

INT. HALL OF STATUES - CONTINUOUS

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

"Buckley"
(sc. 1)

← 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.

(1 of 4)

"The Body Politic" - Pilot Presentation

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)

"Buckley"
(sc. 2)

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)

← start

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.

← stop

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.

(4 of 4)