

FADE IN:

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - AERIAL SHOT - DAY

It sits like a jewel off in the distance -- all glittering and white. The deep blue of the Potomac stands out against the monuments as the sound of a HELICOPTER plays O.s..

SMASH CUT  
TO:

EXT. WHITE HOUSE GROUNDS - DAY

The most famous helicopter in the world lumbers toward the most famous house. Scores of reporters are camped out on the lawn while the huge machine descends like a hurricane...

CLOSER - HELICOPTER

It touches down as the Marine Corps color guard snaps to attention. The hatch POPS open and a staircase emerges...

FULL SHOT - DOORWAY

After a moment, PRESIDENT WILLIAM HARRISON MITCHELL appears, accompanied by his wife ELLEN and loyal dog Cupcakes. They smile from the landing and wave to the world -- a postcard of themselves.

TRACKING SHOT - FIRST FAMILY

"HAIL TO THE CHIEF" RINGS OUT across the grounds. Formidably handsome Bill Mitchell is fit and in his early forties. His wife Ellen, still in her early thirties, is considered a classical beauty with a wide "friendly" smile that in certain photographs seems just on the edge of wistful. The dog frolics around them as they wave to the press and smile for the world. Ozzie and Harriet for the Nineties with a bow to FDR and some Camelot thrown in.

MOVING WITH them...

They stride arm in arm beneath the portico that leads to the West Wing. The band is still playing as they head under the archway, disappearing from public view. Then, instantly, as a handler rushes up and grabs the dog, the smiles vanish. Bill lets go of Ellen and Ellen lets go of Bill. He turns to his right and she turns to her left. Off they go in their separate directions.

CUT TO:

INT. WEST WING HALLWAY - DAY

The President strides down the long marble hallway flanked by his two senior advisors, BOB ALEXANDER, the White House Chief of Staff and ALAN REED, the White House Media Advisor.

MITCHELL

Is everybody in there?

BOB

They're waiting for you. And they're very nervous.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - ROOSEVELT ROOM - DAY

It is the seat of power. There is a dark oak conference table with a crystal chandelier above it. Alan Reed is reading from a notebook full of polling data while the President glares at a group of congressional leaders. Bob glares at them, too, while they cower behind their water glasses.

REED

(reading from his notebook)

I wish I had better news... Our compassion index is off seven points from the last sample and that's down eighteen on the year. The 'Cares About People Like Me' numbers are really in the toilet. We're off twenty points from March and that was right after we raised interest rates...

MITCHELL

Dammit...

(beat)

I told them no mayo.

(looking up)

See - - I could veto this Simpson Garner thing, but I really don't want to do that...

A couple of the legislators flinch, still staring straight ahead.

MITCHELL  
(circling)  
Do you know why I don't want to do it?

DAVE - Rev. 8/7/92

3.

They all look over at him for a moment. Mitchell leans out over the table like some great, predatory beast.

MITCHELL  
(strangled whisper)  
... Because it's got homeless shelters... and Head Start centers ... and... and...

BOB  
(whispering)  
Hot lunches.

The President looks back at him for an instant then turns back toward the table.

MITCHELL  
(building)  
... And hot lunches for little  
(thundering suddenly)  
And if I kill it... I'll look like a prick.

They all flinch slightly.

MITCHELL  
And I don't want to look like a prick!  
(beat)  
I want YOU to look like pricks!!!

DIFFERENT ANGLE

SPEAKER  
Sir, we tried to kill it twice...

MITCHELL  
(whisper again)  
I don't think so, Howard. If you had killed it -- it would be dead.  
(looking him in the eye)  
When I kill something - - it always dies. Doesn't it, flob?

BOB  
(steely)  
Always dead.

MAJ. LEADER  
Mr. President, with all the work your  
wife has done with the homeless...

The President turns and stares daggers at him. The man starts  
to flumph as Mitchell cuts him off.

MITCHELL  
Norman, I don't want you to do this  
cause you're forced to...  
(beat)  
I want you to do this because you want  
to. I want you to do it because you  
think it's the right thing to do. I  
want you to do it because you're acting  
in the best interests of our country...

They stare back at him stupefied.

BOB  
(upbeat)  
Well -- I think that's it.

CUT TO:

INT. WEST WING HALLWAY - LATER

He moves down the corridor toward the Oval Office with Bob  
and Reed at his side.

A long line of secretaries flanks the entrance.

BOB  
... You've got that radio address to  
go over and the American Bar Association  
at the Monroe tomorrow night...

The President pauses at one of the desks and fixes a stare at  
one of the secretaries, (RANDI). She looks up from behind a  
pair of clear-pane glasses, and blushes at him effectively.

MITCHELL  
(smiling at Randi)  
The Monroe?

REED

Uh, yes, sir. The Monroe Hotel...

Randi smiles back at him.

MITCHELL

(whispering to Reed)

Did you get someone to double for me there, out front?

REED

We're working on it.

MITCHELL

(still under his breath)

Try to find someone who looks like me this time. That last guy was a joke.

REED

We're doing our best, sir.

He nods and winks at Randi again before heading inside the Oval Office. The President starts humming "Hail to the Chief" quietly to himself...

CUT TO:

EXT. DURENBURGER'S CHRYSLER PLYMOUTH - DAY

Red, white and blue flags fly above the used cars to announce Durenberger's grand opening. A SCRATCHY RENDITION of "HAIL TO THE CHIEF" PLAYS from a makeshift P.A. SYSTEM and a little stage has been erected in front of the cars. DURENBURGER himself stands alone at the mike.

DURENBURGER

This is a real special moment here at Durenberger's Chrysler Plymouth... Ladies an' gentlemen, I wantcha to give a real warm welcome to...

(pause)

The President of the United

WIDER

A dead-ringer for the President appears, perched on the back of a four hundred pound pig. He is DAVE KOVIC, our hero. Dave enters from "stage right"

wearing an Uncle Sam hat and waving triumphantly to the crowd. A teenage \*boy pulls the pig forward by a rope.

DIFFERENT ANGLE

He makes the victory sign with both hands and dismounts the PIG who lets out a SNORT. Dave bounds up to the small platform where he is greeted warmly by Durenburger. Dave hands him a small stack of 3x5 filing cards while "HAIL TO THE CHIEF" CONCLUDES its final strains. Dave salutes the crowd.

DAVE

(doing a decent Bill Mitchell)

Thank you, Don. Thank you for that warm introduction.

(pause)

You know it's wonderful to be here today amongst so many smiling faces.

REVERSE ANGLE - CROWD

Eight to ten people stand stonefaced amongst the Plymouth Horizons.

ON DAVE

DAVE

And, Don, let me assure you from one chief executive to another, that there fl no Chrysler Plymouth like Durenburger's Chrysler Plymouth.

A few employees applaud. Dave nudges Durenburger who takes out one of the cards.

DURENBURGER

(reading/monotone)

Thank you, Mr. President. It certainly is nice of you to be with us here today considering your busy schedule and all.

DAVE

Well, Don -- it's true that I have a busy schedule. But I've got a feeling that when folks find out about your

five hundred dollar cash rebate on all  
`93 LeBaron and LeBaron convertibles  
you're gonna be even busier than I am.

Dave looks toward the crowd for another reaction but nothing comes back. An eight-year-old GIRL tugs at the bottom of her MOTHER's dress.

GIRL  
Mommy, is that the President?

MOTHER  
(shaking her head)  
I sure hope not.

ANGLE - DAVE  
He leans closer to Durenburger  
continuing with the routine.

DAVE  
You know, Don, it's not easy being  
President. Why just the other day, I  
was riding on Air Force One...

The PIG lets out a HUGE SNORT causing everyone to jump with a start. A six-year-old KID starts to CRY while Dave glances down toward the front row.

ANGLE-DAVE  
He stops the routine and squints out  
toward the crowd while the WAILING  
CONTINUES. His parents try to comfort  
the BOY but it doesn't do any good.

DAVE  
Hey, hey... What's the matter...

DIFFERENT ANGLE - DAVE

He dismounts the stage and stumbles on one of the steps.

Dave puts on the glasses that he normally wears and squats face to face with the six-year-old.

DAVE  
(gently)  
Hi...  
(beat)  
What's your name?

The child doesn't respond at first. Dave moves a little closer to the boy.

DAVE  
Don't you have a name?

CHILD (KID)  
(sniffing)  
... Sam.

DAVE  
(soothingly)  
Hi, Sam... You want a riddle?

The Kid thinks for a second then nods. He wipes some stuff off his nose.

DAVE  
Okay. What can run all day without getting tired?

The Kid ponders it for a moment.

DAVE  
(leaning closer)  
Well come on, Sam. It's not your jar...

Dave touches the Kid's ear as his eyes suddenly light up.

SAM (KID)  
My nose?

DAVE  
Right. !!!

Dave reaches up and "magically" produces a quarter from the side of the child's nose. He beams with delight as Dave hands him the coin.

CUT TO:

EXT. BALTIMORE STREET - DAY

Dave hurries down the busy sidewalk clutching a beat-un briefcase and his Uncle Sam hat. In civilian clothes, with his tousled hair, no one even notices that he looks like the President. Dave ducks into a small storefront office with a

simple sign above it:

"KOVIC TEMPS"

"Like we've been there forever"

INT. DAVE'S OFFICE

The place is small and cluttered and very well lived in.

Dave's secretary and ex-wife, ALICE, is kissing her boyfriend JERRY goodbye.

JERRY  
Six-thirty?

ALICE  
Perfect.

JERRY  
Great, I'll see you then.

He blows her another kiss and turns to the door just as Dave bounds into the room.

JERRY  
Hi, Dave.

DAVE  
(buoyant)  
Hi, .....

He hangs up his coat and turns to Alice as Jerry leaves the room.

DAVE  
(hanging up his coat)  
It went great, Alice. I killed em  
down there.

ALICE  
Yeah? Why don't you see what you \*)  
can do in here.

DIFFERENT ANGLE  
Dave turns around to see three women  
stacked up in his waiting area.

DAVE

(renewed energy)  
No problem. What `ve we got?

ALICE  
(rattling it off)  
Mabel says it's too far on the bus.  
Jennifer's boss tried to hit on her  
again and Lola's been crying in your  
office for an hour.

Dave sticks his head inside his office where a Hispanic WOMAN  
of about fifty is crying into a tiny lace handkerchief.

INT. DAVE'S OFFICE

DAVE  
(entering)  
Lola. What happened?

LOLA (WOMAN)  
(turning)  
Oh, Meester Kobic... Is no my fault...  
I learn on de I.B.M okay? Then they  
make me work on de Wang...  
(crying again)  
No puedo comprender esta machina...

DAVE  
It's alright. We'll find you something  
else.

ANGLE - OUTER OFFICE

He darts back out.

DAVE  
I'll get her something right now.  
(beat)  
Alice... Have you seen my checkbook?

ALICE  
Dave, I'm your ex-wife. As in Ex  
E -- X...

He nods earnestly accepting it for what must be the hundredth  
time. Alice sighs and motions toward his desk.

ALICE  
Bottom drawer next to your baseball

glove.

DAVE  
(flashing a smile)  
Thanks. You're the best.

CUT TO:

INT. ACCOUNTANCY OFFICE OF "MURRAY BLUM, CPA" - DAY

Dave's best friend MURRAY stands in front of Dave and Lola. In the b.g. sit four or five women without much to do in particular.

MURRAY  
Dave, I can't hire anybody else.

He turns toward his desk. Dave follows him down the aisle.  
DAVE

("CONFIDENTIALLY")  
This woman's amazing, Murray. She  
flies on an I.B.M...

MURRAY  
I don't have enough work for the people  
you gave me already.

DAVE  
(lowering his voice)  
She's got three kids and the husband's  
a diabetic...  
(turning to her)  
Diabetic?

LOLA  
Si. Diabetico.

She starts to whimper all over again while Dave looks plaintively at Murray.

DAVE  
Short-term thing. Straight temp job.

Murray looks at him and sighs.

MURRAY  
(beat)  
I'll see what I can do.

Dave flashes him a big smile and breathes a sigh of relief.

DAVE  
So you want to go swimming?

MURRAY  
(incredulous)  
Dave -- I'm working.

DAVE  
(nodding quickly)  
Oh yeah... Me, too.  
(beat)  
You want to get dinner later?

MURRAY  
I was gonna do something with Joan.

DAVE  
Oh. Okay. I'll catch ya tomorrow then.

Murray nods as Dave turns humming into the hallway.

EXT. DAVE'S HOUSE - DAY

All It is dark and a little cluttered. A low GUTTURAL NOTE starts to build as it ECHOES up the stairwell.

DAVE (0.5.)  
(singing)  
'Oooooooooooooooooooooo...'

DIFFERENT ANGLE - LANDING

DAVE  
'... klahoma, where the wind comes  
sweeping down the plain...'

Dave bounds onto the landing and fishes around for his keys...

CUT TO:

INT. DAVE'S APARTMENT - DAY

The door swings open as Dave enters the room, still singing.

DAVE

'Where the wavin' wheat, can sure smell  
sweet...'

He sets down his keys, crosses to the kitchen. Dave yanks open the fridge, pulls out a beer, pops open the top, hits a twenty foot hook shot with the bottle cap, then crosses to the living room...

DAVE

'and the wind comes right behind the -  
...'

He looks across the room and suddenly freezes.

DAVE'S POV

Three large men are seated on his living room couch.

The black one in the middle (DUANE STEVENSEN) speaks first.

DUANE

Mr. Kovic?

BACK TO SCENE

Dave freezes and shakes his head.

DUANE

I'm Duane Stavensen with the United  
States Secret Service.

Dave's eyes go a little wider.

DUANE

We're with the federal government.

He reaches into his coat pocket and pulls out a gleaming silver badge. Dave looks at it. Terrified.

DAVE

Oh my God... I thought it was a  
legitimate deduction, I swear to God.  
See... I need a piano for my work  
sometimes...

DUANE

Mr. Kovic. We're not here about your  
taxes.

DAVE  
You're not?

DUANE  
No.

Dave's stopped and just stares at him. Duane leans forward on the couch.

DUANE  
Your government needs your help.

DAVE  
(beat)  
What?

DUANE  
On occasion for security purposes, to double for the President at the Secret Service hires someone public functions and exposed situations.

CLOSEUP-DAVE

He looks at Duane for a moment when his eyes light up...

DAVE  
Really?

DUANE  
We'd like to hire you.

DAVE  
Really?

CUT TO:

EXT. BALTIMORE HILTON - NIGHT

Police barricades ring the outside of the hotel. There are the standard number of flashing red lights and sharp shooters stationed on all the balconies. An assortment of various demonstrators press up against the police line and a literal army of press are staked out by the entrance. It is the modern equivalent of Napoleon's camp.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Dave is sitting on the edge of the bed, getting his hair trimmed by JOHNNY, the Presidential makeup man and traveling barber. He removes the apron and stands back to admire his handiwork.

JOHNNY  
(proudly; to himself)  
Johnny, you did it again!

DAVE  
You really cut his this short?

JOHNNY  
It's a perfect match.

DAVE  
Hunh. 'Cause I always thought it  
came over the ears a little...

At that moment the door swings open and Bob Alexander, the Chief of Staff powers into the room. He crosses over toward the bed where Dave is sitting.

BOB  
You understand what you'll be doing?

DAVE  
(beat; intimidated)  
Yeah... You just want me to wave, right?

BOB  
(gruffly)  
Wave from the door... go down the  
stairs... get into the limo...

DAVE  
(pause)  
'Cause you know I can do other stuff.  
I mean, if you wanted me to talk or...

BOB  
(curtly)  
Don't say a .

DAVE  
(nodding)  
Right.

Dave flashes him a smile to lighten the moment when Bob turns

and starts for the door...

DAVE  
(calling after him)  
Uh --Mr. Alexander?

BOB  
(turning)  
What?

DAVE  
(beat)  
Is this dangerous or anything?

BOB  
No more than the usual.

DAVE  
The usual...

He turns and shuts the door behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - NIGHT

It's the only time it has lived up to its name. The living room is huge and occupied by several Secret Servicemen. Alan Reed, the President's media advisor, stands just outside the bathroom door with a clipboard in his hand.

REED  
(into the bathroom)  
We're all set, sir.

MITCHELL (O.S.)  
(from in the bathroom)  
What about the intro?

REED  
It'll be on the teleprompter with the rest of the speech.

MITCHELL (O.S.)  
It better be. Last time you had me introduce a dead guy.

The sound of a TOILET FLUSHING comes from just beyond the door. The President emerges in a tuxedo, zipping up his

fly.

MITCHELL

Who's this priest I'm thanking?

