

November 21, 1971 (Revised)

TO

11/26/71

FINAL

THE CANDIDATE

Screenplay

by

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**FOR EDUCATIONAL
PURPOSES ONLY**

THE CANDIDATE

FADE IN:

- 1 INT. BALTIMORE HOTEL BALLROOM ("Regency Hyatt House") -
ELECTION NIGHT

GIRLS IN STRAW HATS -- their eyes shining -- chanting "WE WANT
NEIL! WE WANT NEIL!"

Behind them, above empty platform and bare podium, a huge
POSTER of CANDIDATE'S FACE, with the SLOGAN: "NEIL ATKINSON -
A FRESH HOPE."

- 2 INT. SUITE IN SAME HOTEL

PULL BACK from TV to discover actual FACE OF CANDIDATE, watching
impassively. On the arm of his chair, his WIFE, in neat suit
and hat. On the floor at his feet, several of his CHILDREN,
in suits, short pants, frock dresses, sit solemnly watching.

ALL AROUND THEM:

PEOPLE MOVING -- REPORTERS, STAFF, VISITORS in constant motion.
SOUND OF TV RETURNS mixed with constant talking, greeting, phones
ringing. People drinking, eating hors d'oeuvres as they chatter,
nodding and looking toward the center of the suite, where
Candidate sits with his back to them.

Door to corridor is open -- people going in and out. GRAVE
YOUNG MEN IN SUITS (Candidate's STAFF) now and then going up
to whisper in his ear -- but Candidate does not react.

HOWARD KLEIN -- the celebrated political commercial maker --
roving around the room -- now and then turning to murmur to
the two assistants who follow him. Klein stands talking
fiercely among 3 or 4 others in suits on phones in the back
of the room. As a friend passes, Klein taps him lightly on
the back; the man turns, Klein scowls and shrugs.

Suits gather again around Candidate. This time he gets to
his feet, and all at once reporters are racing for the door.

- 2A INT. CORRIDOR

Suits take Candidate down hall and into another room. Door
closes. One last staff man tries to enter but is firmly
closed out.

HUBBUB OF VOICES reaches a new intensity:

(CONTINUED)

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VOICES

--They want him to concede.
--Too early...
--hasn't got a chance...
--get on the eleven o'clock...

CEG

Door opens and Candidate strides out into corridor, Aides following. One of them plucks at his arm and gets him to stop, talks urgently very close to his face. Reporters push up behind them; in background, TV camera and light strut.

Suddenly Candidate lashes out and hits the Aide in the chest, sending him backwards into the pack.

CAMERA IN ANGLE of door FOLLOWS Candidate as he strides calmly into suite again, sits down once more in front of TV.

Klein, following, mutters: "...shoulda done that 6 weeks ago!"

Klein goes to TV, switches through several channels: CROWDS IN BALLROOMS, GIRLS CHALKING ON BLACKBOARDS, ANNOUNCERS' FACES.

Candidate gets up slowly; and this time everyone rushes for door.

From doorway: Candidate moving down hall in a throng, Aides leaning people out of the way.

Violence at the elevator as reporters jam in and are shoved out.

3 INT. BALLROOM

Young Girls in straw hats leaping up and down ecstatically.

Candidate is at podium on stage. He wears a manic smile, but his wife and children look forlorn.

CANDIDATE

They said when we got into this thing we didn't have a chance.

Girls and Boys CHEERING their faces radiant.

CANDIDATE

They said there was nothing we could do.

MORE CHEERS.

CANDIDATE

And now the count has gone against us, whatever that means. Well, I'm not sorry. I hope you're not sorry --

SHOUTS OF "NO! NO!" Grief-stricken faces, cheering through tears, etc.

(CONTINUED)

CANDIDATE
(voice over)

I think we've proved our point.
We may have lost our personal
campaign--that's not important.

CAMERA DISCOVERS LY
looking bored among
cluster of well-dressed
older men who whisper
among themselves.

VOICES

--You hear about
Philadelphia?
--What time is it?
--My golf clubs in
your car!

A man is whispering to LUCAS--he nods, steps back.
KLEIN moves up beside LUCAS. They stand side by side, arms folded.
Candidate still talking, but we can't hear his voice.

KLEIN

Big Luke!

LUCAS

(still looking ahead)
Have a good night?

KLEIN

Two out of three. Not bad for an off-year
election.

Lucas raises eyebrows.
Aide whispers to Klein. General buzzing.

KLEIN

(to Lucas)
Glad this is one campaign you weren't running?

LUCAS

It was in the cards. Helluva guy, though.

His aide is pulling Klein away.

KLEIN

...nice guys..

LUCAS

(turning away; we see he
is carrying briefcase and coat)
He never had a chance.

CANDIDATE

(voice in again)
What really matters is
that the crusade
started by the people
in this room--and by
so many more, young
and old, rich and poor
black and white, all
over the state of Penn-
sylvania--ladies and gentlemen,
that campaign is
a winner! It is going
to go on.

KLEIN
Wait a minute!
(he brushes off his
aids and follows
after Lucas)

CANDIDATE (cont.)
(keeps talking over
CHEERS--with manic
cheerfulness)
We will keep going
till we lick the
conditions that brought
us into this.

CHEERS AND SHOUTS.

4. EXT. HOTEL LOBBY

Klein catches up with Lucas.

KLEIN

What's your hurry? I'll walk you out.

CANDIDATE'S VOICE

(amplified over speakers)

I promise you that. We'll be back, one way or another.

Klein and Lucas cross lobby.

KLEIN

We were supposed to have a drink with Forbes.

LUCAS

He wants to talk about California. Tell Forbes I won't have anything to say for at least a week.

5 EXT. FRONT OF HOTEL (RAIN) --DOORMAN WITH BIG UMBRELLA

CANDIDATE'S VOICE

(amplified)

We'll be back and next time, by golly--

Lucas and Klein emerge from revolving door.

CANDIDATE'S VOICE

We're going to win!

KLEIN

What...you got someone in California?

LUCAS

I doubt it.

DOORMAN blows whistle for cab as Lucas stands under umbrella.

KLEIN

Democrats out there might as well nominate Jarmon, they're all so afraid of him.

LUCAS

(looking up the street)

You never know.

Lucas pulls out CRUMPLED CLIPPINGS--hands one to Klein, who smooths it out on his knee. Lucas grabs Klein's arm and pulls hand with clipping under the umbrella. Klein himself, however, still stands in the rain.

5A CLOSEUP--NEWSWEEK CLIPPING

Title, "Then and Now". First picture: YOUNG BLOND BOY on FATHER'S shoulders, holding up V-for-Victory sign. Second picture: YOUNG MAN sitting at desk, surrounded by women and children with signs proclaiming "Save our Parks."

(CONTINUED)

KLEIN

The son?

LUCAS

I knew him at Stanford.

KLEIN

McKay's son. I saw this stuff. The legal aid bit.

Cab pulls up.

KLEIN

It doesn't prove he's got kishkes.

Lucas gets into cab.

KLEIN

Nobody's gonna beat Jarmon!

LUCAS

Tell me something else I don't know.

Cab roars off into the night.

6 CLOSEUP - CREDIT CARD (INT. AIRPORT COUNTER)

getting zapped.

6A INT. PLANE IN FLIGHT

STEWARDESS on plane speaking to Lucas. He extinguishes cigar without taking his eyes off her face.

6B EXT. PLANE LANDING IN SAN DIEGO. BEGIN TITLES.

6C INT. HERTZ COUNTER. CREDIT CARD getting zapped again for car rental.

7 EXT. PARKING LOT - SAN DIEGO AIRPORT - EARLY MORNING

Lucas looking a little groggy, struggling unsuccessfully to open car trunk. Realizes in a minute that he belongs to identical car in next stall.

Camera holds as he goes in and comes out again. MORE TITLES.

8 EXT. ROAD

Lucas riding freeway in shiny rented car. MORE TITLES. People staring as he rides through rundown farm town, finally pulls up in front of shabby storefront. SIGN: LEGAL ASSISTANCE.

3A INT. GARAGE

LONG SHOT: LUCAS has pulled in drive and sits watching car as -

(CONTINUED)

BILL McKay and 3 of his staff men stand with MECHANIC in front of hydraulic lift. McKay and JAIME are arguing (McKay talking both English and Spanish); WILSON and DAVID are watching,

(CONTINUED)

WILSON waiting off to the side with his briefcase.

McKAY naturally takes the role of leader; we sense he can be tough and even arrogant in a good cause. The others defer to him. He wears a nondescript suit, shirt open at the neck, loafers and a Navaho bracelet. He's 33-35 years old.

PETE WILSON is a chubby young lawyer of about 25, smart and ambitious.

JAI ME is an office assistant, a radical, 19 years old, who goes to a community college at night.

DAVID is another assistant, an "Anglo", very polite.

The mechanic, also a Chicano, leans sullen and stolid against their old, wood-sided station wagon. On the side of the wagon is painted: COMMUNITY LEGAL SERVICES - CALL 333-1776

AS LUCAS APPROACHES--

McKAY

What are these "occupation charges" he keeps talking about?

JAI ME

He means storage charges.

McKAY begins to laugh.

LUCAS comes up smiling as though he were sharing in the joke.

McKAY

It's not enough just to sock us three times what it's worth, he wants us to pay him for not giving the damn car back!

(as McKay talks, he turns around, looks right at Lucas, doesn't recognize him, and turns back)

LUCAS

Bill McKay.

McKAY

Lucas. What brings you-- Never mind, I got my hands full.

(turns back to others, then-- over his shoulder)

Newsweek, right?

LUCAS nods, with a little smile.

LUCAS

I'll wait.

JAI ME is arguing in Spanish again--appealing for solidarity.

WILSON
(to McKAY)

This had to happen the day I get thrown out
of county court.

McKAY
(to JAIME)

Ask him if he's ever heard of a license
renewal hearing.

DAVID
Hey, can we do that?

McKAY
(to WILSON)

What did you say about county court?

WILSON
He wouldn't hear it, Bill. He never let us
get started. Said it's all a federal
matter now.

McKAY
Pete, this school thing is too important.
You've got to get back there with a petition.

WILSON
Christ, Bill, we had three months' worth
of briefs!

DAVID politely approaches LUCAS.

McKAY
I don't care if it takes
five years!

DAVID
Anything I can help you with?

LUCAS
No, I'll wait for McKay.

DAVID
(to LUCAS again)
What was it about?

LUCAS
Senator.

McKAY, hearing this, bursts out laughing, startling his friends. X

8B McKAY CROSSING STREET TO PHONE BOOTH, LUCAS FOLLOWING.

LUCAS
You have thought about it?

McKAY
You know what I see?

(CONTINUED)

LUCAS
A stampede of 18-year-old
breasts?

McKAY
(going to booth)
I see a bunch of party hacks
reacting to some magazine
stories.

LUCAS
Of course I talked to some people--
McKAY makes a face as he slides door closed.

CONTINUED)

McKAY sits with his feet up on an old wooden desk covered with papers. Lucas leans against the side of the desk, arms folded, facing half away from him. Wilson sits in a chair, listening.

Lots of action in the background: young staff people (JANICE, DAVID, JAIME) running mimeo machine, handling phone calls, grabbing papers from old metal file cabinet. BARBARA, a lawyer about Wilson's age, sits interviewing a farmer and his wife.

Furniture is makeshift; walls covered with an impasto of posters, clippings, photos, leaflets.

File of McDonald's-type take out food wrapped in white grease paper on McKay's desk. McKay possibly eating.

LUCAS

What do you think of Jarmon?

McKAY

I try not to think about him.

LUCAS

Don't you think someone should take him on?

McKAY

Someone who can beat him.

LUCAS

He's second man on the Judiciary Committee.
Every time you go up against a federal judge,
he's probably a buddy of Jarmon's

JAIME comes over to grab a hamburger.

McKAY

Yeah? Then get some big-time Democrat
and beat him.

LUCAS

There is no big-time Democrat who wants
to run against him. That's why you'd
be the only Name in the primary. You
could go right up against Jarmon, one on
one.

(CONTINUED)

JANICE in and out picking up papers.

McKAY
Why me?

LUCAS
I thought you might have something to say.

McKAY
I do--here--not in any show window.

JAIME snickers. WILSON shushes him.

LUCAS
It doesn't have to work that way.

McKAY
(glancing at WILSON)
Hey, don't tell me how it works. I
watched my Dad for 20 years.

LUCAS
That was no good, huh?

McKAY
It was good for him. He loved it.
He got to be Governor John J. McKay.
What good it did for anyone else I
never knew.

LUCAS
(aware of the others)
But I'm not talking about him. I'm
talking about a man who can call his
own shots.

A beat passes. McKay doesn't want to answer that.

JAIME
(taking the opportunity)
I want to tell you something, man.

LUCAS
Okay.

JAIME
What you call politics...politics is bullshit.

LUCAS
I was wondering what it was.

An awkward silence.
Barbara comes over. McKay gets to his feet.

BARBARA
Hey, what's going--on.
(she sees their expressions
and cuts herself off)

McKAY
I have to stop by the house for an hour.
(to JANICE)
Did Nancy drop the car off?

JANICE
Nope.

LUCAS
I can drop you off.
McKay nods but doesn't move for the door. Lucas senses he
wants a word with his friends.

LUCAS
I'll wait outside.

LUCAS goes out.

McKay--gathering up his papers and stuffing them in
briefcase--looks to WILSON

McKAY
Well?

WILSON
If you could really do it your own way...

McKAY
I know.

WILSON
He's got a point.

McKAY
That's what bothers me.

JAIME is shaking his head.

OMIT 10 & 11

12 INT. McKAY house. DAY

A cheerful, young married-modern living room. Books, records,
flowers, hi-fi, littered coffee-tables, etc. Lots of photos
mounted on walls, including big ones of McKay.

Cameras and leather cases lie on round wooden dining table,
where NANCY sits assembling a lens apparatus.

From NANCY'S POV: McKAY and LUCAS enter, Lucas talking.

NANCY rises to meet them. She is a tall, beautiful blonde, who handles herself with poise and humor and a sense of her own attractions. By nature she is a winner, whose only problem in life is that she doesn't understand what's eating her husband.

LUCAS

(entering)

I know you're put off by the publicity,
but that's just what's given you a chance--

(CONTINUED)

McKAY

Nancy, this is Marvin Lucas.
My wife Nancy.

NANCY

Hi.

McKAY

(moving toward bar)

Want a beer?

LUCAS

(to NANCY)

Don't let us interrupt you.

NANCY

Not at all.

Nancy goes back to work--holding up lenses to light, reassembling camera. But she is listening.

LUCAS

Thanks.

(sitting down)

...Whether you know it or not, you're
ready to take on the big guys.

Lucas watches as McKay grabs two cans of beer, plus a box of crackers and a can of nuts, which he throws on the coffee table.

LUCAS

(as McKay hands him a beer)

We were talking about the big guys.

McKAY

I just beat the state of California two out
of two.

LUCAS

You don't understand what I mean by "big."
You got some clinics opened, you saved some
trees, so now you get your name in the papers
here and there, whether you like it or not.
That's about it, right? You save a couple of
trees. Meanwhile a guy like Jarmon sits on his
committees and carves up a. the land, b. the oil,
c. the taxes, and d. everything else that's worth
the trouble to carve. So you could go on for
a hundred years filing your law suits out in the
sticks---

McKay has sprawled on the couch. He rips the tab, takes a
long pull on his beer, wipes his mouth on his sleeve and
and stares off into space as Lucas goes on.

McKAY

(interrupting)

Marvin.

Nancy snaps McKay.

LUCAS

Yeah?

McKAY

What's in it for you?

LUCAS

Oh, an air card, a phone card and a thousand bucks a week.

McKAY

And that's all?

(CONTINUED)

Lucas shrugs, with his little smile. Nancy raises her camera again and snaps Lucas--to McKay's amusement. He turns to her.

McKAY

Marvin wants me to go into politics.

NANCY

Really?

She lowers camera at once.

For what office?

LUCAS

Senator?

NANCY does a mock gasp, gets up immediately and moves toward them, grabbing glass bowls from sideboard. X

NANCY

(with a little laugh) X

Well, why not? I wouldn't mind living in Washington.

She dumps crackers and nuts into bowls.

(to McKay, teasing)

But that means you'd have to register.

She sits down with them.

LUCAS

(to Nancy)

I hope he keeps that a secret.

(to McKay)

The point is you can go with the things you believe in.

McKAY

And get my ass served up on a platter.

NANCY is listening intently.

LUCAS

That's up to you. There's voters out there waiting for a guy who tells it without gimmicks. How many I don't know, because no one's ever shown me. But you don't have to win to start reaching people.

(as he talks he begins to scribble in MATCHBOOK)

For openers, you've got credibility. And you've got the name--

McKAY

What do you mean the name?
You're not going to bring my father into
this.

LUCAS

Okay. We won't

NANCY

He's got the looks.

LUCAS

Right.

NANCY

And he's got the power.

McKAY

(half-laughing)

What does that mean?

NANCY

(giggles uncomfortably)

I don't know. But it's true. And if
you'll excuse me, gentlemen, I've got to
move some film from my bathtub before it
rots.

Nancy goes out, Lucas watching her leave with appreciation.
He waits, still smiling, for McKay to speak.

McKAY

You're saying I can say what I want,
do what I want, go where I please...

LUCAS

That's right. Here's your guarantee.

(hands him MATCHBOOK.)

He has written: "YOU LOSE"

McKAY

I lose.

LUCAS

That's it. You're free, McKay. It's between
you and the public.

A beat. McKay holds matchbook.

LUCAS

The question is whether you can put your ass
on the line.

(CONTINUED)

McKAY

The question is whether it's worth it.

Lucas gets to his feet.

LUCAS

Well--thanks for the beer.

McKAY

I'll walk you out.

Nancy comes in with a tray--beer in glasses, cheese, bread.

NANCY

Oh, are you leaving?

LUCAS

Are you sorry?

NANCY

I'll wait and see.

13 EXT. McKAY HOUSE. DAY. A big old frame house, which they have renovated, sitting high on a hill.

From below, near Lucas' car, we see McKay and Lucas emerge and cross porch, come down steps and toward CAMERA.

LUCAS gets into car.

There is a feeling that one of them is about to speak, but neither does.

LUCAS drives off.

15. EXT. BARBECUE. SOMEWHERE IN ORANGE COUNTY. DAY

CLOSEUP OF SENATOR CROCKER JARMON in the middle of a speech, every inch the genial and distinguished orator.

