

that woman
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PILOT

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TEASER

OVER BLACK:

THE CLICK OF HIGH HEELS ECHO DOWN A HALLWAY. WE'RE IN--

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

MOVE UP: THE BODY OF A FEMALE HOTEL GUEST as she walks down the hall in a sundress and heels. She passes--

Two ARKANSAS STATE TROOPERS. They flank an elevator. This is LARRY PATTERSON and ROGER PERRY. The fucking Bubbas. They're in hushed, casual conversation--

SUPER: Little Rock, Arkansas. May 8, 1991

LARRY

Shhhiit, son. I'd do it.

ROGER

Hell yeah. Me too. I'd fuck her.

A MAID in an Excelsior Hotel uniform passes. They watch her APPLE-SHAPED ASS bounce by.

LARRY

What 'bout her?

ROGER

I'd fuck her too.

They watch a FRIENDLY COP open a door for a WOMAN. **A banner overhead: "WELCOME TO THE GOVERNOR'S QUALITY MANAGEMENT CONFERENCE!"**

LARRY

Bet he wants to fuck her.

ROGER

Yep.

(beat)

And I bet he does.

The Bubbas crack up. They think they're hilarious. Then--an ATTRACTIVE WOMAN (24) in a SKIN TIGHT SUIT, cleavage, former Miss Arkansas smile, the works, steps in front of them.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

'Scuse me. Ya'll work for Governor Clinton?

ROGER

Yep.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

I'm looking for Danny Ferguson. He
said the Governor wanted to see me.

She bats her eyelashes with ease.

LARRY

(trades glance with Roger)
Danny said Governor Clinton wants
to see you?

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

That's right.

ROGER

What's your name, darlin'?

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

My name's Paula.

We'll come to know her as **PAULA JONES.**

LARRY

Yo, Danny!

That FRIENDLY COP is DANNY FERGUSON, Governor Clinton's
bodyguard. He jogs over.

ROGER

Officer Ferguson, you tell this
little lady the governor wanted to
see her?

DANNY

(looks at Paula)
Sure did. Follow me.

Danny escorts Paula into the elevator. Roger and Larry watch
her every curve slip by. The elevator doors close. Beat.

ROGER

I'd definitely fuck her.

LARRY

Yep.

CUT TO BLACK.

An elevator dings.

END TEASER.

ACT ONE

OVER BLACK, THE SOUND OF RUNNING--

SUPER: Washington, D.C., November 1995.

MONICA (V.O.)

There are a few things that get a person's heart rate over 180: intense cardio, jumping out of an airplane, and vigorous fucking.

(beat)

Most people would only wake up at four a.m. for one of those things.

INT. GYM - DAY

Brutal dawn. Deserted StairMasters. No one's up. Except--

MONICA LEWINSKY (22). Black hair. Tight ponytail. Track suit. Discman blasting. On a treadmill. Her blue eyes fixed ahead.

MONICA (V.O.)

I am not most people.

Despite a doughy frame, this girl hauls ass like her life depended on it. A woman on a mission.

LATER

Sweat soaks Monica's back as she pedals on a bike. She watches WOMEN file into an aerobics studio.

CUT TO:

INT. LEWINSKY KITCHEN - FLASHBACK

A pudgy YOUNG MONICA--at a table with a plate of cookies.

MONICA (V.O.)

When I was six, my mother told me:
*Monica. You can make a difference
in this world. You can be anything
you want.*

Looking up at us, unblinking, she crams cookies in her mouth.

MONICA (V.O.)
(flatly)
And, I believed her.

BACK TO:

INT. GYM - AEROBICS CLASS - MOMENTS LATER

The WOMEN--thin and covered in spandex are in perfect sync with an INSTRUCTOR. Monica's a step behind.

But her focus is razor-sharp, she gets in every move.

MONICA (V.O.)
She said: *Never give up, no matter what.*

INT. GYM - FRONT DESK - LATER

Monica, a drenched mess, grabs a clean towel--notices a MALE DESK CLERK chatting up the INSTRUCTOR.

MONICA (V.O.)
Always be resourceful.

She spots a LOCKER ROOM KEY hanging on a nail. Swipes it.

INT. GYM - HALLWAY - LATER

Monica opens the door a CRACK to the--

WOMEN'S LOCKER ROOM

ON: Women from class. Some naked, shower slick. Some dress.

WOMAN 1
So I'm delivering a memo to my
boss, and I catch that new guy,
Santorum, staring at my tits.

Monica shuts the door. Glances at a clock: 7:45 A.M.

MONICA (V.O.)
*There's a difference between being
well-liked and well-known. Go for
well-liked.*

Monica at the door, forcing herself to enter as--the women walk out.

Monica jumps back, offers a casual smile.

MONICA (V.O.)
And always remember to smile.

They barely acknowledge her.

INT. GYM - WOMEN'S LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Monica creeps in. Checks the room to be sure she is alone.
She whips out the key. Locks the door. Peels off her clothes.

MONICA (V.O.)
I believed every word my mother
told me.

Monica looks in a mirror, critical of every dimple of flesh.

MONICA (V.O.)
Because if I didn't, then I'd feel
sad. Really, really sad.
(quick, irritated)
Like every stupid god-damn thing
anyone ever said about me was
tattooed all over my body. It
wasn't fair. The world just kept
moving, and there I was. Stuck. A
prisoner to my own self-doubt.

ON: Monica. As if by magic, in a doubt-inflicted fantasy,
WORDS APPEAR ALL OVER HER BODY: **FATSO, BIG MAC, ELEPHANT ASS,
BLUBBER BITCH, LOSER.**

INT. WOMEN'S SHOWER - MOMENTS LATER

Monica plunges her face into a steaming shower.

FAR ANGLE ON: Monica, surrounded by ROWS of EMPTY SHOWERS.

MONICA (V.O.)
A craggy, ugly island in the middle
of a sea of mermaids.

EXT. D.C. METRO STATION - LATER

IN A CROWD: Monica, in a conservative suit, fights to get to
a packed train as--THE DOORS CLOSE. Her train shoots off.

MONICA (V.O.)
But, I tried not to let that stuff
get me down.

She looks at her watch. Fishes in her bag: GRABS SNEAKERS.

EXT. D.C. CITY STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Monica sprints down a CROWDED STREET in her SNEAKERS.

MONICA (V.O.)
Because I was meant for bigger things.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY (ESTABLISHING)

Those beautiful columns. That epic green lawn.

MONICA (V.O.)
Important things.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

The famous foyer. Dreamy. Patriotic. A Sorkinian rip off.

MONICA (V.O.)
I seriously thought I was going to
make a difference in America.

STAFFERS dash about. Monica drinks it in...A STAFFER slams
into her.

MONICA
Excuse you! What is your prob--

He darts off as Monica realizes: STAFFERS are running around
in a blind panic. She grabs a WHITE HOUSE REPORTER.

MONICA (CONT'D)
Hey, what's going on?

WHITE HOUSE REPORTER
You're kidding. Do you watch CNN?

MONICA
Well, there was a *Days Of Our Lives*
marathon on yesterday--

WHITE HOUSE REPORTER
(runs off)
The Government's shutting down,
kid. This is a national crisis!

CLOSE ON: Monica as the PANIC hits her like a wave of Ebola.

MONICA (V.O.)
Now. Up to this point, I thought
this was the worst thing that could
ever happen. God, was I wrong.

A CHUBBY MAN in a too-small suit taps Monica's shoulder.

CHUBBY MAN
Interns are in the Green Room.

He shoves her into the mob of government workers.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - GREEN ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

SIXTY INTERNS at attention. MOVE DOWN a line of hopeful faces.