REED

Father McIntire. He blessed you at the inauguration.

MITCHELL

Oh yeah.

(beat; lowering his voice)

Did you take care of later on?

REED

All set.

MITCHELL

(beaming)

Fabulous.

CUT TO:

INT. BALTIMORE HILTON - GRAND BALLROOM - NIGHT

Five hundred people have gathered at a thousand dollars a plate. Bill Mitchell stands at a dark blue podium with the seal of the President in front.

MITCHELL

You know as I was coming in here tonight I ran into Jordan Blankfort who I hadn't seen for years...

The President smiles down at Jordan while the CAMERA begins a LONG, SLOW DOLLY AROUND the back of the podium.

MITCHELL

And I couldn't help remembering back to the time when Jordan and I were in law school together.

(beat)

... Now Jordan and I were pretty wild back then and like most college students, we liked to enjoy a few beers on occasion...

The CAMERA CONTINUES its DOLLY REVEALING the clear glass panel of the teleprompter. AS the President continues with his "spontaneous reminiscence," the words "LIKED TO ENJOY A FEW BEERS ON OCCASION..." are clearly printed in front of him.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Dave stands alone, trying to put on his tuxedo while he stares at a television monitor. He squints at himself for a second, then lifts the arm of the tuxedo in a "Presidential" wave. He immediately lowers it and tries it with the other one, duplicating the President's movements exactly. The door opens behind him.

DUANE

Get ready.

Dave turns and nods emphatically. He glances back at the TV monitor where President Mitchell is receiving a standing ovation.

MITCHELL (V.O.)

God bless you... God bless America...

Duane holds open the door to:

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE

Dave stares at the opulent room for a moment - - this is the big time...

CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM

The audience has risen to its feet. Bill Mitchell stands at the podium waving out to the crowd like a conquering hero. He turns and salutes a crimson-robed cleric who is standing by his side. The priest salutes the President and lifts his arms like a prizefighter. The applause is still going strong as Mitchell leaves the stage.

INT. HALLWAY

MOVING WITH him. They head away from the ballroom. Bob stands on one side and Reed on the other as they move down

the hallway in a phalanx of Secret Service.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE

Dave is waiting nervously in the middle of the room. Duane stands poised by the side of the door.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR

The Presidential entourage steps out of the elevator and moves' rapidly down the hall. It looks like a solid wall of business suits with three tuxedos in front. They reach the door of the suite together...

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE

The door to the suite swings suddenly open. Three Secret Service enter the room, followed by the President a moment later. Dave snaps to attention with his arms at his sides when the President looks up and suddenly stops:

MITCHELL

(beat)

Jesus Christ.

PRESIDENT'S POV - REVERSE ANGLE

Dave stands in front of him with slicked back hair and a crisp new tuxedo. It is a mirror image of the President himself. Dave stands frozen for a moment then breaks into a nervous smile...

WIDER ANGLE

The President stares at him carefully.

MITCHELL

You are a very handsome man.

DAVE

(nervous)

Thank you, Mr. President.

MITCHELL

(to Dave)

Just get rid of that grin. You look like a schmuck.

Dave immediately wipes off the smile as the President moves past him and disappears into another room.

ANGLE - DAVE

He stares in wonder at the President's wake. The rest of the crowd moves out of the living room as Duane clears his throat and motions to the door. It's show time.

CUT TO:

EXT. BALTIMORE HILTON - NIGHT

A large crowd is anxious with anticipation. A palpable BUZZ fills the air as the photographers jockey near the front for the best possible angle.

INT. FOYER

The entourage has grown to a Presidential level as Dave emerges from the elevator and heads toward the door. He pauses for a moment to catch his breath while the Secret Service race ahead toward the entrance.

EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE

A large cheer erupts from the crowd as Dave appears at the top of the steps. There is a virtual explosion of shutters and a bank of TV lights glares in his face. Dave freezes for a moment then remembers and lifts his arm in "The Presidential Wave." A louder cheer goes up from the crowd as Duane races ahead to the limo beyond.

CLOSER ON DAVE

He starts to smile and heads down the steps as the crowd presses up to the limit of the barricades.

ANGLE - LIMOUSINE

Duane stands at the open door when Dave stops again and waves once more. A LOUDER CHEER goes up this time. The FANS keep SCREAMING and Dave can no longer control himself. Suddenly and without warning, he hops up on the running board of the car.

DAVE

(waving to the crowd)

Hello America! God Bless you!

A huge CHEER goes up from the throng as he dismounts. Duane

grabs him by the collar and pulls him into the limo...

DIFFERENT ANGLE

The car speeds away from the curb with  
the motorcade behind it.

INT. LIMO

He turns around to see Duane, sitting stone-faced across  
from him.

DAVE

(clearly thrilled)

Sorry, I couldn't help it. I just got  
carried away...

(finally letting it out)

... I was really good though, hunh?

Duane keeps staring at him. Dave shakes his head.

DAVE

(cluing Duane in)

So I guess there must be something  
pretty important going on for the  
President to go through all of this...

Duane just looks at him...

CUT TO:

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - NIGHT

A discarded tuxedo lies tossed across a chair along with a  
woman's bra and pantyhose.

The CAMERA PANS THROUGH DARKNESS SLOWLY TOWARD the bed while  
the sound of a MAN and WOMAN MAKING LOVE plays O.S.

MAN (O.S.)

Oh...

WOMAN (O.S.)

Ah!

MAN (O.S.)

Oh...

WOMAN (O.S.)

Ah!



(a little softer)  
They say it hit both sides of his  
brain... Even if he makes it he's gonna  
be a vegetable.

BOB  
I can't believe he'd do this.

REED  
I know.

Bob stares straight ahead clutching onto his drink.

BOB  
Where's the girl?

REED  
She's a little hysterical right now.  
We've got her upstairs in a laundry  
room.

BOB  
(shaking his head)  
Nightmare...

REED  
(leaning closer)  
Look... at some point we're going to  
have to call the Vice President...

BOB  
(suddenly)  
Don't call the Vice President!

REED  
... What?

BOB  
(grabbing his lapels)  
Just don't call him, Alan!

REED  
(treading softly)  
The guy's in a coma, Bob.

BOB  
I don't give a shit.

REED

Bob...

BOB

This is mine, Al -- all mine ...  
I made him. I built him. And no  
cocksucker is gonna come in here and  
take it away from me just because he  
to be Vice President of the United  
States!

CLOSEUP - BOB

He looks at Reed for a moment...

CUT TO:

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Dave sits in the back seat with Duane. He has his small  
canvas bag opened beside him on the seat. He finishes getting  
dressed in his own clothes.

DAVE

(jacked)

You know if you guys want to do  
something for his birthday, I could  
come down to Washington. I have some  
great birthday stuff...

Duane smiles at him tightly.

DAVE

I do this thing with the first lady --  
my friends love it -- it's the two of  
them going away to Club Med...

Duane just looks at him when the TELEPHONE RINGS beside him.  
He reaches next to him, picking it up.

DUANE

Yeah...

(PAUSE)

What?... Are you sure? What?

DAVE

(innocently)

What?

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

The famous building is lit up like a picture postcard while Bob's voice plays O.S...

BOB (V.O.)  
It's a temporary solution.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - SUBTERRANEAN HALLWAY - NIGHT

A doctor and two nurses wheel a gurney in front of them while Bob and Reed trail behind.

REED  
Till what?

BOB  
Till we figure something out.

REED  
Bob, the guy had a stroke!

Reed looks at him like he's nuts as they turn a corner in the hallway.

BOB  
Look, everything can be handled. We'll just find a way to handle it.

REED  
(stopping)  
Like how?

BOB  
(big smile)  
Well, start by going on television and saying that he's had a mild stroke...

REED  
Mild stroke?

BOB  
Yes - - and that he ought to be up and around sometime soon.

REED

Up and around? Soon?

BOB

Soon.

CUT TO:

RESUME - EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - AERIAL SHOT - NIGHT

A lone black limousine heads down Connecticut Avenue toward the mall.

DAVE (V.O.)

You know, I think I've been real cooperative up until now but...

It bears right on Pennsylvania Avenue, angling south.

DAVE

Just tell me where we're going.

The car turns right into the driveway of the White House.

DAVE

Holy shit.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT

Dave sits frozen in an armchair across from the President's desk. There are twenty-foot windows that lead out to the Rose Garden and two huge flags on either side of the desk. Alan Reed leans nonchalantly on one of the chairs. Bob stands nearby.

REED

(all schmooz)

Dave, my name is Alan Reed. I'm the White House Communications Director. This is Bob Alexander, our Chief of Staff.

(smiling)

We met you earlier tonight at the hotel, remember?

Dave nods, frozen in his chair.

REED

Can I get you something to drink?

He shakes his head.

REED  
You sure? A Coke or a Perrier or something?

DAVE  
(still frozen)  
Oh yeah... I'm fine...

Reed flashes him a smile and glances over at Bob.

REED  
(moving toward him)  
Now, Dave, something has come up and I think we need to talk about it...

DAVE  
(blurting it out)  
Look, I'm sorry. I know you said not to talk, but when I saw the crowd I just got excited...

REED  
We're not upset with you, Dave. We think you did a terrific job.  
(to Bob)  
Don't we?

BOB  
(all tension)  
Terrific.

Reed smiles at Dave, who musters a little smile in return.

REED  
In fact, we think you did such a good job, we'd like to extend things a little bit.

DAVE  
Extend things?

REED  
(nodding)  
Extend them.  
(beat)  
C'mere for a second.

He places a hand on Dave's shoulder and motions toward the desk. Dave hesitates, then follows him over.

DIFFERENT ANGLE

Reed pulls out the President's chair and motions to it.

REED

Try it out.

Dave looks down at the chair in wonder.

REED

Go ahead.

Dave pauses for a moment then sinks down into the soft brown leather. He stares out in awe across the Oval Office.

DIFFERENT ANGLE

Reed looks over at Bob, who nods at him. He takes a deep breath.

REED

Dave, something has happened to the President.

DAVE

(whirling)

Oh my God...

REED

(soothing him)

I know... I know...

(pause)

It's difficult for all of us. But sometimes we have to put our personal feelings aside and focus on the gQod of the country.

DAVE

(beat)

What happened?

REED

Well, it's... It's sort of an... an `incident' really...

BOB

(nodding)

A condition...

REED

Exactly. A condition.

Dave nods but still doesn't understand. Reed hesitates when Bob glares at him again.

REED

It's actually kind of serious, Dave.  
I'm afraid the President's not in very good shape.

DAVE

(actually shaken)

Oh my gosh...

He sits there, stunned for a moment.

DAVE

Will he be alright?

REED

Oh, yeah... probably...

BOB

We think so.

REED

Yes.

DAVE

(beat)

Oh.

Reed moves closer.

REED

Dave, we need our friends and even our enemies to feel safe and secure... We need them to feel like they can go to bed at night knowing President Mitchell is fully in control... We need them to feel like he's sitting right here in this chair...

Bob and Reed just stare at him. Dave nods, then suddenly jumps out of the chair.

DAVE

Hey - - wait a second...

He stares at them for a beat...

DAVE

What about the Vice President?

RTED

(panicked)

Vice President?

BOB

Well... We didn't want to have to get into this but...

(deadly serious)

... The Vice President is mentally unbalanced.

Reed's eyes go wide. Bob stares straight ahead.

DAVE

(stunned)

No.

REED

(catching on)

I'm afraid so.

DAVE

Really? Crazy?

BOB

Certifiable.

Dave looks at them amazed. Bob moves closer to the desk.

BOB

How much do you usually get paid?

DAVE

(lost...)

Uh -- I don't know. Sometimes it's just like a barter thing... Is this legal?

Reed stops and looks at Bob for a moment. He turns back to Dave.

REED

(evenly)

Dave - - have you ever driven through  
a red light?

Dave stares at him.

REED

You know, on an empty road where you  
know it's safe and nobody's around...

DAVE

I'm not sure... I might have.

REED

Well, let's say your mother was in  
the car and you had to get her to a  
hospital. You'd do it then for sure  
wouldn't you?

DAVE

Well... I gues I would... Yeah.

REED

(beat)

Now, let's say the whole country.  
Was in that car. The entire United  
States of America.

DAVE

In the car?

REED

(nodding)

In the car.

DAVE

I see what you mean.

Reed smiles at him and rests a gentle hand on his shoulder.

REED

Dave, the country is sick. And we're  
gonna get it to a hospital.

CLOSEUP - DAVE

He stares at them for a moment then  
smiles slightly...

CUT TO:

INT. THIRD FLOOR RESIDENCE - NIGHT

A pair of gilt-edged doors swing open to reveal a massive bedroom beyond. It is fifty-feet long and twenty-feet wide. Brocaded draperies hang from the windows and a four-poster bed stretches to the ceiling.

BOB

These are the living quarters.  
The President's bedroom is on  
this side and the First Lady's is over  
there.

WIDER

Dave walks forward in awe.

DAVE

(concerned)  
First Lady...

BOB

Don't worry. You won't even see her.

Dave looks at him, puzzled. Bob glances back.

BOB

(cluing him in)  
They barely talk anymore.

DAVE

You're kidding?

BOB

It happens. This is where you'll be  
sleeping.

Bob flings open the door. Dave enters the room and looks around.

DAVE

(gawking)  
Holy cow.

BOB

We'll be back for you first thing  
tomorrow and if you need me for  
anything, Duane will be right outside

the door.

DAVE  
(still stunned)  
Oh... Okay.

CLOSEUP - DAVE  
He breaks out into a "Presidential"  
grin...

CUT TO:

INT. "THE CBS MORNING NEWS" STUDIO - FULL SHOT - KATHLEEN  
SULLIVAN

She stares straight INTO the CAMERA with "The Morning Show"  
set behind her.

KATHLEEN SULLIVAN  
... The White House now classifies the  
President's condition as a `slight  
circulatory problem of the head.'

CLOSEUP - TV SET

KATHLEEN SULLIVAN (V.0.)  
Although technically a stroke, spokesmen  
say the President's condition is far  
from serious and he ought to be up and  
around sometime soon.

The CAMERA WIDENS OUT to reveal that the TV is in:

INT. BOB'S OFFICE - DAWN

The first rays of sunrise are breaking through the window.  
Reed Sits on the couch holding a large rubber ice bag while  
Bob paces across the rug.

REED  
Do you know how many different kinds  
of laws we've broken?

BOB  
(turning)  
It's simple, Alan. We send the Vice-  
President to Africa or something, dig  
up some dirt on him, force him to resign  
and get our `President' to nominate a

new one. The whole thing takes a few weeks tops.

DAVE - Rev. 7/22/92

31.

REED

(smiling)

You mean we get 'Dave' to nominate you as Vice President.

BOB

I was a senator, you know.

REED

(innocently)

Oh, I know. And then when our poor President gets another stroke - - of course much more serious this time - - the newly appointed V.P. becomes the Pres...

BOB

(cutting him off)

What about containment, Alan?

Reed heaves a sigh and looks at his notes.

REED

I got the nurses for fifty grand a piece and the doctors for a hundred. The older one wanted head of the CDC.

BOB

(turning)

Is that everybody?

REED

Duane's guys, but he's got them under control.

BOB

What about her.

REED

Her?... Oh -- the First Lady...

(beat)

She was giving that commencement speech up in Bryn Mawr. I managed to catch her before she left the hotel.

BOB

And...

REED

(evenly)

I told her his blood pressure went up  
after a little incident at 'the hotel.'  
She seems to hate him more than ever.

BOB

Fine.

REED

(tossing down his legal  
pad)

Everybody else is buying the minor  
stroke' story...

BOB

(nodding)

I just hope this yutz can pull it off.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE INFIRMARY - DAY

Dave sits up on the examining table with his shirt off. Bob, Reed and three other vascular specialists watch attentively while the President's personal physician puts a stethoscope to his chest.

DOCTOR

(lowering it)

Well, I must say, Mr. President, even  
for a man with a mild stroke you seem  
to have made a remarkable recovery.

DAVE

(happy as a clam)

Thanks. I'm feeling much better.

Reed smiles like a proud father.

DOCTOR

(glancing at his chart)

No signs of paralysis, no circulatory  
changes. Your E.M.G. is completely  
normal and your blood pressure has

even gone down.  
(beat)  
Have you been exercising recently?

DAVE  
(shrugging)  
Just the usual.. Watching the diet --  
A little weight lifting...  
Some power talking...

Bob shoots him a look.

DOCTOR  
(nodding with the other  
physicians)  
Well, judging from these tests, I  
don't see any reason why you couldn't  
start back to work within a couple of  
days.

