

BABUSHKA

by
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FADE IN

EXT. TWENTY-FIVE KILOMETERS FROM TIKRIT IRAQ - LATE AFTERNOON

A true American hero, Lt. MICHAEL MASTERS, dressed in full battle gear and desert storm camouflage smokes another cigarette while he leans his muscular build against a sand colored wall. Masters in his mid-forties, a few bits of gray in his dark brown hair, has weary but thoughtful brown eyes. There's a forboding quiet in the air until a HUMV drives up from the west, the sun blocks Master's vision of the driver. He plants the cigarette in the corner of his mouth and readies his rifle for the unknown.

MASTERS

Who goes there?

The HUMV comes to a stop. Masters sees the driver, a young Afro-American soldier, CLEVELAND JOHNSON, who throws Masters a causal salute and jumps out.

JOHNSON

Lieutenant,
(smiles)
you know those cigarettes will kill
you.

MASTERS

Very funny, Johnson.

Masters throws the cigarette away and looks around as if he senses something bad is about to happen.

JOHNSON

It's time to go Lt. Your orders are
in and they want to make this
happen today before the sand storm
gets here.

Masters grabs his knapsack and walks over to the vehicle. He looks at Johnson and then around. Near a small group of homes, he sees an Iraqi woman and young daughter, both with head coverings, move quickly into the protection of their thick walls.

MASTERS

Yes, it's time for me to leave
here. I'm starting to lose the
meaning of all this. What do we
need, another two thousand body
bags to make this right?

JOHNSON

You're from DC, right sir?

MASTERS

Well, actually Virginia, outside of DC. And that is where I'll be with my wife in five days.

Johnson smiles in admiration and then motions for the lieutenant to get into the HUMV. Masters jumps into the passenger's side and they pull out. They get to the edge of the wall, right before a small dirt road. Masters signals to stop. They see two men in an old car with the hood up. Masters reaches for his cigarettes and can't seem to find them.

MASTERS

Keep your eyes on those guys. I left my smokes on the wall back there.

JOHNSON

I'll drive you back.

MASTERS

No, just watch those guys. We can deal with them when I get back.

Masters jumps out of the vehicle and in a determined pace, walks back along the wall where he was standing. We see a pack of cigarettes on the wall. He grabs the cigarettes, stuffs them in his pocket and starts to walk back. He hears the sound of the HUMV moving. He shakes his head and starts to run toward the end of the wall. We see Johnson in the vehicle driving slowly toward the two Suni men working on the car. We see Masters running toward the end of the wall. Masters gets to the end of the wall and turns to see Johnson talking to the men. One of the men turns his palms up in the air to Allah. Then, a blinding flash and murderous explosion. Masters falls back against the wall to protect himself as shrapnel falls everywhere. He drops his gun and holds his hands over his ears and screams.

MASTERS

NO! NO! Why?

The sound of the HUMV burning, the smell of the rubber burning and the trail of black smoke triggers Masters' senses. He pulls a picture of his wife out of his jacket and tears roll down his face. MUSIC UP: Roll credits over collage of the first three years of the war in Iraq.

From the first "shock and awe" to the fall of Saddam Hussein statue in Baghdad to burning oil fields to the roadside explosions by insurgents to a scene of Masters, who looks back on the torment of war and killing. As he climbs aboard the transport for home, he turns and salutes his men on the ground.

INT. PRIVATE LAW LIBRARY WASHINGTON, DC. - LATE AT NIGHT

Two men in mid-sixties, sit in large leather chairs with brandy snifters. Two cigars create a screen of smoke in the room. The larger of the two men, VIRGIL STACKHOUSE, has a large elephant pin on his jacket. His jowls flap as talks. The shorter skinny man, JASPER J. GRIZZARD, has intense deep set eyes, like that of a dying man.

Grizzard takes a long drag on the phallic sized Cuban and follows the exhale with a sip of brandy. He breaks the silence with his slow deep southern accent.

GRIZZARD

If the people could see us now,
Virgil, sittin' here together
smoking illegal cigars.

