

OUTED.

**WRITTEN BY:
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**VERVE
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OUTED "CONVICTION" (PILOT)

OVER BLACK:

SPEAKER (V.O.)
*As American citizens we share a
common creed of moral convictions.*

Definite. Assured. Female. The voice of a steam roller.

FADE IN:

INT. CONVENTION CENTER, STAGE -- DAY

FINGERS nervously tap a podium. The SPEAKER'S fingers.

SPEAKER (V.O.)
To be forthright. To be honest.

Packed stadium. We're on the eyes of the proud. The hopeful.
Dark suits and American flag pins on lapels.

SPEAKER (V.O.)
*To unlock the magnitude of the
humanity of our forefathers--*

INTERCUT BETWEEN THE CONVENTION CENTER AND:

EXT. CONDO -- NIGHT

A KEY is hurriedly turned in a lock. Door flies open, sex
moans heat up as TWO PEOPLE--

SPEAKER (V.O.)
No movement of conscious,

--Knock over a lamp. Rip each other's clothes off.

SPEAKER (V.O.)
*--can succeed in an America that
cannot speak to the convictions of
a morally conscious people.*

Hot. Pent up between these two. Can't even make it to the
bedroom. Kissing down to the floor--

CONVENTION CENTER--

Podium again. FOUR INCH HEELS. NAILS. WEDDING BAND. On our
speaker. Pretty but tough. Sexy tough. This is CHARLIE ST.
JOHN (early 30s), Deputy Chief of Staff for the very
Republican Senator Bobby Newman Administration.

CHARLIE

Today, at the Republican National Convention, we are here to ensure that which is ethical--

BEDROOM--

Same nails. Wedding band. Grabbing the sheets for dear life.

CHARLIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

--will never hang in the balance.

Charlie's head hangs off the bed, moaning in ecstasy.

CHARLIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

We become just by doing just acts.

Her wrists are tied to the bed.

CHARLIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Brave by doing brave acts.

Candle wax poured onto her belly.

CONVENTION CENTER--

Composed, in control. Commanding the full attention of a packed house.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Let us with caution, indulge the supposition, that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religion, and religious principle.

BEDROOM--

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD!!!

Ugly face sex. Her legs wrapped around someone's head. She fights off the inevitable orgasm.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I am Charlie St. John.

CONVENTION CENTER--

Her flag pin. Her lapel. Conviction in her eyes. O.S. We hear her ORGASM build... build...

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I represent these values.

The stadium's APPLAUSE builds with the orgasm.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
These American principles.

BEDROOM--

She's losing it. Whoever's giving it to her's giving it to her good. So good she's...laughing?

CHARLIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The great moral heritage of this country.

That's not laughter. She's-- crying. Massive orgasm tears.

CHARLIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The name of America, which belongs to you, must always exalt the just pride of morality. The values of our founding fathers.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER -- DAY

Standing ovation. Thousands of plastic hand flags waived. She's their Obama.

CHARLIE
God bless America. Thank you.

And she's ushered off stage by SECURITY. Way sexier than a Republican should be.

INT. DC CONDO -- NIGHT

Charlie's balled up by the headboard, clutching a pillow over her body protectively, weak. Having a *WTF* moment.

A head of hair tries to find its way from under the covers. This is SAMANTHA JENNINGS. Smart eyes. Playboy Mensa if there was one.

SAMANTHA
More?

Charlie can't answer. Her body's still in electrical shock mode. Samantha moves toward Charlie and she--

Protects her you know what.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
Sensitive?

Off Charlie's smiling nod. Sam grins the grin that got Charlie into this situation. Carefully kisses her way up her legs and Charlie melts back into bed.

INT. SAMANTHA'S BEDROOM -- DAWN

After sex trashed. Charlie and Samantha lay intertwined in sheets. Morning garbage trucks wake Charlie who, after a beat, notices where she is. *Oh. My. God--*

And she's out of bed. Grabbing her shirt. Skirt. Shoes. Whatever she can--

EXT. SAMANTHA'S CONDO -- MORNING

BLEEP BLEEP. THE Alarm on her BMW sounds as she bursts out of the condo barefoot. Sam's at the door, covering herself with a sheet.

SAMANTHA

Charlie. (beat) Charlie!

Charlie peels off in the beemer.

EXT. CHARLIE AND RICK'S HOUSE -- LATER

The condos they build across the water from the city. Through morning haze, the national monument.

Charlie's screeches into a parking spot next to a black Mercedes with "**RICK ST J**" plates. She's out of the car into--

INT. CHARLIE AND RICK'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Dwell magazine modern. Coffee's already on the stove. THREE FLAT SCREENS on in the living room play: MSNBC, FOX NEWS and BUGS BUNNY.

RICK ST. JOHN, Handsome, Harvard smart by way of Details Magazine. Old enough to be a network political correspondent, young enough to think he can still change the world. He exits the bedroom in boxers.

RICK

Babe I can't find my--

Charlie's already whizzed by him into the--

INT. BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

BAM. Door slams. She leans against it. Maybe the first breath she's taken in an hour. Rick knocks. Through the door--

RICK (O.S.)
Can't find my Chanel tie.

CHARLIE
Cleaners bag.

RICK
Hate when you work overnights.

Rick leans on the door. He wants Charlie more than the tie.

RICK (CONT'D)
It gets cold. I don't have my
beautiful wife to make love to--
Why am I talking to the door?

Charlie's slid down to the floor. Eyes closed. Trying to get herself together. Process what happened. Another knock.

RICK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Babe. Uhm, I leave for Chicago
tonight. Can we?-- Before work?

And we're on Charlie. Head in her hands. Holding in a mountain of tears.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

RICK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Your boss' is sucking up all the
air time today.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM -- LATER

Brooks Brother's central. Both in navy, Rick knotting his tie. Charlie's applying makeup. Not much. But enough to be in her own world.

Rick comes over. From behind.

RICK
You're my morning coffee you know
that right?

Kisses her neck. Her chin. Presses up against her. The horrible feeling in Charlie's stomach is on her face now.

RICK (CONT'D)
What.

CHARLIE
I love you.

RICK
I know. What's wrong.

CHARLIE
(she forgot)
Today's your anniversary.

RICK
Three months of producing a show
that's got me more political
enemies than a civil rights leader
at a KKK rally. Thank Samantha for
that one.

CHARLIE
Oh my god, we were supposed to have
breakfast.

RICK
You were working, I understand--

CHARLIE
I had a gift--

RICK

You are my gift. And you're going to be unreachable at work with everything going on today so can we just-- for a few minutes--

CHARLIE

Rick--

RICK

Get on the sink...

CHARLIE

Rick.

His touch makes her feel guilty ten times over.

RICK

Fine. Punish one of the few men on this planet actually attracted to his own wife.

He snaps her ass with a towel, exits. On Charlie through the mirror, as he disappears into the house.

CHARLIE (PRELAP)

My position on ethics reform is invariable.

INT. TOWN CAR, STREET -- LATER

Lights. A DRIVER whizzes through the Fourteenth street tunnel. Limo, Leather, laptops.

CHARLIE

So is Newman's.

Charlie comfortably in back, astute. Focused. Last night-- not a factor.

TARA

Planned Parenthood doesn't give a shit about your position.

TARA BERNSTEIN, (30's) sits next to her multi tasking two PHONES, and an IPAD. Bad angel to Charlie's good (visible piercings-- a Zoe Kravitz edge to her style). If Hollywood loaned politics a publicist, she'd be it.

TARA (CONT'D)

They hold the key to the 21-34 demo in Fairfax county, if Newman wants their support you'll need to find the variation.

CHARLIE

There is no variation. I'm against abortion Bobby's against abortion.

TARA

Late term abortion. And with the shit your Chief of Staff's got us in with this scandal--

CHARLIE

What scandal?

TARA

Tell me you checked your messages.

RED LIGHT FLASHES on Tara's HEADSET. She adjusts it, readying for--

ON TV: DAVID HARDING (50s, Charlie's immediate boss and the topic of conversation) on FOX NEWS MORNING SHOW opposite TWO CORRESPONDENTS.

CHARLIE

Why is Dave on television?

Tara listens. Then--

TARA

(into to headset)

The allegations are just that. Allegations. You never improperly allocated campaign funds from the Newman or any other administration.

ON TV: DAVID's wears a small EARBUD identical to Tara's.

