Worthy

Pilot

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September 17, 2009
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FADE IN:

OVER BLACK

JAKE (V.O.)

Two months ago, the Governor of Arizona was a shoo-in for reelection.

MUSIC: a groovy beat takes us through--

INT. OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR OF ARIZONA - DAY

GOVERNOR GREG BENDER looks into CAMERA with a squinty smile, posing for a publicity shoot. A row of STAFFERS behind him.

JAKE (V.O.)

But that was two months ago.

A CAMERA FLASH, and we are--

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

The Governor is pulled from an airport restroom by a UNIFORMED OFFICER and 2 HANDSOME MEN sporting badges (undercover cops). LOOKY-LOOS gawk.

JAKE (V.O.)

Before undercover cops pulled the Governor from a men's room at the Flagstaff airport.

Another FLASH--

INT. AIRPORT BATHROOM STALL - DAY (MOMENTS EARLIER)

Seated on a toilet, tense with lust and anticipation, Bender reaches under the divider and beckons to someone in the adjacent stall.

JAKE (V.O.)

No charges were filed. But there was speculation in the press.

A HAND reaches back under the divider to flash a DETECTIVE'S BADGE.
GOVERNOR BENDER
(horrified)
No!

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY

The POLICE COMMISSIONER addresses the PRESS.

JAKE (V.O.)
The Police Commissioner, who had been appointed by the Governor, claimed Bender had received a threatening letter, and the police escort had been for his safety.

CUT TO

EXT. ARIZONA STATE FAIR - EVENING

On a CROWD of CURIOUS LOCALS, gathering around and jostling for access. LOCAL PRESS snap photos.

JAKE (V.O.)
Voters who wanted to believe that, did. Others shifted their support...

ANGLE on our hero, REPRESENTATIVE JAKE WORTHY (late 30s).

JAKE (V.O.) (CONT’D)
...to me.

MUSIC ENDS

JAKE (CONT’D)
Hi there. Good to meet you.

Jake smiles as he moves through the crowd, shaking hands with LOCALS. He reaches an ELDERLY WOMAN--

JAKE (CONT’D)
Darlin’, what’s your name?

ELDERLY WOMAN
Wendy.

JAKE
 Appreciate your support, Wendy.

ELDERLY WOMAN
(amiably)
I’m probably not voting for you.

LAUGHTER from the CROWD.
CONTINUED:

JAKE
(grins)
Well now, you said probably. So I do have a shot.

ANGLE on KATE DAVIS (late 20s), Campaign Manager, as she hurriedly makes her way over. Kate is black, gorgeous and principled to a fault. She might also be a candidate for anti-anxiety medication, except that her nervous energy works well for the job.

She taps SOMEONE on the shoulder.

KATE
We’re in Phoenix at 10 after 2, it’s a 40 minute ride, his speech is 15.

OLIVER BRADLEY (50s), Chief Campaign Strategist, half-turns to look at her. Flippant and often sloppy in appearance, he is in fact a veteran politico who has lived through countless state-level campaigns, administrations, cigarettes. He is Jake’s right-hand man, not his conscience.

OLIVER
Your point?

KATE
He should be on stage in 5.

ANGLE on Jake as Kate pulls him away from the crowd. Oliver joins them as they walk towards a platform stage.

KATE (CONT’D)
Megan and the girls are here, so is your dad, they’re waiting by the stage.
(hands Jake PAGES)
Here’s the speech, Andrew made changes.

JAKE
(scanning it)
Such as?

OLIVER
No mention of health clinics, like we talked about. And we’re on Bender’s turf, so we’ll stay away from the airport incident.

JAKE
Don’t see why.
CONTINUED: (2)

OLIVER

Jake--

JAKE

There's ways to bring it up without "bringing it up". Don't think I need this.

As Jake hands the speech back to Kate, he spots--

SHEP, Jake's father (late 60s), thinning hair and big, tinted glasses, gesturing wildly as he talks to a slight, elderly MAN.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Why is Dad talking to the Congressman?

OLIVER

(moving off)

I'll handle it.

Jake turns to his wife, MEGAN, and their 2 DAUGHTERS, waiting near the stage. Megan is sporting a spray-tan.

JAKE

Hey honey--

(then)

Whoa.

MEGAN

I know, it's a disaster. I went a shade darker with the spray-tan.

JAKE

You're like, Latina.

MEGAN

A lot of it washes off. But they said don't shower for eight hours.

RACHEL, 14, chimes in--

RACHEL

It's coming off on her dress.

MEGAN

Rachel, that is rude...

Jake bends to his youngest daughter, ERICA (7). Erica has DOWNS SYNDROME.

JAKE

What about you. Should we get you a spray tan?
CONTINUED: (3)

ERICA

(smiling)

Yeah.

Jake smiles back at her...

TIME CUT

Jake addresses the crowd from a miked podium on stage.

JAKE

I don’t have much time with you today, and I’m not gonna waste it by standing up here and whining or pointing fingers. I’ve been all over the state, from cattle drives in Nogales up into the north canyons, and the people of Arizona have made it clear: you don’t care about a headline in a gossip magazine. You don’t want to hear about the private lives of politicians, who did what in a public restroom...

ANGLE - Oliver and Kate flinch as Jake makes the reference. Oliver scans the CROWD for angry reactions... But no one heckles. In fact, some BYSTANDERS nod in agreement.

JAKE (CONT’D)

What you want to know is, how are you going to pay your medical bills? You want to know if your job is safe, and if we can create new jobs here in Arizona. Well that’s what I want to talk about. Hell with mudslingers and gossip hounds. Starting now, we focus on what’s important.

Encouraging WHISTLES from the CROWD.

JAKE (CONT’D)

And together, we make it happen!

CHEERS and APPLAUSE. As Jake raises a hand in acknowledgement--

CUT TO

EXT. PINK RANCH HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

A woman known simply as MAMA (50s) is slumped on a lawn chair. Heavy-set, Latina, hair in curlers, she smiles happily as she takes in the festivities.

A BIRTHDAY CLOWN makes balloon animals for a dozen Latino CHILDREN playing on the lawn.
CONTINUED:

SPEAKERS blast Mexican pop songs, paper plates are heaped with carnitas, grilled onions, corn. ADULTS play with the kids, or joke amongst themselves. Out beyond the fenced yard, Arizona countryside stretches in every direction, miles of dead grass and sloping hills...

A LITTLE BOY runs to Mama, holds up a balloon animal.

MAMA
A ver mi hijito?
(the boy hands it over)
Ay que bueno. Es un conejo? Rabbit?

BOY
Dog.

MAMA
A dog, si. A blue dog, it’s nice.

A white MAN in stained overalls, 40s, approaches.

MAN
They said to get you.

Mama gives the little boy a kiss, returns his party favor. The man helps Mama out of her chair.

CUT TO

EXT. BARN - DAY

Mama and the man climb out of a Jeep, walk to the barn. Aside from the wood bar, there’s not another structure in sight. Cows graze in a fenced area.

MAMA
My nephew’s birthday. He’s a big boy.

MAN
How old?

MAMA
Six. Losing baby teeth.

MAN
Leave ‘em for the tooth fairy, right?

MAMA
Yes. But in Mexico we say it’s a mouse, El Ratón. Ratón wore out his tooth from chewing. You give him a baby tooth and he puts it in his mouth, leaves you money.
CONTINUED:

MAN
Never heard that.

MAMA
My nephew don’t care about El Ratón. He wants a tooth fairy. He said, tooth fairy pays more.

As Mama laughs, they enter--

INT. BARN – DAY

and continue to the back of the barn.

MAMA
I was a girl, I got 5 centavos. My nephew gets a dollar. Front teeth, 5 dollars.

MAN
Real money.

Mama stops.

MAMA
How much you owe me?

She’s looking down at--

RAY DOLAN, 40s, gagged and tied to a chair. He’s a big man, but looks understandably terrified. Face glistening with sweat.

LUIGO, a veteran gangster with TEARS TATTOOED on both cheeks, stands watching. TWO THUGS in the shadows behind him.

LUIGO
Quarter mil, plus interest.

MAMA
That’s a lotta teeth.

Ray yells, protesting through the gag as Lugo takes a pair of PLIERS from a work bench.