Dave looks at them and smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. PRESIDENT'S OUTER OFFICE - LITTLE LATER

Dave moves through the outer office flanked by Bob and Reed.  
He wears a blue Presidential jogging suit with a little gold  
seal embroidered on the chest. Dave approaches a line of  
SECRETARIES standing behind their desks.

BOB  
(under his breath)  
Now, remember -- keep it simple.

DAVE  
Don't worry.

He bangs into the side of a credenza. Bob and Reed freeze as  
Dave gathers himself then keeps going.

DAVE  
(walking up to the first  
one)  
Good morning, Clara...

CLARA (SECRETARY)  
Good morning, Mr. President.

DAVE  
(to second one...)  
Good morning, Diane...

DIANE (SECRETARY)  
Good morning, sir.

DAVE  
Good morning, Randi...

DIFFERENT ANGLE  
She leans forward, grasping his hand,  
desperately.

RANDI  
(welling with tears)  
Oh, good morning, Mr. President.  
I'm so relieved that you're alright.  
You really had me scared.

Dave smiles and nods as she continues to clutch onto his hand.  
Bob and Reed take him by the shoulders and move him inside...

INT. OVAL OFFICE

He is still staring at the doorway as they close the door to  
the office.

DAVE  
What's with her?

BOB  
(still pulling him)  
Don't worry about it.

Dave glances back toward the door.

REED  
She's just a little emotional --  
she feels kind of attached to the  
President.

Dave nods as they deposit him in the President's chair. Reed  
slides the phone in front of him.

BOB  
Okay, let's go over it again. You met  
a girl, you fell in love...

DAVE  
And we're going away for a holiday.

BOB  
(handing him the receiver)  
For a month.

DAVE  
A month.

BOB  
Right and don't embellish.

DAVE  
(shaking his head)  
I promise. I won't.

Bob slides the phone closer as he begins to dial the number.

INT. KOVIC TEMPS - DAY

Alice is sitting at her desk staring at a large rock on her finger. She talks into the telephone, extending her hand in the manner of all newly-engaged women.

ALICE  
I couldn't believe it. As soon as we  
sit down he pulls out this ring...  
(beaming)  
... Oh I know - -I just got so  
emotional. The waiter had to bring  
me another napkin.

42 CONTINUED: (AL)

RING. A light indicating the second line starts blinking.

ALICE  
Hang on.  
(switching lines)  
Kovic Temps  
(beat)  
Dave! Where are you?  
(pause)  
You met who?.., You're going where?  
(beat)  
Cancun.

There is a longer pause.

ALICE  
No, that's fine... No, I think it's  
great.., Sure, I understand I will...  
Okay... 'Bye.

She pauses for a moment then hits the first line all  
over again,

ALICE  
He's in love Thank God!

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Sander Vanocur stands just outside the white House gates,  
filing his nightly report.

SANDER VANOCUR  
The President continued his  
convalescence, resting in the white  
House for the second straight day.  
His personal physician pronounced him  
in perfectly good health...

FULL SHOT - PRESIDENT'S PHYSICIAN - (SOUND BITE)

PRESIDENT' S PHYSICIAN  
I've examined him thoroughly and I  
must say, I don't think I've ever seen  
the President in better shape.

INT. WHITE HOUSE BARBER

Dave's initial rinse is replaced with a professional dye job.

INT. DAVE'S ROOM

Newly coiffed, Dave tries on a series of hand-tailored suits  
hanging on a rack in the middle of his room.

INT. BATHROOM

Reed watches while Dave struggles vainly in the mirror with  
his first set of contact lenses

SANDER VANOCUR (V.0.)  
The President was able to attend to

Some official business on Wednesday,  
and continues to be briefed on all  
areas of national concern...

INT. OVAL OFFICE

Reed stands in front of the desk pointing to a large  
organizational chart of government

YOU

THE CONGRESS-----THE JUDICIARY.

HOUSE-----SENATE

SUPREME COURT

JOINT CHIEFS-----THE CABINET-----N.S.C.

INT. CABINET ROOM

He sits at the President's spot in the middle of the cabinet  
table. Propped up in all the other chairs, are Poster-sized  
photographs of the various cabinet members. Bob points to  
one as Dave thinks for a moment, then guesses...

INT. STATE DINING ROOM

He stares in wonder at a full, formal place-setting. There  
are five forks, three knives and a countless number of spoons.  
Dave looks at it all, baffled for a moment, while Reed guides  
his hand toward the fish knife...

SANDER VANOCUR

So confident was the white House in  
the President's recovery, that they  
have just sent the Vice President on a  
twelve nation African goodwill tour...

This is

Sander Vanocur at the white House.

INT. WHITE HOUSE BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Dave enters from the back of the room, flanked by Bob and  
Reed on either side. They make their way down the aisle toward  
a large wooden podium with the "Seal of the President" on the  
front.

BOB

First thing we're gonna work on is the  
mannerisms. Alan has put together

sort of a training program

DAVE

Great.

They lead him through the empty press chairs toward the front of the room. Reed climbs up the short Steps that lead to the podium.

REED

Now some of this may feel a bit Strange at first. You gotta remember that even a professional Politician has Some trouble getting used to...

DAVE

(stopping)

A teleprompter.

REED

What?

Dave wanders forward staring in wonder at the clear glass panels.

DAVE

The teleprompter. Is it hooked up?

REED

I don't think so.

DAVE

(disappointed)

Oh.

He folds his arms in front of him turning to Bob and Reed.

REED

(beat)

As I was saying, no one expects you to be Bill Mitchell overnight.

The important thing to remember is his general presence.

DAVE

(nodding)

Presence.

REED

Right. Now whenever he stands at a Podium, the President always puts one hand in the pocket of his coat...

DAVE  
(nodding)  
At a press conference.

REED  
What?

DAVE  
That's at a press conference.  
Otherwise he just puts `em right out there.

They look at each other for a moment.

BOB  
I'm not certain about...

DAVE  
Oh, sure. Remember the convention speech?

Dave puts his hands on either side of the podium.

DAVE  
(in a perfect Bill Mitchell)  
'An America stronger than the one we were given. An America prouder than the one we found.'  
(turning to them)  
He has 'em right there on the side.

They stare at him in amazement.

REED  
(first time he's heard the voice)  
You know that's very good.

... while Dave turns to them with a smile.

DAVE  
Oh, I loved that speech.

Dave brings his hand to his forehead, scanning an imaginary

horizon.

REED

Thanks, I wrote it.

DAVE

(drippingly dramatic)

'... Somewhere there is a distant light,  
guiding us through this rocky shoal...'

REED

Dave...

DAVE

(clutching his "breast")

'America isn't in what we say here  
tonight -- it's in the faces and the  
smiles of a Sunday afternoon...'

(aside)

Hand on the heart...

BOB

Dave...

DAVE

(swept up in it)

It's in the little leaguer who may  
strike out but knows in his heart that  
at least swung...

(aside)

Hands to the side...

REED

(louder)

Dave!

DAVE

(not hearing them)

'... It's in the gentle kindness of  
the family kitchen as we gather together  
when the sun goes down...'

He exhales deeply and lowers his head almost tearfully. Bob and Reed look at him stunned as he comes out of the reverie and turns to face them.

DAVE

(upbeat)

So when do we start?

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - CLOSEUP - ANDREA MITCHELL -

She continues with her report speaking directly INTO the CAMERA:

ANDREA MITCHELL

Tom, virtually every reporter in Washington is camped out here awaiting the President's first appearance since his Stroke...

WIDENING OUT:

Andrea Mitchell stands camped on the White House lawn amidst a small army of minicams, trucks and reporters.

They all seemed focused on the Truman Balcony.

ANDREA MITCHELL

Even though some may find his recovery amazing, White House officials claim they never expected less from a man who always expects so much from himself.

INT. YELLOW OVAL ROOM - DAY

Dave stands, in his new blue suit, peeking out the window at the circus below.

DAVE

(turning back)

I thought you said I wasn't going to see her.

REED

It's just five minutes. She comes in. You wave to the press. She leaves.

DAVE

Yeah, but the First Lady... Couldn't we start with a cousin or something?

REED

She hardly ever sees him and it'll be

so fast, she won't have a chance to tell.

BOB  
Be a professional. If you can convince her - - you can convince anybody.

DAVE  
(reluctantly)  
... Alright.

BOB  
Now when she comes in, we'll move you right out to the balcony. All you have to say is `thanks for doing this, Ellen.'

DAVE  
`Thanks for doing this, Ellen.'

REED  
Exactly.  
(lowering his voice)  
She doesn't always like this stuff and it might soften her up.

Dave continues practicing "Thanks..."

BOB  
(hitting the intercom)  
We're ready.

Bob rises from the couch and crosses to the doorway at the far corner of the room. Reed leads Dave to the large double doors that open onto the balcony itself.

CLOSEUP - DAVE

He jiggles nervously for a moment. Dave takes a large wad of gum from his mouth and sticks it quickly under the mantel piece...

WOMAN (O.S.)  
Why can't you die from a stroke like everybody else?

DAVE'S POV - DOOR

He turns to see Ellen Mitchell, glaring at him from the doorway. Everyone in the room freezes.

ANGLE - DAVE

He is stunned by her beauty. Dave just stares at her as she crosses the room.

ELLEN  
(to Dave)  
What are you staring at?

DAVE  
(too stunned to talk)  
Uh...

REED  
(jumping in)  
We're Gonna do it right out here.

She Stops just before the window, then turns back to look Dave in the eye.

ELLEN  
Who was it, Bill? A Secretary?

He has nothing to say and just stares at her. Reed nudges him a little.

DAVE  
Thanks for doing this, Ellen.

ELLEN  
Go tuck yourself, Bill.

BOB  
Well, perhaps we can get started now.

She moves directly onto the balcony, leaving Dave behind. He stands there dumbfounded, as Reed takes him by the arm, and gently pushes him out after her.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - TRUMAN BALCONY - DAY

Dave stumbles out and finds Ellen, already poised at the rail waving to the crowd.

CLOSER.

ELLEN  
(in a whisper)  
And you can tell those two pit vipers  
this is the last one of these I'll be  
doing for a while.

She takes his hand, displaying it publicly. Dave looks down  
at his hand in hers. The heat of her skin goes right to his  
brain.

REED (O.S.)  
(loud whisper)  
Smile!

Dave smiles.

REED (O.S.)  
(louder whisper)  
Wave!

Dave waves.

WIDER. INCLUDING reporters.

REPORTER #1  
How do you feel, Mr. President?

YELLOW ROOM  
Bob and Reed are huddled beside the  
window.

REED  
(stage whisper)  
Fine.

BALCONY

DAVE  
Fine.

REPORTER #2  
Ready to go back to work?

YELLOW ROOM

REED  
(louder whisper)  
You bet.

BALCONY

DAVE

You bet.

ELLEN

I'm outta here.

She drops his hand, turns and goes back through the door leaving Dave alone on the balcony. He stands there for a moment, then turns and follows her inside.

INT. YELLOW OVAL ROOM - DAY

She is halfway across the room when Ellen suddenly stops and does a one-eighty in the middle of the carpet.

ELLEN

Don't you have anything to say to me?

DAVE

(thinks)

Thanks for doing this, Ellen?

ELLEN

You don't change, do you, Bill?

She turns and moves through the door, slamming it behind her.

DAVE

(stunned)

She hates me.

BOB & REED

(throwing their arms  
around each other)

Yes!!!

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

All the reporters have gone home and the only remnants are scattered pieces of trash that blow across the lawn.

INT. WHITE HOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Duane sits poised in his chair, just outside Dave's door. He sleeps soundly, when the door opens a crack behind him.

DAVE  
(softly)  
Duane?

His eyes bolt open as he turns around slowly.

DAVE  
... Can I get a bite? I'm kinda hungry.

INT. WHITE HOUSE KITCHEN - WALK-IN REFRIGERATOR - NIGHT

It is cavernous and huge -- the size of small garage. Dave moves delighted down the long row of food stuffs while Duane shivers slightly behind him.

DAVE  
(grinning)  
You gotta try this. It's my special sandwich.

Dave loads up with food and smiles at Duane.

DAVE  
Everybody loves this sandwich.

INT. KITCHEN

counter and begins to go to work when Duane appears Dave emerges with a pile of food. He lays it on the behind him.

(BEAT) DUANE  
What's in it?

DAVE  
(turning)  
Oh, that's a secret.

Duane nods and averts his eyes as Dave begins to apply the meat.

DAVE  
So, how long have they been like that - -  
you know, him and the First Lady?

DUANE  
I can't say.

DAVE

You mean you don't know or like -- you can't say.

DUANE  
(same inflection)  
I can't say.

DAVE  
Oh.

Dave pauses, then starts adding the lettuce.

DAVE  
So you just protect the President the whole time? That's your whole job?

DUANE  
Yeah.

DAVE  
(turning)  
You got a gun?

DUANE  
Of course.

Dave glances around the kitchen and lowers his voice.

AVE  
Can I See it?

DUANE  
Well, it's really not policy to...

DAVE  
(quickly)  
I understand.

Dave turns back to the sandwich while Duane looks at him for a moment. Duane rolls his eyes and unbuttons the front of his coat revealing a fifteen round Beretta.

DAVE  
(looking at the gun)  
You ever use it?

DUANE  
No.

DAVE

Huh.

(right back to the sandwich)

You know what I always wondered the way they say you guys'd take a bullet for the President.

DUANE

What about it?

DAVE

Well, is that really true? I mean, would you really get killed just to save his life.

DUANE

Certainly.

Dave cuts the sandwich in half turning back to Duane.

DAVE

So that means, now you'd get killed for me too?

Duane looks at him, stunned by the realization. Dave smiles and moves forward, extending the sandwich.

DAVE

Here. Try this.

DAVE - Rev. 8/7/92

46.

Duane stares at it for a moment, then lifts the sandwich in a daze.

EXT. DOWNTOWN WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

The CAMERA begins to PUSH IN ON a small elegant restaurant.

REED

Clean.

BOB

What do you mean, he's clean?

INT. DUKE1S RESTAURANT - DAY

It's a Washington mecca for the power lunch. Bob and Reed

Sit in a corner booth with a manilla folder between them.

REED

(agitated)

I mean I've checked everything.  
Women. Liquor... Finances. I went  
all the way back to his high school  
race for student body president.

BOB

No one gets to be Vice President by  
being that clean.

REED

The guy's a Boy Scout, Bob. He declared  
frequent flyer miles on his income tax  
return.

Reed twists in his chair while Bob checks out the dossier.

BOB

What about the wife?

REED

Clean.

BOB

Check his kids.

REED

Clean.

BOB

Nobody's got clean kids.

REED

We've got nothing, Bob. This won't  
work.

BOB

If we find nothing, we get creative.  
Just make something up. Instead of a  
couple weeks it'll be a couple of  
months. The whole thing is under  
control.

REED

(leaning forward; tense  
whisper)

You think we can keep this thing going  
for a couple of months!

At that moment, a DISTINGUISHED MAN moves up the table,  
clapping a hand on Reed's shoulder.

DISTINGUISHED MAN  
(strong Southern accent)  
Bob... Alan... Your boy sure looks  
great.  
(leaning closer)  
I think he sounds even better'n he did  
before this stroke.

He lets out a rich, throaty laugh, full of booze and  
cigarettes. Bob smiles at him.

BOB  
Well, thanks very much, Judge. We'll  
tell him you sent your best.

DISTINGUISHED MAN  
You take care, now.

BOB  
Yeah, you, too.

The Man moves on as they look at one another...

CUT TO:

AIR FORCE ONE (STOCK FOOTAGE)

The President's private 747 soars into the wild blue yonder.

EXT. GENERAL MOTORS ASSEMBLY PLANT (DEERBORNE MICHIGAN')

- DAY The huge "GM" sign stands prominently in the f.g. Below  
it their motto reads: "Mark of Excellence."

INT. ASSEMBLY LINE - DAY

Dave is escorted through the plant by the GM PRESIDENT and a  
large entourage. Bob and Reed hover a couple of steps behind  
as Dave listens to the tour.

GM PRESIDENT  
Now this man is using a robotic  
mechanism for picking up the engine.

The large arms that you see duplicate all of his arm movements exactly, so it's as if he's lifting two thousand pounds.

They pause in front of a large assembly area.' One of the workers stands at a machine with his arms stuck in two long rubber sleeves. Above him, a pair of mechanical arms hoists an engine high into the air.

DAVE

(beat)

Can I try it?

GM PRESIDENT

Huh? Uh, well...

BOB

Mr. President...

DAVE

I mean, if it's a problem...