DAVID HARDING

(on tv)

The allegations are just that. Allegations. I've never improperly allocated campaign funds from the Newman or any other administration. And my personal life has nothing to do with the politics of this country.

Tara MUTES HER MIC,

TARA

(to Charlie)

Twenty five years on the trail just to be eighteen months from the primary and lose it all. Why this country cares about who he fucks is so out of my league.

Charlie's on an TARA'S IPAD Flipping through PHOTOS OF DAVID AND A MILEY CYRUS LOOK ALIKE.

CHARLIE

Dave spent our campaign money on a twenty year old?

TARA

Which caused a federal audit *and* an investigation to find out when it began, since she was hired by him a month before her 18th birthday.

CHARLIE

Had a feeling he was that type.

TARA

Newman'll be blacklisted for primary nominations if we don't stop the hemorrhaging.

CHARLIE

Who's we.

TARA

You didn't check your messages.
(into headset)
--Don't answer that.

DAVID

(on tv)

I'll have to decline an answer.

Tara takes a sip out of a cardboard cup. Winces.

TARA

Republicans drink the worst coffee.

INT. STARBUCKS -- MINUTES LATER

BARRISTA (O.S.)

Pumpkin Spice Latte and an OJ.

Line of Starbucks ants. A BARRISTA handles the crowd.

CHARLIE

You want me to speak to a room full of liberals whose only job is to protect teenagers, on behalf of a man who's fucking one.

At the condiments counter, Tara dumps raw sugar into her latte like flour into a mixing bowl.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Sure that's enough?

Tara adds more to spite her.

TARA

Everyone's speculating Newman knew. David's like Pippen to his Jordan. This blows, no presidential primary for him, no state senate for you.

CHARLIE

If I'm going to make Senator my record has to be on the same side of the fence. I've worked too hard to fuck it up on someone else's wrap.

FLAT SCREEN ABOVE THEM:

Samantha Jennings. Lead correspondent, MSNBC THINK TANK, MORNING EDITION. The Angelina Jolie of politics (We didn't notice her killer haircut when we first met her) They make their way through the thick crowd towards the door.

TARA

Why do you think Newman sends you out instead of Matt?

CHARLIE

Don't pull that woman shit.

TARA

You're the only one who hasn't made the six o'clock news. When you speak, your eyes are clear. They're clear, Charlie.

CHARLIE

That has nothing to do with--

SAMANTHA (FROM TV)

--The GOP's departure from common sense methodology is causing their erosion--

Off Sam's voice, Charlie tenses.

FLASHES BACK TO-- Legs. Kisses. Grabbing sheets. Her orgasm.
BACK TO--

Tara SNAPPING HER FINGERS in Charlie's face.

TARA

Nothing to do with what?

Charlie can't remember.

INT. TOWN CAR -- CONTINUOUS

TARA

(ahead at the driver)

MSNBC.

SAMANTHA'S VOICE booms in surround sound.

SAMANTHA

(from TV)

*I'd like to see maximum action
taken against Newman's Chief of
Staff as well as--*

TARA

If I wasn't obsessed with dick--
Sam Jennings would *definitely* be at
the top of my spank list. (beat)
How does she get her teeth so
white?

FLASHBACK TO-- Samantha smiling as she kisses her way up
Charlie's legs this morning. BACK TO--

SAMANTHA

(from TV)

*And I will happily challenge you on
that Senator--*

Charlie turns her head to the window to avoid looking at Sam,
but her voice permeates, strong. Clear.

TARA

He's not asking you to change your
position on abortion or teen sex or
anything that you stand against. He
just wants you to find a way to
connect with these people. (beat)
In the twenty years I've known you,
you always do.

Charlie watches the cherry blossoms go by. Wanting the feeling down there to go away.

REPORTER (PRELAP)

Is it true that Newman's Chief of Staff David Harding had a sexual relationship with an under aged intern?

CAMERAS FLASH--

EXT. WASHINGTON HILTON -- DAY

Charlie and Tara are rushed through a group of REPORTERS by SECURITY. One's got a mic shoved in Charlie's face.

REPORTER

Will the Republican party ban Newman from running in the primary?

They brush past him--

REPORTER (CONT'D)

Is your brother still in jail Charlie?!

CHARLIE (PRELAP)

And you ask yourself, how are we going to have a more ethical society in the future? The Newman administration supports programs that not only teach abstinence in schools, but safer sex and--

INT. BANQUET ROOM -- HALF HOUR LATER

SIGN: PLANNED PARENTHOOD BREAKFAST FUND-RAISER. A room of liberal coffee house educator types, college students and teenagers.

Deadpanned silence. Charlie's not connecting. Tara stands aside, worried.

Charlie looks out to a crowd of mostly impatient disconnected onlookers. Fiddles with a SPEECH on a half sheet of paper.

CHARLIE

I rehearsed something for this. Something someone else wrote. I don't feel that's the right approach to take with you this morning.

She balls the speech up. This gets their attention.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I'm Charlie St. John. I went to Harvard. I like cartoons with my coffee. I'm Republican. I'm a woman before any of those things. One who does not believe in abortion. I understand this may not sit well with you, but I want you to hear me out.

The room's not sure if they like her. But they're interested. Charlie takes the mic, steps out from behind the podium. Tara relaxes. She's about to get 'em. Charlie style.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I want a more informed America, one that educates our girls so that they're never faced with that painful decision, a decision our administration hopes to eliminate--

AUDIENCE MEMBER

YOU PULLED OUR FUNDING!

BOOOOS. Charlie approaches the edge of the stage. Sits.

CHARLIE

Let's talk about that.

INT./EXT. 1700 CONNECTICUT AVE, STREET -- DAY

Glass building super highway. Pinstripes, briefcases, taxis, hot dog carts. Cleaner and smarter than New York.

TARA

That was some Jedi shit you pulled back there!

Tara and Charlie enter glass revolving doors ushered by security into the--

LOBBY:

TARA (CONT'D)

Planned Parenthood supporting a Republican Senator in the middle of what could be the states biggest sex scandal?

Tara lives for the win. Charlie doesn't feel good about it but it's done. Her PHONE RINGS. SAM'S PHOTO. She silences it. They enter the--

ELEVATOR:

It buzzes again. She silences it again. Sticks it in an N'Damus London calfskin. Sam's face illuminates from inside the bag.

TARA (CONT'D)
You and Rick fighting?

CHARLIE
Nope.

TARA
Sure you don't wanna grab that?
Might be missing out on another
crisis.

CHARLIE
Shut up.

Elevator door opens and--

INT. NEWMAN ADMINISTRATION, 17TH FLOOR -- DAY

Busy. Desks. Open floor. Modern colors. More like the office for Facebook or Google than a conservative political party.

Various STAFFERS acknowledge Charlie before her assistant MINT (22, anxious, burgundy mohawk, Urban Outfitters generation) IPAD in hand, almost runs her over with--

MINT
So much shit's hitting the fan.

He drops his blackberry. The case shatters. Trips over unlaced vintage Nikes, picks up the phone with one hand, holds his sagging pants with the other and races behind Charlie who's already entering--

INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Glass desk. Neat. White walls boast her credentials on politic's yellow brick road: OXFORD, RHODES, HARVARD LAW, An LED PHOTO FRAME flashes pictures--

Rick holding Charlie. She and Tara in Harvard sweatshirts. And a male version of herself, who we'll come to know as her twin brother JUNIOR. Mint rushes in,

MINT

I called you thirty two times last night. Almost died. Matt was like where the fuck is Charlie and I was like at the dentist but after like six hours or ten hours or something he was like calling me a fucking idiot-- and he's like a total douche I'm so glad I didn't get paired up with that guy-- shit I forgot your coffee let me--

CHARLIE

Mint.

She sits. Kicks off her shoes. A lush bouquet of LILLIES on her desk.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Future presidents don't say "like".
And they don't curse on the job.

He vigorously finger taps his ipad, ready for the note on--

MINT

Future...president.

Waits for Charlie's direction.

CHARLIE

Top of his class at Yale and
president of every organization
he's ever been a member of.

Oh. *Him*. Flushed face. Lives for Charlie's accolades.

MINT

Right. Okay, so top priority's obviously the scandal. Newman wants to update you privately on that. We're twelve on conference with Americans for Tax Reform and I pushed your two o'clock back because they're total cornballs and-

CHARLIE

Breathe.