Mama has a seat.

MAMA (CONT’D)
Don’t get blood on this dress.

Lugo reaches into Ray’s mouth with the pliers, and off Ray’s choking SHRIEK---

CUT TO
EXT. WORTHY HOME - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

A modest, attractive home in a suburban neighborhood.

INT. WORTHY HOME - ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

Jake and his family pile in, peel off their coats.

MEGAN
Say goodnight to daddy.

He scoops Erica up into his arms.

JAKE
You’re getting heavy. Maybe we should stop feeding you.

ERICA
No.

Jake kisses her. To Rachel, heading upstairs--

JAKE
Thanks for coming, Rach.

Rachel keeps going, doesn’t respond.

MEGAN
Ipod, can’t hear you... So Oliver said the Rasmussen poll has you 3 points ahead. You weren’t going to tell me that?

JAKE
3 points isn’t much of a lead.

MEGAN
Beats trailing by 3.
(taking Erica)
Okay, bedtime. Mommy needs to wash off this radioactive paint.

JAKE
Where’d Dad go?

MEGAN
(heading upstairs)
Liquor cabinet? Just a guess.

LIVING ROOM

Like a soldier scouting the field of battle, Jake pauses in the doorway to watch his father...
CONTINUED:

Shef is pouring two glasses of scotch. A wily, canny, countrified ex-mayor, he was (some years ago) a big fish in a tiny pond. He speaks without turning.

SHEF
Ever ask yourself, how come so many politicians get caught in sex scandals?

JAKE
(going along)
Tell me, Dad. Why is that?

SHEF
Science.

Shef finishes pouring, holds a glass out to Jake.

SHEF (CONT‘D)
Thought I‘d pour you one, since it’s your booze--

(then)
See, politicians are ambitious, so they have high testosterone and a powerful sex-drive. That was true for me.

JAKE
Yes it was.

(cheers)
To a powerful sex drive.

They drink.

SHEF
Being a pervert does not preclude one from being a leader of men. Course, I never got caught. And when I resigned I had the highest approval rating of any mayor in the history of Cornville. That’s an empirical fact--

JAKE
I know Oliver spoke to you. And I know you’re angry.

SHEF
Why are you telling me how I feel?

JAKE
So you’re not angry. If you had been, I’d have told you how much I appreciate your flying down to help with the campaign. I know you have a lot to contribute, a lot of experience...

(MORE)
CONTINUED: (2)  

JAKE (CONT'D)  
It’s just, we don’t always bring family on the trail. It’s not personal.

Shef grunts, unconvinced.

SHEF  
Got a cigarette?

JAKE  
I quit.

SHEF  
You quit. Okay.  
(then)  
Well you’re the man of the hour, let’s talk about you. How’d you feel about that speech today?

Jake collapses into a chair.

JAKE  
We took a poll. According to 200 randomly selected Arizona residents, the word “health” is played-out. So instead of campaigning on health clinics, an issue I feel passionate about, a way to help children... my speeches hinge on the Governor’s sex life. An issue I’m less passionate about. In fact if Bender wants to get off in airport bathrooms, I say go for it! Just, you know...

SHEF  
Shut the stall door.

JAKE  
Exactly.

SHEF  
Sorry you feel muzzled. That’s rough. But I guess if Oliver’s done the research, you have go with it. He’s the expert.

JAKE  
Dad--

SHEF  
I never went to school for politics, though I did win a number of elections. Not the same thing, is it. So I guess if Oliver thinks there’s a negative perception of me, that I’m a liability--
CONTINUED: (3)

JAKE
Nobody thinks that. I told you--

SHEF
If you say so.
(gets up)
I’ll see you in the morning, okay?

JAKE
...’Night, Dad.

Shef heads upstairs. A beat. Jake takes a pack of cigarettes from behind the bookcase.

CUT TO

EXT. RAY’S HOUSE – PORCH – NIGHT

Ray Dolan clutches a bloody rag to his face, hurrying up the walk. Eyes darting, frightened. He reaches the front door, groaning as he fumbles with his keys.

INT. RAY’S HOUSE – ENTRYWAY / KITCHEN – NIGHT

Ray shuts the door and bolts it. Peers through a curtain at the street, shaking with pain and fear.

He snatches a dishrag from a hook near the sink, lays it out on the table. Goes to the freezer, removes a tray of ice, cracks the cubes onto the dishrag and gathers the edges to make an ice pack. Presses the pack to his face and moans.

CUT TO

EXT. WORTHY HOME – SIDEWALK – NIGHT

Jake steps out onto the sidewalk, closes the gate behind him. A guilty glance at the cigarette.

QUICK POP: JAKE ON THE CAMPAIGN TRAIL

Making a speech--

JAKE
Tobacco use is the leading preventable cause of death in this country!

RETURN TO SCENE

as Jake lights up and exhales, ahhh.

His CELL PHONE rings. He checks it, doesn’t recognize the number. Answers anyway.
CONTINUED:

JAKE (CONT’D)

Hello?

INT. RAY’S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Ray is calling, ice pack pressed to his cheek.

NOTE: swelling in Ray’s mouth has made him very difficult to understand. INTERCUT

RAY
This Jake Worthy?

JAKE
Who’s this?

RAY
Ray Dolan.

JAKE
Who?

RAY
Ray Dolan. Met you at a fundraiser.

JAKE
(straining to hear)
Sorry, I’m not getting what you’re saying...

RAY
I gave ten grand to your campaign. Remember?

Jake has no idea what he’s talking about.

JAKE
How did you get this number?

RAY
You promised me permits for my nightclub.

JAKE
I promised what?

RAY
Zoning permits.

JAKE
...soning permiss...?

RAY
Permits!
CONTINUED:

Ray’s tone is clearly aggressive, and Jake’s had enough.

JAKE
Look, Ray? That’s your name, right? It’s late to be calling. I don’t know how you got this number...

RAY
Don’t you blow me off.

JAKE
Call me tomorrow at my office, okay? Campaign headquarters in Phoenix, the number’s listed.

RAY
You hang up, you’re a dead man!

JAKE
What? I can’t...

RAY
I said if you hang up--

JAKE
I’m hanging up now, Ray. Good talking to you.

RAY
No-- !!

Jake hangs up, turns the phone off. Shakes his head; the hell was that?

INT. RAY’S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Ray shrieks with rage, hurls the ice pack against the wall. It EXPLODES in a shower of splintered ice--

INT. WORTHY HOME - SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Jake takes a drag, calmly exhales.

JAKE (V.O.)
That’s one thing you learn. Can’t make everyone happy.

As he ponders this...

END TEASER
ACT ONE

FADE IN:

A PRINT AD FROM 1983

A sexy, buxom blonde, MARY KAY DEROSSEI (20s, here) stands before a line of recreational vehicles (RVs).

A COUNTRY–WESTERN REMIX takes us through--

JAKE (V.O.)

Senator Mary Kay DeRossi started out as a
print model for “Comfort Cloud” RVs...

EXT. CHURCH – DAY (1984)

Now in a wedding gown, Mary Kay stands with her new HUSBAND as they are pelted with rice.

JAKE (V.O.)

Impressing the President of Comfort Cloud.

The image BECOMES A BLACK & WHITE TABLOID PHOTO.

JAKE (V.O.) (CONT’D)

While her husband was reclusive and
arrogant, Mary Kay was a fresh-faced, corn-
fed cowgirl. And people loved her.

CLOSE on Mary Kay, smiling.

JAKE (V.O.) (CONT’D)

After the divorce, she went into politics.

EXT. ENVIRONMENTAL AWARENESS EVENT – DAY (RECENT)

Mary Kay (older here) stands with an EPA SPOKESMAN, pointing to a POSTER of ARIZONA WILDLIFE PRESERVES.

JAKE (V.O.)

Her critics were shocked to learn she was
no bimbo, but a savvy politician. Liberal
on some issues...

EXT. NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION EVENT – DAY (RECENT)

Mary Kay FIRES a rifle.

JAKE (V.O.)

...conservative on others...

MEMBERS of the NRA applaud.
CONTINUED:

JAKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
She was "pure Arizona", a phrase she coined herself. She is Arizona's most popular politician...

