

# Worthy

Pilot

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WORTHY  
"PILOT"

TEASER

FADE IN:

OVER BLACK

**JAKE (V.O.)**  
***Two months ago, the Governor of Arizona was  
a shoo-in for reelection.***

MUSIC: a groovy beat takes us through--

INT. OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR OF ARIZONA - DAY

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

**JAKE (V.O.)**  
***But that was two months ago.***

A CAMERA FLASH, and we are--

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

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

**JAKE (V.O.)**  
***Before undercover cops pulled the Governor  
from a men's room at the Flagstaff airport.***

Another FLASH--

INT. AIRPORT BATHROOM STALL - DAY (MOMENTS EARLIER)

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

**JAKE (V.O.)**  
***No charges were filed. But there was  
speculation in the press.***

A HAND reaches back under the divider to flash a DETECTIVE'S BADGE.

CONTINUED:

GOVERNOR BENDER  
(horrified)  
No!

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY

The POLICE COMMISSIONER addresses the PRESS.

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

CUT TO

EXT. ARIZONA STATE FAIR - EVENING

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

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

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

**JAKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**  
***...to me.***

MUSIC ENDS

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

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

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

ELDERLY WOMAN  
Wendy.

JAKE  
Appreciate your support, Wendy.

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

LAUGHTER from the CROWD.

CONTINUED:

JAKE

(grins)

Well now, you said *probably*. So I do have a shot.

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

She taps SOMEONE on the shoulder.

KATE

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

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

OLIVER

Your point?

KATE

He should be on stage in 5.

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

KATE (CONT'D)

Megan and the girls are here, so is your dad, they're waiting by the stage.

(hands Jake PAGES)

Here's the speech, Andrew made changes.

JAKE

(scanning it)

Such as?

OLIVER

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

JAKE

Don't see why.

CONTINUED: (2)

OLIVER

Jake--

JAKE

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

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

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

JAKE (CONT'D)

Why is Dad talking to the Congressman?

OLIVER

(moving off)

I'll handle it.

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

JAKE

Hey honey--

(then)

Whoa.

MEGAN

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

JAKE

You're like, Latina.

MEGAN

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

RACHEL, 14, chimes in--

RACHEL

It's coming off on her dress.

MEGAN

Rachel, that is rude...

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

JAKE

What about you. Should we get you a spray  
tan?

CONTINUED: (3)

ERICA

(smiling)

Yeah.

Jake smiles back at her...

TIME CUT

Jake addresses the crowd from a miked podium on stage.

JAKE

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

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

JAKE (CONT'D)

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

Encouraging WHISTLES from the CROWD.

JAKE (CONT'D)

And together, we make it happen!

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

CUT TO

EXT. PINK RANCH HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

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

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

CONTINUED:

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

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

MAMA

*A ver mi hijito?*

(the boy hands it over)

*Ay que bueno. Es un conejo?* Rabbit?

BOY

Dog.

MAMA

A dog, *si*. A blue dog, it's nice.

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

MAN

They said to get you.

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

CUT TO

EXT. BARN - DAY

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

MAMA

My nephew's birthday. He's a big boy.

MAN

How old?

MAMA

Six. Losing baby teeth.

MAN

Leave 'em for the tooth fairy, right?

MAMA

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

CONTINUED:

MAN

Never heard that.

MAMA

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

As Mama laughs, they enter--

INT. BARN - DAY

and continue to the back of the barn.

MAMA

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

MAN

Real money.

Mama stops.

MAMA

How much you owe me?

She's looking down at--

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

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

LUGO

Quarter mil, plus interest.

MAMA

That's a lotta teeth.

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

Mama has a seat.

MAMA (CONT'D)

Don't get blood on this dress.

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

CUT TO



EXT. WORTHY HOME - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

A modest, attractive home in a suburban neighborhood.

INT. WORTHY HOME - ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

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

MEGAN

Say goodnight to daddy.

He scoops Erica up into his arms.

JAKE

You're getting heavy. Maybe we should stop feeding you.

ERICA

No.

Jake kisses her. To Rachel, heading upstairs--

JAKE

Thanks for coming, Rach.

Rachel keeps going, doesn't respond.

