the Polehouse rumor.

The two barely glance at her. Dismissive:

VENTURA

Wannamaker won't wage that kind of
campaign.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

91

Kratz talks soothingly to Ventura, but we concentrate on... Trina, a thought spreading across her face like a lightning bolt! Catching up with them, interrupting:

TRINA

Mr. Ventura!

KRATZ

(irritated)

Trina honey, we don't --!

TRINA

Fuck you, Kratz! If you're going to fire me, at least listen to me!

Ventura halts, turns to her, impressed.

KRATZ

Trina, I'm not gonna --!

VENTURA

Shut up, Kratz! Go ahead, Trina. If your job depended on one idea, what would it be?

Trina nods. Inhales. And...

92 EXT. GARVIN'S TAOS SKI LODGE - DAY

92

Jerry's face Equally preoccupied with an idea, watching... Bob Freed, at a Garvin greet-and-meet, with other reporters (including Tom, Dick, and Harry) dropping flaming drink-umbrellas off the porch of Garvin's Taos ski lodge.

Annette comes up behind Jerry:

ANNETTE

God, is he sexy.

JERRY

I heard he's gay.

ANNETTE

(ignoring him)

He looks great.

JERRY

Amazing thing, lip-o-suction.

Annette rolls her eyes and moves off. Jerry decides something and starts toward Freed.

93 INT. GAME ROOM - DUSK

93

The game room of Garvin's lodge. Only two people in it. A tipsy Freed lying on the pool table, martini on his chest; and Jerry sitting on the edge, with a full pitcher.

FREED

So what's the story?

JERRY

Just a proposal; a notion, really --

FREED

(interrupting)

You don't drink?

JERRY

Knocks me out.

FREED

The problem with you Republicans is --
(doesn't sound
right)

"Are"?

JERRY

"Is."

FREED

-- You're soulless. You need to
drink, get wild. Name me one single
Republican who can sing the blues?

JERRY

Nixon plays the piano.

FREED

Now, Democrats, we're the party of
soul. We're the partying party.

JERRY

Gary Hart for example.

FREED

(low blow)

Now now.

JERRY

Sorry. Bob, have you ever done
anything really wild? You know,
like...

(calculated)

... get a tattoo?

Freed laughs:

FREED

Once.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

93

JERRY
Really. Where?

FREED
Maui.

JERRY
No, I mean --

FREED
I'm getting married. That's pretty wild.

JERRY
Congratulations. I --

FREED
Thanks. Do you think relationships need...

He yawns. Jerry completes his thought:

JERRY
... Time to grow?

FREED
Right.

JERRY
Don't worry about it. The healthier the relationship, the more time you can spend apart.

FREED
Think so?

JERRY
Definitely. Why are you getting married?

FREED
Security. See that?
(a frayed edge to
his flak jacket)
Iraq. Shrapnel.

JERRY
See that?
(a hook on his
jacket)
Aspen. Lift ticket.

Freed laughs. Jerry laughs. Great friends. Except Jerry bounces the cue ball off a bumper, inches from Freed's head.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: (2)

93

JERRY
(continuing)
Bob?

FREED
Call me Baggie.

JERRY
Baggie, tell me if I'm off-base here.
With this proposal.

FREED
Shoot.

JERRY
A piece on Garvin's handlers. A sort
of "Behind the Scenes" thing.

FREED
Been done.

JERRY
Not like this. You can see how we do
speeches. From beginning to end. The
debate prep. Spin control. This
infomercial with Silver and Gold.
Everything.

Suddenly an intent reporter:

FREED
What's the access?

JERRY
Complete. Day and night. No closed
doors. Call it "The Handling of a
Candidate," whatever.

Freed's eyes begin to glow as he thinks it out. Then he
hesitates:

FREED
I don't know --

JERRY
What?

FREED
I'd have to be with your campaign from
now until election.

JERRY
(smiles)
I wouldn't have it any other way.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: (3)

93

Freed thinks about it, excited, while Jerry holds a pencil between his nose and his rolled-up lip. Freed looks at him oddly. Jerry hands him another pencil, calculated:

JERRY
(continuing)
Try it.

But at that second... Annette barrels down the stairs, frantic! Scrambling across the room and flipping on a big screen TV!

JERRY
(continuing)
What's wrong?

ANNETTE
A disaster!

A local news break. Anchorman Jim Rodriguez, very serious:

JIM RODRIGUEZ (ON TV)
We interrupt our regular broadcast to
bring you this special news flash.

Dozens of staffers grimly file down the stairs.

JIM RODRIGUEZ (ON TV)
(continuing)
On this, day sixteen of Bear Watch,
Teddy, the cub who captured America's
hearts and minds, has been safely
rescued from a well at the Albuquerque
Zoo.

Taped footage of Wannamaker in shirt sleeves digging at the well site.

JIM RODRIGUEZ (ON TV)
(continuing)
It was Senatorial candidate Lloyd
Wannamaker who was the first to pull
the clearly tired but frisky bear cub
to safety.

Shocked, Jerry drops the pitcher. It SHATTERS. Freed hops up, and runs for his camera crew.

JIM RODRIGUEZ (ON TV)
(continuing)
Wannamaker, who took time out from his
political campaign to dig with other
concerned citizens, had this to say...

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: (4)

93

Tape of Wannamaker holding the bear who hugs him, as if afraid of everyone else. Cutler and Annette wince: a billion dollar photo-op.

WANNAMAKER (ON TV)

Teddy taught me something very important today. Never give up. Even when all is lost, even when the polls tell you to throw in the towel, there is still light at the end of the well.

Jerry watches, read to smash his head against a wall.

94 INT. PINK ADOBE RESTAURANT - SANTA FE - NIGHT

94

TING! Champagne glasses clink in toast. Wannamaker's core staffers. Laughing. Drinking. Hugging an overjoyed Trina. While...

95 INT. GARVIN'S LA FONDA HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

95

... Garvin's suite is a disaster area. Cutler, Annette, Jerry, a pollster. It's late, and the mood is combative:

POLLSTER

No more than three points, tops --

CUTLER

Three points?! He just saved Winnie the Pooh, and you think three points!!

ANNETTE

Garvin could go visit Big Bertha.

Everyone groans.

CUTLER

Wannamaker saves the son; we go congratulate the mother! That's brilliant, that's fuckin' brilliant!

Cutler begins to shave with an ELECTRIC RAZOR -- a nervous habit -- when there's a KNOCK at the door. As the others argue, Jerry goes to it. A MESSENGER:

MESSENGER

Mr. Vallick?

Jerry nods. The Messenger hands him a note. Opening it, Jerry reads:

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

95

Look This Way
 <-----

Jerry carefully leans forward to peer into the hall. A hand grabs him and whiplashes him away!

96 INT. MAID'S CLOSET - LA FONDA - NIGHT

96

An excited and tipsy Trina pulls Jerry into a walk-in maid's closet, pushing him into a large linen cart:

TRINA
 You won't believe it, Jer'! You
 really won't believe it!

JERRY
 You've been drinking, Trina.

TRINA
 Shut up and put this on.

She throws him a party hat. A maid opens the door and screams. Trina shuts the door on her.

TRINA
 (continuing)
 One minute, por favor!

Jerry grabs Trina's hand and yanks her into the cart too. Lying side-by-side, laughing, their legs sticking out:

JERRY
 In a minute they'll take you to the
 loony bin.

TRINA
 You'll visit me?

JERRY
 (nods)
 And bring you seashells with very soft
 edges.
 (serious)
 Teddy was yours, wasn't it?