JARMON

...but I remember this. I remeber my Mom and Dad and sisters and brothers went through the 1930's without welfare, without poverty programs-- in fact, none of us kids had a social worker! How did we do it? Ladies, excuse me, but we worked our behinds off!

LAUGHTER AND APPLAUSE. PAN over CROWD. Beef turning on spits. BAND and Bandstand. Around edges, STATE COPS standing with folded arms, SECURITY MEN standing on tops of cars.

(CONTINUED)

JARMON

Now we have a problem in this country--no use denying it--every year we find more and more people on the welfare rolls. Some of these are really sick, really helpless--and ladies and gentlemen, they deserve, and as long as I'm around, they are going to get--all the help we can give them.

CAMERA PICKS OUT McKAY. He is watching people applauding: families, young people with clean cut hair--the light of belief shining in their eyes. In the background we see his car parked.

JARMON

But I've got to tell it like it is--there are people flooding into this state of California for the sole and simple reason that they do not want to work.

APPLAUSE. Jarmon's WIFE sitting behind him, dressed like a lamp.

JARMON

Now we have to separate these people from public support. For their own sake! If they don't want to work, that's their choice, that's their privilege. It's a free country. I'm sorry, but I respectfully disagree with my colleagues who would force these people onto the government payroll.

The Lord knows that payroll is large enough!

BIG APPLAUSE. McKAY moving on.

Do you think I'm mean?

SHOUTS OF "NO! NO!"

If I'm mean, I've spent 18 years in the Senate being a meanie.

But I'll tell you, good people, until such time as the people of California in their wisdom decide to poll their money and share it out--until then I'm going to go right on working with industry and working with government to make sure that work is available to every able-bodied citizen. And to make sure--

(he quells applause)

that the hard workers and citizens and home owners get the full benefit of every dollar they've worked for!

17 JARMON MAKING HIS WAY THROUGH CROWD - SHAKING HANDS

FURTHER BACK: McKAY pushing his way through at another angle.

17A ANOTHER ANGLE - JARMON MOVING ON - SHAKING HANDS

JARMON

So long...thanks for coming...You did,
huh, you devil! I wish I could, but you
know -- the old ball and chain!

(nods toward wife, who

is smiling along behind him)

Great to see you!

McKAY comes INTO FRAME. MAN WITH VEST grabs Jarmon.

VEST

Good to see you again, Senator!

AIDE

(whispers in Jarmon's ear)

Harry Rich.

JARMON

Good to see you, Harry! How's business!

WOMAN

Senator Jarmon, remember my little Toddy --
(holding up her son)

JARMON

Hello, Toddy.

(picks up boy)

He's an ugly little cuss! What's that?

TODDY

My Daddy says he wants you to be Vice
President.

JARMON

(hands him back)

Get this child to a violin!

McKAY

(forcing his way in)

Hello, remember me?

JARMON

Sure do, son! How's the old throwing arm?

TWO UGLY OLD LADIES pluck at Jarmon.

(CONTINUED)

JARMON

Not in public, ladies. I'm a married man!

They love it.

McKAY

No. It's Bill McKay.

JARMON

Well, of course! How are you, son! Last time I saw you, you were a little monkey sitting in someone's lap. How's old John J.?

McKAY

I don't know.

JARMON

(puts McKay on the back and turns away)

Well, just tell him the old Crock says hello!
(reaching for more hands)

Put her there! Not too hard!

McKAY

(suddenly)

I'm gonna run against you!

17B TIGHT TWO SHOT

JARMON

(stopped for an instant, recovers)

Like father, like son, eh?
(moves on)

McKAY

(shouting over 6-10 people in between)

No! Not at all!

18 EXT McKAY'S OFFICE. DAY (SECOND UNIT)

TELEVISION STATION WAGONS FROM SAN DIEGO PARKED OUTSIDE.

Windows of office glow from TV lights inside. On the porch looking in: 15-20 Chicano women and children.

18A INT. OFFICE

McKAY sitting on top of his desk in short-sleeved shirt and khaki pants. He is brightly lit for TV.

(CONTINUED)

McKAY

(head down, reading statement)

Today at 4:30 P.M. I filed the papers to enter my name in the Democratic primary as a candidate for the U. S. Senate.

(lifts head)

Any questions?

A second of shocked silence.

VOICE

Why are you doing this?

McKAY

I'm doing this because...I don't think the incumbent is really in touch with how most people live and what they need. That's what I tried to do as a lawyer, and that's what I hope I can go on doing as a candidate.

VOICE

How do you feel about welfare?

McKAY

We subsidize trains and we subsidize planes, why not subsidize people?

VOICE #2

What about bussing?

McKAY

I'm for it.

VOICE #3

What would you do about property taxes?

McKAY

I don't know.

18B QUICK CUT - REPORTER (VOICE #3)

standing next to Lucas guffaws.

PULL BACK: We see 2 TV cameras and REPORTERS just behind them.

VOICE #3 (SAME REPORTER)

Mr. McKay, what makes you think you have a chance?

VIEW of McKAY SWITCHES TO TV MONITOR.

McKAY

That's not the point.

(CONTINUED)

VOICE #1
What's the point?

VOICE #2
Can you win the
primary?

VOICE #3
What's your platform?

McKAY
What do you mean "platform"?

QUIET VOICE (TV PRODUCER)
Bill, would you mind moving over there
with your office staff?

TV CAMERA IN - BLURRY PAN to the staff standing crowded in the
other half of the room - NANCY among them.

McKAY
No. Sorry. Any more questions?

CAMERA SNAPS BACK as McKAY rises and walks forward, TOWARD
CAMERA, breaking the frame.

VOICE #4
Why won't you stand with your staff?

McKAY
They're not responsible for me.

Staff APPLAUDS raucously.

19A MONITOR is SNAPPED OFF - PULL BACK - Klein's face.

KLEIN
I dig it. It's raw, but I eat it up.

PULL BACK to REVEAL:

INT. KLEIN'S OFFICE - DAY

KLEIN snaps off McKay on Monitor.

Lucas standing, McKay sitting in corner, wearing suit. Movieolas
and video equipment around the room. Photographs of politicians
with Klein; election posters. OUTSIDE: view of New York buildings

KLEIN
There's a lot of work to
do, my man but I get the
feeling you know where
you're going.

PHONE BUZZES;
Klein snaps buttons,
picks it up.

McKAY
(with a shrug)
I don't.

(CONTINUED)

KLEIN

(into phone)

...Honey, I told you a party of five.
One more and we have to use another car,
so we blow the whole conversation.

(hangs up)

LUCAS

Bill is concerned about
what kind of control we'll
have over which commercials
go on the tube, etcetera...

Good-looking secretary
(LISA) comes in with papers,
puts them in front of Klein
and stands there taking it
all in.

KLEIN

(to MCKAY)

Now Luke knows this--he's worked with me
before. He knows I checked you out. The
bottom line is I like what you stand for.
You got balls, or I'd never take you on.

(signs papers)

I come out with my crew and take you doing
your thing. And that's it.

(to LISA)

Thanks, honey.

KLEIN (CONT)

(to MCKAY)

You just get it on with
the people, and let me
worry about the cameras.
I come back in a week,
show you my stuff, and you
can see for yourself if I
sold you out.

LISA leaves.

KLEIN opens one drawer, then
another, as he continues.

KLEIN comes up with a paper
bag and a silver hammer--up-
ends bag and dumps lollypops
all over his desk.

KLEIN throws bag away.

MCKAY

Then I have the final say.

KLEIN

If you don't like what you see
pull it. It's your money, my
friend.

KLEIN

Is that fair?

Klein cracks the lollypops with the hammer.

MCKAY

(leaning back and watching)

We'll see, I guess.

KLEIN

But let me tell you one thing.

Klein pops lollypop slivers into his mouth.

(CONTINUED)

McKAY

Tell me one thing.

KLEIN

You just might make it, my man. Because the people are gonna look at our stuff and see a guy who has guts. And they're gonna look at the Crock and think maybe he can't get it up anymore.

McKAY

That's what it's all about, huh?

Klein stops with hand to mough, glances at McKAY.

KLEIN

Forget I even said it. Just look at this.

Klein flips on tape machine.

On the MONITOR, we see THE
U. S. SENATE SEAL.

PHONE BUZZES.

PAN down to: JARMON, leaning against a big smooth desk, holding his glasses in his hand--flanked by flags in flag-stands.

KLEIN

(into phone)

Klein. Keep talking.

JARMON

My friends, the issue is whether we hold onto the most successful philosophy in the history of mankind--or whether we trade it in for a collectivist state.

KLEIN

Stop right there!

Klein throws switch and freezes frame.

KLEIN

(into phone)

You're on your own, baby.

(hangs up)

You see what I mean, Luke? He works from a staged pose. But how many politicians you ever see who can look straight into the cmaera and not come off shifty-eyed?

Starts machine.

JARMON

...It's the work of free individuals, the foresight and daring of free enterprise, that has made this nation great...

KLEIN

Corny, right? But it's just what he wants. The man's a master. Watch.

(CONTINUED)

TV Camera tightens on JARMON.

PHONE BUZZES.

JARMON

But we will not continue in greatness unless we resolve to protect our way of life...

VOICE OVER

Crocker Jarmon--he's been good for California...

JARMON

(voice in)

Think about it, my friends...

QUIET TV VOICE

The preceding was a political message paid for by the Committee to re-elect Crocker Jarmon.

Klein snaps on movie projector.

On MOVIE SCREEN:

MONTAGE of younger Jarmon talking to people at picnic-- in front of drug store-- running along pushing his grandson on a bike.

VOICE OVER

Crocker Jarmon--people can talk to him.

Klein freezes frame.

KLEIN

(to McKAY)

You see, the guy has sincerity. There's nothing new in the world. Except for you.

LUCAS

(to McKAY)

The idea is to get you in completely natural situations.

KLEIN

(to girl)

Would you hold the calls for five minutes, honey.

KLEIN

The guy gets away wit; a hard-sell!

(into phone)

Sorry, Bob. I'm being much too frank because I love you, but that's it.

(snaps buttons)

Come in here, honey.

(to McKAY)

We're gonna label him geritol, you'll do the I'm-my-own-man-bit.

But look at this!

GIRL comes in.

KLEIN

This was twelve years ago. Doing the man-of-the people number. The man can go any way he wants.

MCKAY lets himself in back door. From record player: SOUND OF MOZART EARLY PIANO SONATA, played by Glenn Gould.

DARK KITCHEN: MCKAY opens refrigerator and is revealed in its light. He leans against door and stands staring in, motionless.

NANCY'S VOICE

Bill?

McKay very slowly closes door, leans against it.

DOLLY: CAMERA MOVES down hall and into bedroom for back view of Nancy in her underwear at dressing table, brushing out her hair. Her cigarette sits burning in ashtray. McKay walks INTO SHOT. Over his shoulder, we see Nancy's face in mirror as she goes on brushing.

McKay stands watching for a beat. Neither speak. Her eyes flick toward him in the mirror, as if to catch him unawares.

NANCY

Hi, honey. Want to hand me that earring?

He does. Behind him, on the bed, a long dress is laid out.

NANCY

You'd better get dressed, Bill, if we're going to make that banquet.

MCKAY

How 'bout a walk on the beach?

She laughs, turns around.

NANCY

What?

MCKAY

We could talk or something.

NANCY

Oh, they cut your hair!

She gets up, her heels clicking against the wood floor.

MCKAY

C'mon.

NANCY

Let me see!

(CONTINUED)

She turns him around, brushing his hair back with her hand.
The MUSIC STOPS, SOUND of record arm rejecting and clicking off.

NANCY

Oh, I like it. I like it, Bill.

She presses against him--looking in his eyes-- continuing to brush back his hair.

McKAY

(low and flat, returning her gaze)

I don't.

She is too much--he has his arms around her. But she doesn't stop, she is kissing the base of his neck. He pulls her down on the dress, on the bed.

NANCY

(murmuring)

We have to go.

They are tearing away at one another.

21 INT. LOBBY OF SAN DIEGO HOTEL - SAME NIGHT

People passing through to ballroom. Lucas hurries forward as he sees McKay and Nancy come through outer doors. (McKay wears rented tux, Nancy in dress from previous scene looks handsome and composed.)

LUCAS

Hello, hello, how are you?

McKAY

(half joking)

Can I go home now?

LUCAS

Your husband is one of the great wits.

(to McKay)

I wrote up a few pages, just as a suggestion.

(shows him typed sheets)

Maybe we ought to go down to the coffee shop and look 'em over.

McKay, grinning, pulls index card out of his pocket.

McKAY

Got it all right here.

LUCAS

(raising eyebrows)

Oh? Then it's on to the ballroom.

(CONTINUED)

McKAY

Want to look at it?

LUCAS

Only from a distance!

22 INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - DEMOCRATIC FUND-RAISING DINNER

People eating at numbered tables. UP ON STAGE: McKay comes in late, takes his place with about 30 others eating on dias, including JESSE UNRUH, SAM YORTY, JOHN TUNNY.

-Nancy in audience at table with Lucas.

The M.C., a well-known stand-up comedian, is at the podium. (The Comedian will play himself and supply some of his own material.)

Ladies and gentlemen, you know while the last candidate was speaking, you all saw that gentleman leaning over and whispering in my ear? That man was the Sanitation Director of San Dimas. Let's hear it for h

SCATTERED LAUGHTER and APPLAUSE - TIGHT ON distinguished man in dinner jacket, laughing, eating it up.

M.C.

And to think of it, ladies and gentlemen, after an ovation like that, this man was complaining about the food! What a nerve! I told him last week the Republicans paid 100 dollars a plate for the very same food!

APPLAUSE.

M.C.

...Of course, it was fresh then...

LAUGH.

M.C.

Let's see, now, we have one more candidate for Senator, the only guy his age in the whole state of California who has already had experience in higher office. He used to get his diapers changed there.

(as the audience laughs)

No...no...I don't mean that. He's a fresh new talent. Really he is. They discovered him on a stool at Schwab's.

Seriously, folks, you better watch out, he fires from the hip! And he's hip when he fires--Bill McKay!

22A CLOSEUPS - McKAY'S FACE TIGHTENS

CLOSEUP: NANCY. She is excited.

22B LONGER SHOT

McKay moves to podium, fumbling in his pocket but not coming up with his card.

McKAY

(speaks rapidly in a low voice)

It is funny, isn't it? I mean, to find myself running for Senator. I think it's funny too. But you know, when you think about it, the whole idea of two guys making decisions for twenty million--that's pretty funny...

Some people TITTER, but McKay goes right on.

McKAY

Still, you can't laugh too much -- at least I can't -- when you think what's at stake. The fact is that in the next few elections we'll be deciding what it's going to be like to live in this country -- or whether we'll survive at all.

(he takes a breath)

Now what I don't know is whether you can raise these questions in a political campaign. I don't know if the people are ready to listen. I've been told they won't listen. It could be I'll be out there talking to myself. Maybe I'm talking to myself right at this very moment. People are so polite, you know. They let you babble on and they clap their hands and you don't find out till later that they never heard a word of it. Well...it looks like I'm going to find out this time if I'm getting through or not. I hope you're with me, or at least willing to give me the benefit of the doubt. If you are, we'll find out together.

Abruptly, he stops -- and sits down.

The audience hesitates - giggles are HEARD. Then they APPLAUD, most of them. As if to say, he is peculiar - but charming.

Lucas in the audience sits smiling and shaking his head.

22C INT. LOBBY SPACE - NEAR ENTRANCE TO BALLROOM

Affluent, middle-class langueters passing out. Some reclaiming fur wraps at coat check seats to side. Others passing through receiving line of the... ..

McKay and Nancy are the stars of the line, the only really beautiful couple. McKay is uncomfortable and a little slow, but impressive in his way of really looking at people. Nancy loves it, she is radiant, well aware that people are marvelling at her.

CLOSEUP ON ONE GIRL IN THE LINE

She is nerving herself up for her encounter with McKay. She seems to gather herself as she approaches him.

She takes McKay's hand and gives him a look of terrific intensity. McKay is startled. But she passes on, and he greets the next person.

NANCY

So nice to meet you. It's good of you to come.

The line is thinning. More people at coat counter now. WELCH, a stocky man with big sideburns, grabs McKay's elbow as he shakes hands and holds on.

WELCH

Hey, Bill! Brad Welch. Riverview Elementary. Remember the time we stole all the shoes and socks and threw 'em in the septic tank? I never woulda thought my old buddy would be goin' for the U. S. Senate!

McKAY

As I remember it, you laid my head open with a rock.

WELCH

Oh boy, those were the days!

McKAY

Yeah. But I don't remember us being friends.

Welch's expression drops into a dubious frown. Just then Nancy turns and bestows upon Welch a gorgeous smile.

NANCY

So nice of you to come.

WELCH

(shaking hands)

Hey! Great to be here.

22D INT. CAMPAIGN CAR. NEAR MONTEREY BEACH - DAY

McKay, Lucas, Jenkin and Corliss approaching the beach. Through the rear window, we can see the station wagon with KLEIN and his CAMERA CREW.

(CONTINUED)

RECEIVED

22D CONTINUED:

DEC 6 1971

JENKIN
We got a stand down over there.

CEG

CORLISS
(peering through his glasses)
I think there's a crowd...

McKAY
I don't want to drive up in this tank.
Just stop it here, okay?

22DD EXT. NEAR BEACH

McKay gets out a couple of blocks before beach - but close enough so that a SMALL CROWD can be seen waiting there. He moves toward them.

22DDD INT. CAMPAIGN CAR

LUCAS
He's right.

CORLISS
Sure he's right!

JENKIN
I don't know what good this does.

LUCAS
It's good for him.

22E BEACH - PIER AREA

Lucas et al get out of car - see McKay walk into small crowd milling around umbrella and small speaker's stand. All kinds of young people - surfer-types rather than hippies - some pretty strange and strung-out. David and other campaign workers are giving out popsicles, buttons, and 1-page mimeo'd leaflets.

DAVID
(through portable electric megaphone)
Here he is. Here's Bill McKay.

McKay won't take megaphone or step up on speaker's box. He just starts talking.

McKAY
I'm here because I'm running for Senator, like it says in the leaflet.

223 CONTINUED:

29.

Some kids stop, some go on walking or talking. Constant BOOS.
SOUNDS of people laughing and yelling further down beach.
PLANES overhead.

