

"The Body Politic" - Pilot Presentation

"Jessica"
(sc. 1)

Jessica grins. That's the sexiest thing he's said all night.
Lucky pushes through the door, smiling. Jessica watches him go, about to head back upstairs, when she spots a limo parked on the street, Adamson's driver, Vince, behind the wheel.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Jessica slips through the shadows toward the limo. If she's concerned, it doesn't show. Window slides. Vince smiles...

VINCE
Nice robe, Lady X.

← start

JESSICA
What are you doing here, Vince?

VINCE
(after a beat)
They want a name.

JESSICA
It'll pass. Right now, we have to think about the Senator's legacy.

VINCE
I'm getting pressured, Jessica.
It hangs there. She knows what this is really about...

JESSICA
What's the bidding at, Vince?

Vince looks away, clearly conflicted about this.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Oh come on. I'm a big girl.
How much to say it was a hooker?

He looks back, shaking his head slightly, then...

VINCE
Fifty.

JESSICA
Fifty thousand? In case you forgot, I don't have a job.

VINCE
Neither do I.

← stop

With that, he drives off. Jessica just stands there, the weight of her situation finally showing in her face, as WE RISE ABOVE HER, all the way up to...

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INT. LANDING - OUTSIDE JESSICA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Ruby smiles as Jessica, now in her robe, opens the door.

← start

RUBY
Sorry to bother you. I know it's
been a rough day, but --

JESSICA
Thanks. So what's your drama?

Ruby takes a moment to find the right words, then...

RUBY
Okay. What would you do if a
senator was getting blackmailed by
another senator not to do something
they thought was in the best
interest of the people.

INT. JESSICA'S LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Lucky is sitting up, listening closely.

JESSICA
First of all, grow up. It's not
blackmail, it's governing.
Second of all, what the hell are
you talking about?

Ruby says nothing, still not sure how much to tell her.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Let me save us some time, okay?
Because Mullin's a goddamn traitor
he wants to endorse Webster for AG.
Buckley wants the job, she deserves
it, so she's holding a gun to
Mullin's pretty little head.

All Ruby can do is stare, beyond impressed that she knew.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
What's in the gun, Ruby?

RUBY
What?

JESSICA
It's a metaphor, honey.

RUBY
Oh. Right. Of course.
(then)
The foreclosure freeze.

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It hangs there. Just for a moment. Jessica is impressed.

JESSICA

Damn. Buckley's an animal. Unless you wanna get eaten, I'd advise you to leave it the hell alone.

RUBY

Is that what you would do?

JESSICA

I know what I wouldn't do.

RUBY

What?

JESSICA

I wouldn't fall in love with the married man I was working for.

Ruby can't keep the shock from her expression.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

And we're gonna have to work on that poker-face.

← stop

With that, she closes the door. The sound of ANOTHER DOOR CLOSING turns her around.

Lucky's gone. Momentarily stung, Jessica hurries across the room, into the kitchen, and out the back door.

INT. BACK STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

She emerges onto the service stairs, just as Lucky reaches the door at the bottom...

JESSICA

Where the hell do you think you're going?

He stops, looks up at her, as she descends...

LUCKY

Sorry, babe. Politics never sleeps.

JESSICA

That bill is Mullin's signature accomplishment. You're never gonna get him to change his mind.

LUCKY

I don't change minds. I get people to realize what's in their own best interest.

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"Jessica"
(sc. 3)

HOPE

Wait a second. If you live there,
that means Charlie does, too.

Before Ben can respond, it's RING TONE madness again.
Everyone is checking Blackberries, Ruby and Ben, too...

RUBY

... Oh my God. He's doing it.
How could no one tell me?!

With that, she bolts for the door. Ben and Hope are the only
two people in the room not on the move.

HOPE

So I guess I need your address.

BEN

Thought you'd never ask.

HOPE

To see the apartment, wise ass.

He smiles, knew what she meant, jots it down. As she takes
it and rises, a PAGE delivering mail drops a letter in front
of Ben. Hope glances at the envelope.

HOPE (CONT'D)

Or should I call you, First
Lieutenant Wiseass?

BEN

Just call me.

She tries to hide her smile as she walks off, leaving Ben to
open the envelope. His face falls. A single, typed phrase:

'TELL THE TRUTH. OR I WILL.'

EXT. CAPITOL STEPS - SAME TIME

Mullin stands at a bank of microphones with Senator Webster.
He's mid-statement when we arrive...

MULLIN

Although we may sit on different
sides of the political aisle, my
good friend from Michigan will be a
fantastic attorney general.

APPLAUSE from the CROWD. Jessica and Lucky at the center.

JESSICA

So what did you have on the
little weasel?

← Start

(4 of 7)

LUCKY

I know it's hard to believe, but
sometimes people do the right
things for the right reasons.

That's when Webster steps to the mic. Lucky joins in the
APPLAUSE for a moment, then looks back to Jessica...

LUCKY (CONT'D)

Still wanna work at Justice?

JESSICA

For Webster? Sure. Right after my
sex change.

Lucky LAUGHS, understands her completely...

LUCKY

This is a real offer, Jess.
Who cares if he's a republican?

JESSICA

I care. Lucky, I'm a partisan.
I don't reach across the aisle.
I don't compromise my beliefs.
I fight. I win or I lose. And
when I win, I don't delude myself
into believing that everything's
gonna change.

LUCKY

You think the two million people
that packed that mall for our
inauguration are delusional?

JESSICA

I think it's a honeymoon, Lucky.
Everyone loves a honeymoon.
Unfortunately, once the oaths are
taken, and the marriage starts, the
only ones left screwing each other
are the partisans.

LUCKY

It's different this time, Jess.
It just is. The job's open until
the end of the day.

With that, he walks off. Jessica watches him go, surprised
by how deeply he believes And..

INT. ROTUNDA - SAME TIME

As the press conference breaks up, Webster and Mullin head
inside, Sperlock and Ruby trailing behind.

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← stop

"Jessica"
(sc. 4)

INT. HALL OF STATUES - CONTINUOUS

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

← start

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.~~

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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

(7 of 7)