

FOR OLD TIMES' SAKE

Written by  
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FADE IN:

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - CAPITOL HILL - DAY

View of the U.S. Capitol Building.

INT. SPEAKER WESTBERRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Handsome Senator RILEY CRENSHAW, 38, paces, looking bothered.

At the desk sits Speaker of the House ED WESTBERRY, 72, a Missourian who looks his age.

On a couch is Georgia Senator JESSE LUMPKIN, still handsome at 65.

RILEY

You guys are some friends. Why do you want to talk me into this?

LUMPKIN

Because the White House is yours for the taking.

RILEY

What if I don't want to take it? It's a miserable job. I didn't even want to be a senator.

WESTBERRY

You didn't?

RILEY

Remember when my father-in-law retired? Beth wanted to run for his seat. We decided I'd run instead 'cause I needed a job.

LUMPKIN

And you easily won, that's the point.

WESTBERRY

That's right. You've got what it takes, young man. You can beat Charles Hanson.

LUMPKIN

I can tell you right now who your main opposition would be for the nomination.

RILEY

You don't have to tell me. The junior senator from Florida.

LUMPKIN

And no need to worry. She's no match for you.

WESTBBERRY

Well I wouldn't say that, Jesse. She's a woman, she's Hispanic, and she's ruthless.

RILEY

She's Maggie Luz. She could clobber me good.

LUMPKIN

What do you base that on?

RILEY

Personal experience. University of Florida.

BEGIN FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

INT. OFF-CAMPUS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Riley and MAGGIE LUZ, both 22, lie smooching, fully clothed, on the bed in Maggie's small apartment.

Maggie is pretty, with dark shoulder-length hair.

Riley has a short beard and thick hair.

The smooching gets heavy, both getting hot.

Riley starts feeling her up.

MAGGIE

No, Riley. Stop.

He gently persists, Maggie blocking his hand.

Finally she gives him a slap in the face.

MAGGIE

Will you please keep your hands off my body?

He gets up from the bed.

RILEY

To hell with your body! I don't need your body.

He grabs up his book bag from the floor.

MAGGIE

Where are you going?

RILEY

I'm getting the hell out of here.

MAGGIE

Oh, we're breaking up, huh? That it? Because your girl won't put out?

RILEY

Look, Maggie, if you're one of those nice Catholic girls saving it for marriage, fine. But I don't like being hit. Not a good sign.

MAGGIE

So I should let myself be raped?

RILEY

"Raped"? My God, you've really got a problem.

MAGGIE

Here, you forgot this.

She throws a hardcover book at him that he left on the bed.

It sails past his head and hits the wall.

MAGGIE

So much for studying.

RILEY

Damn, you're homicidal.  
(as he retrieves book)  
Good luck running for student body president. You could be on Death Row before you get elected.

MAGGIE

One day I'm going to be President of the United States.

RILEY

Oh, is that right?

MAGGIE  
Don't let the door hit you, Riley.

RILEY  
I won't. And God help America.

Riley leaves.

Maggie heaves a sigh of regret.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Exiting, Riley stops. He seems to regret what has happened too.

He almost turns to go back in. He walks off instead.

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - CLASSROOM BUILDING - DAY

Maggie, carrying a textbook and notebook, stops by a sidewalk bench in front of a classroom building.

Her eyes are on the building's entrance. She looks at her watch, then sits down on the bench as if to wait.

INT. CLASSROOM BUILDING - ENGLISH CLASS - DAY

Riley sits in class. Unlike the other students, he's not listening to the PROFESSOR, but stares glumly into space.

PROFESSOR  
Next time we'll discuss the concept  
of work in Frost's poetry. Till  
then I'll let you work on that.

Some students chuckle.

INT. CLASSROOM BUILDING - DAY

Maggie waits on the bench.

LONNIE FUTCH, 20, stops on the sidewalk and regards her. He's athletic and 6'7." He steps over to speak to her,

LONNIE  
Maggie Luz for student body prez.

MAGGIE  
Hi.

She recognizes him but points as if trying to place the name.

LONNIE  
Lonnie Futch.

MAGGIE  
Right. Good game against F.S.U.

LONNIE  
Thanks. Look, uh, if you'll join me for a Coke or something, maybe I can rustle up a few votes for you on the basketball team.

MAGGIE  
Thanks, but, uh...

She glances indecisively toward the building's entrance, then,

MAGGIE  
Okay, it's a deal. Every vote counts.

She rises and they walk past the entrance together.

A moment later, Riley and other students come out of the building with their books. Riley still looks glum.

He doesn't notice Maggie and Lonnie walking away. He turns in the other direction, his sad eyes on the sidewalk.

He walks past the empty bench.

END FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - CAPITOL HILL - DAY

Back to the U.S. Capitol Building.

MAGGIE (V.O.)  
Riley Crenshaw running for president.

INT. MAGGIE'S SENATE OFFICE - DAY

Maggie, 38, wears her once shoulder-length hair now glamorously shorter.

She meets with chief of staff GAYLE STURDIVANT, 37, and African-American campaign manager MAXINE STARK, 50.

MAGGIE

Who would have thought it? Okay, so what have we got on Riley? What can we use from his past? I mean besides me.

GAYLE

Not much. He's been divorced. So what? No children involved. Had some bit parts as an actor in Hollywood. Now seems to be happily married.

MAGGIE

Yeah, he married right into the Senate. California's not even his home state. He's from Lulu, Florida.

MAXINE

How about "The Cuckoo from Lulu"?

Maggie immediately likes it,

MAGGIE

Way to go, Maxine. Give that to some columnist. It could really catch on.

GAYLE

Let's go back to his marriage. What if we set up a temptress, to seduce him?

MAGGIE

Good idea. No, forget it. Let him find his own stuff. Why should we have to do it for him?

INT. CRENSHAW APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Pretty BETH CRENSHAW, 40, in pajamas and robe, brushes her teeth.

Riley, in pajamas, puts toothpaste on his brush.

RILEY

It's going to be a dirty fight for the nomination. When Maggie ran for student body president, she accused her opponent of parking in handicapped parking spaces.

BETH  
Was it true?

RILEY  
Yes. He was handicapped. Some  
kind of serious ear problem.  
(brushing teeth)  
That's what we're dealing with.  
There's one thing that would be  
worse than me being president.

Beth finishes rinsing her mouth.

BETH  
Maggie Luz being president?

RILEY  
I've got to save the country from  
her. But, God, talk about stress.  
Why do I have to stop her? You've  
seen how much presidents age while  
in office.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Beth enters from the bathroom.

As she removes her robe, she talks loudly with Riley, seen  
through the open bathroom door as he brushes his teeth,

BETH  
What could Maggie Luz have on you?  
Tell me now.

RILEY  
Nothing. I have never been untrue,  
if that's what you're wondering.

Beth hangs her robe in the closet.

BETH  
What about wife number one? Were  
you true to her too?

Riley comes in from the bathroom and removes his robe.

RILEY  
Yeah, like a fool.

BETH  
What do you mean?



RILEY  
Look what happened.

They get into bed.

BETH  
The fact that she left you for  
another woman doesn't detract from  
your faithfulness.

RILEY  
My worst rejection since Maggie  
Luz.

BETH  
You need something to use on  
Maggie, just in case.

He looks disgusted as he lies on his back.

RILEY  
"Something to use on her." You  
see, deep down that's why I hate  
politics.

She props up on an elbow and looks at him.

BETH  
Hypothetically, what could you use?  
Tell me, as much as you hate to.

He sighs and considers.

RILEY  
Well, her husband's a drunk.  
That's not commonly known.

BETH  
Walter Mackey's a drunk?

RILEY  
He's a drunk because he's married  
to Maggie. And he's a "retired"  
C.I.A. agent? Tsch. No one really  
retires from the Company.

BETH  
Maggie Mackey. I wonder why she  
uses her maiden name.

She turns out the bedside lamp and lies down.

BETH  
You know what I think? You want to  
pay Maggie back.

RILEY  
For what?

BETH  
Rejecting you. That's what you  
said.

RILEY  
I was kidding, Beth. I mean, look,  
I'm the one who walked out.

BETH  
Because she rejected you?

RILEY  
No, we... We had a little spat,  
that's all. Then right away she  
took up with a basketball player.

BETH  
He made a slam dunk, eh?

RILEY  
He stood about six feet seven. I  
never got another shot at her. But  
I think it was just to show me. I  
think she married Walter Mackey  
just to show me, after I married  
you.

BETH  
Now you want to show her.

RILEY  
No, I told you why I'm running.

BETH  
What's best for the country.

She affectionately rubs his chest.

BETH  
You also want to be president.

RILEY  
No, I don't.

BESSIE  
Who wouldn't like to be president?

RILEY

Me.

She starts loving on him.

BETH

Well I like the idea of being First Lady. So you're also doing it for me. You owe me, remember? I let you have my daddy's Senate seat.

He starts returning her affection.

RILEY

Oh, you did? I thought I got it from the people of California.

BETH

Only because I didn't run.

RILEY

You think you did me a favor?

INT. MACKEY APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maggie lies propped up in bed thinking, with a table lamp on beside her.

She holds and pets her cat MIZIFUF.

WALTER MACKEY, 55, lies prone on the bed with a sleeping mask on. He's rather pudgy and partially bald.

MAGGIE

How should I answer Crenshaw about bipartisanship?

WALTER

What do you mean?

MAGGIE

Didn't you hear him today?

He sounds drowsy and slurs his words a bit,

WALTER

I spent the day writing.

MAGGIE

He said it's time to bury gridlock once and for all in D.C. We need a bipartisan spiritual awakening.

WALTER

(laughs)

Is he running for both party  
nominations?

(then)

Have you turned the light out yet?

She gives masked Walter a look.

MAGGIE

The light went out for you a long  
time ago, Walter.

He chuckles. She hugs Mizifuf.

WALTER

You've really got your panties in a  
wad over Crenshaw.

MAGGIE

Wrong. I've got a pain in the ass,  
but it's not Riley Crenshaw.

INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

Maggie sits with an interviewer on a Sunday-morning "Meet the  
Press"-type TV talk show. They're on the air,

MAGGIE

Senator Crenshaw talks about the  
need to be bipartisan --

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CRENSHAW APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Riley and Beth watch Maggie's interview on TV.

MAGGIE

-- that we should all be one big  
happy family in Washington.

Maggie turns to talk straight to the TV camera.

MAGGIE

Well, you're out of touch with  
reality, Senator. There's a place  
for compromise, sure --

Beth notes that Riley seems to have a bad headache.

MAGGIE  
Another headache, dear?

MAGGIE  
-- but we have a two-party system  
for a reason.

RILEY  
It's killing me. Get me something  
for it, will you?

MAGGIE  
There are times when your party is  
right and the other is wrong.

RILEY  
(to TV)  
Does it have to be all the time?

EXT. PARK IN D.C. - DAY

Walter Mackey sits relaxed on a park bench. He wears black  
horn-rimmed glasses and a pork pie hat.

FOSTER MOORE, 50, in a felt hat and sport coat with tie, sits  
down by Walter.

This is apparently a planned meeting.

FOSTER  
Walter. Anything new we should  
know about on the campaign front?

WALTER  
Not really. Just that Crenshaw's  
won another primary. Maggie's  
going to lose that nomination if  
you guys don't come up with  
something.

Foster shrugs as if there's nothing to come up with.