GM PRESIDENT

No, no. It's really quite simple. Just come on over here.

The GM Executive leads Dave toward the huge machine. He smiles as an army of cameras press in closer.

GM PRESIDENT

Now, you slip your hands into these sleeves here...

Dave nods and does as he is told. All at once the two 12-foot arms shoot straight up into the air. He smiles with delight as the massive robot comes alive in his hands. Dave lifts his arms over his head and the huge claws point straight toward the ceiling. He sticks them out to the side and the robot does the same.

DAVE

I once caught a fish this big.

Dave sticks his arms out to his sides and the huge claws indicate a 40-foot fish. A roar goes up from the crowd as a slight smile starts to spread across Reed's face...

REED

(almost in awe)  
He's a soundbite machine...

Bob glances over at him...

CUT TO:

OMITTED

GERGEN AND SHIELDS (MACNEIL LEHRER NEWSHOUR) - FULL SHOT

Two of the most famous pundits in America sit side by side on the PBS set.

GERGEN

I don't know about you, Mark, but I don't think I've ever seen the President as relaxed or comfortable with himself as he is right now.

SHIELDS

Oh, I agree, David. I don't know who gave him happy pills but this is a pretty unbelievable transformation.

GERGEN

Well, I think it's a kind of 'rebirth' really. This is a man who's stared death in the face and it's obviously had a profound effect on him.

SHIELDS

Look, if that's what a stroke'll do for ya, I'll take a couple of dozen.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP-REED

He stares OUT OF FRAME expectantly with the grin of an excited child... The CAMERA WIDENS OUT to reveal:

EXT. WHITE HOUSE LAWN - DAY

Dave romps on all fours with the cocker spaniel (Cupcakes) that used to serve as the President's prop. He holds one end of a towel in his mouth while the dog tugs feverishly at the other.

WIDER

A hundred SHUTTERS CLICK at once while the White House press corps strains on their barricade...

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - UPWARD ANGLE

Ellen watches the spectacle from a second floor window.

ELLEN

What a jerk.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITE HOUSE LAWN - DAY

Dave stands, in the Presidential jogging suit, next to Arnold Schwarzenegger. They are surrounded by twenty or thirty fourth graders, all there to demonstrate their physical fitness. Arnold hits the deck in a flurry of push-ups -- urging the President to follow suit. Dave hits the deck as well, matching the superstar rep for rep. The cameras explode in a LOUD VOLLEY OF SHUTTER FIRE. Reed grins all over again...

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTH LAWN - DAY

Dave stands face to face with the Japanese Prime Minister in a full diplomatic ceremony. He listens to his interpreter for a moment, then bows stiffly from the waist.

The Prime Minister bows in return.

Dave bows again.

The Prime Minister bows again.

Dave bows again. The Prime Minister bows again.

CLOSER

LOSER

Dave head-fakes but the Prime Minister bows anyway. Dave lets out an ear to ear grin as the SHUTTERS FIRE once more...

CUT TO:

JAY LENO (THE TONIGHT SHOW) - FULL SHOT

He stands in front of those famous curtains doing his nightly monologue.

LENO

How 'bout the President these days  
huh? One minute he has a stroke the  
next he's doing push-ups. Must make  
it a lot easier on the Secret Service  
when all they have to worry about is  
Kryptonite.

The audience claps in approval...

CUT TO:

INT. EAST WING - DAY

Dave moves through the East Wing with an entourage of Presidential aides.

DIFFERENT ANGLE

Dave glances to his right and hesitates for a moment. There, in her own suite of offices, is Ellen Mitchell with her back to Dave, talking on the phone.

ANGLE - DAVE

He's drawn momentarily to her presence, but is forced to continue down the hallway with his entourage...

CUT TO:

INT. CABINET ROOM - DAY

He sits at the center of the long cabinet table, surrounded by the 14 members. Dave clutches a stack of 3x5 cards, as he glances around the room.

DAVE - Rev. 7/27/92

51A.

DAVE

(reading from the first  
card)

Okay -- first we're gonna hear from

Ted on the land management  
legislation...

CLOSEUP - DAVE

He glances back toward Bob and Reed with a proud look on his  
face...

CUT TO:

OMITTED

INT. DAVE'S ROOM - NIGHT

He stands by the President's bureau, looking through the  
drawers. Dave pulls out some socks and an old used hair net.  
He discards it quickly and moves onto the next. Dave opens  
the bottom drawer and glances down at the contents. He pauses  
for a moment, drawn by what he sees.

CLOSER

Dave reaches down and pulls a framed picture from the  
President's bottom drawer.

INSERT - PICTURE FRAME

A young, happy Bill Mitchell stands next to his bride. He  
wears a morning-coat and top hat with the biggest smile in  
the world. Of course, a young Bill Mitchell could just as  
easily be a young Dave Kovic...

ANGLE - DAVE

He stares at the photograph of "him"  
and Ellen, reliving a history that he  
never experienced.

CUT TO:

OMITTED

INT. FIRST LADY'S OFFICE - DAY

It is more functional than ornamental. The Chippendale  
furniture is covered up with papers and boxes and large stacks  
of newsclippings. Several aides move in and out of the room  
while a MUTED TV set plays in the b.g.

ELLEN

(into phone)  
You're misinterpreting it, Nathan --  
that's not what the study said. It  
said if the mother got less than 1100  
calories the child would risk  
a low birthrate...

As an aide comes up to her with a small stack of papers, Ellen  
notices the TV.

ELLEN  
Nathan?... Hang on a second.  
(to the aide)  
Will you turn that thing up?

CLOSEUP - TELEVISION SET (THE McLAUGHLIN GROUP)

McLAUGHLIN GROUP - DAY

Part wrestling match, part news analysis, part Roman circus:  
the most famous political talk show in America is well  
underway:

MCLAUGHLIN  
Issue One: 'The New Bill Mitchell.'  
Two weeks after his brush with death  
the President is suddenly bounding  
around the country with the energy of  
a high school track star. Is this  
merely overcompensation or the  
indefatigable greatness of a truly  
great man.  
(turning to Kondracke)  
Mor-ton...

MORT KONDRACKE  
Well, he looks pretty great to me. I  
think the President is showing the  
same strength of character he did when  
he first got elected.

ELEANOR CLIFT  
You know, Mort, every time this guy has  
a blip in the polls you start  
genuflecting...

MORT KONDRACKE  
(defensive)  
Hey -- I think he looks great.

CHRIS MATHEWS

(cutting in)

Yeah, he looks great 'cause they're makin' him look great. This puppet show at the auto plant was the most manipulative piece of political theater I've ever seen.

FRED BARNES

Oh, come on, Chris. You're just steamed 'cause he's doing well.

CHRIS MATHEWS

I am not...

FRED BARNES

Is he doing well?

CHRIS MATHEWS

Well... Yeah... He's doing well...

MCLAUGHLIN

(the final word)

Answer: He's doing very well. We'll get to predictions right after this.

The THEME MUSIC COMES UP as they go to commercial.

INT. FIRST LADY'S OFFICE - CLOSEUP - ELLEN - DAY

She stares at the set, skeptically...

CUT TO:

EXT. BALTIMORE MEMORIAL STADIUM - NIGHT

Dave stands at the edge of the grass in an Oriole's jacket with "PREZ" on the back. The manager of the team hands him a baseball while forty thousand fans stand cheering at their seats.

PUBLIC ADDRESS ANNOUNCER (V.0.)

Ladies and gentlemen, throwing out the ceremonial first pitch...

(pause)

The President of the United States.

Dave hops over the little railing that separates his box from

the field. The catcher stands a few feet away giving him a target with the glove, but Dave shakes his head and waves him over to the mound.

DIFFERENT ANGLE

The catcher looks a little baffled as Dave strides across the foul line with a grin on his face. The forty thousand fans start to go wild as he climbs up on the mound, tucking the ball behind his back.

REVERSE ANGLE - CATCHER

He stands at the plate sticking out his glove to give Dave a bigger target. The President looks at him for a second, then motions him into a crouch.

ANGLE - DAVE

He spits on the mound and spreads his fingers in a fork- ball grip. The catcher sinks into a crouch as Dave goes into a wind-up and busts off a perfect curve-ball. The catcher looks at it astonished as it "breaks" into his mitt. The crowd goes nuts...

CUT TO:

OMITTED

"LARRY KING LIVE" - DAY

A75

Larry sits at his desk with his famous stand-up mike in front of him.

LARRY KING

We're back with Oliver Stone, talking about what seems like a pretty far-fetched theory...

WIDER

Oliver Stone sits across the desk.

OLIVER STONE

There's something going on here, Larry, and no one is telling us the truth.

LARRY KING

Oliver, the guy had a little stroke. He's enjoying life a little...

OLIVER STONE  
(leaning forward; half  
whisper)  
If you look at a photograph of Bill  
Mitchell before the stroke, and another  
one right after...

LARRY KING  
Aren't you being a little paranoid?

OLIVER STONE  
Have you compared the photographs?

Larry King looks at him and shakes his head...

CUT TO:

INT. DAVE'S ROOM - NIGHT

He lies on his bed, with the remote control in his hand, doing  
a split-second tour of the channels. Dave looks toward the  
French doors that lead to the fourth floor balcony.

EXT. BALUSTRADE - NIGHT

Dave tosses open the door and steps outside. He stretches  
out his limbs, staring at the magnificent view of the city.

DIFFERENT ANGLE

He looks off toward the other side of the White House; Ellen's  
side. A single curtain billows out of an open window. Dave  
can't help himself. He starts across the terrace.

FOLLOWING DAVE  
Dave reaches the open doorway and slides  
quickly against the wall. Slowly,  
carefully he bends his head and peeks  
into the room.

INT. ELLEN'S BEDROOM - DAVE'S POV

She sits on her bed, surrounded by some work papers. In the  
warm light of the room, through the billowing curtains, Ellen's  
skin seems to glow. She stops reading for a moment and  
brushes aside a loose strand of hair.

EXT. BALUSTRADE - WIDER

Dave stares at her, transfixed. Suddenly, a light comes on in a nearby room causing Dave to jump back with a start. He sneaks a final peek and hurries toward his room...

CUT TO:

INT. REED'S OFFICE - DAY

He sits at his white marble Italian desk, talking on the phone when Bob comes storming into the room.

REED  
(checking his schedule)  
Okay, let's see... you can have him on  
Tuesday the 25th...

BOB (O.S.)  
Are you out of your mind?

WIDER

He bangs down a copy of the week's schedule, looking Reed in the eye.

REED  
Uh, let me get back to you...

BOB  
You scheduled a whole day with the  
First Lady?

REED  
(hanging up)  
It's a homeless shelter.

BOB  
Oh. Excuse me.

REED  
It's gonna be great. 'Caring about  
his wife.' 'Spending time on her  
favorite issue...'

BOB  
I don't want him caring about his wife!  
What about the Vice President!

REED

Remember that First Liberty stuff we almost got nailed on?

BOB

Yeah...

REED

I just dumped it on him instead.

Bob looks at him stunned.

BOB

When does it break?

REED

(shrugging)

Couple of days.

(showing him a folder)

Anyhow, look at these tracking polls, they'll burn up in your hands: seventy-three percent with seniors, eighty-four with working mothers...

BOB

(a little uneasy)

Alan, we still have to control this guy...

REED

(ignoring him)

And look at this. Russell came around on the trade bill.

BOB

(stunned)

You're kidding.

REED

How long have you been waiting to pass that thing?

BOB

Three years.

REED

I'm telling you, Bob, it's a gift. When you got a Ferrari you don't leave

it in the garage.

CUT TO:

PRESIDENTIAL MOTORCADE - AERIAL SHOT - DAY

80

The long line of black limousines and police motorcycles makes its way through downtown Washington.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL LIMOUSINE

Dave sits next to the First Lady in the back seat of the limo. Both of them stare straight ahead. Finally, after several seconds of silence, Ellen turns to Dave.

ELLEN

Why are you doing this, Bill?

He looks over at her, startled.

DAVE

What?

ELLEN

(irritated)

Since when do you care about the homeless?

Dave thinks for a moment.

DAVE

(beat)

I care about the homeless.

ELLEN

Yeah. I'm sure it's keeping you up nights.

She turns away from him, twisting in the seat. The bottom of Ellen's skirt hikes up her thigh, exposing the top part of her leg. Dave looks down at it, drawn to the sight of naked flesh. Sensing something, Ellen glances back and catches him looking.

CLOSER

Their eyes lock for a moment. Dave smiles quickly and glances out the window. Ellen looks down at her own leg a little puzzled.

EXT. HELPING HAND SHELTER - DAY

The sidewalk is teeming with press. The shelter itself is painted a bright shade of blue - a cheery little island in a sea of graffiti. A small group of community leaders waits by the front door while the Presidential limousine pulls up to the curb.

CLOSER

The door pops open as Ellen and Dave step out. He turns and waves to the crowd while she stares straight ahead. Reed hurries up to them.

REED

(under his breath)

Okay, it's straight klick and smile  
but there's a great visual in the  
kitchen so make sure you stop at the  
soup.

She shoots him a glare as they reach the top of the stairs. Dave nods and they move forward to greet the community leaders.

INT. SHELTER

He takes a couple of steps inside, then suddenly stops. The smile fades as his eyes go wide.

DAVE'S POV

It is more a nursery school than a homeless shelter. Twenty to thirty children, most of them black, stand formally assembled in front of the President.

ELLEN

(good at this)

One of the things they're trying to do  
here at Helping Hand, is keep verbal  
skills alive. The first thing that  
goes with these kids is their ability  
to communicate and they need to get to  
them before this happens.

She glances over her shoulder. Dave has wandered forward to the edge of the large rubber mat. Everyone stares, stunned, as he looks at the kids for a moment, then sinks suddenly to his knees.

DAVE  
(quietly)  
Hi there.

ANGLE - PRESS CORPS

The cameras surge forward to the side of the play area. The SHUTTERS FIRE WILDLY as Dave glances up at the cardboard cut-outs.

DAVE  
(quietly)  
You like cartoons?

The kids don't respond. They stare at the crush of reporters and glancing TV lights.

DAVE  
(turning toward the  
cameras)  
Could you just stop that for a second.

Everyone freezes. The camera crews back up a step as Dave turns back toward the kids.

DAVE  
(softer)  
You like Tweety Bird?

A few of them nod.

CLOSEUP - ELLEN

She stares in disbelief as her husband sits cross-legged in the middle of the mat. He leans forward, into the children, talking like a kindergarten teacher.

ANGLE - PLAY AREA

DAVE  
So, which one do you like?

A FOUR-YEAR-OLD tugs gently at his sleeve. He wears donated overalls and a N.Y. Mets T-shirt.

KID (FOUR-YEAR-OLD)  
(in a lisp)  
Sylvester.

DAVE  
(smiling)  
Sylvester?

The boy nods.

DAVE  
But he's a cat.

ANGLE - REED

He beams from ear to ear as the photo-op materializes in front of his eyes. Dave glances over at him, cupping his hand in a whisper.

DAVE  
(side of his mouth)  
Gimme a quarter.

REED  
(confused)  
What?

DAVE  
Quick. Gimme a quarter.

WIDER

Reed fishes through his pockets and comes up with a coin. He moves to the mat, slipping it to Dave.

ANGLE - DAVE

DAVE  
(leaning forward)  
Okay - - what can run all day without  
getting tired.

The kid looks at him, baffled. Dave reaches out slowly and taps the side of his nose. DAVE

(GENTLY)  
Well, it's not your ear.

KID  
(lighting up)  
My nose?

ANGLE - ELLEN

She watches in amazement as her husband reaches out and "magically" produces a quarter from the side of the child's nose. Dave looks up at her with a smile, and their eyes lock as a hundred shutters fire at once...

CUT TO:

INT. "NIGHTLINE" - FULL SHOT - TED KOPPEL - NIGHT

KOPPEL

What makes a man rise to a particular moment in history? What makes a man in the thicket of middle age, suddenly rediscover himself with the wonder of a child.

CLOSER (SWITCHING CAMERAS)

KOPPEL

Later on tonight, we'll talk with Dr. Henry Mueller who is an expert in the psychological effects of a mid-life health crisis... and to Gail Sheehy, who has just co-authored a book on male menopause.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

The sound of a MAN HUMMING "Hail to the Chief" plays O.S.

DAVE - Rev. 7/22/92

63.

INT. PRESIDENT'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Steam billows up in the shower while Dave scrubs shampoo into his hair. He massages it vigorously into his scalp while the humming continues.

DAVE

`Bum, bum da dum...'