MINT

(breathing, literally)
You're gonna need a break so you have lunch with Tara then we do ATR. Then your father's birthday dinner's at six. And oh--

(MORE)

MINT (CONT'D)

Harvard won a championship in something that wasn't academic. Like racket ball or something. And the flowers were anonymous--

Her phone rings again. This time she gets it.

INT. REGAN BUILDING, MSNBC STUDIOS -- DAY

Samantha changes clothes. Phone cradled in ear,

SAMANTHA

(into phone)

You ran out. You won't answer my calls.

INTERCUT WITH CHARLIE IN HER OFFICE

CHARLIE

Can I call you back?

SAMANTHA

You're in morning briefing.

CHARLIE

Yes.

SAMANTHA

You wanted to hear my voice.

CHARLIE

Y-- No.

SAMANTHA

You said you loved lilies.

CHARLIE

Yes.

Off Sam's sly smile as she hangs up without a bye. And Charlie's heart's thumping. It's all over her face.

MINT

Tell Rick I said what's up.

INT. SENATOR NEWMAN'S OFFICE -- DAY

SENATOR NEWMAN (O.S.)

The Chief of Staff is essential to the framework of our organization.

Charlie and MATTHEW SINCLAIR, (Charlie's age and competition. Straight but everyone in the office swears he's gay) sit in plush leather seats across from a charismatic, but cut throat SENATOR BOBBY NEWMAN. Normally a shark but today...stressed.

SENATOR NEWMAN (CONT'D)

Charlie'd you run the updated numbers from last night's opinion poll?

CHARLIE

I did not.

MATTHEW

Hope you don't mind, when we couldn't reach you last night I took the liberty.

Happy to make her look bad he hands Newman the updates. Newman ingests the report, worse for wear.

SENATOR NEWMAN

You're my deputies, therefore my advisors at this point.

CHARLIE

Fire him. He compromised the moral integrity of the administration.

MATTHEW

Firing him is exactly what people expect, its a knee jerk act of covering guilt.

CHARLIE

There's nothing to cover, he had sex with a child.

MATTHEW

She's an adult. The relationship's consensual. Both corroborate the story. If a jury rules in his favor it'll reflect poorly on your judgment.

Newman watches them like a tennis match.

CHARLIE

I just told planned parenthood that the Newman administration *protects* the youth of our generation. You don't know how a jury'll rule.

(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

In the court of public opinion you're directly linked whether you like it or not. We may be able to call in favors for the nomination, but the public won't forget our chief of staff's a pedophile.

MATTHEW

Reacting without the facts says we're hemorrhaging. Firing him without the results of the investigation--

CHARLIE

Says we have zero tolerance for bullshit.

MATTHEW

This isn't time to make emotional decisions, Charlie.

A shot at her womanhood. She takes the punch.

SENATOR NEWMAN

You both make plausible arguments, although Charlie's makes tactical sense (pause) I can see how waiting until the investigation is concluded would be the more temperate measure.

Ha. *Take that* on Matthew's face.

SENATOR NEWMAN (CONT'D)

However if I were forced to replace Harding as chief, who'd have your highest recommendation?

MATTHEW

I'd like to throw my name in the hat.

SENATOR NEWMAN

(to Matthew)

You have the floor.

MATTHEW

Twenty years on row. Five as your deputy chief, three as your manager where I held the top floor award annually until my promotion. I know your policies because I wrote many of them.

(MORE)

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Notwithstanding, I was front page intern during my stay at the White House.

CHARLIE

Chief of Staff is not a position you take on because you received awards and was a hell of an intern.

Bam.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Your chief should share a voting record close if not identical to your own. Have the ability to connect with not only people who'll vote for you, but compassion for the ones who work for him.

MATTHEW

Of course I'll--

CHARLIE

David's moral compass was askew. But his act as Chief is hard to follow. I'd like to take time to think about my recommendation.

Off Newman's eyes. Whatever his agenda, he's reached his conclusion.

SENATOR NEWMAN

Thank you both.

On Charlie and Matthew's exit--

SENATOR NEWMAN (CONT'D)

Charlie?

He gestures, she rejoins him.

INT./EXT. SENATOR NEWMAN'S OFFICE -- MINUTES LATER

Matthew stands outside Newman's door eaves dropping on--

SENATOR NEWMAN

We're updating background checks on the entire family.

Newman's more relaxed, we see how the situation's really been screwing with him.

SENATOR NEWMAN (CONT'D)

I need Tara to contact the
magistrate, sweep your brother's
arrests. The drugs--

CHARLIE

He's not on drugs.

SENATOR NEWMAN

He's young, rich and lives in this
godless city. I think my priest's
on drugs, he's sixty and lives in a
monastery. (beat) Where my glasses?

Charlie takes them off his head, puts them on his face.

SENATOR NEWMAN (CONT'D)

I need to know if you have anything
on you.

CHARLIE

Anything like what.

SENATOR NEWMAN

Dirt. An affair, pissed on a
sidewalk, cursed in church-- I need
you tell me right now.

CHARLIE

No.

SENATOR NEWMAN

No you won't tell me or no you have
nothing.

CHARLIE

I have nothing.

SENATOR NEWMAN

Remember when you were four, I
asked if you'd eaten the pound of
jellybeans we'd gotten from the
state fair? You looked at me with
the same wide eyes and said "No god
poppa, I didn't eat them." Wanna
know how I knew you did?

CHARLIE

How.

SENATOR NEWMAN

Your left eye jumped, as it did a
moment ago.

Waits for her reveal.

SENATOR NEWMAN (CONT'D)
 Alright. Ask me a question.
 Something dark. Anything you've
 ever wanted to know.

Contemplative beats. They're close. Father daughter close.

CHARLIE
 Have you ever cheated on Auntie
 Darla?

SENATOR NEWMAN
 Twice.

CHARLIE
 Did you tell her?

SENATOR NEWMAN
 Once. She'd have left me the second
 time.

Charlie takes that in. Tries to keep the guilt eating her up
 inside.

SENATOR NEWMAN (CONT'D)
 We all fall short, Munchkin. The
 people we fight for never remember
 grace, only the fall from.
 You're my Deputy Chief. Anything
 you do'll be twitted-

CHARLIE
 --Tweeted.

SENATOR NEWMAN
 --Twenty times over before I can
 stop the bleeding. Get caught with
 our pants down, we can kiss it all
 goodbye. Now...have you done or are
 you doing *anything* that you feel
 may hurt our aspirations.

CHARLIE
 (beats) No.

Her eye doesn't jump.

SENATOR NEWMAN
 Alright. I need you to head to the
 French Embassy party tonight.
 (MORE)

SENATOR NEWMAN (CONT'D)
 Make sure Ambassador Dupont's six million euro pledge hasn't waned since this blow up doll's water broke. We lose him we lose the UMP. Lose the UMP lose the primary. Got it?

CHARLIE
 Got it.

SENATOR NEWMAN
 Good.

CHARLIE (PRELAP)
 It's over.

INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE -- DAY

Charlie's at her desk while herd of STAFFERS file past her office into a Conference room across the hall.

CHARLIE
 (into phone)
 I can't concentrate.

SAMANTHA
 (filtered over phone)
 Neither can I.

INTERCUT BETWEEN CHARLIE'S OFFICE AND--

INT. MSNBC STUDIO, DRESSING ROOM -- DAY

Samantha's in hair and make up.

SAMANTHA
 Come see me tonight.

CHARLIE
 I'm married.

SAMANTHA
 One more time. That's all I'm asking.

CHARLIE
 The last time shouldn't have happened.

SAMANTHA
 Did you enjoy me?

CHARLIE
It's not right.

SAMANTHA
Felt right.

Long contemplative beat.

CHARLIE
It's over.

She hangs up. It rings again, she picks up--

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
I'm not saying it again--

RICK (O.S.)
Not saying what again.

From behind Rick wraps his arms around Charlie's waist. She hangs up as he kisses her.

CHARLIE
What are you doing here I--

Rick kisses her.

RICK
Can't hold out til' after my trip.

CHARLIE
Honey, I'm at work.

RICK
That's never stopped us.

Rick's unbuttoning. Kissing Charlie. Backing her up.

CHARLIE
How'd you do this morning?

RICK
My guest anchor got chewed up and spit out by some young White House twerp on our pending economic meltdown. As a recovering sex addict I'll be the first to admit, I'm relapsing.

CHARLIE
You were never a sex addict.