WALTER  
Look, I know it's no skin off the  
Company's back. Hell, it's none  
off mine either. But I have to  
live with her. And I assume all  
the powers that be would prefer  
Maggie to Crenshaw.

FOSTER

True. Every special interest in the country is tired of hearing about the need to get along in D.C. If Crenshaw had his way, the country would go straight to hell.

WALTER

Personally I'd just as soon see Maggie lose. It's the sadist in me. But if she wins it all, you've got yours truly right there in the White House.

FOSTER

That's the thing. Though I thought you were retired.

They both smile. Foster rises.

FOSTER

We'll be in touch if we -- How did you put it? Come up with something.

WALTER

Appreciate it, Foster.

FOSTER

That Crenshaw's remarkably clean. What he's doing in politics, I'll be damned if I know.

INT. TOWN HALL MEETING - DAY

Riley, in shirtsleeves, with a handheld mike, takes questions at a town hall meeting.

TOWN CALL QUESTIONER

Senator, can you tell us something about when you and Senator Luz were sweethearts in college?

Riley chuckles, the audience enjoying the question.

RILEY

I wouldn't say we were sweethearts. We dated for a time, but nothing happened.

(drolly)

Believe me, nothing happened.

Laughter.

INT. LUZ PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY

Maggie stands at the podium in a campaign press conference. There are several reporters.

On the wall behind her is the slogan "CAN'T LOSE WITH LUZ!"

REPORTER

Senator, have you heard Riley Crenshaw's comment about your dating each other in college?

MAGGIE

That "nothing happened"? Yes, I can clarify that. Not only did nothing happen, but with Riley Crenshaw, nothing would have happened in a billion years.

Laughter.

INT. CRENSHAW APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

In pajamas Riley lies propped up in bed looking at the University of Florida's "Tower Yearbook."

He gazes with wistful sadness at a class photo of pretty, smiling 22-year-old Maggie.

Beth comes out of the bathroom in her nightgown.

Riley immediately turns to another section of the yearbook.

BETH

It feels kind of strange to be back in D.C., doesn't it?

She gets into bed.

BETH

What are you reading?

RILEY

My senior yearbook from U.F.

BETH

Oh, let me see your picture.

He hands her the yearbook. She looks for the photos.

BETH

There's a picture of Maggie Luz too, huh?

RILEY

Yeah. There should be, I guess.

INT. MACKEY APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maggie lies gazing sadly into space, the bedside lamp on, some campaign documents lying beside her.

Walter lies prone with his sleeping mask on.

RILEY (V.O.)

You know what?

INT. PIZZERIA - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

College students Maggie and Riley eat pizza together.

Riley wears a Gator baseball cap.

The pizza is cheese only.

They look at each other lovingly as they eat.

RILEY

I wish we had some pepperoni on this.

MAGGIE

You won't find any meat on my pizza. Or on anything else.

RILEY

You know, I don't like cheese at all, except on pizza. It doesn't taste like cheese on pizza. It's just different somehow.

MAGGIE

Mozzarella. I've never known anyone who didn't like cheese.

RILEY

I haven't either. Do you think something's wrong with me, Maggie?

They gaze into each other's eyes as they chew.

MAGGIE

I don't know. What do you think?

RILEY

There can't be much wrong with me, if I'm dating Maggie Luz.



INT. MACKAY APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maggie sadly gazes off as before, masked Walter lying prone.

WALTER

Have you turned the light out yet?

She gives him a look.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

Riley buttons his shirt as a DOCTOR, 50, reports results.

DOCTOR

Everything checks out fine,  
Senator. Normal E.E.G., all  
systems go. When did these  
headaches start?

RILEY

About the time I met Maggie Luz.

DOCTOR

How long ago was that?

RILEY

No, really, since this campaign  
started.

DOCTOR

Well I'm not surprised. I suspect  
that it's all due to stress. Are  
you sure you want to be president?

RILEY

No, I'm not. But don't let it get  
around. I've won so many primaries  
it's not looking good.

DOCTOR

The convention's just a couple of  
weeks away -- in Chicago, right?

RILEY

Yeah.

DOCTOR

Well, good luck, Senator, even if  
you're not sure you want it.

EXT. MIAMI - MRS. LUZ'S HOME - PATIO - DAY

Maggie, wearing shades and shorts, paints her toenails while enjoying the sun.

MAGGIE'S MOM, 70, sits nearby in a robe.

MAGGIE'S MOM

(Cuban accent)

Is Walter going with you to Chicago, or joining you there?

MAGGIE

He's going with me, Mama. He's part of the baggage wherever I have to go for extravaganzas. My poor cat has to stay at the vet's.

MAGGIE'S MOM

Tell me something, baby. Why have you and -- that spook, as you call him, never had children?

Maggie smiles as she paints her nails.

MAGGIE

The rhythm method. It never once failed me.

MAGGIE'S MOM

You never had children with Walter on purpose?

MAGGIE

Who would have children with Walter on purpose?

MAGGIE'S MOM

Then why did you marry him?

Maggie sighs with exasperation.

MAGGIE

Remember what you told me when I asked you why Papa had to die?

Maggie's Mom thinks, obviously not remembering.

MAGGIE'S MOM

What did I tell you?

MAGGIE

You said there are some questions  
we'll never know the answers to  
until we get to Heaven.

MAGGIE'S MOM

Yes, now I remember.

MAGGIE

Why my papa died when I was a  
kid, and why I married Walter  
when I grew up, are two of those  
questions.

Silence for a moment while Maggie paints.

MAGGIE'S MOM

You didn't really know Walter well,  
I know that. You got married right  
after Riley Crenshaw got married.  
I wondered then if --

MAGGIE

I don't want to talk about Riley.  
And I don't want to talk about  
Walter. No mas already.

Silence again as Maggie paints.

MAGGIE

Let me ask you a question.  
(pause as she paints)  
Why did you used to slap Papa?

Her Mom stares at her for a moment as Maggie paints.

MAGGIE'S MOM

Why do you ask me that?

MAGGIE

You don't have an answer, do you?

Her Mom stares. Finished painting, Maggie puts her hand on  
her Mom's arm.

MAGGIE

Don't worry, Mama. I just wish you  
hadn't done it.

INT. CONVENTION HALL (CHICAGO) - NIGHT

The CHAIRMAN is at the podium as the Democratic National  
Convention DELEGATES vote.

SUPERIMPOSE: "DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION."

Signs in the crowd include "Can't Lose with Luz," "Rally 'Round Riley," and "Let There be Luz" (with rays of light drawn around "Luz," which is Spanish for "light").

CHAIRMAN

Indiana.

INDIANA DELEGATE

Mister Chairman, Indiana casts fifty-six votes for Senator Crenshaw, and twenty-eight votes for Senator Luz.

CHAIRMAN

Iowa.

INT. MAGGIE'S HOTEL SUITE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Maggie and campaign manager Maxine sit on a couch, chief of staff Gayle and other staffers behind them, as they watch the roll call on TV.

Maxine keeps a tally on a notepad.

DELEGATE

(on TV)

Twenty-four votes for Senator Luz --

MAXINE

Music to my ears.

DELEGATE

(on TV)

-- eighteen votes for Senator Crenshaw --

MAXINE

We may still need a miracle, though.

DELEGATE

(on TV)

-- and five votes for Governor Sykes.

MAGGIE

I should have killed Riley Crenshaw when I had the chance.

Maxine looks at her quizzically.

MAGGIE

Just kidding. He wanted to go all the way. Now, he's going all the way.

INT. CONVENTION HALL - NIGHT

The roll call of delegates continues.

CHAIRMAN

Virginia.

The VIRGINIA DELEGATE speaks with bombast,

VIRGINIA DELEGATE

Mister Chairman, Virginia casts forty-five votes for Senator Luz, and fifty-eight votes for the next President of the United States, Riley Crenshaw.

The convention erupts in cheers.

TV COMMENTATOR #1 (V.O.)

That's it.

INT. RILEY'S HOTEL SUITE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Beth gives Riley a congratulatory kiss, with campaign staffers (including the campaign manager, to be met shortly) cheering behind them, as they watch TV.

TV COMMENTATOR #1 (V.O.)

With the Virginia delegation's votes, Riley Crenshaw has won the Democratic nomination for president.

INT. MAGGIE'S HOTEL SUITE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Maggie stands off to herself, digesting defeat, as she takes a swig of bottled water. Subdued staffers converse.

Sad-looking Gayle steps to Maggie's side.

MAGGIE

Gayle, issue a statement to the press. Tell 'em the country just got screwed.

INT. RILEY'S HOTEL SUITE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Riley and campaign manager SPIKE ADAMS, 45, meet in private.

Riley worriedly sips from a glass of bourbon.

RILEY

I can't run with Maggie.

Spike speaks with a down-home Southern drawl.

SPIKE

Why not?

RILEY

I just can't. I -- I don't want to be around her. I'd rather pick Lumpkin.

SPIKE

Too many negatives, Riley. Forget about Lumpkin. A Crenshaw-Luz ticket will take us right into the White House. Maggie's clean. She's mean but she's clean. At least take and talk to her first. One on one. Take and air out your differences. Kind of get reacquainted.

INT. MAGGIE'S HOTEL SUITE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maggie enters, pausing to say something to Maxine outside.

Walter, with a drink, sits typing on his laptop computer.

He seems high, feeling good.

Maggie, closing the door, walks over to a dresser where a bottle of whiskey sits.

MAGGIE

I just lost the nomination.

WALTER

Oh. Sorry I missed it.

MAGGIE

Can I have a shot of your booze?

WALTER

Help yourself. Drown your sorrows.

She pours a drink.

MAGGIE

Your compassion really moves me to tears, Walter.

WALTER

What's to cry about? Any minute now they'll be calling, asking you to come over and talk about the number two spot.

MAGGIE

Then I wait for four years, if not eight, for my turn? Shit. That's not how I planned it. And I don't know if I can lower myself to be on his ticket.

WALTER

Just be glad that he's low enough to ask you.

There are KNOCKS at the door. Maxine steps in.

MAXINE

It's Spike Adams on the phone. Wants to know if you can "take and come over" to talk about the number two spot.

WALTER

Watch how fast the lady lowers herself.

MAGGIE

Go to hell, you prick.  
(to Maxine)  
Tell him we'll be there in ten.

INT. CORRIDOR (HOTEL) - NIGHT

Maggie and Gayle step to a closed elevator.

MAGGIE

Why don't I just be a damn lawyer?

Maggie stares into space as Gayle presses the up button.

INT. RILEY'S HOTEL SUITE - BEDROOM - NIGHT (FANTASY)

Riley amorously steps up close to Maggie. They're alone.

RILEY  
You want the number two spot?

MAGGIE  
Yes.

He puts his hands on her.

RILEY  
There's a pretty sure way you can  
get it.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT (BACK TO REALITY)

Maggie chuckles as Gayle presses a floor button in the open  
elevator.

MAGGIE  
(to herself)  
Riley wouldn't do that.

As the doors close,

GAYLE  
Do what?

FLASHBACK - WALTER

At his laptop computer.

WALTER  
Watch how fast the lady lowers  
herself.

BACK TO SCENE

The elevator doors open.

MAGGIE  
Que culo mi marido.

Gayle follows Maggie out,

GAYLE  
I don't want to know the English.

