

Jeremy Graves

ISAIAH
That can't be true. I imagine it's
just hurt masquerading as hate.

GRAVES
My God. You have a vagina.

Isaiah darts in front of Graves, stopping him in his tracks.

ISAIAH
Believe me... sir... not having a
father, I know how much it would
have meant to me to speak to you if
I was alone overseas. It's how I
felt a lot of the time actually.
Alone. So, please, get on this
call with Jeremy.

Graves, eyes narrowing, steps to Isaiah...

GRAVES
Everything my son has done since he
was fifteen has been an act of
retribution against me... for my
failings, my absence and now,
seeing him in that uniform,
fighting the endless war I started,
it's too hard. Some things,
Isaiah, are just too hard... like
telling me the truth.

Graves rushes around him to his office, slamming the door.
Ramona, deadpan, turns to Isaiah.

RAMONA
I got Xanax. Just let me know.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - SOON AFTER

CLOSE ON - a PHOTO of young Jeremy Graves sitting on Graves's
lap in the Oval Office.

ISAIAH waits in front of a computer when SKYPE rings.
Isaiah, at a loss, winging it, answers the call as...

JEREMY GRAVES appears in military fatigues. Jeremy, late
20s, is a Marine, wound tightly. He leans in, confused.

JEREMY (ON SKYPE)
Who the hell are you?

ISAIAH
I'm Isaiah Miller, sir, President
Graves's new assistant. He uh...
unfortunately he's unable to be
here.

JEREMY (ON SKYPE)
Would you please go get my father.

Sc 1
Start →

1/3

ISAIAH
He just couldn't make it.

Isaiah spots the SHADOW OF GRAVES at the door, listening.
Jeremy, regrouping, leans in into the Skype window...

JEREMY (ON SKYPE)
Okay, then, this is how we're going to do this, but I need you to really listen to me. Can you do that?

ISAIAH
Of course, but I know your mother was curious where you'll be --

JEREMY (ON SKYPE)
FIRST. I need you to go and tell the President that I say hello, that I wonder how he's doing? Then wait. It's important your ass waits. IF he does ask about me, if he happens to inquire on his own, which he might not, but if he does, if he asks how I am, you tell him this... you tell him Jeremy's coming home and that he's been offered a job working for MSNBC. Now, he will *definitely* flinch at the mere mention of the network, but you carry on. You tell him they want to start me off as a contributor, you know, talking head, son of a President, fought the war his daddy started, unique sort of *liberal* perspective.

ISAIAH
If I could just jump in here --

JEREMY (ON SKYPE)
NOW, if the old man seems foggy as to the context of what you're saying, of the implications of said MSNBC offer, if he stares at you with that blank look, you tell him this is one of those "father-son" moments where actually *speaking* to the father would help give the son some MOTHERFUCKING CLARITY!
(he suddenly looks right)
Y'HEAR ME, GRAVES?! I KNOW YOU DO!

Isaiah whips to Graves, in shadow, *startling* and *racing* down the hall, then back to Jeremy who, calm again, sighs...

JEREMY (ON SKYPE)
Dad's running down the hallway now, isn't he?

ISAIAH
Like a cheetah.

2/3

They hear a loud CRASH and Graves muttering, "COCKSUCKER...!"
Jeremy, pissed, shuts off Skype. Isaiah, a wreck, sits back.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE - SAN FRANCISCO HOTEL - DUSK

Margaret, led by Secret Service, exits with Amy to a mass of
obsessed MARGARET FANS and PRESS behind POLICE LINES.

SPECTATOR
MARGARET, WE LOVE YOU!

MARGARET
I love you too!

INT. LIMOUSINE - MOVING - DUSK

Margaret sits across from Amy as the limo drives away from
the hotel. She stares, unblinking, gripping the seat.

AMY
Mrs. Graves? Are you okay?

Margaret bursts into an EXCITED SCREAM of primal joy which
turns spontaneously into CATHARTIC TEARS, a total release.

MARGARET
Oh.. my GOD... they just asked me
to... run for the Senate, Amy...
that just HAPPENED!

AMY
No.

MARGARET
YES!

AMY
When, WHEN?!

MARGARET
Just now. Literally. I mean, me.
At this point in my life. A
Senator? It's CRAZY!

AMY
It's incredible! It's perfect! SO
amazing. Are you going to call the
President?

MARGARET
No, no... not yet... I need to just
take this in, you know. A few
hours where I can own it without
Richard stepping on my moment.
But, wow, right?

Margaret's tears give way to a girlish smile...

3/3