MEGAN

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

JAKE

3 points isn't much of a lead.

MEGAN

Beats trailing by 3.

(taking Erica)

Okay, bedtime. Mommy needs to wash off this radioactive paint.

JAKE

Where'd Dad go?

MEGAN

(heading upstairs)

Liquor cabinet? Just a guess.

LIVING ROOM

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

CONTINUED:

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

SHEF

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

JAKE

(going along)

Tell me, Dad. Why *is* that?

SHEF

Science.

Shef finishes pouring, holds a glass out to Jake.

SHEF (CONT'D)

Thought I'd pour you one, since it's your booze--

(then)

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

JAKE

Yes it was.

(cheers)

To a powerful sex drive.

They drink.

SHEF

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

JAKE

I know Oliver spoke to you. And I know you're angry.

SHEF

Why are you telling me how I feel?

JAKE

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

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAKE (CONT'D)

It's just, we don't always bring family on the trail. It's not personal.

Shef grunts, unconvinced.

SHEF

Got a cigarette?

JAKE

I quit.

SHEF

You *quit*. Okay.

(then)

Well you're the man of the hour, let's talk about you. How'd you feel about that speech today?

Jake collapses into a chair.

JAKE

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

SHEF

Shut the stall door.

JAKE

Exactly.

SHEF

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

JAKE

Dad--

SHEF

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

CONTINUED: (3)

JAKE

Nobody thinks that. I told you--

SHEF

If you say so.

(gets up)

I'll see you in the morning, okay?

JAKE

... 'Night, Dad.

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

CUT TO

EXT. RAY'S HOUSE - PORCH - NIGHT

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

INT. RAY'S HOUSE - ENTRYWAY / KITCHEN - NIGHT

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

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

CUT TO

EXT. WORTHY HOME - SIDEWALK - NIGHT

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

QUICK POP: JAKE ON THE CAMPAIGN TRAIL

Making a speech--

JAKE

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

RETURN TO SCENE

as Jake lights up and exhales, ahhh.

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

CONTINUED:

JAKE (CONT'D)

Hello?

INT. RAY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Ray is calling, ice pack pressed to his cheek.

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

RAY

This Jake Worthy?

JAKE

Who's this?

RAY

Ray Dolan.

JAKE

Who?

RAY

Ray Dolan. Met you at a fundraiser.

JAKE

(straining to hear)

Sorry, I'm not getting what you're saying...

RAY

I gave ten grand to your campaign. Remember?

Jake has no idea what he's talking about.

JAKE

How did you get this number?

RAY

You promised me permits for my nightclub.

JAKE

I promised what?

RAY

Zoning permits.

JAKE

...soning permiss...?

RAY

Permits!

CONTINUED:

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

JAKE

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

RAY

Don't you blow me off.

JAKE

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

RAY

You hang up, you're a dead man!

JAKE

What? I can't...

RAY

I said if you hang up--

JAKE

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

RAY

No-- !!

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

INT. RAY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. WORTHY HOME - SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Jake takes a drag, calmly exhales.

**JAKE (V.O.)**

***That's one thing you learn. Can't make everyone happy.***

As he ponders this...

END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

A PRINT AD FROM 1983

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

A COUNTRY-WESTERN REMIX takes us through--

**JAKE (V.O.)**

***Senator Mary Kay DeRossi started out as a print model for "Comfort Cloud" RVs...***

EXT. CHURCH - DAY (1984)

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

**JAKE (V.O.)**

***Impressing the President of Comfort Cloud.***

The image BECOMES A BLACK & WHITE TABLOID PHOTO.

**JAKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

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

CLOSE on Mary Kay, smiling.

**JAKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

***After the divorce, she went into politics.***

EXT. ENVIRONMENTAL AWARENESS EVENT - DAY (RECENT)

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

**JAKE (V.O.)**

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

EXT. NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION EVENT - DAY (RECENT)

Mary Kay FIRES a rifle.

**JAKE (V.O.)**

***...conservative on others...***

MEMBERS of the NRA applaud.

CONTINUED:

**JAKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

*She was "pure Arizona", a phrase she coined herself. She is Arizona's most popular politician...*

INT. SMALL CHARITY FUNCTION - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

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

**JAKE (V.O.)**

*And her endorsement is critical.*

MUSIC OUT as Jake approaches.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Mary Kay.