INT. RILEY'S HOTEL SUITE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alone, Riley sits on the edge of the bed with an almost empty  
glass. He looks solemn as he reads texts on his smartphone.

Beth comes in. She sits down beside him.



BETH

What's the matter? You look like you just lost instead of won.

RILEY

Spike told me out there he's got Maggie on her way over to talk. You know why.

BETH

Would Maggie as V.P. be so bad?

He puts away his phone.

RILEY

You don't know how it is.

BETH

No, I guess I don't. Or maybe I do. I hate to ask, but... Are you still not over her, Riley?

RILEY

(scoffs)

Of course I'm still not over her. I mean, of course I'm over her.

There's a KNOCK at the door and Spike looks in.

SPIKE

Maggie and her chief of staff are here, Riley.

Riley sighs as he and Beth rise, Spike leaving.

RILEY

How about you?

BETH

How about me what?

RILEY

The number two spot.

BETH

I don't think they would go for it.

RILEY

I don't either.

(hands her his glass)

Could you get me another bourbon? I need it for this.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Spike leads Riley over to Maggie and Gayle. Maggie has a drink in hand. Staff are busy in the background.

MAGGIE  
Congratulations, Senator.

RILEY  
Thank you. I know that's from the heart, Maggie.

Beth hands Riley his refill.

RILEY  
Thank you, dear. Well, where shall we talk?

SPIKE  
Why don't we --

MAGGIE  
(matter-of-factly)  
How about the bedroom? That should be private enough.

RILEY  
Well, uh... Just you and me?

MAGGIE  
We're both adults. I think we can handle it. Lead the way.

LATER

Riley shows Maggie into the bedroom. They both have their drinks.

He looks at Spike and Gayle by the door and shrugs.

RILEY  
This won't take long, I hope.

He goes in and closes the door.

Spike and Gayle look at each other.

SPIKE  
Would you like a drink, Gayle?

GAYLE  
I could use a scotch. On the rocks.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Riley sits down on the foot of the bed. Maggie sits down in a chair.

They both sip their drinks.

MAGGIE

Who ever would have thought, Riley,  
we'd wind up in a moment like this?

RILEY

A lot can happen in -- What's it  
been, twenty years?

MAGGIE

Something like that. Yes, it can.

RILEY

And a lot can not happen too.

MAGGIE

True again. Let's get down to  
business, shall we? I know you  
don't want me on the ticket.  
Everyone knows who you want.

She rises to pace while she sips.

MAGGIE

Jesse Lumpkin. The whoremonger of  
Capitol Hill.

RILEY

He's not the whoremonger of Capitol  
Hill. He's just one of them.

MAGGIE

I stand corrected.

RILEY

And let me remind you he's a  
bachelor, so he can rightfully play  
the field.

MAGGIE

And that's who you want.

RILEY

He's a damn good senator. Spike  
thinks I'd do better with you.  
"Can't lose with Luz."

MAGGIE

But you haven't made up your mind yet?

RILEY

Not really. You see, I wouldn't really be crushed if I lose. I've gone as far as I needed to go.

She stops pacing and looks at him.

MAGGIE

You mean just the nomination? You're satisfied with that? There's something called the general election, you know.

RILEY

Nothing about politics is satisfying. Not to me. It's just been a living.

She finishes her drink.

MAGGIE

It's public service, Riley. It's working on the people's business.

RILEY

Yeah? Are you sure it's not just working on the people?

She walks to the door.

MAGGIE

What are you drinking?

RILEY

Bourbon.

MAGGIE

We've got something in common.

She opens the door.

Spike quickly comes over, Gayle following, both with drinks.

MAGGIE

Could we have a bottle of bourbon, please?

Spike goes to get it. Gayle lingers at the door with uncertainty.

Maggie walks back toward Riley.

MAGGIE

You know, I had a fantasy coming up here.

RILEY

Yeah?

MAGGIE

About you telling me -- or letting me know -- what I had to do for the number two spot.

Spike comes in with an open bottle, three-quarters full.

SPIKE

Can Gayle and I join you?

Maggie takes the bottle,

MAGGIE

No. Close the door again, please. We're having a deep discussion.

Spike and Gayle leave, closing the door.

Refilling her glass, Maggie walks over to Riley. She offers to refill his.

He finishes his drink, then holds up the glass to accept.

As she pours,

MAGGIE

But you wouldn't do that, would you?

RILEY

Do what?

MAGGIE

Take advantage of me for the number two spot.

She walks over and sets the bottle on a dresser.

He taps his chest,

RILEY

In here is a patented Crenshaw Moral Compass. A C.M.C.

She leans back against the dresser.

MAGGIE

A compass, eh? That's why you're so magnetic.

RILEY

But don't get me wrong. If you said something like let's make a deal, I'd be willing to listen.

She takes a sip, then sighs.

MAGGIE

I'll be honest. You wouldn't believe how horny I am. I haven't had sex with Walter in... What difference does that make? I haven't had sex with a man for too long.

RILEY

What about with a woman?

MAGGIE

That's none of your business.

RILEY

So you're horny, eh, Maggie?

MAGGIE

You don't know what horny is. I was a virgin for twenty-five years. Now it seems like twenty-five more since... And here I am alone... with good ol' Riley Crenshaw...

RILEY

I knew that virgin you're talking about. I don't mean "knew" in the biblical sense. I just knew her. She wouldn't let me get biblical.

She laughs. She strolls over and stands in front of him.

MAGGIE

I wouldn't let you have it, and for twenty years it's been eating you up. Am I right?

RILEY

I wouldn't say it's been eating me up. It just sort of gnaws at me.

She sits down next to him on the foot of the bed.

MAGGIE

So you want to make some kind of deal?

RILEY

Do you?

MAGGIE

I get the number two spot... You get what you've wanted for twenty years...

She leans toward him on her hand.

MAGGIE

And I get a fix I've been needing real bad.

He tactfully takes her drink from her.

RILEY

You know what? That would fix something for me too.

(rises with drinks)

It would be like a make-up for something twenty years ago.

MAGGIE

When I want something... when I need something, Riley, I get it.

She watches him walk to the dresser with the drinks.

MAGGIE

Now what does your compass say?

RILEY

It says give me time to set down these drinks.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Gayle and Spike stand awkwardly nursing their drinks together. Staffers move about.

GAYLE

We ought to be in there with them.

SPIKE

Why?

GAYLE

If nothing else, I'd like to take notes.

SPIKE

Well, I'm sure they'll remember it all pretty well. They won't need reminding.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maggie and Riley passionately smooch while undressing on the bed.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Her glass is empty again as Spike steps over to Gayle. She's feeling her booze as she reads a text on her smartphone.

SPIKE

Would you like another one?

GAYLE

Are you tryin' to get me drunk?  
I'm goin' in there.

SPIKE

Gayle, they don't need our input.  
They know what they're doing.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maggie and Riley make love nude on the bed.

MAGGIE

God, Riley, what a fix.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Spike and Gayle drink.

GAYLE

What's taking so long?

SPIKE

It's a perfect example of time dilation.

GAYLE

What?



SPIKE

It seems like a long time out here,  
but in there, time flies when  
you're having fun.

GAYLE

You're right. What does she like  
besides politics?

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maggie and Riley are almost through dressing.

He steps fairly close to her. He seems full of affection.

RILEY

Maggie, I...

MAGGIE

Let's have an understanding. This  
was a one-time deal. We're both  
married. Maybe not happily where  
I'm concerned, but...

She goes to make up the bed,

MAGGIE

Beth is a very nice lady.

RILEY

Yes, she is. And my conscience  
already bothers me.

MAGGIE

We're not lovers. This was for old  
times' sake. And a real good fix.  
That's it.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Gayle, with Spike behind her, knocks on the bedroom door.

Just as Gayle starts to open the door, it opens, and Riley  
and Maggie step out.

RILEY

She's on the ticket.

INT. CONVENTION HALL - NIGHT

Riley, Beth, Maggie, and Walter stand before the celebrating delegates. Balloons fall from the ceiling.

Maggie takes Riley's hand and raises it as in victory.

Maggie and Riley speak quietly under the noise,

RILEY

Thank you, Maggie, for the one-time deal. Guilty conscience and all.

MAGGIE

Thanks for the fix. It'll have to last me a while.

EXT. PARK BENCH - DAY

Walter sits relaxed on the bench. Foster joins him.

Foster slips a small manila envelope from his coat and hands it to Walter, who casually puts it in his own coat pocket.

FOSTER

I don't know how much good that'll do you, Walter. I haven't looked at it, but I'm passing it on.

WALTER

Much obliged, Foster. I'm afraid it's too little, too late. She's stuck now with Crenshaw. Or I guess I should say Crenshaw is stuck now with her.

FOSTER

Well, there's always the chance, however slim, that something could come up to cause them to take him off the ticket. Then they'd have to go with Maggie.

WALTER

"Go with Maggie." I wish I'd never done it.

INT. CRENSHAW APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Riley, Beth, Maggie, and Walter have sat down to dine together.

They all dish out portions of food on their plates. During this,

WALTER

(to Riley)

They showed one of your old movies last night on the tube.

RILEY

One of my old movies? I think my career included one line of dialogue. I hope that's the one they showed.

WALTER

What was the line?

RILEY

I played a college science student. Had to do two takes.

(amused)

My line was supposed to be, "Nature abhors a vacuum."

(laughs)

Tell 'em, Beth.

BETH

On the first take he said, "Nature vacuums a whore."

They laugh. They all now have full plates.

MAGGIE

They should have left that in.

WALTER

(to Maggie)

You know all about it, eh?

MAGGIE

What I need is a new vacuum cleaner.

Riley scoops up some ravioli and puts in his mouth.

He makes a face of disgust as he chews.

RILEY

This is cheese ravioli.

BETH

It's the kind Maggie wanted. She's a vegetarian, Riley.

MAGGIE

Oh, you don't like cheese? I'm  
sorry.

Riley stares at Maggie, who looks blithely at her plate as  
she eats.

BETH

I thought you liked cheese if it's  
cooked.

RILEY

Only on pizza. I forgot about  
Maggie's aversion to meat. I'll  
just double up on the veggies.

Silence for a moment as they eat.

BETH

Walter, I understand you're writing  
a book.

WALTER

Yes.

BETH

About your days in the C.I.A.?

WALTER

No, it's a novel.

RILEY

What's it about?

WALTER

About a guy in the C.I.A.

MAGGIE

You know what they say: Write  
about something you know. That  
severely limits Walter.

Walter calmly takes a sip of water.

WALTER

(to Beth)

We want to thank you again for this  
dinner invite.

BETH

You're welcome.

WALTER

(to Riley)

It's a shame about the cheese ravioli, though. Maggie told me that you don't like cheese.

Awkward silence as they eat.

Maggie slyly gives Walter the finger by wiping the corner of her mouth with it.

INT. LIMO - MOVING - NIGHT

Maggie and Walter are being driven home.

MAGGIE

I was sitting there hoping and praying that you would choke to death on that cheese ravioli.

WALTER

No chance. I'm sure that Riley would save me with the Heimlich maneuver. Besides, who chokes to death on cheese ravioli?

MAGGIE

Maybe I should start serving meat.

WALTER

It'll be a sad day for you when I die. You won't like what's in my will.

MAGGIE

What do you have to leave?

WALTER

Oh, you don't know. I could have a secret Swiss bank account.

She scoffs.