MONICA (V.O.)
White House interns. The best and
the brightest. Ivy League darlings.
Each one willing to skull fuck
their own families for a shot at
skull fucking American voters.

Doors fly open: JACK DITLER (36), a preppy WASP with the
balls of General Patton, storms in, ready for the *Full Metal
Jacket* speech of his life--

Monica, red-faced, panting, slips in, hoping to go unnoticed.

DITLER
Listen up, you coddled neonates.
Today Newt Gingrich told the US
Government to go fuck itself.
Hundreds have been furloughed--
except me. I'm in charge of you
reprobates. And today, my insolent
little shit-stains, is your lucky
day. You've just been promoted.
From intern to employee.

An ASIAN INTERN raises his hand.

DITLER (CONT'D)
No you do not get paid! All your
parents hemorrhage money anyway--
and the DNC thanks them for that.
(beat, sizing up)
As added incentive--the intern who
performs the best during the shut down
will receive a paid position at the
White House. Now, shut up and listen
for assignments. Paige Calvert.

FIND: PAIGE CALVERT (22). Stunning. Blonde. Thin. A GAP
poster-child in tortoise-rimmed glasses.

MONICA (V.O.)
 Paige Calvert. Girls that look like
 her make me want to step in front
 of a moving freight train.

Paige smiles up at Dittler, flips her hair, her face scrunches
 to a level of adorable reserved for kittens.

DITLER
 You're in the West Wing. Go!

Paige runs off. He stops on Monica. His contempt is palpable.

DITLER (CONT'D)
 Lewinsky. You come late again I
 will leave you no choice but to
 commit a lively variant of
 political seppuku. Got it?
 (Monica nods)
 Sometimes I wonder why you even
 bother showing up.

MONICA
 (brazen, steps forward)
 I show up because I want to make a
 difference, sir.

DITLER
 Make a *difference*? Lewinsky, after
 this internship you'll go back to LA,
 a Beverly Hills brat nobody
 remembers. One day, when I'm Senator,
 I'll visit Rodeo Drive and go--
 (sniffs)
 What's that smell? Smells like
 bullshit and desperation. Oh. It must
 be Monica. And there you'll be.
 Working a sad little jewelry counter
 at Saks. A human after-thought. While
 the rest of us make a difference.

Interns snicker. Dittler moves on, tossing over a shoulder--

DITLER (CONT'D)
 You're on news briefings in
 Panetta's office. Move it.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - LEON PANETTA'S OFFICE - LATER

Monica stares up at a mountain of NEWSPAPERS--it's daunting.

MONICA (V.O.)
 Most people would've been pissed
 about getting a boring job in all
 that excitement.

She cracks her knuckles and gets to work.

MONICA (V.O.)
 But I am not most people.

INT. USA TODAY - BOARD ROOM - DAY

TONY SNOW (40, TV-anchorman good looks) is in the midst of a meeting with REPORTERS.

SNOW
 Whatever you were on before, drop
 it. We're all on the shut down now.

THROUGH THE WINDOWS OF THE BOARD ROOM WE SPOT--

LINDA TRIPP (46). A heavyset shark of a woman, in a Lane Bryant pantsuit with frosted highlights.

Linda beelines for Snow's empty desk. He notices.

SNOW (CONT'D)
 (mutters)
 For fuck's sake.

Through the window, Linda locks eyes with Snow.

SNOW (CONT'D)
 Cosmo, lock the door.

Too late. Linda's foot stops the door. She doesn't miss a beat.

SNOW (CONT'D)
 (brightly)
 Good morning, Linda.

LINDA
 Did you read my book proposal, Tony?

SNOW
 Now's not a great time to--

LINDA
 'Cause you promised me, Tony. You
 promised you'd read it.

From his look, he read it, and he'd rather pull his own teeth than talk about it.

SNOW
I read it, okay? But I'm on
deadline. I can't--

LINDA
Tony. Who helped you get this job?

SNOW
...you did, Lin--you're a wonderful
friend, a fuckin' peach--

LINDA
And you can't spare five minutes to
discuss my proposal? For a friend?

SNOW
(sighs)
Linda, I told you, I'm swamped.

Linda smiles politely.

LINDA
That's fine. The Pentagon
furloughed me today, and I have
nothing better to do...so--
(a challenge)
I can wait.

Linda pulls up a chair, sits in the middle of the doorway.

EXT. USA TODAY BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Linda and Snow on the sidewalk. Linda lights a cigarette.

LINDA
Give it to me straight. What'd you
think of my book proposal?

SNOW
I get you're excited, but the
publishing climate is very competitive--

LINDA
Tony...

Snow bites his lip, how to put this...

SNOW
I, uh, don't know if the world's
ready for your particular take on
the Clinton White House.

LINDA

My book can't wait, Tony. I got sent home today. And now I have to watch my pay checks disappear because Bill Clinton can't do his job? He runs the country like Belushi in *Animal House*. People deserve the truth. And you know every publisher in town. Anybody's gonna help me push this, it's you. Hit me with whatever you got.

SNOW

Linda, your proposal's full of unsubstantiated gossip.

LINDA

It isn't gossip.

Tony takes out a SMALL NOTEBOOK, consults scribbled notes.

SNOW

Okay. Two paragraphs in you state Clinton had Vince Foster murdered.

LINDA

Hey, one day I'm Vince's secretary in the White House, he "mysteriously" dies, and I get demoted to the Pentagon. No explanation. It's political intrigue.

SNOW

It's conspiracy theory.

Linda tries to peek at Snow's notes.

LINDA

Did you read the part on Clinton's women? About how my friend Kathleen Willey said he felt her up in the Oval Office?

SNOW

And do you have any physical proof?

LINDA

Well, no, but--

COSMO (Snow's editor) pokes his head out.

COSMO

Tony? We're waiting for--

LINDA
He's busy right now.

SNOW
Would you STOP? One sec, Cosmo.

Snow jams the notebook in his jacket, preps to go. Linda grabs his shoulder.

LINDA
Tony, the anniversary of my divorce is coming up, and last night I ate an entire Entenmann's chocolate cake right outta the box. I need a win.

Snow rubs his eyes, looks back at his waiting boss.

SNOW
How about I give the proposal to Lucianne Goldberg. She's a book agent with a flair for, uh, racy material. Maybe she can...do something with this.

LINDA
Tony, you won't regret this.

Linda digs in her bag. Hands Snow a BOOK PROPOSAL.

SNOW
What's this?

LINDA
Fresh copy.

SNOW
You just carry this thing around with you?

LINDA
There's ten more in the trunk of my car if you lose it.

SNOW
Swell. Now get the fuck outta here before my editor castrates me.

Linda goes. Snow skims the proposal, shaking his head--

BEHIND CLOSED DOORS:

WHAT I SAW IN THE CLINTON WHITE HOUSE

BY: LINDA TRIPP

SNOW (CONT'D)
Christ. Everybody wants a piece of
this prick.

As Snow and Cosmo head back into the office chaos--

COSMO
Who was that woman?

SNOW
Just another nutty whistle-blower
with a book idea. Nobody worth
mentioning.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - LEON PANETTA'S OFFICE - DAY

SLAM. Monica closes a binder, thick with news clippings.

She opens a drawer. Pulls out a WEIGHT WATCHERS NOTEBOOK, a
rice cake, and a plastic knife.

MONICA (V.O.)
Weight Watchers. They want you to
count your shame, catalogue it, so
you and your fat can keep score. So
you know who's winning at all times.

With surgical precision, she cuts a rice cake in half. Eats.

ON MONICA'S NOTEBOOK: Writes "1 RICE CAKE. 1 POINT."