MARY KAY

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

JAKE

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

MARY KAY

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

JAKE

It metastasized. Horrible. How are you?

MARY KAY

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

Mary Kay continues on, Jake follows--

JAKE

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

MARY KAY

(ever the innocent)  
Which one was that?

JAKE

About you endorsing me for Governor.



CONTINUED:

MARY KAY

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

JAKE

Maybe if--

MARY KAY

Would you like to meet the host?

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

TIME CUT

Jake and Oliver step aside to confer.

JAKE

Completely shut me down. Good news is--

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

JAKE (CONT'D)

Doug Wilson is her largest campaign supporter, and he's bidding on the new state highway project. Massive contract, awarded by the new governor.

OLIVER

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

JAKE

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

(off Oliver)

You're shaking your head.

OLIVER

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

JAKE

Okay.

OLIVER

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

CONTINUED: (2)

JAKE

You *slept* with her?

OLIVER

In the 80s, sure.

JAKE

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

OLIVER

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

Off them--

CUT TO

EXT. CAMPAIGN HQ - STREET - DAY

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

INT. RAY'S MUSTANG - DAY

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

RAY

I'm going in.

(beat)

Give me another bump?

KYLE

Another what? Oh.

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

KYLE (CONT'D)

Can't understand you with the cotton in your mouth.

(laughs)

You got cotton mouth.

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

CUT TO

INT. CAMPAIGN HQ - MAIN OFFICE - EVENING

Ray speaks with a RECEPTIONIST at the front desk.

CONTINUED:

RECEPTIONIST

Sir, I'm trying to explain. If you leave your phone number and the nature of your business--

RAY

He in the office?

RECEPTIONIST

What?

RAY

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

RECEPTIONIST

Sorry, not getting what you're...

RAY

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

RECEPTIONIST

Sir, please don't do that here.

A SECURITY GUARD comes over.

SECURITY GUARD

Everything okay?

RECEPTIONIST

He doesn't have an appointment.

SECURITY GUARD

(to Ray)

We can't have you yelling in here, okay? I have to ask you to leave.

Ray stares at him.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

Sir.

RAY

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

Ray storms out. The guard turns back to the receptionist.

CONTINUED: (2)

SECURITY GUARD

What did he say?

PRELAP, a CHURCH CHOIR--

CUT TO

INT. BAPTIST CHURCH - DAY

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

CHOIR / CONGREGATION

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

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

CHOIR / CONGREGATION (CONT'D)

*Watching me, Jesus watches me...*

CUT TO

INT. MARY KAY DEROSI'S APARTMENT - ENTRYWAY - EVENING

Mary Kay answers the door, smiles at Oliver.

MARY KAY

Ollie Ollie oxen-free!

OLIVER

Mary Kay.

MARY KAY

It's been so long. And don't say *how long*, I don't want to know.

They step into--

LIVING ROOM

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

MARY KAY (CONT'D)

Would you like a drink? I'm having a mint julep.

CONTINUED:

OLIVER

Just bourbon, thanks. Wow. This is better than your old place, and that's saying something.

(off a painting)

That's very... expensive looking.

MARY KAY

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

OLIVER

The RV king?

MARY KAY

More recent ex. Shall we sit?

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

OLIVER

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

MARY KAY

Oliver.

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

MARY KAY (CONT'D)

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

OLIVER

(recovering)

Great.

MARY KAY

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

OLIVER

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

MARY KAY

So I understand.

CONTINUED: (2)

OLIVER

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

Mary smiles, suddenly sweet again.

MARY KAY

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

OLIVER

He'll be a real smart Governor. Hope you agree.

MARY KAY

To Governor Worthy.

Oliver grins, raises his glass...

MARY KAY (CONT'D)

I want more ice. Would you like some?

Mary Kay stands and disappears into the kitchen.

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

MARY KAY (CONT'D)

You need practice.

Oliver's smile fades...

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

MARY KAY (CONT'D)

You say you wanted ice?

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

OLIVER

What happened to chasing younger men?

MARY KAY

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

Oliver, managing to raise his glass...