Trina nods, laughs. Jerry laughs awkwardly back. A restful moment. Intimate. Looking over at each other.

TRINA
 They made me press secretary.

Jerry's eyes widen, equal parts surprise and resentment. He begins to clamber out of the cart, unsettling it. It tips over with a THUD. Sitting half-in half-out:

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

96

TRINA
 (continuing)
 Can you believe it?! They fired
 Kratz, and made me press secretary.
 We were just talking about it the
 other day, and now... It's incredible!
 I owe it to you, Jer'. The bear.
 The...

JERRY
 No.

TRINA
 Yes.

She hugs him. Trina's not sure if she wants more. Jerry
 tries to shake the animosity out of his bones. Letting go,
 reluctantly:

TRINA
 (continuing)
 Anyway, I wanted to tell you first.

She stands, turns to leave. Then comes back in:

TRINA
 (continuing)
 Jerry. You're a good friend.

Jerry smiles.

TRINA
 (continuing)
 But I'm still gonna kick your ass in
 November.

JERRY
 We'll see about that.

She leaves, gleefully. And Jerry slumps back into the cart,
 taking the party hat off, looking down at it. Dejected.

97 INT. CONDO BEDROOM - SANTA FE - NIGHT

97

Eddie Gold looks down at a chef's hat, dejected, as Jim
 Silver puts a hand on his shoulder:

SILVER
 She was after your money.

Silver and Gold are on TV, volume low, in...

... Freed's modernist condo bedroom. Some Iraqi momentos on
 the walls. Across the room on the bed, Freed holds Trina,
 whispering excitedly:

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

97

FREED

No closed doors. Complete access. A "Behind the Scenes" thing. Something like "The Handling of a Candidate." What do you think?

Trina shrugs.

FREED

(continuing)

It'll show how a speech evolves, what debate prep is like, everything. Know what's best of all?

TRINA

What?

FREED

I'll be with you 24 hours a day. From now until the election. We wanted to spend more time together, and this is perfect. Think you can get it cleared, Press Secretary?

TRINA

(considers it)

I'll try.

Happy, Freed holds her. Trina looks off. Something on her mind. Suddenly she sits up, very serious, needing to ask:

TRINA

(continuing)

Bob.

FREED

What?

TRINA

Let's say, you've been married one year and your wife comes to you and says: "I met a man at a party. I slept with him. I promise it'll never happen again. I still love only you." What would you do?

Freed sits up, thinks about it, taking it seriously.

FREED

I would say, "I love you too. I won't pretend that it doesn't hurt me, I think we should go for counselling and find a way to put this behind us."

TRINA

But you'd forgive her?

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (2)

97

FREED

I would have to forgive her.

Trina lies back, thinking about it.

FREED

(not sure if he
passed)

Okay?

Trina nods. Freed begins to kiss her cheeks reverentially:

FREED

(continuing)
Cheeks like fire...
(then lips)
Lips like roses... Neck like silk...
Breasts like snow...

Trina closes her eyes, trying to get into it. But she hears an audience-generated "AWWW" coming from the TV and looks up, seeing... Silver and Gold hugging. Volume low:

SILVER (ON TV)

Friends don't treat each other like
that. They don't lie. Friendship is
about self-sacrifice.

Smiling in recognition:

TRINA

Moment of Shit.

Concentrating on kissing:

FREED

Hmmm?

SILVER (ON TV)

You don't need a friend who's after
your money...
(a comic beat)
... You have me.

Trina giggles at the stupid joke. Freed looks up at her, baffled, and follows her eye to the TV where... Gold takes a bowl of pancake batter from the stove as Silver reacts:

SILVER (ON TV)

Eddie, put that down.

GOLD (ON TV)

(an evil smile)
Hell no!

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (3)

97

The audience applauds and laughs at the tag line. Gold plops the pancake batter onto Silver's head, and...

... Trina rolls onto her side laughing. A painful belly laugh. Freed stares at her like she slipped off the edge of the planet.

LATER:

Freed is asleep in bed, ear plugs in place, while Trina sits on the couch in her underwear, watching him, lap-top screen open in her lap. What she wouldn't do for ten minutes of his sleep.

She looks at the clock: just after midnight. Thinking, she turns on the TV, flips to Latino MTV. But another video is on. Disappointed but tempted, she grabs the phone. Dials.

TRINA
(into the phone)
What's another word for distorted?

INTERCUT with...

98 INT. JERRY'S HOTEL ROOM - LA FONDA - NIGHT

98

... Jerry who smiles, glad to hear from her:

JERRY
What's the context?

TRINA
(reads)
"My position on education has been distorted by my opponent."

JERRY
"Misconstrued."

TRINA
Great, thanks. I knew you wouldn't be sleeping.

Jerry begins to type on his computer screen: "My opponent thinks I've misconstrued his views on education..." But he stops himself. Shakes his head guiltily. And deletes it.

TRINA
(continuing)
Your turn. Ask any question.

Noticing a small daisy in a vase, Jerry takes it:

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

98

JERRY
What are you doing?

99 INT. EL CHARRO BAR - SANTA FE - NIGHT

99

A bar. It's dead and empty. Except for Jerry and Trina.
Looking around:

TRINA
Ever thought of writing a guide to Hot
Spots?

JERRY
(shakes his head)
They'd get too busy.

Jerry wants to ask something, the small daisy hidden in his
lap.

JERRY
(continuing)
How're you doing? -- you and Bob?
Notice I didn't say Baghdad Bob.

TRINA
Thank you. You don't want to know.

JERRY
I wouldn't be a friend if I didn't.

TRINA
Great. We're doing great.

JERRY
Good.

TRINA
He's a really wonderful person. Did
you know he gives a third of his
salary to cancer research?

Jerry shakes his head.

TRINA
(continuing)
He's sponsoring a tribe in Brazil.
And he's writing a novel.

JERRY
Really?

TRINA
He's very tender too. And caring.
And romantic. If we're apart even two
hours, he phones.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

99

JERRY

Uh-huh.

TRINA

And he leaves things for me. Little gifts. Flowers or... antique watches.

Embarrassed, Jerry drops his little daisy on the floor.

TRINA

(continuing)

He's passionate too. Carnivorous really. He was climbing the walls when I left him.

BARTENDER

Rejected.

It's the Bartender. Dropping Jerry's credit card on the table.

JERRY

What?

TRINA

I'll get it.

JERRY

This has been happening everywhere!

TRINA

(smiling)

Right, right.

The Bartender takes Trina's card.

JERRY

So, will it be a problem when Bob leaves the campaign?

TRINA

(shakes her head)

He's doing this "Behind the Scenes" thing...

JERRY

I know.

TRINA

... on me.

Jerry freezes. Has trouble getting it out:

JERRY

What?

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED: (2)

99

TRINA

You know, Days and Nights of a Press Secretary. All the way through to the election...

JERRY

"The Handling of a Candidate"?

TRINA

Something like that. So we'll be spending a lot of time together.

Standing:

JERRY

Will you excuse me?

TRINA

Are you alright?

100 INT. MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

100

Jerry enters the restroom. Walks to the towel dispenser. And bangs his head against it. Rhythmically.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

101 INT. TRINA'S ROOM - FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - DAY

101

The cursor on a lap-top. Blinking expectantly. It types "We." Then it hesitates. Back spaces, and erases it.

Trina. Sitting at her lap-top. She looks up at... Bob Freed. With his two man crew. Waiting to film.

FREED

Just act like we're not here.

Trina stares at them. Right.