INT. SMALL CHARITY FUNCTION - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

Mary Kay (late 40s), part stateswoman, part B movie star, sips a rosé spritzer and chats with ATTENDEES.

JAKE (V.O.)
And her endorsement is critical.

MUSIC OUT as Jake approaches.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Mary Kay.

MARY KAY
Well what are you doing here, darlin'? Shouldn't you be out campaigning your little butt off? I don't think the votes in this room are worth your time.

JAKE
Showing my support for a good cause. I had an aunt die of lung cancer.

MARY KAY
Oh I'm so sorry. Of course this event is for breast cancer.

JAKE
It metastasized. Horrible. How are you?

MARY KAY
Speaking of breasts? Oh I'm fine, they're fine...

Mary Kay continues on, Jake follows--

JAKE
I was hoping to follow up on that conversation we had earlier.

MARY KAY
(ever the innocent)
Which one was that?

JAKE
About you endorsing me for Governor.
CONTINUED:

MARY KAY
Oh of course! Darling, I’ll be honest. I think you’re the cat’s pajamas, and am not exactly leaping to share a stage with Bender after he-- well you know, but he and I do have a lot friends in common.

JAKE
Maybe if--

MARY KAY
Would you like to meet the host?

Mary steps into a conversation with a group of CHARITY-GOERS. Off Jake...

TIME CUT

Jake and Oliver step aside to confer.

JAKE
Completely shut me down. Good news is--

He nods to a tough-looking BUSINESSMAN across the room.

JAKE (CONT’D)
Doug Wilson is her largest campaign supporter, and he’s bidding on the new state highway project. Massive contract, awarded by the new governor.

OLIVER
If we guarantee the contract, you think Mary Kay will endorse you.

JAKE
It’s risky. But Mary gets us Tucson, Green Valley--

(off Oliver)
You’re shaking your head.

OLIVER
Not about that. Just had this image of Mary naked, twirling a lasso.

JAKE
Okay.

OLIVER
She had a pearl-handled revolver she used shoot off in her backyard. And the lasso was in her bedroom, she could actually use the thing--
CONTINUED: (2)

JAKE
You slept with her?

OLIVER
In the 80s, sure.

JAKE
You slept with Senator DeRossi. Right. So maybe I follow up on the highway contract--

OLIVER
No, no, you don’t want to get near this thing. Mary and I get along great, the lasso is ancient history. Seriously. Let me handle this.

Off them--

CUT TO

EXT. CAMPAIGN HQ - STREET - DAY

Find Ray’s rental car, a BLACK MUSTANG, parked outside.

INT. RAY’S MUSTANG - DAY

Ray sits behind the wheel, his cheek stuffed with cotton. With him is KYLE ENDECOTT, a friend in his 40s.

RAY
I’m going in.
(beat)
Give me another bump?

KYLE
Another what? Oh.

Kyle fishes out a packet of white powder, hands it over.

KYLE (CONT’D)
Can’t understand you with the cotton in your mouth.
(laughs)
You got cotton mouth.

Ray dips in with a key, snorts powder. Hands the baggie back and climbs out.

CUT TO

INT. CAMPAIGN HQ - MAIN OFFICE - EVENING

Ray speaks with a RECEPTIONIST at the front desk.
RECEPTIONIST
Sir, I’m trying to explain. If you leave your phone number and the nature of your business--

RAY
He in the office?

RECEPTIONIST
What?

RAY
I gave ten grand to his campaign. If he knew I was standing out here scratching my ass?

RECEPTIONIST
Sorry, not getting what you’re...

RAY
Scratching my ass.
(demonstrates)
SCRATCHING. MY. ASS.

RECEPTIONIST
Sir, please don’t do that here.

A SECURITY GUARD comes over.

SECURITY GUARD
Everything okay?

RECEPTIONIST
He doesn’t have an appointment.

SECURITY GUARD
(to Ray)
We can’t have you yelling in here, okay? I have to ask you to leave.

Ray stares at him.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT’D)
Sir.

RAY
How ‘bout I take that billy club and ram it down your throat? Goddamn rentacop. You people make me sick.

Ray storms out. The guard turns back to the receptionist.
CONTINUED: (2)

SECURITY GUARD
What did he say?

PRELAP, a CHURCH CHOIR--

CUT TO

INT. BAPTIST CHURCH - DAY

A BAPTIST YOUTH CHOIR sing their hearts out, as the CONGREGATION sings and claps along.

CHOIR / CONGREGATION
If His eye's upon a sparrow then He must be watching me. Watching me, Jesus watches me.

FIND Jake seated with a group of BLACK COMMUNITY LEADERS. Jake claps along self-consciously.

CHOIR / CONGREGATION (CONT'D)
Watching me, Jesus watches me...

CUT TO

INT. MARY KAY DEROSSEI’S APARTMENT - ENTRYWAY - EVENING

Mary Kay answers the door, smiles at Oliver.

MARY KAY
Ollie Ollie oxen-free!

OLIVER
Mary Kay.

MARY KAY
It’s been so long. And don’t say how long, I don’t want to know.

They step into--

LIVING ROOM

Floor-to-ceiling windows with a dramatic view of Phoenix. Modern art paintings, designer furniture. COUNTRY playing on the stereo.

MARY KAY (CONT’D)
Would you like a drink? I’m having a mint julep.
CONTINUED:

OLIVER
Just bourbon, thanks. Wow. This is better than your old place, and that's saying something.
(off a painting)
That's very... expensive looking.

MARY KAY
German abstract neo-expressionist something-or-other. My ex was crazy about it.

OLIVER
The RV king?

MARY KAY
More recent ex. Shall we sit?

They sit, and Oliver finds himself gazing at Mary Kay.

OLIVER
It was a while back, you and me. I was telling Jake how--

MARY KAY
Oliver.

She snaps the MUSIC off with a remote, as all trace of flirtation vanishes.

MARY KAY (CONT'D)
You're not gonna try and seduce me, are you? You should be chasing younger women, and I should definitely be chasing younger men... So let's talk business, don't you think?

OLIVER
(recovering)
Great.

MARY KAY
If I help Jake get elected, what exactly can I expect from his administration?

OLIVER
Representative Worthy has become interested in the new state highway proposal.

MARY KAY
So I understand.
CONTINUED:  (2)

OLIVER
Given the opportunity, he would award the contract to Wilson-Loeb.

Mary smiles, suddenly sweet again.

MARY KAY
Ollie, from the very little I know about it, that sounds like a real smart choice.

OLIVER
He’ll be a real smart Governor. Hope you agree.

MARY KAY
To Governor Worthy.

Oliver grins, raises his glass...

MARY KAY (CONT’D)
I want more ice. Would you like some?

Mary Kay stands and disappears into the kitchen.

Oliver notices something on a side table and reaches for it. A lasso. He stares at it a moment... then whirls the rope overhead, attempting to lasso a nearby chair. Misses.

MARY KAY (CONT’D)
You need practice.

Oliver’s smile fades...

Mary Kay has reemerged wearing high-heels and nothing else. She clicks over to him.

MARY KAY (CONT’D)
You say you wanted ice?

She drops two cubes into his glass and sits. Crosses her legs, holds up her drink.

OLIVER
What happened to chasing younger men?

MARY KAY
Lucky for you, I raised the age limit. Cheers.

Oliver, managing to raise his glass...

CUT TO
EXT. KATE’S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

INT. KATE’S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kate shouts across the apartment to her boyfriend, while pulling a slice of cold pizza from a box in the fridge.

KATE
You’d think as his Campaign Manager they’d want me in the loop, but it’s like a little boy’s clubhouse. I walk in, Jake and Oliver stop talking.

Kate heads into--

DEN

where SCOTT is at his desk. He works in the State Attorney General’s office, and the den is piled with legal papers.

KATE (CONT’D)
You hear any of that?

SCOTT
What?
(then)
Kidding.

Kate eyes a bulletin board covered with SUSPECT PHOTOS.

KATE
She’s new.

Kate points to a PHOTOGRAPH OF “MAMA” (whom we met earlier).

SCOTT
I told you about her. “Mama” Marcos, runs a Mexican drug cartel. Cops think she’s living in Arizona.

KATE
Nice eye shadow.