CUT TO

EXT. KATE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

INT. KATE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

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

KATE

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

Kate heads into--

DEN

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

KATE (CONT'D)

You hear any of that?

SCOTT

What?

(then)

Kidding.

Kate eyes a bulletin board covered with SUSPECT PHOTOS.

KATE

She's new.

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

SCOTT

I told you about her. "Mama" Marcos, runs a Mexican drug cartel. Cops think she's living in Arizona.

KATE

Nice eye shadow.

SCOTT

Yeah, real sweet. See that?

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

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Mama doesn't like you, she has you cut in pieces and delivered to your family in a box with a red ribbon.

CONTINUED:

KATE

*Seriously?*

SCOTT

That's her thing.

Kate stares at the photo of the pink box.

KATE

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

SCOTT

And you complain about *your* job.

As she puts her arms around him, sympathetic--

CUT TO

EXT. WORTHY HOME - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

INT. WORTHY HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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

JAKE

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

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

INT. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

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

JAKE

What are you, 13?

SHEF

(still watching TV)  
Thought you quit.

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

SHEF (CONT'D)

Let me borrow your car.

JAKE

You smell like a distillery.



CONTINUED:

SHEF

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

Off Jake--

CUT TO

INT. JAKE'S CAR - NIGHT

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

SHEF

Need some money?

Jake ignores him, heads out alone.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

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

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

JAKE

Excuse me--

RAY

You don't remember me.

(Jake stops)

We talked on the phone last night. And before that. At the Marriott's in Oakton.

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

JAKE

Okay. Yeah.

RAY

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

JAKE

Right. Good to see you. I have to get going--

CONTINUED:

RAY

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

JAKE

Was I? Good.

RAY

You promised to help me.

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

RAY (CONT'D)

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

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

JAKE

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

RAY

Put the phone away.

JAKE

We'll get this ironed out--

Ray grabs Jake.

JAKE (CONT'D)

*Help!*

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

RAY

You don't care about anyone but yourself, isn't that right? Going around, making promises--

(then)

Look at me.

Ray grabs Jake by the hair, pulls him upright.

RAY (CONT'D)

Look me in the eye!

CONTINUED: (2)

As Jake stares up at Ray...

SHEF (O.S.)

Jake?

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

SHEF (CONT'D)

Jake. That you?

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

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

JAKE

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

INT. JAKE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

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

JAKE

Keys.

SHEF

Do I have them?

JAKE

Dad!

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

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

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

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

Jake slams on the brakes.

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

CONTINUED:

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

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

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Jake opens the door a crack.

JAKE

Hello?

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

JAKE (CONT'D)

You all right?

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

JAKE (CONT'D)

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

(then)

What's that?

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

RAY

(wheezes)

You... are... an asshole.

With that, Ray exhales and lies still.

JAKE

Ray?

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

JAKE (CONT'D)

I'm calling the police.

BLACK

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

SERIES OF SHOTS

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

A deep, serious ANNOUNCER'S VOICE narrates.

*ANNOUNCER'S VOICE*

*A true leader needs more than experience.*

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

*ANNOUNCER'S VOICE (CONT'D)*

*They need judgment.*

3RD GRADERS listen to their TEACHER during class.

*ANNOUNCER'S VOICE (CONT'D)*

*Values. And common sense.*

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

*ANNOUNCER'S VOICE (CONT'D)*

*Jake Worthy. A Governor we can trust.*

And BACK TO REVEAL we are--

CUT TO

INT. MARY KAY DEROSI'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

As the COMMERCIAL finishes playing on the TV...

A MAID plugs in a VACUUM CLEANER.

BEDROOM

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

LIVING ROOM

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

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

CONTINUED:

Oliver lets himself out.

CUT TO

EXT. WORTHY HOME - ESTABLISHING

A beautiful morning.

INT. WORTHY HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING

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

MEGAN

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

Megan checks her watch, leans into the hall.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Jake?

No answer.

CUT TO

INT. WORTHY HOME - STAIRWELL - MORNING

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

BEDROOM

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

MEGAN

You having breakfast?

JAKE

I'll eat on the way.

MEGAN

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

JAKE

Really. What about her other classes?