RICK
I married my enabler.

He picks her up onto the desk and-- KNOCK KNOCK. Mint cruises the door hiding his eyes--

MINT
S-Sorry. Meeting's now.

INT. HALLWAY -- MINUTES LATER

Charlie rushes across the hall, Matthew's turning the corner,

MATTHEW
May the best deputy win.

No idea what he's talking about. Her PHONE BUZZES. Samantha's face again. She declines it.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

SENATOR NEWMAN (O.S.)
As you all know we arrived this morning to a crisis.

Charlie slips in to a packed, glass-walled conference room of 50 or so seated and standing associates, legislative, admin and press assistants. Charlie passes them, filters toward the back where--

The new breed of you tube-generation Republicans stand, Mint among them.

NEWMAN
The crisis has put us in a situation.

She stands next to Mint. Tara joins her. Charlie's phone buzzes. ON CHARLIE'S PHONE,

INSERT TEXT MESSAGES--

Sam: Pick up.

Charlie: Stop calling me.

SENATOR NEWMAN
One that can have an adverse affect on my nomination for a place in the Republican primary for president. If so, fifteen years of work by myself and you, will be all for naught.

INSERT TYPING TEXTS:

Sam: I'm coming to see you.

Charlie: Don't.

SENATOR NEWMAN (CONT'D)

And so, I've decided to replace David Harding with someone who'll hold the torch of integrity, of the very morality this great country was built on. One who I feel best represents the ideals and political agenda of our great administration.

Matthew readies himself. It's his to win. Charlie's head's down, fingers texting a mile a minute.

SENATOR NEWMAN (CONT'D)

I'd like to introduce your new chief of staff--

The room's on pins.

SENATOR NEWMAN (CONT'D)

Charlie St. John.

The room erupts. Mint almost knocks Charlie's phone out of her hand pumping his fist. She looks up from texting.

TARA

(whispers)

You're chief of staff, bitch.

END OF FIRST ACT

ACT TWO

INT. HELIX LOUNGE -- DAY

Champagne popped.

TARA

I'd like to propose a toast.

Private. Euro style, lounge music. Meat market bar.
Intellectually endowed douche bags overdosing on pay grade.

Charlie holds a glass of OJ in the air, Tara swipes it--

TARA (CONT'D)

We're not camping with a brownie
troop--

Hands her a glass of bubbly. Charlie re-swipes for the OJ.

TARA (CONT'D)

The day *my* best friend became
Virginia's first female senator.

CHARLIE

You're jumping the gun.

TARA

We've been planning this for how
many years?

A WAITER brings a BOTTLE OF DOM to the table.

WAITER

Senator Burke says congratulations,
Ms. St. John.

A handsome SENATOR BURKE at the bar lifts his glass toward
them. The waiter slips Charlie his number behind the bottle.
She hands it back.

CHARLIE

Mrs. St. John.

TARA

Did he send his dick with the
bottle?

On Tara's eyes flirting with Senator Burke.

CHARLIE

Tara!

Tara drinks to that. Winces.

TARA

Need something stronger. I've had a sex scandal, federal audit, future senator, and its barely afternoon.

Tara flirtatiously signals A DIFFERENT SUIT at the bar and mistakenly-- hits a GUY who catches her hand-- holds it.

We recognize this guy from the photo on Charlie's desk-- JUNIOR WADDLING. GQ sexy. Working class edge. Charlie's twin.

JUNIOR

Better not be flirting.

TARA

We're minding our own business. Try it.

JUNIOR

Flirting with my sister in my restaurant is my business.

Junior eyes the Senator who promptly turns back to the bar.

CHARLIE

Juni, stop. It's fine.

JUNIOR

(kisses Charlie)
Congrats, Cheif.

CHARLIE

It just happened, who told you?

JUNIOR

Don't worry 'bout that.
(to Tara)
And stop being a bad influence.

On his sparkling eyes, he's off. A wind of sexy behind him. On Tara-- determined not to blush.

TARA

When I couldn't get you last night I called the house. Rick told me you were working overnight. Since I was calling from the place you were supposed to be, I thought-- clearly she's at a fund-raiser I know nothing about.

CHARLIE

Thought we were celebrating.

TARA

When you don't tell your best friend or your husband where you are at night, you're in one of two places-- the crack house or the whore house.

CHARLIE

I worked.

TARA

On *who*? Your phone was off for ten hours.

On Tara. Not giving it up.

TARA (CONT'D)

K. Two o'clock purple tie. Married sixteen years, fucked him at the Ritz last weekend. Told his wife he was working. Four o'clock pinstripes--

Samantha enters the lounge with a HOT FEMALE LAWYER FRIEND.

TARA (CONT'D)

--In his chapel's library, God forgive me. Told his wife he was on his knees working. Least he was telling the truth.

Charlie's swirls juice in her glass, eyes on Samantha and the woman waiting to be escorted to their table.

TARA (CONT'D)

You my dear, were not working.

Samantha walks past without acknowledging Charlie.

TARA (CONT'D)

Fine. I'll guess. You know I'm good at this shit.

Charlie watches the waiter seat them. Two seconds from a coronary.

TARA (CONT'D)

The guy from Booz Allen? No. The secret service guy from the thing last week?

Tara's SCOTCH arrives.

TARA (CONT'D)
By the way not only is this fucked
up but none of them have anything
on Rick.

Charlie sees Sam head to the bathroom.

CHARLIE
Excuse me.

INT. HELIX BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

CHARLIE (O.S.)
Are you following me?

Samantha's in the mirror, applying lipstick which draws
Charlie's attention away from her eyes to her lips.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
(annoyed)
Now, you have nothing to say.

FLUSH. A SUITED WOMAN exits the stall.

SUITED WOMAN
Charlie! We heard about the
promotion it's all over town! Mayor
Waddling must be so proud of you.
Congratulations!

CHARLIE
Thank you.

The woman exits. Charlie locks the bathroom door.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Why are you here?

SAMANTHA
Chicken's good.

CHARLIE
No, why're you at *my* restaurant.

SAMANTHA
Had I known this was *your*
restaurant I would've asked for a
better table.

LOUD KNOCKING at the door. Charlie doesn't budge.

CHARLIE
I don't want to see you.

SAMANTHA
Okay.

CHARLIE
I mean it.

On the way to the door Samantha leans in close to Charlie.

SAMANTHA
(in her ear)
O-kay.

Sam unlocks the door, exits and A FEMALE PATRON rushes in--

FEMALE PATRON
Mrs. St. John! I heard you speak
last month at the--

And its all a blur as Charlie watches Sam ease back into her seat. She can still smell her.

TARA (PRELAP)
The maintenance guy?

INT. HELIX LOUNGE, TABLE -- LATER

Charlie's back at the table, her--

TARA
The garbage man.

Eyes on-- SAMANTHA. Licking her lips. Crossing her legs.

TARA (CONT'D)
Mint?

Sam flirts, fiddles with the woman's bracelet. Charlie fights to maintain her composure. Tara's tracks her boiling gaze to--

EXT. HELIX VALET -- MINUTES LATER

Red jackets hustling cars to and from the curb.

TARA
SHE'S A WOMAN.

CHARLIE
Tara, please.

TARA

Sam Jennings is not a spectator's sport! Did you know they have a special cemetery in this city for the souls she's shattered?

CHARLIE

It happened. It's over.

TARA

Didn't look "over". Never seen you so about to commit a murder. (beat) Are you a--

CHARLIE

I'm not anything.

TARA

Your phone was off for ten hours-- you're something.

CHARLIE

I *said* it was an accident.

A woman jogs by in a in LEOPARD WIND JACKET.

TARA

That *jacket's* an accident. A second donut's an accident. Your discipline's impeccable-- you were a virgin til you got married.

CHARLIE

You're the moral majority?

TARA

I like being a slut it makes me happy. But you're in love with Rick. Shit *I'm* in love with you being in love with Rick. It's the type of shit no one ever gets to have.

Charlie flags the VALET impatiently.

TARA (CONT'D)

Of all the pretty dykes in this town--

CHARLIE

She's not a dyke.

TARA

It's not her I'm concerned with.

CHARLIE

I'm a Christian. Not a lesbian.
I've never even been to Home Depot.

Matthew Sinclair approaches. Shit face plastered.

MATTHEW

(slurring)
Charlie. You're my boss now.

He stumbles into Tara.