STACKHOUSE

What makes them illegal? Because
they're Cuban, or the fact that the
chairman of the Republican party
sent them to me, something extra
for all those contributions?

GRIZZARD

It **is** funny, the two largest
contributors to the two parties,
sittin' here, not just talkin', but
fixin' to change the course of
history of this great land.

Stackhouse lets out a large jolly laugh.

STACKHOUSE

Jasper, you old fool. We don't
determine what happens in
Washington. It's just cycles. Your
money wins for awhile, then we win
for awhile.

GRIZZARD

Probably so. And when we need a war
to move things along, we always
find a war.

STACKHOUSE

There isn't a bad war Jasper, only
a less productive war.

GRIZZARD

There was a bad war Virgil. How
soon you forget about our recent
unpleasantness.

STACKHOUSE

That was a damn civil war! And
besides, you Southerners ended up
with all the money.

GRIZZARD

What are we goin' to do about all
those table-cloth wearin' cowards?
Your President Adams sure screwed
things up.

STACKHOUSE

Well, we gotta do something. How
many more billions do we have to
sink into that God forsaken place?

GRIZZARD

I'm a little tuckered out with all
this talk: we can't leave, we gotta
stay, we gotta help them, blah,
blah, blah.

STACKHOUSE

You know Jasper, if you added the
IQ of my candidate John Foster
Graham, with your candidate Alvin
Peck, you'd still be shy of one
hundred. Neither of them will ever
figure out a way to get out of the
Middle East.

Grizzard blows out some smoke.

GRIZZARD

Yeah, but if they had brains, we
wouldn't be as powerful,
(winks)
now would we, governor?

INT. SMALL APARTMENT SILVER SPRING, MD - NIGHT

At an old fifties vintage Formica and aluminum kitchen table sits an oafish man in his seventies with a flat top hair-cut wearing old gray pants and a sleeveless T-shirt which highlights his muscular hulk-like frame. LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI looks around his small dwelling and sees pictures of the old country, Poland. A Polish flag sits a broken vase. In his left hand, Dombrowski braces a large bottle of vodka on the table. Ready to reload his precariously placed glass on the edge.

He pours another large glass and drinks. As he puts the glass down for a moment, we hear a key in the door in front of him. The door opens slowly and HELENA DOMBROWSKI, in her early sixties, enters the apartment slowly as if she's about to defuse a bomb.

HELENA DOMBROWSKI
(in English)
Ludwik, How was your day?

Without breaking his glaze, he speaks.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI
(in Polish)
What do you think, woman?

Helena enters the room, closes and triple locks the door. She moves across the room and takes out groceries from a small bag.

HELENA DOMBROWSKI
(in English)
We are in America now. Speak English. Did you get the job?

Dombrowski takes another large sip and slams the glass to the table and stands.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI
NO! I didn't get the fucking job in this fucking country because the fucking people here think Polish people are stupid.

Helena stops, turns to look at him, crosses her arms.

HELENA DOMBROWSKI
You are in love with the Russian vodka I see. Is that such a smart thing Louie?

Dombrowski moves to her, grabs her arm firmly, his eyes bulging now.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI
 Wife, this place is not good. We
 are not living this goddamn
 American fucking dream they talk
 about. We are living like peasants.

Helena pulls away from the pain and returns to the groceries.

HELENA DOMBROWSKI
 Oh, you wanna go back to Poland;
 where you were a criminal and I was
 nothing but a maid.

Dombrowski holds a chair to brace his drunken legs, wobbles toward Helena and then smacks her across the face with an open hand. Her expression drops into complete despair as tears run down her reddened face. She shakes with fear and anger.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI
 I was not a criminal! I was a
 professional hit man. I was making
 more money in month, than I make in
 year in this piece of shit country.
 In this "land of the fuckin' free",
 better to be Mexican.

Helena realizes she'll not win this battle, takes her coat off and walks gingerly toward the bedroom.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI
 Maybe I should get a big gun and
 become a hit man here in America!

Helena stops short of the door, turns half-way toward Ludwik and says in a hushed tone.

HELENA DOMBROWSKI
 If you do that Ludwik DOMBROWSKI, I
 will leave you. Do you understand?