CONTINUED:

MEGAN

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

JAKE

It is.

MEGAN

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

JAKE

Absolutely. I'll talk to her...

(then)

Oh, and Dad's gone. Took an early flight.

MEGAN

You're kidding.

JAKE

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

MEGAN

He was okay with that?

JAKE

Yeah.

(then)

I'll be down in a minute.

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

**JAKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

***Just a normal morning. Everything normal.***

Practicing, he forces a smile.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Good morning.

FLASH BACK TO:

EXT. STREET - PREVIOUS NIGHT

Shef watches Jake as he paces beside Ray's corpse.

SHEF

You know him?

CONTINUED:

JAKE

(panicked)

I don't know him, he was attacking me.

SHEF

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

JAKE

So?

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

Shef continues, the voice of reason:

SHEF

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

JAKE

That's what happened!

SHEF

He have a gun, or a knife?

JAKE

Probably.

SHEF

You see one?

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

SHEF (CONT'D)

No. Not armed.

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

SHEF (CONT'D)

Let's say you call the police. I doubt you'll do time...

JAKE

What?

SHEF

I said you *won't* do time, probably. But look... This ain't Chappaquiddick. You're not a Kennedy.



CONTINUED: (2)

Jake, as it fully sinks in...

JAKE

Forget the election, I'm *finished*. The press learns I was behind the wheel...

SHEF

(heading this off)

I'd say *I* was driving? But I've been drinking. They'd put me away for life.

JAKE

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

Feeling dizzy, Jake lowers himself to the curb.

JAKE (CONT'D)

A conversation I don't remember having, at a Marriott's four months ago. Beautiful.

(reeling)

Oh, God... What do I tell Megan?

Shef glances around...

SHEF

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

Jake turns, stares at his father.

SHEF (CONT'D)

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

JAKE

Dad.

SHEF

Only way that's gonna happen--

JAKE

Dad, *shut up*. I have to think.

Jake closes his eyes.

**JAKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

***Clear my head...***

CONTINUED: (3)

A BACH CELLO SONATA begins to play as--

INT. FANTASY HEALTH CLINIC - DAY

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

**JAKE (V.O.)**  
**Focus on what's important.**

DOCTOR  
Thank you.

NURSE  
*Thank you.*

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

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

GIRL PATIENT  
Thank you, Governor.

JAKE  
(smiles)  
You're welcome.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

JAKE'S EYES snap open. MUSIC cuts out.

TIME CUT

A CAR DOOR slams.

ANGLE on Jake's car driving off...

... leaving Ray's corpse behind.

CUT TO

INT. WORTHY HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING (PRESENT)

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

JAKE  
Good morning.

CONTINUED:

ERICA

Morning.

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

Megan catches Jake's eye, indicates Rachel.

JAKE

(taking his cue)

Right, ah... Rachel.

RACHEL

Yeah.

JAKE

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

RACHEL

Geometry. We don't have geography class.

JAKE

Okay, well. That is absolutely not acceptable behavior.

RACHEL

I know.

JAKE

Absolutely not.

RACHEL

I told Mom, I already started going again.

JAKE

Well...

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

JAKE (CONT'D)

All right.

Rachel exits, and Megan throws her hands up.

MEGAN

That's all you have to say, that it's "not acceptable behavior?" No *kidding* it's not.

DOORBELL.

JAKE

I'll talk to her tonight, okay?

CONTINUED: (2)

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

CUT TO

INT. SUV - TRAVELING - MORNING

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

KATE

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

JAKE

Perowne?

Kate and Oliver look at him. Is he joking?

KATE

The interview. Where we're going now?

JAKE

Right, yes.

OLIVER

Stay with us, homey...

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

KATE

You all right?

JAKE

Great.

Oliver, on the call--

OLIVER

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

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

CUT TO

EXT. DOWNTOWN RALLY - DAY

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

CONTINUED:

MARY KAY

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

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

MARY KAY (CONT'D)

That man is Governor Greg Bender!

The crowd APPLAUDS, cameras FLASH.

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

CUT TO

INT. CAMPAIGN HQ - JAKE'S OFFICE - DAY

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

JAKE

When you spoke to her, she was completely  
committed?