McKAY

I wanted to come here because I used
to hang out around here a few years ago.

Some laughter -- McKay grins.

McKAY

In those days you could swim here.
(gestures toward factories)
It was before they turned the harbor into
a chemistry set.

In those days there used to be another beach --
right over there --
(gestures toward other side of pier)
Now it's a parking lot.

Anyhow, coming out here--that used to be something
special. It wasn't so special today.

Crowd suggests he got pan handled.

McKAY

Right. You might say that. I look around
this beach, and you know what I see?

Crowd calls itself "freaks", and cheers.

McKAY

I see lost people.

BOOS. But the crowd is growing--people are stopping to
listen and becoming involved. Some attack his middle-class
values. McKay questions this. Crowd insists his values are
horseshit and they cheer.

(CONTINUED)

22E CONTINUED:

30.

McKAY

Maybe it's that. Maybe it's just sad.
I mean when middle-class 12-year-olds
come up and ask for a hand-out, that's
pathetic! It shows you something has
gone wrong with the whole set-up.

Crowd heckles and laughs.

22DDDD HIGH ANGLE POV - from "Jolly Rogue" restaurant balcony on the
pier. We see Klein's hand-held camera team film McKay from
the back of the crowd.

22F REVERSE ANGLE. ON BALCONY.

KLEIN

He's wasting our time.

LUCAS

It's his time. He'll get there.

22G CLOSEUP: McKay.

McKAY

That's what this drug thing is all about.
We let people get lost.

KIDS MURMURING.

...We won't solve it by calling in the cops.

Crowd responds.

McKAY

There's only one way to solve it. And that's
to make ourselves a society where everyone has
some useful work.

SOME CHEERS, SOME BOOING.

McKAY

I guess I am middle class, in a way.

Crowd responds.

(CONTINUED)

220 CONTINUED:

31.

McKAY

Right on, yeah. I didn't find that out today. I found that out working with people who are trying to make sure their kids have something to eat tomorrow morning.

And I found out something else. There's a hell of a lot of work to do in this country.

For instance, if we had a real Job Corps, you could start right here and rebuild the whole damn place.

You could get some of those gas and oil taxes and clean up the harbor--get some real law enforcement on that sewage dump across the bay--and rip out that damn pavement!

Meanwhile we could take the freeway money and work out a way to get around that wouldn't trash the air and take up the space we need to live in.

And instead of building atomic reactors we could clean up every river in this state; instead of drilling for oil, we could have an ocean that wouldn't stick to your body or poison the fish!

For the first time - some REAL CHEERS. McKay talks right through his cheers, too.

McKAY

And we could take the billions of dollars that're spent on guns and tanks...

(more CHEERS)

...and use them to build schools

(BOOS)

...and pay decent salaries to get better teachers

(BOOS)

...and fire the Board of Regents

(CHEERS)

...so that everyone can get the kind of education he needs to stand up and do something...

So he won't be lost, and he won't think it's bitchin' to be a panhandler.

(McKAY grins)

And so middle-aged middle-class guys like me can walk the streets safely again. Right?

Kids respond.

(CONTINUED)

McKAY

Right on. I guess that's it. Thanks for listening.

McKay turns and walks to the car.

23 CLOSEUP - MCKAY'S FACE - AS IF ON TV

VOICE (ARTHUR FLEISCHER)

Don't you think your lack of experience will damage your credibility as a candidate?

McKAY

Well, up to now my work has been entirely involved with serving the public. So I don't think it hurts that I haven't been a politician. As for credibility, as I understand it, that depends on whether you mean what you say.

VOICE (WALLY HENDERSON)

You say you wouldn't draw the line in Vietnam. Well then, just where do you propose to stand up against the Communists?

McKAY

(he grins...shakes his head
...pauses much too long)

I uh...really that depends on the circumstances. There's no set answer for that one.

LUCAS

Hold on now! That's honest all right but it leaves us nowhere.

PULL BACK to REVEAL

INT DEN IN HOME OF BIG BACKER

A heavy-faced man who sits in a big chair with a brooding expression. McKay sits on bar stool facing group of AIDES assembled by Lucas. Including: WALLY HENDERSON (fat man who is to be Press Secretary), 27-year-old PAUL CORLISS (short, bespectacled, buck-toothed bright little wise-ass who will become the speechwriter), RICH JENKIN (lean, dogged law student who will serve as head of advance), DAVID, from McKay's legal assistance office (who will often appear carrying McKay's briefcase), and ARTHUR FLEISCHER, professor in his 40's on leave of absence from UCLA. Behind the bar -- a Negro in white jacket.

Lucas sits on back of couch opposite McKay. His shoes rest on the couch cushions.

(CONTINUED)

McKAY

It's not a serious question!

HENDERSON

It's exactly what you're
gonna get asked tomorrow
in Long Beach.

CORLISS

It sure is!

LUCAS

Have you got an answer for him, Cory?

McKAY

I've got an answer

CORLISS

He could say Japan or India,
countries with certain kinds
of governments which legitimately
request our help -

Henderson is thinking -- with his back turned, head in hands.

LUCAS

You're speech-writing! This isn't the Cow
Palace, it's a local TV interview!

Henderson spins around, hands up.

HENDERSON

Just say you sure don't want them landing on
the beach on Santa Monica. The parking problem
is bad enough already!

McKAY cracks up.

LUCAS

Right, right. Never hurts to toss one off
with a joke.

FLEISCHER

But does he really want to say that?

LUCAS

Next question.

DAVID

What about legalized abortion?

CORLISS

Good question.

McKAY

I'm all for it. A woman should have that right.

LUCAS

Wait a minute, Bill. You can't put it that way.

McKAY

That's what I think.

(CONTINUED)

LUCAS

That's not gonna be understood without one hell of a long explanation. How about this, for the time being: just say it's worth studying.

McKAY

(hesitates)

Okay. I'll think about it.

Corliss looks to Lucas, who nods.

CORLISS

Mr. McKay, we notice your father hasn't said a word about your campaign. Is he sitting it out?

McKAY

(stunned for a moment)

Let's have that again.

CORLISS

Is your father sitting out -

McKAY

I'm running on my own hook.

EVERYONE

--Now wait. --Wait a second. Bill.

--That'll never do. --Listen.

--Hold on.

McKay gets up, with a look towards Lucas, and goes out onto what turns out to be the DECK of a HOUSEBOAT.

BIG BACKER

How the hell are we supposed to raise any money?

LUCAS

Okay, that's all for now, fellas-

Corliss moves to follow McKay.

LUCAS

(sharply)

I said, that's all for now!

OMIT 24. 22D-G replaces 24.

Around 5:00 P.M. WORKERS (hard hats) filing out with lunch pails, going home.

McKay standing stiffly trying to greet workers one by one as they come through gates. Obviously a great effort.

McKAY

Hello, I'm Bill McKay...I'm Bill Mc---...
Bill McKay, running for Senator...

Now and then someone shakes hands, looking puzzled. Most of the workers brush on by without looking up.

Klein's crew is inconspicuously filming.

Henderson, Jenkin, David stand off to side watching.

David is trying to pass out leaflets which no one will take. Finally a young worker takes one, and, looking David in the eye, crumples it up and throws it on the ground.

A WORKER finally stops--a man with a dead pan face.

WORKER

What're you trying to do?

McKAY

Just talk to you.

WORKER

What about?

McKAY

Well, about how the economy throws everything on the back of the working man. Why interest rates and rents and food costs go up faster than your paychecks.

WORKER

Yeah, that's very interesting.

He stands staring at McKay without changing expression. Other workers still going by--some stop for a second, look, move on.

25A REVEALING KLEIN IN BACKGROUND (To be shot at later date)

Klein's man still filming--Klein shifting him for better angles.

25B ACROSS THE STREET, some WOMEN--one pushing STROLLER with BABY--Others with curlers and scarves--stop to watch.

MCKAY

Most people think you've got it made
because you've got a union.

WORKER

They do?

MCKAY

But you still get laid off.

WORKER

Yeah. Well, I got to go now.

Worker shakes hands with McK y and walks off, impossible to
tell what he's thinking.

LONG SHOT:

McKay goes on trying to shake hands. The women come up to say
hello--perhaps on a dare. McK y shakes hands with them and with
BABY--and we see the women laughing and giggling. McKay can't
help laughing himself. Klein moves his cameraman in closer.

26 EXT. MCKAY CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - ABANDONED MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

26A INT. VICTORY PARTY GOING ON IN LOBBY

On stairs to Mezzanine: McKay and Nancy lit up by TV lights.
Now and then people move behind them waving, holding up signs, etc.

TV REPORTER

Walter, we're out here in California with
young Bill McK y, who has, on the strength
of his name, it seems, assumed a strong
lead over a field of unknown candidates for
the Democratic Senatorial nomination.

Now, Mr. McKay, your victory was predicted.
Was it any surprise to you?

MCKAY

Everything that happens is a complete
surprise to me.

TV REPORTER

I know you've heard this before, but can
Crocker Jarmon be beat?

MCKAY

I don't know why not. He's been in the
Senate 12 years without tackling any of
the problems this country faces.

TV REPORTER

Let's bring your beautiful wife into it.
How do you feel, Mrs. McKay?

(CONTINUED)

NANCY

Very proud of the way people are responding to the issues Bill has raised.

TV REPORTER

But do you feel that the kind of response you've had is sufficient to --

TV lights suddenly switch off.

TV REPORTER

--glub, glub, glub, I guess that's it, folks.

Jenkin and Fleischer standing right behind them -- pounce on McKay. Some WOMEN descend on Nancy.

JENKIN

Bill, you've got to talk to Adam York. He's been raising money all over the state.

McKAY

(moving off with them)

I saw him talk at that awful thing in Beverly Hills.

FLEISCHER

He knows what he's talking about, too.

McKAY

He has your seal of approval, eh?

FLEISCHER

It's a rarity among movie stars.

26B LOBBY

Partitions, desks, tables -- covered with drinks and food as people stand about talking. McKay and Nancy in opposite corners. McKay standing by North, a veteran movie star. TWO OTHER ACTORS stand near, as well as a huge BLACK FOOTBALL STAR.

CELEBRITIES AND VOLUNTEERS intermingling, HOUSEWIFE-TYPES passing hor d'oeuvres on paper plates.

McKAY

You gave a terrific talk that day.

STAR

I've been doing fund-raisers for years.

McKAY

I was trying to think, what does this guy do that I don't do?

(CONTINUED)

ACTOR #1

(pressing in)

Hit 'em on the issue of repression, man.
Get it right up front.

McKAY

Nice to meet you.

ACTOR #2

I just hope you're aware of where you are
in terms of the vibrations this country is
sending out at this moment in time and space.
It's a very political thing.

BLACK FOOTBALL STAR

(mechanically, not listening)

Dig it.

McKay catches glimpse of THE GIRL on the other side of the
party. She is about 25, not beautiful, but sensitive and
alive, intelligent-looking. Slender, with great intensity.
For a second there is EYE-CONTACT.

McKAY

Huh?

(turning to Actor #2)

I used to see you on television.

ACTOR #2

Frankly that's not my concern at this moment.

STAR

You were asking what I did.

More eye contact with THE GIRL.

McKAY

(turning to Star)

It was all so natural.

ACTOR #1

That's lesson one, man.

STAR

(slightly turning so that
he turns McKay away from the
actors)

I never lecture anyone. All I try to do
is let them know where our common interest lies.

The man is genuinely impressive.

McKAY

Why don't you run for office?

(CONTINUED)

STAR
(laughing)
Me? I'm not qualified!

Fleischer and David have appeared at McKay's elbow.

DAVID
We have to get going now, Mr. McKay.

McKAY
(looking around at people
crowding him)
I'm sorry.

FLEISCHER
(loudly)
He's got to make an important phone call.
McKay glares at Fleischer.

BLACK STAR
Let the man move, now.

At other end, Jenkin steers Nancy. McKay begins shaking hands and backing away. David is steering him and fencing people off. Suddenly McKay breaks away from him and moves through a cluster of people INTO TIGHT SHOT WITH The Girl.

McKAY
How are you?

The Girl puts her hand on his shoulder and says something into his ear.

McKAY
(he nods)
I know.

PULL BACK: McKay turning to join Nancy as she is pushed up to him, as people at party turn and watch them go up the staircase.

26C ON THE OTHER STAIRCASE

Klein grabs Lucas as he is about to move up to meet McKay at top.

KLEIN
Did you contact Starkey?

LUCAS
Forget it. He just won't go for the kid.

KLEIN
What about getting the old man into it?

LUCAS
Not yet.

(CONTINUED)

KLEIN

He wants to win, doesn't he?

LUCAS

He'll be all right.

26D INT. LUCAS' OFFICE IN WINGS OF MEZZANINE

McKay holding phone; Lucas standing by; Nancy sitting on desk; Big Backer on bench; Henderson guarding open door, through which we can see the party still holding.

McKAY

(into phone)

Well, it was good to talk to you. I'll do that. Thanks again. I hope so, too.

(hangs up)

That's that. She's sending a check.

LUCAS

If the rest of you don't mind for a second --

WOMAN

(coming up)

Mr. McKay, I'm your captain down in San Pedro.

Henderson has left door and people are coming in.

Lucas pulls McKay into bathroom.

27 INT. MADE-OVER JANITOR'S WASHROOM

McKay sitting on toilet seat, Lucas on rim of mop basin.

LUCAS

(frowning intently)

Have you seen the breakdown?

McKAY

(drink in hand)

You want me to look at this now?

LUCAS

Yeah, look here.

Lucas hands him a sheet of paper, tries to kneel down beside him, but there is not quite enough room for him to crouch between toilet and wall. He almost tips over, puts hand on floor to steady himself. Lucas bumps into McKay, who spills some of his drink on the paper.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

McKAY
I'm sorry.

LUCAS
You can still read it.

McKAY
Wait. I've got it.

McKay reaches for paper towel, tries to wipe off paper.

LUCAS
I'm disappointed a little.

McKAY
I got 47 per cent of the primary field.

LUCAS
Yeah, but when you look at the print out here, it projects to only 32 per cent in the election.

McKAY
(stunned)
What are you saying?

LUCAS
I'm saying that if these figures hold till November, it'll be Jarmon 68, McKay 32.

McKAY
You told me I was supposed to lose.

LUCAS
Now I'm telling you you're going to get wiped out.

McKAY
That wasn't part of the deal.

Lucas laughs at him.

THE DOORKNOS JIGGLES. Both of them stare at it. It jiggles again.

McKAY
Occupado!

THE KNOS JIGGLES AGAIN. THE DOOR RAINDLES.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

LUCAS

(loudly)

Someone is in here!

MAN'S VOICE

(over party noises)

Sorry guys.

McKAY

Then what's the point, what's the point of it? There isn't any point. I should get out and go back while I still can.

LUCAS

You can't go back. You're the Democratic nominee for Senator.

McKAY

What are you telling me then? I'm gonna be a loser, period, that's all I'm gonna be, unless you wrap me up like a tube of toothpaste?

LUCAS

(gently)

No no no. You go on saying what you believe in. You can't change that. But up to now, you're reaching only the people who already agree with you. That's what's wrong.

McKAY

It's just been 4 months.

LUCAS

Right, I agree. But from here on out, we've got to go for a good hunk of the rest.

McKAY

And what does that mean?

McKay raises his glass, takes a long drink, looks at it, dumps the rest into the sink.

tapping on the door.

LUCAS

(rising)

We have to do more in terms of TV, for one thing.

McKAY

Like what?

MAN'S VOICE

(at top of his lungs)

All right, you guys, we know you're in there!

Lucas kicks the door. WHAM!

LUCAS

Get your ass out of here!

27 CONTINUED:

LAUGHTER outside. GIGGLING.

WOMAN'S VOICE
Just listen to the man!

LUCAS
(to McKAY)
There's a lot of things.
We haven't even started.

MORE POUNDING.

Goddamn it!

McKAY
(rising)
Hey, Luke? Can't we talk it over in
the morning?

LUCAS
I'll go along to Pasadena. We can talk
in the car.

McKAY
We have to work it out.

LUCAS shrugs.

LUCAS
We will.

MORE POUNDING.

28 INT. KLEIN'S OFFICE. CURTAINS PULLED - DAY

ON MONITOR SCREEN - or 3 screens at once - possibly showing
different cuts, or repeating same stuff out of synch).

MONTAGE: Klein's commercials.

(NOTE: Commercials will be shot in actual situations by a
professional political commercial firm..

McKay in "street situations" talking to kids on the
Monterey Beach, cops in a cruiser, workers at the Ford Plant,
black people in Watts, old people, housewives at supermarket
and in front of Ford plant.

In the Monterey footage and in the Ford plant footage, it is
amazing how different things look through Klein's camera.
The kids on the beach seem to be pushing eagerly to talk to
McKay. The worker at the Ford plant seems to be the front
man for a thronging crowd; his talk with McKay seems serious
and significant.

23 CONTINUED:

In each scene we get only fragments of what McKay is saying, but he comes off casual, informal, and working very hard. Each one ends with a PREMISE FRAME.

(CONTINUED)

HEAVY VOICE OVER

...Bill McKay. He talks to people.
All the people.

...Bill McKay. A Better Way.

...Bill McKay. He's tougher. He's got
more energy.

And nobody owns him.

LIGHTS ON. Klein, Lucas, McKay, PR man, Henderson, Corliss.

KLEIN

What'd I tell ya!

HENDERSON

Sensational!

CORLISS

(little guy has huge cigar)
I think they're awfully good, Howard.

LUCAS

Thanks, Howard, It comes at a good
time.

McKAY

Just for the hell of it, what happened
to the stuff where I talk about health
clinics?

KLEIN

You want health clinics?

McKAY

Yeah.

KLEIN

I'll give you health clinics!

Klein snaps in tape reel. LIGHTS OUT.

Tape of McKay in hospital waiting room, talking to TWO LARGE
BLACK LADIES, holding babies on their laps.

McKAY

It took you three hours to get here?
I think that's unacceptable. If we
can get to the moon we can put a clinic
near every sick child in this state.

Babies squirming: Klein FREEZES FRAME on mother's faces:
utterly dull and without expression.

(CONTINUED)

KLEIN'S VOICE

You see, they're not responding.

McKAY'S VOICE

What about what I'm saying?

KLEIN'S VOICE

What about it?

The tape continues. McKay reaches out to pat baby, but baby jerks away and mother smacks baby's head.