TARA

Matt-- not now.

MATTHEW

I asked Newman why you-- why
Charlie? I say. (laughs) He said
you were smart. Shit I'm smart. He
said you were good. Shit I'm good.
He said you were clean. (laughs
harder) I'm not-- I'm not clean.

TARA

Matt I swear you better not make
the news tonight. I've worked forty
eight hours straight. I'm not in
the mood for this shit.

MATTHEW

Charlie Charlie little lamb, fleece
was white as snow--

His FRIEND drags him off.

TARA

My brain can't process another
fucking bit of information. (pause)
How was it?

Charlie's eyes drift back toward Sam in the window.

CHARLIE

I don't remember.

TARA

That good?

The Valet pops Charlie's Beemer open. She slides in.

CHARLIE

You're over reacting.

On Tara as she watches Charlie turn onto K Street. *I don't think so.*

INT. SECONDI BOUTIQUE -- LATER THAT DAY

High end. Formal and Semi formal. Tara sifts through a T RACK of cocktail dresses. Actually hiding from Sam, on the other side of the shop with the woman from lunch.

SALES WOMAN (O.S.)
Like a fitting room?

TARA
(off two dresses in her hands)
Can't decide between the red or black. I'll let you know.

When Samantha's friend heads into a dressing room, Tara inches toward...

TARA (CONT'D)
With all the shindigs in this town, can't have too many after sevens.

SAMANTHA
Tell me about it.

TARA
Great segment this morning.

SAMANTHA
Thanks. Business must be booming for you considering what's coming across my desk.

TARA
I've done worse.

Samantha sorts through dresses on a rack.

TARA (CONT'D)
You know Charlie's Chief of Staff now.

SAMANTHA
She deserves it.

TARA
I need you to stop seeing her.

SAMANTHA

I don't know what you're talking about.

TARA

I like you but if this somehow gets in the way of Charlie's aspirations I'll *crucify* you without so much of a conscience. She's worked too hard, know what I mean?

SAMANTHA

Wish I did.

Her friend peeks over the dressing room curtain.

SAM'S FRIEND

Sammie. Help me zip.

SAMANTHA

Tell Charlie I said congrats.

Starts toward the dressing room-- doubles back.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

The black. Always thought you looked good in black.

On Tara trying not to feel turned on by the compliment.

WADDLING (PRELAP)

It would be more preferable to support a non-christian who embraces biblical principals--

EXT. CHRISTIAN COALITION MEGA CHURCH, COURTYARD -- NIGHT

Northern Virginia Suburbs.

Lights. Cars. You'd think you were at the Academy Awards instead of a Mega Stain Glassed Christian Compound that looks like something out of an architectural magazine.

WADDLING (O.S.)

--than a *professing* christian who embraces non-biblical principles.

INT. COURTYARD -- NIGHT

SIGN: HAPPY BIRTHDAY MAYOR WILLIAM WADDLING

Five star. Twenty piece classical orchestra plays "OUR FATHER" where 200 plus of the "have's" and the "have more's" eat drink and be merry in formal black and white.

A WAITER refills the glass of "the voice", WILLIAM WADDLING SR., Charlie's 60'S Clinton-esque father, who believes California's earthquakes are a result of God's wrath on the Gays and drug addicts.

Beside him, her mom KATHERINE WADDLING, 50s, aged well, society woman.

WADDLING

The word of God is eternal Mr. Sikes.

He drinks his water like it's holy. At the table, THE VIRGINIA GOP'S FINEST, and their wives. Senator Newman included. CONGRESSMAN SIKES is the only moderate at the table,

SIKES

Shouldn't we base our support on policy?

WADDLING

What were the policies of Pontus Pilot? Napoleon? Hitler? The word of the Lord is here to protect us from those types of satanic dictators.

INT./EXT. CHARLIE'S BMW, PARKING LOT, ENTRANCE -- NIGHT

Charlie bypasses the long LINE OF CARS waiting for Valet in the Mega Complex's stadium sized parking lot.

CHARLIE

(into phone)

I told him you were working, he understands.

Door opened. Charlie steps out, stunning in simple black.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

He doesn't hate you, honey he hates you don't come to church. (beat) I know. Love you more.

VALET

Evening, Mrs. St. John.

She's escorted to the--

EXT. CHRISTIAN COALITION, ENTRANCE -- SAME

Where an altercation between a stuffy CHURCH STAFFER and a man who the surrounding women try not to stare at. We recognize him from the photo on Charlie's desk-- JUNIOR WADDLING. GQ sexy. Working class edge. Charlie's twin.

JUNIOR

Fuck you mean you can't let me in?

STAFFER

(holding him back)

Please refrain from using that language. I was specifically instructed not to let anyone past these ropes who isn't on the list.

JUNIOR

Check that shit again.

STAFFER

I've checked it three times already.

Junior takes the clipboard from the staffer's hands--

HOTEL STAFFER

Security!

A GUARD breaks toward them. Charlie approaches,

CHARLIE

What's the problem?

JUNIOR

This asshole--

CHARLIE

Watch your language--

JUNIOR

I'm not on the list.

The staffer dutifully pulls the velvet rope aside for Charlie who snaps Juniors Georgetown CAP off his head.

CHARLIE

Certainly you remember my brother don't you Mr-- (off his name tag) Oliver?

STAFFER

I was instructed by your father to not deviate from the list.

CHARLIE
At the expense of your employment?

STAFFER
Apologies Mrs. St. John. Mr.
Waddling. I must have overlooked
things.

He pulls the ropes for Charlie and Junior.

JUNIOR
(to the staffer)
Bet you're a bottom.

INT. COURTYARD -- NIGHT

The table.

WADDLING
The coalition's supported
Presidents, Congressmen, Senators,
but we will not support what we
feel is a deviant agenda--

APPLAUSE. The TABLE STANDS as Charlie approaches.

Charlie hugs and kisses her way around the table of prominent
family friends.

CONGRESSMAN SIKES
I used to bounce you on my knee and
now you're (re: Newman) this old
bum's Chief of Staff.

SENATOR NEWMAN
She earned it. Didn't you munchkin.

A diamond the size of a geode sparkles as Katherine reaches
to hug--

KATHERINE
(proud)
Charlie.

CHARLIE
Mommy.

WADDLING
Chief of Staff, Charlie Katherine
Waddling.

KATHERINE

St. John, Bill. After eight years can you find it in you to give Rick the credit he deserves?

WADDLING

Over my dead body.

Off the table's laughter.

KATHERINE

You look thin. Are you eating?
Praying? Taking your vitamins?

Junior hangs back, texting on his IPHONE. Katherine's so enamored with Charlie she doesn't see him.

CHARLIE

There was a problem with Junior and the list.

They can't pretend they don't see him now. Waddling's eyes are daggers at Junior, who everyone's afraid to acknowledge.

SENATOR NEWMAN

Juni. You've got more muscles than me.

JUNIOR

Sup. Uncle Bobby.

WADDLING

(disgusted)

Sup? What is that Sup? Sup as in ruining a good supper? Or as in sup-pose you had the foresight to arrive at formal event in the proper attire?

JUNIOR

(to a Senator at the table)

Sup Senator Graham. Good seeing you at Lotus the other night. Next time you come to the club let me know. I'll put you in VIP.

Off the Senator's embarrassment. *This* is why he wasn't invited.

WADDLING

I see prison hasn't changed you.

JUNIOR

I see fucking people over ain't changed you.

WADDLING

Repent and God will forgive your sins, your destructive nature, your satanic ways-- I will not see my son in heaven--

JUNIOR

(texting on his phone)
--Hell's got better company.

WADDLING

Just because you're sister gets you out of everything--

KATHERINE

Bill--

WADDLING

--WHAT.

CHARLIE

--Daddy!

Off Charlie's eyes.

NEWMAN

(to Junior)

Take a walk with me, son.
I need you to teach me about that device you're using. Our interns say my phone is from the pre-historic era.

JUNIOR

(hard eyeing Waddling)
Ready when you are Uncle Bobby.

As Newman and Junior exit--

WADDLING

(off the stunned table)
Train up a child in the way they should go and when they get old they'll run your bible through the paper shredder.

Laughs around the table. Always the ham. He pulls out the Chair next to him for Charlie to sit.

WADDLING (CONT'D)

(off his proud eyes)

Did you all know that Charlie was the only one of my children born on her actual due date?