Paige passes. Monica calls out proudly--

MONICA
Hey, Paige! Finished the national
news binder in three hours flat.

PAIGE
(as if talking to a child)
Very good, Monica. I bet you'll be
a shoe-in for that paid position.
Except, you forgot one thing.

MONICA
What's that?

Paige pulls in a cart with a TOWERING STACK of newspapers.

PAIGE
The international news.

Paige scurries out. Monica looks at the new pile, powerless. She opens a LOWER DRAWER, pulls out a TWIX BAR. **WRITES:**
"TWIX. 1,000,000 POINTS" and shoves it in her mouth.

LATER

Monica, covered in ink and paper cuts, sorts articles.

MONICA (V.O.)
 I knew my job wasn't glamorous.

THEN--THE SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS...

VOICES (O.S.)
 Mr. President! Mr. President!

MONICA (V.O.)
 But, it did have some perks.

Monica's POV: Everything SLOWS DOWN. From the door we see:
BLACK DRESS SHOES. We move up to FIND--

BILL CLINTON (49). Silver-haired. Magnetic. He understands the hold he has on people, but downplays it.

MONICA (V.O.)
 You'd think I would've gotten tired
 of it.

Bill glances in. His eyes meet Monica's for a second. It's heart-stopping. He moves on.

MONICA (V.O.)
 But I never did. Not once.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - ROOSEVELT ROOM - NIGHT

Interns hustle. Take-out boxes all over. Monica enters. Drops binders on a table. Eyes a box of donuts. Dittler enters.

DITLER
 Listen up! Interns are pulling an
 all nighter.

Some groan, some cheer. He stops at the binders. Flips pages.

DITLER (CONT'D)
 Who did these?
 (no reply)
 Who in the hell did these?!

Terrified, Monica raises her hand.

DITLER (CONT'D)
These are supposed to be in
alphabetical order according to state.

MONICA
I--I didn't know. It was a mistake.

DITLER
(gentle)
Ohhh...of course.
(losing it)
This is the United States
government! We do not make
mistakes. Is that CLEAR?

MONICA
I can fix it! I'll fix it!

DITLER
(to Asian Intern)
Jin-Lu, you're on Monica's desk.
Lewinsky, you can kiss that paid
position good-bye. Now go home.

MONICA
What?

DITLER
Go home and think long and hard
about whether to show your face in
here tomorrow.

All the interns stare at Monica. She's frozen with shame.

MONICA
(barely a squeak)
I'm really sorry--

DITLER
Why the fuck are you still standing
here! I SAID GO, LEWINSKY!!

Monica blinks back tears, runs from the room.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Monica shoves past SUITS as they head into the Roosevelt
Room. The Chubby Man (from earlier) slams into Monica--

This is FLETCHER (25). Young Jonah Hill minus the attitude.

FLETCHER
Whoa there. You okay?

But Monica's already gone.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - HALLWAY - LATER

Monica grabs her jacket from a closet. As she hurries on, she hears the sound of muffled laughter.

She stops, pushes past coats to reveal--A FLOOR VENT.

GIGGLES bubble up from that vent. Curious, Monica slides open the grate. Just a crack.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - STAFF OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

THROUGH THE CRACK WE WATCH AS--Paige files. A HAND glides over her ass. She MOVES THE HAND UNDER HER SKIRT.

Monica scoots closer. SEES--the hand is DITLER'S. Paige smiles, flips her hair, and pulls a THONG STRAP from her skirt, snaps it playfully against her skin.

Ditler grabs Paige, they kiss. Tender. Real. They move to--

Fucking. Right on the personnel files. Monica can't look away. Paige bites her lip in anticipatory pleasure as Ditler kisses her neck.

Monica's big blue eyes watch on. Aroused. As we--

END ACT ONE.

ACT TWO**EXT. WATERGATE APARTMENTS - NIGHT (ESTABLISHING)**

An ultra-modern complex, which includes the famous hotel.

INT. MONICA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Tasteful. Expensive. Smooth jazz plays.

MARCIA LEWIS (Monica's mother, 46), a blonde socialite, zips up a designer dress. Admires herself in a mirror. A former Rodeo Drive housewife living the single life.

Monica walks in, drained.

MARCIA

Monica? Sweetie! Look what I got.

Monica tries to hide her day with a half-hearted smile.

MONICA

Wow, Mom. What'd you do, buy every dress in Barney's?

Marcia grabs Monica's arm--more like a girlfriend than a mother--wades through shopping bags.

MARCIA

Look what Mommy got you!

Marcia produces a pair of new DOC MARTINS. Pink laces.

MONICA

(not in the mood)

Um...thank you.

Marcia goes back to examining herself in the mirror.

MARCIA

What do you think of the dress? My shrink said I need to finally embrace Marcia Lewis. That means finally getting over my divorce by buying a dress so short it'd make your cheating bastard father's eyeballs melt if I ever had to see him again. I thought you'd be in late with the shut down and--

Marcia looks up. Monica has crumpled to the floor.

MARCIA (CONT'D)
Monica, honey--what's the matter?

A jagged SOB escapes Monica. She's heaving hideous tears.

MONICA
They sent me home!
(between sobs)
I made a mistake--I didn't mean to--
and they--yelling at me--it was an
acc--i--dent--and--

MARCIA
Slow down! Want me to call someone?
Your boss? I'll make it right.

MONICA
You can't do anything! They hate me!

Marcia reigns her in. Grabs her daughter by the shoulders.

MARCIA
Mon. Monica. Look here. Deep
breaths, now. Do one for me. Let's
go. Head between your legs and *in--*

Monica snaps her head down as Marcia coaxes a SHARP INHALE--

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. MONICA'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

At the sink. Monica's head pops up. Marcia holds a compress to her neck.

MARCIA
Better?

Monica nods, shaky. There's a sense they've been through this.

MOMENTS LATER

In the KITCHEN Marcia hands Monica tea. Sits.

MONICA
Mom, seriously, I think I should quit.

MARCIA
Monica you're a very bright girl.
You wrote that nice essay on not
polluting the Potomac River.

MONICA

That was in tenth grade. I haven't done anything important. These other interns are important. You should see them, they're practically running for office.

(a scowl)

In mini-skirts. With fantastic cleavage.

MARCIA

Honey, you are just as good as any intern there. Got that? Now. What do I always say?

MONICA

Never give up.

MARCIA

People don't pass up opportunities like this. Think of what it'll do for your future. It's the White House for crying out loud.

MONICA

Yeah, there's just one problem. I don't think the White House wants me.

MARCIA

(an old mantra)

Hey. Us against the world, right?

MONICA

(not into it)

...yeah. Right.

LATER

In the LIVING ROOM. Monica and Marcia cuddle under a blanket on the couch. Laughing at an episode of "Friends" as the soft glow of TV washes over them. Monica finally looks at ease.

LATER

Marcia turns off the TV. Carefully, she tucks the blanket around a sleeping Monica. Monica startles awake.

MONICA

Wha'time is it?

MARCIA

Nearly four.

MONICA

I should get up. Go to the gym.

MARCIA

No, honey. Sleep a little longer.

Marcia goes back to where she's been sitting all night.
Monica gets up.

MONICA

Mom, stop hovering. I'm not a kid
anymore. I'm sure today will be better.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - LEON PANETTA'S OFFICE - DAY

REVEAL: STACKS OF NEWSPAPERS. TO THE CEILING. THEY SURROUND
MONICA. Dittler addresses her--

DITLER

You have one more chance, Lewinsky.
Fuck this up and I will gladly show
you the door.