CAMPAIGN MONTAGE

102 EXT. INDIAN CAVES - DAY

102

Indian cave sound-bite. A stunning visual. Trina tries to talk to reporters, as Freed's camera grinds away. Inches from her face.

103 INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - HYATT REGENCY - ALBUQUERQUE - NIGHT 103

Jerry sits slumped against his hotel room door, unable to get in, his credit-card-key useless. He pulls a picture from his pocket and looks at it, pained. Trina as a child.

104 EXT. ALBUQUERQUE FAIRGROUNDS - DAY 104

Trina is pleased by a photo-op: Wannamaker shaking hands with midget clowns at a circus. Rushing, she turns, and runs smack into Freed's camera.

105 INT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - DAY 105

A script is slammed on Jerry's desk by an unhappy Annette. Jerry flips through it. All red-lined. Jerry starts over, depressed, watching a "Silver and Gold" episode for inspiration.

106 INT. VETERINARIAN HOSPITAL - DAY 106

A small red bruise on her cheek, Trina leads the growing number of reporters into a hospital room where Wannamaker comforts an O.S. patient. All we see is Teddy's feet.

107 INT. JERRY'S HOTEL ROOM - LA FONDA - NIGHT 107

Midnight. Jerry sadly watches a silent news report of Wannamaker walking by the camera. Rewinding the tape, Jerry plays it again, slower, freeze-framing on...

... Trina in the bar background.

108 EXT. ALBUQUERQUE CONVENTION CENTER - NIGHT 108

The Convention Center marquee reads "Senatorial Debate."

109 INT. CONVENTION CENTER - NIGHT 109

The hall begins to fill with a few hundred people.

110 INT. CONVENTION CENTER BALCONY - NIGHT 110

"Women." The sign on a restroom door. Freed and his two-man crew wait outside. Impatient.

FREED

Hello in there.

111 INT. WOMEN'S RESTROOM - NIGHT

111

Fully-dressed, Trina sits on a closed toilet in a stall. Anything to get away from the crew.

TRINA

One minute.

INT. OUTSIDE RESTROOM - NIGHT

Concerned for her, looking at his watch, Freed cautiously enters the restroom. The crew tries to follow, but Freed pushes them out.

INT. RESTROOM - NIGHT

He crosses to Trina's stall and knocks. She looks up frustrated.

FREED

Just think, Trina. Only one more week.

TRINA

Uh-huh.

FREED

It's been fun to spend time together, hasn't it? There's so much we agree on.

Trina stares straight ahead at the stall door. Some graffiti that reads "I'm in hell."

FREED

(continuing)

Wasn't it great this story worked out?

TRINA

Bob, I'm feeling a bit sick. Would you mind for a minute?

FREED

Can't I help?

TRINA

I'd rather you wouldn't.

FREED

Okay. No problem.

Freed reluctantly backs out of the bathroom.

112 INT. CONVENTION CENTER - NIGHT

112

Channel four reporter Julie Hertz tapes a live lead-in:

JULIE HORTZ

... In a campaign that seemed to supply more debate behind the scenes than in front, it finally comes down to two men...

Meanwhile, she tries to ignore a fish-wire that hooks her ponytail and makes it dance above her head. It's being tugged by...

... Tom, Dick, and Harry, on a balcony ringing the arena, while, behind them, Trina cautiously exits the restroom. Finding no one else around, she nods to Tom, Dick, and Harry, and looks down on the crowd, ambivalently searching for someone: Jerry.

VOICE

Trina!

She turns, excited. But it's Ventura, running toward her:

VENTURA

The Albuquerque Journal puts us ahead!
A fifteen point jump in less than a week!

He hands her a bottle of champagne. Trina laughs, excited too.

VENTURA

(continuing)

This one we'll win! Drink a toast to Teddy for me.

TRINA

Thanks, Dan.

Ventura grabs her arm. Quieter, more personal:

VENTURA

Where you going, Trina?

TRINA

The control booth.

VENTURA

No.

(more meaningful)

You put in your dues. Where are you going?

Trina considers whether to tell him. She's never told anyone. Looking him straight in the eyes:

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

112

TRINA

I want to run.

Ventura nods. The nod of a power-broker.

VENTURA

Any job in mind?

TRINA

Yes.

VENTURA

Any place in mind?

TRINA

Yes.

VENTURA

(smiling)

Good. We'll talk at the victory party.

They shake hands, and Ventura rushes off. Trina turns, satisfied, her future set, when suddenly she sees...

... Jerry. Looking at her. From the balcony across the hall. There's something obsessed about his expression. He hasn't shaved or slept in a while. Trina stares back, heart beating, not sure what to do.

Jerry starts toward her. And Trina moves... in the opposite direction, toward a TV control booth, entering.

113 INT. CONTROL BOOTH - NIGHT

113

Flustered, she tries to look busy, turning to a TECHNICIAN controlling the dozen monitors in the narrow booth:

TRINA

We agreed on two reaction shots per rebuttal. I mean one. And two shots for --

But Jerry enters:

JERRY

We need to talk.

TRINA

If someone sees us together, we're dead.

Noticing her bruised cheek:

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

113

JERRY

What happened?! Did he hit you?!

TRINA

(rolling her eyes)

Oh, please.

She tries to move off.

JERRY

I have only one thing to say to you...
You can't marry Freed.

TRINA

Why?

Stuck:

JERRY

Okay, I didn't expect you to ask that.
(thinking)
Because...

TRINA

(suddenly jovial)

Hi, Dan!

Jerry spins to see Ventura entering:

VENTURA

One more thing, Trina --
(seeing Jerry, who
tries to turn
away)

Hi.

JERRY

Hi!

VENTURA

Jerry, wasn't it? Sitcom writer?

JERRY

That's right!

VENTURA

Interested in the campaign? Or
interested in someone...
(smiles at Trina)

.... interested in the campaign?

Trina laughs ludicrously and nudge Jerry toward the door:

TRINA

Well, Jerry, you were just heading
off.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: (2)

113

But before he can leave, Bob Freed comes to the door:

FREED

(to Trina)

There you are. How're you feeling?

Panicked:

TRINA

Much better.

She tries to block Freed from entering but he sees Ventura, and gestures for his crew to follow, camera cranking:

FREED

Mr. Ventura, how's it going?

VENTURA

Good, Bob.

(they shake hands)

Have you met Jerry?

FREED

Sure.

(laughing)

Jerry got me drunk.

Stunned, Trina turns on Jerry. He turns quickly to Freed. Pointedly:

JERRY

Heard about your "Behind the Scenes" story, Bob. Great idea.

Freed smiles, embarrassed, and changes the subject:

FREED

Thanks. This is the woman I was talking about. In fact, you two have a lot in common.

(to Trina)

Jerry's like you. He writes for --

JERRY

-- Whoever pays the most!

Jerry and Trina laugh, both a bit wild-eyed. While...

114 INT. CONVENTION CENTER - NIGHT

114

... Lee Cutler looks up toward the crowded control booth. Curious, he starts toward it.

115 INT. CONTROL BOOTH - NIGHT

115

VENTURA

You working on something new, Jerry?
Something on the campaign?

Jerry stares at him, blank, forehead wet, camera lights
bearing down on him. Trina has no idea how to help.

JERRY

It's tough to describe really.

At that second, Cutler enters, nodding hello to everyone,
shaking hands. Jerry and Trina look on, horrified.

VENTURA

Jerry was just telling us about his
latest.

CUTLER

He's a good writer. It's shaping up
great.

VENTURA

(surprised)
You've read it?

CUTLER

Of course.

Breaking in:

JERRY

Everything I write, I give to Lee.