Ludwik takes the bottle pours more vodka.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI
 (in Polish)
 Fuck you. Fuck you and boat you
 came here on.

Helena goes into the bedroom, closes and locks the door.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. SMALL APARTMENT SILVER SPRING, MD - DAWN

Helena opens the bedroom door as the sun is just reaching it. We see Ludwik on the couch, the bottle of vodka dangling from his hand. Helena grabs her coat and moves quietly toward the door. Ludwik stirs, drops the empty bottle to the floor and looks up at his wife trying to leave.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI
Where are you going?

She freezes at the front door and slowly turns around.

HELENA DOMBROWSKI
To Mass.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI
Where's your babushka?

She opens the door and moves through the threshold with determination.

HELENA DOMBROWSKI
How many times must I tell you? We are in America, we do not wear the babushka for church.

She closes the door politely. Dombrowski nods in disgust and then mocks his wife in a high-pitched voice.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI
We are in America, we do not wear the babushka

EXT. WASHINGTON REAGAN AIRPORT BAGGAGE CLAIM - LATE AFTERNOON

The baggage claim is jammed with lots of people waiting. We see several military personnel with their sand colored camouflaged uniforms walking by. Masters stands at the turning baggage claim carousel and looks in for his bag and looks out for someone. A group of Muslim women with dark clothing and head coverings walk by. In the crowd, we see a man approaching. SAM O'DONNELL, a clean cut, all-american boy with sandy hair and blue eyes. He pushes through, waves to get Masters' attention.

SAM O'DONNELL
Michael! Michael!

Master hears his name and turns around. Sam reaches out his hand, Sam shakes his hand and then practically jumps into him with a large hug. Masters seems unmoved by it, as if something else was on his mind.

MASTERS
Sam, Where's Stella?

SAM O'DONNELL
Welcome home soldier.
(beat)
Oh, Stella, she's a little tired.
She asked me to pick you up.

MASTERS
Tired? I talked to her from
Germany, she didn't say...

SAM O'DONNELL
Yeah, just some flu thing. So,
you're back. Boy I'm glad to see
you neighbor!

MASTERS
Thanks Sam.

Masters sees his luggage and leans to get it. Sam tries to help, but Masters pulls it up and away from Sam.

MASTERS
The flu.... She's alright?

Sam slaps Master's back.

SAM O'DONNELL
Hey, you're the one that has been
in danger. Come on buddy, let's get
you home.

Master looks around and sees the stars and stripes on the wall at the airport.

MASTERS
(OC)
Yes, home; home sweet home.

EXT. MASTERS HOME ARLINGTON, VA. - AFTERNOON

Masters gets out of Sam's car with a large duffle bag. Sam waves and takes off. Masters walks up to the front door. He opens the screen door and moves into the house. Masters seems disoriented and almost guarded as he enters his house.

INT. MASTERS HOME ARLINGTON, VA. - CONTINUOUS

He puts his bag down by the door, pulls off his shoes. He looks around the house and a smile comes across his face.

He walks slowly through the living room, pauses to look at his wedding photograph.

MASTERS

Stella! Hey baby, where are you?

Masters makes his way through the living room and sees the sunlight through the windows. A weak voice comes from down the hallway. From Masters POV he moves quickly toward bedroom door.

STELLA

Michael. Michael, I'm in here.

MASTERS

I'm home honey.

Masters slows up as he gets to the doorway. As he looks in, he sees STELLA MASTERS, in bed propped up by some pillows. She's very skinny and her skin tone is rather gray.

STELLA

Michael, thank God you're here.

Michael runs to her, hugs her, kisses her and she bursts into tears.

MASTERS

Stella, what's wrong? You've lost so much weight?

He gently puts her body back in the space in the pillow and holds her arms slightly below the shoulders. A look of concern conquers the strong soldier.

MASTERS

Sam said you had the flu, but this.....

Stella puts a tissue to her nose and takes a deep breath. The room is silent for too long.

STELLA

Michael, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry, I didn't want to ruin your coming home party.