Dittler goes. Monica crumples a newspaper, chucks it on the
floor. She could scream, but she doesn't--instead, she gets
to work.

STAY ON: the CRUMPLED PAPER. A PHOTO OF A STOIC KEN STARR.
**WALL STREET JOURNAL: "NOV 1995, WHAT'S KEN STARR LOOKING FOR?
THE CLINTON WHITEWATER INVESTIGATION."**

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY (ESTABLISHING)

A dowdy Maryland home far removed from the political world.

ZACK (O.S.)

Babe. You sure you wanna do it?

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

On a couch, ALLISON (16), and her boyfriend, ZACK (17) make-
out. Candles. Lilith Fair music.

ALLISON

Babe. I'm totally ready.

Zack unwraps a condom--a proud moment. They get down to it.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Oh Zack!

ZACK

Oh Ali...

LINDA (O.S.)

Allison?!

REVEAL: Linda just witnessed her daughter's first time.
Allison jumps up, grabs a blanket.

ALLISON

Mom! What are you doing home?!

LINDA

The government's still shut down.
What is going on here?

ALLISON

Mom...this is Zack. My boyfriend.

Zack looks from Allison to Linda, an awkward beat.

ZACK

Ali says you work at The Pentagon.
They ever give you nuke codes?

MOMENTS LATER

Linda yanks Zack to the door. Allison trails her, dressing.

ALLISON

Let go of him! You're hurting him!

Linda tosses Zack into the yard.

LINDA

Nice meeting you, Zack.

She slams the door. Corners Allison, so angry she's shaking.

ALLISON

Why're you making this a big deal?

LINDA

Because it is a BIG DEAL. Your
behavior is beyond inappropriate.

ALLISON

Uh, I'm not a skank. I love Zack, okay?

LINDA

You love him? You don't know what
love is. You're a child!

ALLISON
Oh, yeah? Dad doesn't treat me like
a child.

LINDA
That's because he *is* a child. The
man drives a Miata.
(softens)
Ali. What were you thinking doing
something so irresponsible?

ALLISON
(nope, still pissed)
I'm thinking I'm outta here.

Allison grabs her backpack, storms out the front door.

EXT. LINDA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Linda runs out as Zack's car pulls out of the driveway.

LINDA
Allison Tripp, take another step,
and you won't come back in this
house! I mean it!

ALLISON
Fine by me!

Allison flags down Zack--

ALLISON (CONT'D)
Sorry Dad divorced you and made you
a psycho bitch--but that doesn't
mean it's now your job to ruin my
life. I'm staying at Dad's for a
while. Don't call me.

Allison gets in. They drive off. Linda stands there, hurt,
stunned. What the FUCK just happened here? She looks over--

The MAIL WOMAN saw the whole awful display. Linda scowls, her
mask back on.

LINDA
Oh, get bent, Marge.

INT. LINDA'S KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Linda drops the mail on the table. Looks at the clock, it's
only 11:30. She looks at the couch. Her eyes narrow.

EXT. LINDA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Linda drags the couch to the curb. Places a sign on it: "FREE COUCH." Proud, she walks back up the driveway.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - BREAK ROOM - LATER

The inside of a fridge. Monica finds her sack lunch. She opens it: a wilted salad. She looks to the counter and sees a BIRTHDAY CAKE.

She drags her finger across the frosting, scooping up a large yellow rose.

A group of AIDES enter, leading a WOMAN with her eyes closed.

HELPFUL AIDE

Okay everyone, all together!

They launch into "Happy Birthday." Monica shoves the rose into her mouth and starts to nod along with the song.

REVEAL: Among the group is **Bill**.

From across the room, Bill LOOKS at Monica.

TIME SLOWS. We move into **MONICA'S FANTASY...**

--Monica now wears that infamous Marilyn Monroe gown (worn for JFK's birthday). She looks stunning.

--The room is magically empty except for Bill.

--She sings "Happy Birthday Mr. President" in a breathy Monroe lilt. She takes a burning candle out of the cake and licks the frosting off the bottom.

--Bill, looking at her seductively, puts the flame out with his fingers. He reaches out to wipe away some stray frosting. Caresses her face. Moves in to kiss her when--

APPLAUSE.

REALITY comes crashing back as cake is passed out.

BILL

I'd like to thank everyone for taking time to wish Jenn a happy birthday. But I've gotta get this government up and running.

Bill and his entourage leave. TIME LAPSE ON: everyone filtering out, but STAY ON--Monica, in total awe of Bill.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

On a TV: A *MUSIC VIDEO* on MTV. Green Day. Monica and a few INTERNS watch while working. Paige enters, changes it to CNN.

JIN-LU

Hey, we were watching that!

PAIGE

I realize this deserves a more mature response, but: bite me.

On TV: George Stephanopoulos is being interviewed.

FEMALE INTERN #1

Last Fall, my cousin said when she was interning for George she totally caught him looking up her skirt.

FEMALE INTERN #2

No way.

PAIGE

Who knows? Maybe she was into it.

Monica stares at Paige a little too long.

PAIGE (CONT'D)

What?

MONICA

Nothing.

Ditler bursts in.

DITLER

Kitchen's padlocked. We need a coffee run upstairs, now!

The interns look around, "not it." All look to Monica.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - LATER

Monica balances COFFEES, reading off a list with a CASHIER.

MONICA

One cappuccino. Three lattes--two no fat. Two espresso--and still waiting for my last order.

CASHIER

(flatly)

Me too. I'm on the edge of my seat.

In walks, BETTY CURRIE (47). A diminutive black woman with a perma-frown.

BETTY
One coffee. Black. To-go.
(notices Monica)
They working you interns hard?

MONICA
Huh?

Betty nods towards Monica's PINK INTERN BADGE.

MONICA (CONT'D)
Oh. Yeah. Burning the midnight oil.
You work at the White House too?

BETTY
I do. And between you and me, that
Jack Dittler can be a real douchebag.

MONICA
Totally. You wanna walk back with me?

BETTY
Just got off. Gonna go home and
draw me up a nice, hot bubble bath.
This shutdown has about killed my
feet. Orthopedic my ass.

Betty wiggles her feet, showing ORTHOPEDIC SHOES. The Cashier slides one more coffee to Monica.

MONICA
(checks list)
This one is a half-calf, extra
foam, whole milk, with nutmeg.

BETTY
Aren't you lucky. You're gonna go
to the Oval Office.

MONICA
What? Why?

BETTY
That's the president's drink order.

Betty grabs her coffee, exits.

Monica looks at the drink the way Indiana Jones might look at the holy grail.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - HALLWAY - LATER

We're on those Doc Martens with pink laces. MOVE UP TO:
Monica in full hustle mode. She walks towards the--

OVAL OFFICE

A soft glow emanates from the closed doors, stretching down
the hall like an unfurled gold carpet.

THE DOOR OPENS. Monica holds out the coffee trays grandly,
hoping to catch a glimpse of Bill--WHEN--

DITLER

I'll take those.

(checks orders)

Look at that. For once, you did
something right, Lewinsky.

MONICA

(thrilled)

Thank you, sir.

DITLER

Maybe there's a future for you at
Starbucks.

He slams the door in her face.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - LEON PANETTA'S OFFICE - LATER

Monica files paperwork. Bill appears in the doorway. Monica
whirls around, heart racing.

BILL

I need to speak with my Chief of Staff.

She turns back, attempting calm.

MONICA

Let me check if Mr. Panetta's in.

Monica leans over to the desk to check. She flips her hair,
invoking Paige. A glance back. Bill watches her every move.
Monica takes a breath.