He rinses it out and reaches for the soap. It's a small soap on a rope" designed to look like the Presidential seal...

WOMAN

I can't believe you'd do something like that. Not even you.

WIDER

The door to the shower swings open as Ellen materializes. No queen of England ever looked more regal than Ellen Mitchell in her cloud of steam.

DIFFERENT ANGLE

ELLEN

How could you?

Dave jumps with a start, then turns away from her quickly, bashfully facing the tile. He looks back at Ellen over his shoulder.

DAVE

... How could I what?

ELLEN

Oh, come on, Bill. Don't patronize me. I'm not one of your little...

(beat)

Turn around. I'm talking to you!... Turnaround!

Dave steels himself then turns slowly around to face her. He strikes a "stoic" pose.

ELLEN

(trembling slightly)

... You know, if you want to be the same old bastard, that's fine. I can handle it. But don't pull this 'man of the people' bullshit and then do something like this.

DAVE

(frozen; feeling - very exposed)

I don't understand.

ELLEN

(exasperated)

That's not just a works bill you vetoed -- that would have given these kids homes...

(losing it a little)  
... When I think about that little  
spectacle you pulled with those muppets  
and that magic trick...

DAVE  
What's wrong with a magic trick?

ELLEN  
You made their funding disappear!

Dave recoils a little.

DAVE  
Look. If there was some mistake...

ELLEN  
(in a rage)  
There's no mistake, Bill. If you  
veto their funding, it's not a mistake.  
If you hurt someone intentionally,  
it's not a mistake.

She turns and leaves through the steam disappearing as suddenly  
as she came. Dave hesitates for an instant, then starts right  
after her.

INT. HALLWAY

Duane is seated at his regular post when Ellen comes stalking  
out of Dave's suite. He looks up in amazement as Dave runs  
out a moment later. He's dripping wet and clutching a bath  
towel around his waist.

DAVE  
(turning to Duane)  
Call Bob and Reed. Tell them I need  
them immediately.

DUANE  
But it's ten-thirty at night.

Dave turns and gives him a "Presidential" glare.

DUANE  
(backing off)  
Yeah, sure. You got it.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT

Dave is seated at his desk, hair still wet, dressed in the Presidential jogging suit. The door bursts open. It's Bob and Reed.

BOB  
What the hell is this?

DAVE  
What the hell is this ?

Bob and Reed cross over toward the desk as Dave slams down a copy of rolled up newspaper.

BOB  
(looking at it)  
The Washington Post.

DAVE  
(pounding his finger on  
the front page)  
No...

Bob glances at the paper then hands it to Reed.

REED  
(looking at it; shrugging)  
President vetoes works bill?

DAVE  
We vetoed that?

BOB  
(a slow boil)  
No!... WE didn't anything...

REED  
(interceding)  
Dave, these things get awfully  
complicated sometimes...

DAVE  
That shelter was in this bill.

BOB  
(losing it)  
Alan

DAVE

Lots of shelters were in this bill.

BOB  
(moving toward him)  
Listen, you little...

REED  
(cutting in)  
Dave, the budget's a very complicated thing. Even I don't understand it sometimes. Now occasionally we have to make some cuts and...

DAVE  
But we went there. We saw those kids.

BOB  
Yeah. And if you can find a way to cut THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILLION DOLLARS from the federal budget, then you can keep your lousy shelters, okay.

Dave just looks at him for a moment.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

A small Ford Escort with a Thrifty rent-a-car sticker pulls up to the East Gate of the White House. It stops just short of the guard station, then rolls forward a few feet and stops again.

ANGLE - MURRAY

He leans out of the window, squinting into the sun. Murray holds a mangled map of Washington in his hand.

MURRAY  
(terrified)  
I'm here to see... the President?

The guard looks at him without responding.

MURRAY  
He asked me to come.

The guard reaches for the phone and dials a few numbers. Murray jiggles nervously in his seat.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT

He sits in the exact same chair that Dave occupied on his arrival. Murray stares across the Oval Office with a terrified look on his face.

MURRAY

(urgent whisper)

I'm serious, Dave -- you could get in a lot of trouble for something like this.

DAVE

It's fine.

MURRAY

They could put you in jail.

DAVE

Why would they do that. They hired me.

Murray just stares at him.

DAVE

It's kind of a national emergency thing. I can't really talk about it...

(confidentially)

Paying me big money too. C'mere.

He leads Murray from the chair to the other side of the desk. Dave reaches down opening the bottom drawer.

DAVE

See.

INSERT - DESK DRAWER

It is full of money. Neat little stacks of hundred dollar bills.

ANGLE - MURRAY

He looks at it wide-eyed, frozen by what he sees.

MURRAY

(whispering; indicating the walls)

Are we being taped?

DAVE  
I don't think so

MURRAY  
This is undeclared income.

DAVE  
And who's gonna find out?

MURRAY  
The government

DAVE  
I am the government.

Murray turns and looks at his best friend, speechless. He stares at Dave for a couple of seconds when a strange look of wonder crosses his face.

DAVE  
I know -- kind of wild, huh?  
(beat)  
Let's get to work.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

A light is burning in the second floor residence.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL DINING ROOM - LATER

It is a large oak-lined room in the private residence. Dave and Murray sit on either side of a huge dining table with papers strewn all around them. In front of Murray sits a large, leather bound volume of the federal budget.

MURRAY  
I gotta tell ya, Dave. I've been going over this a bunch of times and a lot of this stuff just doesn't add up.  
(beat)  
Who does these books?

DAVE  
I'm not sure.

MURRAY  
I just think they make this stuff a

lot more complicated than it has to be.

DAVE  
I'm not surprised.  
(beat)  
Can we save anywhere?

MURRAY  
Well, yeah. But you gotta start making some choices.

DAVE  
Choices?

MURRAY  
You know -- priorities.  
(thinking)  
Remember when you couldn't get your car fixed `cause you wanted to get that piano?

DAVE  
(hopefully)  
You could buy it on payments.

MURRAY  
(thumping the budget)  
Yeah. That's how you end up with a 400 billion dollar deficit.

DAVE  
So what do we do?

MURRAY  
Well, there's lots of places where I think you can save, but I'm not the one who's ..... I mean, I'm not the one who's not the Pres...

DAVE  
(cutting him off)  
It's alright. I know what you mean. Let's start at the top.

CUT TO:

INT. CABINET ROOM - DAY

It is jammed to capacity.

The CABINET SECRETARIES are seated around the table while the White House staff lines the walls. Three television crews are poised in the far corner of the room.

ANGLE - DOORWAY

Reed enters and crosses to Dave's regular spot at the cabinet table. He places a stack of 3 x 5 filing cards next to his water glass and retreats to his seat along the wall.

INT. HALLWAY

Bob moves down the corridor with a little spring in his step. He is actually whistling a cheery tune as he carries the morning edition of the Washington Post.

INT. CABINET ROOM

Bob enters with a great big grin and even says hello to C a couple of aides.

CLOSER ANGLE

Bob sits down next to Reed unfolding a copy of the paper.

BOB

(whispers)

Its a work of art. Look at this thing.

Reed glances down at the paper.

BOB

(reads softly)

`Vice President's office linked to First Liberty scandal. Justice Department may investigate.'

(beat)

Alan, you're a genius -- we're on our way!

Bob looks up and glances around.

BOB

(pause)

What's with the cameras?

REED

Hundredth cabinet meeting. I thought  
it was a nice touch.

BOB  
(benignly)  
Oh. Fine.

ANGLE - DOORWAY  
Dave enters suddenly, moving quickly  
into the room. He nods to the various  
staff members, crossing to his seat.

DAVE  
Good morning, everybody.

CABINET  
Good morning, Mr. President.

Dave takes a stack of index cards from his own pocket and S  
places them next to Reed's. He leans forward, clearing his  
throat.

DAVE  
(purposefully)  
Before we get started today there are  
a few things I'd like to go over in  
the budget.

CLOSEUP - BOB

He glances up from his report and leans over to Reed.

BOB  
(whispering)  
Do we have anything on the budget today?

REED  
(stunned)  
I don't think so.

They look slowly toward the table...

ANGLE - DAVE  
He clutches one of the 3 x 5 cards in  
his hand.

DAVE  
Now I think I've found some ways to  
put back the homeless section of the

Simpson Garner works bill.

ANGLE - CABINET TABLE

A slight murmur moves through the Cabinet.

BOB  
(standing up)  
Uh, Mr. President... I don't believe  
that's on your agenda today.

DAVE  
(pleasantly)  
Well it's a last minute change.

Bob goes completely white as Dave turns back to the Cabinet table.

SHOT - DAVE

DAVE  
The way I see it we need three hundred  
and fifty million dollars in order to  
keep the program. Now some of this  
can be achieved through some simple  
changes in cash management. For  
example...

He leans forward onto the table, reading from his card.

DAVE  
According to the O.M.B. we have  
seventeen defense contractors who are  
delinquent in their contracts.  
(scanning the table)  
Is that true?

DIRECTOR OF O.M.B.  
Uh... I believe so... Yes.

DAVE  
So even though they're late, we keep  
paying them on time?

DIRECTOR OF O.M.B.  
Well -- in a sense... yeah.

DAVE  
Now instead of giving them money for

something they haven't finished, we  
could hold back that cash, put it aside  
in some interest bearing...

CLOSEUP - BOB

BOB  
(leaping suddenly to  
his feet)  
Mr. President!

ANGLE - DAVE

He turns slowly around in his chair.

DAVE  
(daring him)  
Yes?

BOB'S POV

He looks at Dave, then out into the room. Twelve Cabinet Secretaries, the White House staff and three network TV crews are focused right at him.

WIDER ANGLE

He stands there, frozen in the glare of the TV lights. Bob looks at them for a moment then sinks slowly into his seat.

BOB  
(tightly)  
.. Nothing.

DAVE  
(smiling quietly)  
Great.

He turns back to the table clutching the card in his hand.

DAVE  
Like I was saying, if we took that  
cash and stuck it in even an ordinary  
savings account, we'd be making twelve  
million a month in interest.

A murmur goes around the table. The SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY shifts a little in his chair.

SECRETARY OF TREASURY  
Well, technically that's true...

He thinks about it for a moment...

SECRETARY OF TREASURY  
Yes. Yes, I suppose that's true.

ANGLE - BOB

He has taken a handful of curtain and twisted it unconsciously into a rope. Reed stares straight ahead, stunned.

ANGLE-DAVE

DAVE  
But unfortunately, money management only gets us halfway to our goal. To find the rest of the money, we're going to have to start making some choices - - some pretty tough choices...

SHOT - BOB

He seizes Reed's tie, pulling him over.

BOB  
(loud whisper)  
Choices???

ANGLE - DAVE

DAVE  
(hearing him)  
Yes, Bob. Choices... Now the Commerce Department..,

SECRETARY OF COMMERCE  
(sitting erect)  
Yes, Mr. President?

DAVE  
(from a card)  
You're spending forty-three million dollars on an ad campaign to...  
(reading)  
'Boost consumer confidence in the American auto industry.'

SECRETARY OF COMMERCE  
And it's proving quite effective...

DAVE  
Does it make the cars any better?

SECRETARY OF COMMERCE  
No, sir. It's more of a perceptual  
issue.

DAVE  
(beat)  
Perceptual?

SECRETARY OF COMMERCE  
Yes, it's designed to bolster individual  
confidence in a previous domestic  
automotive purchase.

DAVE  
(beat)  
Why?

SECRETARY OF COMMERCE  
Well... to shore up product  
identification and preserve market  
share.

DAVE  
So we're spending forty-seven million  
dollars to make people feel better  
about a car they've already bought?

SECRETARY OF COMMERCE  
Yes, but I wouldn't...

DAVE  
(indignant)  
Well I'm sure that's really important,  
but I don't want to tell some eight-  
year-old kid he has to sleep in the  
street because we want people to feel  
better about their cars.

(beat)  
Do you want to tell him that?

He gestures toward the TV cameras in the room.

SECRETARY OF COMMERCE

Me? Uh, no sir... I sure don't.

ANGLE - BOB AND REED

Bob fumes at this but a slight smile actually starts to creep up the side of Reed's face.

ANGLE - DAVE

He pulls out a pen and jots down a figure...

DAVE

Good. That gives us another forty-seven million. Now the Postal Service...

POSTMASTER GENERAL

(sitting up)

Yes, Mr. President!

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME SCENE - LATER

Dave's tie is loosened at his throat and there are notes spread out around him. The Cabinet leans forward in their seats.

DAVE

Okay, so that makes...

(whispering)

... Two, eighty-four, carry the three...

(pause)

... Three hundred and fifty-six million.

(looking up with a smile)

... And that means we can keep the program.

WIDE ANGLE - CABINET ROOM

The entire room bursts into applause. Bob fumes silently from his spot along the wall as the ovation continues around him.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

The door to the cabinet room bursts open as the mob pours into the hall.

VARIOUS CABINET MEMBERS  
Wonderful job, sir... Fantastic, Mr.  
President.

Dave moves down the corridor followed by the throng.

INT. CABINET ROOM

Bob stands very still in the center of the empty room. Reed blocks the door a few feet away.

REED  
What are you gonna do?

BOB  
(quietly)  
I'm going to kill him.

REED  
You can't kill a President.

Bob looks at him for a moment, then suddenly explodes.

BOB  
He's not a President! He's an ordinary  
person. I can kill an ordinary person.

REED  
Bob...

BOB  
I can kill a HUNDRED ordinary people.

REED  
He's only doing what you told him to.

BOB  
(stunned)  
What I told him to?

REED  
I heard you. You said 'cut three  
hundred million dollars from the federal  
budget, and you can keep your homeless  
shelter.'

BOB  
Well, I didn't mean it, Alan. Why the  
fuck would I want to save a homeless

shelter?

REED

He was only doing his job.

Bob looks at him for a moment then erupts all over again.

BOB

His job? His job!!!

He lunges for the door while Reed grabs him around the waist.

DAVE - Rev. 6/9/92

78.

BOB

It's not his job -- It's my job!

REED

Bob...

BOB

(thrashing around)

Was he a senator? Is he on the  
Trilateral Commission? Was he in Who's  
Who In Washington NINE YEARS Reed  
wrestles him away from the door, as  
Bob struggles to get free. I'll destroy  
him, Alan. I'll shred the bastard!!!

REED

Don't do this.

BOB

I'll lock him away for good.

REED

Then we'll all go to jail together.

Bob stops struggling suddenly and backs up a step. His eyes  
narrow to tiny slits.

BOB

What do you mean by that?

REED

(smoothing out his suit)

Just what you think I mean.

BOB

(stunned)  
Are you threatening me?

REED  
(thinking about it)  
Sort of... Yeah.

Bob looks at him for a moment.

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST LADY'S OFFICE - DAY

Ellen is in a meeting with a few people when a MALE AIDE flies through the door handing her the afternoon paper.

AIDE  
You won't believe this.

CLOSEUP - USA TODAY

The large banner headline stretches across the top of the page, which reads: "PRESIDENT SAVES HOMELESS PLAN. MITCHELL WORKS BUDGET MIRACLE."

ELLEN  
(realizing)  
'Saves homeless plan'?

SHOT - ELLEN

She stares at it stunned for a moment, then lowers the paper and looks off into space...

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITE HOUSE DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Murray and Dave stand beside the Thrifty rent-a-car as the sun begins to dip behind the trees.

DAVE  
Thanks. You did great. Maybe later you could come back and we could go to Camp David or something.

MURRAY  
(climbing in)

That'd be great.

DAVE  
(looking at his friend)  
Well -- take care.

Murray FIRES UP the ENGINE as Dave steps back from the car.

MURRAY  
(looking back)  
Yeah. Don't get into trouble.

WIDER ANGLE  
He throws the car into gear and starts down the long, bending driveway toward the gate. Dave watches from the edge of the lawn with a fond look on his face...

CUT TO:

INT. RED ROOM - NIGHT

Duane and Dave are seated across the card table from one another. Duane's shoulder holster is slung over the back of the chair. They are drinking beers.

DUANE  
Gin.

He lays down his cards, fanning them out in front of Dave.

DAVE  
(grimacing)  
I was waiting for that jack.

DUANE  
I had a feeling.

Duane Scoops UP the cards and begins to Shuffle.

DAVE  
Duane?  
DUANE  
Yeah?

(BEAT) DAVE  
How come you went along with all of this?

Duane Stops Shuffling and Stares at him for a moment.

DUANE  
You mean with you and everything?

DAVE  
Yeah.

DUANE  
(shrugs)  
'Bleed for your king.'

DAVE  
What's that?