MAGGIE

You'd be lucky to afford a Swiss clock. Or a big slice of Swiss cheese. Wait till you see my will, you loser.

WALTER

Are you going to die soon?

MAGGIE

Hah. You wish. I've never been sick in my life, except for a case of infected tonsils, and I had those taken out. I'll still be around, dear, when you're dead and pickled. Well, you're already pickled.

WALTER

You can't wait for the dead part, can you?

MAGGIE

One thing about us, Walter, we always wish the best for each other.

INT. CRENSHAW APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Riley lies awake, staring at the ceiling. Beth is asleep.

INT. RILEY'S HOTEL SUITE - BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Maggie and Riley make love.

INT. CRENSHAW APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Riley lies staring at the ceiling as before.

MAGGIE (V.O.)

Oh, you don't like cheese? I'm sorry.

He smiles.

RILEY

(under his breath)  
You're something else, Maggie.

He closes his eyes upon seeing that Beth, now half awake, turns toward him.

BETH

Did you say something, dear?

He opens his eyes and glances at her.

RILEY

I must have been dreaming.  
Probably about cheese ravioli.

INT. MACKEY APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maggie lies awake on her side. She stares off nostalgically.

She's annoyed by a snort from sleeping Walter. Then she stares off again.

RILEY (V.O.)  
Just to add to the game...

INT. MAGGIE'S OFF-CAMPUS APARTMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Riley takes one of Maggie's pawns as the two students play chess.

The chess board is on a corner of the dining table so he and Maggie can sit closer.

Setting aside the taken piece, he leans over to her.

RILEY  
Every time I take a piece, I get a  
kiss.

They kiss. She looks over the board.

MAGGIE  
To make it a level playing field...  
(takes piece)  
Every time I take a piece, I get a  
kiss.

They kiss again. He smiles.

RILEY  
Let's make this a real bloody battle.

She laughs.

INT. MACKEY APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Gazing off, Maggie smiles at the memory.

She closes her eyes as if to block it out.

INT. NETWORK TV NEWS STUDIO - NIGHT

A FEMALE CAMPAIGN ANALYST reports beside a big board of blue and red states. A MALE CAMPAIGN ANALYST is with her.

Across the top of the board in big letters is "Election Night All Night Long."

FEMALE CAMPAIGN ANALYST

It's now official, the Crenshaw-Luz ticket has won the state of Florida.

MALE CAMPAIGN ANALYST

And with that, we can now project that Senator Riley Crenshaw has been elected the next president of the United States.

INT. CRENSHAW CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Riley and Beth stand before a roomful of cheering supporters. Riley gestures toward Maggie as she and Walter join them.

INT. HANSON CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Silver-haired CHARLES HANSON, 70, stands at a podium before a roomful of subdued supporters, with his family behind him.

Hanson fights back tears, his voice quavering, as he speaks.

HANSON

Well, you can't win 'em all. I want to congratulate Riley Crenshaw on his victory. No one can say that Charles Hanson didn't run a balanced campaign. I spent time on all the issues. But all Crenshaw could do was talk about everyone in government getting along together. I guess he knew what he was doing.

INT. A TV SCREEN - DAY

A TV news channel shows an 80-foot yacht at sea, with a news caption reading, "Crenshaws Take Caribbean Cruise."

MEXICAN MUSIC PLAYS.

EXT. YACHT - DAY

Riley sits in a deck chair with legal pad and pen. He looks stumped and worried.



Beth sits down beside him. He sighs.

RILEY  
(gravely)  
I don't know where to start, Beth.

She looks at him with concern.

BETH  
What are you talking about?

He gestures with the legal pad,

RILEY  
My inaugural address.

BETH  
You mean too much to say, or not enough?

RILEY  
Not enough. How many times can you talk about the need for practical bipartisan government?

BETH  
Well, after you've taken the oath, what's the first thing you want to do, for the good of the country?

RILEY  
Resign.

She laughs.

BETH  
You could resign, but that would be kind of weird.

RILEY  
I know. I need something weirder than that.

She looks at him uncomprehendingly.

BETH  
You want to do something weirder than resign?

RILEY  
I don't want to look like a quitter. But that's the thing. Why did I start in the first place?

BETH

To keep Maggie from being president. That's what you said, anyway.

RILEY

She wouldn't be so bad, I guess. How could she screw things up in Washington more than they already are?

He looks at his pad again, then sighs.

RILEY

I want to get out of this, Beth. Then we can live a normal kind of life. Nothing's more abnormal than being president. Headaches before I'm even in office. What can I do? Why didn't I throw the election?

BETH

I can't tell if you're really serious or not.

RILEY

I'm serious. Give me something weird. Like a wormhole we could go through to get out of this.

BETH

Well, let's see. You could try what they call a dissociative identity disorder.

RILEY

A what?

BETH

Have multiple personalities. Maggie would invoke the Twenty-Fifth Amendment faster than you can say "clean out your desk."

He looks intrigued by the thought.

BETH

And no, I'm not serious. Let's face it, Riley. You're stuck with four years as president.

EXT. INAUGURATION - DAY

Riley and Beth stand before the Supreme Court CHIEF JUSTICE, 60, for the oath of office, Beth holding the Bible.

Maggie, Walter, Speaker of the House Westberry, and other dignitaries sit behind them, before the vast audience.

CHIEF JUSTICE

Place your left hand on the Bible,  
raise your right hand, and repeat  
after me.

Riley places his left hand on the Bible. He raises his right hand and smiles, all in a rather effeminate manner.

Beth looks at him curiously.

CHIEF JUSTICE

I, Riley Crenshaw, do solemnly  
swear...

RILEY

He...  
(whispers)  
The name is Michael.

The Chief Justice and Beth both stare at him.

CHIEF JUSTICE

I, Riley Crenshaw.

Everyone wonders what's wrong.

RILEY

Okay, uh -- "I, Riley Crenshaw," do  
solemnly swear...

CHIEF JUSTICE

That I will faithfully execute the  
office of President of the United  
States.

RILEY

That he will faithfully execute the  
office of President of the United  
States.

CHIEF JUSTICE

And will to the best of my ability...

RILEY

And will to the best of his ability...

CHIEF JUSTICE  
My ability...

RILEY  
 Right. Michael's ability.

Beth grimly looks like she knows now what he's doing.

CHIEF JUSTICE  
 Preserve, protect, and defend the  
 Constitution of the United States.

RILEY  
 Preserve, defend -- what you said --  
 the Constitution of the United  
 States.

CHIEF JUSTICE  
 So help me God.

RILEY  
 So help him God.

The Chief Justice stares at Riley as he shakes his hand.

There is applause, with looks of concern.

Beth turns away to take her seat.

Maggie, looking amazed, whispers to Walter,

MAGGIE  
 God is smiling on us. He's gone  
 off his rocker.

Riley prepares to speak at the podium, applause subsiding.

RILEY  
 Thank you, thank you. Thank you  
 all for being here.  
 (looks at text of speech)  
 Tsch. Michael isn't going to read  
 some long, boring speech. Why do  
 these things have to be dull? This  
 ought to be a fun day. Come on,  
 lighten up!

There is stunned silence except for some giggles in the crowd  
 out front.

The grin on Riley's face suddenly turns to a frown.

He looks around as if momentarily disoriented. Then he  
 abruptly smiles with confidence in a masculine manner.

RILEY

Well! Brad doesn't exactly know how he got here, but -- Brad guesses he's president now?

He looks around for someone.

RILEY

Where's Maggie?

He spots her, she gives him a little wave.

RILEY

Brad can tell you one thing. He's got the hottest V.P. in history.

More stunned silence.

RILEY

Brad has nothing special to say, so how about a couple of jokes? A guy walks into a -- No, wait, that one's too gross.

Riley laughs hard at it anyway. No one laughs with him.

RILEY

How about this one? The teacher says, "Johnny, what's two-t'm-two?" And Johnny says, "Teacher, I don't even know what two-t'm is."

Riley has a good laugh. There are some scattered laughs in the crowd.

He glances again at Maggie.

RILEY

Boy, that Maggie is hot.

(then)

Okay, Brad's going to keep this short, because Brad wants to get on with the parade, the cheers of the crowd, and the inaugural balls. Brad knows what you're thinking: "He said balls."

Maggie shakes with suppressed laughter.

Beth looks like she wants to cry.

Walter whispers to Maggie,

WALTER

This tops the Gettysburg Address  
and "I Have a Dream."

RILEY

So let Brad just say in closing  
that, uh, with Brad we're going to  
have one hell of a ride, for at  
least -- what is it -- four years.  
After that the people can ditch  
him, and Brad couldn't care less.

INT. RADIO STUDIO - DAY

A Rush Limbaugh-like RADIO TALK-SHOW HOST is at his mike.

TALK-SHOW HOST

Folks, the first question that has  
to be asked about this presidential  
debacle is this:...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - CORRIDOR - DAY

Spike leads psychiatrist DR. THORN, 65, to a door and Thorn  
enters, two Secret Service agents stationed nearby. During  
this,

TALK-SHOW HOST (V.O.)

How long have they known that  
Crenshaw is mentally ill? How  
could they have hidden it  
throughout the campaign?

INT. LIVING QUARTERS - DAY

Riley listens intently to Dr. Thorn as they sit facing each  
other. Thorn has a notepad.

TALK-SHOW HOST (V.O.)

And the biggest question of all  
hangs like a dark cloud over this  
nation today...

INT. RADIO STUDIO - DAY

The Talk-Show Host at his mike as before.

TALK-SHOW HOST

"Who's in charge here?"

EXT. WHITE HOUSE GROUNDS - DAY

Maggie speaks to reporters.

MAGGIE

Our main concern now is the President's health. But the nation's business must also go forth. So we are looking right now at following the provisions of the Twenty-Fifth Amendment.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Riley sits behind his desk, Spike seated in front.

They grimly watch a NEWSWOMAN on TV report from Capitol Hill.

NEWSWOMAN

(on TV)

-- with no comment. Now we've been told that sometime this afternoon Vice President Luz and various department heads will formally notify both houses of Congress that President Crenshaw is too ill to perform his duties. And that Vice President Luz should therefore take over as acting chief executive. Back to you, Shelby.

Riley waves a hand in disgust.

Spike mutes the TV volume with the remote.

RILEY

I guess Maggie will be sitting here in a day or two.

SPIKE

What you have to do is take and get well, Mister President. Then she won't be sitting here for long. You'll be right back in business.

RILEY

Yeah. That's what I'm afraid of.

SPIKE

Afraid of what?

He rises.

RILEY

Having to come back to this job.

Spike shakes his head wearily as Riley thoughtfully paces.

SPIKE

You didn't fake mental illness, did you, just to get out of this?

Riley, with his back to Spike, smiles to himself.

RILEY

No. It would never have occurred to me. You can't make this stuff up.

SPIKE

What do you plan to take and do?

RILEY

I don't know. Make something up?

Riley stops pacing.

RILEY

I know what. I'm going to "take and do" just what I want to.

EXT. PARK BENCH - DAY

Foster impatiently waits on the bench.

Walter arrives and sits down beside him.

WALTER

Okay, what's this all about?

FOSTER

That package I gave you. I need it back.

WALTER

Why do you need it back?

FOSTER

No one looked at the whole thing. We had no idea what we'd find toward the end. Till yesterday.

WALTER

Why did no one look at it all?