OLIVER

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

JAKE

Nothing else happened? No other  
conversation?

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

OLIVER

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

(on phone)

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

(covers phone, off the TV)

She'd rather back a sex criminal than keep  
her word, how insane is that?

(back on phone)

Well make something else up...

CONTINUED:

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

KATE

Why did we think she was going to back us?

OLIVER

SATANIC WHORE!

Oliver hurls his phone across the room.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

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

KATE

(staying positive)

You mean, when we win...

OLIVER

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

JAKE

Oliver!

Oliver and Kate both turn, startled...

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

JAKE (CONT'D)

This does not end here. 'Cause if it does, everything we've done up till now was for *nothing*. And that's not acceptable so-- we figure this out. You with me?

OLIVER

(quietly)

Yeah.

JAKE

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

KATE

Kandage isn't bad.

CONTINUED: (2)

OLIVER

Except he's in a southern county, which is,  
I hate to say it, Mary Kay territory.

On Jake--

**JAKE (V.O.)**

**He's right.**

QUICK POP TO

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

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

**JAKE (V.O.)**

**Mary Kay is from Green Valley, south of Tucson. Goes back every year for the town parade.**

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

**JAKE (CONT'D)**

**Southern counties always vote for Mary Kay. And every candidate she endorses.**

INT. DELI - DAY

CLOSE on a MENU SIGN which reads: "MARY KAY MELT - \$4.99"

**JAKE (V.O.)**

**She's got a sandwich named after her.**

SWING TO FIND--

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

**JAKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

**Some kind of tuna melt...**

INT. CAMPAIGN HQ - JAKE'S OFFICE - DAY (RESUME SCENE)

KATE

So what, then?

Jake points to a MAP of Arizona voting districts--

JAKE

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

CONTINUED:

KATE

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

JAKE

Call her. Not later, now.

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

OLIVER

Too late to cancel Tucson.

JAKE

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

OLIVER

Welton, Buckeye...

(on phone)

Chris, pull the schedule for tomorrow.

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

CUT TO

EXT. KYLE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

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

INT. KYLE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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

KYLE

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

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

MAMA

Why were you there?

KYLE

Case something went wrong.



CONTINUED:

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

KYLE (CONT'D)

Yeah, I mean-- it went seriously wrong.  
But then it was too late, so...

MAMA

What happened?

KYLE

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

INT. RAY'S MUSTANG - PARKED ON STREET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Kyle squints out the car window.

KYLE (V.O.)

It's dark, I can't see what's happening.  
The car pulls out.

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

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

KYLE (CONT'D)

Whoa! Whoa!

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

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

INT. KYLE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (RESUME)

Kyle waits as Mama ponders his story.

MAMA

Got the phone?

CONTINUED:

KYLE

(cues up PHOTO on phone)

Picture's blurry, but that's the car-- see, there. That's Worthy. And that's some old guy.

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

KYLE (CONT'D)

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

MAMA

No one else saw this?

KYLE

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

Beat.

MAMA

Things are cool.

Kyle looks hugely relieved.

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

Kyle, staring--

KYLE

The hell is that?

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

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

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXTREME C.U. - JAKE

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

And we are--

INT. PROP PLANE - MORNING

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

STEWARD

Watch your step.

EXT. AIRPORT TARMAC - MORNING

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

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

JAKE

Buckeye after Yuma?

OLIVER

Welton after Yuma, then Buckeye, then Parker.

JAKE

Parker?

KATE

We added Parker.

JAKE

When do we get new polling numbers?

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

JAKE (CONT'D)

Guys? Numbers.

OLIVER

We have them.

From their expressions, it's not good news.

CONTINUED:

KATE

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

JAKE

I need to see them now.

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

JAKE (CONT'D)

Down six? In one day, we're down *six*?

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

MUSIC as we--

CUT TO

SERIES OF SHOTS

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

CUT TO

INT. SUV - DAY

Jake sits alone, exhausted. Dials a number on his phone.

JAKE

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

A RAP on the window.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Gotta go.

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

EXT. CHILDREN'S HEALTH CLINIC - DAY

Jake speaks with a small group of LOCAL PRESS outside the health clinic building. Kate, Oliver, STAFFERS looking on.