DUANE  
First thing they teach you at the  
academy.  
(remembering their motto)  
'Don't give me gold and silver, or  
other worldly things, just the pride  
and glory of bleeding for my King.'

DAVE  
You're kidding.

DUANE  
No... They don't kid.

Dave nods solemnly as Duane stares straight ahead.

DAVE  
But Bill was your king, not Bob.

DUANE  
Yeah, but Bob found me when I was stuck  
in Firearms and Tobacco...

DUANE  
(thinks)  
We're trained to be loyal. You gotta  
be loyal to someone.

They sit for a moment in silence. Duane checks his watch.

DAVE  
Didn't mean to bum you out.

DUANE

That's okay. You alright down here by yourself?

DAVE

Oh, sure. Don't worry about it.

He nods and heads for the door as Dave picks up the cards. He begins to deal out some solitaire, then senses something and looks toward the door.

DAVE'S POV

Ellen stands silhouetted in the doorway wearing a floor-length dressing gown.

ELLEN

(quietly)

Hello.

ANGLE - DAVE

Ellen walks forward into the light, tightening the belt at her waist.

DAVE

Ellen?

ELLEN

I saw the light. I thought maybe you were up.

DAVE

(startled)

Oh... Yeah.

ELLEN

Mind if I sit down?

DAVE

(beat)

No.

He scoops up the cards trying to tidy some of the bottles. She studies his face for a couple of seconds then sits down at the table.

ELLEN

That was quite a thing you did today.

DAVE

Anybody would have done it.

ELLEN

Oh, I don't think so.

(staring at him)

Still, you helped a lot of people.

She continues to stare as Dave looks away.

ELLEN

Kind of reminds me of that thing you  
did back in the state legislature.

DAVE

Oh yeah?

(nervous)

Me, too.

ELLEN

You weren't in the state legislature.

Dave freezes with the deck in his hand. All at once, Ellen  
smiles and extends her arm over the table.

ELLEN

I'm Ellen Mitchell.

His eyes go wide. Dave sits stunned trying his best to  
swallow.

ELLEN

(softly)

What's your name?

Dave stares at her, but no words come out. She leans forward  
looking right at him.

ELLEN

(evenly)

Look, I'll make this easy on you. I  
never see him anymore. I barely know  
him anymore. I'd just kinda like to  
know where he is.

Dave looks at her, nervously.

ELLEN

I mean, what is it? Another Secretary?  
A jaunt to the Bahamas with Some  
'campaign worker.' Where is he?

DAVE  
(pause)  
I don't know.

She looks at him, waiting for a moment.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Dave, Ellen and Duane stare straight ahead as they descend  
into the sub-basement.

DUANE  
(beat)  
I really shouldn't be doing this.

No one replies as the elevator doors slide open.

INT. SUB-BASEMENT - CORRIDOR

A lone Secret Service man is stationed outside a solid metal  
door as the three of them approach - - Duane hesitates and  
looks at Dave.

DAVE  
(calmly)  
Open it.

Duane looks back at the two of them.

ELLEN  
Just open it, please.

DIFFERENT ANGLE

The door swings open as a middle-aged woman in a white uniform  
appears. Even in the dim light of the hallway it's clear she  
is a NURSE.

NURSE  
I'm sorry, you're not allowed...

DUANE  
(flashing an I.D.)

It's alright.

NURSE

Mr. Alexander left strict...

Before she can even finish Ellen steps quickly by her into the room. The Nurse recognizes her and just gapes as Duane and Dave enter as well.

INT. BASEMENT ROOM

It is dimly lit like the hallway, except for a group of machines in the corner. Next to them, a state-of-the-art hospital bed holds the President's lifeless body. Ellen moves up to the side of the bed.

ELLEN

What happened?

DUANE

It's the stroke. It's pretty bad.

ELLEN

I don't understand. Is he, I mean...

There's a pause. The Nurse looks down. Ellen clutches the railings of the bed.

DUANE

I'm sorry.

All at once she starts to cry. Dave moves over to try to comfort her when she shakes him off violently.

ELLEN

Don't touch me, please.

Dave recoils. She turns to him with an enraged look in her eye. He moves back a step.

ELLEN

(furious)

When were you all planning to tell me? A year from now? After the election...

(whirling on him)

What's going on here?

Dave hesitates.

DAVE

They asked me to help.

ELLEN

I'm sure they did. 'State of  
Emergency.' 'National Security.' You  
ever hear of the Constitution?

He doesn't respond. Ellen glares at him for a moment, then  
glances around the room...

ELLEN

Could all of you just leave me alone  
for a minute.

NURSE

I'm really not supposed to...

ELLEN

Get out!

Dave motions toward Duane as the two of them guide the nurse  
into the hallway. They shut the door behind them.

CLOSEUP - ELLEN

She stares down at the lifeless body while the sound of the  
RESPIRATOR fills the room.

CUT TO:

INT. ELLEN'S ROOM - LATER

Suitcases are flung open and she kneels on the floor. Ellen  
throws piles of clothing into the large open valise when she  
senses something and glances up..

DIFFERENT ANGLE

Dave is standing in the doorway. She looks at him for a  
moment, but goes right back to packing. He stands in the  
doorway, staring while she crams some shoes in the bag.

DAVE

You're leaving?

ELLEN

(clipped)

I'm not the First Lady, anymore. I shouldn't be here.

DAVE  
Where are you going?

ELLEN  
Home.

She grabs a blouse from the bed and flings it into the suitcase.

DAVE  
Where's home?

ELLEN  
(looking up)  
Oh, they didn't brief you on that?  
How sloppy of them.

She looks at Dave and stops. All at once Ellen stops packing and lowers a shoe to her side.

HER POV - REVERSE ANGLE

Dave stands in the doorway with a small valise in his hand. He looks like he did a month ago, with the tortoise shell glasses and his old blue windbreaker. The valise is a tiny overnight bag with small black handles. A seal of the President embossed into the leather.

DAVE  
(shrugging)  
Just souvenirs. Towels and stuff.

ELLEN  
(beat)  
You're leaving, too?

DAVE  
(nodding)  
I never wanted to hurt anybody.  
(beat)  
In fact... I even thought I was helping.

Ellen just looks at him for a moment. Her mouth opens slightly but no words come out.

DAVE  
Hey... It's...

DIFFERENT ANGLE

Ellen is crying. She shakes her head and turns away from him.

DAVE

Here.

Dave unzips the valise and fishes out a hanky. The Presidential Seal is nicely embroidered in one corner. Ellen looks down at it and smiles slightly.

ELLEN

You know you make this little deal with yourself.

ELLEN

You can put up with the other women and you can do without a life because you believe in what you're doing - - and if you can just keep your mouth shut...

She can't finish.

DAVE

You thought you had a chance to help people...

Their eyes lock for an instant when she turns and goes back to packing.

DAVE

(softly)

How were you gonna get home?

ELLEN

I don't know. I hadn't thought it out that far.

CLOSEUP - DAVE

He looks at her for a moment...

CUT TO:

INT. SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

Dave carries Ellen's suitcase in one hand and his own valise

in the other. They step over the puddles and leaky water pipes as they duck below the six-foot ceiling. Dave carries a flashlight.

ELLEN  
You sure this goes somewhere?

DAVE  
Truman used it all the time.

Dave pauses and shines the light up a leaky old set of stairs that head off to their right. Ellen hesitates for a moment, looking up the staircase.

ELLEN  
You don't have to keep walking with me. I'm okay from here.

DAVE  
I don't mind.

ELLEN  
(looking at him)  
Thanks.

Ellen hesitates for a second, then hikes up her skirt and moves through the portal.

EXT. OLD EXECUTIVE OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

It is directly across the street from the White House. A lone street lamp illuminates the corner including a small, recessed alcove where a staircase leads up from below.

CLOSER SHOT  
Dave and Ellen emerge stepping out onto the sidewalk.

ELLEN  
Huh.

DAVE  
Duane said he'd leave the car over here.

DIFFERENT ANGLE

He leads Ellen around a corner where a small brown Plymouth sits parked at the curb. Dave fishes through his pockets and

pulls out the car keys.

DAVE  
(handing them to her)  
Here you go.

Ellen looks down at the car keys.

DAVE  
He said he'll pick it up in a couple  
of days.

ELLEN  
Oh... Okay.

She glances at the Plymouth then back at Dave. She just stares  
at him for a moment.

DAVE  
What?

ELLEN  
(shaking her head)  
It's just so strange...

Dave looks at her. Ellen takes a deep breath.

ELLEN  
I look at you and I see Bill...  
(turning to him)  
I mean, he's almost dead, but he's  
right here... I mean, you're right  
here... alive and...

DAVE  
I'm not Bill Mitchell.

She looks at him.

DAVE  
In fact, I'm not anything like him  
and... I guess I want you to know that.

ELLEN  
(quietly)  
He wasn't always like that, anyway.

Their eyes lock for a second.

DAVE  
(suddenly)  
Are you hungry?

ELLEN  
(beat)  
What?

DAVE  
(smiling a little)  
I'm starving. There's got to be  
something open around here.

Ellen stares at him for a moment, then finally smiles...

CUT TO:

EXT. 7-11 - NIGHT

It is a twenty-four-hour convenience store. Even at two in the morning, several cars are parked in the lot.

Ellen sits on the passenger side of Plymouth with her door locked. Dave emerges carrying a brown paper bag.

He pops the driver's side door and hops inside.

INT. CAR

ELLEN  
I really don't have much of an appetite.

DAVE  
(looking over at her)  
Just wait.

He FIRES UP the CAR.

CUT TO:

EXT. "THE MALL" - NIGHT

The monuments are illuminated a glittering white. The Lincoln Memorial and Capitol Dome stand out against the long field of grass.

ELLEN (O.S.)  
(eating Dave's "special sandwich")

This is good. What's in it?

CLOSER SHOT

They sit side by side on a raised, grassy mound at the base of the Washington Monument. A large bath towel is spread out between them with the Presidential Seal at the center. Dave's bag is opened at their side.

DAVE

That's a secret.

ELLEN

(taking another bite)

You have a lot of secrets.

DAVE

I guess.

AFTER A BEAT:

DAVE

When did you know?... About me.

She pauses.

ELLEN

I think in the car.

ELLEN

The car?

ELLEN

On the way to the homeless shelter.

You looked at my leg.

(pause)

Bill lost interest a long time ago.

He turns and looks at her.

DAVE

That's good. I was worried it was the shower.

She smiles. They are perched on a small hill overlooking the White House.

ELLEN  
So what do you do the rest of the time?

DAVE  
(smiling)  
You mean when I'm not running the  
country?

ELLEN  
Yes.

DAVE  
I run a temp agency.

She looks at him.

DAVE  
You know, secretaries and stiff.

ELLEN  
(smiles)  
You find people jobs?

DAVE  
Yeah. Is that funny?

ELLEN  
It's just more than anybody else does  
around here.

DAVE  
Well don't get carried away --  
I'm not that good at it.

She turns and studies him for a moment.

ELLEN  
(suddenly personal)  
And your family? I assume you're  
married?

He turns back to her. A couple of seconds go by.

DAVE  
I was... once.  
(pause)  
It didn't take.

Ellen laughs and looks out over the mall. Dave takes another

swig of his soda.

ELLEN  
(quietly)  
You know, Dave -- it is Dave, isn't  
it? I can't keep all of this a secret.

DAVE  
I know.

ELLEN  
But you could go to jail for it.

He turns and looks at her. There doesn't seem to be any  
fear.

DAVE  
Yeah, I know.

Ellen turns and studies him.

DAVE  
I liked doing it, though. Not the  
fancy stuff with the helicopter or the  
TV cameras but...

DIFFERENT ANGLE

Ellen keeps staring at him. Dave glances back.

DAVE  
I liked saving that shelter. I liked  
helping people I hadn't even met before.

It's quiet for a moment. He stares back at the White House.

DAVE  
(pause)  
And right then I felt like I wasn't  
pretending anymore.

CLOSER

Several seconds go by. Dave stares off at the White House  
across the mall while Ellen studies his face.

ELLEN  
I don't think you were pretending.

Dave turns to her as their eyes lock.

DAVE  
I liked being married to you.

Ellen turns all the way around on the blanket staring at him from less than a foot away.

ELLEN  
What would you do if you were still in there? If you had one more chance to be President, what would you do then?

CLOSEUP - DAVE

He stares at her for a moment.

DAVE  
(quietly)  
Lots of things.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE GATE - NIGHT

The small brown Plymouth rolls up to the guard ate as the uniformed officer leans out of his booth.

GUARD  
I'm sorry, sir. There's no visitors...

Dave rolls down his window, showing his Presidential face to the Guard,

GUARD  
(snapping to)  
Mr. President! I'm sorry I...

DAVE  
Just getting some air.

GUARD  
Certainly, sir... How did...

Ellen leans across him toward the window.

ELLEN  
(confidentially)  
The President wanted some ice cream.

The Guard snaps off a crisp salute as Dave casually returns

it. The gate raises in front of them as he steps on the gas.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE LIVING QUARTERS - NIGHT

Dave and Ellen stand at the top of the long staircase that leads to the living quarters. Ellen looks up at him for a moment, then smiles.

ELLEN  
(softly)  
... You make a nice President, Dave  
Kovic... go for it.

Ellen looks him in the eye for a moment, then turns and heads off toward her suite. Dave stands there watching her recede down the hall...

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

A lone gardener rides his lawn mower across the lawn...

WHITE HOUSE BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

It is jammed full of the White House Press Corps. A hundred or so REPORTERS mill about while they wait for the start of a press conference.

REPORTER #1  
Bet it's that Fidelity thing.

REPORTER #2  
Think they're gonna ditch the Veep?

The first guy nods.

REPORTER #1  
(confident)  
He's finished.

REPORTER #3  
Toast.

They all nod together.

INT. HALLWAY

Bob moves down the corridor with his briefcase in his C hand.

He glances up and notices action from the briefing room.

BOB  
(to himself)  
What the hell...

INT. EAST ROOM

The sound of a man desperately containing a SCREAM ECHOES THROUGH the public rooms on the first floor. Bob comes sprinting into the large open receiving room, taking out one of the little rope stanchions that guide the visiting tourists through. He keeps on running...

INT. REED'S OFFICE

Reed glances up from his desk as Bob charges into the room.

REED  
(quickly)  
I didn't call it. He called it  
himself... I swear to God.

Bob just looks at him, then turns and bolts into the hallway.

INT. GREAT HALL

A small group of tourists stands in the large marble entry. They stare up at the staircase while their TOUR GUIDE describes some of the artwork.

GUIDE  
... Jackson is the figure that you see  
represented in the lower left hand...  
(beat; awed)  
Why there's Bob Alexander our White  
House Chief of Staff...

ANGLE - BOB  
He comes careening into the foyer,  
skittering across the polished marble.

GUIDE  
... My, he seems to be in quite a  
hurry...

CUT TO:

INT. OVAL OFFICE

Dave sits on the couch, jotting some notes on a legal pad.  
The door swings open behind him.

BOB  
What do you think you're doing?!

DAVE  
(innocently)  
You mean the press conference?  
(beat)  
I have a couple of ideas I wanted to  
share with the country.

BOB  
Share...

WIDER  
Dave rises from the couch as Bob moves  
over to him with his eyes blazing.

BOB  
You don't call a press conference. I  
call a press conference!

Dave just stares.

BOB  
You're nothing. Do you understand me!  
You're NOBODY...

DAVE  
(slowly)  
I'm... not... nobody...

BOB  
You're lint! You're a flea! You're a  
blip!

DAVE  
Well, maybe I am. But you're fired.

Bob backs up a step and stares at him.

BOB  
... what?

DAVE  
I said you're fired. Go on --

get outta here.

Bob just looks at him, stunned.

BOB  
Oh... I'm fired?

DAVE  
Yeah.

He stops and stares at Dave.

BOB  
You're fired.

DAVE  
(fine)  
Fine...

He stares at him again.

BOB  
(beat)  
Fine?

DAVE  
Fine.

He crosses to the door of the Oval Office and flings it open wide.

DAVE  
You got the whole Press Corps out there.  
Why don't you just go tell 'em.

Bob's eyes narrow a little.

DAVE  
Go on. Be my guest.

CLOSER  
They stare at each other for a long moment. Neither man moves as they stand toe to toe in the center of the carpet. For a second, it isn't clear who's going to win, until...

WOMAN (O.S.)  
Darling...

Ellen comes over and takes his arm.

ELLEN

(Audrey Hepburn)

Darling, they're all waiting for you  
in the Press Room - - you've really  
got to get going...

(as if seeing him for  
the first time)

Oh, Bob...