Masters smiles and kisses his wife on the lips and shakes his head.

MASTERS

Ruin the party? Stella it's just the flu, we gotta get you better. Now...

Stella touches Masters lips with her index finger signaling her desire to speak.

STELLA
Michael, it's not the flu.

Masters opens his mouth trying to talk, but is paralyzed with fear.

STELLA
It's cancer Michael. Lung cancer.

Masters pulls away, looks down to the floor, then back to his wife. Her eyes welling up with tears.

MASTERS
Tell me this isn't true. Why didn't you..?

Masters hugs her again, this time realizing how thin his wife has become and how weak.

MASTERS
We've got to get you to Opperman to check you out.

She wipes the new tears away and manages a little smile that fades into a look of helplessness.

STELLA
I've been to Walter Reed. I saw Opperman.

MASTERS
And?

STELLA
There's nothing we can do. It's inoperable.

Those words echo in his head. Masters clicks into a serious military tone believing any mission can be accomplished.

MASTERS
What does that mean?

Stella reaches out to Masters knowing she must comfort him now. She pulls him into a full hug.

STELLA
I have one year.

Masters starts to hyperventilate a bit. The reality of impending death beginning to sink in. He rubs his forehead in a nervous manner.

STELLA

I love you Michael. I just didn't want to bother you with...

There is a silence here that both people don't want to end, but it does finally.

MASTERS

Oh my God. Please dear God!

Masters pulls the covers back and gets into bed with his wife. He pulls the covers back over them. He caresses Stella's face and then holds her tight and bursts into tears. Both souls cry themselves into the truth and the music crescendos with emotion.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN

EXT. CEMETARY - SUNNY AFTERNOON

A group of people, mostly dressed in black, stand at a grave site. INSERT CAPTION: 9 MONTHS LATER. Sorrowful MUSIC UP. The service is ending, people throwing dirt on the casket and then respectfully walking away.

EXT. PARKING LOT OF CEMETARY - MOMENTS LATER

Masters leans against his car with his arms folded. He's looking down like an athlete after a big loss. Sam O'Donnell approaches with a pack of cigarettes in his hand.

SAM O'DONNELL

You okay?
(pause)
Cigarette?

Masters looks up and smirks.

MASTERS

Now why would any human being want to suck tar and smoke into their lungs? Give me those.

Masters takes the pack from Sam and walks over to the trash can in the parking lot. He rips the pack and its contents to shreds and throws them into the can.

SAM O'DONNELL

You're right. Of course, what was I thinking?

Masters manages a weak smile, walks over to hug his friend.

MASTERS

I gotta keep you alive man. I need you.

SAM O'DONNELL

I should have been more sensitive.

MASTERS

No smarter. We all need to be a little smarter.

Sam perks up and manages a nervous smile.

MASTERS

You work in Public Relations, right Sam?

Straightening his tie, Sam speaks with authority and confidence.

SAM O'DONNELL

I'm the best damn P.R. Man in D.C.

Masters shakes his head in agreement.

MASTERS

I might have a job for you.
(beat)
I'm thinking about running for President.

Sam loses his smile and looks quizzical.

SAM O'DONNELL

President? Of what?

Masters points to his US flag pin on his lapel.

MASTERS

The United States of America, Sam. Somebody has to right this ship. I've been doing a lot of thinking about this.

SAM O'DONNELL
(sarcastically)
Sure Michael. Sure.

INT. POLISH-AMERICAN BAR VIENNA, VA - LATE AT NIGHT

Pictures of famous Polish revolutionaries line the wall. Leik Wliendza's poster hangs behind the bar. Pictures of Pope John Paul II and polish flags are everywhere. Alone at the bar, DOMBROWSKI polishes off another Vodka. A short man with a scar across his face, JOE GIELEROWSKI, approaches. He speaks in Polish. [SUBTITLES]

KILLER JOE
You drink alone. But you drink
quite well alone.

DOMBROWSKI looks up, his eyes are blood-shot and tired.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI
What do you want? Who are you? You
speak Polish.

Gielerowski doesn't stop his movement toward the stool next to DOMBROWSKI and sits down like he owns the place. Then shifts into English.