Lee Cutler looks at Jerry (his employee) like he's insane.

VENTURA

What's it called?

Jerry looks from Ventura to Cutler, not sure who to please:

JERRY

"Health care reform."

Ventura frowns: strange sitcom name.

VENTURA

What is it, comedy or drama?

Everyone stares at Ventura. Trina jumps in, helpfully:

TRINA

Now, Dan, this is no time to play
partisan politics.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

115

Everyone chuckles. Except Ventura, who looks at Trina like she's insane. But before he can object the Technician interrupts:

TECHNICIAN

Could you people get out of here?!
I'm trying to do some work!!

116 INT. CONVENTION CENTER - NIGHT

116

Trina bursts from the booth, Freed a step behind:

FREED

Trina, hold on! We need to reload!

She doesn't stop, turning a corner, running. Jerry, seeing Freed is occupied, goes after her...

117 INT. LOBBY

117

... blasting into the lobby. He scrambles through a few dozen stragglers, the debate echoing in the next room. Trina isn't among them. Gone. He looks around, panicking. While just above him...

... on the lobby balcony, Trina turns back, expectantly. Waiting for Jerry. But he's not coming. Jerry crosses to the lobby window, urgent, but the sidewalk's vacant.

Trina goes to the railing and looks down into the lobby, not seeing Jerry. Until Jerry turns back and their eyes meet, collide. They race toward the stairs, and...

118 INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT

118

... almost barrel into each other halfway down. An urgent plea:

TRINA

Now!

And she nails the back of his throat to the wall! He grabs her, seconds away from tearing off her clothes, when they hear people approach. Jerry looks around, pulls her through a door into...

119 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

119

... a hallway full of kitchen people. Ice sculptures, buffets. No good. Still holding Trina's hand, Jerry barges through a fire door into...

120 INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT 120

... another stairwell. The ALARM sounding behind them, Jerry pulls Trina up the stairs, and through a door into...

121 INT. CAMERA BOOTH - NIGHT 121

... A windowed booth. A cameraman turns from his TV camera, toward Jerry and Trina who...

122 INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT 122

... return to the stairwell. They start up, two steps at a time. Together. It's unclear who's pulling whom.

123 INT. PRESS ROOM - NIGHT 123

A small press room. Vacant. Dark. Typewriters, TV monitors. Jerry slams the door. Shoves a chair under the knob.

Jerry and Trina lunge at each other. Time for words over. Kissing. The two reach for zippers, clasps, buttons. Rip at each other's clothes.

They fall to the floor in a mound of their own clothing, a remote control catching under their bodies, and a TV monitor clicking ON. The debate:

GARVIN (ON TV)
Totalitarianism has been stripped
naked in the eyes of the world, and
America still prospers, prevails!

Underwear goes flying. Jerry and Trina make love as the remote control changes channels. Pat Buchanan on CNN. Loud.

PAT BUCHANAN (ON TV)
Of course I have objections --

The channel changes: a car chase. Changes again: a cat food commercial. Again: the debate:

GARVIN (ON TV)
America cannot be seduced! America
cannot be debauched!

Oblivious, Jerry and Trina vigorously attack each other. Nothing gentle. Nothing fragile. Nothing rosy-hued and garland wonderful about it. A new channel...

... "The Golden Girls" talking compassionately about a friend who's a lesbian. Then: monster truck racing. Then:

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

123

WANNAMAKER

Do we hear the shouts of the
unemployed? Do we hear the cries of
the poor?

Trina screams out in ecstasy, and rolls on top of Jerry,
their klunking adding counterpoint to a stomping sumo
wrestler.

The smothered remote control flips now in a continuous
subliminal mix. As Jerry and Trina hold each other, kissing.
From the convention center below comes thunderous APPLAUSE!,
which...

124 EXT. SANTA FE HOUSE - NIGHT

124

... continues over a small but pretty Santa Fe cottage, not
too embarrassingly southwestern. The applause finally...

125 INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

125

... stops as a hand reaches out and snaps OFF the TV.

TRINA (O.S.)

Who's that?

An upside-down picture of a dozen people.

JERRY (O.S.)

"Silver and Gold" staff.

Jerry and Trina lie in bed, heads hanging over the edge,
upside-down. Exhausted and giddy.

TRINA

Hey, isn't that...?

A familiar woman in the photo. Annette Norris.

JERRY

My ex-wife.

The photo turns right-side-up as Trina does, laughing:

TRINA

You're kidding!

JERRY

Nope.

TRINA

It probably says something about you,
but I don't know what.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

125

Trina opens the champagne bottle Ventura gave her, offering Jerry some. He shakes his head:

JERRY
Alcohol does strange things to me.

TRINA
(grinning)
Sounds interesting.

Trina climbs on top of him, tries to make him drink:

TRINA
(continuing)
Com'on, little boy, it's good for you.

JERRY
No, no, it knocks me out.

Trina gives up, drinks from the bottle. Contemplative.

TRINA
Jerry.

JERRY
Trina.

TRINA
Let's say, you've been married for one year, and your wife comes to you --

JERRY
Is this a test?

TRINA
Shh. Your wife comes to you and tells you: "I met a man at a party I slept with him. I swear it'll never happen again. And I still love only you." What would you do?

Jerry takes barely a second:

JERRY
I'd kill her.

Trina looks over at him:

TRINA
You wouldn't forgive her?

JERRY
I'd take a gun and shoot her.
(looks at her
surprised)
Wouldn't you?

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED: (2)

125

Trina laughs, and jumps on top of him.

TRINA

Yep.

JERRY

What about Baghdad Bob?

Suddenly serious:

TRINA

Bob and I've been spending a lot of time together for this story.

JERRY

"The Handling of a Candidate"?

TRINA

Right. He's fine, really, but he's...
(pauses)
... driving me fuckin' crazy!

Jerry grins, keeps himself from laughing. His plan, having backfired, worked:

JERRY

That's awful.

TRINA

At least say it like you mean it.

JERRY

Maybe one glass.

He pours himself some champagne, then tries again:

JERRY

(continuing)

That's awful.

TRINA

You never wanted to be friends. Admit it.

JERRY

Of course, I did!

Pinning him down:

TRINA

Friends don't treat each other like this. They don't lie. Friendship is about self-sacrifice.

Jerry stares up at her, no idea what the hell she's talking about, until... a glint of recognition.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED: (3)

125

JERRY

Episode 63.

TRINA

Very good.

JERRY

Don't you know it's dangerous to quote
a writer to his face?

TRINA

You mad, impetuous genius!

She throws her glass into the fireplace! Jerry throws his in
too, grabbing her:

JERRY

Shall we speak the unspoken language
of love?

TRINA

The kind only dogs can hear?

JERRY

The very same.

They roll under the covers. And make love.

LATER:

The clock. Midnight. But unlike every other midnight, we
hear snoring. Trina and Jerry. They snore like horses.
It's the first time we've seen them asleep.

Knocking on the front door! Trina's eyes open. She hears
fiddling with the lock. It begins to open... but catches on
the chain-lock. It's Annette, unable to see as far as the
bed:

ANNETTE

Jerry! Open up. You don't need to
sleep with me, just let me in...
Alright, sleep with me!

Jerry still sleeps. Trina smiles, looks at him. Holds his
nostrils closed, mischievously. He doesn't wake up.

126 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

126

Annette tries to peer around the door. She sees women's
underclothes on the floor, and turns away disappointed.
Jealous. Even a little angry.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED:

126

ANNETTE

Alright. Here's the deal. Garvin is panicked. This "Silver and Gold" stuff you gave us is shit! And we start taping at nine a.m.!