(back to Dave)

I'm sorry, darling. I thought  
you were alone - -

Ellen turns toward Bob with a sudden grin. His expression  
falls visibly as the weight of their alliance becomes clear.

DAVE

I'd like your resignation on my desk  
by the time I get back.

CLOSEUP - BOB

He looks at them stunned and defeated...

CUT TO:

INT. PRESS ROOM - LATER

It is packed to capacity. Dave stands alone at the podium  
while the press corps crowds every inch of the Briefing Room.  
He stares squarely into the cameras.

DAVE

Thanks for coming on such short notice.

WIDER

Reed stands off to the side with an  
almost mesmerized look on his face.

DAVE

First, I'd like to announce something  
that might come as a surprise to many  
of you.

(beat)

I've asked Bob Alexander to resign as  
White House Chief of Staff.

A murmur goes through the Press Room. Dave looks straight ahead.

DAVE

Sometimes, two people just change and it's better for everybody if they go their Own way.

(beat)

Over the last few months! Bob and I have come to believe in different things. He thinks this country is fine and we should go about doing business as usual.

(beat)

I just don't feel that way. Not anymore.

DIFFERENT ANGLE

DAVE

Because things aren't fine. And you know that and I know that. And we can keep lying to ourselves, but it's a little late for that.

(getting angry)

We've got water we can't drink and air we can't breathe. We've got bars on our windows and graffiti on our doors. If you get sick you can't afford to go to the doctor and if you get laid off you can't find a new job. We're trillions of dollar in debt. Our roads are cracking, our bridges are crumbling and everything we used to build is made in Japan. We've got people sleeping in cardboard boxes, and ten-year-old kids who are doing drugs. We've been living together for four hundred years, and we're still trying to kill each other... But that isn't even the worst part. The worst part is we feel like we can't do anything about it.

CLOSER

He looks out over the room and pauses.

DAVE

So I've decided that while I'm  
President, I should actually try to  
do things... even if they seem  
impossible.

Dave glances toward the wings for a moment and turns back.

DAVE  
First off I'm initiating a program to  
try to find a decent job for every  
American who wants one.

A murmur moves through the press room.

DAVE  
(hearing them)  
Why start here?  
(pause)  
Because if you've ever seen the look  
on someone's face the day they get a  
job -- I've had some personal experience  
with this - - they look like they could  
fly. And unless we start tapping into  
that kind of spirit again, there's no  
way we're gonna fix anything in this  
country.

He looks out at them and pauses.

DAVE  
So... Let's get to work.

WIDE ANGLE - BRIEFING

The press corps just sits stunned for a moment as Dave strides  
off the stage. As he leaves, the stunned reporters explode  
to their feet.

REPORTERS  
(overlapping)  
Mr. President... Mr. President...

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - CORRIDOR

Dave enters the corridor and sees Ellen, who is waiting for  
him with a huge look of admiration on her face.

DAVE  
It was okay?

ELLEN  
(beaming)  
It was inspirational.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITE HOUSE LAWN - NINA TOTENBERG ("NBC NIGHTLY NEWS")

NINA TOTENBERG  
In the boldest initiative yet of the  
'New Bill Mitchell' presidency, the  
President has proposed a comprehensive  
full employment program, unparalleled  
since the days of F.D.R.

QUICK CUT  
TO:

ROBERT NOVACK (EVANS AND NOVACK)

NOVACK (V.0.)  
... It's naive, it's dangerous, it's  
irresponsible...

CHRIS MATHEWS ("GOOD MORNING AMERICA")

MATHEWS (V.0.)  
... It's courageous, it's challenging,  
it's visionary...

FRED BARNES (MacGLAUGHLIN GROUP)

BARNES (V.0.)  
It's insane.

MARK SHIELDS (CNN)

MARK SHIELDS (V.0.)  
It's brilliant.

JOHN McLAUGHLIN ("CROSSFIRE")

JOHN MCLAUGHLIN (V.0.)  
If the President wants to run around  
proposing lame-brained schemes like  
this one...

MICHAEL KINSELY (ALSO "CROSSFIRE")

MICHAEL KINSELY (V.0.)

Well he's certainly got my vote.

The TELEVISION SUDDENLY SWITCHES OFF as the CAMERA WIDENS OUT to reveal:

INT. OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT

Dave, slumping back from the TV into an armchair.

DAVE

Thank God for that.

WIDER

Dave, Ellen, Reed, Ellen's Aide, and two other advisors are camped in front of the television set. There are documents and newspapers scattered over the room. A take-out pizza sits incongruously on the coffee table.

DAVE

Let's call it a night. I can't take any more.

REED

Right. We can pick up on the rest tomorrow.

Everyone starts to get up, gathering their papers.

ELLEN'S AIDE

(moving toward  
the door)

I'll have those employment figures to you by eight-thirty...

REED

And we've got that labor briefing at nine.

DAVE

(bleary eyed)  
Terrific.

Everyone starts to move through the door, leaving Dave and Ellen suddenly alone. They are standing face to face.

DAVE

Well I guess...

ELLEN

Yeah... Bedtime.

Their faces are very close. Their eyes express great need. He moves slowly toward her in a kiss. Their lips meet for an instant.

DAVE

(pulling back)

What?

ELLEN

I can't.

DAVE

(quickly)

I know. I'm sorry...

ELLEN

I mean, I want to... I just, I feel strange...

DAVE

(even quicker)

That's okay.

They stand there facing one another like two kids on a front porch.

INT. DAVE'S ROOM - NIGHT

He lies under the covers staring at the ceiling. Dave suddenly turns and punches the pillow.

INT. ELLEN'S ROOM

She lies on her bed in exactly the same position. After a moment, Ellen turns and buries her face in the pillow.

ELLEN

(muffled)

This is crazy...

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - WEST WING - DAY

Dave and Duane move down the corridor that leads to the Oval Office. Duane is flipping through a handful of newspapers.

DUANE

The U.S. News hammered us. But they're always tough on that kind of thing. Rosenthal loved us in the Times

RANDI

Mr. President, Mr. Nance is waiting inside for you.

DAVE

Who?

DUANE

(freezing)

The Vice-President...

DAVE

Oh... right...

(to Randi, nervous smile)

You know, ever since the stroke...

Dave points to his temple and gives the "wobbly" sign with his hand. He glances at Duane for a second, then turns and heads inside...

INT. OVAL OFFICE

Seated, with his back to the door, is the silhouette of a man holding an eight-foot spear. Beside him on the floor is a large ceremonial headdress. Dave moves forward cautiously.

DIFFERENT ANGLE

The Vice President turns and slowly rises to face him. He's a strong-looking man in a plain gray suit with an honest looking face.

NANCE

Mr. President.

The two men shake hands. Nance continues to stare at him while Dave moves toward his chair. After a moment, Nance extends the headdress.

NANCE

(curtly)  
This is from the people of Burundi...

DAVE  
(taking it)  
Oh... Thanks.

NANCE  
And these are a gift from the King  
of To go.

Nance hands him what appears to be a group of large necklaces.

DAVE  
(beat)  
What are they?

NANCE  
(deadpan)  
Fertility beads.

DAVE  
Ah.

He sets them quickly on the desk while Nance just stares at him.

NANCE  
Mr. President, may I speak frankly  
with you?

DAVE  
Certainly.

CLOSEUP - NANCE  
He hesitates for a moment. Nance  
gathers his thoughts, then proceeds.

NANCE  
(with dignity)  
I know we haven't always gotten along.  
I know we've disagreed politically  
and I suppose I know what you think  
of me personally...

WIDER

Nance takes a deep breath.

NANCE

... But I've always tried to respect  
the role you wanted me to play.  
When I've disagreed with this  
administration I've kept it to myself.  
When you wanted my support you always  
had it.

Dave nods, frozen in his chair. Nance looks at him a moment  
then suddenly lets it out.

NANCE

Dammit, Bill -- how could you do  
something like this to me?

Dave just looks at him speechless. Neither man moves.

DAVE

(beat)  
Something like what...

NANCE

Oh, come on, we're not children. I  
didn't have anything to do with this  
Fidelity nonsense and you know it.

DAVE

(nodding)  
The Fidelity nonsense...

NANCE

(showing him a newspaper)  
All I've got is my integrity. That's  
all I have. Now I don't know why you  
turned your attack dogs on me.

DAVE

(interrupting)  
They re not my attack dogs.

NANCE

(taken aback)  
What do you mean?

DAVE

I just fired Bob Alexander.

Nance looks at him, stunned.

DAVE  
Don't worry. I'll take care of it.

CUT TO:

INT. REED'S OFFICE - DAY

He sits behind his sleek Italian desk with a slightly sheepish look on his face. Dave stands across from him, leaning on his feet.

DAVE  
What do you mean you made it all up?

REED  
We had to, Dave. The guy's a choir boy.

DAVE  
This is wrong, Alan!

REED  
(like a novel, new  
concept)  
Wrong...

DAVE  
Alan...

REED  
Oh, I know, I know... It looks awfully bad. It's really embarrassing.  
(beat)  
But it was Bob's idea.

Dave looks at him horrified.

DAVE  
We've got to fix this.

REED  
Absolutely. Well, that might be kind of tough. Once the press starts smelling blood...

The door blows open behind them.

ELLEN (O.S.)

Dave...

WIDER

She flies into the room with a worried look on her face. Dave and Reed watch while she heads toward the "media center" in the corner.

REED

(shocked)

`Dave'?

DAVE

She knows.

ELLEN

Look at this.

Ellen flicks ON the SET to catch a NEWS REPORT in mid-segment.

TV SCREEN

NINA TOTENBERG (V.0.)

(over TV)

... The hastily called news conference at the National Press Club was Bob Alexander's first public comment since resigning as White House Chief of Staff. It turned out to be nothing short of a full-fledged salvo fired directly at Pennsylvania Avenue.

Bob appears in a film clip, speaking before the National Press Club. Even beneath the professional cool, he seems to relish the lethal sound bite.

BOB (V.0.)

(over TV)

When I first began to look into the allegations concerning Fidelity Savings and Loan, I thought the wrongdoing was restricted to the Vice President's office...

INT. REED'S OFFICE - DAY

They glance at each other then back at the set...

REED

Uh-oh...

BOB

(over TV)

... But as I began to investigate, I realized that this pattern of corruption extended much higher...

REED

Jesus...

TV SCREEN

Bob pauses for an effect, then looks straight into the camera:

BOB

(over TV; dramatic)

... I was saddened to discover at least fifteen separate acts of intervention by this administration, most with the full knowledge of the President and all of them illegal. Federal regulators were influenced, records were destroyed, and pressure was brought to bear, in some cases by President Mitchell himself.

DAVE

(stunned)

Now he's making stuff up about me.

REED

He's not.

They turn and look at him.

DAVE

(sighing)

He's not making it up.

Dave stares at him stunned. Ellen gets it immediately.

ELLEN

(softly)

Bob never left Bill's side. He knows where all the old bones are buried...

Dave glances back and forth between them but neither one of

them speaks...

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

A long line of black sedans with congressional plates pulls up to the South Portico. In the distance, beyond the fence, a crowd of protesters shout at the White House.

INT. PRESIDENT'S PRIVATE DINING ROOM

A small delegation of congressional leaders has requested a lunch with the President. Reed and Ellen are also present. The SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE leans forward over his plate.

SPEAKER

(a Southerner)

Mr. President, I don't know another way to put it, but 'This dawg just won't hunt.'

Dave just stares at him without responding.

MAJ. LEADER

We may be able to hold off this First Liberty thing for a little while but if you go running around the country with this new jobs idea...

SPEAKER

They're gonna put us on a spit an' bring in the sauce.

FEMALE SENATOR

If you just waited for a little while...

DAVE

I don't want to wait for a little while.

SPEAKER

Mr. President, I understand that. But sometimes ya fight an' sometimes ya run.

ELLEN

(suddenly)

That's not what you said during your ethics investigation.

WIDER

Every eye in the room turns toward her. The Speaker stares daggers across the table.

SPEAKER

I beg your pardon?

ELLEN

When you needed the President's help, you got it.

SPEAKER

(controlled)

Ma'am, no one appreciates your husband's help more'n me. I'm just saying that this jobs thing is a little unwieldy...'

NANCE

(chiming in)

It is not.

Every eye shifts to the Vice President.

Ill.

NANCE

There's lots of ways to make it work. You could have targeted tax credits for on-site training... You could have a public private partnership like - J.T.P.A...

SPEAKER

Excuse me for interruptin' but this ain't some city council silliness that's gonna blow over. We're talking about obstructing federal regulators and violating election up on the Hill who are talkin' impeachment. We got a real problem on our hands.

CLOSEUP - DAVE

He just stares straight ahead...

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - BOB ALEXANDER

It is a video clip from his lethal press conference. Bob faces the camera directly.

BOB (V.O.)

... At least fifteen separate acts of intervention by this administration, most with full knowledge of the President..

NANCE (O.S.)

Guess they're coming at you now, too.

FREEZE FRAME.

INT. OVAL OFFICE

Dave sits in front of his bookcase with a remote control in his hand. He turns to see the Vice President, standing by the edge of the carpet.

DAVE

Oh... Hi.

NANCE

(glancing at the screen)

Dirty business we're in sometimes.

DAVE

(quietly)

Yeah.

NANCE

He's not gonna win -- not in the end... They never do.

Dave looks back at him.

DAVE

... Sometimes they do.

NANCE

(nodding)

Yeah... Sometimes they do.

Nance shifts a little by the bookcase.

NANCE

Mr. President, whatever happens I just wanted you to know that I think that your jobs program is a wonderful idea...

DAVE,

Not that anyone's gonna pay much attention now... But thanks.

Neither one says anything. Dave motions to a chair.

DAVE

Want to sit down?

He takes a seat across from the desk. Nance glances over at the TV as both men look at the freeze frame of Bob.

DAVE

You ever think back to how you started.

NANCE

(turning)

What?

DAVE

You know. Your first campaign.

You ever think back to how you did it all...

NANCE

Yeah...

(thinks about it for a moment...)

.. I was a shoe salesman.

(beat)

and not very happy about it.

They smile together for a moment.

NANCE

One day my wife says to me 'Why don't you try running for office. You talk about it all the time, why don't you

just do it?'  
(beat)  
So I tell my boss I have a dentist  
appointment and I go down to the  
registrar of voters on my lunch break.  
(shakes his head)  
Next thing I know, I'm a councilman.

DAVE

Really?

NANCE

(nodding)  
My wife was my campaign manager. We  
had a two thousand dollar budget.

Dave smiles.

NANCE

With advertising.

Dave just looks at him for a long moment.

NANCE

How'd you get started?

DAVE

(quietly)  
Oh... Kinda the same way.

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST WING - DUSK

Dave walks alone down the long pergola that flanks the Rose  
Garden. He moves slowly, lost in thought, when he glances up  
and suddenly, stops.

WIDER

All the roses are shimmering in the late afternoon light.  
Dave looks at them for a second...

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING QUARTERS - MAIN HALLWAY - NIGHT

The CAMERA MOVES WITH Dave as he heads down the long corridor  
toward Ellen's side of the living quarters. He holds a large

yellow rose in his hand. Dave pauses in front of her door, knocks and waits for a moment.

DIFFERENT ANGLE

Dave steps inside the room.

DAVE

Hello?

HIS POV

It's a lively room, especially for the White House. Across the room one of the French doors is open wide. The curtains billow out to the terrace beyond.

EXT. TERRACE

Dave steps outside, and looks around. It's a beautiful, warm night. The Washington Monument soars in the distance with the Jefferson Memorial just a speck beyond. Dave hears SOMETHING in the distance.

DIFFERENT ANGLE

He rounds the corner to find Ellen standing all alone by the edge of the balustrade. He moves quietly up toward the railing as she turns and looks at him. He extends the rose, holding it out.

DAVE

I brought you something.

ELLEN

(reserved)

... Thanks.

CLOSER ANGLE

It's only half a smile. He moves closer and pauses.

DAVE

(softly)

What's wrong?

ELLEN

(after a pause)

Looks like we're not going to get a chance to get much done.

Dave thinks about it and nods.

ELLEN  
(softer)  
They're crucifying you out there.

DAVE  
Yeah, but we got a little bit done.  
And if you do a little and I do a little... then maybe the next guy'll do a little...

ELLEN  
You really believe that?

DAVE  
Yeah.  
(pauses, quieter)  
And it's better than not believing it  
Their faces are inches apart.

ELLEN  
(softly)  
I sure fall for some weird guys.

Slowly, almost imperceptibly, they come together in a kiss. It's soft and tender at first -- then builds in passion and need.