CONTINUED:

JAKE

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

As FLASHBULBS pop, we FLASH to--

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

INT. CHILDREN'S HEALTH CLINIC - DAY

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

KATE

This is Marcia Rivera, Clinic Director.

Jake shakes hands with a PORTLY WOMAN.

JAKE

Nice to meet you, Marcia.

KATE

And this is Andre.

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

JAKE

Andre. Hello.

The boy nods to a nearby NURSE.

ANDRE

She told me to thank you.

JAKE

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

ANDRE

Got hit by a car.

NURSE

Hit and run.

For a moment, Jake is speechless.

CONTINUED:

JAKE

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

Off them--

CUT TO

INT. PROP PLANE - BEFORE TAKEOFF - NIGHT

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

JAKE

Hello?

MAMA'S VOICE

*Representative Worthy?*

JAKE

Who's this?

MAMA'S VOICE

*You don't know me, but I'm calling about  
Ray Dolan.*

Jake freezes, getting a jolt of adrenaline.

JAKE

Who?

EXT. PINK RANCH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

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

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

MAMA

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

Jake is suddenly conscious of Kate, directly behind him.

JAKE

(on phone)

That's great. Would you mind holding on a  
minute? Thanks so much.

CONTINUED:

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

INT. PROP PLANE - RESTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

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

JAKE

Who is this?

MAMA

I told you.

JAKE

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

MAMA

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

Feeling dizzy, Jake sits on the toilet seat.

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

JAKE

What do you want?

MAMA

Same thing as you. We keep this a secret.

JAKE

In exchange for what?

MAMA

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

Jake, not following--

JAKE

You're going to *get me elected*? How will you do that?

MAMA

I know people...

CONTINUED:

JAKE

Right.

MAMA

So, we have a deal.

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

JAKE

When you say "work together", what kind of work do you-- Hello? Hello...?

Off Jake--

CUT TO

EXT. WORTHY HOME - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

INT. WORTHY HOME - FRONT HALL - NIGHT

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

LIVING ROOM

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

SHEF (O.S.)

There he is.

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

JAKE

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

SHEF

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

JAKE

...Can we talk outside?

INT. WORTHY HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

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



EXT. WORTHY HOME - PORCH - NIGHT

Jake and Shef, outside.

JAKE

Maybe she was Ray's girlfriend.

SHEF

She say she had *proof*?

JAKE

Must have seen me hit him.

SHEF

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

Jake is pacing--

JAKE

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

SHEF

What?

JAKE

She's probably smoking crack...

(stops)

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

SHEF

First of all-- you'll probably lose.

(off Jake)

I'm saying you're 7 points behind in the polls--

JAKE

6--

CONTINUED:

SHEP

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

(looks hard at Jake)

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

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

CUT TO

INT. WORTHY HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

Megan is now (sleepily) awake as well.

MEGAN

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

JAKE

I'm okay.

MEGAN

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

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

SMASH CUT TO

EXT. POLLING PLACE - MORNING - ESTABLISHING

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

INT. POLLING PLACE - MORNING

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

CONTINUED:

ANGLE on one poll worker, an ELDERLY WOMAN.

ELDERLY WOMAN  
Last name?

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

LUGO  
Sunstein.

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

ELDERLY WOMAN  
First name?

LUGO  
Baruch.

ELDERLY WOMAN  
Have your license?

LUGO  
Got a utility bill.

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

ELDERLY WOMAN  
(points)  
Sign there.

MUSIC takes us through as--

INT. POLLING BOOTH - MORNING

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

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

Off the voting machine--

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. TV NEWSROOM - DAY

A MALE and FEMALE NEWSCASTER cover the election.

MALE NEWSCASTER

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

FEMALE NEWSCASTER

It's an incredibly close race, Larry, with 25 of Arizona's 30 precincts reporting--  
(touches earpiece)

And Larry, I'm getting word that we have results from one of the Northern counties... leaving Representative Worthy with a nearly 4,000 vote lead.

Off-screen CHEERS, and we are--

INT. WORTHY HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

As the NEWS plays on the TV.

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

Jake and Oliver stand off to the side.