(to Charlie)

Chief. Senator. President. The Lord is using you, bunny.

But her concerned eyes are on Junior as he exits the courtyard.

EXT. CHRISTIAN COALITION ENTRANCE -- SAME

Tara stands opposite the Staffer. The dress that Samantha chose. Legs for days.

TARA

Guest of Charlie St. John.

HOTEL STAFFER

I see, Ms. Bernstein but we can't let you in unless-- (whispers in her ear)

TARA

You've gotta be kidding me. My dress's too short?

INT. COURTYARD -- NIGHT

The table chatters amongst themselves.

CHARLIE

Daddy I need you to cut the abortion ads by seventy percent next quarter.

WADDLING

This is Rick's influence isn't it? A Republican Moderate's no different than a Conservative Democrat.

CHARLIE

Stop it with Rick. Planned Parenthood has the 21-34 demographic and I can get their support if we compromise.

WADDLING

The Lord doesn't compromise.

CHARLIE

You're not the Lord. And this is for me. I gave them my word.

WADDLING

It's unethical.

CHARLIE

How about a fifty percent reduction and full steam on abstinence?

WADDLING

You really think they'll support you in two years?

(to the table)

This is what I was talking about Sikes, Christian leadership! Now if y'all can get over how beautiful she is we can have ourselves a great Senator one day.

EXT. SIDE TERRACE, PARKING LOT -- LATER

Black Sky. Stars. The sound of the band in the b.g.,

TARA (O.S.)

Do you know what I had to do to have your record expunged?

Junior's staring out at the night lights, smoking a BLUNT,

JUNIOR

What you doin' out here?

TARA

Under dressed. You?

No answer. Tara takes the blunt from him. Pulls. An obvious the history between them.

JUNIOR

You look good.

TARA

So do you.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

I smell that!

Both of them JUMP out of their skin as Charlie enters the terrace, a look of "*I just dealt with my family*" on her face. Junior swipes the blunt from Tara, tosses it.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 (Off Tara's dress)
 I said *below* the knee.

TARA
 Sorry I don't speak evangelical I
 must have misunderstood you.

CHARLIE
 (to Junior)
 You going to with us to this
 embassy thing?

JUNIOR
 French women have too much to say.
 Drop me off at the club.

The three of them head through the GARDEN toward VALET.

TARA
 Fucking Waddlings. Can't remember
 the last time I couldn't get into a
 party.

EXT. FRENCH EMBASSY -- NIGHT

A police motorcade and a line of luxury vehicles extend down
 Massachusetts Avenue leading to--

White stone, huge wooden doors. Looks more like a museum than
 an embassy.

TARA (O.S.)
 Men have keys, ladies locks.

A HANDSOME DOORMAN fastens a bracelet with a small padlock to
 Tara and Charlie's wrists.

CHARLIE
 You told me it was a Sartre de
 Beauvoir party.

TARA
 It is.

CHARLIE
 The writers?

TARA
 The *swingers*.

Tara flaunts the tiny gold padlock hanging from a bracelet on
 her wrist.

INT. FRENCH EMBASSY -- NIGHT

Charlie and Tara navigate the grand foyer, past GUESTS, and WAITERS dressed as 1920s French art establishment ICONS (MAN RAY, KIKI DE MONTPARNASSE, HEMMINGWAY).

Off the handsome FRENCH MEN in the room. Non political fashion industry types--

TARA

Wow. I'm going to need more locks.

Charlie and Tara approach a STONE WALL, where a Karl Lagerfield look a like stands GUARD.

GUARD

(to Tara)

Mot de passe?

TARA

Simultané

The wall opens.

EXT. SUBTERRANEAN COURTYARD -- NIGHT

The Guard escorts Charlie and Tara down a dark stairwell into-
The *real* party. Low light. Jazz house band. French. Elegant.

Men approach women flirtatiously with keys. A SHORT ROUND MAN, tongues down an MODEL by the champagne bowl.

TARA

Remember, you'll be competing with that *man-girl* Senator Tuley for the Ambassador's attention so--

CHARLIE

Do it like David would.

TARA

Like David *wouldn't*. Dupont hated him. And you're a lot--

Tara undoes a button on Charlie's dress.

TARA (CONT'D)

Sexier.

AMBASSADOR DUPONT stands in a VIP area, his AIDE next to him, there's a line to speak to the Ambassador. They approach it.

CHARLIE
 (practicing)
 Good evening Ambassador Dupont.
 Senator Bobby Newman, wants to
 assure the UMP--

TARA
 Full name of the party.

CHARLIE
 Senator Newman wants to assure *The
 Popular Union Movement*--

TARA
 --In French.

CHARLIE
Bon Dupont d'ambassadeur du soir--

MAN RAY approaches, pours from a large bottle of St. Germain
 into two glasses. Charlie refuses. Tara takes both.

TARA
 I saw Samantha after lunch.

CHARLIE
 (practicing, ignoring Tara)
*Newman de Sénateur veut vous
 assurer*--

TARA
 --The way she looked at me sent a
 shot of heat straight to my pussy.

CHARLIE
 (louder)
Union pour un Mouvement Populaire--

TARA
 You married the first man you ever
 slept with and may not be aware of
 the condition she left you in.

A woman dressed as JOSEPHINE BAKER dances toward Charlie,
 pointing her key towards Charlie's lock.

CHARLIE
 (to Josephine)
 No. Thank you.

They inch toward the Ambassador.

TARA
 You can't tell Rick.

CHARLIE

I don't lie to my husband.

TARA

You better learn.

CHARLIE

Listen. I did that with her, on a night I was compromised. She has nothing on him.

TARA

Great. No need to end up in divorce court over a meaningless fuck. Now, Samantha's close with Rita Hayton and Michael Boone. If shit hits, we can go hard on Rita with the male escort service she's been using, and I've got a P.I. On Michael to scoop his dirt.

CHARLIE

Totally unnecessary.

MAN IN TWEED (O.S.)

Mrs. St. John?

A smart looking MAN IN A TWEED JACKET hands Charlie an Iphone.

TWEED JACKET

Thought I saw you drop this?

TARA

Repeat after me. Good evening Ambassador. I just slept with a woman who might have fucked my head up and I won't listen to my best friend who loves me and knows what's best--

Off Charlie's shock. Staring at the Iphone. The French Ambassador's Aide signals Tara--

TARA (CONT'D)

We're up.

Charlie's eyes are still on the phone.

TARA (CONT'D)

What!

Charlie's about to hyperventilate. Tara takes the phone. A PHOTO OF CHARLIE ON SAMANTHA'S KITCHEN TABLE.

TARA (CONT'D)

Wow. (pause) This isn't your phone.
Somebody-- Shit. Okay. Don't panic.
Let's meet the Ambassador and--

Charlie breaks for the door.

EXT. EMBASSY, STREET -- NIGHT

Tara, and Charlie bust out of a side door to find the Man In Tweed already booking down the block, turning the corner.

Charlie takes off after him.

TARA

Charlie!

Charlie, in high heels tears around the corner after him into-

INT. METRO STATION -- CONTINUOUS

Where he barely makes the doors of a train pulling off.

Charlie arrives seconds later, out of breath, followed by Tara. The train disappears into the tunnel.

ACT THREE

INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE -- LATER

THE IPHONE, along with Charlie and Tara's phones LAY DEAD-
NERVED on Charlie's desk as they sit in silence, waiting for
it to ring.

CHARLIE
What if he doesn't.

TARA
He will.

CHARLIE
(to God)
Please get me out of this.

TARA
I need you to set up a new checking
account. Transfer money from your
personal account to--

CHARLIE
--No. I won't pay anyone off for--
(off Tara's look)
Okay. Okay.

Charlie powers up her laptop, Off her trembling hands.

TARA
Who knew you were going to Sam's?

CHARLIE
I didn't even know I was going!

TARA
Then she told someone.

CHARLIE
She wouldn't.

TARA
You're right. But someone knew.
It's not the photos I'm worried
about. It's the someone.

HOOR LATER--

Nothing. Charlie paces.

CHARLIE
I have to tell Rick--

--PHONE RINGS. They almost kill themselves lunging for--

TARA
(into phone)
Hello. Uh hunh.

CHARLIE
What.

TARA
Uh hunh. Uh hunh.

CHARLIE
What!

Tara hangs up.