FOSTER

Do you know how much there was to look at? With nothing worth using. We had other work and we found it too late. Look, you asked if we could do it. We did it, since it might help Maggie, and I handed it over. Not the original, but we need that copy back. Walter, that shit is dynamite. My butt's in a crack on this. Heads could roll.

Walter considers. Foster looks aggravated.

FOSTER

Walter, look at the stakes. Maggie is now acting president. Unless Crenshaw recovers, Maggie's in power for good. Do you want to see it all go down the drain? What are you thinking about? Do you hate her that much, or what?

WALTER

No, I'll have it for you tomorrow.

Foster heaves a sigh of relief.

FOSTER

Reason prevails.  
(rises)  
Thanks, Walter. Tomorrow, same time, same place.

Foster walks off.

Walter remains seated, looking thoughtfully off into space.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OUTSIDE OVAL OFFICE - DAY

SECRET SERVICE AGENTS #1 and #2 are stationed near the door to the Oval Office.

They see Riley coming with SECRET SERVICE AGENTS #3 and #4.

Riley stops in front of Agents #1 and #2 in a friendly manner.

RILEY

Good morning, gentlemen.

AGENT #1

Good morning, Mister President.

RILEY  
Is the President in?

AGENT #1  
Yes, she is, Mister President. Are you going in too?

RILEY  
Unless you stop me. Is this going to be a shoot-out?

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Maggie sits at the desk, chief of staff Gayle sitting in front with notes.

MAGGIE  
Find out what we've got on the majority leader. If that bastard --

Maggie stops, seeing Riley enter.

Riley walks to the front of the desk.

RILEY  
How are you, Madam Vice President? Or Acting President. What should I call you today?

MAGGIE  
Call me surprised. And at the risk of sounding insensitive, who are you today?

RILEY  
I'm Riley. You know me.  
(to Gayle)  
Could I talk with your boss for a while?

Maggie nods "okay" to Gayle, who grudgingly rises with her notes.

Maggie and Riley stare at each other, Riley with a little smile on his face, while Gayle walks out.

RILEY  
How's it going, Maggie? Are you workin' 'em hard? When I was here they were hardly working.

MAGGIE

They didn't know who they were working for. Sorry, I shouldn't have said that. What are you here for, Riley? And why do I think that you're Brad?

He sits down.

RILEY

Doctor Thorn thinks we're going to get rid of that guy. Michael too.

(then)

As you know, Maggie, under the Twenty-Fifth Amendment, when I'm found to be well, I can reclaim my powers as president. I'll be sitting again where you are.

MAGGIE

So show me some papers that tell me you're sane.

RILEY

I didn't bring any with me.

MAGGIE

Then go and get some. And make sure they're notarized.

He rises.

RILEY

Not necessary. I'll tell you why I'm here.

(paces)

I didn't want to be president. That may be why Michael and Brad put on such a show at the inauguration. Like they were trying to get me out of it.

(laughs, then)

Anyway I ran for one reason. To keep you from getting the nomination.

Maggie sits back in her pants suit and puts her feet on the desk.

MAGGIE

So that was it. You really hate me, don't you?

RILEY

It's more like I love you, if you want to know the truth.

MAGGIE

Oh. A love-hate relationship.

RILEY

How could I hate you?

He sits down again.

RILEY

Where do you fall on the love-hate continuum, toward Riley Crenshaw?

MAGGIE

I've never hated you, Riley. I thought about you a lot after college. Hell, I still do. Then, running for president, you set yourself up as an obstacle to something I wanted. That made you the enemy. And it was just to keep me from the nomination?

RILEY

Well, I didn't think you would make a good president.

MAGGIE

(chuckles)

Oh. It was your patriotic duty to stop me. I get it.

RILEY

I was wrong, and I'm sorry. You'd make a good one. The presidency is no place for people who can't be ruthless. That's why it's no place for me. I'm a real nice guy.

He rises again to pace.

RILEY

So I'm here to cut a deal. Here's my end of the bargain. I'll resign. I won't put up a fight. You can be president. Like I said, I don't even want it. You can let 'em officially swear you in.

Maggie sits up. She has a slight smirk.

MAGGIE

You're giving up something you don't even want. Some sacrifice. I hesitate to ask: What do I have to do? And remember one thing: What we did at the convention was a one-time deal.

RILEY

I remember.

He plants his hands on the desk and leans toward her.

RILEY

What did I talk about, more than anything else, during my campaign?

MAGGIE

Bipartisanship. Getting along.

RILEY

And you came around a little bit, right? As my running mate.

MAGGIE

Isn't that how it works? Number two on the ticket backs up number one, no matter what number two thinks. Number two can actually think number one is full of number two.

He straightens up from the desk.

RILEY

Let's stop talking numerically. Government according to common-sense principles. Going with good ideas no matter which party comes up with them. Working together instead of against each other. It's amazing what could get done. Am I asking too much?

MAGGIE

And if I go with that, you agree to make a permanent exit.

RILEY

That's the deal.

MAGGIE

Well, the country's going to see a new Maggie Luz.

He smiles and offers his hand across the desk.

RILEY

I'll make the announcement. I'm  
resigning from office.

They shake hands.

MAGGIE

And I'll announce that it's sad,  
but we wish you the best of luck.

They finish shaking, but Riley still gently holds Maggie's  
hand. She looks at their hands. He lets go.

RILEY

Thank you for your time, Madam  
President.

They look at each other for a moment.

RILEY

I meant what I said a while ago.  
How I feel about you. Classified  
information.

He walks toward the door.

RILEY

That's why I didn't want you as a  
running mate.

(stops and turns)

I desired you too damn much. I  
even have a theory: Wanting you  
was the source of my mental  
condition. I've already told  
Doctor Thorn.

MAGGIE

Care to elaborate?

He walks back toward the desk.

RILEY

Well, Brad's kind of a sexual  
slimeball, right?

MAGGIE

That's an insult to sexual  
slimeballs.

RILEY

He's my lust for Maggie Luz.  
Michael is gay? A form of denial,  
like, hey, I don't need any woman.

MAGGIE

Interesting theory.

RILEY

Anyway, I guess I'll see you  
around. See ya later, Gator.

He starts to go.

MAGGIE

Let's have a pizza sometime.

He looks back at her.

MAGGIE

It doesn't taste like cheese.

They both smile.

RILEY

I'll look forward to it.

A pause as they regard each other.

RILEY

Sometimes I sure wish we could go  
back.

MAGGIE

I've wished it too, Riley.  
Sometimes. You turned out all  
right. Just get well again.

RILEY

What became of the basketball  
player?

MAGGIE

I don't have any idea.

RILEY

You know, that thing we had at the  
convention...

MAGGIE

... was a one-time deal. A fix, I  
was horny. Now get out of here.

He smiles.

RILEY  
I'll never forget it. Thanks for  
the memory.

She watches him leave.

She sighs and closes her eyes as if heartsick.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Coming out of the Oval Office, Riley sees Walter waiting in a chair by the wall.

Gayle and the Secret Service Agents stand nearby.

RILEY  
Hello, Walter.

Walter rises and they shake hands, while Gayle goes back in the office.

WALTER  
Mister President, how are you  
doing?

RILEY  
Oh, I'm coming along. Got that  
book finished yet?

WALTER  
No, but -- I'm thinking of starting  
a new one. The material sort of  
fell in my lap.

RILEY  
Can't beat that. Good to see you.

Walter watches Riley walk away with Agents #3 and #4.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Maggie and Gayle stand conferring by the desk as Walter strolls in.

Gayle leaves, with a nod to Walter.

WALTER  
Madam President -- so to speak.

MAGGIE  
(businesslike)  
Hello, Walter.



They walk over to the sitting area.

She sits down on a couch by the sleeping cat Mizifuf.

Maggie pets the cat while Walter sits down on the couch facing hers.

WALTER

I appreciate you working me into your schedule.

MAGGIE

Well, two minutes doesn't make that much difference. What brings you here?

WALTER

Funny question. I wanted to experience being here at least once. You haven't told me what role I'm to play as First Husband.

MAGGIE

None.

WALTER

Come again?

MAGGIE

I might as well say it now. I want a divorce.

He stares at her petting the cat.

WALTER

Let me get this straight. Your first official act here is to divorce your husband.

MAGGIE

(rises)

Well, it's hardly an impeachable offense.

She exercises her neck.

WALTER

No. You simply announce to the nation that you've asked your husband for his resignation.

She casually does some aerobics while she speaks,

MAGGIE

I'll explain it as something that's best for the country. I don't need personal problems. So I'm shedding the albatross that's been hanging around my neck.

(stops exercising)

Or should I say mole?

She glances at her watch as she walks toward the desk.

MAGGIE

Your time is practically up.

WALTER

(rises)

So is yours.

She stops at the desk and looks back.

MAGGIE

What do you mean by that?

WALTER

(smiles)

I mean if Crenshaw comes back in good health. What did he have to say?

She sits down with a glance at her watch.

MAGGIE

The clock has run out on you, Walter. I've got things to do.

She looks at a document.

Walter strolls toward the door.

WALTER

That was quite a two-minute drill. But yes, we must do what is best for the country.

He stops at the door with a smile.

WALTER

I don't mind doing what seems best... now that I know where I stand.

He walks out, Maggie curiously watching him.

INT. EAST ROOM - DAY

The Chief Justice administers the oath of office to Maggie.

Maggie's Mom holds the Bible.

House Speaker Westberry, other dignitaries, and a TV crew are present.

CHIEF JUSTICE

Place your left hand on the Bible,  
raise your right hand, and repeat  
after me. I, Magdalena Luz, do  
solemnly swear...

MAGGIE

I, Magdalena Luz, do solemnly  
swear...

INT. CRENSHAW APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Riley and Beth sit on the couch watching the ceremony on TV.

He has an admiring little smile on his face. She's stoical.

Their conversation overlaps the Justice leading Maggie  
through the oath on TV,

RILEY

She did it. She said back at U.F.  
she was going to be president. And  
she is.

BETH

Happy?

RILEY

Well, I got out of what I didn't  
want. So I guess you could say I  
got what I wanted.

BETH

I'll never forgive you for  
springing that Michael and Brad  
shit on me at the same time as  
everyone else.

RILEY

I wanted your reaction to be real,  
so nothing would give me away.

BETH

I wanted to give you away, to anyone who would take you. How have you fooled Doctor Thorn?

RILEY

It's easy. Doctor Thorn only knows what we tell him.

BETH

"We"?

RILEY

Me, Brad, and Michael.

They watch Maggie on the TV as there's applause and she prepares to speak.

BETH

What do you want to do now?

RILEY

Take another crack at Hollywood. Don't you think my acting has improved?

(then)

Just kidding. I've got a pension to live on while I think about what to do next.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Maggie talks with MR. BLAIR, 52, Secretary of Defense.

MAGGIE

First, Mister Blair, I want to assure you that I fully intend to keep you on as Secretary of Defense.

AG

Thank you, Madam President. I appreciate the vote of confidence.

MAGGIE

Confidence has nothing to do with it. I didn't say how long I'll keep you on. Most members of the Cabinet are Crenshaw friends and cronies so incompetent they make me want to puke. But before I bring out the mop and bucket, I want to see which ones can halfway perform.

(MORE)

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

When I hold up a hoop, I want to  
see how fast they jump through it.  
Do I make myself clear?

The PHONE RINGS.

BLAIR

Yes, Madam President.