SCOTT
Yeah, real sweet. See that?

Scott points to a PHOTOGRAPH of a PINK, GIFT-WRAPPED BOX TIED WITH A RED RIBBON.

SCOTT (CONT’D)
Mama doesn’t like you, she has you cut in pieces and delivered to your family in a box with a red ribbon.
CONTINUED:

KATE

Seriously?

SCOTT

That’s her thing.

Kate stares at the photo of the pink box.

KATE

Murder and mayhem. Another day at the Attorney General’s office.

SCOTT

And you complain about your job.

As she puts her arms around him, sympathetic--

CUT TO

EXT. WORTHY HOME - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

INT. WORTHY HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

It’s late, lights out in most of the house. Jake hushed as he leaves a message on his cell phone.

JAKE

Oliver, what the hell. Still waiting to hear on Mary Kay. Call me.

Jake hangs up, frustrated. He goes to the bookcase, takes the pack of cigarettes from its hiding place. It’s empty.

INT. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Shef is watching TV. Jake walks in, holds up the empty cigarette pack.

JAKE

What are you, 13?

SHEF

(still watching TV)

Thought you quit.

Jake tosses the empty pack on the bed, starts out.

SHEF (CONT’D)

Let me borrow your car.

JAKE

You smell like a distillery.
CONTINUED:

SHEF
Then you drive. You want a smoke bad as I do.

Off Jake--

INT. JAKE’S CAR - NIGHT

Jake parks his car across from a convenience store. Shef makes no move to get out.

SHEF
Need some money?

Jake ignores him, heads out alone.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Jake approaches the store... finds the lights are on, but the store is closed. He glares down the street, a stretch of darkened storefronts and empty desert... Turning, Jake is startled as SOMEONE steps out of the shadows, blocking his path-- It’s Ray.

Jake doesn’t recognize Ray, but the scare gets his heart pounding. He avoids eye contact, tries to pass.

JAKE
Excuse me--

RAY
You don’t remember me.
(Jake stops)
We talked on the phone last night. And before that. At the Marriott’s in Oakton.

Jake decides to act like he remembers Ray, who’s taken the cotton out of his mouth and is now easier to understand.

JAKE
Okay. Yeah.

RAY
It was a fundraiser for your campaign. Me and some associates gave you ten grand-- That ring a bell? You might remember that.

JAKE
Right. Good to see you. I have to get going--
CONTINUED:

RAY
I told you I was opening a nightclub on Pearson Ave, I was having trouble getting a permit. You were real nice about it.

JAKE
Was I? Good.

RAY
You promised to help me.

Jake casts a desperate look around. The street’s empty, and his car is around the corner, out of sight.

RAY (CONT’D)
I told my investors we had a permit coming, and they started construction. Labor, equipment, insurance. Spent about three-hundred grand so far. Now I’m hearing I won’t EVER get a permit. That’s a situation, don’t you think?

Time to call the police. Jake whips out his cell phone.

JAKE
It is, it’s a screwed-up situation. Here’s what I’ll do, I’ll make some calls--

RAY
Put the phone away.

JAKE
We’ll get this ironed out--

Ray grabs Jake.

JAKE (CONT’D)
Help!

Ray punches Jake hard in the stomach, and Jake doubles over, gasping. Ray stands over him, red-faced, spittle flying.

RAY
You don’t care about anyone but yourself, isn’t that right? Going around, making promises--
(then)
Look at me.

Ray grabs Jake by the hair, pulls him upright.

RAY (CONT’D)
Look me in the eye!
CONTINUED: (2)

As Jake stares up at Ray...

SHEF (O.S.)

Jake?

Shef rounds the corner. He stops, shielding his eyes as he peers into the shadows.

SHEF (CONT’D)

Jake. That you?

As Ray stares at Shef... Jake sees his chance, summons all his strength-- and kicks Ray in the nuts, hard. Ray emits a strangled cry of pain, goes down.

Shef is startled as Jake sprints out of the shadows--

JAKE

Get in the car! Dad, get in the car!

INT. JAKE’S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Shef tumbles into the car. Jake follows, pulling the door shut and locking it.

JAKE

Keys.

SHEF

Do I have them?

JAKE

Dad!

Shef produces the keys, Jake snatches them and with shaking hands, fumbles to fit the key in the ignition... The car STARTS.

Jake glances out for a sign of Ray, but it’s too dark to see anything. He steps on the gas, BURNING RUBBER as he pulls out. Gunning the car into blackness--

And for a fraction of a second, HEADLIGHTS ILLUMINATE Ray as he steps into the street. He looks more startled than angry, arms out as if to deflect a football tackle--

A sickening THUMP as Ray goes under the car. Another thump, the back tires--

Jake slams on the brakes.

Engine idling. Jake and Shef, still breathing hard, staring off as they absorb what has happened.
CONTINUED:

A very, very long pause... Finally Jake grips the steering wheel, looks in the rear-view mirror.

IN MIRROR: Ray lies in the street, a broken rag doll.

EXT. STREET – CONTINUOUS

Jake opens the door a crack.

JAKE

Hello?

A GROAN. Jake cautiously gets out... Ray is on his back, not looking good.

JAKE (CONT’D)

You all right?

Ray coughs and spits blood. Shef gets out of the car and shuffles over, as Jake kneels by Ray.

JAKE (CONT’D)

I am so sorry. That was an accident. The part with the car, I mean... I’ll call 911, okay?

(then)

What’s that?

Ray is rasping something, too softly for Jake to hear. He tries again, as Jake leans down close.

RAY (wheezes)

You... are... an asshole.

With that, Ray exhales and lies still.

JAKE

Ray?

Ray’s dead. Jake exchanges a glance with Shef, then stares at the cell phone in his hand. As the implications sink in...

JAKE (CONT’D)

I’m calling the police.

BLACK

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

FADE IN:

SERIES OF SHOTS

WIDE on a street in downtown Phoenix during rush hour. Hustle and bustle, pedestrians, traffic.

A deep, serious ANNOUNCER’S VOICE narrates.

ANNOUNCER’S VOICE
A true leader needs more than experience.

ANGLE on a CRANE OPERATOR at the building site of a skyscraper.

ANNOUNCER’S VOICE (CONT’D)
They need judgment.

3RD GRADERS listen to their TEACHER during class.

ANNOUNCER’S VOICE (CONT’D)
Values. And common sense.

ANGLE on Jake standing with Megan and the kids, smiling.

ANNOUNCER’S VOICE (CONT’D)
Jake Worthy. A Governor we can trust.

And BACK TO REVEAL we are--

INT. MARY KAY DEROSSI’S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

As the COMMERCIAL finishes playing on the TV...

A MAID plugs in a VACUUM CLEANER.

BEDROOM

Oliver is snapped awake by the SOUND of the vacuum. He sits up in bed, alone. Wincing from a hangover.

LIVING ROOM

Dressed, Oliver emerges and looks around. No sign of Mary Kay.

The maid notices him and briefly pauses. Wordlessly and with judgment clearly writ on her face, she goes back to work.
CONTINUED:

Oliver lets himself out.

EXT. WORTHY HOME - ESTABLISHING

A beautiful morning.

INT. WORTHY HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING

Megan rushing around the kitchen as Erica and Rachel have scrambled eggs. Rachel keeps her head down, avoiding her mother... as TELMA enters, Erica’s nanny.

MEGAN

Erica, look who’s here? And please sit down when you eat. Put your butt in the chair. Thank you.

Megan checks her watch, leans into the hall.

MEGAN (CONT’D)

Jake?

No answer.

INT. WORTHY HOME - STAIRWELL - MORNING

MOVE with Megan as she climbs the stairs, crosses the landing and enters--

BEDROOM

where Jake stands before a full-length mirror, calmly tying his tie.

MEGAN

You having breakfast?

JAKE

I’ll eat on the way.

MEGAN

Honey, I got a call from Rachel’s geometry teacher, Janet Parkins. She said Rachel hasn’t been to class in a week.

JAKE

Really. What about her other classes?
CONTINUED:

MEGAN
From what I can tell, she’s going to the other ones. I know she hates math, I hate math, but a full week-- I mean, that’s serious.

JAKE
It is.

MEGAN
I royally chewed her out, and she promised to start going. But she should hear it from both of us.