TARA
Harding's girl committed suicide an hour ago. They've also found communication dating back to when she was sixteen. He's being tried for felony statutory rape. We've gotta zip to MSNBC and then FOX in five.

CHARLIE
What if he wants more money than I have? What if the photos go viral-- what if he's a Democrat and doesn't want money-- I can't manage someone else's crisis right now--

TARA
Game face.

EXT. REAGAN BUILDING, MSNBC STUDIO -- NIGHT

CAMERAS FLASH-- AS A HORDE OF REPORTERS crowd Charlie and Tara entering--

INT. MSNBC STUDIOS -- CONTINUOUS

Charlie's rushed down the hall in her cocktail dress by a super anal ASSISTANT DIRECTOR,

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
You're on in fifteen with, Samantha and Congressman Warren. I need you dressed and out of make up--

RICK

--Babe!

A concerned Rick, approaches. Off her look.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

Sir, I tried to get her into make up but--

RICK

On set. Now.

The Assistant Director breaks toward the set.

RICK (CONT'D)

(to Charlie)

Tara told me you needed me. What's wrong?

CHARLIE

I need to postpone the show.

RICK

You're freaked. Come here.

She falls into his arms. Wants to stay here. Hide from it all.

RICK (CONT'D)

Warren's an idiot and Samantha's a machete but it's nothing you can't handle.

CHARLIE

I need to talk to you--

RICK

You firing Harding had nothing to do with the suicide--

CHARLIE

--Something happened and I need to tell you--

Samantha enters the green room. Smoking hot in a conservative navy suit.

SAMANTHA

Hi Charlie.

It was that "Hi Charlie" that started this whole mess.

RICK

She's nervous. First time.

SAMANTHA
 (about sex)
 Don't worry. You're a natural.

CHARLIE
 (fuck you)
 Thank you.

SAMANTHA
 (to Rick)
 I need a pass with Warren, tonight.

RICK
 Last time you got a pass I got a
 call from the joint chiefs.

SAMANTHA
 Warren hates women. I need one.

RICK
 Don't get us fired.

SAMANTHA
 I'll try. Good luck, Charlie.

And she's out. Charlie watches her disappear down the hall.

RICK
 I hired her. One day I'll stand up
 to her.

CHARLIE KISSES HIM. Needs to feel him. Needs to kiss the
 angst out of her.

TARA (PRELAP)
 (into phone)
 How much do you want?

INT. EMPLOYEE LOUNGE -- SAME

Tara's in a corner behind the watercooler. Game face on. She
 races around for scrap paper, a post it, anything. Grabs a
 paper cup, Writes. Stops.

TARA
 That's going to be impossi-- damn
it!

Call dropped. To anyone, waiving her phone in the air.

TARA (CONT'D)
 I need reception! Where can I get
 reception!

PHONE RINGS AGAIN. She enters the HALLWAY, Signals Charlie who pops out of make up into--

EMPLOYEE LOUNGE--

TARA (CONT'D)
He wants you to meet him in person.

CHARLIE
When?

TARA
Fifteen minutes. H street.

Rick enters and--

RICK
Charlie we're on in five.

CHARLIE
I need you to postpone my segment.

RICK
You're already slotted.

CHARLIE
Just swap me with whoever you have on Hardball.

RICK
As in the Vice President? I'm telling you no one can handle my wife out there. Not Warren, Not Samantha...

Samantha. Off Charlie's despair.

RICK (CONT'D)
Get her a shot will you, Tara?

Rick exits.

TARA
I'm going. I'll need access to Newman's campaign account.

CHARLIE
Are you crazy? We can't use campaign funds to--

TARA
--He's gonna blow the photos while you're on the air.

(MORE)

TARA (CONT'D)
 He's hacked into Reuter's feed to
 MSNBC's iNews page which means--

CHARLIE
 --Rick'll see them before I do.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (O.S.)
 Charlie we need you on set!

TARA
 The campaign account's the only one
 with enough liquid to--

CHARLIE
 --No no no we're being audited.
 (thinks) Rick's Citibank account.

TARA
 But I'll need his signature. Where
 do you have primary power of
 attorney?

CHARLIE
 My father's church.

Fuck no.

TARA
 I'll type a letter, sign it as you.
 They'll give me the cut, we'll
 transfer it all back by morning.

CHARLIE
 (can't breathe)
 I've gotta find half a million
 dollars by morning.

Tara places a tiny EARBUD in her ear.

TARA
 We didn't rehearse. Listen for my
 cues.

INT. STUDIO STAGE -- MINUTES LATER

SAMANTHA
 Welcome to Think Tank.

Samantha, Charlie, REP. TROY BRULLER (African American,
 Liberal) and CONGRESSMAN WARREN HEINZ (Southern Conservative)
 on the table.

OFF STAGE near Rick, the REUTERS iNEWS FEED updates every two or so seconds.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Tonight breaking news, on the suicide death of twenty year old Karen Schultz, the most recent headliner in the David Harding sex scandal.

The PAGES in Charlie's hands shake like a leaf. Rick eyes her encouragingly.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Shultz took her life after Harding's wife published a love letter she'd written to the Senator. We're here tonight with Congressman Warren Heinz and Senator Newman's newly appointed Chief of Staff Charlie St. John. Good evening.

WARREN

Good evening.

Charlie misses that beat, sick to her stomach, waiting for her life to end on National TV.

INT. TOWN CAR -- SAME

FLYING THROUGH THE CITY, THE FLASHING RED LIGHT ON TARA'S HEADSET ILLUMINATES

TARA (O.S.)

(ahead to the driver)

Sixth and H, North east.

As Samantha, Charlie, Rick and the Congressman Warren Heinz appear on the town car's TV.

SAMANTHA

(from TV)

This was apparently a consensual relationship between two people that the Republican conservative base turned into a "save-face" spectacle.

Tara spruces her appearance in the mirror, lips, perfume, cleavage, getting herself ready for battle...to pull her ace if she needs it.

WARREN

*A relationship that began before
the girl was of age--*

REP. TROY BRULLER

*--Allegedly. That hasn't been
proven has it, Charlie?*

TARA

(into headset)

The administration had the
foresight to move on Harding's
obvious breach in contract and is
not involved with the
investigation.

But Charlie's a deer in headlights. No answer. Off Rick's
concerned eyes,

TARA (CONT'D)

Come on Charlie, focus.

INTERCUT WITH CHARLIE IN THE--

INT. STUDIO STAGE -- SAME

SAMANTHA

Which bring us to the question of
the night. Does one's private
choices dictate their political
policy? Are we looking for a moral
leader or a qualified one?

WARREN

Well Samantha, the Republican party
has long been a morally adept
party. We place a high prize on
ethics and anyone who doesn't
should not carry the card of the
GOP.

SAMANTHA

Thank God I'm a Democrat. And who I
sleep with has nothing to do with
my politics.

WARREN

As you obviously are a democrat.

INT. CHOI, H STREET RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

Asian fusion noodle spot. Futuristic Juke box. Tara sits at a dingy table with the photographer. A cute HIPSTER (late 20's) sipping a Red Stripe beer from a can.

HIPSTER

I said Charlie you're not Charlie.

TARA

I have what you asked for.

HIPSTER

My camera's Wifi enabled, I'll send these to MSNBC right now if you don't get her down here.

TARA

She's on her way. In the mean time will you consider my offer?

HIPSTER

No.

That's not what Tara's used to hearing from a man. SHE UNDOES ANOTHER BUTTON on her blouse. Signals the bartender for a round.

TARA

May I counter?

Off her cleavage and his prying eyes.

INT. STUDIO STAGE -- SAME

Things are heated.

WARREN

Harding was dating a child! It got out. She couldn't take the guilt of her sins and committed another sin to cover for the original!

SAMANTHA

She killed herself because her church and family excommunicated her after the allegations surfaced. (beat) This morning on the radio Limbaugh said and I quote-- "she was a whore who should have traded her place at Yale for a career in fellatio?"

Off Sam's incredulous look.

REP. TROY BRULLER

She was the president of the College Republicans and the Yale Review. Now her credentials mean nothing because she did something that felt good to her?

CHARLIE

(waking up)
It was unethical.

SAMANTHA

Define ethics.

On Rick's *you can do this eyes*.

CHARLIE

Harding used the money of tax payers and foundations to finance his trust. One of which is a felony and the other, feels good but is-- wrong.

SAMANTHA

Not everything that feels good is wrong, Charlie.