127 INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

127

Trina shakes Jerry, but he's completely out. Annette yells, angry now:

ANNETTE (O.S.)

I want it completely rewritten! Fax it to Garvin by six a.m. or you're fired! Fired! We're eight points down, and I'm sick of fucking with you!

Annette throws some files through the door, slams it, and leaves. Trina looks from the scattered files to Jerry: uh-oh. She slaps his face, calling:

TRINA

Jerry! Wake up!

LATER:

Trina tries to drag Jerry's body to the bathroom, negotiating it with difficulty around a tight corner.

128 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

128

Managing to get Jerry into the shower, she turns on the tap, but it's a water-save nozzle, spraying a fine refreshing mist. Trina sinks to the floor, frustrated.

129 INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

129

Trina goes through the files at the front door. On top is a script. All red-lined. She reaches for Jerry's briefcase, opens it, and sneezes. Waving the smell away:

TRINA

"Overdrive."

She takes out a legal pad, and sits on the bed, ready to compose, waiting for something to come. Trying out a line:

TRINA

(continuing)

Are you tired of politics?

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED:

129

Trina shakes her head, rejecting it as too corny, but then smiles: second thoughts.

130 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

130

GARVIN

... Well, so am I. I thought we'd just chat for a few minutes.

Sleeves rolled up, Garvin makes a sandwich in his kitchen. The infomercial. Talking to the camera:

GARVIN

Hope you don't mind. I have to make lunch for my kids before they rush off to school.

(calling upstairs)

Where's the lettuce, Jan?

JAN (O.S.)

In the crisper, Ray.

131 INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

131

Trina falls back on the bed, laughing. Continues to write.

INT. GARVIN KITCHEN - DAY

A shaggy dog hops up on the counter and begins to lick the mayonnaise.

GARVIN

Aw, Ruffles.

(petting him)

I'll make a deal with you. Half for you, half for me.

Garvin gives the dog half the sandwich. The studio audience "awws" in pleasure as the dog eats.

GARVIN

(continuing)

Hey, Stevie.

A TEN-YEAR-OLD enters:

STEVIE

Hey, Dad. Can we toss the ball around later?

GARVIN

Sure, son.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

131

Stevie grabs his sandwich, and runs out.

GARVIN

(continuing)

Kids. I don't think I'd say young
without them.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Trina is jumping up and down on the bed, laughing.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

A shave-and-a-haircut KNOCK at the kitchen door. Ruffles
BARKS.

GARVIN

We have visitors, Ruffles.

He opens it. Jim Silver and Eddie Gold. Appreciative
APPLAUSE from the audience. Sitcom sunny:

SILVER/GOLD

Hey, Ray!

SILVER

We need to borrow some eggs.

GOLD

Jim's being cheap.

SILVER

I'm not being cheap. I'm being civic-
minded. If Ray wants our votes, he'll
give us eggs.

Laughter.

132 INT. JERRY'S BATHROOM - MORNING

132

Jerry's eyes pop open. He looks around, finding he's in the
shower, a pillow perched under his head and a blanket draped
over him. Mystified, he calls softly:

JERRY

Trina?

He winces. Even this small an effort makes his head hurt.
He...

133 INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

133

... carefully enters the bedroom, looks at the clock: 2:30. Several hours of sleep; not bad. Going to the window, he pulls the shade. Bright light blinds him. 2:30 p.m. He winces.

Looking around, Jerry sees some unfamiliar files on his desk. He goes to them, reads: "Not for Distribution." He opens one: the pages have been shoved back in haphazardly.

Strange. Jerry turns, and sees his lap-top and briefcase open. Diskettes scattered. Suspicious, Jerry looks around. Not wanting to think what he's thinking.

JERRY

Trina?

134 INT. TRINA'S SANTA FE OFFICE - DAY

134

Trina. Walking toward her office, seeing a happy-go-lucky Bob Freed at her door, singing:

FREED

"Try, try, try to understand... He's
a magic man."

(noticing she's
somber)

What?

Trina reaches for the ring on her finger, and Freed's smile flips:

FREED

Oh shit.

135 INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

135

Silver and Gold. Actually, the actors who play Silver and gold, all cynical Hollywood tics and Malibu casual wear. Grousing with each other at the TV studio's buffet:

SILVER ACTOR

I'm a Democrat too, but...

GOLD ACTOR

Pilot season's dead.

SILVER ACTOR

Right. Who can make a living from
mall openings?

GOLD ACTOR

So how much'd you get?

Jerry passes the two, head throbbing from his hangover.

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED:

135

GOLD ACTOR
(continuing)
Shakespeare!

JERRY
(smiles)
Guys, how's it going?

GOLD ACTOR
(waving the script)
Good stuff!

SILVER ACTOR
Best thing you've written.

Simultaneously, an old joke:

JERRY & SILVER & GOLD
Rewrite!

They shake hands happily. Jerry moves on, and Silver and Gold watch him go, smiles fading:

SILVER
Putz.

Jerry approaches a huddle of laughing Garvin staffers watching the infomercial playback. They slap Jerry's back. The hero of the moment. Cutler even whispers to him:

CUTLER
A home run.

Jerry smiles. Looks up happily at the monitor where Garvin lays out several eggs.

GARVIN (ON TV)
This is what Wannamaker's plan will do. You have three eggs.

SILVER (ON TV)
And a cholesterol problem.

Laughter. Jerry's smile drops.

GARVIN (ON TV)
If you give one egg back to me, that's one less egg for investment.

Garvin turns to see Ruffles eating one of the hard-boiled eggs. Studio audience LAUGHTER. Garvin pets him.

GARVIN (ON TV)
(continuing)
Notice, liberal tax-and-spend policies.

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED: (2)

135

GOLD (ON TV)
Hear that, Ruffles? You're big
government.

Ruffles BARKS. LAUGHTER, except from...

... Jerry who stares up at the screen, appalled, not
recognizing a word of it. He looks over at Annette who
doesn't make eye contact with him, still steaming from the
night before. He turns back to the screen, anxiously.
And...

136 INT. WANNAMAKER'S SANTA FE HEADQUARTERS - AFTERNOON

136

... the broadcast nears its end now:

GARVIN (ON TV)
So? What do you say to Wannamaker's
tax-and-spend policies?

SILVER/GOLD (ON TV)
Hell no!

The audience laughs and applauds the tag line as...
Wannamaker's headquarters watches. Dead silence. Ventura is
stunned, seeing the polling numbers tumble.

GARVIN (ON TV)
What about Wannamaker raiding your
pension fund?

SILVER/GOLD (ON TV)
Hell no!

More TV APPLAUSE, as... Wannamaker's staff watches. All
stunned.

SILVER (ON TV)
And what do you say to Wannamaker's
big government?

SILVER/GOLD (ON TV)
Hell no!

Ruffles BARKS. Turning to him:

SILVER (ON TV)
No offense, Ruffles.

LAUGHTER. And we end on... Trina. The only one smiling,
chuckling, unable to suppress it. Everyone turns to her.
And she tries to wipe the smile from her face:

TRINA
Sorry.

137 INT. PRESS ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

137

A damage-control press conference. Reporters yelling over each other, trying to turn a human interest story into a front-pager:

REPORTER TOM

Can you confirm Wannamaker's quote:
"These charges would be laughable if
the script-writing weren't so
amateurish"?

Trina frowns at "amateurish"? But before she can answer:

REPORTER DICK

Trina, what effect will this have on
the polls?