OLIVER

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

JAKE

How does anyone make it through this without getting drunk?

OLIVER

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

JAKE

Oliver.

CONTINUED:

OLIVER

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

JAKE

Not your fault.

OLIVER

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

ON TV

The newscasters report.

*MALE NEWSCASTER*

*We now have final vote counts for the  
Western counties.*

OLIVER

(yells)

Everyone, quiet! This is it!

The GROUP hushes, focuses on the TV.

*FEMALE NEWSCASTER*

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

*MALE NEWSCASTER*

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

A collective GASP of disappointment from the room.

*FEMALE NEWSCASTER*

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

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

ANGLE on Oliver and Jake.

CONTINUED: (2)

JAKE  
That's it, right?

OLIVER  
I'm sorry.

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

CUT TO

EXT. WORTHY HOME - BACKYARD - NIGHT

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

MEGAN  
Are you smoking?

JAKE  
No.

He continues smoking, points to a jungle gym.

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

MEGAN  
(reaching out)  
Sweetheart...

Jake turns, looks at Megan.

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

MEGAN  
What do you mean?

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

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

JAKE  
Megan, listen, I--

CONTINUED:

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

CUT TO

INT. WORTHY HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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

OLIVER  
Congratulations, Governor.

JAKE  
(stunned)  
How...

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

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

RACHEL  
Congratulations.

JAKE  
Thanks, Rach. All of you, you've all been so great...

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

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

OLIVER  
We took 85 percent in Green Valley!

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

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

CONTINUED:

MEGAN

I've always suspected.

Off Jake, uneasy...

TV

The newscasters question a POLITICAL PUNDIT.

FEMALE NEWSCASTER

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

PUNDIT

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

BACK TO REVEAL we are--

CUT TO

INT. MARY KAY DEROSI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

DOUG

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

MARY KAY

(blinks, looks at him)

What?

DOUG

Worthy's victory ball.

MARY KAY

(calmly)

Please get away from me.

DOUG

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



CONTINUED:

MARY KAY

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

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

CUT TO

INT. WORTHY HOME - DEN - NIGHT

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

JAKE

What's up?

KATE

(shuts the door)

I told you my boyfriend works in the Attorney General's office. But no one can know where we heard this.

JAKE

Heard what?

KATE

Bender wants a recount.

A pregnant pause, broken by Oliver's guffaw.

OLIVER

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

KATE

My boyfriend--

OLIVER

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

Blushing, Kate looks from Oliver to Jake...

KATE

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

CONTINUED:

OLIVER

I'm sure there's an interesting story here,  
but I need to save my bottle.

(to Jake)

Dust off that victory speech.

Oliver exits. Jake, thoughtful...

JAKE

We know why he wanted a recount?

KATE

Because you got votes from dead people.

JAKE

I got, what?

KATE

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

JAKE

Tampering.

KATE

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

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

CUT TO

INT. CENTRAL CITY POLICE PRECINCT - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

INT. CENTRAL CITY POLICE PRECINCT - BULLPEN - NIGHT

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

SERGEANT MARKS

Missing rental car. Black Mustang.

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

OFFICER LITTLETON

Never know. Could be the case of the year.

CONTINUED:

OFFICER WARNER

You take it, then.

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

CUT TO

EXT. WORTHY HOME - STREET - NIGHT

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

SHEF

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

JAKE

Thank you, Dad.

SHEF

We're gonna do great things.

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

OLIVER

Did he say, "we"?

Off Jake, too distracted to smile...

INT. SUV - TRAVELING - NIGHT

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

MEGAN

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

RACHEL

Can I at least manage my own breasts?

MEGAN

Just push everything down a little.

(to Jake)

See Erica's dress? She picked it out herself.

JAKE

Beautiful.

CONTINUED:

ERICA  
(points out window)  
Are we going there?

SHEP  
We sure are.

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

MEGAN  
Please tell me I look fabulous.

Jake eyes the crowd...

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

CUT TO

INT. WORTHY HOME - ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

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

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

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

DELIVERY MAN  
Package for Mr. Worthy. Sign here?

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

CUT TO

EXT. RYLAN HOTEL - NIGHT

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

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

CUT TO BLACK

END OF SHOW