MAGGIE

(into phone)

Yes?

SECRETARY (V.O.)

(filtered, on phone)

Your husband is on the line, Madam  
President.

MAGGIE

I don't want to talk to my husband.

SECRETARY (V.O.)

(filtered, on phone)

He says that it's urgent.

MAGGIE

Okay, I'll take it.

(punches button)

What do you want?

INT. MACKEY APARTMENT - STUDY - DAY

Walter sits at his desk with a drink.

WALTER

(into phone)

This won't take long. Is anyone  
with you?

MAGGIE (V.O.)

(filtered, on phone)

Yes. I'm busy.

WALTER

(into phone)

You may want to ask them to leave  
the room.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Maggie lowers the receiver and looks at Blair.

MAGGIE

I need you to step outside for a minute.

He quickly rises.

BLAIR

Certainly, Madam President.

As he leaves,

MAGGIE

(into phone)

This better be good. Let's have it.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

WALTER

You know how you wanted my friends to get something on Crenshaw during the primaries. That's all that kept us together, I think.

MAGGIE

I'll tell you what kept us together. You don't get a divorce while you're running for president. After you're elected, you can clean out the barn.

WALTER

Anyway, they couldn't get anything on him, right up to the convention. The last thing they did was bug his hotel suite in Chicago. It included a hidden video camera in the senator's bedroom.

Maggie's eyes get big.

WALTER

You know, ordinary-type secret surveillance. Are you with me so far?

MAGGIE

Keep going.

WALTER

They watched a large part of the videotape. No revelations, and they had other things to do.

(MORE)

WALTER (CONT'D)

But what they belatedly found was a most unexpected episode, some real adults-only stuff, starring you and Senator Crenshaw. Well, they had given me a copy, then suddenly they wanted it back.

(listens with smile)

Are you there?

MAGGIE

Did you give them back the copy?

WALTER

No, I gave it to someone else. But you can see it now for yourself. It's on the Internet. Would you like me to give you the url? Of course, it's already getting so many hits, you probably can't get a connection. I mean, it's an international smash.

(listens)

Are you there?

Maggie's there, passed out in her chair.

The phone receiver dangles on its cord beside her.

WALTER (V.O.)

(filtered, on phone)

Maggie, are you there?

INT. MAGGIE'S SECRETARY'S DESK - DAY

Maggie's Secretary watches something on her computer with a look of disbelief.

Secret Service Agents #1 and #2 stand by watching too.

SECRETARY

Who's going to tell the President?

AGENT #1

You are, I guess.

SECRETARY

Do you know what she'll do? She'll pass out at her desk.

INT. CRENSHAW APARTMENT - STUDY - DAY

Riley looks in horror at a YouTube-type Web page entitled "The Crenshaw-Luz Sex Tape."

He watches as the downloaded video starts with a title:

"For Old Times' Sake  
starring  
Maggie Luz and Riley Crenshaw."

On the videotape Maggie and Riley sit on the foot of the bed in his convention hotel room.

MAGGIE  
(on videotape)  
So you want to make some kind of  
deal?

RILEY  
(on videotape)  
Do you?

MAGGIE  
(on videotape)  
I get the number two spot... You  
get what you've wanted for twenty  
years... And I get a fix I've been  
needing real bad.

INT. MACKEY APARTMENT - STUDY - DAY

Walter, sitting back with a drink and a grin at his computer, watches Maggie and Riley on the videotape.

MAGGIE  
(on videotape)  
We're not lovers. This was for old  
times' sake. And a real good fix.  
That's it.

He chortles.

INT. CRENSHAW APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY

Riley, pleading, knocks on the locked bathroom door.

RILEY  
Beth? Honey, come on out of there,  
please. It wasn't me. It was  
Brad. That's when he first showed  
up.



INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Tearful Beth stands propped against the wall.  
She looks incredulous at what she's hearing.

RILEY

That son of a bitch. I've got no  
memory at all of what they did.

BETH

(yells)

What the hell are you talking  
about? You got the idea of having  
multiple personalities from me!

RILEY

I mean Brad will be my story for  
the public. About why it happened.  
I was a sick man.

As she charges to the door and unlocks it,

BETH

You're a sick man all right.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Coming out of the bathroom, Beth in a tearful rage confronts  
Riley,

BETH

Well here's my story --

RILEY

Look, I'm sorry Beth. I... She...  
I let her --

BETH

If I don't move out of here now  
it'll be so I won't look like an  
asshole, for leaving a famous sick  
man in his time of need. You poor  
thing!

She turns and heads down the hallway.

RILEY

Beth... How long will you stay  
then?

BETH

How the hell do I know? How long  
do you plan to be sick?

INT. WHITE HOUSE - LIVING QUARTERS - NIGHT

Maggie sits drunk, another glass in hand from a half-emptied  
bottle of Bacardi rum, as she watches the tape on a computer.

With her other hand she holds Mizifuf.

MAGGIE

Look at that. Are you watching,  
Mizifuf? Those porn stars have  
nothing on me.

Gayle steps to Maggie's side and puts a hand on her shoulder.

GAYLE

Madam President, you've had enough  
to drink.

MAGGIE

When I pass out, that's when I've  
had enough to drink.

She takes a swig.

MAGGIE

You know something, Gayle? I  
screwed up with Riley, years ago.  
You know how? With a damn slap to  
the face. A good one. Who knows  
what we might have become?

She swigs again.

GAYLE

Madam President --

MAGGIE

Shut up, I'm not through kicking  
myself. Oh, I still would-a been  
president, just like I planned back  
in grade school. But who knows?  
Riley might-a been First Husband.  
The first one to have me, instead  
of that sorry-ass C.I.A. spook that  
I married.

GAYLE

Would-a been, might-a been.

MAGGIE

We could have had some little  
Crenshaws.

Mizifuf gets out of her grasp and jumps down.

MAGGIE

Even Mizifuf doesn't love me  
anymore.

INT. GREENHOUSE - DAY

Sweet-looking MRS. WESTBERRY, 75, hums as she tends her  
plants.

Westberry enters. Looking worried, he puts an arm around  
her.

MRS. WESTBERRY

What is it, dear? Is something  
wrong?

WESTBERRY

It looks like President Luz may  
have to resign.

MRS. WESTBERRY

Oh. For what reason?

WESTBERRY

A sex scandal. Traveling the globe  
at the speed of light. She can't  
govern now. She's been reduced to  
a worldwide dirty joke.

MRS. WESTBERRY

But if she resigns, with no vice  
president, who will be president?

WESTBERRY

It's in the Constitution, dear.  
The Speaker of the House of  
Representatives.

MRS. WESTBERRY

Oh... The Speaker of the House?  
But that's you.

WESTBERRY

I know.

MRS. WESTBERRY

Holy shit.

INT. CRENSHAW APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Beth eats a sandwich on the bed while she watches a NEWS ANCHORMAN on the bedroom TV.

NEWS ANCHORMAN

In a few moments we'll be going to the Oval Office...

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Riley sits with a drink watching the News Anchorman on TV.

NEWS ANCHORMAN

... for what is expected to be a resignation speech by President Luz.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT

Maggie addresses the nation on TV.

MAGGIE

My fellow Americans. It has been my honor and privilege to serve as your president for all too brief a time. In fact, this has been the shortest term in presidential history, beating out Riley Crenshaw's by some twenty-four hours.

A forced chuckle.

MAGGIE

For most of my life I wanted to be president. Well, I've been there and done that. Oh, I could stay on -- as you know, there are those who have urged me to do so -- but I've decided against it. I have to do what I feel is best for the country, which needs a leader free of distraction and discord. So I'm going to resign "effective at noon tomorrow," to quote Richard Nixon. Ed Westberry will then take the oath of office, which is becoming a habit around here.

She laughs falsely, then seems to wing it with anger,

MAGGIE

Now here's the crux of the matter.  
I was taken down by illegal  
domestic spying. By whom? I'll  
give you a hint. Who did my  
husband used to work for? I say  
"used to" tongue in cheek.

INT. CRENSHAW APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Fascinated Riley watches as Maggie's anger builds on TV.

MAGGIE

(on TV)

The whole idea was to ruin Riley  
Crenshaw. To get something on him.  
Well, I turned out to be it, when  
it was no longer needed. Dirty  
tricks at its worst. And someone  
needs to kick my butt for going  
along all these years with our  
corrupted system instead of trying  
to do something about it.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT

Maggie leans forward as she continues,

MAGGIE

Well here's one thing I can do.  
How many spooks have been fired  
over this? None. Meanwhile the  
Justice Department is being  
stonewalled, like some hotel  
bellhops must have done the taping.  
Well listen to this -- Here's how  
you get things done.

She rises. She props her hands on the desk to lean toward  
the TV camera.

MAGGIE

I hereby order the head spook at  
Langley to meet me here, and bring  
me the names of those he is firing,  
by ten a.m. mañana. If he doesn't,  
he's out of a job at ten.

(leans closer to shout)

You hear me? You're on the clock  
over there!

She sits back down and assumes a calm demeanor.

MAGGIE

Then for me at twelve noon, it's  
"Vaya con Diós." Till then, good  
night, and as good ol' Riley once  
said to me, God help America.

INT. CRENSHAW APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Riley smiles as he watches the end of the broadcast.

RILEY

God, I love you, Maggie.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Beth, still propped on the bed with the TV on, talks on her  
smartphone,

BETH

(into phone)  
Yeah, I watched it.  
(listens; chuckles)  
No kidding.  
(then)  
Listen, Dad, we need to talk about  
something.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Maggie sits at her desk reading a memo.

In front of the desk sits the gruff CIA DIRECTOR, 54.

Maggie puts down the memo.

MAGGIE

Do you expect me to believe this  
shit?

CIA DIRECTOR

You can believe what you wish,  
Madam President. The fact is,  
Foster Moore and the other two were  
rogue agents within the Company.  
They --

MAGGIE

Oh, I believe that part. It's the  
other part that I find hard to  
swallow.

CIA DIRECTOR  
I don't quite follow you.

MAGGIE  
(chuckles)  
Swallow and follow. Sounds like a government motto. What I'm saying is, under ordinary circumstances you wouldn't have done a damn thing about it.

The Director looks offended.

CIA DIRECTOR  
On the contrary, their identity and dismissals have been the result of our own internal investigation. It has nothing at all to do with your threat last night to fire me.

Maggie chuckles cynically as she rises.

She turns to look out the window at nothing in particular.

MAGGIE  
It always amazes me how stupid we people in government think those outside of government are.  
"Swallow and follow."

She turns from the window.

MAGGIE  
Well I'm not outside of it yet. Now what do you think I should do with this? Pending, I'm sure, criminal charges for your -- shall we call 'em sacrificial lambs?

CIA DIRECTOR  
You insinuate I'm a liar. I --

As Maggie paces furiously behind the desk,

MAGGIE  
This has cost me dearly, and by God someone is dearly going to pay. Who's responsible for so-called rogues working at the C.I.A.? I'd say it's you the director.

CIA DIRECTOR

If you want to blame me for this escapade, you can go ahead and fire me, with less than two hours left here yourself. I double-dog dare you to do it.

She sits down at the desk.

MAGGIE

Now you've done it. You're fired.  
(scribbles note on memo)  
You're right, I only have two hours left.

She picks up the phone.