A lone CHURCH BELL from the National Cathedral starts CHIMING at midnight.

DIFFERENT ANGLE

Dave and Ellen part, drawn by the sound. After a moment, Dave looks slowly back at her.

DAVE  
(beat)  
Nance is a good man, isn't he?

She just looks at him. It's a strange expression -- part sadness, part fear, part intrigue...

ELLEN  
(swallowing)

Yeah. He's a good man.

DAVE  
(off her look)  
What?

She shakes her head. He touches the side of her face.

ELLEN  
I'm just getting to know you -- I don't  
want to lose you.

They come together and kiss again. Even with everything left  
unsaid, there's a sadness in the air.

WIDENING OUT...

Two small figures cling onto each other by the third floor  
balustrade of the White House...

SLOWLY  
DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAPITOL DOME - DAY

It gleams in the sunshine.

FULL SHOT - SANDER VANOCUR 142

She stands in front of the Great Rotunda, doing a live intro  
for "NBC News"...

SANDER VANOCUR  
The President has requested this rare  
joint session of Congress so that he  
could personally answer the allegations  
raised by Bob Alexander, his former  
Chief of Staff...

INT. HOUSE CHAMBER

It is packed to capacity with the House members on one side  
and the Senate on the other. There is great tension on both  
sides of the aisle.

EXT. BROWNSTONE (GEORGETOWN) - DAY

Several long black limos deposit occupants in front of Bob  
Alexander's townhouse.

INT. LIVING ROOM (GEORGETOWN) - DAY

Bob stands in a cardigan sweater holding a tumbler full of bourbon while his cocktail party is going full swing. Several inside the beltway fat cats mill about the living room while Vanocur continues on the TV:

SANDER VANOCUR (V.0.)  
Speculation on the President's response  
has run the gamut from a full-fledged  
denial right up to the possibility  
that he might resign.

There are hoots and hollers in the room. One of the GUESTS raises a glass in salute.

GUEST #1  
(to Bob)  
Here's to you, Mr. President.

Another guest holds up a bumper sticker with "ALEXANDER FOR PRESIDENT" printed in large block letters.

GUEST #2  
(displaying it)  
What do you think?

BOB  
Let's wait for the speech first.  
(false humility)  
Don't want to get ahead of ourselves.

INT. ELLEN'S BEDROOM

she sits tensely in front of her television...

INT. HOUSE CHAMBER

The tension in the room builds as everyone awaits the arrival of the President.

INT. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES - CLOAK ROOM

THROUGH a crack in the doorway, most of the House Chamber is visible. The CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal: Dave and Reed, standing alone in the small ante-room. There is a plain, black briefcase sitting between them.

DAVE

Is everything clear with Duane?

Reed nods and hands him the briefcase.

DAVE

And this is all of it?

He nods again.

DAVE

Well -- here we go.

Dave tries to take briefcase but Reed keeps holding onto it out of reflex and self-preservation. Dave smiles at him and gently starts to unpry Reed's fingers.

DAVE

Relax, Alan... Enjoy the moment.

Reed looks at him and tries to nod...

INT. HOUSE CHAMBER

Everyone stands at their seats when the SERGEANT AT ARMS walks down the aisle, pounding a six-foot staff three times on the House floor.

SERGEANT AT ARMS

Mr. Speaker... The President of the United States.

WIDER ANGLE

The response is more of a murmur than the usual applause. Dave appears at the back of the Chamber carrying the black briefcase. He makes his way up the aisle and mounts the five steps that lead to the podium.

SHOT - DAVE

He reaches the lectern and glances behind him. Dave locks eyes with Vice President Nance for a moment, flashing him a smile.

INT. BOB'S TOWN HOUSE

It looks like a Superbowl party. All of Bob's cronies have

gathered around the TV set to watch "Bill Mitchell's" political demise. A huge grin spreads across Bob's face when Dave's image appears on the screen.

BOB  
Shhh shh... Here it comes.

INT. HOUSE CHAMBER

Dave swallows once and grips the lectern.

DAVE  
Thank you.  
(pause)  
I wish I could be here today under  
different circumstances...

CLOSER SHOT

He hesitates for a moment.

DAVE  
There's certainly a lot of things about  
this country that we should be  
discussing, but I realize that's not  
possible now.  
(beat)  
As all of you know, my former Chief of  
Staff has implicated me in a scandal  
involving Fidelity Savings and Loan.

REVERSE ANGLE - HOUSE

Every member sits motionless at their seat.

DAVE  
... And once people start talking about  
scandal it's hard for them to talk  
about anything else.

He scans the room.

DAVE  
So fine. Let's talk about it.

INT. ELLEN'S BEDROOM

She watches riveted from the edge of her bed.

DAVE  
(over TV)  
Bob Alexander has accused me of...  
(pulls some notes out  
of his pocket)  
Let me read this to make sure I get it  
right...

INT. HOUSE CHAMBER

He stares at his notes.

DAVE  
.... Illegally influencing government  
regulators on behalf of major campaign  
contributors -- interfering with an  
ongoing Justice Department investigation - -  
and violating Federal election laws in  
the area of campaign finance.

There isn't a sound in the Chamber.

DAVE  
Okay -- let's get right to the guts of  
it... Each one of these charges is  
absolutely true.

A quiet but shocked murmur rolls through the room.

INT. BOB'S HOUSE

A "war hoop" goes up from the guests. Bob almost seems to  
levitate off the couch.

BOB  
Die, you pond scum!

INT. HOUSE CHAMBER - FULL SHOT - DAVE

DAVE  
I'm the President and as they say 'The  
buck stops here.' So I take full  
responsibility for every one of my  
illegal acts.

He hoists the black briefcase up onto the podium.

DAVE  
But you see that's not the whole story,

and I think each one of you is entitled  
to the truth.

Dave opens the black briefcase to reveal a large stack of  
documents.

DAVE

I have written proof here in the form  
of...

(reading)

Notes, memoranda and personal  
directives' proving that Bob Alexander  
was involved in each one of these  
incidents and in most cases planned  
them as well...

INT. BOB'S HOUSE - CLOSEUP - BOB

There is silence in the room. All the color drains from his  
face as Bob stares frozen at the television set. The others  
in the room watch with the morbid fascination of someone  
witnessing a car wreck.

BOB

(almost a gasp)

Alan...

One of the guests furtively slides his Presidential bumper  
sticker behind the onion dip.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE CHAMBER - FULL SHOT - REED

He stares out at the House Chamber feeling downright "moral."  
He looks like someone who has just saved a puppy.

CLOSEUP - DAVE

DAVE

Now - - allegations of wrong-doing  
have also been made against Vice  
President Nance...

(pause)

I'm afraid that's just a lie.

FULL SHOT - VICE PRESIDENT

He sits motionless in the chair feeling the weight of every

eye in the room.

DAVE

... As this evidence will show... At no time and in no way was Vice President Nance involved in any of this affair. Bob made all of that up.

Dave turns and smiles at Nance for a moment.

FULL SHOT - PODIUM

Dave turns back toward the House.

DAVE

Vice president Nance is a good and decent public servant and I'd like to apologize for any pain this may have caused him or his family.

(pause)

And while we're setting the record straight, I'd also like to apologize to the American people...

CLOSER ON DAVE

Right INTO CAMERA.

DAVE

... I forgot that I was hired to do a job for you and that it was just a temp job at that. I forgot that I had two hundred and fifty million people who were paying me to make their lives a little better and I didn't live up to my part of the bargain.

WIDER - HOUSE CHAMBER

DAVE

See, there are certain things you should expect from a President. I ought to care more about you than I do about me... I ought to care more about what's right than I do about what's popular...

REVERSE ANGLE - HOUSE CHAMBER

They sit motionless in their seats.

DAVE

I ought to be willing to give this whole thing up for something I believe in...

INT. ELLEN'S ROOM

A sad but proud smile starts around the corners of her mouth.

DAVE (V.O.)

(on her TV)

Because if I'm not...

INT. HOUSE CHAMBER

Dave clutches the sides of the podium.

DAVE

If I'm not...

Dave stops in mid-sentence. He raises his hand to his forehead and seems to rock a moment. A concerned murmur runs through the floor of the House.

FULL SHOT - DAVE

He clutches the lectern now with a "woozy" look on his face. He "fights to stand up."

DAVE

If I'm not... Then I don't belong here in the first place...

All at once, Dave falls to the floor. Duane and Reed and several Senate pages suddenly rush out to his side.

INT. HOUSE CHAMBER - PODIUM

It is complete pandemonium. Several members crowd around the podium. The NOISE LEVEL literally turns into a ROAR. Reed yanks at Dave's shirt and loosens his tie.

CLOSER ANGLE

REED

A doctor! We need a doctor... He's had a stroke!

INT. ELLEN'S BEDROOM

She gets up from the bed, grabs her overcoat and heads for the door...

INT. HOUSE CHAMBER

A huge crowd of Congressmen crowd around the platform. There is complete confusion...

EXT. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES - PARKING LOT - DAY

The standard issue ambulance that follows the President I everywhere is parked just outside the House doors. The doors of the vehicle fly open as a doctor and nurse emerge. They're the same two people who cared for Bill Mitchell at the outset of the film.

CLOSER ANGLE

It takes a split second for them to whisk out the gurney bed and slam the doors behind them. They bolt toward the House chamber while the Secret Service stands guard.

INT. CHAMBER

Duane and other Secret Servicemen move the onlookers back as the medical team loads Dave onto the gurney bed and hurry him toward the doors.

EXT. HOUSE PARKING LOT

They emerge a moment or two later with Duane leading the way. Dave has been securely fastened to the rolling stretcher while the doctor and nurse hover close...

DIFFERENT ANGLE

They pop the door of the ambulance. A crowd of onlookers watches in horror as the body of the President is whisked into the ambulance.

WIDE ANGLE - MOTORCADE

It tears away from the Capitol with dozens of SIRENS BLARING. The ambulance is surrounded front and back by twenty police motorcycles and the entire entourage takes off...

CUT TO:

EXT. BETHESDA NAVAL HOSPITAL - DAY

It is pandemonium here as well. A huge stat team waits for the AMBULANCE as it comes SCREAMING up to the emergency entrance at the back of the hospital. They fling the doors of the ambulance open as they remove the near S lifeless body of the President...

CLOSEUP - GURNEY

MOVING WITH it. The Secret Service pushes back the mob of photographers as the doctors whisk the stretcher toward the hospital.

INT. AMBULANCE

Duane sits quietly behind the wheel, while the commotion continues behind the vehicle...

THE CAMERA PANS SLOWLY OVER to the passenger's side, REVEALING:

DAVE

He sits in a white paramedics outfit complete with hat and name plate. Dave is wearing his glasses once again and looking decidedly unpresidential. He glances over at Duane.

DAVE

Well...

DUANE

Well...

After a beat.

DUANE

You sure you don't want a lift back home?

DAVE

No thanks. It's not that far.

The two men shake hands and Dave reaches for the door. He holds the same souvenir bag he had on his evening out with Ellen.

DUANE

Dave...

He pauses and looks back.

DUANE

(moved)

I would have taken a bullet for I  
you, Dave.

DAVE

(quietly)

Thanks, Duane.

Dave smiles at his friend, then climbs out of the ambulance,  
and heads down the street...

EXT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ENTRANCE - DIFFERENT ANGLE

A LIMOUSINE comes SCREECHING up to the curb. The door flies  
open and Ellen gets out. She sees the huge crowd of people  
at the back of the hospital then looks around the parking  
lot. Finally she sees:

HER POV

There, in the distance, the figure of a lone man in a  
paramedics uniform walking slowly away. He carries a small  
black valise in his hand.

ANGLE - ELLEN

A strange composure envelopes her as she makes a silent  
decision. She takes one last look at Dave's receding figure,  
then turns and runs quickly inside the hospital...

WIDER ANGLE

The CAMERA BEGINS TO PULL SLOWLY BACK REVEALING the ambulance,  
the hospital and the huge crush of vehicles surrounding the  
back door.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

... The stroke hit at 8:42 p.m. just  
as the President was concluding his  
remarks to a joint session of Congress.  
Spokesmen at Bethesda Naval Hospital  
confirm that it was a `massive edema'  
and unlike his previous stroke, it has  
rendered the President totally  
incapacitated...

(beat)  
... Vice President Nance has already  
been conferred with full executive  
authority and has assumed the Presidency  
in accordance with the 24th Amendment.  
This is the first time since...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BALTIMORE SKYLINE - ESTABLISHING - DAY

It is still autumn. The sound of the ANNOUNCER'S VOICE  
dissolves into the Vice President's as he continues in V.0.

NANCE (V.0.)  
... I plan to continue Bill Mitchell's  
call to arms. This isn't my Presidency --  
this is his Presidency and I can't  
think of a better legacy for him to  
leave than...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN BALTIMORE - DAY (WINTER)

The autumn leaves are all gone now and the SNOW has started  
to fall. Christmas decorations hang from lampposts and a  
Salvation Army Santa is ringing his bell.

ANNOUNCER #3 (V.0.)  
... Bob Alexander and eight other  
members of the Mitchell Administration  
were indicted on thirty-four counts of  
election law violations and obstruction  
of justice. Ironically, the indictments  
came just forty-eight hours after final  
passage of the Bill Mitchell Jobs Bill,  
a comprehensive employment program,  
designed to...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. KOVIC TEMPS - DAY

Snow is falling gently in the street. The CAMERA BEGINS TO  
PUSH IN SLOWLY ON the first floor window. Jerry (Alice's  
boyfriend) is hanging a large sign in the window that reads:

"KOVIC FOR ALDERMAN"

INT. KOVIC TEMPS

The place is just as busy as before. Alice frantically works the phones while three or four women cram the waiting area. Murray supervises a couple of campaign workers including Lola from the start of the film. They stuff envelopes and wear large "KOVIC" hats on their heads.

MURRAY

(to one of the workers)

No. Fold them the long way. It looks neater.

ANGLE - DAVE'S INNER OFFICE

He works the phone, hunched over his desk.

DAVE

(into the receiver)

What do you mean, Harry, this woman's fabulous...

(beat)

Oh no, that was a different one...

(longer beat)

Well she's changed a lot...

(pause)

Come on, Harry, it's Christmas, the woman needs a job.

(beat)

Well, sure... she can wrap presents...  
Yeah you bet... Oh, great.

He pauses for a beat.

DAVE

Harry, did you get that fund-raising thing I sent you?

ANGLE - DOORWAY/RECEPTION AREA

It jars open as a woman steps inside. Alice barely looks up as the woman, wearing dark glasses and a scarf, moves into the waiting area.

CLOSER SHOT

Despite the blue jeans and T-shirt, she looks quite familiar. It's Ellen.

DIFFERENT ANGLE

Dave moves into the reception area with a huge smile on his face.

DAVE

Yes! We're on a roll now...

All the women smile up at him.

DAVE

It's Christmas time...

DAVE I MURRAY

(a catch phrase)

.... and everybody works at  
Christmas time...'

All of a sudden they stop. Dave looks across the reception area and sees Ellen by the door.

REVERSE ANGLE

She takes off her dark glasses and stares at him. Neither one of them says a word as Dave moves slowly forward with a stunned look on his face. She smiles at him.

ELLEN

Hi.

DAVE

Hi.

ELLEN

(indicating her wardrobe)

Thought I needed a little change. You  
like it?

DAVE

(nodding)

It's nice.

He moves a little closer. They stand face to face.

DAVE

I saw you on T.V... at his funeral.

ELLEN

(past it now)  
Yeah, well... It's finally over.

They are inches apart. Dave notices Murray and the six other women staring at them in the waiting area.

DAVE  
(quickly)  
C'mere.

INT. DAVE'S PRIVATE OFFICE

Murray stares as he pulls her into his private office and shuts the door. Ellen throws her arms around his neck as their lips meet in a passionate kiss...

DAVE  
(kissing)  
I never thought I'd...

ELLEN  
(kissing back)  
I know.

DAVE  
(kissing again)  
I missed...

ELLEN  
(kiss)  
... Me, too.

She pulls back and looks at him.

ELLEN  
(beat)  
So this is it?

DAVE  
... Not exactly the Oval Office.

ELLEN  
Oh... I lived with a President. It isn't any fun.

Dave gazes into her eyes.

DAVE

(softer)  
It could be fun.

ELLEN  
(smiling)  
Yeah... It could be fun.

They come together in another kiss. Ellen drops her handbag to the floor, as the CAMERA WIDENS OUT ON the bustle of the busy office... Outside on the busy Baltimore street... As we SLOWLY...

FADE OUT.

THE END