KILLER JOE
My name is Gielerowski, Joe,
(reaches out)
Joe Gielerowski.

DOMBROWSKI stares into the smoked mirror behind the bar and looks at his new friend up and down.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI
And what does Killer Joe want with
me?

KILLER JOE
I know who you are Ludwik. I might
even say, I am big fan.

DOMBROWSKI turns now and looks at Joe's face.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI
I don't know you. I don't want to
know you.

Killer Joe breaks into a hardy laugh. Waves to the bartender for two more.

KILLER JOE

Yes, you do. You know me. I help
you out of hell.

DOMBROWSKI looks back to his drink.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI

What hell? I'm not in hell.

Bartender comes over with a bottle of Russian vodka and two
large glasses which he fills half way. Joe hands him a twenty
and motions for him to keep it all.

KILLER JOE

You are in hell. You cannot find
work. You cannot use your talents
here. You are, nothing but, a white
American nigger.

Dombrowski doesn't move.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI

Go away, you son of whore.

Joe gets up and stands. He's only as tall as DOMBROWSKI who
is sitting. He gets close to his face and whispers.

KILLER JOE

Hey Polack! You wanna make ten
thousand US dollars?

Dombrowski, still stoic, but his eyes shift enough to show
interest.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI

Doing what? What makes that money
for me?

Joe sits back down, takes a big sip of vodka, sort of gargles
with it before he swallows.

KILLER JOE

Kill a rapist. One that got away
with it. A guilty man.

Dombrowski softens and turns slowly. He looks at Joe's eyes,
he recognizes him now. He flashes back to a younger man in
Poland on a dark street handing him money. And then
Dombrowski comes back to the reality of where he is.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI

You have wrong man. I am not
killer. You are killer.

Joe laughs again. He takes a short sip of the drink and puts a 1933 Sobieski 10zł coin on the bar.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI

What is that?

Dombrowski knows this. He has done this before. He flashes back again, to a place far away, where a coin is given to him. In the flashback, he puts the coin in his pocket and shakes a man's hand. Back to reality, he sees the coin. CU: face of coin.

KILLER JOE

You know what that is. Tell me, can you read the year on the coin?

Dombrowski picks up the coin and smiles. He looks at the coin, and looks at Joe and smiles more.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI

ZŁOTYCH, Nineteen, thirty-three.
That was a very good year.

Joe takes a sip and pats DOMBROWSKI on the shoulder.

KILLER JOE

Yes, it was a good year. Keep the coin, you can give it back to me when you finish the job. Welcome to America, land of opportunity.

Dombrowski shakes his head, takes a drink, but stops, and toasts. Joe joins in and they drink. The deal is done.

INT. TOWN HALL ALEXANDRIA, VA. - NIGHT

The small town hall is buzzing with people. Camera people and lighting crews are putting the finishing touches on their setup. The hall is decorated in red, white and blue with a large sign behind the podium that says, MAKING HISTORY WITH DEMOCRACY. People scramble to get good seats. A reporter from CNN stands by the door doing a filler interview with Republican kingpin Stackhouse.

CNN REPORTER

I'm here with Virgil Stackhouse, one of the largest contributors to the Republican party. Mr. Stackhouse, why is President Adams doing this town hall meeting tonight?

STACKHOUSE

The President wants to help the American people understand how much he has accomplished by spreading democracy throughout the world in these last eight years.

CNN REPORTER

Is he campaigning for the party here, or just trying to rewrite the history books?

Stackhouse looks away nervously.

STACKHOUSE

Well, that sounds like more liberal press malarkey than good journalism Miss, is it Smith?

We see the stage director urging everyone to be seated. In the back of the room, we see Masters, in full dress uniform walk into the room and move toward the front. They start a countdown from five. The lights get brighter, music starts to play, and then, we hear a voice-over announcer:

ANNOUNCER

Live, from the Alexandria Town Hall right outside of Washington, DC, we present the President of the United States of America, Fredrick W. Adams.