MAGGIE

But to make sure that you stay fired --  
(punches button)  
I'll appoint an acting director right now.

SECRETARY (O.S.)

(filtered, on phone)  
Yes, Madam President?

MAGGIE

(into phone)  
Call Charles Hanson. I want to give that poor loser a job.

LATER

Maggie pours the last drop from her bottle of Bacardi rum into a glass of Coke on her cleaned-off desk.

She's clearly high.

Gayle stands disapprovingly beside her.

They're alone in the Oval Office, except for Mizifuf on the desk.

MAGGIE

There. I haven't left anything unfinished.

Maggie swigs, then remembers something with amusement,

MAGGIE

Oh, right, there's one more thing.



INT. EAST ROOM - DAY

Half-drunk Maggie stands before White House staff members, who are somberly seated to hear her farewell.

MAGGIE

As my last official act before I get outta here, I would like to unveil my unfinished presidential portrait.

She snatches the veil from a canvas on an easel beside her.

On the canvas is a simple drawing of her, with one upper corner of the canvas painted.

MAGGIE

How symbolic, eh? I have ordered this to be taken today to the National Gallery of Art. It will probably be in a gallery dumpster by evening. But that's okay, by this evening I'll probably be somewhere in a dumpster myself.

She chuckles. She glances at her watch.

MAGGIE

Well, here it is, almost high noon. It is certainly a high noon for me. I thought about having someone here to sing that old Tex Ritter song from the movie. Instead, I would like you all to join me now in singing a traditional ballad. Only the name has been changed.

(sings)

"Maggie's gone, one more round,  
Maggie's gone."

The sad staffers seemingly don't know what else to do but join in singing,

ALL

"Maggie's gone, one more round,  
Maggie's gone."

INT. CRENSHAW APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Riley sits with a canned soft drink on the sofa, Beth sits in a chair.

They watch a limo move down a D.C. street on TV.

TV COMMENTATOR #2 (V.O.)  
So there goes Maggie Luz, private  
citizen, on her way to Reagan  
National Airport, for a flight home  
to Miami. We'll be right back  
after this.

Riley mutes the TV with the remote.

RILEY  
The last few weeks make you wonder  
who would want to run for public  
office.

BETH  
There's something I have to tell  
you.

He looks at her and waits.

BETH  
I'm going to run for public office.  
Your old Senate seat. You know I  
really did want to run when Daddy  
retired.

He heaves a sigh.

RILEY  
I should have let you.

BETH  
Now I'd like to give it a shot.  
But I need to get started.

RILEY  
Won't yours truly be kind of a  
liability?

BETH  
Is that a rhetorical question? I  
think it's best if we...

RILEY  
Part ways. The time has arrived.

BETH  
I'm sorry. When I run, I'll say we  
parted on amicable terms.

RILEY  
What a day this is. My wife and  
the president both ride off into  
the sunset.

BETH

Dad's more than wealthy enough to bankroll me, to start with, and --

RILEY

I don't blame you for this, Beth. Not at all. How could I?

They sit in silence for a moment.

BETH

I still love you, Riley. I assume you still love me. But we have to admit the obvious, that you've never gotten over Maggie Luz -- to say the least -- even two wives later.

RILEY

I would try to deny it, but it's on videotape.

BETH

Anyway, it's all made me want to strike out on my own now and pursue my old ambition.

RILEY

Run on bipartisanship. You can't miss.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

Lights burn in the mansion.

SUPERIMPOSE: "ONE WEEK LATER."

INT. LIVING QUARTERS - NIGHT

Westberry stands in formal attire at a mirror.

Fixing his tie, he mumbles at his reflection,

WESTBERRY

Meet with so-and-so. Go read this speech. It's time to do this, it's time to do that. Am I in charge here or not?

Mrs. Westberry, formally dressed, walks up behind him.

MRS. WESTBERRY

Ed, dear, you take forever. Let's get going.

She turns and walks toward the door.

MRS. WESTBERRY

We can't keep guests from around the world waiting...

Still at the mirror, he suddenly becomes bug-eyed, his mouth gapes open.

MRS. WESTBERRY

... while you stand there talking to yourself.

He drops straight down.

At the door she turns to look back with shock at the sound of his fall.

TALK-SHOW HOST (V.O.)

And so, my fellow Americans, the Constitution just keeps chugging along.

INT. RADIO STUDIO - DAY

The Limbaugh-like Radio Talk-Show Host is at his mike.

TALK-SHOW HOST

President Westberry dies of a heart attack after one week in office, and the newest character to jump on the White House carousel, which seems to be spinning out of control...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - EAST ROOM - DAY

The Chief Justice administers the oath of office to the 70-ish PRESIDENT PRO TEMPORE of the Senate, his wife holding the Bible, other dignitaries present.

TALK-SHOW HOST (V.O.)

... is the president pro tempore of the Senate. But will he in turn go nuts, resign, or expire?

INT. RADIO STUDIO - DAY

The Radio Talk-Show Host at his mike as before.

TALK-SHOW HOST  
Or will he surprise us with  
something else?

EXT. LULU, FLORIDA - MRS. CRENSHAW'S HOME - DAY

Riley and his mother MRS. CRENSHAW, 67, sit in a nice shady  
backyard.

He looks relaxed but not happy. She snaps string beans in a  
bowl. Both sip iced tea.

SUPERIMPOSE: "THREE MONTHS LATER."

MRS. CRENSHAW  
Miami?

RILEY  
I'm thinking about it, Ma.

MRS. CRENSHAW  
Why would you want to live in  
Miami, when you can have peace and  
quiet here in Lulu?

RILEY  
Maggie Luz is in Miami.

MRS. CRENSHAW  
Maggie? Lord, son, hasn't she  
caused you trouble enough already,  
given what they did to y'all with  
that -- that sex tape?

He gives her a look of amused interest.

RILEY  
Have you watched that video, Ma?

MRS. CRENSHAW  
Oh no, I just read about it. You  
think I would watch my own son in  
a sex tape?

RILEY  
The quality isn't that good anyway.

MRS. CRENSHAW

It certainly isn't. I mean, that's what I've read.

(then)

Had any more headaches, dear?

RILEY

Not a single one since resigning.

MRS. CRENSHAW

But you really love Maggie. I thought it was just a few dates back in college.

RILEY

It was. We broke up. I made a mistake, Ma, a silly mistake. Then before I knew it she was dating a basketball player -- till I think he flunked out of school.

He sighs, falling silent for a moment.

RILEY

I never got over her. Then there she was every day on the Hill. Then throughout the primaries. Then throughout the general election campaign. I was obsessed with her, Ma. I still am.

MRS. CRENSHAW

You're saying she literally drove you crazy.

RILEY

No, Ma. You have to promise never to say a word about this. But I faked it. I made up Brad and Michael.

She sets aside her beans in shock.

RILEY

I didn't want to be president. I didn't want to just quit, so I... I decided to have a little fun with it.

MRS. CRENSHAW

You didn't tell Beth?

RILEY

Oh, she knew. She put the idea in my head, without meaning to.

MRS. CRENSHAW

Does Maggie know?

RILEY

No. You're the only one I've told.

MRS. CRENSHAW

And you love her. What makes you think she loves you?

RILEY

We had something, Ma, but we both let it go. Yeah, I think she still loves me. I think she told me so in a way. But how much? Would she really admit it? Who else does she love? And how much does she resent me because of the sex tape scandal? Though she was the one who was horny. I was just still in love.

MRS. CRENSHAW

Have you two spoken since she had to resign?

RILEY

No.

She snaps her beans again.

MRS. CRENSHAW

Then don't bother, son. Don't go to Miami.

RILEY

That might be good advice. If I try for her, Ma, and fail, I could really go crazy. I don't know if I could take it.

MRS. CRENSHAW

Son, you've got it bad. Forget her. Stay here and take care of yourself.

RILEY

She's probably out on the town every night with -- I don't know, some Latin lover.

INT. CUBAN RESTAURANT (MIAMI) - DAY

EDUARDO, 45, is a handsome, suave Cuban American. He looks immaculate in his expensive suit as he sips a Bloody Mary at a table for two.

He smiles as he sees Maggie enter and walk toward him. She wears a skirt suit.

The lunch-hour patrons in the nice little place all watch her.

Eduardo rises to greet her familiarly.

EDUARDO  
Madam President.

MAGGIE  
Don't remind me.

They sit down across from each other at the table.

EDUARDO  
You draw quite a bit of attention.  
No Secret Service protection?

MAGGIE  
No. I don't want any help from the  
government.

EDUARDO  
What about your pension?

MAGGIE  
I'll take that. But I don't want  
any goons around.

He chuckles.

EDUARDO  
How goes the legal service in  
Little Havana?

MAGGIE  
Fine. I'm there twice a week  
myself.

A waitress brings a glass of water for Maggie.

MAGGIE  
(to waitress)  
I'll just have the black beans and  
rice.



EDUARDO  
(to waitress)  
Make it two.  
(to Maggie)  
Nothing to drink?

MAGGIE  
Nada.

The waitress moves off.

MAGGIE  
So what's up, Eduardo?

EDUARDO  
I have a proposition for you.

She gives him a look. He smiles.

EDUARDO  
A business proposition, I should say. The public library system is going to auction off an old building. We're thinking of buying it.

MAGGIE  
An old library building? You want me to invest? Tsch. I'm paying for an old building now in Little Havana.

EDUARDO  
Oh, you would put no money in it. As one possible use, it would be a perfect site for your presidential library.

She reacts as if her sip of water almost goes down the wrong way.

MAGGIE  
For my what?

EDUARDO  
Miami would like to honor one of its own. Every former president has a library.

MAGGIE  
And what's going to be in mine? That videotape of me and that other ex-prez in the sack?

EDUARDO

Well, that would be up to you.

MAGGIE

What else would be in it? My resignation speech? Thanks anyway for the offer, dear. That's sweet.

EDUARDO

The auction is day after tomorrow. You have two days to think it over.

MAGGIE

All I want to do is be a lawyer. I don't want to run an X-rated theater. That's all it would be.

She picks up his Bloody Mary.

EDUARDO

You should value your legacy more. Since you were a kid at Dade High you wanted to be president. It was quite an accomplishment.

She sips the drink.

MAGGIE

Yeah, and you know what?

She returns the Bloody Mary.

MAGGIE

When I got there, there was no one to enjoy it with. It was just me and Mizifuf.

EDUARDO

Your mom was there, holding the Bible when you were sworn in.

MAGGIE

That's not what I mean. There was no one there to hold me. It felt kind of empty.

EDUARDO

There was Walter.

She scoffs.

MAGGIE

You're right. Every time I turned around, there was Walter. I put a stop to that.

EDUARDO

How is your love life now?

MAGGIE

It's extinct. I would join a convent but none of 'em practice law.

EDUARDO

A love life inactive, perhaps, not extinct. I would be happy to help you resuscitate it. I used to be a lifeguard, you know.

She watches him sip and set down his drink as he eyes her.

MAGGIE

Do you think I came back to Miami to get involved with some married man?

EDUARDO

What if I were single?

She picks up the drink.

MAGGIE

You're not. So we're both out of luck.

She sips.

EDUARDO

You could have any man you wanted.

She chuckles as she returns the drink to him.

MAGGIE

And would he want me for me?

EDUARDO

Are you trying to say there is no one out there for you?

A pause, Maggie seemingly abstracted.