She lifts her jacket. Reveals her THONG. Checks to see--

We go **TIGHT ON BILL'S SMILE.**

Monica's eyes widen. She slowly smiles back. It hits her--

The president is flirting back! She forces a straight face.

MONICA (CONT'D)
He's available.

Bill disappears into Panetta's office.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - LEON PANETTA'S OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER

Monica at the file cabinet. Bill walks out. Gives her a warm nod before zipping out of the office to put out another fire.

LEON PANETTA (50, stern) enters.

LEON PANETTA
I'm going into a meeting. Hold my calls.

MONICA
Yes sir, Mr. Panetta.

He goes. A beat. Monica rushes into--

INT. LEON PANETTA'S INNER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Monica sneaks to Leon's computer. Pulls up "POTUS TRACKING SYSTEM." ON THE COMPUTER: POTUS LOCATION CHANGES FROM "WEST WING" to "EAST WING."

Monica straightens her outfit and hurries out.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - HALLWAY - LATER

Monica walks by a doorway. Attempting to look casual. Nothing. Walks by again. Still nothing. When--

BILL (O.S.)
Hey now, don't be a stranger.

INT. GEORGE STEPHANOPOULOS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Monica wanders in. Bill is bent over George's desk looking through newspapers, he doesn't look up.

BILL
That's the fourth time you've circled this office, kiddo. Either you're lost--or you have something you wanna say to me.

MONICA
(mutters)
Oh Jesus.

Monica edges inside, like approaching a dog she doesn't want to scare away. Bill keeps his head down, working.

BILL
You're the girl on Panetta's desk.
Does he have a message for me?

Monica takes a step closer to the desk.

MONICA
No.

Bill looks up this time. Unnerved, Monica averts her gaze.

MONICA (CONT'D)
So, um, why are you in here all alone?

BILL
Avoiding congressional pitchforks.
And my wife keeps bugging me to
feed the damn cat.

MONICA
(surprised by his honesty)
Oh.

BILL
Plus, George still had half a pizza
in here. You had dinner yet?

Bill sits on the corner of the desk like a "cool teacher" getting to know a student. Offers the pizza box.

MONICA
Thanks.

Monica takes a slice. Bill follows. They eat.

BILL
Enjoying your time at the White House?

MONICA
Oh, sure, I love it.

BILL
But only because you like watching
Speaker Gingrich's face get all
squinty and red.

MONICA
Yeah. Like a really angry
California Raisin.

Bill laughs.

BILL
Now if that's not a great reason
for a young person to get into
politics, I don't know what is.

He grabs a napkin to wipe up. Hands Monica one.

MONICA
Actually...I have no idea why I'm
doing this internship.
(then)
People just kept telling me it was
an opportunity I shouldn't pass up.

This hangs there a sec.

BILL
So, where'd you go to school--

MONICA
I have a huge crush on you.
(immediately sorry)
Oh my God. I'm--I don't know why I
said that. I just--I'm sorry. Oh God.

She starts to haul ass, when--Bill stands.

BILL
It's all right. You don't have to go.

He opens an adjoining door.

CUT TO:

FLOOR PLAN OF THE WHITE HOUSE

We follow Bill and Monica--now TWO DOTS. They move across A
MAP.

MONICA (O.S.)
With all due respect, sir--where
are we?

The dots cluster between "Oval Office" and "Clinton's Study."

BILL (O.S.)
You'll see.

BACK TO:

INT. SECRET HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

A dark windowless hall. Bill and Monica are very close. We can only make out profiles--two dark shadows. Monica looks around--

MONICA
I like that statue.

BILL
It was a gift from Nelson Mandela.
I like your earrings.

He softly touches her earlobe.

MONICA
(breathless)
They were a gift from my Nana.
(catches herself)
This room is very, um, cozy and--

Bill puts a finger on her lips.

BILL
You're a very special girl, you
know that?

MONICA
I am?

Delicately, carefully, he takes her face in his hands. Gets close to her ear and whispers--

BILL
May I kiss you?

Monica is terrified and exhilarated at the same time.

MONICA
Okay...sure.

Bill KISSES Monica deeply on the mouth. She melts into it. There is real heat between them. It's a welcome surprise to them both.

INT. MONICA'S APARTMENT - LATER

A clock reads 12:50 A.M. Monica tip-toes to her room, almost there when--LIGHTS TURN ON.

MARCIA
(yawns)
Well? How was your day?

MONICA
It was, actually, really good.

MARCIA
(shuffles to bed, happy)
That's my girl.

INT. MONICA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

We're looking down on Monica, dressed, looking up, clutching the bed. Beyond giddy.

MONICA (V.O.)
The human heart beats an average of
72 beats per minute. Mine was
easily doing 200.

She jumps up and down. Does the moonwalk. Plays air guitar--anything to get this energy out!

MONICA (V.O.)
I wanted to throw open the window
and shout--

FANTASY: MONICA AT HER WINDOW--

MONICA
GUESS WHAT YOU GUYS! I JUST--

MONICA BACK AT HER BED--

MONICA (V.O.)
But I didn't. I wanted to call up
anyone who ever said I was a loser--
a fat ugly pig. But I didn't.
Because I made a promise.
(beat)
All I had to do was keep my mouth shut.

Monica, happy for the first time ever, grabs a pillow--

MONICA (V.O.)
Plus, you know, it's kinda hard to
talk when you've got the
president's dick in your mouth.

--AND SCREAMS INTO THE PILLOW.

END OF ACT TWO.

ACT THREE**INT. WEIGHT WATCHERS MEETING - DAY**

Monica with the REGULARS. The WEIGHT WATCHERS REP holds an icing-logged CHRISTMAS COOKIE.

WEIGHT WATCHERS REP
This is not love. This little devil
will not satisfy. Will not fix.
Will not fill up. You or your life.
As we move into the mine field--the
holidays--you better think before
you reach for that cookie. You
better consider the consequences.
How many points is this worth?

MONICA/REGULARS
Stick to your routine. Stick to the
points.

WEIGHT WATCHERS REP
So, go out and find love, because
you deserve love. Say it with me!

Monica chants, feeling free, feeling light--

MONICA/REGULARS
I deserve love! I deserve love!

WEIGHT WATCHERS REP
Find love anywhere but here.

The Rep crushes the cookie in her HANDS. Everyone cheers.
Monica claps, exhilarated, as though that smashed treat just
gave her permission to live.

EXT. NATIONAL MALL - DAY

FIND: Monica. Jogging. DC's snowy streets surround her.

MONICA (V.O.)
Keeping a secret is no big deal.

Sun spills out over the Washington Monument.

MONICA (V.O.)
Our whole country was founded on
secrets.

She jogs by the JEFFERSON MEMORIAL.

MONICA (V.O.)
 Thomas Jefferson publicly refuted a
 biracial America. And he banged
 some hot slave for, like, ever.

From atop a hill, Monica looks down Pennsylvania Ave. towards
 the White House.

MONICA (V.O.)
 Some secrets just take the right
 amount of endurance.

And she takes off running.

INT. PENTAGON - LINDA'S OFFICE - DAY

A SIGN: WELCOME BACK! Linda's at her desk, on the phone. A
 voicemail plays:

SNOW (O.S.)
 Hi, you've reached Tony. I'm away
 from my desk, leave a message.

LINDA
 Tony, it's Linda. Again. I know
 you're avoiding me. Have you heard
 anything? Callmeback, callmeback.

She slams the phone down for emphasis.

LINDA (CONT'D)
 ...prick.

EXT. PENTAGON - DAY

Linda lights a shaky cigarette. She spots Tony Snow walking
 up to the building. Linda darts over to cut him off--

LINDA
 Tony! Pick up your phone much?