TRINA

Last time I checked, Silver and Gold
were fictional characters. In reruns,
no less. It's a sideshow.

A yell from the back. Simon Freed, with a new, dangerous
intensity:

FREED

Then what is your reaction to the
recent Albuquerque Journal poll that
shows Garvin and Wannamaker neck-in-
neck? Still so blase, Miss Mann?

Trina turns to him, privately hurt, but professionally cool:

TRINA

We believe that poll to be unreliable,
Mr. Freed.

FREED

It wasn't so unreliable when you were
ahead, Miss Mann.

The other reporters look up. What's gotten into Freed? A
tennis match now.

TRINA

Without a substantial new issue, we
believe Garvin's "bump" will prove
unsustainable.

FREED

Sounds like wishful thinking.

138 INT. WANNAMAKER'S HEADQUARTERS - LATE AFTERNOON

138

Trina bangs through the press room doors, angered by Freed's manner. Rubbing the bruise on her cheek, she starts toward her office, when...

139 INT. VENTURA'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

139

... Ventura anxiously waves to her. More bad news. He and a Pollster watch a report:

DORIS WIND (ON TV)

The mood is somber, sad. Flowers and phone calls have been arriving all day. At ten last night his condition turned critical.

TRINA

Who?

Ventura raises a finger to his lips.

DORIS WIND (ON TV)

Hours later, with doctors working diligently around the clock to save the cub's strong heart, Teddy slipped away.

Trina realizes, falls back into a chair. Shocked.

POLLSTER

It can't hurt Wannamaker!
(less certain)
Can it?

DORIS WIND (ON TV)

Doctors believe the bear's heart couldn't stand the strain of the week's numerous publicity events.

TRINA

Oh no.

From the TV: a number of shots of Wannamaker posing with the bear. A VETERINARIAN narrates:

VETERINARIAN (ON TV)

A bear isn't like a human being. These constant photo-ops took their toll.

DORIS WIND (ON TV)

It was only a week ago that Teddy was pulled from the well by Senate candidate, Lloyd Wannamaker.

140 INT. GARVIN'S HEADQUARTERS - LATE AFTERNOON

140

Excited CHEERS and APPLAUSE in Garvin's headquarters for the same TV report. Staffers shake hands. Jerry high-fives. Cutler cuts everyone off, smiling broadly, announcing:

CUTLER

Listen. I don't want to see any cheering. I don't want to see any gloating. Let's remember...

(respectfully)

... A bear died today.

The staffers nod in respectful silence.

141 INT. WANNAMAKER'S HEADQUARTERS - LATE AFTERNOON

141

In Ventura's office, a new damage-control offensive is being mounted.

VENTURA

Get me some polling! Trina, work up some note of grief, and say, we're pursuing a full investigation into the death! Now!

(seeing the TV)

Wait!

DORIS WIND (ON TV)

In related news, overnight polls show reaction to the weekend's senatorial debate clearly favoring Garvin. With Garvin closing the gap between himself and Wannamaker, many believe he has the momentum behind him --

VENTURA

"Many"?! Who? Who?! You and your cousin?!

DORIS WIND (ON TV)

-- Especially with tonight's daring campaign broadcast...

A sound bite. Gold and Silver hugging Garvin:

GOLD/SILVER

This is our man!

Ventura reacts:

VENTURA

Ignorant populist bullshit!

Trina winces. Her own writing. At that second, Wannamaker appears in the doorway. In the flesh. And he's not happy.

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED:

141

This is the only time we've seen him outside the public arena. Ventura turns to Trina and the Pollster:

VENTURA
(continuing)
Get going!

The two exit. Wannamaker closes the door. A grim moment.

WANNAMAKER
The Polehouse stuff. Leak it.

VENTURA
Mr. Wannamaker, this could blow up in our faces.

POV
shift

WANNAMAKER
(deep in thought,
sadly)
Leak it.

Wannamaker exits. Ventura somberly begins to pick up the phone, until he sees a reporter pass by the window... Bob Freed.

142 INT. JERRY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

142

Jerry, deep in thought. Did Trina betray him? He picks up the phone, prepares to dial, but his intercom BEEPS.

JERRY
Yeah?

OPERATOR (V.O.)
(intercom)
I've got Mike Kratz on line one for you.

JERRY
(surprised)
Mike Kratz? He must want a job. tell him, we've already got a press secretary and we don't hire Democrats.

Jerry flips off the intercom, begins to dial Trina when... Cutler's electric razor starts BUZZING in the next office. Jerry looks up: uh-oh. Suddenly something's thrown at the wall! Jerry drops the phone!

143 INT. CUTLER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

143

Pieces of a shattered razor on the floor. Grim staffers gather around a barely controlled Cutler. Jerry enters. Annette follows him in.

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED:

143

CUTLER

I just got off the phone with an ABC reporter. He's running a story tonight, from an "unnamed source," claiming that Garvin accepted a \$400,000 bribe from junk bond king Alan Polehouse...

All the faces say it: Shit.

CUTLER

(continuing)

... Thus effectively ending our campaign.

(dramatically looks around)

Someone in this room leaked it.

Jerry's face whitens, mind filling with suspicion, as Cutler moves among them:

CUTLER

(continuing)

Someone well trusted. Someone among the core staffers. Someone who had access to my files. Someone I even considered a friend...

(stops at:)

Annette.

She explodes:

ANNETTE

You have some gall questioning my loyalty, Lee!

CUTLER

You wanna see gall!

(ready to throw)

I've got another razor here!

ANNETTE

Go ahead, say it! You think I'm a traitor?!

CUTLER

You took the finance files yesterday! What am I to think?!

Jerry is hit by this.

ANNETTE

I'm not sticking around where I'm not trusted!

Annette storms from the office. Clearing his throat:

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED: (2)

143

JERRY
What reporter, Lee?

CUTLER
What's it matter?

JERRY
I need to know.

CUTLER
Bob Freed.

Jerry can't believe it. Mortification and anger mixing.

144 EXT. GARVIN'S HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

144

Determined, Annette tries to load a last packing box into her car, but Jerry grabs the other end, stops her. A steamroller:

JERRY
It wasn't your fault! You came by last night and left the file with me! I'll get your job back!

ANNETTE
I don't want --

Barreling ahead:

JERRY
I'm going to avenge you! You saved me with the "Silver and Gold" script!

ANNETTE
I did what --?

JERRY
I'll find some way to destroy her -- him! -- Wannamaker! There's got to be something, there's --

Annette grabs his lips to shut him up.

ANNETTE
As much as I enjoy these tirades of yours, Jer'... It's over. I'm done.

Between her fingers:

JERRY
Ist nah ovber.

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED:

144

ANNETTE

It is. Garvin took the bribe. He's out. You should get out too.

Annette lets go of his lips and... kisses them... spontaneously... surprising herself as much as Jerry. The two look at each other.

ANNETTE

(continuing)

Come with me.

Annette lets go of his lips and... kisses them... spontaneously... surprising herself as much as Jerry. The two look at each other.

ANNETTE

(continuing)

Come with me.

He stares at her, surprised.

ANNETTE

(continuing)

It was stupid hiring you. It reminded me how stupid it was leaving you. Come with me.

She opens the car door for him. Jerry doesn't move. Seeing he's not going to come, Annette blushes, tries to be cheerful:

ANNETTE

Well, that was embarrassing.

JERRY

I'm sorry.

ANNETTE

Shut up, Jerry. I'm going.

She gets in the car. Jerry tries to grab her to hug her goodbye, but she closes the door on him. And pulls away without looking at him again.