MAGGIE

I'm not sure. I want someone who... well, someone who's sane.

EDUARDO

If you have one in mind, go for it.

MAGGIE

Chase him down like Sadie Hawkins?  
That's not my style.

(a bit wistfully)

I'm more like a chess player.

EDUARDO

Checkmate him, eh? Well, good  
luck.

(sips drink)

Getting back to my proposition, do  
think about the building.

She glances casually around as Eduardo sips.

MAGGIE

I told you, I don't need it. I...

She doesn't finish. Something seems to dawn on her.

She gazes into space, looking pleasantly intrigued.

He watches her quizzically as he sets down the Bloody Mary.

She smiles at him and picks up the drink.

MAGGIE

Tell me more about it.

(starts to sip, then)

Oh, and, uh -- Why don't you order  
yourself a Bloody Mary?

EXT. MRS. CRENSHAW'S HOME - DAY

Riley paces in the backyard, thinking as he speaks,

RILEY

Maggie, I've come down to Miami to  
reaffirm what I told you in the  
Oval Office about how I feel. I  
didn't say more because, well, we  
were both married then. But now  
that we're not, I... Maggie, I know  
there could be some bad feeling  
since --

Mrs. Crenshaw calls to him from the back door,

MRS. CRENSHAW

Riley! Maggie Luz is on the phone!

He looks surprised, then almost afraid to go answer.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Riley steps to the landline phone. He hesitates before picking up the waiting receiver.

RILEY  
(into phone)  
Maggie?

INT. MAGGIE'S LEGAL SERVICES OFFICE (MIAMI) - DAY

Maggie is on the phone in a basic, unluxurious office.

MAGGIE  
(into phone)  
Riley, how are you?

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

Riley seems both pleased and nervous.

RILEY  
Fine, I -- I haven't had any more blackouts. Michael and Brad.

MAGGIE  
That's good to hear. I heard about the divorce. I'm sorry.

RILEY  
Well, I guess I gave her a good excuse to... pursue her political dreams.

Maggie chuckles, calmly bitter.

MAGGIE  
"Political dreams"? What's that?

RILEY  
So, uh... What's on your mind, Maggie?

MAGGIE  
Something's come up, and... Could you be in Miami in a couple of days, say early afternoon?

RILEY  
Sure. What's the occasion?

MAGGIE

It's a surprise. There's something I want to show you. I want to see if it engages your interest.

RILEY

Well, you've always managed to engage it. Where shall I meet you?

MAGGIE

Here at the Cuban-American Pro Bono Legal Services. Little Havana.

RILEY

What about Secret Service? Will they --

MAGGIE

I don't fool with Secret Service. You want Secret Service, you get it.

INT. LIMO (MIAMI) - MOVING - DAY

Maggie and Riley sit in back, space between them, SECRET SERVICE AGENTS #5 and #6 in front.

Riley eyes Maggie, who ignores him.

RILEY

I like what you're doing, Maggie. Free legal services. That's cool.

MAGGIE

It's my small way of helping the less fortunate fight the damn system.

RILEY

So ruthless Maggie is now a goody two-shoes.

MAGGIE

I'm also with a very successful law firm, so I'm not exactly Mother Teresa.

Silence, then,

RILEY

I was sort of hoping for a warmer reception, since I'm here by invitation.

(MORE)

RILEY (CONT'D)

You still seem kind of pissed. I'm sorry about all that happened.

She shows a flair of temper,

MAGGIE

You ought to be. You don't want the nomination but you screw me out of it. And it doesn't stop there. I got screwed right out of the White House. I shouldn't even be talking to you.

RILEY

Then why are you doing it?

MAGGIE

I'll be damned if I know.

RILEY

Which one of us needed a fix in Chicago? Don't try to blame me for what happened. Can you tell me where we're going?

She nods toward the Agents in front,

MAGGIE

I gave 'em the address. You'll find out when we get there.

INT. OLD LIBRARY BUILDING - DAY

Vacant. Dark but for light from broken windows and the dirty glass entrance.

On the first floor, Maggie and Riley stand facing an upper floor where apparently there used to be book stacks.

Secret Service Agent #5 stands inside near the entrance.

Through the glass, Agent #6 and a man in a janitorial or maintenance uniform can be seen outside on the landing.

RILEY

This is really a pleasant surprise, Maggie. What is it?

MAGGIE

It's going to be a presidential library.

RILEY

A presidential -- ? Maggie, how many days were you president?

MAGGIE

Not many.

RILEY

Then what are you going to have here?

MAGGIE

I asked the same question at first. Not much. But then it occurred to me. How many days were you president?

RILEY

Not many.

MAGGIE

How long was Ed Westberry president before he dropped dead?

RILEY

About a week, rest his soul.

Maggie strolls, Riley following. Agent #5 follows at a distance.

MAGGIE

I thought it would be nice if the three of us went in together -- Mrs. Westberry has already agreed -- and had us a presidential library like all the presidents before us.

She stops and gestures around,

MAGGIE

This will be the Crenshaw-Luz-Westberry Presidential Library.

She looks at Riley for his reaction.

MAGGIE

What do you think?

She strolls into what used to be a glass-partitioned office.



INT. OFFICE - DAY

Maggie takes a seat on the front of an old desk, which is the only thing left in the room.

Riley walks in.

RILEY

I'll tell you what I think. I'm afraid that people will laugh at us, Maggie. You know, since --

MAGGIE

(mock surprise)  
Laugh at us? You and me? No!  
(then)  
Who cares? Screw 'em.

She gets off the desk and steps toward him.

MAGGIE

We're former presidents, and I think we should get our stuff together.

RILEY

"Together" sounds good to me. I --

She suddenly stifles a scream and grabs hold of him. He holds her protectively.

The Agent hurries to the office doorway.

She looks around at the shadowy floor.

MAGGIE

I thought I saw a rat.

She tries to step back, but Riley holds on to her. He smiles.

RILEY

You didn't see any rat.

MAGGIE

(coyly)  
Well, I could have sworn...

The Agent sighs and retreats.

Riley still holds her.

RILEY

I told you how I feel about you -- remember? -- that day in the Oval Office. Do I sense some mutual affection?

MAGGIE

Well, you're a real nice guy. You said so yourself.

RILEY

Then you heard it from the horse's mouth.

MAGGIE

Let go of me. We're being watched.

He turns her loose and she walks toward the office door.

RILEY

What else is new?

INT. OLD LIBRARY BUILDING - DAY

Maggie stops a few steps from the office. She turns as Riley comes out.

MAGGIE

The nomination and not even wanting it. That was your asshole moment.

RILEY

Sorry. We all have those now and then.

MAGGIE

Yeah, we do.

She strolls toward the old circulation counter. He follows.

MAGGIE

I had mine, that's for sure. I'm sorry I slapped you.

(stops and turns)

Do you know why I did it?

Glancing at the Agent, she steps closer to Riley to keep it private.

MAGGIE

When I was a kid I would see my mama slap my papa.

(MORE)

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

That made it normal, right? So I did it without thinking. Live and learn.

She starts to turn away, then,

MAGGIE

I never slapped Walter once. Imagine that.

She strolls again toward the counter, he follows.

RILEY

Well I'm sorry I didn't stop when you first said "No."

MAGGIE

Good.

RILEY

And I'm sorry I walked out like I did.

MAGGIE

I'm sorry about getting us caught in a sex tape thanks to my ex.

RILEY

I'm sorry I didn't resist the temptation. But really I'm not.

She stops as if to think as they reach the counter.

MAGGIE

Let's see, what else?

RILEY

What about the cheese ravioli?

She walks behind the counter. He follows.

MAGGIE

I'm sorry about that too.

As she strolls, she runs a finger along the top of the counter. She rubs the dust from her finger.

MAGGIE

I don't know what got into me.

As he follows her,

RILEY

We're two sorry people. I've got one other thing to be sorry about.

She stops and turns to look at him.

RILEY

Well, not sorry. I'm not sorry about it at all. But I have to confess.

He looks at the Agent, still idly waiting several feet away.

Riley turns his back to the Agent and leans back against the counter.

He speaks quietly to be sure the Agent can't hear,

RILEY

I faked being mentally ill.

She looks stunned.

RILEY

Consequently you became president like you always wanted.

MAGGIE

You faked it?

(laughs)

That's crazier than you being crazy.

She gazes at him.

MAGGIE

And thanks. You were good.

RILEY

A career-killing performance.

MAGGIE

You deserve a special Oscar.

She steps closer to him.

MAGGIE

So tell me, now that we've both said how sorry we are. Would you like to have pizza tonight?

He steps close and takes her gently by the waist.

RILEY

As long as it's not too cheesy.

She puts her hands on his shoulders.

MAGGIE

We could tell 'em to hold the cheese.

She gives him a peck on the lips.

MAGGIE

What would you like to do afterwards?

RILEY

I'd like another one-time deal.  
Only this time, more than one time.

She takes him by the hand and leads him toward the end of the counter.

MAGGIE

You'll have to wait till we're hitched. Let's go, I've still got work to do.

RILEY

Oh. Are we getting married?

She stops and turns, still holding his hand.

MAGGIE

Why not? I need a man. I love ya.  
And I always get what I want.

He pulls her to him by the hand,

RILEY

Come here.

MAGGIE

I might not keep it, but I get it.

RILEY

Don't worry. This is a keeper.  
But you've got one more thing to be sorry about.

She steps into his arms with an apologetic air,

MAGGIE

Oh. I'm sorry. How sorry can I be?

RILEY

What took you so long to tell me you love me? You could have told me that day in the Oval Office. Or when you called me in Lulu. Why did you have to see a rat first?

She laughs. She wraps her arms around his neck.

MAGGIE

I had to be careful about who I'd be getting involved with. Didn't I?

RILEY

You mean a guy we both know who was loco?

MAGGIE

He was a textbook case.

RILEY

I've got news for you. Brad and Michael may be gone, but I'm still crazy. About Maggie Luz.

She moves closer.

MAGGIE

That's why I have to be careful. I'm in love with the Cuckoo from Lulu.

They embrace with a sensuous kiss.

She interrupts the kiss for a quick look at the Agent.

MAGGIE

We'll be right with you.

She and Riley go back to kissing.

The Agent sighs and rolls his eyes.

INT. LIMO - MOVING - DAY

Maggie and Riley are wrapped up in a kiss in the back seat.

Secret Service Agent #5, driving, looks at them in the rear-view mirror.

Agent #6 on the passenger side glances back at them.

The Agents speak quietly,

AGENT #5  
You know why I think he came down  
here?

AGENT #6  
Why?

AGENT #5  
They're planning on taping a  
sequel.

AGENT #6  
(chuckles)  
What'll they call it? "For Old  
Times' Sake Part Two"?

AGENT #5  
No, I've got a good title for it.

AGENT #6  
What?

Agent #5 looks in the rear-view mirror.

AGENT #5  
"Oh, for God's Sake."

They laugh.

The kiss in the back seat continues.

An up-tempo song PLAYS,

MALE SINGER (V.O.)  
"One gal can cure my blues/ Her  
name is Maggie Luz/ She sure does  
light my fuse, it's plain to  
see/..."

EXT. MIAMI - DAY

The limo cruises along by Biscayne Bay.

MALE SINGER (V.O.)  
"There's no way I can lose/ With a  
gal like Maggie Luz/ My poor heart  
can't refuse, it's destiny."

FADE OUT.

THE END