SNOW
 (not excited to see her)
 Linda, welcome back. You look refreshed.

LINDA
 Shove it. You're ignoring me. Where
 are we on the book proposal.

SNOW
 Lucianne Goldberg read it.
 And...she's not biting.

LINDA

What? Why?

SNOW

You know--it's a crapshoot, Lin.
People like stuff. They hate stuff.

LINDA

Crapshoot my ass. I want specifics.

SNOW

She said there's not enough story
there. Hey, tough break. You'll get
'em next time. See ya, Lin.

Snow heads off. Linda stubs out her smoke as if trying to
extinguish the sadness of her shitty life. She walks off,
thinking hard.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - MEETING ROOM - LATER

Ditler sifts through personnel files. Monica sits across from
him.

DITLER

Lewinsky. Your performance in the shut
down didn't merit a paid position. I
hope you enjoyed your internship, and
found your contribution to the
American political system very blah,
blah, blah...

Ditler ushers her towards the door.

DITLER (CONT'D)

Thank you. Best of luck. Now get
the fuck out.

Monica spots a dreamy painting of Clinton on the wall. She
slams her hand on the door frame to stop him.

MONICA

No! Wait.
(then, smoothly)
Mr. Ditler, I'd like it if you'd
reconsider me for the position.

DITLER

(stifles a laugh)
Cute. Now, seriously. Get the fuck out.

Defiant, Monica walks back to his desk. Sits on it.

DITLER (CONT'D)

Ms. Lewinsky, I have thirty interns to disappoint before lunch, so--

MONICA

If I didn't get it, who did? Paige?

DITLER

You know I can't tell you that.

MONICA

Then can you tell me if Paige likes getting railed from the front or the back while you guys fuck like horny teenagers on top of Nancy Soderberg's personnel file?

DITLER

(aghast)

Are you actually trying to blackmail me?

MONICA

I don't need to be all the way up the government's asshole, because that's your job. But something close to the West Wing would be, like, awesome.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - CUBICLE ROW - LATER

Monica follows Deputy Chief of Staff, EVELYN LIEBERMAN (51). Too old for the Ricki Lake vibe, but works it anyway.

EVELYN

This is your new home. The Office of Legislative Affairs. You'll be in constituent correspondence. AKA, the Angry Voter Hotline. You'll get your own e-mail and--

Evelyn pulls out a BLUE BADGE, tosses it to Monica.

MONICA

(grins)

Full access to the West Wing.

EVELYN

Bingo. You'll be on the phones. These are your immediate superiors, Trent and Doug.

She waves at TRENT and DOUG (both 25). A dynamic alpha duo. They're on the phones, listening--barely a glance up.

TRENT

That's frustrating, sir--'Sup...

DOUG

That is awful, Reverend--Yo...

EVELYN

We've got re-election fever. Damage control is crucial. Treat every voter better than you treat your mother. Think you can handle that?

MONICA

Oh, I'd do anything for the president.

Evelyn pulls out a chair and plops Monica into it.

EVELYN

Also, you catch any of these jokers trying to play grab-ass, dial the Chief of Staff's office, say "get me Evelyn Lieberman", and I'll handle everything. Us gals gotta stick together.

(winks)

Am I right, girlfriend?

INT. FANCY D.C. RESTAURANT - LATER

Lucianne GOLDBERG (65) sits at the bar. Think Angela Lansbury, with a smoker's cough and a vindictive streak.

Goldberg reads a manuscript. A BARTENDER pours her what is likely her fourth martini.

GOLDBERG

Don't be a fuckin' skimp. Pour like you mean it.

The stool next to her is ripped out. Linda plunks down on it.

LINDA

No story? What the heck do you mean there's no story?

GOLDBERG

And just who in the hell are you?

LINDA

Linda Tripp. You rejected my book proposal.

GOLDBERG

How did you find me?

LINDA

You should fire your secretary, she's a real blabber mouth.

GOLDBERG

(finishes cigarette)

Tripp. You're the one with the hard on for Vince Foster. Sweetie, he's old news. I'm in the business of right now.

LINDA

Hey, I risked my job to write that proposal. Doesn't that mean anything?

GOLDBERG

Doesn't mean shit. That's Washington.

(lights another smoke)

God, look at you. Asshole so tight you'll give yourself hemorrhoids. Riskiest thing you ever did was leave the house in that outfit.

(to bartender)

You believe this bitch, Henry?

Linda slumps back, suddenly aware of how nuts this move was.

LINDA

Sorry to've wasted your time.

Linda gets up. Goldberg slides a card over. Linda raises an eyebrow, and picks it up. It reads, in gold letters: LUCIANNE GOLDBERG--BOOK AGENT.

GOLDBERG

When you got something I can use, then barge in on me. Until then, keep your ass-print off'a my stool.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - CUBICLE ROW - LATER

Monica fills her coffee cup at a cart. Trent saunters over carrying charts, papers.

TRENT

Don't think just 'cause you were promoted you're gonna steal my job.

MONICA

Don't think just 'cause your daddy got you this job it means you're good at it.

Trent goes pale. Bill is approaching.

BILL

Trent, what are the numbers on the constituents in Iowa?

TRENT

We're at about fifty-two percent approval, sir.

Bill doesn't even glance in Monica's direction.

BILL

Let's see if we can bump that up a few points by the end of the week.

TRENT

Yes sir, Mr. President.

And with that, he's gone.

MONICA

(oh no he didn't)
What the hell?

TRENT

I've worked here two years and he's never so much as said hello to me.
This is the greatest day of my life.

Trent's off. Monica stands, perplexed. Not even a fucking nod? She hurries into the--

HALLWAY

But it's empty. Until a hand reaches out and grabs her--

IN A DARK CORRIDOR

Bill's there. His face pressed against Monica's, his breath on her neck is enough to make her melt into the floor.

BILL
(whispers)
Hey, kiddo. Don't. Say. Anything.

CUT TO:

INT. OVAL OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Bill slams Monica up against a wall, kissing furiously.
Monica rips off his belt and starts going down on him.

LATER

Post-deed. Monica and Bill on a couch in the Oval Office.
Monica notices his tie has a COFFEE STAIN. She touches it.

BILL
Look at that. Folgers got me.

Monica fixes her hair.

MONICA
How come you never let me, ya know,
finish the--

BILL
You finish and I might get
addicted, kiddo.

There's that word again, *kiddo*. She studies him.

MONICA
You do know my name, right?

BILL
(grins)
You kiddin' with this?

MONICA
Smile till you're blue in the face,
handsome. What's my name?

BILL
Monica.
(mock teenager)
Doy.

Monica giggles. Feeling silly for even asking.

BILL (CONT'D)
Monica. I'd like to see you again.
Would that be okay with you?

MONICA
(afraid to breathe)
...Yes. Absolutely.

THE PHONE RINGS. Bill answers. Monica starts off. Bill snaps his fingers. Points.

BILL
(whispers)
Go out the front, please. And don't
forget to smile.

Bill kisses Monica. A smile spreads across her face, as Bill tends his call.

INT. BETTY CURRIE'S DESK, OVAL OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Monica exits the Oval Office, comes face-to-face with--
Betty Currie. Orthopedic shoes and all.

MONICA
You're the secretary for--

BETTY
I am.

MONICA
Okay...cool.

Monica heads out. Betty offers Monica a FOLDER.

BETTY
Take this with you.

MONICA
Delivery? You got it.
(smiles)
Have a nice day.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Monica peeks in the file. Stops. **It's empty.** Then, gets it.

She clutches the file and smiles. Walking down the hall as if it were any old day.

END OF ACT THREE.

ACT FOUR**INT. MONICA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Monica enters. Within seconds, Marcia's all over her.