29 CLOSEUP - McKAY

McKAY

That'll make more jobs, too. We can start training people for health careers right in their communities.

Klein FREEZES FRAME on McKay frowning.

KLEIN'S VOICE

Grim scene, baby. You're off into other issues now, you look uptight and uncool, no one's listening and no one's digging you.

McKAY

But aside from that, it's a great bit.

LAUGHTER.

OMIT 30 & 31

32 INT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - LATE AT NIGHT

A few workers moving around; TV set on. McKay slumped in chair holding beer bottle. Glazed eyes fixed on TV. Everything he says here is blurred by fatigue.

CHART ON WALL:

	JARMON	*McKAY*	UNDECIDED
JULY	58%	36%	6%
AUG	54%	39%	7%
SEPT			

ON TV: reporter standing with Jarmon on football field.
LA Rams working out in background.

Lucas comes in. He also looks tired.

(CONTINUED)

McKay motions toward screen.

JARMON

Derek, I was presenting the coach with a copy of Life Magazine, because they have it here in this issue, on the newstands today, how much it meant when I went down to the locker room with my little grandson Dickie and we found all of those big tough guys down on their knees --

McKAY

Shooting craps!

JARMON

- in a simple moment of prayer -

McKay sprawls forward and snaps off the set -- on which Jarmon's image lingers, and slowly fades...

LUCAS

You better get some sleep.

McKAY

(stares - blinks eyes)

This TV stuff...It's not working. I'm not talking to anyone and I'm not saying anything.

LUCAS

The point is you're showing your face. That's what we have to sell first.

McKAY

Sell!

LUCAS

Exposure. You might want to take a little glance at these polls Klein had done in key counties - in every one you're up 3-4 points.

McKay takes sheets.

McKAY

Well...You know what I'm gonna do?

LUCAS

Learn something about economics?

McKAY

I'm gonna challenge Jarmon to a crap-shoot.

(CONTINUED)

CLEANING LADY with vacuum cleaner opens door - grins - McKay looks - she closes door.

McKAY

Crap-shoot is a matter of individual enterprise. Crap-shoot made this country great.

LUCAS

God made this country great.

McKAY

God shoots crap. My little grandson saw Him.

They stare glassy-eyed.

OMIT 33 & 34 A-C. Replaced by 33A etc.

33A EXT. RUNWAY, OAKLAND AIRPORT - DAY

McKAY, DAVID, HENDERSON and a handful of REPORTERS arriving by HELICOPTER. As they get off, they are met out on runway by LUCAS and LYNN. LUCAS is excited.

LUCAS

Get back in the helicopter.

McKAY

What is it?

LUCAS

Major brush fire down in Contra Costa County.

McKAY's FACE: He doesn't quite register...

CUT TO:

McKAY helicopter taking off again.

33B BRUSH FIRE AS SEEN FROM McKAY's HELICOPTER

LUCAS

(voice over)

It's a chance to hit the watershed thing--

McKAY

(voice over)

I know, I know...

KPIX-TV HELICOPTER comes into view on ground, then police cars and cluster of people on ridge nearby.

(CONTINUED)

HENDERSON
(voice over)
There's KPIX! Set it down right over there!

CUT TO:

33C McKAY and STAFF getting out of helicopter; fire in background.

HENDERSON
Over here, Bill!
Reporters cluster around McKay. TV camera crew.

REPORTER
Mr. McKay!

McKAY
Hi, how are you?

Reporters get out mikes etc.

Are you ready?

To me, this is the result of something we've been talking about--what happens when you erode the watershed by large scale indiscriminate road-building and developing, so you lose the root system that holds the water in the ground, and your brush dries out--

SOUND of helicopter. A SHADOW comes over them.

REPORTER 2
There's Jarmon.

Radio men lower mikes.

TV REPORTER
(to crew)
All right--that's it!

The crew turns their camera around.

LONG SHOT: JARMON'S HELICOPTER LANDING

CLOSE UP: McKAY, LUCAS, HENDERSON--with press getting out of Jarmon's helicopter in background.

(CONTINUED)

LUCAS
Go right up to him.

HENDERSON
Hit him on the debate.

Jarmon and JARMON's CAMPAIGN MANAGER and PRESS SECRETARY climb down. McKay pushes through reporters, who crowd close after him with mikes.

McKAY
Mr. Jarmon!

Jarmon is startled for just an instant--reacts quickly, reaches to shake hands.

JARMON
Well, how are you, son?

Jarmon holds on to McKay's hand and beams over McKay's shoulder towards the camera.

McKAY
I just wanted to tell you I'm still waiting for a chance to debate.

CLOSEUP: JARMON. He gives McKay a wink.

JARMON
(under his breath, away from mikes)
Don't blame you a bit.
(moving right on)
Well, how ya doin', Jack, I see you got your wet suit on!

Jarmon is shaking hands with FIRE CHIEF, POLICEMEN, etc. His PRESS SECRETARY moves him toward helicopter, with fire showing in background.

JARMON'S MANAGER
Gentlemen, if you'll just step back a bit, the Senator has an announcement.

Reporters grudgingly move back a few steps, as TV camera is carried forward.

Jarmon's Manager gives a little smile and a nod to Lucas.

Jarmon takes out a little prompt card and refers to it as he speaks.

(CONTINUED)

JARMON

I'll make this very brief. First of all, I've been on the phone to the President, and one hour from now the President will declare Contra Costa a national disaster area. This means the Red Cross will be moving in to bring some relief to the homeless. And the Governor will be calling up the National Guard within about 30 minutes. There is a heroic effort being made here, and I am assured that within the next 24 hours this fire will be checked.

Now our concern is to make absolutely certain such disasters can't happen in the future. That's why I'm very happy Mr. McKay took the trouble to be on hand for this announcement. As soon as I leave here, I will fly back to Washington to introduce the Jarmon Watershed Bill, which will offer full incentives to industry to preserve natural wooded cover areas. I think I can guarantee swift passage of that bill through the Senate Finance Committee, since I happen to be the chairman of that committee. So we're doing all we can, and I want to add my personal thanks to the brave volunteers who have risked their lives in this holocaust to save the homes of their neighbors. Their efforts are an inspiration to us all.

Jarmon turns around and gets back in his helicopter.

Reporters turn again to McKay. In background: Jarmon's copter lifting off; TV crew loading camera into their copter.

REPORTERS

- What's your reaction, Mr. McKay?
- Will you back the Jarmon Bill?
- Do you have a statement?

McKAY

(controlling his anger)

I haven't read the bill. But I don't think we should have to wait for lives to be lost before people begin to listen. And unless you can help home-owners get insurance--

(CONTINUED)

REPORTER
(interrupting)
Will you back the Jarmon Bill?

McKAY
(biting off his words)
It's an emergency. I welcome any action
at all, but--

REPORTER
Thank you.

Half the remaining reporters go for their cars. TV copter
lifts off.

McKAY
(ducking away)
I welcome it.

35 INT. MOTEL CORRIDOR SAN JOSE-NIGHT

Lucas and McKay stand outside of locked room, not saying
a word. Both stare stonily into the door, Lucas clicking
the knob. SUITCASES and BRIEFCASES sit at their feet,
LYNN--LUCAS' SECRETARY--come up.

LYNN
Didn't the manager come yet?

LUCAS
I think you can guess the answer to that.

LYNN
They said he had the key and was on his
way.

LUCAS
You know, Lynn, I have a wild hunch
there might just be a duplicate key.

LYNN
Your wild hunch is my command.

She goes off. McKay glumly watches her go. She is a lithe,
smart little chick.

McKAY
Got a little something going...

LUCAS
Right now a little is all I can handle.

(CONTINUED)

Lucas, hands in pockets, head down, stands rocking on heels.

LUCAS

We've got to get Cory in here and start working on a stump speech.

McKAY

The man pulled one dirty trick on us.

LUCAS

It isn't just that.

McKAY

Well?

LUCAS

You sound like a good guy. Jarmon sounds like a Senator.

McKay stands glaring. BELLHOP comes up and gives BASKET OF FRUIT to Lucas. CORLISS and OTHER STAFFERS come down corridor.

BELLHOP

(to Lucas)

Compliments of the management, Mr. McKay.

McKAY

(deep voice)

An inspiration to us all, my friends.

McKay turns and walks away.

LUCAS

(to bellhop)

How about a complimentary key?

36 EXT. POOL OF SAME MOTEL - SAME NIGHT

2:00 A.M. Everything dark, including water.

McKay appears in doorway to his room, carefully eases door closed. SOUND of TINY CLICK.

36A POV - OTHER SIDE OF POOL

As McKay walks TOWARD CAMERA, we see he is wearing swimsuit with white towel around his neck. McKay slips into dark pool and swims up and down.

36B CLOSEUP

His face is relaxed, the feeling is loose, sensual, smooth, quiet.

(CONTINUED)

McKay hangs from the diving board, catching his breath. He sees someone swimming toward him from the other end. We see as she gets nearer that it is a BLOND, a young girl, about 16-17...and naked.

She treads water right in front of him. She grins.

BLOND

Did you go to Van Nuys High School?

McKAY

No.

BLOND

Oh. Then you don't know Pinky King.

McKAY

Sorry.

BLOND

Oh. I thought you went to Van Nuys High School.

37 INT. SAN FERNANDO VALLEY SHOPPING CENTER - CANOGA PARK - DAY

McKay standing at microphone on little platform with local pols jammed around him at bottom of pit.

Above him, a crowd packed in and milling on three levels of shopping areas. Balloons are suspended from railings.

Behind the crowd, store facades stretch away on 3 levels.

The speakers are placed so that McKay's words come with a couple of ECHOES. The visual and auditory effects of this scene are hallucinatory - a glimpse of a modern "Inferno".

ZOOM IN: McKay on platform grinning, but staggers, as if dizzy, as the applause pours in.

McKAY

Mr. Jarmon says he's taking his case to the people.

(ECHO: the people...
the people...)

Then why does he refuse to meet me in open debate?

Claque in front of McKay breaks into cheers when he pauses. They are fitted out with banners and hats.

(CONTINUES)

CAMERA ROTATES to people on higher levels - cheering, milling, walking off, throwing peanuts at floating balloons.

McKAY

Mr. Jarmon says the economy is moving again.

(ECHO: Mr. Jarmon says
...Mr. Jarmon says...)

Then why is my office down in San Diego County...

(my office...my office...)
full of people looking for work?

(full of people...
full of people...)

I say there's a better way. That way is a full employment economy -

(a better way...a
better way...)

putting the people of this state to work building mass transit and cleaning up our environment -

BIG BUZZ comes on mike. Man in McKay hat and flag shirt jumps up and grapples with microphone.

NBC News camera catches McKay being led through enthusiastic crowd.

TV CAMERA POV: McKay being moved - eye level - kids jumping up and down to get in front of lens. Hands being held up and waved, blotting out scene.

38 EXT. SHOPPING CENTER - McKAY's NEW CAMPAIGN BUS - DAY

New bus is painted red, white and blue - fitted out with gigantic photo of McKay. Large printed letters: THE BETTER WAY.

McKay waving to crowd, getting into bus, crowd holds up signs, V-fingers etc. - pressing in, pressing in.

FROM INSIDE THE BUS: bodies of staff and press jamming bus aisle. Crowd outside seen through reflections on bus and store windows - ALL HEIGHTENING EFFECT OF CLAUSTROPHOBIA.

McKay looks sick as bus pulls out. Henderson hands him a sandwich.

(CONTINUED)

HENDERSON

Jenkin got 500 farmers over in a high school gym in Bakersfield. They're furious up there about the whole farm program, and Jarmon was one who got it through committee.

McKay stares at sandwich - puts it in his pocket.

39 INT. H.S. GYM, BAKERSFIELD - DAY

CAMERA SCANNING rows of empty metal chairs. Here and there a hard-faced FARMER leans intently forward in his chair, deadpanned. No more than 20 in the whole place.

McKAY

(voice over)

...I wasn't a farmer myself, but I've been in the fields, and I think I know how you feel...

Row of reporters leaning against brick wall in back of gym, whispering and laughing. Phones installed along folding tables ignored, except by Lucas who kneels talking intensely on the phone.

McKAY

(voice over)

...a better way. And that way is to subsidize the small farmer directly, rather than pay the huge agricultural combine to wipe him out...

39A LONG SHOT - FROM REAR

McKay all alone up in front of gym, under the basket, speaking to 20 farmers scattered in sea of empty chairs.

McKAY

Are there any questions? I'd be happy to respond to anything on your minds.

Silence.

McKAY

Any comments? Suggestions? Dirty jokes?

One solitary farmer starts to laugh. He laughs a slow, honking laugh which echoes to the roof. HONK...HONK...HONK.

Coke machine, pay phone. McKay and Lucas alone. McKay in shirtsleeves is rummaging through the pockets of his coat - comes up with sandwich.

McKAY

Goddamn that Jenkin. Why didn't he call? Why didn't he pick up that phone and say no one's there?

LUCAS

He was probably trying to get through. Listen, Bill -

McKAY

And where is he now? Off with some farmer's daughter.

Henderson rushes in.

HENDERSON

Did you hear about Evans and Novack?

LUCAS

I'm just about to tell him that. Now will you get out of here, Wally?

HENDERSON

It's gonna be in every paper in the state tomorrow morning.

LUCAS

Just please leave us alone.

HENDERSON

It has to be counteracted now, or we're dead. These guys want to see the candidate. They've got to file in half an hour and they want a statement.

LUCAS

(pushing him toward door)

The statement is, it's not true, and we'll have more tomorrow. The candidate is not going to comment till tomorrow. And that's it.

McKay is tearing away at sandwich, deliberately not saying a word.

(CONTINUED)

HENDERSON
(pompously)
That's not good enough, Luke.

LUCAS
(really exasperated)
You think I'm going to pull the old
man out of my back pocket? Now get
out and tell 'em what you can!

Henderson leaves.

LUCAS
(slamming door)
And don't come back!
Bill, those giants of journalism
Evans and Novack have written a column
saying your dad is really for Jarmon.
It's coming out tomorrow morning.

I'll get more in a minute.
(moving to pay phone
on wall)
This afternoon Tom Brokaw took his
crew up to that cabin of John J's...

McKay moves to coke machine, fishing for dime.

LUCAS
(on phone)
Operator, I want to place a call to
Los Angeles on the following credit
card - 314-8726 - yes, that is a
legitimate number!

Lucas hits clicker.

Henderson charges in again.

HENDERSON
(to Lucas)
We got through to Brokaw and he
confirmed it.

McKay is jiggling handle - pushes coin release.

LUCAS
Yeah, you're just half an hour behind
me. Just please get out of here, Wally.

Henderson shrugs, leaves.

(CONTINUED)

LUCAS

Hey, are you there? Okay, operator,
I'll call collect.

McKAY

Can't you put a man on the door? Use
one of your brilliant advance-men.

David rushes in.

DAVID

All the reporters are on the bus.

LUCAS

Okay, start the bus, right?

DAVID

Right.

LUCAS

And drive 'em right over a cliff.
(into phone)

Now where the hell did you go! Oh,
sorry. I wasn't "cursing" you,
operator. Okay, I'll wait.

(to McKay)

Apparently John J. refused to say
one thing or another. But that makes
it look true. We'll get a look at that
on the 6:00 o'clock news.

David stands there.

LUCAS

Just go outside and watch the door a
moment, will you David?

DAVID

Just talk to me straight, man.

David goes out.

LUCAS

(into phone)

Okay, honey, are you ready?

(starts giving number)

McKay slams the coke machine.

Lucas grabs his arm - stretching phone cord.

(CONTINUED)

LUCAS

Bill. You're gonna have to go up
and talk to him. It's the only way.

McKAY

(shakes his head)

We don't use him. I told you that
from the beginning.

LUCAS

Then we might as well announce you're
quitting.

McKAY

Announce whatever you like.

McKAY starts hitting machine slowly and methodically.

LUCAS

(to operator)

Is that a trunk busy or a line busy?
Operator? Operator? Damn!
(slams down phone)

McKAY

I'm gonna knock this mother into little
pieces.

Lucas stands in his way.

LUCAS

All we need is a simple statement of
support.

McKAY

I'm not gonna do it, Luke. Will you
please get out of my way?

LUCAS

Even a straight denial would hold us
for a week or two.

McKay looks at him blankly.

McKAY

I can't think.

Kid sticks his head in.

KID

Anyone want a coke?

(CONTINUED)

McKAY
(violently)

No!

41 INT. McKAY's NEW HOUSE IN BEVERLY HILLS - DAY

McKay comes in the front door and stops short. Photographer's lights are set up on a stand. TWO MEN stand there.

McKAY
What are you doing in my house?

WRITER
I'm having an affair with your wife.

McKAY
Huh?

WRITER
She said if you came in I should say
I was a writer from Parade. But
you don't believe that.

Nancy emerges from bedroom in riding pants, with crop and felt riding helmet.

NANCY
Oh Bill, this is Mr. Shearer, Bill,
and this is Mr. Scott.

McKAY
(shaking hands)
From Parade.

WRITER
I trust this is the beginning of a
life-long affinity.

McKAY
It's the beginning of something, anyhow.
Can you excuse us a minute, gentlemen?

WRITER
Certainly, certainly.

McKay and Nancy step to side.

McKAY
What's going on?

(CONTINUED)

NANCY

They want to photograph me riding.

McKAY

You haven't worn that stuff in years.

NANCY

You haven't worn that dark suit in years.

McKay starts to walk away, turns back to her.

McKAY

Just not in the house, Nancy. Get those guys out of the house.

NANCY

I was doing it for you.

Nancy starts to cry, turns away, walks back into the kitchen.

Parade guys turn their backs.

McKay follows her into kitchen - takes her loosely in his arms, comforts her awkwardly. We can see by the way he touches her he is irritated and put off. Blue bottles with buttons, nuts, raisins, etc. sit in frame against window - shine in the late afternoon sun.

McKAY

Take it easy now - take it easy.

NANCY

It isn't that, it isn't that...

She stands helplessly crying without making a sound.

41A EXT. ROAD IN MOUNTAINS. DAY. McKAY DRIVING, MAKES A TURN... COMES UPON --

41B EXT. HUNTING LODGE. BIG LINCOLN PARKED OUTSIDE.

42 INT. HUNTING LODGE

KNOCK on door and McKay enters, dressed in jeans, boots, old hat and jacket.

McKAY

Rico.

