

Annie Kahn

22.

Graves then runs up onto the stage with the band, grabbing a GUITAR as the HISPANIC CROWD shouts out, Smiling, Clapping.

MEXICAN SINGER

Para bailar la bamba -
Para bailar la bamba -
Se necesita una poca de gracia -

Graves starts *shredding the electric guitar* as people CHEER.

MEXICAN SINGER (CONT'D)

Una poca de gracia -
Para mi, para ti -
Ay, arriba y arriba -
Ay, arriba y arriba...

Isaiah looks at his watch -- 3AM -- then back up to Graves who plays with the Mexican band. For a brief moment, one of them. As the song crescendoes, it RINGS OUT --

OVER TO:

Start

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - AERIAL - THE NEXT MORNING

Downtown San Francisco glistens in the morning.

WOMAN (PRE-LAP)

First Lady... what a pleasure.

INT. THE OAK ROOM RESTAURANT - MORNING

Margaret Graves is sitting across from ANNIE KAHN, ~~she has~~ She has a killer instinct.

MARGARET

I'm glad it's you, Annie.

ANNIE

Bullshit. I was available. Which I'm good with because I've seen you behind the scenes. You're smart, you're decisive and has anyone in history looked better in a blazer and pearls?

MARGARET

(secretive smile)

I started that.

ANNIE

You started *everything*. And that face... whatever's going on --

MARGARET

Stop it.

ANNIE

-- no, is not too much. It's perfect.

1/3

ANNIE (CONT'D)
 You're gorgeous and your eyes
 actually move! Believe me, dealing
 with as many female candidates as I
 do, one cannot underestimate the
 need to express sympathy through
 the eyes to the voter.

Margaret grabs Annie's hand, with appreciation...

MARGARET
 It's good to see you too.

ANNIE
 This is going to be fun.

MARGARET
 I haven't said yes yet.

ANNIE
 You will.

MARGARET
 The primary opponent is tough.

ANNIE
 Not tough. Mean.

MARGARET
 I live with mean.

ANNIE
 You get through him and we face the
 Democratic challenger, most
 likely...

Annie throws a NY TIMES onto the table where there is a PHOTO
 of a handsome, OLDER CONGRESSMAN: "NASH TO RUN FOR SENATE"

MARGARET
 Thomas Nash. Jesus.

ANNIE
 Famously called Richard the "Hitler
 from Santa Fe" when he ran the
 House during your husband's
 administration. Hated him. So, it
 will be bloody all around.

MARGARET
 (steely)
 I don't mind my steak rare.

Annie laughs. Margaret checks her BUZZING CELL to see
 ISAIAH'S ID - she pauses then IGNORES IT as Annie pours wine.

ANNIE
 It's going to be a hell of a
 schedule, Maggie... plan on being
 home one weekend out of the month
 for a year. I'm not discouraging,
 I want you to know what this is.

2/3

MARGARET

You don't have to tell me, I spent my whole life with Richard on the --

ANNIE

As his spouse. This will be different. It's going to be relentless and painful - your approval rating right now, amongst the public, is 78%... that plummets twenty points when you suddenly become the enemy to thirty percent of New Mexicans who count themselves as Tea Party Republicans. Question is. Can your ego take that kind of beating?

Margaret bursts out laughing, tickled by the question.

MARGARET

I'm sorry... it's just that... did you say ego? Really?

ANNIE

(smiles)
I'll take that as a yes.

3/3

CUT TO:

EXT. MESA - SANTA FE DESERT - MORNING

A HAWK soars above a mesa over the Graves compound where an MSNBC TRAILER is parked by a makeshift INTERVIEW SET. Isaiah, still in his oversized tux and tee, not having slept, paces on cell that goes to Margaret's VOICEMAIL again.

ISALAH

It's me again, Mrs. Graves. Sorry, but it's really, very sort of extremely vital we speak. It's just that well... the sky is probably about to fall.

Behind him, we see GRAVES heading to the MSNBC trailer.

INT. MSNBC TRAILER - MORNING

RACHEL MADDOW puts on concealer. The door slams SHUTS.

GRAVES (O.S.)

Miss Maddow.

Maddow, with a gasp, turns to see Graves standing in the trailer. He hasn't slept. Hungover. His sunken eyes, red.

RACHEL MADDOW

Mr. President? You scared me.

Graves, like Frankenstein, just stares. Tense. Then...