INT. HALL OF STATUES - CONTINUOUS

Jessica waits for Buckley to sign an autograph, then falls in stride as she continues toward the cloakroom...

JESSICA
Senator Buckley, hi, Jessica Sharp, legislative director for --

BUCKLEY
Adamson. I know. I'm sorry.

JESSICA
Yes. Awful. Senator, I hope this isn't too presumptuous of me, but I'd really like to join your team.

BUCKLEY
You're asking me for a job?

JESSICA
Yes, ma'am, I think you're an inspiration. After Iowa, when Senator Adamson dropped out, I did everything but get down on my knees and beg him to endorse you--

BUCKLEY
So that's what you do on your knees.

JESSICA
Excuse me?

Buckley suddenly stops just short of the cloakroom door.

BUCKLEY
Do you think I'm stupid, Jessica?

JESSICA
No, ma'am. I think you're --

BUCKLEY
Ellie Adamson is my friend.

Jessica pales, knows where this is going...

JESSICA
With all due respect, Senator --

BUCKLEY
Don't you dare talk to me about respect. Ellie devoted her life to that man. She gave him three beautiful kids. Perhaps you know them. They're about your age.
They're starting to draw stares. Jessica's dying inside.

BUCKLEY (CONT'D)
So I'm just asking... do you think
I'm stupid? Because you must, if
you think for one second that I
would hire a woman like you. Women
like you are the reason there's a
glass ceiling for women like me.
Now, please excuse me...

With that, she steps into the cloakroom, leaving Jessica
reeling. Just before the tears come, she reigns it in.
Suddenly, there's a new resolve in her face. A decision.

She whips out her Blackberry, and types to Lucky:

"You're right. It's different this time. Call Webster."

END ACT THREE

(2 of 4)
ACT FIVE

EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY - DUSK

BANG! A 21 gun salute, as Adamson's coffin descends.

A sea of MOURNERS circle the grave. With each rifle shot THE ANGLE CHANGES.

BANG! Lucky stands at the front of the circle, a small folder tucked discreetly under his arm.

BANG! Ben stands near Senator Buckley. Rigid. Saluting. Emotions clearly stirred by this military funeral.

BANG! Jessica stands with the rest of Adamson's staff. Vince locks eyes with her: 'Well?' She pats her purse.

BANG! Like the rest of the veterans in attendance, Webster is saluting. He stands between his WIFE and Sperlock.

BANG! Ruby stands beside Mullin, whose hand inadvertently touches hers, neither withdraws, as the coffin disappears into the ground. And...

EXT. CEMETERY - LATER

The service is over. Limos are being loaded.

As Buckley heads for hers, Lucky splits from the crowd, and falls in stride. He holds the opposition research file. Buckley sees it, and is instantly suspicious.

LUCKY
Senator. My condolences. I know you and Senator Adamson were close.

BUCKLEY
We were on the Harvard law review together. He went to congress, and I became a prosecutor in federal court. You know, Mr. Evans, I won more government corruption cases in those seven years than have been won since. I was tough.

(then; looking over)
He'd have wanted me to be attorney general in his place.

Lucky says nothing, keeps walking. Buckley waits for more. Her eyes go to the file. We sense that Lucky is struggling with using whatever's inside. Buckley senses it, too...

BUCKLEY (CONT'D)
What are you waiting for?

(3 of 4)
LUCKY

Ma'am?

BUCKLEY
This is when you tell me what you've got on me, hoping it keeps me inside the tent pissing out, instead of the other way around.
(then; eyes on the file)
Question is, how good's your hand?

Lucky stares, weighing the choice for another moment, before slipping the file into the trash can beside them, then...

LUCKY
I'm sure you'll do what's right for the country, Senator.

BUCKLEY
I'll do what I think is right, yes.

LUCKY
I hope that includes not killing the foreclosure freeze.

BUCKLEY
Senator Mullin made his choice.

LUCKY
Senator Mullin chose to follow his conscience. You should try it.

There's a flash of rage in Buckley. She controls it...

BUCKLEY
Just because a President decides to change the rules, doesn't mean that everyone else will play by them. I hope he knows that. We're both democrats. That's one thing. But if he thinks the Republicans are gonna stop shooting --

LUCKY
Someone's gotta stop shooting first, Senator.

BUCKLEY
You stop shooting and you get shot.

LUCKY
I respect you, Senator. You may not know this, but I'm still registered to vote in California. Something I've done for you in every election you've ever run in.