JAKE
Absolutely. I’ll talk to her...
(then)
Oh, and Dad’s gone. Took an early flight.

MEGAN
You’re kidding.

JAKE
I was honest. I told him there’s a lot going on, and the less I have to worry about, the better.

MEGAN
He was okay with that?

JAKE
Yeah.
(then)
I’ll be down in a minute.

Megan exits. Jake turns to his REFLECTION in the mirror.

JAKE (V.O.) (CONT’D)
Just a normal morning. Everything normal.

Practicing, he forces a smile.

JAKE (CONT’D)
Good morning.

FLASH BACK TO:

EXT. STREET - PREVIOUS NIGHT
Shef watches Jake as he paces beside Ray’s corpse.

SHEF
You know him?
CONTINUED:

JAKE
(panicked)
I don’t know him, he was attacking me.

SHEF
But you just said-- you said he gave money
to your campaign.

JAKE
So?

Jake imagines, and we see: FLASHING BLUE AND RED LIGHTS,
Jake now standing before an imagined POLICE OFFICER.

Shef continues, the voice of reason:

SHEF
So you’re gonna call the cops, say you were
attacked by a campaign donor, and he threw
himself in front of your car.

JAKE
That’s what happened!

SHEF
He have a gun, or a knife?

JAKE
Probably.

SHEF
You see one?

Shef crosses in front of the cop, gazes down at Ray.

SHEF (CONT’D)
No. Not armed.

The FLASHING LIGHTS and POLICEMAN abruptly vanish. Shef
looks hard at Jake.

SHEF (CONT’D)
Let’s say you call the police. I doubt
you’ll do time...

JAKE
What?

SHEF
I said you won’t do time, probably. But
look... This ain’t Chappaquiddick. You’re
not a Kennedy.
CONTINUED: (2)

Jake, as it fully sinks in...

JAKE
Forget the election, I’m finished. The press learns I was behind the wheel...

SHEF
(heading this off)
I’d say I was driving? But I’ve been drinking. They’d put me away for life.

JAKE
No, come on. You’re not taking the blame. This is me, this is my fault.

Feeling dizzy, Jake lowers himself to the curb.

JAKE (CONT’D)
A conversation I don’t remember having, at a Marriott’s four months ago. Beautiful.
(reeling)
Oh, God... What do I tell Megan?

Shef glances around...

SHEF
I should point out. At the moment, no one knows you’re here.

Jake turns, stares at his father.

SHEF (CONT’D)
You got a dead guy who was fixing to beat the crap out of you. Call whoever you like, won’t do him any good. On the other hand, you got your family, and the citizens of Arizona. You want to build those health clinics...

JAKE
Dad.

SHEF
Only way that’s gonna happen--

JAKE
Dad, shut up. I have to think.

Jake closes his eyes.

JAKE (V.O.) (CONT’D)
Clear my head...
CONTINUED:  (3)

A BACH CELLO SONATA begins to play as--

INT. FANTASY HEALTH CLINIC - DAY

Jake stands in a wide, white corridor, bathed in a heavenly light. Beautiful DOCTORS and NURSES smile at him.

   JAKE (V.O.)
   Focus on what’s important.

   DOCTOR
   Thank you.

   NURSE
   Thank you.

A NURSE pushes a darling young GIRL PATIENT in a wheelchair. The girl looks up at Jake, beaming.

   JAKE (V.O.)
   It’s about helping people. Making a change...

   GIRL PATIENT
   Thank you, Governor.

   JAKE
   (smiles)
   You’re welcome.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

JAKE’S EYES snap open. MUSIC cuts out.

TIME CUT

A CAR DOOR slams.

ANGLE on Jake’s car driving off...

... leaving Ray’s corpse behind.

   CUT TO

INT. WORTHY HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING (PRESENT)

Jake walks in. He smiles at his family, performing the greeting he was rehearsing upstairs.

   JAKE
   Good morning.
CONTINUED:

ERICA

Morning.

Erica’s finishing breakfast. As Jake pours coffee into a travel mug, Rachel hurriedly carries her plate to the sink.

Megan catches Jake’s eye, indicates Rachel.

JAKE
(taking his cue)
Right, ah... Rachel.

RACHEL
Yeah.

JAKE
Your mom said you’ve been skipping geography class for a week?

RACHEL
Geometry. We don’t have geography class.

JAKE
Okay, well. That is absolutely not acceptable behavior.

RACHEL
I know.

JAKE
Absolutely not.

RACHEL
I told Mom, I already started going again.

JAKE
Well...

Jake struggles to focus, ignore the hypocrisy. Can’t do it.

JAKE (CONT’D)
All right.

Rachel exits, and Megan throws her hands up.

MEGAN
That’s all you have to say, that it’s “not acceptable behavior?” No kidding it’s not.

DOORBELL.

JAKE
I’ll talk to her tonight, okay?
CONTINUED: (2)

Jake kisses her, hurries out. Off Megan’s irritation--

CUT TO

INT. SUV - TRAVELING - MORNING

Jake with Kate and Oliver, reviewing the day’s schedule.

KATE
We finish with Perowne, pull everyone together at headquarters, get to Tucson by 1.

JAKE
Perowne?

Kate and Oliver look at him. Is he joking?

KATE
The interview. Where we’re going now?

JAKE
Right, yes.

OLIVER
Stay with us, homey...

Oliver’s CELL PHONE rings, he answers. Kate continues to watch Jake with concern.

KATE
You all right?

JAKE
Great.

Oliver, on the call--

OLIVER
What do you mean? When? No, no, no, no, no, no, NO!! That BITCH!

As even the DRIVER turns to look at Oliver...

CUT TO

EXT. DOWNTOWN RALLY - DAY

Dressed to kill, Senator Mary Kay DeRossi addresses LOCAL PRESS from a podium.
CONTINUED:

MARY KAY
As Arizonans, we need to stand together. That’s why we need an experienced governor who can reach across the aisle and forge consensus. A leader who can inspire us, uniting us in our common interests.

REVEAL Governor Bender, as Mary Kay takes his hand and raises it, flashing her RV-model smile.

MARY KAY (CONT’D)
That man is Governor Greg Bender!

The crowd APPLAUDS, cameras FLASH.

BACK TO REVEAL we are watching this on a TV--

CUT TO

INT. CAMPAIGN HQ - JAKE’S OFFICE - DAY

Jake hits a remote, FREEZING THE IMAGE on TV. Oliver is on the couch, miserable, his head in his hands.

JAKE
When you spoke to her, she was completely committed?

OLIVER
I told her you would guarantee the highway contract, and she said she’d back you. That was it.

JAKE
Nothing else happened? No other conversation?

Oliver avoids Jake’s eyes as he punches a number into his cell phone.

OLIVER
She was very convincing, Jake. Very. But I should’ve known...

(on phone)
Dana, get me Senator DeRossi. And say you’re someone else-- say you’re from Faring’s office. Tell her you have Thomas Faring on the line.

(covers phone, off the TV)
She’d rather back a sex criminal than keep her word, how insane is that?

(back on phone)
Well make something else up...
CONTINUED:

As Jake stares at the frozen image on the TV, still dazed... Kate knocks, enters.

KATE
Why did we think she was going to back us?

OLIVER
SATANIC WHORE!

Oliver hurls his phone across the room.

OLIVER (CONT’D)
Twenty years in politics-- two decades of dealing with petty, backstabbing, self-centered, lying dirtbags... I stare into the depths of human depravity on a daily basis, but THIS WOMAN has raised the bar, while single-handedly flushing our lead. So help me, if we lose?

KATE
(staying positive)
You mean, when we win...

OLIVER
There will be payback on a biblical scale. I will personally bring a storm of locusts down on that bitch--

JAKE
Oliver!

Oliver and Kate both turn, startled...

Jake is standing straight, buoyed by a surge of adrenaline. Shades of General Patton in his war room: it’s do or die.

JAKE (CONT’D)
This does not end here. ‘Cause if it does, everything we’ve done up till now was for nothing. And that’s not acceptable so-- we figure this out. You with me?

OLIVER
(quietly)
Yeah.

JAKE
We can get another endorsement. Kandage, Yurino...