The room erupts in applause. Out of the corner of the stage, comes a white haired man in a very expensive gray suit with a bright blue tie. He waves to the crowd with stiff body language. He gets to the microphone, waves the crowd to stop, then waves them to keep going, laughs a silly grin, then steps up and talks.

PRESIDENT ADAMS

Thank you. Thank you very much.

The applause politely peters out. He starts into this speech.

PRESIDENT ADAMS

My fellow Americans, I come to you tonight to give you an update on our progress in the war against terrorism and our achievements of spreading democracy across the world. And to take some questions from you, the citizens of this great land.

Applause starts again, but the president quiets them down.

PRESIDENT ADAMS

We set out eight years ago to make a better country with lower taxes and greater opportunity for all citizens, but something happened on the way: terrorism, that's what happened...

TIME WARP DISSOLVE TO:

PRESIDENT ADAMS

...not every one agrees with me. And we've taken some criticism for how we handled things, but the world is a safer place now that we have spread democracy to Iraq, North Korea and of course, Iran. We have made the United States a very safe place for our children.

Auditorium erupts in applause. Adams looks around with a feeling of confidence and his silly grin appears again. The crowd noise slowly dies down.

PRESIDENT ADAMS

Now, let's have some questions.

Looks around the room for the skill.

PRESIDENT ADAMS

Yes, the lady in the blue dress.

The camera pans around the room and we see a woman in a blue dress standing, already holding a microphone.

WOMAN IN A BLUE DRESS

Mr. President, what do you consider your greatest achievement in your eight years as president?

The President gets a silly look of confidence, raises his eye brows.

PRESIDENT ADAMS

Well, I must say, I've learned a lot. And, well, I would say my greatest, ah, thing, would have to be liberating lands and disseminating democracy throughout the world.

From a microphone on a stand on the aisle on the other side of the room, Masters stands at attention.

MASTERS

At what price?
 (into the mic)
 At what price sir?

A hush falls over the crowd. The crowd turns to see who is speaking, then turns to President for his response.

PRESIDENT ADAMS

There's one of the most proud
 sights.
 (points)
 One of our bravest, standing there,
 in uniform. What division
 Lieutenant?

MASTERS

The Sixth Division sir, out of
 Quantico.

The President looks around trying to find out what to do next.

PRESIDENT ADAMS

Then you're home; Home sweet home.
 How does it feel?

MASTERS

Well, sir, after more than six
 years of war, and more than seven
 hundred billion dollars spent on
 war, do you think the price was
 worth it?

PRESIDENT ADAMS

We liberated some countries. We
 gave them freedom. We gave them
 democracy.

Masters looks down and then looks back up, shaking his head.

MASTERS

With the money we spent, we could
 have built more than eight million
 homes for people in the gulf coast.
 We could have hired eight million
 more public school teachers. We
 could have provided 30 million
 college scholarships to kids in
 this country.

(MORE)

MASTERS (cont'd)

We could have wiped out hunger and poverty in this country. And you're proud of what we did somewhere else?

President looking nervous, eyes bouncing back and forth looking for another person to go to.

PRESIDENT ADAMS

I stand on my record. I'm proud of what we achieved.

Master now more aggressive.

MASTERS

You should be ashamed of yourself. That was the poorest management of America in my lifetime. I think maybe we should FIX AMERICA FIRST! I hope the next president thinks about America first!

The stage hand opens her mouth and accidentally trips the applause sign button. The crowd erupts in strong applause. The president looks around and sees another plant waving his hand vigorously and he calls on that person.

INT. CNN'S SITUATION ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Wolf Blitzer stands in front of the many monitors on the set. He holds his script in his hand.

WOLF BLITZER

Welcome to the Situation Room. What we just witnessed, was the derailing of a US president by a Lieutenant in the US Marines. We have just learned the identity of the man, who stood toe to toe with President Adams. His name is Lieutenant Michael Masters, who served in both Gulf Wars and is due to retire from the military this month. Let's ask our own Candy Crowley for her reaction of this lambasting the president received from the decorated veteran.

On a very big monitor, then full screen.