MARCIA

There she is! My daughter with the big important government job!

MONICA

Mom, you don't need to go all nuts.

MARCIA

Are you kidding? This is huge!
Let's skip dinner and go straight
to dessert--Weight Watchers be
damned! Whaddya say?

LIVING ROOM

Marcia and Monica chug champagne from the bottle, watch trashy TV, and dig into the ice cream.

MARCIA

Honey, a few weeks ago you couldn't stand going to work--go on, bask.

MONICA

Mooom. Okay, okay--I did it!

They giggle and swill more champagne.

MARCIA

Sooo. Tell me all about the job.

MONICA

It's pretty dry. Seriously, it'd put you to sleep.

MARCIA

C'mon! Gimme something good. You see the president?

MONICA

Well, yeah, like, peripherally--but, I'm pretty much in a constituent echo chamber all day.

MARCIA

Snore--boring! You ever catch him walking around the White House in his bathrobe?

MONICA

No! God, no.

(then)

But he could use some new ties.

Marcia raises an eyebrow, that's weird.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - CUBICLE ROW - DAY

Monica's on the phone with a constituent. She lightly gnaws on a pen, it's inadvertently sexy.

MONICA

I realize you're upset with his welfare policies sir, but let me promise you, a vote for Bill Clinton is a vote for America's future. This man cares deeply about our country. In ways you can't even imagine.

Trent and Doug swap a look: this girl's actually pretty damn good.

Doug goes back to watching CNN: KEN STAR addresses reporters.
Caption: **KEN STARR CLOSING IN ON CLINTON.**

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - EMPLOYEE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Monica walks out. Fletcher, loaded with file boxes, walks in.

FLETCHER

Making waves in Legislative Affairs, huh?

MONICA

Excuse me?

FLETCHER

Heard you got promoted. Congrats.

MONICA

I've seen you--are you an intern?

FLETCHER

Yep. Nothing quite like living out the unrealized dreams of your parents.

(MORE)

FLETCHER (CONT'D)
(a small wave)
Fletcher.

MONICA
Monica. Hi.

Fletcher's BEEPER goes off. He checks it.

FLETCHER
Shit, gotta run. If I don't deliver
this it gets pretty Braveheart in
there.

MONICA
Yikes. Been there. Good luck.

Monica starts down the stairs. Fletcher blurts--

FLETCHER
Um, maybe--would you like to go out
this weekend? Mighty Mighty
Bosstones are playing the 9:30 Club.

This is new. Monica turns back, unsure of what to say next.

MONICA
Um...wow. That's very...flattering.

FLETCHER
For a flattered person you seem
fairly disgusted by the idea of
going out with me.

MONICA
No, no, that's not--Thank you. It's
just--I'm sort of seeing someone.

FLETCHER
Oh, sorry. I didn't know.
(a joke)
Think I could take him in a fight?

MONICA
(glances back, coy)
Something tells me he'd win.

Monica keeps walking, feeling Fletcher's eyes on her.
Confidence soaring.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE MEETING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

SUITS at a table, in deep discussion. Fletcher enters. Hands over boxes.

FLETCHER

The materials you requested, Mr. Bennett.

REVEAL: ROBERT BENNETT (52), stickler, showman, a damn good lawyer.

ROBERT

Grab a pen and try to keep up.

Robert turns to: CHERYL MILLS (42) and BRUCE NUSSBAUM (57), White House Counsel.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

As the President's personal attorney
I can assure you we shouldn't be
worried about Ken Starr. Starr is at
a dead end. But he still poses a--

CHERYL

Forgive me, but how is Ken Starr
related to the case you're trying, Bob?

ROBERT

It's related to my case because Ken
Starr is making my client look weak.

NUSSBAUM

Welcome to the big leagues, Mr.
Bennett, the President's got
enemies. Your point?

ROBERT

The lawyers I'm up against directly
benefit from that weakness, Bruce.
And they're across town plotting to
bring down the President because he
can't keep his dick in his pants.

Slaps a newspaper on the table: A PIC OF THREE SMUG LAWYERS.

CHERYL

These gentlemen think they're gonna
bring Bill Clinton down with sex?

NUSSBAUM

They're not. That woman is trailer
trash. A punchline.

Nussbaum stands, puts on his jacket. Clears his throat.

NUSSBAUM (CONT'D)

Let it be known the White House Counsel feels the President shouldn't waste his time with this nothing sexual harassment lawsuit these right-wing clowns are peddling. Are we done here?

ROBERT

Those clowns are bent on proving he committed an act of sexual misconduct in 1991 that may--

NUSSBAUM

Mr. Bennett, I am scheduled to give a commencement speech at Harvard Law and a jet is waiting, tell me something I don't already know.

Robert looks to a TV: A DEPOSITION plays. **PAULA JONES' tear streaked face.**

PAULA JONES (ON VIDEO)

What Bill Clinton did to me in that hotel room was...just awful.

ROBERT

I think they're gonna try to take this "nothing" sexual harassment lawsuit to the Supreme Court.

INT. WHITE HOUSE CORRIDOR - THE NEXT DAY

Monica walks with a new TIE for Bill--when--CRASH. Someone's on a rampage in the Oval Office. Monica strains to hear...**HILLARY CLINTON'S MUFFLED VOICE.**

HILLARY (O.S.)

...any idea how humiliating...

Monica's face tightens. Her heart races. **Does she know?**

HILLARY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

...Ken Starr make a fool of me!

Monica relaxes.

BILL (O.S.)

I was trying to SUPPORT you--

Something glass shatters. They whisper. A heated fight--

Bill storms out. Monica hides. She peers in the Oval Office.

On the couch, is HILLARY CLINTON. Exhausted by her own marriage. THE FLOOR BOARDS CREAK.

Hillary looks up. Monica's gone--

INT. WHITE HOUSE OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Monica runs into her cubicle, on edge. Trent passes. Taps her on the shoulder. Monica nearly jumps out of her skin.

TRENT

Jesus, relax--someone needs to see you.

MONICA

(gulps)

Someone--like, who?

Trent lets in, MONICA'S FATHER, BERNARD LEWINSKY (56). He sweeps her in a hug. This throws Monica way off guard.

BERNARD

Momo! Surprise!

MONICA

Daddy? Uh--what're you doing here?

BERNARD

In town for a med conference.
Thought you might wanna grab lunch.

Monica, suddenly very eager to make herself scarce--

MONICA

Yeah, sure. Okay.

BERNARD

Great! Your stepmom's holding a table.

MONICA

Fine, Dad. Let's get outta here.

INT. EXPENSIVE RESTAURANT - LATER

Monica nurses a martini. Bernard, and his wife BARBARA (40), scan the menu.

BERNARD

...and I gave a lecture on this new chemo drug Litotarin--I got a standing ovation. Hit of the conference. Pretty cool for your old man, right?

MONICA
(this is torture)
Yeah, Dad. Oncology is the coolest.

Bernard gets a PAGE.

BERNARD
Excuse me a second, ladies.

Bernard goes. Monica and Barbara sit. An awkward beat.

BARBARA
So. How's your new job?

MONICA
Good.

BARBARA
That's nice.

Monica downs her drink and--

MONICA
So. Barbara. What's it like to
derail a marriage?

Barbara was NOT expecting that. She chokes on her wine.

BARBARA
Sweetie, that was like, nine years
ago, ancient history. I--jeez...

MONICA
Barbara. I'm over it. I'm not
trying to peg you or anything. I'm
just...curious.

BARBARA
Well, uh, Bernie hated the lying.
Sneaking around. He almost ended
the whole affair twice.