KATE
Kandage isn’t bad.
OLIVER
Except he’s in a southern county, which is,
I hate to say it, Mary Kay territory.

On Jake—

JAKE (V.O.)
He’s right.

QUICK CUT TO

EXT. GREEN VALLEY SPRING PARADE – DAY (LAST YEAR)

CLOSE on Senator DeRossi, sporting a white Stetson cowboy hat and waving.

JAKE (V.O.)
Mary Kay is from Green Valley, south of Tucson. Goes back every year for the town parade.

REVEAL Mary Kay is on a PARADE FLOAT. LOCALS throw confetti.

JAKE (CONT’D)
Southern counties always vote for Mary Kay.
And every candidate she endorses.

INT. DELI – DAY

CLOSE on a MENU SIGN which reads: “MARY KAY MELT - $4.99”

JAKE (V.O.)
She’s got a sandwich named after her.

SWING TO FIND–

The SANDWICH in question, as a CUSTOMER bites into it.

JAKE (V.O.) (CONT’D)
Some kind of tuna melt...

INT. CAMPAIGN HQ – JAKE’S OFFICE – DAY (RESUME SCENE)

KATE
So what, then?

Jake points to a MAP of Arizona voting districts--

JAKE
We focus on the West. Districts 3, 4, 24. Terry Olmstead, Bud Cheever, Betty Weiss--
CONTINUED:

KATE
Betty’s a friend of mine from when I was in Parker.

JAKE
Call her. Not later, now.

Kate’s already dialing. Oliver checks his watch, grabs a landline phone.

OLIVER
Too late to cancel Tucson.

JAKE
Tomorrow we reroute everything. Hit Yuma, Wickenburg...

OLIVER
Welton, Buckeye...
(on phone)
Chris, pull the schedule for tomorrow.

Kate and Oliver are both talking a mile a minute. As Jake scrutinizes the map, a kamikaze flying into battle...

CUT TO

EXT. KYLE’S APARTMENT BUILDING – NIGHT – ESTABLISHING

A butt-ugly building in a dicey part of town.

INT. KYLE’S APARTMENT – LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

Ray’s friend, Kyle, is nervous. He’s flushed, twitching. His leg is bouncing.

KYLE
I want to make sure you and me are cool. That’s why I called. ‘Cause I had nothing to do with this... I was just there, you know?

REVEAL Mama seated opposite, chewing gum. Lipstick, eye shadow, a dress one would expect to see on a much younger woman. In the shadows behind her are Lugo (tear tattoos) and two other MEN.

MAMA
Why were you there?

KYLE
Case something went wrong.
CONTINUED:

Mama smirks, and as the men behind her laugh. Catching on, Kyle tries to laugh with them.

    KYLE (CONT’D)
    Yeah, I mean-- it went seriously wrong.
    But then it was too late, so...

    MAMA
    What happened?

    KYLE
    Ray was gonna throw a scare into
    whatsisname, Worthy. So he’d come through
    on the permit and Ray could pay you back.
    We follow the guy from his house, and I
    wait in the car while Ray goes after him.

INT. RAY’S MUSTANG – PARKED ON STREET – NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Kyle squints out the car window.

    KYLE (V.O.)
    It’s dark, I can’t see what’s happening.
    The car pulls out.

Further down the block, the LIGHTS of Jake’s car go on. The car swiftly pulls out--

Ray is briefly ILLUMINATED in the headlights as the car plows him over. Brakes SCREECH, the car comes to a stop. Ray lies in the street.

    KYLE (CONT’D)
    Whoa! Whoa!

Kyle completely freaks out, is about to start the car but thinks better of it, afraid Jake will notice him. A panicked beat, then he gets an idea--

Kyle takes out a CELL PHONE, points it out the window and starts TAKING PICTURES. CLICK, CLICK--

INT. KYLE’S APARTMENT – LIVING ROOM – NIGHT (RESUME)

Kyle waits as Mama ponders his story.

    MAMA
    Got the phone?
CONTINUED:

KYLE
(cues up PHOTO on phone)
Picture’s blurry, but that’s the car-- see, there. That’s Worthy. And that’s some old guy.

Kyle hands the phone to Mama. As she squints at the tiny image...

KYLE (CONT’D)
The two of them came back to look at Ray, I thought they were calling the cops. But they got in their car and split.

MAMA
No one else saw this?

KYLE
No. No way. And I didn’t tell anyone. I want things to be cool between us.

Beat.

MAMA
Things are cool.

Kyle looks hugely relieved.

Mama nods to the men, who pull a ROLL OF PLASTIC from a rucksack, unrolling it on the floor to REVEAL a collection of BUTCHER KNIVES and HANDSAWS.

Kyle, staring--

KYLE
The hell is that?

Lugo draws a pistol equipped with a silencer, shoots Kyle quickly, three times. Kyle tumbles to the floor.

One of the men helps Mama out of her chair. As she heads out, and the men get to work...

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXTREME C.U. - JAKE

Sweating as he stares straight ahead. Trying to stay focused. Trying not to think. His BREATHING is deafening.

And we are--

INT. PROP PLANE - MORNING

As a STEWARD releases the hatch door of the plane, and Jake winces into the sunlight. STAFF behind him.

STEWARD
Watch your step.

EXT. AIRPORT TARMAC - MORNING

A dozen STAFFERS and two CAMPAIGN JOURNALISTS make their way across the tarmac to a small airport terminal...

Jake, seemingly crisp and on his game, walks with Oliver and Kate. Last day of campaigning before the election.

JAKE
Buckeye after Yuma?

OLIVER
Welton after Yuma, then Buckeye, then Parker.

JAKE
Parker?

KATE
We added Parker.

JAKE
When do we get new polling numbers?

Kate and Oliver continue as if they hadn’t heard him. Jake slows, then stops.

JAKE (CONT’D)
Guys? Numbers.

OLIVER
We have them.

From their expressions, it’s not good news.
CONTINUED:

KATE
Let us worry about numbers. You stay on message--

JAKE
I need to see them now.

Kate produces a printout and hands it to Jake. He stares at it with disbelief.

JAKE (CONT’D)
Down six? In one day, we’re down six?

Sobered, Jake continues to the plane. Oliver and Kate exchange a look before going after him.

MUSIC as we--

CUT TO

SERIES OF SHOTS
- Jake shaking hands with SUPPORTERS in Yuma
- Making a show of eating something fried in Welton
- Addressing a CROWD in Buckeye (END MUSIC)

CUT TO

INT. SUV - DAY
Jake sits alone, exhausted. Dials a number on his phone.

JAKE
Dad, it’s me. Just making sure you’re okay. At some point, we should talk about what happened...

A RAP on the window.

JAKE (CONT’D)
Gotta go.

Jake hangs up. Takes a deep breath, climbs out--

EXT. CHILDREN’S HEALTH CLINIC - DAY
Jake speaks with a small group of LOCAL PRESS outside the health clinic building. Kate, Oliver, STAFFERS looking on.
CONTINUED:

JAKE
I’m proud to have cosponsored legislation which made this clinic possible. And I believe we can do more like this on a statewide level.

As FLASHBULBS pop, we FLASH to--

JAKE’S “HEALTH CLINIC” FANTASY (seen earlier): a snow-white hallway, heavenly lighting and gorgeous NURSES gliding by to CELLO MUSIC--

INT. CHILDREN’S HEALTH CLINIC – DAY

A rude awakening. Fluorescent lights, yellowing tiles, bland Health Department posters and NURSES in stained scrubs. Despite the parade of CAMPAIGN STAFF, no one notices Jake... or cares.

KATE
This is Marcia Rivera, Clinic Director.

Jake shakes hands with a PORTLY WOMAN.

JAKE
Nice to meet you, Marcia.

KATE
And this is Andre.

Kate gestures to a bruised BOY (9) in a wheelchair. Jake goes to the boy as a STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER moves in for photos.

JAKE
Andre. Hello.

The boy nods to a nearby NURSE.

ANDRE
She told me to thank you.

JAKE
Did she. Well she’s the one you should thank, and the other nice nurses and doctors. Want to tell me why you’re here?

ANDRE
Got hit by a car.

NURSE
Hit and run.

