

Samantha

14.

~~Mayor Stein, gasping, slams the brakes, almost rear-ending the TRUCK in front of him.~~

~~MAYOR STEIN
Son of a bitch.~~

~~INT. PLAZA COFFEE SHOP - MORNING~~

~~Graves finishes shaking hands with TOURISTS and LOCALS then sits across from Isaiah who reaches over, *spilling the cream.*~~

~~ISAIAH
Dammit. I'm so sorry, sir. I've always been clumsy. It's a spacial awareness thing.~~

~~President Graves bores a hole in him with a death stare, saying nothing. Isaiah, with a forced smile, wipes up.~~

~~ISAIAH
Okay then. All good now.~~

~~The young, zen, tattooed waitress, in a faded sundress, from the opening teaser, SAMANTHA, appears with coffee.~~

~~SAMANTHA
Morning, guys.~~

~~GRAVES
Where's Sylvia?~~

~~SAMANTHA
She retired last week.~~

~~GRAVES
Retired? Already?~~

~~SAMANTHA
She was eighty-seven I think.
Coffee?~~

~~GRAVES
(nods)
I'm Richard Graves.~~

~~SAMANTHA
(pouring coffee)
Samantha. Sammy.~~

~~GRAVES
This is...~~

~~ISAIAH
Isaiah. Isaiah Miller. President Graves's assistant.
(jubilant)
First time saying that.~~

Sc. 1
Start →

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SAMANTHA

President...? Oh shit, that's right. You're him. I *knew* I recognized you from somewhere. I mean, you look important, to be sure, I just... honestly, I sorta thought you were dead.

GRAVES

I am.

Graves notices a colorful tat on her wrist that reads:

GRAVES

"Amor Vincit Omnia"... Love conquers all things.

SAMANTHA

Right?

GRAVES

A bit simplistic.

SAMANTHA

I'm a fan of simple. I'll be back to take your order, *Mr. President*.

Samantha smirks teasingly at Graves as she walks away, his eyes following her then back to Isaiah *staring* at him.

~~GRAVES~~

~~What the hell are you looking at?~~

~~ISAIAH~~

~~(embarrassed)~~

~~Nothing, ~~it's~~ just still a bit of a shock that I'm here. With you. You can't know. What you've meant to the world, to me. Fun little fact, my college thesis was on your Presidency, on the "Graves Revolution." My contention of course being, you were transformational, that there was no looking back after your two terms --~~

Graves suddenly reaches out -- *grabbing* Isaiah's wrist -- startling him. He speaks low...

GRAVES

Let's get one thing *straight*. I've got *no* answers for you. I didn't write the world. So don't ask.

Isaiah, terrified, nods. Graves lets go, sipping his coffee as the sound of JET ENGINES pre-laps --

CUT TO:

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SECURITY GUARD
(stunned)
What the hell...?

INT. PRIUS - MOVING - DAY

A relief washes over Graves's face as he laughs...

GRAVES
That was really something else.

ISAIAH
You worked some things out back in there, huh?

GRAVES
That I did!

ISAIAH
So, back home now, I assume. I hope.

GRAVES
Actually, I'd like a cup of really good coffee.

INT. PLAZA COFFEE SHOP - SANTA FE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Graves and Isaiah sit in a booth. Isaiah is jittery.

~~ISAIAH
We have to at least tell someone
where you are. I'm begging, sir.~~

Graves, ignoring him, spots what he was looking for...
SAMANTHA, the chill, tattooed waitress. He smiles big.

SAMANTHA
The Prez.

GRAVES
Ex-Prez, darlin'.

SAMANTHA
Still. I mean, what a trip.

GRAVES
(touches her arm)
May I see something...?

SAMANTHA
Sure.

Graves studies her sleeve tattoo. *Fascinated.* He focuses on a MARIJUANA LEAF TAT and then, with an epiphany, looks up.

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GRAVES
I have a question for you.

INT. PRIUS - MOVING - NIGHT

Cut to...

Isaiah, freaking out, drives beside Graves with Samantha between them in the backseat.

SAMANTHA
This dude Heller has the best weed
up where I live.

GRAVES
Take us to the dude Heller!

ISAIAH
Really not happy.

SAMANTHA
What's up with pretty boy?

GRAVES
He's pissed off.

ISAIAH
I'm not pissed off, ma'am --

SAMANTHA
"Ma'am?" We're the same age, kid.

ISAIAH
-- I am highly anxious given the
course of the night.

SAMANTHA
Course of the night?

ISAIAH
I have a former President of the
United States, my personal hero, in
my car, on his way to smoke
marijuana after we've been off the
grid for eight hours. There is NO
version of that where I don't lose
the job I have dreamt of since I
was ten!

Samantha eyes the letters, B.M.E.H., above Isaiah's lip.

SAMANTHA
Breathtaking. Moon. Endlessly.
Howls.

ISAIAH
It's a hazing thing! I think.

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GRAVES

More and more I'm starting to think too much sanity is actually a form of insanity. I mean, what the *hell* have I been doing with my life for the last twenty years?

ISAIAH

(sotto)

This is bad. So bad.

Isaiah looks around at the TRAILERS, old cars and many dogs. Samantha grabs a guitar as Graves takes another hit.

