

Olivia Graves

10.

AMY

You need to see this before we go.

CLOSE ON - **ANDERSON COOPER**

ANDERSON COOPER is at his desk on CNN.

ANDERSON COOPER

Olivia Graves is in the news as word of her husband, Congressman William Rockefeller's infidelity surfaces...

Paparazzi images of CONGRESSMAN ROCKEFELLER, and a RED-HEAD shopping in Paris, appear beside ones of him and his WIFE.

ANDERSON COOPER (V.O.)

The daughter of former President Richard Graves and First Lady Margaret, Olivia is American political royalty...

OLD NEWS FOOTAGE OF - YOUNG OLIVIA GRAVES through the years -- freckled in lace dresses and pigtails at the White House Egg Roll -- a line of DOLLS made of her -- visiting sick KIDS --

ANDERSON COOPER (V.O.)

"Little Livy", as she was known, worshipped by a generation of American girls, daughter of an iconic conservative President and transformative First Lady, is a long way from the fairy-tale White House she grew up in.

INT. MARGARET'S OFFICE - GRAVES COMPOUND - MORNING

Margaret, Isaiah and her team, watch ANDERSON COOPER on TV in her home office. Margaret closes her eyes for a quick beat, to quiet the world, then turns to Amy.

MARGARET

Get me Jacob. Then Olivia.

INT. COLONIAL ESTATE - RHODE ISLAND - DAY

CLOSE ON - OLIVIA GRAVES, a gorgeous woman in her late-20s, mascara streaking down her face, hair a rat's nest, wasted on benzos, taking a hit off an E-Cig. Eerily calm on the phone:

OLIVIA

I'm fine, mother. Really. Just ridiculously fantastic.

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Start



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INTERCUT - MARGARET AND OLIVIA'S CONVERSATION:

MARGARET

That tone. What are you doing right now? Right this second.

OLIVIA

Right now...?

Olivia raises a lit BLOW TORCH as we *PULL BACK* to see...

She has just finished scorching the word "ASSHOLE" into the top of a priceless Pre-Civil War sidetable.

OLIVIA

Right now I'm blowtorching the hell out of William's 18th Century Queen Anne dressing table the Smithsonian recently showed interest in acquiring...

MARGARET

Olivia?!

OLIVIA

I believe the value of this piece has markedly decreased in the last seven minutes.

We *PULL BACK FURTHER* to see Olivia has blowtorched obscenities into all the PRICELESS FURNITURE in this perfectly preserved colonial Rhode Island mansion.

MARGARET

Oh my God.

OLIVIA

Do me a favor and leave me alone - don't help, don't understand.

MARGARET

This is a trigger, Livy. Don't you purge!

OLIVIA

I was bulimic for like a day when I was fifteen. Literally, ONE DAY!

MARGARET

You don't handle stress well! You need to come home.

Olivia bursts into hysterical tears, sitting in a Louis the IV antique chair the cushion of which she has shredded.

OLIVIA

I don't have a home anymore, it... oh my God... I loved him so much.

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OLIVIA (CONT'D)
 (burying her face)
 Everything I touch turns to shit.
 I'm shit.

MARGARET
 Never say that. Never think that.

There is a KNOCK on her door. Olivia hurries to the door, opening it to find... a ruffled, PROFESSORIAL MAN, smiling.

OLIVIA
 Jacob?

JACOB
 Livy.

OLIVIA
 (into phone)
 You sent Uncle Jacob? I don't need
 your fucking fixer.

JACOB
 Put the blowtorch down, sweetheart.

MARGARET
 You *listen* to Uncle Jacob.

JACOB
 Hand... me... the... blowtorch.

Olivia, tears streaming, gives Jacob the blowtorch, crumpling into his arms --

INT. LIVING ROOM - ~~SOON~~ AFTER

Isaiah, anxious, watches as Margaret and her entourage, in two towncars, drive out the ranch compound gates.

GRAVES (O.S.)
 Okay, where's that little
 COCKSUCKER?!

Isaiah, startled, turns around. Ramona is cleaning nearby.

ISAIAH
 Me?

RAMONA
 (deadpan)
 Do you see any *other* little
 "cocksucker" here?

CUT TO:

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RACHEL MADDOW (ON TV)
 After repeated requests, over the
 years, President Graves has yet to
 agree to a single interview.

Graves, mind reeling, shuts the TV off as we -- JUMPCUT TO:

GRAVES paces before the shattered model of his Presidential
 Library, muttering under his breath...

GRAVES
*That woman... "Grave's border
 wall..." what the HELL...*

Graves punches the air with frustration -- JUMP CUT TO:

GRAVES stops before a B&W PHOTO on a shelf. It's of himself
 as a TEENAGER, a ranch hand amidst MEXICAN RANCH HANDS. He
 studies the picture's faces. His eyes then wander to...

A GLASS JAR on a shelf with THREE BULLET SLUGS inside of it.
 The ones Treadwell put in him.

MOMENTS LATER...

Graves, focused, is at his desk removing a BUSINESS CARD from
 a Rolodex that he puts down beside a GARDENER'S INVOICE.

INT. GRAVES KITCHEN - NIGHT

Isaiah, in sweats and a "You Gotta Be Kitten Me!" Tee (a
 kitten is pawing yarn), sneaks in. He grabs a glass of milk.
 He quietly heads back down the hall as Barry Manilow rises...

BARRY MANILOW (V.O.)
*Sweet Little Livy, what are we
 going to do without you?*

Isaiah stops for a moment, listening with a smile, when...

OLIVIA (O.S.)
 Barry Manilow wrote this for me.

Startled, Isaiah turns to see OLIVIA standing in the shadows.

OLIVIA
 It was for daddy's big White House
 farewell bash at the end of his
 second term.

ISIAIAH
 My mother always loved this song.

OLIVIA
 (taking his hand)
 Come on. I want to show you
 something.

ISIAIAH
 Me? I dunno, Miss Graves, maybe --

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OLIVIA
Don't be such a pussy.

Olivia pulls Isaiah into...

INT. OLIVIA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...her bedroom which is a shrine to her youth. Like a child star, it is filled with MEMORABILIA of her, as a girl, in the White House, the poster child for wholesome American girls.

ISAIAH
Wow.

Isaiah, marveling, takes it all in. Olivia removes a smoke.

OLIVIA
I know. Freaks me out.
(lighting cigarette)
My childhood is a wax museum.

Isaiah focuses on a TEENAGE OLIVIA with PRESIDENT GRAVES shaking hands with Nelson Mandela. He smiles, entranced.

OLIVIA
You're so sweet, Isaiah. I don't know, something about you. You understand what all this is. On a Meta level. You really love us, don't you? It's deep with you.

ISAIAH
Who wouldn't want to be part of this? Part of the Graves dynasty? I always did. I do.

Isaiah turns into Olivia who suddenly *shoves him*, violently, pressing him up against the wall.

ISAIAH (CONT'D)
What... what are you --

She KISSES HIM hard, grabbing his crotch.

OLIVIA
I need this. It isn't about you.

Olivia *throws him* onto her bed peeling his sweats down as he falls back. She *shoves* her hand over Isaiah's mouth.

OLIVIA
I am very distraught. This is how I process pain. Hold this.

She hands Isaiah her lit cigarette before she dives down, starting to give him a rabid blowjob. Isaiah, frozen in shock, cigarette in hand by his chest, stares at the ceiling.

ISAIAH
Oh my God, oh my God...

END

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