For a moment, Jake is speechless.
CONTINUED:

JAKE
Well I hope you get better soon, Andre.
It’s an honor to meet you.

Off them--

CUT TO

INT. PROP PLANE - BEFORE TAKEOFF - NIGHT

As STAFF drag themselves on board after a grueling day...
Jake’s CELL PHONE rings. He answers.

JAKE
Hello?

MAMA’S VOICE
Representative Worthy?

JAKE
Who’s this?

MAMA’S VOICE
You don’t know me, but I’m calling about
Ray Dolan.

Jake freezes, getting a jolt of adrenaline.

JAKE
Who?

EXT. PINK RANCH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Angelyne’s living room might look like this. Lots of pink, gilt and glass. Paintings of rabbits. A hunky YOUNG MAN watching TV, glassy-eyed...

Mama is on a cell phone, tenderly stroking a LIVE RABBIT nestled on her lap. INTERCUT

MAMA
You remember Ray. Lying on the street, all bloody after you run him over like un perro vagabundo.

Jake is suddenly conscious of Kate, directly behind him.

JAKE
(on phone)
That’s great. Would you mind holding on a minute? Thanks so much.
CONTINUED:

Jake scans the plane. It’s packed with staffers, and seemingly no way to escape.

INT. PROP PLANE - RESTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jake pulls the restroom door shut behind him, locks it. Gets back on the phone. INTERCUT

   JAKE
   Who is this?

   MAMA
   I told you.

   JAKE
   Well I don’t know what you’re talking about. So either you tell me who this is, or I hang up--

   MAMA
   How come you’re so rude? I’m not rude. I could call police, tell them you ran Ray over with that blue Lexus. But I’m not doing that, so maybe you show some respect.

Feeling dizzy, Jake sits on the toilet seat.

At Mama’s, we SEE there are a half-dozen RABBITS roaming about the room. Her male companion shoos one off the couch.

   JAKE
   What do you want?

   MAMA
   Same thing as you. We keep this a secret.

   JAKE
   In exchange for what?

   MAMA
   I get you elected. And when you’re governor? You and me work together.

Jake, not following--

   JAKE
   You’re going to get me elected? How will you do that?

   MAMA
   I know people...
CONTINUED:

JAKE

Right.

MAMA
So, we have a deal.

Jake now assumes he’s talking to a crazy person.

JAKE
When you say “work together”, what kind of work do you-- Hello? Hello...?

Off Jake--

CUT TO

EXT. WORTHY HOME - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

INT. WORTHY HOME - FRONT HALL - NIGHT

Jake lets himself in, drained. House quiet, lights dimmed.

LIVING ROOM

where Jake uncaps the scotch, pours himself a drink--

SHEF (O.S.)

There he is.

Jake jumps, splashes scotch. Shef is on the couch.

JAKE
Jesus, Dad--
(clicks the LIGHTS on)
When did you get here?

SHEF
Couple hours ago. Had to be here on election day.
(offers)
Cigarette? Brought my own.

JAKE
...Can we talk outside?

INT. WORTHY HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Megan holds up a formal dress and eyes her reflection in the mirror. The closet open, a pile of dresses on the bed and the floor scattered with shoes... Megan pauses as she hears MUDDLED VOICES downstairs, the FRONT DOOR shutting. She checks the clock, concerned--
EXT. WORTHY HOME - PORCH - NIGHT

Jake and Shef, outside.

JAKE
Maybe she was Ray’s girlfriend.

SHEF
She say she had proof?

JAKE
Must have seen me hit him.

SHEF
Maybe. Or maybe Ray told this woman he was going to find you, and she’s guessing you ran him over. Tell me you put that car through a car wash, rinsed off any blood, hair...

Jake is pacing--

JAKE
She didn’t ask for money. She said she wanted to get me elected.

SHEF
What?

JAKE
She’s probably smoking crack...
(stops)
See this tie? There was a fifteen-minute tactical discussion this morning about which tie I should wear, and I thought, fine. It’s worth it, because I will make a difference. I can justify pettiness, and lies. Leaving a man dead on the sidewalk! But if I enter office while I’m being blackmailed, with some crackhead yanking my strings? How the hell can I justify anything? I can’t.

SHEF
First of all-- you’ll probably lose.
(off Jake)
I’m saying you’re 7 points behind in the polls--

JAKE
6--
CONTINUED:

SHEF
I heard 7, either way. You ran a good campaign under difficult circumstances, no shame in that. And if by some miracle you win...

(looks hard at Jake)
Politics is about working with people, all walks of life, and figuring out what they want. Just don’t lose sight of what you want. If it’s saving the world, go save the damn world. No excuses.

A beat, Jake surprised to find himself so moved by his father’s words. And off them...

CUT TO

INT. WORTHY HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

MOVE slowly across the darkened room... the bed... past Megan lying asleep... STOPPING on Jake. He’s wide awake, staring at the ceiling. He props up his pillow--

Megan is now (sleepily) awake as well.

MEGAN
Want a sleeping pill? The new ones I got, they don’t make you groggy...

JAKe
I’m okay.

MEGAN
Every dress I own, I tried on three times tonight. Can’t imagine how you feel... But you can be proud of how you ran this race. We’re all proud.

She kisses him, closes her eyes again. And off Jake, thinking he might as well give up on sleeping--

SMASH CUT TO

EXT. POLLING PLACE - MORNING - ESTABLISHING

SUNSHINE. Find a PRINTED SIGN reading: “VOTE HERE”, and the BUSTLE of considerable foot traffic... the first rush of early-morning VOTERS...

INT. POLLING PLACE - MORNING

POLL WORKERS sit at tables with printed registration lists. A line of VOTERS wait their turn.
CONTINUED:

ANGLE on one poll worker, an ELDERLY WOMAN.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Last name?

REVEAL she’s talking to Lugo (tear tattoos).

LUGO

Sunstein.

She glances up. Sure doesn’t look like a Sunstein, but never mind...

ELDERLY WOMAN

First name?

LUGO

Baruch.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Have your license?

LUGO

Got a utility bill.

Lugo hands over the BILL, and the woman checks the address against a list of registered voters.

ELDERLY WOMAN

(points)

Sign there.

MUSIC takes us through as--

INT. POLLING BOOTH - MORNING

Lugo enters, pulls the privacy curtain. SWING TO FIND a touch-screen VOTING MACHINE.

Lugo gazes briefly at the screen, but instead of making his choices... he produces a KEY and unlocks a SIDE PANEL of the machine. He takes out a PLASTIC CARD, slides it into a reader-slot. Back to the touch screen, he makes a selection, waits as the machine REBOOTS. He then removes the card, locks the side panel and quickly leaves. The whole procedure has taken about thirty seconds.

Off the voting machine--

END OF ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. TV NEWSROOM - DAY

A MALE and FEMALE NEWSCASTER cover the election.

MALE NEWSCASTER
For those of you just tuning in, we may be moments from learning who will be Governor of Arizona in the coming term. Kim?

FEMALE NEWSCASTER
It’s an incredibly close race, Larry, with 25 of Arizona’s 30 precincts reporting—
(touches earpiece)
And Larry, I’m getting word that we have results from one of the Northern counties... leaving Representative Worthy with a nearly 4,000 vote lead.

Off-screen CHEERS, and we are—

INT. WORTHY HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

As the NEWS plays on the TV.

30 of Jake’s FAMILY, CLOSE FRIENDS and key members of his STAFF have gathered to watch returns. As they applaud the latest, small victory... Shef whistles through his fingers...

Jake and Oliver stand off to the side.

OLIVER
All about the West counties, now.
Westside, baby.

JAKE
How does anyone make it through this without getting drunk?

OLIVER
Some do not, believe me. And I owe you an apology. If I’d locked down an endorsement from Mary Kay--

JAKE
Oliver.
CONTINUED:

OLIVER
--we wouldn’t be watching TV right now, we’d be celebrating.

JAKE
Not your fault.

OLIVER
Well if we don’t win? I’m joining my brother’s insurance business. ‘Cause if I can’t get a candidate like you elected, against a guy who prowls public restrooms... Time to hang up the gloves.

ON TV

The newscasters report.

MALE NEWSCASTER
We now have final vote counts for the Western counties.

OLIVER
(yells)
Everyone, quiet! This is it!