HOUSE BOY (Filipino)

Lo', Mr. McKay.

(CONTINUED)

We see a stocky old man standing with a beer glass in his hand, watching the color TV. Behind him, a stuffed bear, standing with his claws stretched up to the ceiling.

JOHN J.
Hello, Bud, what the hell.

McKAY
Right, right.

JOHN J.
(hardly glancing over)
Bud, you know Mrs. Ford.

She is in her late 40's - still has a strong body but her face is puffy and over made up. She wears a tight Chinese dress, like a hostess at a Beverly Hills Chinese restaurant. SOUND of football game on TV.

McKAY
Hello, Mabel.

MABEL
Hello, Bud.

JOHN J.
Get this man a beer.

McKay stands by his father - who is still watching game. House Boy comes and brings him a can of beer and an empty beer glass on a tray. McKay takes the can only.

McKAY
Thanks.

FROM TV
...and so the field goal fails,
the Raiders have the ball first
and ten on their own twenty, the
score still tied ten-all, and
while we're waiting for the offense
to get on the field, here's a word
from the automobile of champions!

HOUSE BOY
You're welcome, Mr. McKay.
Nice to see you.

John J. stretches, raps McKay a devastating slap on the back.

JOHN J.
Well, how are ya, Bud!

John J. flops back in easy chair.

(CONTINUED)

McKay takes off his hat (or coat) and tosses it on bear - flops down on rug.

Both of them are facing TV. We can see McKay's face in reflected color light, John J.'s face back in the dark. Now and then John J raises glass-catching light - or McKay drinks from can.

McKAY

How's it going?

JOHN J.

Oh, the old knee kicks up once in a while.

McKAY

When it rains, I guess.

Big play on TV.

JOHN J.

How's that?

McKAY

Your knee hurts when it rains.

JOHN J.

You think that's it, huh?

McKAY

Yeah.

Commercial - John J. snaps channels by remote control - ratcheting snap, snap, snap to another game.

JOHN J.

See your mother?

McKAY

About a month ago. She's started playing golf.

JOHN J.

She has, huh? How is she?

McKAY

She's fine.

JOHN J.

Woman'll bury me yet.

(CONTINUED)

McKAY
Wouldn't be surprised.

JOHN J.
You wouldn't, huh?

Another commercial - John J. sits up.

JOHN J.
Hey, Mabel, you know old Bud is
running for U.S. Senate?

MABEL
That's very good, Bud.

JOHN J.
Get him a real drink, Mabel. He
needs a drink.

McKAY
No thanks, Mabel.

JOHN J.
Well, get him something, Mabel. Tell
Rico to make him a sandwich or something.
A man running for Senator has got to want
something. Right, Bud?

McKay just looks at him.

We can see the old man grinning in the dark.

43 EXT. WOODS

The two McKays are walking in heavy brush. DOG following.
John J. wears hunting cap and carries shotgun.

McKAY
It's just a matter of a statement.

JOHN J.
...a matter of a statement.

McKAY
You don't have to do anything.

JOHN J.
Bear to the right here. Watch it.

(CONTINUED)

McKAY

As a matter of fact, I really wish
you wouldn't.

JOHN J.

Wouldn't what?

McKAY

Do anything.

JOHN J.

Slow down now. Can you feel it?

McKAY

Feel what?

JOHN J.

Tell me something, Bud. What's it
like to run a campaign in this state
these days?

McKAY

I wouldn't know.

John J. laughs - keeps looking from side to side.

McKAY

Did you really run your own campaign?

JOHN J.

Shit, yes! What do you take me for?

McKAY

(shaking his head)

I guess I just don't -

JOHN J.

I hear your advance work is stellar stuff.

McKay laughs.

JOHN J.

(shouts)

Hold it!

A jackrabbit - John J. blasts away. KA-BAM-BAM!

Silence. John J., with an air of satisfaction, opens the
gun across his knees and knocks out the empty shells.

(CONTINUED)

McKay stands rigid.

McKAY

Will you do it?

44 INT. ALAMEDA "SWAP MEET" OUTDOOR MARKET - DAY

McKay walking through stalls -- greeting people, getting good response. Obviously he is known now, and having a good time. VENDORS calling to him, giving him fruit. HIPPIES giving peace sign -- one hands him a flower. LADY holds up BABY -- McKay chucks it under chin but won't take it.

45 INT. URINAL - MARKET

McKay entering with Corliss close behind, carrying newspaper.

CORLISS

I don't know what you said to your dad,
but that sure was a snappy denial.

McKAY

Excuse me.

(goes to urinal)

45A HENDERSON AND JENKIN - STANDING GUARD OUTSIDE DOOR

HENDERSON

Hey, Rich! We got a sneak on the Field
Poll. We're only 8 points behind.

JENKIN

If we can pick up one point a week...

HENDERSON

One point a week.

45B INT. URINAL - DAY

pissing all alone at end of long row of urinals. Corliss
leaning casually against wall near door.

Toilet door opens -- LITTLE MAN comes out (someone like
Wally Cox). Little Man sees McKay and gives him elaborate
take -- goes over and stands almost in front of him as
he pisses.

(CONTINUED)

LITTLE MAN

You know, this is a heaven-sent opportunity. There's something I've been meaning to tell you, McKay. You are shit, and what's more, you know you're shit! Your father was shit before you. In fact, you come from a long line of total shits.

CORLISS

Now hold on!

LITTLE MAN

(quickly holds up hand
palm out, in elegant
"hold" gesture)

Very well then.

McKay has zipped up pants and quickly washed hands.

LITTLE MAN

Between the two of us, McKay. Am
I right? Or am I right?

McKay stops at door, gives him a killing nasty grin,
exits.

45C INT. SWAP MEET MARKET AGAIN

Mob pushing and tugging at McKay. Girl opening shirt -
"Sign me!" Kids grabbing at his clothes. McKay with
fixed grin trying to get away with all his might.

SOUND OUT - IN AND OUT.

Action continues in ghastly silence -- now and then
SOUND OF PANDEMONIUM comes IN AND OUT with jolting
electronic suck.

46 EXT. CAMPUS - DAY

McKay has finished talk and is being put into car.
Crowd of STUDENTS following along - most passively
watching - some yelling "RIGHT ON" and waving fingers.
Other waving fists and heckling. Right in front of
car THREE STUDENTS waiting with BIG SIGNS:

(CONTINUED)

IMMEDIATE UNCONDITIONAL WITHDRAWAL
--

They poke signs in McKay's face.

SIGN CARRIER

What do you say, McKay?

McKAY

Keep the heat on!

McKay ducks into car.

47 INT. CAR

McKay suddenly finds himself alone in back seat with Nancy - who is well dressed and wearing hat. There is a beat as they look at one another.

NANCY

Hello, Bill.

McKAY

Hi, Kid. How are you?

McKay leans over then to kiss her - but students are gleefully banging on window: "Come on out, McKay".

THROUGH WINDSHIELD - we see them trying to climb on hood.

David is driving - Henderson, Jenkin and Corliss jammed in front seat.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

JENKIN
(grabbing wheel)
Turn right, dammit!

Car swings right - COPS APPEAR, waving them on, and they are clear.

NANCY
(by way of explanation)
It's a women's club.

HENDERSON
(turning around)
Next stop is that women's club, Bill!

The four guys in front seat make show of talking among themselves for the rest of the scene.

NANCY
You look tired.

McKAY
I'm okay.

NANCY
(with a tentative smile)
I can't go in the supermarket any more. They stop me.

McKAY
You can't?

NANCY
Is it like...what you thought?

THEY ARE IN A JAM ON THE FREEWAY. Stop and go driving. PEOPLE IN OTHER CARS jab each other to look at them, wave fingers, etc. McKay returns signs, slouches down, contemplates his knees. Corliss up front doing a lot of waving and grinning.

McKAY
More or less. Except when all the faces start to move in on you. It's like a bad dream.

NANCY
I know what you mean.

Nancy has cigarette in mouth--trying to scrape match.
Henderson reaches back with lighter.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

McKAY

I guess you get it too.

For the first time, they exchange a genuine smile.

NANCY

When you speak--are you saying what you meant to say?

McKAY

(making a real effort)

Well, you try to say it...just that way.
And you find out...I don't know...
it doesn't matter.

NANCY

Yes, but Bill, you're getting somewhere.
It's something I can feel.

She means well, but she's lost him. McKay leans back with a fixed smile.

JENKIN

(to others in front)

So we come into Sacramento with 23
press and there's Cooley to meet us in
a VW!

NANCY

Bill?

McKay reaches for Nancy's hand and gets lighted cigarette instead. Gives a little grunt of pain.

NANCY

Oh, Bill!

Guys in front seat turn around.

HENDERSON

You okay, Bill?

McKAY

Yeah, yeah, 's okay.
(motioning them to turn around)

HENDERSON

Burnt your hand, huh?
(then turns to front)

NANCY

Maybe I have something for it.

Nancy rummages in purse.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY

If I can only find it...

She stops rummaging - because she sees he isn't listening. McKay is sucking hand, staring out window, brooding. They are moving now - passing oil wells.

Nancy, her hand in purse, stares at McKay. Slowly she closes her purse.

48 EXT. WOMEN'S CLUB - LONG SHOT - WOMEN MOBBING MCKAY

Hundreds of ladies wearing hats press around him and grab his hand, their soft white necks upturned like rotten mushrooms. Bad teeth, seamy mouths.

Off to the side, 5-10 ladies line up decorously to shake hands with Nancy - who handles it like a pro - much smoother than McKay, who is obviously awkward (thought all the more loveable for it).

One particularly ANXIOUS WOMAN pressing close to Nancy. Nancy takes a step back, but the woman takes a step closer, puts her hand up on Nancy's shoulders.

WOMAN

I just think you are...a peach!

NANCY

Well, thank you, nice of you to come.

WOMAN

I've got to tell you this. I've just got to tell you.

Nancy tries gently to disengage herself. Woman grabs her hard.

WOMAN

Just a second, honey, I've really made up my mind.

(lowering her voice
conspiratorily)

You know, you are really the secret weapon in this campaign. I don't think they realize what they've got! They don't tell you, do they?

(holds Nancy off, stares
intently at her)

No, it's just as well. But I'm going to tell you.

(hisses up close)

You would make one hell of a First Lady!

(CONTINUED)

NANCY

Thank you, that's so good of you.

LONG SHOT

2 or 3 WOMEN have fenced off the rest - they stand with McKay up against buffet, facing out. CHAIRLADY clutches microphone.

CHAIRLADY

Ladies, Mr. McKay has a schedule to meet...and so does Mrs. McKay...
Nancy, where are you?

Nancy making her way toward corner.

CHAIRLADY

So if we can just simmer down and keep our blood pressure under control, Mr. McKay has something very important he wants to talk to us about.

All turn to McKay, as Nancy slips up to his side. TIGHT ON McKay.

McKAY

(gravely)

First of all I want to say...I'm
sorry I ate up all the shrimp.

HYSTERICAL LAUGHTER.

48A, 48B & 48C OMITTED

49 EXT. WATTS - DAY

McKay on a staged walking tour, trailed by staff, Klein's camera crew, and a dozen reporters. Black Football Star alongside McKay.

JENKIN

(backing up in front
of them)

Gentlemen, this way, if you please.
We will proceed 5 blocks to our Watts
Headquarters!

Jostling, bumping - various cameramen try to get close to McKay. McKay is trailed by small group of BLACK PEOPLE - in both Afro and conventional dress - wearing McKay buttons.

Corliss is passing out a mimeo'd statement to reporters. They take it without looking at it.

(CONTINUED)

CORLISS

I'll ask you just one question:
Could Jarmon walk through Watts?

Reporter shrugs. Another reporter has gotten up to McKay.

REPORTER #2

Is your father going to join the
campaign?

McKAY

Whether he does or not, I'll tell
you what's basic for the ghetto.
It's a scandal there's no hospital
here and no on-the-job training for
medical aides -

REPORTER #3

When would he come, if he does come?

McKAY

There's no housing program, no public
transportation, no birth control
center -

BLACK FOOTBALL STAR

Tell it, brother!

REPORTER

(arrogantly)

So what else is new?

McKay stops - he would like to punch the guy.

People in street mostly stare. McKay shakes a few hands
in passing. BURSTS OF WILD LAUGHTER.

JENKIN

Right around this corner, gentlemen.
There will be a cook-out in the park
at 3 p.m.

BLACK LADY

(flatly)

What's a cook-out?

MUSCULAR BLACK MAN in T-shirt, cut-off shorts and sandals,
breaks through to McKay, wild look in his eyes. He is
pulling a BLACK POLICE DOG on a leash.

(CONTINUED)

4) CONTINUED:

MAN IN T-SHIRT

Hey, brother!

McKAY

(with reserve)

How you doin'?

MAN IN T-SHIRT

(jiving, exaggerated
voice and face)

Bill McKay! You the golden wonder
of the West!

McKAY

Oh, I wouldn't say that.

MAN IN T-SHIRT

But what about my dog, huh?

HENDERSON

That's a nice dog.

Man suddenly turns to Henderson with hands outstretched.

MAN

Give me five, man!

HENDERSON

Huh?

Corliss comes up and slaps the man's hands.

MAN

That's my man! But looky here -

Jumps back to McKay.

MAN

What about my dog, huh? What do you
think of my dog?

BLACK FOOTBALL STAR

Get out of here, man.

MAN

(exaggerated take)

Hooo hooo! What have we here?

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

Passing "YOUTH" holds up three fingers.

REPORTER #2

What's that mean?

McKAY

Peace and up yours!

HENDERSON

Hey, look at that!

49A LONG SHOT - 3 LITTLE BLACK BOYS - SHOOTING BASKETS IN A PLAYGROUND

HENDERSON

You used to play ball, didn't you, Bill? . . . Go on, Bill, just shoot a few!

Photographers begin charging ahead.

49B FROM BOYS' POV

Mob of white people bearing down on them.

VOICES OVER

...Press up front!
...Over this way, ladies and gentlemen!
...What kind of stunt is this?
...Watch out for the goddamn bicycle!
...What about my dog!

The boys run.

50 INT. McKAY'S HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Up on movie screen blue bunting, huge photo with a slogan - McKAY: "THE BETTER WAY".

STAGE AREA: Desks, phones, papers, mimeo machines, partitions, papers all over, posters, maps, charts on wall. Same chart up to date:

	JARMON	*McKAY*	UNDECIDED
JULY	53%	36%	6%
AUG	54%	39%	7%
SEPT	49%	40%	11%
OCT			

(CONTINUED)

Most of the lights are out. Small clusters of staff are quietly sitting on desks and talking.

BALCONY AREA: Near TV Monitors

Corliss is arguing with a LARGE GIRL about McKay.

CORLISS

...for example, he still hasn't come out with a welfare program. If only he would...

LARGE GIRL

You're so dense! Really! Don't you see, the man cannot fake what he doesn't feel.

CORLISS

I'm talking about the purely political problem of reassuring the suburban mentality.

LARGE GIRL

When his instinct tells him it's time to share his feelings on welfare, he will, that's all!

CORLISS

Hell, I've been holding this 8 point program for 3 weeks!

LARGE GIRL

Why don't you hold a 3 point program for 8 weeks!

Lucas, McKay come in - staff crowds around them.

The Girl is trailing behind - stops in doorway and leans there, never taking her eyes off McKay.

HENDERSON

(from TV)

It's coming on now!

Everyone crowds around TV.

TIGHT ON TUBE: the face of ERIC SEVEREID

(CONTINUED)

SEVEREID

The current wisdom about political campaigns would have them run by packaged television advertising, to which the voting public of this country is supposed to react like so many Pavlovian dogs.

Frankly we have never gone along with that theory. Hokum is still hokum, even when it's known as "projecting an image", and the political ads that pollute our viewing smack so flagrantly of hokum that we suspect the public is simply not fooled and indeed, that it leans the other way. Thomas Jefferson, who was a shrewd politician as well as statesman, once said -

CORLISS

Why not Abe Lincoln!

OTHERS

Sssssshhhhh!

SEVEREID

...We have a case in point this fall in the state of California, where young William McKay, having rejected the traditional politics of his father and others, was running a campaign refreshing in its frankness and directness, based simply on what the candidate stood for. The result, as Jefferson would be gratified to see, is that young McKay has indeed been listened to, and without gimmicks, in fact without the support of a single large newspaper in the state, is now proving something of a challenge to that veteran performer, Crocker Jarmon.

But with a month to go, however, it saddens us to report that McKay has seemingly done an about-face. With an improved showing in the polls, he is guarded now, he speaks in generalities, and his camp has turned loose a series of Madison Avenue commercials which play him up as a golden boy and super star - if we may be pardoned the phrase.

So it looks like one more case of a packaged image, and we will wait for election night, Walter, to learn what the voters think is inside the package.

(CONTINUED)

Immediate reaction from staff.

STAFF

...What kind of shit?
...I can't believe my ears!
...Typical liberal cop-out!
...They got to him! Jarmon bought
him off!

McKay speaks only to Lucas - as they move toward Lucas' office - partitioned off in wings.

McKAY

I want to talk to you.

LUCAS

Don't take it seriously.

McKAY

I do take it seriously.

LUCAS

It won't hurt us.

Corliss grabs McKay as Lucas goes on into his office.

CORLISS

Wait a minute, Bill! No one's gonna listen to that. He gives us a boost when he says we're pulling even. That's all the average voter will get from it.

LYNN

(passing)

How about the people who give us money?

Corliss follows her arguing as McKay goes into Lucas' office and shuts door.

51 INT. LUCAS' OFFICE

Lucas is on the phone - suddenly grinning.

LUCAS

He did! Well, how do you like - That's just...duddy. I agree. I agree. Let's just hope we don't get killed. Right! Back to you in the morning.

(jams down phone - waits)

Jarmon's agreed to debate. He obviously thinks he's going to wipe the floor with you.

(CONTINUED)

McKAY

He won't wipe the floor.

LUCAS

On this Severeid thing, you know,
it's all been your decision. I've
never gone behind your back.

PHONES start RINGING. Lucas pokes his head out door.

LUCAS

Lynn! Lynn, get in here!

Lynn comes.

LYNN

Yes, my lord?

LUCAS

Get on the board, honey, and cut off
everything coming in here. I don't
want a thing for 15 minutes.

LYNN

The board is plugged through for the
night.

LUCAS

Well, find Harry and get him to re-plug
it!

LYNN

(shrugs)

Whatever you say.