MONICA
Yeah, but--how'd you make him want
to stay?

BARBARA
You sure you wanna hear this?

Monica nods.

BARBARA (CONT'D)
We'd been messin' around for weeks--
motel business.
(MORE)

BARBARA (CONT'D)
 After we'd--Anyway, we talked all
 the time, your father and I. It was
 just, so easy, how it all...fit.

Monica leans in: go on.

BARBARA (CONT'D)
 He told me he'd always wanted to
 sell his practice to learn how to
 fly a plane. I said I thought that
 was the most beautiful thing I ever
 heard and he said his wife thought
 it was nuts. And then, he looked at
 me like some lost little boy, and
 said, I don't wanna go back home
 ever again. And that was it for us.

MONICA
 ...WOW...

BERNARD (O.S.)
 Okay, girls, what'd I miss?

Bernard sits. Kisses Barbara. A gesture that'd normally turn
 Monica's stomach now feels reassuring.

INT. MONICA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Monica reads Cosmo. The phone rings once. Stops. Weird. Back
 to reading-- THE PHONE RINGS AGAIN.

THE MACHINE answers. Monica grabs the phone--

MONICA
 Hello?

BILL (O.S.)
 Ahhh, so I guess you're there.

MONICA
 (thinking it's a buddy)
 Yeah, I am. Who--
 (realizes)
 Oh god. I--I didn't recognize your
 voice.

She shuts her door. Covers the phone. Does a little dance.

BILL (O.S.)
 Monica?...Hello?

MONICA
 I'm here, I'm here.

BILL (O.S.)
 (beat, boyish)
 So. What're you doing right now?

EXT. WHITE HOUSE GATE - DAY

SECRET SERVICE AGENT stands guard. Monica's at the gate wearing her BLACK BERET. She swipes her ID. Offers a smile.

He lets her in without hesitation.

INT. CUBICLE ROW - MOMENTS LATER

Empty office. Monica darts to her desk. Waits. The phone rings. Monica picks up.

BILL (O.S.)
 Bring me a constituent report. And
 keep it friendly.

INT. BETTY'S DESK - OVAL OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Betty at her desk. Monica enters with papers. Suddenly, Bill and a NAVAL COMMANDER exit the Oval Office.

Monica's hands shake, she forces a breezy smile.

MONICA
 Constituent reports. Grind never stops.

NAVAL COMMANDER
 (nods, congenial)
 Keep up the good work, young lady.

Bill and the Commander exit. Monica sighs, relieved.

BETTY
 Go on in, Ms. Lewinsky.

Monica disappears inside--Betty discreetly shuts the door--more like a soldier on guard than a secretary.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Monica's alone. She scans a framed photo of a YOUNG BILL shaking JFK's hand. Bill slips in.

BILL
 Nice hat.

Monica salutes Bill. He kisses her. Tickles her. Playful.

BILL (CONT'D)
God. You make me feel 25 years
younger.

She swipes a CIGAR from his desk. Licks the tip. Slides it
into Bill's mouth and lights it.

MONICA
(sly smile)
Monica Lewinsky, President Kiddo
reporting for duty.

INT. MONICA'S APARTMENT - LATER

Marcia folds laundry. Monica enters.

MARCIA
Honey, where were you? I made
chicken. You want me to re-heat?

But Monica isn't listening--she glides right by to her room.

MONICA
(dreamy bliss)
No thanks...I'm not hungry.

Marcia stares after her. The distance widening between them.

INT. WHITE HOUSE OFFICE - DAY

--CLOSE ON: MONICA'S LIPS as she applies RED LIPSTICK.

--Monica walks down the HALL, her skirt is shorter, her gait
is sexier. A few MALE AIDES cock their heads--who's that girl?

--ROSE GARDEN: Bill addresses the press in the spring sun.
Monica stares after Bill, doe-eyed and dreamy...

--HALL: Bill waves to Monica discreetly. She blushes. We
drift to FIND: **Jack Ditler just saw that exchange.**

INT. CHIEF OF STAFF OFFICE - DAY

Ditler enters Evelyn Lieberman's office. Shakes her hand, and
sits down.

END OF ACT FOUR.

ACT FIVE**INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY**

Another day. Monica, in a long button-up denim dress, turtleneck, opens the door.

MONICA

Knock, knock...Betty let me in--

Bill's at his desk, sullen, removed. He's been crying.

BILL

We lost a serviceman today. In Bosnia.

Monica goes to him. Wraps him in a hug.

BILL (CONT'D)

He stepped on a landmine--he was pronounced dead before they could even get him to a hospital.

MONICA

Hey, it's not your fault--

BILL

It is. It is my fault. I've been sick about it. It's really hard to know that someone died because of your executive order. And there's another sixty-thousand men who're praying they aren't next.

He puts his head in hands.

MONICA

Shh, shh. It's okay.

Monica pulls him in close. He strokes her hair, and stares deeply into her eyes, real love there.

BILL

It's very lonely here. People don't really understand that.

Vulnerable, Bill touches Monica's face--

BILL (CONT'D)

You have no idea what a gift it is to me to get to spend time with you.

He kisses her hungrily.

BILL (CONT'D)

I want you every minute of the day.

He slowly unbuttons each button on her dress. Peels off her turtleneck, bra, slides off her panties.

Until Monica is fully naked. No longer ashamed.

BILL (CONT'D)

You are absolutely beautiful.

Slowly, he kisses her breasts. Moves down her stomach, towards the white of her thigh. He doesn't take his eyes off her face.

We move up to Monica, on her face, cheeks flushed pink...as Bill brings Monica to a toe-curling orgasm.

LATER

Monica and Bill. Wrapped in each other's arms.

MONICA

Where did you learn to do that?

BILL

I got a few years of experience on you. Come on, I lost my virginity at a drive-in.

MONICA

A drive-in. I didn't know they had those in the stone-age.

BILL

You had a few guys on the roster?

MONICA

(pause)

Just one. An older guy. Like you.

Bill waits: he's listening.

MONICA (CONT'D)

My teacher. I was 19. He was married too. Treated me like total garbage.

BILL

Don't ever think I'd do that to you, okay? I'd never want you to feel--

MONICA
Not gonna happen. You make me feel
invincible.

Monica kisses Bill. Dresses. Bill notices Monica's Doc boots.

MONICA (CONT'D)
What?

BILL
Chelsea has those exact shoes.

MONICA
Girl's got taste.

Monica snuggles closer. For the first time, we see a pang of guilt in Bill's face.

INT. CHIEF OF STAFF OFFICE - DAYS LATER

Monica passes Evelyn's office, carrying reports. Evelyn pokes her head out.

EVELYN
Oh, Monica? May I see you a moment?

MONICA
I gotta get these Iowa numbers to
the Oval Office, like, right now.

Evelyn opens her door, ushering Monica in.

EVELYN
Ms. Lewinsky? Take a seat. We need
to have a chat. Like. Right now.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Monica on the couch, sobbing. Bill at his desk, a measured distance.

MONICA
...and then she told me I was being
transferred to the Pentagon.
Something about problems with
Legislative Affairs.

BILL
You didn't say anything about--

MONICA

God, no. But...I don't know...I think they were trying to get rid of me. I don't want to leave.

Monica starts to cry again. Bill puts an arm around her.

BILL

Monica. Listen to me. All this means is we'll just have to lay low, create some distance--

MONICA

(a little panicky)
Distance? What do you mean?

He brushes a tear away. Soothing her with every word...

BILL

Just until after the election. If I'm re-elected in November, I'll do everything in my power to have you back here in a heartbeat, I promise. Just wait for my call.

Spoken like a true politician.

END OF PILOT.