Jerry watches her go, sadly. When a hand grabs his shoulder:

CUTLER

Mr. Press Secretary?

Both their faces show it's no great prize.

JERRY

No one else wanted it?

Cutler nods.

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED: (2)

144

CUTLER
We need something on Wannamaker.
Something that sticks. Something
that... stinks.

145 INT. JERRY'S ROOM - HYATT REGENCY ALBUQUERQUE - NIGHT

145

The phone RINGS in Jerry's hotel room. He sits, watching it.
Finally he decides. Picks it up. Fake happy:

JERRY
Trina!

146 INT. TRINA'S ROOM - FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - NIGHT

146

A door opens, revealing Jerry with flowers. Trina smiles.
Hugs him.

TRINA
I missed you.

JERRY
I missed you.

There's something tinny about Jerry's manner: an obligatory
flirtatiousness.

TRINA
Are you alright? I thought you might
be angry at me.

JERRY
Fine. Never better. You're kicking
our butt.

TRINA
(smiling)
Said I would. Sorry about that leak.

JERRY
(suspicious)
Sorry? Why?

TRINA
(shrugs)
It's a tough break. We had nothing to
do with it, by the way.

JERRY
I know.

They sit on the couch. Close.

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED:

146

TRINA
So how's it going?

JERRY
What?

TRINA
Work.

JERRY
Why?

TRINA
(looking at him,
confused)
No reason.
(trying to break
him out of his
funk)
After Tuesday, let's go somewhere,
Jer'. We never made it to Mexico for
breakfast burritos.

JERRY
What happened to Freed?

TRINA
It's over. I told him everything.

Jerry turns to her.

TRINA
(continuing)
Well, not everything everything.

Jerry eyes her open briefcase on the coffee table. He reaches for the bouquet:

JERRY
I'll put these in water.

TRINA
I'll do it. I made dinner.

Trina goes into the kitchen, runs water. Jerry doesn't waste a second. He scours the papers in the briefcase. Computer discs, newspaper clippings, legal pads. He pulls one out.

A dozen receipts and clippings slip out from between the sheets! Jerry rushes to pick them up.

The water turns off! Jerry kicks the receipts under the couch; throws the pad back in the briefcase, and closes it... just as... Trina returns, flowers in vase:

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED: (2)

146

TRINA
(continuing)
How's --?

But she stops, seeing from Jerry's guilty smile and jerky movements that something's up. She looks down at the floor below him: an edge of a receipt.

Trina's face falls. She crosses to the couch. Kneels. Peers under. Sees the incriminating evidence. She stands, seemingly unaffected, and turns away...

... her eyes wet. She won't let Jerry see her like this. She goes to the front door, and opens it. Waiting for Jerry to leave.

Stoic, he crosses toward it, but stops in the doorway:

JERRY
Same tactics you used.

Trina blinks away the tears, and struggles to keep her voice from breaking:

TRINA
That's right. Same tactics.

She throws some legal pad pages at him, and closes the door.

147 INT. FOUR SEASONS HALLWAY - NIGHT

147

Jerry stands outside her door, the pages fluttering down around him. Depression sinking in, he looks down at one, picks it up, suddenly comprehending, seeing...

... script pages, with dialogue headings for Silver, Gold, and Garvin... in Trina's hand.

148 INT. HYATT REGENCY LOBBY - NIGHT

148

Mike Kratz (the fired press secretary). He waits impatiently in a busy Albuquerque lobby, people gearing up for the election. Several reporters play soccer with an orange using two facing elevators -- doors wedged open -- as goals.

As Jerry starts across the lobby, Kratz races after him:

KRATZ
Mr. Vallick --

149 INT. CUSTOMS HOUSE COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

149

A midnight coffee shop, not unlike the one Jerry and Trina met in; but now Jerry sits at a table with Kratz, both serious, something either very good or very bad being discussed.

Kratz slides a computer disc toward Jerry. They both look at it. In the center of the table. Like it's radiated.

KRATZ

It's the only one. I took it when I was fired.

Jerry is silent.

KRATZ

(continuing)

It's evidence. Evidence that Polehouse and Wannamaker sabotaged your candidate.

Jerry looks up.

KRATZ

(continuing)

Sure, Garvin took the cash. But Polehouse only paid him so he could leak it to the press. He wants Wannamaker to win. The money he gave your candidate, that's nothing compared to what he's giving Wannamaker.

Kratz slides the disc closer to Jerry:

KRATZ

It's all there. Nicely documented.

JERRY

Why me?

KRATZ

Because you'll use it.

JERRY

Why not the press?

KRATZ

I have no job, no prospects. Nothing until the Presidential. I want them to lose, and I want you to hire me when you win.

Kratz gets up, puts on his coat:

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED:

149

KRATZ

(continuing)

The election is day after tomorrow,
Mr. Vallick. Leak this, and you'll
win. You'll be a hero. Don't leak
it, and you'll lose. It's as easy as
that.

Kratz leaves. Jerry looks down at the disc.

150 INT. ALBUQUERQUE CONVENTION HALL - NIGHT

150

A sea of red, white, and blue balloons drop from a convention
hall ceiling. Pandemonium. MUSIC plays: "We are the
Champions!" Hundreds of people cheer. A digital read-out
keeps pumping out: "WE'VE WON! WE'VE WON!"

Someone's won, but we're not sure who yet. A grey-haired
DIGNITARY stands at the podium waving for silence.

DIGNITARY

I'd like to introduce New Mexico's
newest Senator --

And the crowd goes wild. We notice among the cheering
faces... Jerry. Reflective more than happy. A ghost among
all the wildly gesticulating masses. He watches as the Pol
again waves for quiet:

DIGNITARY

(continuing)

The man who can, and will, fulfill his
promise to improve our schools, create
new jobs, toughen our environmental
laws, put some teeth back into the
justice system! And... Not raise
taxes!

CHEERS. At the other end of the auditorium is...

Trina. Equally impassive. Watching the stage. The tumult
throbbing around her.

DIGNITARY

(continuing)

The man who will cut back on
government, yet still respond to the
voice of the little guy!

CHEERS. Jerry starts toward the exit: enough of this. He
pauses. Noticing Trina. She doesn't see him. Jerry begins
to approach her, but he stops himself. What would he say?
He leaves the hall.

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED:

150

DIGNITARY

(continuing)

The man who offers New Mexico a change. A new breeze. Ladies and gentlemen, let's hear it for...

And the CHEERS are so deafening we can't hear who. The BAND strikes up. Banners wave. Balloons bounce around like atoms.

The candidate and his wife come up to the podium. At first the candidate's face is obscured by a waving flag; all we see is his suit, and his smiling wife. Still no clue.

Then the flag is lowered and we see who the winner is: Wannamaker.

151 INT. CONVENTION CENTER BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

151

A champagne cork explodes. A small celebration of staffers in the wings. Wannamaker still mid-speech on stage. Ventura picks up Trina, hugs her:

VENTURA

Get used to winning, Trina, because you're next!

Trina laughs. Ventura wipes sweat from his forehead, nods toward Wannamaker:

VENTURA

(continuing)

He'll never know how close we came.

TRINA

(laughing)

How close did we come?

Jovial, a war story:

VENTURA

You didn't know about the Kratz thing, did you? He must've borrowed a conscience or something because I found the disc back in my briefcase an hour ago.

TRINA

(not sure if she wants to know)

What disc?

But at that second, a MARCHING BAND clambers onto the stage with a deafening roar! Ventura has to lean in and yell to Trina over the noise. Still jovial.