GRAVES

This marijuana is very effective.

SAMANTHA

You shoulda legalized it when you had the chance.

GRAVES

(shrugs)

I expanded Medicare.

She rolls her eyes. Graves smiles as Samantha strums Bob Dylan singing almost to herself. Graves turns to Isaiah.

GRAVES

Get me something to eat. I don't think I've ever been this hungry.

ISAIAH

Yes, sir, but where?

SAMANTHA

Go into my trailer. I have some good shit for the munchies.

Isaiah reluctantly, muttering, hurries into Samantha's trailer. Samantha, strumming, looks up at Graves.

SAMANTHA

You are way too much in your head.

GRAVES

Where else am I going to go?

SAMANTHA

Anywhere. Live authentically. I mean, look at you, you're already doing it. You're out here in the middle of the night, smoking weed with some random waitress. No way this was on the books.

Graves nods, staring out at the night. He then, a fragility rising, looks at Samantha, speaking softly.

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GRAVES
I've done some really, really
terrible things.

SAMANTHA
(lights joint)
So now go do some really, really
good things.

GRAVES
At my age? Not sure I have more
than five good years left.

SAMANTHA
Five... fucking... awesome years.

He can't help but smile. She takes a hit, holding it in...

SAMANTHA
You have young eyes in that old
face.

INT. SAMANTHA'S TRAILER - SAME

Isaiah, in Samantha's messy trailer, is grabbing Doritos and
Twinkies, losing it.

~~ISAIAH
This is soooo bad.~~

~~EXT. TRAILER PARK - DESERT MESA - MOMENTS LATER~~

~~Isaiah, arms filled with snacks, exits the trailer - he looks
to see Graves and Samantha are not around the fire.~~

~~ISAIAH
President Graves?
(they are gone)
Oh no... oh, Jesus...~~

~~He drops the food, spinning around as the WIND picks up. He
spots... a FEW ROCKERS coming out of a TRAILER, a couple down
from Samantha's. They are tattooed and pierced desert rats.~~

~~ISAIAH
Excuse me...?! Hello!~~

~~HELLER, 30s, the intense bearded leader of the pack, turns to
see Isaiah running up to him.~~

~~ISAIAH
Sorry to bother you. Funniest
thing, well not so funny. Did you
see a tall man in a hoodie leave --~~

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EXT. SANTA FE PLAZA - DAY

Graves, on ex-President auto pilot, exits his towncar with a smile waving to LOCAL RESIDENTS who stop at his sight.

GRAVES
Afternoon, everybody!

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Graves, campaign style, shakes hands before heading to the booth where Isaiah quickly puts his briefcase atop the LOCAL NEWSPAPER, on the table, as Graves sits across from him.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
There you are. I didn't think
you'd show!

Samantha approaches in her faded tanktop, full tat sleeves exposed. Graves, now uneasy, is formal and cold to her.

SAMANTHA
The other night, I'm telling you,
Prez, was insane. Epic, right.
Your wife look a little pissed
though. I mean, she didn't think
you and me were, you know --

GRAVES
The First Lady. She's the *First*
Lady, Samantha.

SAMANTHA
Yeah. I guess.
(softer)
You okay?

GRAVES
I'll have coffee and a club
sandwich. Thank you.

SAMANTHA
It's like that, huh.

ISAIAH
The President is feeling especially
Presidential right now.

GRAVES
(smiling)
God Bless you.

SAMANTHA
Whatever.
(goes to leave but stops)
I just, I dunno, I was concerned
about you, with the news today and
all.

Graves's smile slowly disappears. Isaiah freezes. Then...

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GRAVES
And what news is that?

ISAIAH
I really don't think it --

SAMANTHA
You know... crazy dude... Bang
Bang, he shot you down - Bang Bang,
you hit the ground.

Samantha grabs a NEWSPAPER off a nearby table, throwing it in front Graves that Isaiah tries to intercept.

SAMANTHA
Up for release.

Isaiah goes to snatch it when Graves STABS the paper with a STEAK KNIFE where it lays. He bores a hole into Isaiah.

GRAVES
Margaret told you not to let me
read the newspaper, didn't she?

ISAIAH
(terrified)
Direct orders

Graves sees the headline: "MARTIN TREADWELL SEEKS FURLOUGH."
The Byline: "Former President Richard Graves's Failed
Assassin Seeks Visitation With Ill Mother." Graves blanches.

ISAIAH
It's a ways off, sir. He'll be
denied. Always is.

Graves's breath quickens eyeing the paper. Isaiah braces for the bomb to go off. But... nothing. Graves pushes it away, turning to a confused Sammy.

GRAVES
Thank you, Samantha, for your
honesty. Unlike all the ass-
kissing sycophants in my life, you
can't help but speak the truth. My
assistant, Judas Iscariot here,
will give you a private number. If
there is anything you ever need,
call me.

SAMANTHA
I will. Thanks, Prez.

Isaiah hands Sammy a CARD as Graves, shaken by the Treadwell news, stands. He spots some VERY OLD MEN playing checkers. They smile, beckoning to him. Graves quickly looks away.

GRAVES
(low)
Home, Judas. Get me back home.

Handwritten scribbles and a large 'E' or 'B' mark.

CUT TO:

Handwritten '8/8' mark.