(goes out)

LUCAS

Now listen. I've got to get in there
and negotiate this thing tomorrow morning.
We gotta pick a panel of questioners. And
I gotta make sure you're sitting down.

Lucas rapidly starts jotting things down.

LUCAS

Lighting, make-up, ground rules, moderator,
panel, time of night --

McKAY

Why sitting down?

(CONTINUED)

LUCAS

The man comes on like your father. We have to avoid any hand-shaking stunts like he pulled at that damn fire. He'll try to make you look like a kid.

McKAY

I don't give a damn. I don't want a panel either. I just want to get up there and say what I came to say.

LUCAS

We'll go over it. But you can't say too much on TV.

McKAY

I thought the point was to say what I wanted.

LUCAS

(picking up phone)

It is. In the right way at the right time.

McKAY

Now why are you grabbing that phone? We never talked about any right time!

LUCAS

(lowering phone but
not hanging it up)

We didn't have to -- because you know it as well as I do.

McKAY

Don't tell me what I know.

LUCAS

Don't make me.

McKAY

Just talk straight, Marvin.

LUCAS

(with a heavy sigh,
into phone)

Hold on a second.

(to McKay)

Listen. We've come up 14 points since this thing began. That's why Jarmon is debating you. Do you know what that means? The man is scared! And the reason why he's scared is that for the first time in this campaign you're getting through!

(into phone)

Get me Spivack at NBC.

McKAY

Points! Charts!

(CONTINUED)

McKay tears the phone out of his hand.

LUCAS

Oh shit!

McKAY

Let's get this straight!

LUCAS

Get what straight?

McKAY

Just what the hell this campaign is!

LUCAS

Look. We're not at the beginning any more. My big job right at this moment is to keep you from looking like you're sitting on Jarmon's lap. Now if you feel I'm not doing the job, tell me to shove off. Anytime.

McKay is stymied - stand there glowering.

LYNN

(opening door)

Have you got Spivack?

LUCAS

No.

(picking up another phone)

Bob? Hold on.

McKAY

(very low)

From here on out, no promises.

LUCAS

(lower)

I never asked you to make any promises.

McKay glares - Lucas returns his glare.

From behind Lynn - Corliss, David, Henderson, Jenkin and Fleischer rush-shove into room. Another PHONE RINGS and Corliss grabs it.

HENDERSON

We got to get goin' on this thing right away. Better get on the horn and get everybody in here.

(CONTINUED)

LUCAS

(hand over mouthpiece)

Lynn! Get Fleischer in here for a briefing session at 11:00 tonight. Hear that, Cory? Get Klein on the phone and tell him to start earning his money. Wally, phone up those three guys on our lawyers committee, and I'll get 'em going on the negotiations.

People start moving in and out. McKay can't stop the action. The whole staff is going wild with calls and bulletins. McKay sinks into an armchair as bodies rush past him.

CORLISS

(on phone)

That's right. It's all over now but the shouting.

Another PHONE RINGS.

McKAY

I think that's for me.

LYNN

I'll tell them you're not here.

52 & 52A OMITTED

52B EXT. PLANE LANDING IN OAKLAND AIRPORT - DAY

53 INT. PLANE

Passengers pulling out hand baggage, getting on coats, bumping in aisles. McKay is up front with a few reporters pressing behind him.

HENDERSON in rear of plane
conferring with Stewardess #1.

JENKIN
(announcing from
front of plane)

The McKay party will disembark
at this end and proceed to the
South parking lot.

Passengers move toward front.

HENDERSON

Okay, everybody, the McKay party off
at the back.

Some passengers turn around, bumping into others.

(CONTINUED)

JENKIN

Excuse me, Wally--we've got it covered.

Stewardess #2 whispers to Jenkin from behind.

STEWARDESS #2

The door won't open.

HENDERSON

Wait a minute, Rich.

JENKIN

Will you hold it, please, ladies and gentlemen, until we get this squared away.

Passengers are thoroughly confused. SOUND OF BABY CRYING.
Reporters start to crowd McKay.

REPORTER #1

How will you prepare for the debate?

REPORTER #2

Have you seen Jarmon's crime ads?

REPORTER #3

Do you think Jarmon is playing the backlash?

McKAY

(answering WOMAN REPORTER's
earlier question)

...typical California boyhood. We got
juiced up every Saturday night and stole
a car.

ANNOUNCEMENT OVER P.A.

(STEWARDESS #2)

We cannot de-plane until all passengers
have resumed their seats.

REPORTER #1

What the hell is going on?

LADY

I'm not with McKay! I just
want to get outta here!

Big confusion. Lucas and Corliss jerk McKay into cockpit.

JENKIN'S VOICE

Ladies and gentlemen, I am informed there
will be a slight delay.

PILOT

This isn't any cocktail lounge!

LUCAS

Now look. There's no point even mentioning an ad like that. As far as the shooting thing in Oakland goes, you have compassion for all concerned, but you're waiting to hear the details. Now the reason you're vulnerable on this stuff is that you just haven't established yourself on crime. Right?

PILOT

You'll have to get out of here, gentlemen.

LUCAS

In a second, officer.

CORLISS

This is Bill McKay.

PILOT

I don't care if it's Henry Fonda!

LUCAS

Give him that damn program, Cory.

Corliss hands McKay typewritten script. McKay calmly looks it over.

LUCAS

This is your crime program. You have to give it at the lunch speech today and you have to get it in the papers tomorrow.

McKAY

Crime's not an issue, it's a symptom.

CORLISS

Hey, that's a good line!

LUCAS

Yeah, for when you write your book. The point now is to hit that 5-point prevention and enforcement stuff. Part of the better way.

(CONTINUED)

McKAY
(to pilot as he moves off)
Better way to screw 'em all!

Pilot is totally bewildered - looks to Lucas.

LUCAS
I agree, I agree.

54 OMITTED

55 INT. FAIRMONT HOTEL CORRIDOR--NIGHT OF THE DEBATE

McKay coming toward elevator with Lucas, Corliss, Fleischer.
Lucas carries BRIEFING BOOK for debate.

McKAY
(quiet and concentrated)
You think it's okay on the health
insurance stuff?

They go into elevator.

CORLISS
It's terrific stuff. Jarmon'll be
speechless.

FLEISCHER
I still don't know if that's what you
really want to say.

McKAY
Let me check those figures.

LUCAS hands him book.

LUCAS
It's number 23.

McKay stands holding open book but looking at VERY OLD MAN
who is standing shyly in a corner of elevator, and who
has been watching him the whole time. Fleischer leans
over McKay's shoulder, opens his mouth to speak, but McKay
closes book and hands it back to Lucas.

LUCAS
I'm still not happy about number 11.

McKay steps forward and tenderly, carefully shakes the
old man's hand.

(CONTINUED)

McKAY

Hi. How are you?

OLD MAN

I remember your Dad.

McKAY

I bet you do.

The old man is beaming. Elevator doors open on lobby. As he exits, McKay turns to give a small wave.

56 INT. CAB - NIGHT

Lucas and McKay going from Fairmont to KRON-TV studio. For the first time, Lucas is nervous and McKay is cool, fatalistic.

LUCAS

Want to go over it again?

McKAY

(leaning back, looking
out window)

No, I got it.

LUCAS

The main thing is to say only what we
came to say -- no matter what the
questions are.

McKAY

(mildly)

When this is all over, I'm going out
on the desert -- by myself.

LUCAS

Good idea. Hey, wait a second! Change
ties with me!

McKay starts to undo tie -- hesitates.

McKAY

Why?...Never mind.

He goes ahead and changes.

Driver reacts.

LUCAS

Here.

(CONTINUED)

DRIVER

(heavy country accent;
to McKay)

Hey, don't I know you from somewheres?

McKAY

I'm a well-known attorney.

DRIVER

(disappointed)

Oh. I thought you might of been in
Gunsmoke.

LUCAS

Have you been following Jarmon and McKay?

DRIVER

Oh, yeah.

McKAY

What do you think of them?

DRIVER

(turning around as
he drives)

They're lookin' out for themselves, way
I figure it. Now don't get me wrong -
I ain't saying I wouldn't do the same
if I was to be in their predicament.

LUCAS

Well, who will you vote for?

DRIVER

Vote? Mister, I never vote! Let 'em
do what they want, but I never yet put
the knife in my own back!

57 INT. TINY MAKE-UP ROOM AT STUDIO

Howard Klein personally supervising MAKE-UP MAN making up
McKay - and whispering instructions to McKay on handling
himself. He is whispering because a female REPORTER is
sitting behind him, with her notebook open. LUCAS and
Klein's secretary LISA also sit watching.

KLEIN

Look now, you'll be sitting on the right.
Keep looking at Jarmon all the time he's
talking. Try to keep your eyes steady,
don't blink. Don't look up, or your eyes
glaze and you look like a moron. And
when you're not gesturing, keep your fingers
interlaced!

(CONTINUED)

Klein tries to adjust McKay's hands. McKay slaps his fingers!
Female reporter looks up at the sound.

Lucas starts to laugh.

57A OMITTED

57B LONG SHOT: TV STUDIO FLOOR

Everyone in position for debate -- waiting in the tension of
PERFECT SILENCE.

DIRECTOR's ARM RAISED. CLOCK WITH SECOND HAND SWEEPING TOWARD
ZERO.

Two Candidates sitting stiff and expressionless at their two
little tables. PANELISTS and MODERATOR at separate tables.
Behind the cameras: the rings of faces watching, waiting.

58 CLOSEUP: MCKAY's FACE, completely calm and composed

PANELIST #3

(MICHAEL--VOICE OVER)

Mr. McKay, one of the first positions you
took in your campaign, as I recall, was in
favor of bussing to achieve racial balance
in the schools. Now recently, if I'm not
mistaken, you seem to have qualified this,
have you not?

PULL BACK: McKay's hands are folded, his fingers interlaced.

MCKAY

Bussing is the law of the land and it must
be abided by. But we can't make a school
bus carry all the burdens of our society.
The main problem is still how do we get a
first-rate education for each and every child.

58A BALCONY

Standing together leaning over balcony rail - Corliss, David,
Jaime. David and Jaime are looking over to Corliss as if
to say, "What the hell kind of answer was that?"

PANELIST #1

(STEVEN - voice over)

Gentlemen, is pollution a political issue
in this campaign - or is it one thing both
of you can agree on?

Wearing make-up, relaxed and effusive.

JARMON

Why of course it's not political, and the last thing we need to end it is someone trying to score points off that question. Now look at the oil spill that fouled up our beaches. That hits Republicans just as much as Democrats. Now I warned about that oil spill...

58C JARMON AND MCKAY - ON LARGE MONITOR SCREEN

McKay with hands folded, watching Jarmon intently.

JARMON

I testified, I hollered for tougher regulations. But we needed the oil and we weren't careful enough about how we went in and got it. So I end up in the shower, just like everyone else, trying to scrub the oil out of my old grey hair...

PULL BACK: studio audience in screening room of station. Nancy sitting next to Henderson, nervously biting her nails.

JARMON

(voice over)

Now when it comes to smog, we're bucking the dream of every private citizen in his automobile. We're not going to change that, it's a way of life the world envies. So we had to take on the battle of installing devices. Now I consulted with the Governor on that, I consulted with the auto industry and gradually we're seeing that shift-over take effect. In fact we can now say, as a result of our Herculean labors, we're turning the corner on smog here in California.

the moment he starts speaking.

McKAY
(quietly)

We can't see to the corner, let alone turn it. I won't say it's a matter of Republicans or Democrats, Steven, but it's politics all right when politicians put the needs of the polluters over the needs of the public. Now we have the money to do this job, we just haven't had the leadership to get the job done. It's clear to me that the citizens of this state want it done, and the only solution is for more and more of us to get into this political game and take it away from the politicians.

58E INT. CONTROL BOOTH

Lucas and Klein sitting behind glass among a row of technicians with earphones constantly signalling and switching levers. Above them, a bank of monitors with different views of debate, constantly changing. HUM of rapid, subdued direction-giving.

As McKay gives last answer, Klein is silently pounding his fist into his hand. He turns to Lucas and shakes his fist, grinning. Lucas smiles as he makes notes. Evidently things are going well.

On the other end of the row, Jarmon's Manager and Press Secretary look sour. ON SETS ABOVE THEM:

PANELIST #2
(RUTH ASHTON-TAYLOR)

What do you think of legalized abortion?

58F McKAY

McKAY
(quietly)

It's something women are concerned about, and I think we've got to study it. We can't just shut our eyes to the problem.

58FF BALCONY - JAIME AND DAVID REACTING

CUT TO:

58G SCREENING ROOM

FOCUS ON Nancy, glimpse of "The Girl", sitting 4-5 rows behind here.

(CONTINUED)

JARMON
(effusive)

I'm an old fashioned guy when it comes
to this...and I don't care who knows it.

CUT TO:

58H McKAY AND PANEL - DOWN IN THE PIT

McKAY
I'm the underdog, so I don't believe
in polls.

58I CLOSEUP - PANEL LAUGHING

McKAY
I wouldn't believe in 'em anyhow.
You can't trim what you say to suit
somebody's poll.

CUT TO:

58J JARMON

JARMON
All I want, my friends, is teachers
who are at the university to teach and
not to indoctrinate.

CUT TO:

58K JAIME LAUGHING

58L PANELIST #3

PANELIST #3
(MICHAEL)
How will you deal with the problems of
crime?

CUT TO:

58M McKAY

McKAY
(quietly, looking sincerely
INTO CAMERA)
First we've got to back up the men who
enforce our laws. We've got to equip
them to handle crimes against person
and property with speed, effectiveness
and safety to themselves. We've got to
put in every kind of preventative program
and system, so that crime can be stopped
before it starts.

CORLISS, JAIME, DAVID

Jaime is disgusted, David jabbing Corliss and flinging out his hand, as if to say, "Why?" Corliss however, looks rather smug--since he wrote the program and thinks it's sharp stuff politically.

McKAY
(voice over)

I have put out a 5 point program on prevention and enforcement, and as far as I know it's the only comprehensive program that been offered in this campaign.

CUT TO:

58Q JARMON

His face shows disgust, his voice is too harsh.

JARMON

Of course it's easy for anyone to come into it at this time and say anything that might capitalize...

58P INT. CONTROL BOOTH. KLEIN AND LUCAS

Excitement at Jarmon losing his cool. Lucas, a diabolical grin.

CUT TO:

58Q JARMON

JARMON

...the question is where do you draw the line?

(he is scattering his shot; McKay watching him calmly)

For some people their idea of getting tough is longer suspended sentences...Now let's just stop for a moment and think where crime comes from. Studies have proved it's this whole attitude of permissiveness. Let's not kid ourselves. That attitude has given us some real bums to contend with...We have a society that's gone soft as an old banana...

58R INT. BOOTH

Lucas makes strong check mark on one side of his page. Lucas looks over and grins at Jarmon's Manager -- who is leaving booth.

CUT TO:

We can see him struggling to recover his easier delivery.

JARMON

Well, now, Miss Taylor, I've been in too many losing football games, where we thought we had it won...of course I played on many more winning occasions. But I learned never to predict whether you win or lose or what that point spread's gonna be. If people have faith in you, and think that faith will be reflected, well, that's fine.

McKAY gives a small laugh.

PANELIST #1
(trying to begin
another question)

Gentlemen?

JARMON

But you don't predict.

MODERATOR

Thank you, Senator.

Little RIPPLE OF LAUGHTER in studio. Panelists look uneasy and amused.

McKay smiles gravely.

CUT TO:

58T PANELIST #3

PANELIST #3

In view of recent studies indicating widespread use and a lack of long-term effects, would you legalize marijuana?

58U JARMON

still trying to compensate.

JARMON

Well, now that question is more complicated than it seems. Here's where I at least understand how some people feel. You see younger people just looking up at the generation before them, the generation that's supposed to set an example, and they see too darn many of these people have serious drinking problems. Now that's not a good sign for this country, either way. That's a great challenge for all of us to take to heart. But of course it doesn't justify the use of hard narcotics. We've never permitted that; we shouldn't; and we won't.

(CONTINUED)

PAN OVER TO McKay, who is keeping his poise with greater confidence.

McKAY

I don't know at this point if I'd
vote to legalize tobacco...

(LAUGHTER)

...there's too much we don't know.

MODERATOR

We pause for this message.

LIGHT GOES OFF and everyone seems to go limp for a moment.
Manager - having got down to floor - slips up and hands Jarmon
a note. Jarmon nods determinedly: he knows.

58V NANCY AND HENDERSON

HENDERSON

We got it!

NANCY

Shhh.

58W JAIME AND DAVID

JAIME

Oh wow, wow!

DAVID

(embarrassed)

It's not over yet.

58X CONTROL BOOTH - KLEIN MERRILY SLUGGING LUCAS' ARM

KLEIN

I told you he got balls in both hands!

LUCAS

(smiling, pointing
toward floor)

Wait, wait.

58XX ZOOM DOWN IN PIT - LIGHTS UP.

JARMON

...the Romans were weakened, their
leadership was morally decayed, they
spent their time arguing about all the
vices they could legalize. And what
happened was an onslaught that nearly
spelled the end of civilization...

JARMON

...now I'm not suggesting that this is what'll happen if the people of California in their wisdom decide not to send me back to the Senate.

(grins charmingly)

I just promise you this. That as your Senator in Washington, I will continue to stand up for that American philosophy, the philosophy of individualism and self-reliance that made this nation what it is today, and is more than ever called for in this time of crisis.

He leans back; a pause.

58Z CONTROL BOOTH - LUCAS LEANING FORWARD NERVOUSLY

MODERATOR

(voice over)

We will have now a short sum-up from Mr. McKay.

Over Lucas' head we see McKay on monitors. McKay all of a sudden cracks a big grin.

McKAY

I think it's interesting to note what subjects we have not discussed.

58Z1 CLOSEUP - LUCAS

pure fear.

58Z2 McKAY

McKAY

We've completely ignored the fact that this is a society divided by sickening fears and hatred and violence. Until we talk about what this society really is, I don't know how we can change it.

We haven't discussed, for example, the cancerous rot that destroys our cities. We have all the resources we need to check the disease, but we don't use them for building and healing. We haven't discussed why not.

We haven't discussed race in this country, and we haven't discussed poverty.

In short, we have not discussed the basic social sickness that may yet send this country up in flames.

Lucas has buried his face in his hands. Klein is swearing.