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED:

151

Listening, Trina's smile gradually sinks. She looks at Ventura, disturbed. Then depressed. Then angry. The weaving band cuts between them, loudly trumpeting "Happy Days Are Here Again."

152 INT. CONVENTION CENTER LOBBY - NIGHT

152

Trina starts into the lobby, rudderless, buffeted around by the crowd. She goes to a hat-check stand, not sure what she plans to do.

TRINA

Mr. Ventura's briefcase please?

(pointing)

That's it there.

The hat checker retrieves it. Opening it, Trina finds an unmarked envelope, a computer disc falling out. "Financing, not to be copied." Trina takes it, and begins to crumble the envelope when...

... she sneezes. Surprised, she holds the envelope up to her nose. Sniffs. A revelation:

TRINA

(continuing)

"Overdrive."

She nods. Awed. Unexpectedly awed. It was Jerry. Giving the briefcase back to the hat checker, in a blissful daze:

TRINA

(continuing)

Thanks.

She sees Freed in a corner, preparing for an interview, a MAKE-UP GIRL touching up his face while Freed flirtatiously tries to put make-up back on her face. The Girl laughs:

MAKE-UP GIRL

You're only making this difficult.

FREED

Hey, difficult's my middle name.

Approaching:

TRINA

Bob?

FREED

I'm a bit busy right now, Trina.

(back to the
laughing Girl)

More blush.

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED:

152

Trina turns, sees Tom, Dick, and Harry. Looking schlumpy, exhausted. She goes to them:

TRINA

Got a scoop for you guys.

The three scramble to get in front of each other.

TRINA

(continuing)

Share.

They nod. She flips the disc to them like a bottle cap. And exits.

153 INT. HYATT REGENCY BALLROOM - NIGHT

153

The loser's party. Exactly as it sounds. People downcast. Forced APPLAUSE. The room seems to large. Garvin on stage, reads a prepared statement. And, as is usually the case, very noble in defeat:

GARVIN

I hope, through our campaign, we
haven't trampled on people's hopes.

Jerry listens to his speech. Somber. He leaves.

GARVIN

(continuing)

I hope we haven't added to the
cynicism in this world. Because I
know...

154 INT. TAXI - NIGHT

154

The speech continues on a taxi RADIO:

GARVIN (V.O.)

... a candidate who allows himself to
be twisted by the process will, in the
end, find himself... twisted.

Trina listens. On the edge of her seat, in a racing taxi.

GARVIN (V.O.)

(continuing)

A candidate who treats the electorate
with disgust will govern with disgust.
So I don't consider this a defeat --

Cutting in:

(CONTINUED)

154 CONTINUED:

154

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
That was defeated candidate, Ray
Garvin, at the Albuquerque Hyatt. Now
let's go to --

155 EXT. HYATT REGENCY HOTEL - NIGHT

155

Outside the Hyatt, Jerry REVS his car to life. He pulls out
into traffic and skids off just as Trina's taxi pulls up.

156 INT. TAXI - NIGHT

156

Trina yells at the DRIVER:

TRINA
Follow him.

DRIVER
That's a Lotus. We'll never keep up.

TRINA
Follow him.

The Driver shrugs, steps on the gas, and starts after.

157 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

157

The cab races hopelessly down a dark empty highway,
headlights eating up the pavement. It slows. Coming to...

158 EXT. GORGE - NIGHT

158

... a Lotus beside the road. Its hood up.

A beautiful spot. Stars spilled across the sky. A bridge
suspended impossibly over a deep gorge. And Jerry working on
his car. Trina comes up behind him, taxi gone:

TRINA
Need a hand?

Jerry looks back at her, happy to see her, but not wanting to
show it. She nudges him aside, starts working on the engine.

TRINA
(continuing)
You wrote that speech, didn't you?

JERRY
Too melodramatic?

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED:

158

TRINA

Not bad. If you're going to steal though, get it right. "Bent candidate" not "twisted."

JERRY

I'll remember that.

Trina smiles. Jerry doesn't.

TRINA

(softer)

Why'd you do it?

Jerry doesn't understand. Trina takes out the ripped envelope. Smells it.

TRINA

(continuing)

Lovely fragrance.

Jerry winces: busted. He slumps against the car:

JERRY

I don't like non-fiction, Trina. I'm no good at it. I made one great contribution to the campaign, and it was yours.

TRINA

That's not --

JERRY

It is true. Anyway, Silver and Gold matter more to people than Garvin ever will. At least they don't lie to them. First rule of sitcoms: never write for a protagonist you don't believe in.

TRINA

Who do you believe in?

Jerry is silent.

TRINA

(continuing)

You're supposed to say me.

JERRY

Trina, I wish we had met somewhere else, some time else --

TRINA

Do you love me?

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED: (2)

158

Jerry looks at her, surprised. First time anyone mentioned love.

JERRY
I lied to you, Trina.

TRINA
I lied to you.

He takes out her Filofax:

JERRY
I used you.

Unfazed, reaching into his pocket:

TRINA
I used you.

She removes a small piece of metal from his wallet:

TRINA
(continuing)
Having trouble with your credit cards?

A second. Jerry explodes:

JERRY
You did that?!

Trina laughs.

JERRY
(continuing)
I can't believe it! You know how much trouble I've had with keys --!

TRINA
Listen, Jerry, we're good together.
We're happy together... We slept
together.

JERRY
I know.
(still outraged)
And charge cards! I --!

TRINA
No. I mean, we actually slept
together. I haven't slept like that
in years. Do you love me? Com'on,
wordsmith, do you love me?

A pause. Jerry calms himself. Thinks about it, grudgingly.

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED: (3)

158

JERRY

Yes.

Trina smiles.

TRINA

Then come with me.

JERRY

To Washington?

TRINA

Mexico. You owe me a burrito.

(off Jerry's
confused look)I gave the Polehouse disc to the
press.

Outraged, Jerry is about to explode again when Trina shuts him up with a kiss. A major kiss. The Cartier of kisses. In reaction, the ENGINE throbs to life.

TRINA

(continuing)

Well?

Jerry thinks about it. He slams the hood. The two move to get in, both starting toward... the driver's side. Trina gets there first, smiling.

Jerry climbs into the passenger seat, and shoves a TAPE into the tape deck. The sensual Spanish dog song. Trina smiles, then laughs. And as the car starts off:

JERRY

Trina, what did you write on the day
we met?

Trina looks at him, confused. Showing her the Filofax page:

JERRY

(continuing)

Here. You scratched it out.

TRINA

Oh.

(thinks)

"Buy new calendar pages."

JERRY

The day we met?! That's what you
wrote?!

TRINA

(shrugs)

I needed pages.

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED: (4)

158

JERRY
Why'd you scratch it out?!

TRINA
I got the pages.

JERRY
Here I'm pouring out my heart, and
you're dreaming about office supplies!

EXT. CAR

The car skids ahead. And as it speeds across the gorge into
the distance, the music playing:

JERRY (V.O.)
Mexico's that way.

TRINA (V.O.)
I need to make a quick stop. Fax my
resume. There's --

JERRY (V.O.)
Don't tell me. I don't wanna hear!

TRINA (V.O.)
There's a Rhode Island Congressman.

Jerry turns up the tape so he can't hear.

TRINA (V.O.)
(louder)
He had a heart attack. The Democrats
have a chance there. I'm thinking of
running.

JERRY (V.O.)
I'm not listening.

TRINA (V.O.)
You don't need to get involved.
Though, if you wanted to write for
someone you believed in --

But Jerry turns up the song, even louder.

THE END