That kicked her in the throat.

WARREN

Harding wasn't honest with his party, his people, and most of all, his wife. I hold my wife in the highest regard. It doesn't take a scientist to find the lack of judgement there, Jennings.

SAMANTHA

That's not my *point*, Warren.

WARREN

What is your *point*?

INT./EXT. MANASSAS, WADDLING ESTATE -- NIGHT

William and Katherine watch Charlie on TV in their pajamas.

INT. PLANNED PARENTHOOD HEADQUARTERS-- SAME

A group of teens and administrators watch her on a projector.

INT. STUDIO STAGE -- SAME

SAMANTHA

My point is Harding should have been able to spend his salary on a significant other without the evangelical base waiving their Jesus finger at--

CHARLIE

--The FBI's not investigating Jesus. It's investigating a man who stole money and possibly engaged in statutory rape. As a Christian--

SAMANTHA

--What does Christianity or any religion have to do with his ability to get a bill passed on the floor?

WARREN

And this is why the GOP believes--

CHARLIE

(addressing Samantha)

--It has everything to do with his work. How can he stand for people, for God--

SAMANTHA

--When are you conservative bible thumpers going remember that retaining your tax exempt status requires you to keep your radical Christian noses out of government affairs? The separation of church and state--

Troy Bruller interjects but--

CHARLIE

--I recognize the separation of church and state but I am not condoning lying, cheating, or destroying the faith of those who believe in you.

Warren's leaned back, enjoying the mud fight.

INT. HELIX LOUNGE-- SAME

VIP room. Junior, a GIRL in one arm and a bottle of champagne in the other watches Charlie on a FLAT SCREEN.

JUNIOR
(to bartender)
Turn that shit up, man.

INT. STUDIO STAGE -- SAME

SAMANTHA
How much influence did Mayor
Waddling's Christian Coalition have
on the decision to--

CHARLIE
--My father isn't on this show,
tonight. Neither is the Coalition.

INT. CLUB PURE -- SAME

JUNIOR
Bam!

Junior smacks the Bar. Don't f' with his sis.

INT. WADDLING ESTATE -- NIGHT

Off William's Waddling's proud eyes. BACK TO--

INT. STUDIO STAGE -- SAME

The fire in Charlie's eyes is back.

SAMANTHA
When people use their religion and
interpretation of how they see God
to direct public policy--

REP. TROY BRULLER
Now that's a crime bordering
heinous. And I'll say--

CHARLIE
(to Samantha)
His judgment was poor. He was in a
compromised state and made a
mistake.

(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Decisions about whether or not we go to war were in the hands of a man who thought it good to have sex with a girl the same age as his granddaughter.

Off set, Rick adjusts his headphones. Off his proud eyes--

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You call that love, the Newman Administration calls it pedophilia. And I call it never happening again under my watch as Chief. We don't tolerate moral ambiguity. Not because we're perfect, but because we're paid not to.

Long hard beat. Off Sam's eyes on Charlie.

SAMANTHA

(to the camera)

We'll be back.

INT. HIPSTER'S APARTMENT -- SAME

Second hand everything. The hipster's laid back, naked and sweaty on an old sofa, with a *damn* look on his satisfied face. Tara ZIPS HER SKIRT.

TARA

Your name is Thomas Wilkes. You have a four year old daughter, Sarah.

The hipster pops up.

TARA (CONT'D)

And a wife here in the city who's family pays your for mother's cancer treatments.

HIPSTER

How did you--

Off her phone, PHOTOS of she and the HIPSTER having sex.

TARA

I have proof that you're a piece of shit and will send it to your wife's family, which would cease all life treatments for your mother. Give me the camera, the card. Your laptop. And a name.

HIPSTER

I don't have a name. I just took
the money.

TARA

Then your account information.

He gets up, half naked, retrieves the items.

TARA (CONT'D)

I'll have replacements sent to you.
If I ever see those photos, not
only can you say bye to your
mother, but I'll see to it that
your cocaine habit's exposed and
you'll never get custody of your
daughter.

Done and done. A sweet kiss on his lips.

TARA (CONT'D)

Thanks for the release. I've had a
hell of a day.

And the door slams behind her. She's speed dials. Charlie's
phone goes straight to Voicemail.

TARA (CONT'D)

(into phone)
We got it.

She struts out of the apartment and steps into the waiting
town car.

END OF ACT 3

ACT FOUR

INT. BACKSTAGE, BATHROOM -- LATER

Charlie vomits. Rick gently holds her head above the toilet, hair off her face.

RICK
I'm gonna cancel Fox.

CHARLIE
(coming up for air)
No. I can do it.

EXT. REGAN BUILDING, MSNBC STUDIO -- SAME

PAPARAZZI FLASHES as Charlie and Rick leave the building hand in hand, enter a waiting car.

INT. CHARLIE AND RICK'S HOUSE -- LATER

Cuddled up eating Chinese. OFF RICK'S BUZZING PHONE.

RICK
Hate to leave you in this
condition.

CHARLIE
I'm okay. Don't miss your flight.

RICK
Hell of a first day, huh Chief?

If he only knew.

RICK (CONT'D)
Earlier. What did you wanna talk
about? I know I was a little wild
today.

She pulls him in for a deep I love you kiss.

CHARLIE
Make sure you're not forgetting
anything. Wallet. Phone. Keys. You
know how you are.

RICK
Don't let any of these Capitol Hill
vultures get at my baby while I'm
gone.

(MORE)

RICK (CONT'D)
 Don't know if they can handle a
 Chief of Staff with an ass like
 yours.

BEEP. BEEP. The car. A last kiss. They get up. At the door,

RICK (CONT'D)
 Love you.

CHARLIE
 Love you more.

Charlie closes the door behind him gently. Letting out held
 breath. She goes to her phone, her voice mail on speaker

TARA (ON SPEAKER)
 We're clear. Sleep well I'll update
 you in the morning.

Charlie flops on the sofa. The day crashing in on her.

TIME CUT TO:

Doorbell rings.

CHARLIE (O.S.)
 Awwh honey. I told you to check the
 house before you--

It's Samantha. Before she can protest--

SAMANTHA
 --You left this on my night stand.
 Didn't feel comfortable mailing it
 or leaving it with your assistant.

Off a DIAMOND CRUCIFIX in her hand.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
 Let me.

As she fastens the tiny clasp--

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
 Just wanted to let you know that
 although I don't agree with your
 position, I respect it.

CHARLIE
 Thank you.

On Charlie. No emotion. No struggle. She's made her decision.
 Samantha starts away then,

SAMANTHA

For the record, I loved every
moment of you.

Charlie closes the door. Stands there. And stands there.
Until she--

WHISKS THE DOOR OPEN--

SAM'S STILL STANDING THERE AND--

LUNGES INTO HER.

Their kiss is raw. All day has been too long.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

*And I speak to you today, in the
words of a once famous man. Never
did, or countenanced, in public
life--*

Charlie's hands are all over Samantha as they strip down to
lace.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

*--a single act inconsistent with
the strictest good faith--*

INT. HIRED CAR -- SAME

Rick pats his pockets. Shit.

RICK

(to driver)
Left my wallet.

The driver U-Turns.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

*--having never believed there was
one code of morality for a public,
and another for a private man--*

CHARLIE

Oh god. Yes. Yes Sammie yes--

Charlie's slammed against the wall, Sam taking full advantage
and Charlie's--

SLAMMED ON THE KITCHEN ISLAND--

And we're on Samantha's HAND CUPPED OVER CHARLIE'S MOUTH as she screams for dear life while Samantha does things we can't see but can hear from Charlie's ravaging rants.

EXT. CHARLIE AND RICK'S HOUSE -- SAME

Rick's car pulls up. He hops out. Trots toward the house.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
*Herein lies the summation of our
conflict.*

BEDROOM--

Charlie's riding an orgasm and Sam-- stops. Charlie screams at the top of her lungs.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
*As voters, as Americans, as people
who fight the good fight.*

Sam's holding Charlie's orgasm off, kissing her all over. Making her hold. Charlie trembles. Back to her whimpering state.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
*I am one with you in this fight,
America. And I will win.*

Charlie pushes Sam's head back between her legs.

CHARLIE
So that you may.

DOWNSTAIRS--

Rick turns the key. Opens the door. The place's trashed with clothes. Picks up Charlie's bra off the floor.

RICK
Charlie?

END OF SHOW