KLEIN

You had to do it, didn't you!

Engineer motioning for Klein to shut up.

58Z4 McKAY

McKAY

...I believe this country will not prevail...
perhaps will not survive...until we confront
our sickness and confront it directly. That's
the job I'm after. Thank you.

58Z5 DAVID

grinning, elbowing Jaime in ribs, Corliss beaming.

JARMON'S VOICE

(very heavy)

Just a moment, please!

58Z6 JARMON - VERY CLOSE

Face is full of controlled anger, gravity, power.

JARMON

(with slow, heavy
emphasis)

I never dreamed...my opponent...would
stoop to encouraging violence. I would
seriously question whether a man who
would do that...

McKAY

(cutting in)

That's not what I said...

BELL RINGS.

MODERATOR

I'm sorry, gentlemen, our time is up.

There is a SNAP, and the screen goes blank and silent for a
second, like a TV set that has been snapped off.

59 INT. TINY MAKE-UP ROOM (AS IN Sc. 57)

Make-up man swabbing off McKay's make-up as people begin to
crush in.

(CONTINUED)

CORLISS

You were great, Bill. You touched
all the bases.

FEMALE REPORTER

I thought you were splended!

CORLISS

See, that 5-point program works, it
works right in.

McKAY

You liked it, huh?

McKay remains impassive and dead-panned - won't accept
anyone else's judgment of him.

HENDERSON

Hey, Bill, your wife's waiting in the
lounge. Should she stay here or go
back to the hotel?

McKAY

(hesitates)

I'll be out in a minute.

HENDERSON

You'll be out in a minute, huh?
(pushes close and
speaks in low voice)
Quite a show.

McKAY

What does that mean?

HENDERSON

What does it mean? I don't know.

David and Jaime enter.

DAVID

Hey, Bill, that ending really took
care of business!

David slaps McKay's hand, i.e. "gives him skin".

McKAY

Hey! Jaime!

They fumble revolutionary handshake. Jaime can't look at
McKay. McKay gives him a quick take and turns away.

(CONTINUED)

REPORTER

Mr. McKay, how would you assess the impact of tonight's debate?

McKAY

I don't know, you saw it.
(stand up)
Where's my jacket?

DAVID

I got it.

59A OUTSIDE ROOM - KLEIN AND LUCAS

coming along corridor with their heads down, trying to keep their voices low. Klein is furious; Lucas simply depressed. (Lucas is still carrying issues book.)

KLEIN

He took 23 out of 24 bits, kept us beating our meat for a whole year, and all the time he was waiting behind a bush to unzip himself.

LUCAS

He probably doesn't see it that way.

KLEIN

He damn well will when I'm through with him.

LUCAS

Don't say a word, Howard.

KLEIN

Oh no, Luke, not after I brought Jarmon down from 20 points to 4! He says what he wants; I say what I want!

Klein shoves into make-up room.

LUCAS

(grabbing Klein's shoulder)
Goddammit, I feel just as bad as you do -

John J. McKay suddenly appears.

JOHN J.

Where is that son of mine?

Lucas hauls Klein out of the way.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN J.

Hey, Bud!

People fall back to let him through - reporters move in behind him. John J. shoves right up to McKay, embraces him with his left arm, shakes his hand with his right - with professional heartiness. Photographers flash. Klein starts shoving Lucas in ribs.

KLEIN

A goddamn endorsement!

JOHN J.

Hello, Bud. I think the old Crock looked a little sick - until the end, when he kind of turned it on you.

McKAY

I just wonder if anyone understood what I was trying to do.

59B CLOSEUP - JOHN J.

JOHN J.

Don't worry, son. It won't make any difference.

59C TWO SHOT - KLEIN AND LUCAS

LUCAS

You see, Howard -

Nancy appears
in doorway.

KLEIN

Shut up!

JOHN J.

Now look at this gorgeous female creature!

John J. rushes over and embraces Nancy. Photographers flash again. Nancy clings to John J., giving it her Sunday smile, turning this way and that to give them their angles, clearly triumphant and ready to celebrate. She cocks her head to McKay, as if to say, "come on over!"

McKay's reaction: negative.

JOHN J.

We're all goin' over to O'Doul's! I got 'em a liquor license and now they have to pay for it!

(CONTINUED)

Everyone roars. John J. moves out the door with Nancy and everyone follows. As McKay goes out, he gives Lucas a searching look. Lucas smiles uncomfortably.

LUCAS

What the hell. Forget it.

McKay nods two slight nods, nodding to himself.

59D INT. IMMENSE AUDITORIUM - NIGHT - SPOTLIGHTED

Podium, plush curtains. LITTLE BOY steps out to LOUD APPLAUSE, carrying soap box. He puts down his box, climbs on it, stands at podium. MORE APPLAUSE. Boy has mop of long blond hair, and is dressed in Little Lord Fauntleroy suit.

BOY

Ladies and gentlemen! Aren't I somethin'? I think I ought to be Senator. Then this state will be a really swell place for kids to play. Right, Dad?

HEAVY VOICE

Right, son!

FREEZE FRAME. SUPER: Paid for by the Committee to Reelect Senator Crocker Jarmon.

59E KLEIN'S FACE (INT. KLEIN'S OFFICE - DAY)

He is smoking cigar with phone cradled in his neck.

KLEIN

I love it, we're gettin' to him. The Crock is worried. Now, look. We don't have any time to do new stuff, but I'll tell you what. I got the way to handle it. I'm gonna re-cut some of the old stuff and give you 30 seconds of McKay the statesman....That's a guarantee! Right, Luke.

Throws the phone in its cradle with a solid clunk.

59F 30 SECONDS OF MCKAY THE STATESMAN
Footage cut from previous commercials.

60 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

John J. waiting for bill with FLOYD STARKEY, the big Teamster leader. Lucas pacing around: Lynn sitting quietly.

(CONTINUED)

LUCAS

I'm sure he'll be along in a minute,
Mr. Starkey.

JOHN J.

Keep in mind that Floyd has to get to
a meeting at the local down on Mission
Street at 7:30 tomorrow morning.

LUCAS

Bill was telling me how he appreciates
your effort in coming here, Mr. Starkey.

STARKEY

Hell of a way of showing it.

Corliss looks into room as if he expects to see McKay there.
Lucas lifts his eyebrows; Corliss shrugs.

LUCAS

He was probably held up on the freeway.

LYNN

(mischievously)

No, I saw him in the hotel.

Lucas looks daggers at her, but John J. breaks out laughing.

JOHN J.

Some things are more important than an
election.

Lucas grins.

STARKEY

I don't know what the hell you mean
by that.

60A CORRIDOR OUTSIDE ROOM

Lucas looking down corridor. McKay is coming at last with
The Girl walking behind him. McKay turns into the room -
without looking at Lucas - while The Girl continues down the
hall looking straight ahead. She wears no make-up, and her
face is set and proud. Lucas takes a quick peek at her ass
- then follows McKay into the room.

60B IN THE ROOM

Lucas introducing Teamster.

LUCAS

Bill, this is Floyd Starkey. He has
to leave in a few minutes because a
hundred thousand Teamsters in this state
are waiting to hear what he has to say.

(CONTINUED)

McKAY
(crosses room and sits
down without shaking
hands - leaving Starkey
standing)

Sorry I'm late.

JOHN J.
This is a man who can do you a lot
of good, Bud.

McKAY
Uh-huh.

STARKEY
And you could do us some good, if
you get to Washington.

McKAY
You didn't do much good trying to
break up the farm workers.

STARKEY
Oh yeah?
(working to swallow
his hostility)
That isn't how I would put it.
(pause - looks over to
John J., who shrugs
cheerfully, as if to
say, "I warned you")
There's no point chewing over our
differences, though. When we get
right down to it, you might find we
have a lot in common.

McKAY
(remaining seated)
I don't think we have shit in common.

Tense pause - then everyone laughs, including Starkey - and
at last McKay himself has to smile.

OMIT 61. 61 moved to 75D & 75F

62 EXT. DESERTED BEACH - LONG SHOT - (HEAVY FOG, PERHAPS RAIN)
McKay running hard.

CUT TO:

We see McKay come diving over the top of the bluff head first, literally risking his neck. He comes rolling, sliding down INTO THE CAMERA and PAST - all the way to the bottom, maybe 100 feet down.

CUT TO:

OMIT 62B & 63 -- they become 59E

64 BLACK SCREEN

THREE-FOUR THOUSAND VOICE CHANTING: "WE WANT BILL" - with thump of drums each time.

64A CLOSEUP - MCKAY AND LUCAS

standing together dead-panned as CHANT continues. Lucas gives McKay a little push and McKay goes walking out from what we now see are the wings of a stage - whereupon a tremendous CHEER breaks out.

64B FROM MCKAY'S POV - STARKEY, NANCY AND BIG BACKER

sitting among DIGNITARIES in a row of metal chairs behind podium; all rising now as he walks in.

64C INT. AUDITORIUM OF A LABOR UNION - LONG SHOT

Draped with buntings and McKay signs for special rally. CHEERING AUDIENCE standing, BAND playing, signs waving.

CHEERLEADERS in hats and short skirts down below stage grinding their hips at the crowd.

64D MCKAY'S POV AGAIN

looking right down the throats of hall full of cheering people.

McKay begins what will be HIS FIRST REAL STUMP SPEECH.

MCKAY

(as noise dies away)

Thank you. Thank you...Good to see you all. I had nothing else to do tonight, so I thought I'd drop by.

(gets LAUGH and stops for it, as he will throughout)

(CONTINUED)

McKAY (cont.)

It's nice to talk to an audience of working people...because I can congratulate you on having jobs.

(smaller LAUGH)

You can't say that for 8 per cent of the job force in this state - and that's just the official figure. Ladies and gentlemen, I say to you that that fact alone - and the contempt for ordinary people that it represents - is enough to justify all our efforts.

Think of it: the biggest, richest, most powerful country in all the world can't keep its full work force working. It can't tend all its sick people. It can't feed all its hungry people or decently house its poor people. It can't educate everyone who needs an education.

There has got to be a better way!

(APPLAUSE)

And to me that's what this election is all about.

It won't be decided by who has the slickest TV commercials.

It won't be decided by who can put on the best barbecue - luckily for me!

(LAUGH)

It won't be decided by the newspapers. Or by Mayors, Governors, Vice Presidents or Presidents.

(LAUGHTER turning
into APPLAUSE)

Because the time has passed when you can campaign on gimmicks and endorsements and turn your back on the fundamental problems that confront the people of this country!

McKay waits - and the audience realizes this is a big applause line.

PAN TO Starkey and others applauding.

64E SIDE VIEW - McKAY

scratching an itch under his ribs.

(CONTINUED)

McKAY

...The people in this critical year are demanding a government that will help them help themselves. And I mean help themselves - not just help themselves.

And if you don't give them that kind of government, the American people are going to know it, and I'll tell you something: They're going to catch up with you.

And don't think you can distract them any more by playing off young against old, black against white, the poor against the less poor.

I think the time has come when the American people realize we are all in this together. We sink or swim together. And maybe... I say to you just maybe...that is the way it should be - a test of our courage, of our compassion, our faith in ourselves and our faith in our country.

David in audience, looking sad. Next to him - listening intently - Pete Wilson.

APPLAUSE. McKay gauges it, decides to relax them before ending pitch.

McKAY

...Now there. You didn't know this election was all that important, did you? Well...I couldn't come out here in front of all these people and just say, vote for me.

The audience is relieved, and gives him his LAUGH.

McKAY

...You know, the slogan I originally wanted for this campaign was, "Vote for McKay" - Why Not?"

(SMALL LAUGH)

...That was turned down, for some reason. At least it wouldn't offend anyone. And that's the name of the game isn't it? Not to offend anyone?

(to himself)

Isn't it?

(CONTINUED)

He gets a few cries of "no! No!"

McKAY

...That's what they tell me! And I
tell them there's got to be a better
way!

LAUGH - McKay deliberately cuts this one short. Takes a
reflective tone - and maybe his real feelings are coming out.

McKAY

...Maybe I'm wrong though, maybe there
isn't. Maybe we just have to go on
muddling through.

OFFSTAGE: Lucas, nervous.

But McKay recovers:

McKAY

...no individual can come before you
and say he's got all the answers.

All he can say is - here I am - that's
all - and I'm willing to give it all
I've got.

McKay abruptly stops, waves, and backs off from podium with
the most natural kind of youthful awkwardness - conveying
both conviction and modesty. And the CROWD COMES TO ITS FEET.

McKAY

(softly)

Thank you. Thank you.

The dignitaries behind him are standing and clapping.
McKay turns to Nancy - as APPLAUSE MOUNTS - Nancy and McKay
together at podium, waving to crowd.

FREEZE AND SLOW FADE as APPLAUSE CONTINUES, mixed with
ear-splitting WHISTLES.

65 INT. BACKSTAGE, SAME AUDITORIUM

McKay party pushing their way toward exit door. Nancy and
John J. moving on ahead as McKay stalls in heavier traffic -
all shaking hands. Pete Wilson suddenly appears and stops
McKay.

WILSON

Bill, I gotta tell you something.

(CONTINUED)

McKAY

Pete! Hey! What's happening back at the office?

McKay shakes his hand; Wilson holds on.

WILSON

Bill, I was there in the beginning, right? I had my doubts, you knew that, didn't you?

McKay braces himself.

WILSON

I really didn't know if you could control it. Since then I've been keeping an eye on you every step of the way. And I saw tonight it's worth it, Bill, it really is effective. Just keep on going, man. If someone doesn't like it, the hell with 'em!

McKAY

Yeah, Pete, great of you to come...

McKay, uncomfortable, moves off quickly and runs right into CHEERLEADER doing bump with big McKay photo-pin on her panties.

Wilson is startled for a second not to get a soul-to-soul reaction. He stands staring after McKay as McKay is moved through revolving door. Then a shrewd smile appears; Wilson nods his head. He is telling himself he understands - he is the only one.

66 MONTAGE: McKAY GIVING STUMP SPEECH IN 6 DIFFERENT PLACES

SENIOR CITIZENS' PARK - WATTS HEADQUARTERS - SHOPPING CENTER
-WOMEN'S CLUB - HOTEL BALLROOM - ROOF OF CAR - COURTHOUSE
STEPS - HIGH SCHOOL HOMECOMING PARADE...

Glimpses of Nancy in background...

ECHO EFFECTS

AUDIENCE SOUNDS feeding in seemingly at random, inappropriate, not connected with what he is saying: LAUGHTER, APPLAUSE, CHEERS, BOOS, YELLING.

(CONTINUED)

McKAY

...can't tend all its sick people
...can't feed all its hungry people...

Ladies and gentlemen, there has got
to be...

That's what this election is all about...

...got to be a better way...better way...

It won't be decided by the newspapers...
or by TV commercials...

It's time to take government back for
the people...the people...the people...

Because I think...the time has passed
...the time has passed...has passed...

...the problem will not go away...the
people will not go away...

...if you don't give them...give them...
a test of our courage...our compassion
...our faith in ourselves...our way of
life...I'm willing...ladies and gentlemen,
I'm willing...I'm willing...I'm willing...
I'm willing...

Final words, "I'M WILLING...I'M WILLING", grow louder as
MONTAGE SLOWS AND FADES.

67 CLOSEUP - McKAY - THROUGH CAR WINDOW - DAY

McKAY

(babbling dreamily)

Ladies and gents, the time has passed,
got to be a better way, I say to you, can't
any longer play off black against old, young
against poor, this country cannot house its
houseless, feed its foodless, they are
demanding a government of the people, peopled
by people, our faith our compassion our
courage on the gridiron, the basic indifference
that has made this country great. And on
election day, we won't run away, vote once,
vote twice, for BILL McKAY...you middle-
class Honkies!

(CONTINUED)

PULL BACK: he is in back seat of car, looking out window.
Lucas in front, reading newspaper.

PULL BACK FURTHER: the car is crossing Golden Gate Bridge.

CUT TO:

68 EXT. STATION WAGON RACING ALONG STREETS IN RAIN - DAY - OAKLAND

Lucas in back seat with McKay, his hand on Jenkin's shoulder
as he drives.

LUCAS

Goddammit, losing 15 minutes of free
air time is like throwing away \$80,000.
Go on, fella! Go! I don't care what
you do!

68A LONG SHOT

The car swings down left hand lane, past long line of cars
waiting at red light, Henderson leaning out right hand
window.

HENDERSON

Okay so far, okay so far...

Jenkin very nervous. They whip through red light and past
TRAFFIC COP.

HENDERSON

Excuse us, officer.

69 INT. LOBBY OF TV STATION

TWO UNIFORMED RECEPTIONISTS, one black, one white, sitting
at desk by elevators.

Lucas, Jenkin, McKay, David (carrying briefcase) and Henderson
dash in and run to elevators. Jenkin pushes button three-four
times.

RECEPTIONIST #1

Excuse me, but you can't go up there.

LUCAS

This is Bill McKay.

RECEPTIONIST #1

I don't care who it is, we have to
phone your names up.

(CONTINUED)

LUCAS

We're doing an interview upstairs.

Meanwhile, in background, OFFICE BOY rushes up, dressed in smock.

OFFICE BOY

Mr. McKay, you're doing a great job.
Right on, man!

McKAY

Thanks.

OFFICE BOY

My girl would kill me if I didn't get
your autograph.

McKay scrawls autograph.

RECEPTIONIST #2

If you gentlemen will just take a chair,
we'll be happy to send up your names.

Lucas picks up a chair.

LUCAS

We'll take this one, okay?

Receptionists advance on them.

RECEPTIONIST #2

Gentlemen, we're just doing our job.

Elevator door opens and McKay's party rushes in. Lucas backs in brandishing chair.

RECEPTIONISTS

(trying to get at them)

You can't do that! It's the rules!

LUCAS

Back, back, I say!

OFFICE BOY

Oh, wow!

Doors close and open. McKay's party rush out - they are upstairs - dash down corridors - run into STAGEHAND coming out of swinging doors with red light flashing overhead.

(CONTINUED)

STAGEHAND
(as they pass)
You're too late.

69A INT. TAPING STUDIO WITH SMALL OFFICE SET

which grips are beginning to disassemble. Behind it, the regular 6 o'clock news set - the "Anchor Men" getting into position. McKay's party confronted by STUDIO MANAGER, with clipboard.

MANAGER
(to HOULIHAN)
Mr. Lucas.

LUCAS
We'll go right on.