The GROUP hushes, focuses on the TV.

FEMALE NEWSCASTER
If our exit polls are any indication, Worthy cannot win the race without winning in these counties. Larry?

MALE NEWSCASTER
This is bad news for Worthy. As you can see from the map, Governor Bender beat Worthy in both Western districts, by a total of almost 6,000 votes.

A collective GASP of disappointment from the room.

FEMALE NEWSCASTER
Thanks, Larry. So while we’re not officially calling the race, it appears the writing is on the wall for Representative Worthy.

The room has fallen silent, with blank looks on the faces of guests gazing numbly at the TV...

ANGLE on Oliver and Jake.
CONTINUED: (2)

JAKE
That’s it, right?

OLIVER
I’m sorry.

Jake feels like he’s floating. Devastated, and yet somehow... strangely peaceful.

CUT TO

EXT. WORTHY HOME - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Jake smokes a cigarette as he gazes across the yard. Megan emerges from the house.

MEGAN
Are you smoking?

JAKE
No.

He continues smoking, points to a jungle gym.

JAKE (CONT’D)
Erica never uses that. We should toss it, free up this part of the yard.

MEGAN
(reaching out)
Sweetheart...

Jake turns, looks at Megan.

JAKE
When you told me I should be proud? I’m not.

MEGAN
What do you mean?

JAKE
I’ve been acting like as long as I got elected, I could justify anything. But that’s not true.

MEGAN
Don’t start beating yourself up. Whether you win or not, what you accomplished--

JAKE
Megan, listen, I--
CONTINUED:

An explosion of CHEERING from inside the house. As they look back, confused...

CUT TO

INT. WORTHY HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A burst of WHOOPING and APPLAUSE as Jake enters with Megan. Oliver strides over, beaming.

OLIVER
Congratulations, Governor.

JAKe
(stunned)
How...

OLIVER
God knows, but we took 3 of the southern districts.
(calls out)
Paul! The champagne?

Megan throws her arms around Jake, gives him a long kiss to more APPLAUSE... Still dazed, Jake smiles weakly as GUESTS crowd around to congratulate him. Lots of back-slapping, laughter... Erica hugs Jake. Even Rachel is impressed enough that her usual, cynical expression has given way to amazement and joy.

RACHEL
Congratulations.

JAKe
Thanks, Rach. All of you, you’ve all been so great...

Megan catches Jake’s removed expression, curious...

Oliver’s yelling into his cell phone, covers it.

OLIVER
We took 85 percent in Green Valley!

KATE
In Mary-Kay-ville? How is that possible?

OLIVER
(to Megan)
Your husband has friends in higher places than Mary Kay.
CONTINUED:

MEGAN
I’ve always suspected.

Off Jake, uneasy...

TV

The newscasters question a POLITICAL PUNDIT.

FEMALE NEWSCASTER
Exit polls predicted an overwhelming victory for Governor Bender in the southern districts. Our viewers could be forgiven for wondering why these predictions were so far off. Can you explain?

PUNDIT
I’ve said it for years, Kim. You cannot trust exit polls. The reason we vote anonymously is because, depending on the community and the prevailing political winds, some people will say one thing and do another.

BACK TO REVEAL we are--

CUT TO

INT. MARY KAY DEROSSI’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

where Mary Kay is watching TV with a small, elite group of FRIENDS. The Senator is stunned, and though she’d never admit it, frightened. DOUG, her businessman friend, approaches...

DOUG
We going to the Rylan? If we are, we should leave soon.

MARY KAY
(blinks, looks at him)
What?

DOUG
Worthy’s victory ball.

MARY KAY
(calming)
Please get away from me.

DOUG
Do I look happy? The only way to play this--
CONTINUED:

MARY KAY
Either step away, Doug, or I will kick you in the nuts so hard they'll be hangin’ out your ass.

Doug dutifully retreats. And off Mary Kay, short-circuiting...

CUT TO

INT. WORTHY HOME - DEN - NIGHT

Jake and Oliver join Kate, who’s been waiting. SOUNDS of celebrating continue from the next room.

JAKe
What’s up?

KATE
(shuts the door)
I told you my boyfriend works in the Attorney General’s office. But no one can know where we heard this.

JAKe
Heard what?

KATE
Bender wants a recount.

A pregnant pause, broken by Oliver’s guffaw.

OLIVER
You pulled me from a bottle of Dom for this. ’96 vintage I had shipped from New York, being polished off by interns as we speak.

KATE
My boyfriend--

OLIVER
No offense to your boy, but there is no way to recount with touch screen. More to the point? Governor Bender just conceded.

Blushing, Kate looks from Oliver to Jake...

KATE
I am so sorry. When I talked to Scott, it sounded like--
CONTINUED:

OLIVER
I’m sure there’s an interesting story here, but I need to save my bottle.
(to Jake)
Dust off that victory speech.

Oliver exits. Jake, thoughtful...

JAKE
We know why he wanted a recount?

KATE
Because you got votes from dead people.

JAKE
I got, what?

KATE
Someone placed votes on behalf of deceased residents who haven’t been taken off the registration list. A few votes in each precinct, which had Bender worried about vote tampering.

JAKE
Tampering.

KATE
It’s a non-issue, I’m sorry I brought it up... Go have fun, I’ll see you outside. Congratulations.

Kate quickly exits. Jake looks distant; the news has sent him floating off someplace...

CUT TO

INT. CENTRAL CITY POLICE PRECINCT - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

INT. CENTRAL CITY POLICE PRECINCT - BULLPEN - NIGHT

50s and obese, POLICE SERGEANT MARKS whistles as he tosses paperwork on the desk of OFFICER LYDIA WARNER, 30s. She looks up.

SERGEANT MARKS
Missing rental car. Black Mustang.

The Sergeant moves on. Warner flips skeptically through the pages as OFFICER LITTLETON watches, grinning.

OFFICER LITTLETON
Never know. Could be the case of the year.
CONTINUED:

OFFICER WARNER
You take it, then.

Littleton chuckles, as we MOVE IN on the police report, find a PHOTO of RAY'S CAR--

CUT TO

EXT. WORTHY HOME - STREET - NIGHT

Jake, Shef and Oliver wait together as the rest of Jake’s family climb into a limousine. Shef turns joyously to Jake, beaming at his son.

SHEF
I’m just an old, back-slappin’ civil servant. But you, boy, are a statesman.

JAKE
Thank you, Dad.

SHEF
We’re gonna do great things.

Shef climbs into the SUV, and Oliver shoots Jake a look.

OLIVER
Did he say, “we”?

Off Jake, too distracted to smile...

INT. SUV - TRAVELING - NIGHT

The whole Worthy family, including Shef. DRIVER up front. Megan scrutinizes Rachel--

MEGAN
Are you wearing a push-up bra? Honey, this isn’t a rock concert.

RACHEL
Can I at least manage my own breasts?

MEGAN
Just push everything down a little. (to Jake)
See Erica’s dress? She picked it out herself.

JAKE
Beautiful.
CONTINUED:

ERICA
(points out window)
Are we going there?

SHEF
We sure are.

A CROWD has gathered outside the hotel, and lots of PRESS. Megan takes Jake’s hand, squeezes it.

MEGAN
Please tell me I look fabulous.

Jake eyes the crowd...

JAKE (V.O.)
Keep telling myself: before I could help anyone, I had to get elected.

CUT TO

INT. WORTHY HOME - ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

The guests gone, CATERERS and two HOUSEKEEPERS work to clean up after the celebration. DOORBELL.

JAKE (V.O.)
But now it’s time for keeping promises.

ANGLE on a HOUSEKEEPER as she answers the door, finds a DELIVERY MAN outside.

DELIVERY MAN
Package for Mr. Worthy. Sign here?

The housekeeper signs, takes the package and closes the door. She sets the package on a credenza, and as she moves away we see: A PINK, GIFT-WRAPPED PRESENT WITH A RED RIBBON.

CUT TO

EXT. RYLAN HOTEL - NIGHT

Jake climbs out of the limo with a big smile, waves to the CHEERING CROWD. As the MUSIC ramps up--

JAKE (V.O.)
This is the hard part.

CUT TO BLACK

END OF SHOW