MANAGER
We're not gonna reassemble it, I'm
sorry.
(to McKay)
Hello, Mr. McKay.

McKAY
We'll play it as is, if that's okay.

McKay walks onto set.

MANAGER
It's up to you. We don't have time
for more than one take on this.

LUCAS
Over on the right, Bill! The right!

McKay moves. Manager is signalling to camera and to engineer in booth.

LUCAS
Everybody off the floor now. Come on!

HENDERSON
Okay, everybody off the floor!

They file into production booth, watch through slanted glass window.

ENGINEER
(into mike)
Ready, number one? Tape rolling,
okay, GO!

(CONTINUED)

McKAY

(leaning back on set)

This is Bill McKay. I want to say
a few words about -

The set shifts under him, slides an inch, but he recovers
himself.

McKAY

- about the crisis in health in this
c-c-c--

McKay cracks up.

MANAGER

Cut! Take it from the top!

ENGINEER

Ready, tape rolling, go!

McKAY

This is Bill McKay. I want to say a
few words about the crisis in health
...in health...

McKay cracks up again. Lucas, in booth, breaks into a laugh.

MANAGER

I fail to see the humor.

LUCAS

Hold it just one second, okay?

Through the glass, we see Lucas go out on set and talk to
McKay. WHISPERING, AMPLIFIED through overhead sound boom:

LUCAS

Take it easy, Bill.

McKAY

Okay, okay, I got it.

MANAGER

(leaning into mike)

This is it, gentlemen.

Lucas kneels down behind camera.

ENGINEER

Tape rolling, ready, GO!

(CONTINUED)

McKAY

This is Bill -

He cracks up immediately.

Lucas jumps up and tries to grab McKay's shoulders. Manager comes rushing out on floor.

McKAY

(twisting away, unable
to stop laughing)

Just a minute, wait a minute.

MANAGER

That's just about enough, gentlemen.

LUCAS

Can you give us thirty seconds?

MANAGER

There's nothing I can do.

McKay is sitting on set, laughing uncontrollably. Manager stands looking at him, grimly shaking his head.

70 INT. HOTEL ROOM - McKAY STRIPPING OFF SHIRT

Fantastically messy hotel room - dirty plates, glasses, ashtrays all over. McKay is alone, late at night. PHONE RINGS.

McKAY

Hullo?

He is opening suitcase on bed, taking out tennis racket.

OPERATOR'S VOICE

Mr. McKay?

McKAY

(swinging racket)

Right.

OPERATOR'S VOICE

Your morning call will be a 6 a.m.

McKAY

That's good to know.

(hangs up)

McKay begins to lurch around room, tossing up paper cups and swatting at them, checking his form in the mirror. He drinks from glasses, grabs scraps of food from plates. He tries a serve - scrapes his racquet on the ceiling.

(CONTINUED)

SOFT KNOCKING. McKay opens door, still holding tennis racket. It is Lynn - in very sexy little dress.

LYNN

Hi.

McKay looks at her.

LYNN

Can I come in?

McKAY

(in manner of W. C.
Fields)

Looking for a taste of power, eh,
my dear?

LYNN

(with a big sly grin)

But you're going to lose.

70A EMPTY CORRIDOR

SOUND of door shutting. Little CLICK of lock.

70B INT. SUITE AT FAIRMOUNT HOTEL - SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

Lucas, Jenkin, Henderson and 6 ADVANCE MEN.

LUCAS

Now I hope you have it straight, my friends, because these last few days are going to be murder. When you see that your event is going to be off-schedule even by five minutes, you must contact Jenkin immediately by phone or radio. You must get through to him -- Jenkin is the only person responsible for advance. I have to leave in a minute, so I'm going to ask him to run through the motorcade stuff. Rich?

JENKIN

Give me a hand with this map, Wally.

Henderson and Jenkin prop cardboard map of Montgomery Street against lamp.

JENKIN

(with clipped, ivy-league
super-precision)

Now here we have a four block area on
Montgomery Street. Damn!

(CONTINUED)

MAP falls down. They put it up again.

JENKIN (cont.)

This is the entire run of the parade,
'cause it's the only place in Northern
California where we have the right-sized
buildings old enough so that the windows
open. Now we are going to come through
at exactly 12:26, because that's when people
are coming down on their lunch breaks.

OLD NEGRO WAITER in white coat wheels in long table.
Everyone starts lifting metal plate lids. They all have
prime ribs.

JENKIN

When they pop out of their
elevators and hit that street
they've got to see the happy
teeth of Bill McKay bearing
down on them--

Now we make sure of this in
two ways.

One, we stall cars blocking
the adjacent streets.

Two, we send a sound truck
through half an hour before.

Are you listening, Wally?

Now each of you will find your
assignments on the printed
sheets, and you will note
they are timed out to the
minute.

Wally, will you pass out the
sheets?

HENDERSON passes out sheets as
fast as he can. No one looks
at them.

JENKIN

Then there's the ticker tape.

We got it set up with the
union to start dropping from
the roofs at exactly 12:25.

LUCAS

Who had the medium rare?

HENDERSON

Hold a medium for me, will
you Luke?

ADVANCE MAN #1

There should be four mediums,
but there's only three.

HENDERSON

Well, one of 'em is mine!
I know this is cold!

ADVANCE MAN #2

That's mine with the asparagus.

ADVANCE MAN #3

That's not asparagus!

WAITER

Cook say we out of ass-pur-gus
and is broccoli to your
satisfaction?

(CONTINUED)

JENKIN (cont.)

Also we leaflet the offices
at noon so the people hanging
out the windows have something
to throw.

Now the order of vehicles is
as follows.

First your Dixieland band on
a flatbed.

Well, goddammit, that one over
there is mine! Because I had
the julienne potatoes!

Just wait for me, please!
Now are you guys listening?

Okay, in the first car we
have Lucas and Congressman
Whatsisname and the Mayor.

The waiter is bumping into them as he puts dishes and silver
on table, lights sterno, etc.

JENKIN

Thanks for telling me.
(nervous laugh)

Now the second car is open
and in it we have McKay and
Nancy and no one else.

Third car is key press, set
up by Henderson already,
right Wally?

The procession will move at
three miles an hour.

Any questions?

HENDERSON

Don't pay attention to that.

ADVANCE MAN #5

Just give me anything.

LUCAS

No, let's get it straight.

ADVANCE MAN #6

But this one is well done!

HENDERSON

We're listening, we're listenin

WAITER

'Scuse me, gentlemen.

LUCAS

The Mayor won't be there.

ADVANCE MAN #1

They got this whole thing wrong

ADVANCE MAN #2

Wait a second. How many had
medium well, raise your hands!

HENDERSON

Right, right!

ADVANCE MAN #5

This sure as hell is asparagus!

HENDERSON

I say it's spinach and I say
I'll eat it!

70C EXT. MONTGOMERY STREET - VARIOUS ANGLES - TICKER TAPE PARADE

1. STANDARD TV SHOTS -- Dixieland band, paper coming down,
LONG SHOT FROM ABOVE.

{CONTINUED}

2. OFFICE WORKERS DUMPING WASTEBASKETS OUT WINDOWS.

3. JENKIN STANDING WITH STOPWATCH. Behind him -- cars HONKING behind car stalled lengthwise across street.

70D CLOSEUP - MCKAY AND NANCY

smiling, waving.

70E THEIR POV

Paper coming down, people cheering.

McKay spontaneously jumps out of car and starts shaking hands.

70F MCKAY CLIMBING BACK IN CAR

waving and mugging like he's flown to the moon.

We can see Nancy is very happy with the parade and with McKay.

OMIT 70G-I

71 INT. MCKAY HEADQUARTERS - ELECTION EVE - ABOUT 5 P.M.

Staff and VOLUNTEERS crowd stage. FINAL CHART:

	JARMON	*MCKAY*	UNDECIDED
JULY	58%	36%	6%
AUG	54%	39%	7%
SEPT	49%	40%	11%
OCT	46%	42%	12%
NOV			

McKay next to Lucas leaning against desk on back wall. McKay is talking. Back of crowd: people standing on chairs, craning to see. Other people looking down from balcony.

MCKAY

...you believed in what we're doing...

SHOUTS FROM BACK

Louder! Louder!

JENKIN

Will you please be quiet!

MCKAY

Without you we couldn't have done a thing, and win or lose, I want you to know we've been honored to have you.

(CONTINUED)

Lucas climbs up on desk. CRIES of "BIG LUKE" - "COOL HAND".

LUCAS
(holding up V-sign
and draws CHEERS)

All right, that's enough.

Luckily for Bill, he hasn't gotten to know some of you the way I have. Otherwise, he'd see what a miracle this campaign really is!

HOOTS and JEERS. CRIES of "RIGHT ON" and "OFF HIM". LAUGHTER. Lucas holds up his hands again.

LUCAS
And let's not kid ourselves, what we got here in this room is essentially a bunch of lazy dilltantes!

Lucas GETS A HAND. McKay is grinning.

LUCAS
One more tid-bit before we take our man over to the Big Eye for his final statement. The polls say we are now within 3 points!

(APPLAUSE)

We haven't made too many converts, but we sure have made a lot of undecided...

So I'll leave you with a final word before you hit the slopes and beaches. Get out the vote tomorrow -- give us one more long day's work. Stay off the hard stuff -- and leave your number at the desk.

Crowd breaks up, begins to mill, as McKay with his staff in front of him begins to push through to the outside, nodding and shaking hands all the way.

72 EXT. SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF HEADQUARTERS - PEOPLE WAITING FOR MCKAY TO EMERGE

Cory stands talking with Large Girl, as FEMALE REPORTER avidly scribbles it down.

LARGE GIRL
...it's obvious you don't know him in the slightest. This campaign is not about what he says or doesn't say. The point is that just by getting up in front of us and letting us do our thing, he's given us freedom. That's why he never tells us what to do. He accepts us, you see, and then it's up to us to find out who we are -

(CONTINUED)

Excitement: McKay coming out.

CORLISS

You have a nice mouth.

He rushes off toward McKay.

LARGE GIRL

Pig!

Corliss pushes up to McKay. People shoving in all around.

CORLISS

Bill, I got to tell you! The feeling
hit me today! Fantastic vibes man!
We got a winner!

HENDERSON

The feeling hit me too!

Short young Corliss and big fat Henderson embrace and break
into a dance. All the others stare.

73 OMIT

74 INT. MCKAY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Windows open. Cricket outside. McKay is undressing as Nancy
watches from the bed.

A matchbook falls from McKay's shirt pocket. He picks it up
and stares at it.

NANCY

What's that?

McKAY

Nothing.

He chucks it toward wastebasket, misses. Nancy picks it up.

NANCY

(reading)

"You lose". Now what's that?

McKAY

An early return.

McKay gives one of his political grins. Nancy is uncomfortable.

NANCY

I'm tired, aren't you?

(CONTINUED)

McKay nods, looking at her sadly now and with appreciation of the fact that she, too, wishes to avoid any sort of showdown.

the PHONE RINGS. McKay answers and stands listening.

McKAY

Sorry.

He hangs up and stands holding an undershirt, transfixed, completely lost in thought.

Nancy sits up and watches him.

McKay at last reaches over and puts the phone off its cradle.

NANCY

Bill?

McKAY

Hmmm?

NANCY

Do you wish you were somewhere else?

McKAY

I feel like I just came up from eight months in the New York subway.

He turns then and puts down his undershirt.

NANCY

I guess we had better go to bed.
(flops over on her tummy)
Oh, I feel so stiff!

McKay straddles her, delicately lowers her nightgown halfway and begins gently rubbing her back.

McKAY

It was his last wish that Nancy have a back rub.

NANCY

It feels good.

McKay's hands - working harder, mechanically squeezing and pounding.

74A CLOSEUP - McKAY'S EYES

are dull and groggy.

(CONTINUED)

PULL BACK TO SIDE: Nancy lies silent and motionless as he works with small grunts. SHOT IS HELD past the point where we would expect a cut.

McKay stops - droops forward for a moment, his head almost touching her bare back. Then he pulls back and carefully climbs off of her.

McKay pads toward bathroom - stops and looks back at her.

74B FROM MCKAY'S POV

Nancy is lying perfectly still, her head turned away, her blond hair fanned out on the pillow.

But from the other side, we see that her eyes are wide open.

74C EXT. MCKAY HEADQUARTERS - "MCKAY: THE BETTER WAY" ON MARQUEE.

RAIN coming down, McKay people climbing into cars and driving off, directed by Chicano dispatcher.

TV man in raincoat huddles under marquee.

TV REPORTER (Channel 7)
Jim, it's raining today on election day
all over the state we understand, and
here at McKay headquarters there is
frantic concern to get their voters to
the polls --

CUT TO:

75 POLLING MONTAGE:

NANCY grinning like a star as she comes out of the booth.

JOHN J. pulling up in his Lincoln at a rural one-room school-house polling place.

JARMON kissing wife for photographers. Ladies pinning a huge orchid on her.

OMIT 75A--which becomes 75H

CUT TO:

75B TV SCREEN: INT. SAN FRANCISCO TV STUDIO

L.A. NEWSCASTER IS SITTING WITH PIPE-SMOKING POLLSTER.

(CONTINUED)

NEWSCASTER (VAN AMBERG)

I'm sitting here with Dr. Benjamin Dwight, who in the last three elections has predicted every major race in California hours before the polls close. Would you mind, Dr. Dwight, describing your technique?

DWIGHT

(striving for boredom)

We pick the key precincts in Los Angeles County, George, and we interview voters on their way from the polls.

OMIT 75C

CUT TO --

75D 2 QUICK CUTS

2 people saying into hand-held mikes that they voted for Jarmon; 1 for McKay.

75E EXT. BUS DRIVER SITTING IN BUS

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE

You say you're an independent?

DRIVER

That's right.

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE

Would you mind telling us who you voted for in the Senate race?

DRIVER

Not at all. I'll tell you who I voted for. You see, I don't wait till the last minute to make up my mind.

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE

Who is it then?

DRIVER

I vote the man, not the ticket. And once I make up my mind, none of this electioneering stuff has the slightest effect on me.

(tapping his head)

I know what I know.

CUT TO:

INTERVIEWER WITH HOUSEWIFE

HOUSEWIFE

Of course the women on my block voted
for McKay just on the basis of looks.

REPORTER

What about yourself?

HOUSEWIFE

I was taught that "handsome is as
handsome does."

CUT TO:

75G BUS DRIVER AGAIN

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE

Will you tell us then, who you voted
for?

DRIVER

I'll tell the world.

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE

Just...when...will you tell the world?

DRIVER

When I'm good and ready, that's when!

CUT TO:

75H INT. HOTEL ROOM - LUCAS, KLEIN, CORLISS, HENDERSON, FLEISCHER
watching TV, keeping score of key counties.

THEIR VOICES

...Don't go in there - he's sleeping.
...Plenty of time yet.
...Well, we blew John J.'s county.
...No, that was the other county.

CUT TO:

75I TV SCREEN: NEWSCASTER & THE POLLSTER AGAIN

NEWSCASTER

And based on your interviews, what is
your projection for the Senate race?

(CONTINUED)

DWIGHT
(removing pipe, leans
forward emphatically)
Crocker Jarmon by 8 per cent!

CUT TO:

76 INT. HOTEL SUITE

SOUND TRACK: FRENZY of voices and TV noise.

CLOSEUP of McKay's face, grave and expressionless, just like the face of the defeated candidate in the opening scene.

PULL BACK: Nancy is seated on the arm of his chair, her arm around his shoulders, smiling her gorgeous smile above him as photographers flash them again and again.

The door to the corridor is open - people pressing in and out tremendously excited. ALIOTO, Starkey, MONEY MEN, FILM STARS.

TV shows wild crowd celebrating in ballroom downstairs, including RAPTUROUS GIRLS IN STRAW HATS, as in beginning of movie.

TV VOICE
Walter, as this tremendous upset becomes more and more evident with every passing minute, the people gathered here in the ballroom are getting ready to rip the roof off...

WILD FACE pokes in FRONT OF CAMERA, waves hat and rushes off.

TV VOICE
As I was saying, they're getting ready for Bill McKay to come down to make his victory speech and when McKay appears, you'll hear a cheer that may just shake this old building like an earthquake.

Klein rushes in, embraces Lucas.

KLEIN
Looks like five out of six tonight, baby!

JENKIN
(at top of his lungs)
Please clear the hall! We're bringing him down now!

(CONTINUED)

McKay does not move. His father comes up to him, kneels down by McKay's chair. For the first time, we hear him speak in a quiet voice.

JOHN J.

Son, you're a politician.

McKay gets up and begins to move as HUMAN WEDGE forms around him.

CUT TO:

76A THE CORRIDOR

where McKay spots Lucas and tries to push toward him, mouths, "I want to see you".

76B GLIMPSE OF THE GIRL

Lucas pulls McKay off to the side, around a corner, through swinging doors and into a freight elevator.

Door closes on pack trying to follow.

77 INT. FREIGHT ELEVATOR

McKay and Lucas are crowded up against burlap wall padding by huge metal cart, loaded with dirty dishes, which takes up most of the elevator.

A BUS BOY is crowded up against the opposite wall. He eyes them suspiciously.

BUS BOY

You guys ain't supposed to be in here.

78 INT. LUCAS' EMPTY HOTEL ROOM

where he was watching returns. Dishes, ashtrays, etc. scattered around. Small suitcase standing on desk by door.

NOISE of key in lock. Lucas and McKay hurry into room. In the interval while door is open, we HEAR FAR-OFF CROWD NOISES.

LUCAS

(grinning)

They saw you go with me, so we have about sixty seconds before they come looking for you. So what's on your mind?...Senator.

(CONTINUED)

Long pause - NOISES LOUDER.

CAMERA CUTS BACK AND FORTH from McKay to Lucas. McKay leans against desk.

McKAY

I don't know.

BANGING on door.

LUCAS

(shrugs)

Okay. I gotta get out there.

Lucas opens door a crack.

LUCAS

(shouting)

He'll be out in a minute. Stop that goddamn banging!

McKAY

Marvin!

LUCAS

What?

(glancing at watch)

Lucas starts to open door. NOISE of people shouting.

McKAY

(half smiling)

What do we do now?

LUCAS

Huh?

Lucas turns - people shove by him into room.

78A FROM MCKAY'S POV

We see 50 people surging into the room, followed by cameras, coming down on him like a tidal wave.

FADE OUT

THE END