CANDY CROWLEY

Wolf, the president was noticeably shaken and cut short his program from the suburban Virginian town hall. This is one Q and A session he'll regret for some time.

WOLF BLITZER

This Masters, seems to have said what a lot of people have been thinking.

Shaking her talking head.

CANDY CROWLEY

Yes, Wolf, and judging by the crowd reaction, they loved what he had to say.

INT. FOX TELEVISION NEWS SET - CONTINUOUS

BILL O'REILLY

What I think? You wanna know what I think? He ought to be taken back to Quantico and put right through boot camp again and sent back to Iraq. The nerve of this Michael Moore coached soldier confronting our president, while we are trying to make this planet a better and safer place. Why would this Michael Masters care about how much money it costs? He wasn't paying for it. He was living off that very same money. He should have retired long ago. I don't want Michael Masters wearing that uniform even a minute longer.

INT. MSNBC HARDBALL SET - CONTINUOUS

CHRIS MATTHEWS

This Masters guy has some real gut without concern for glory. I don't care what all the president's men say, I like this guy. He's the type of man who would make a great president. You know like Eisenhower on steroids.

INT. MEET THE PRESS SET - LATER THAT WEEK

TIM RUSSERT

My guest today on Meet The Press, Senator John McCain. Senator, what do you make of this confrontation between a soon to be retired Marine and the president?

INSERT VISUAL of Masters talking at the town meeting.

SENATOR MCCAIN

Well Tim, you know, after years fighting in war, this brave soldier who sacrificed so much, as many of us have, only to come home to discover his wife had terminal cancer. This, I'm sure, added to this decorated veteran's emotional state.

TIM RUSSERT

What advice would you give Lt. Masters?

SENATOR MCCAIN

I'd say to him, what I would say to any American, don't ever stop exercising your right to free speech. That's why we fight those wars.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY UPPER GEORGETOWN - EVENING

Dombrowski, in a Cable Tech uniform carries a tool case, walks slowly up the dimly lit hallway and looks at each apartment number on the doors. He gets to one door and stops. He takes in a deep breath and looks down at a piece of paper in his hand. He turns on his flashlight to check that he's at the right apartment. He turns off the flashlight and knocks on the door. He knocks again. We hear someone walking to the door. Door opens, safety chain is still latched. VICTOR HICKEY stares from inside the apartment.

VICTOR HICKEY

What do you want?

Dombrowski coughs nervously before he speaks.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI

I'm from CableTech, to fix your cable.

Hickey furls his brow.

VICTOR HICKEY

I didn't call. I think my cable is fine.

Dombrowski hands the pink piece of paper through the open slit.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI

Are you Mr. Hickey, is this the right address?

Hickey pulls the paper into the apartment and reads it. Dombrowski waves his fake ID badge in Hickey's face.

VICTOR HICKEY

Yeah, this is me. You know I haven't had the TV on today...

Hickey unlatches the lock and opens the door. From Dombrowski's POV, we see a small studio apartment with a Marilyn Monroe painting on the wall, a cigarette burning in an ashtray, the smoke follows the shape of the starlet's body. A large champagne bottle and one glass sit on the table, the bubbles still actively seeking the surface.

VICTOR HICKEY

Please come in, let's see if it's still out.

Dombrowski enters, closes the door gently and moves toward a large TV in the corner of the room. Hickey now with his back to Dombrowski, is looking for the remote. Dombrowski's hand moves gracefully to his lower pocket and pulls out a Walther PPK with large glass silencer attached. With one smooth choreographed movement, like the ballerina extending her arm and hand to the audience, he aims effortlessly. We hear two muffled thuds, two bullets into the back of Hickey's head.

He stands for a while, as if he's part of the ballet as well, then his knees crumble and he falls just before the coffee table. Dombrowski turns, locks the door, and slowly puts the gun's safety on, then with artistic flair, returns the gun to his pocket. He then puts on black leather gloves.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI

There you go, mister rapist.

Dombrowski looks down at the champagne. He looks at the glass and sees the bubbles.

He lifts the glass as if to toast, but gets mesmerized by the bubbles. He looks right into the glass and sees the bubbles rising to the top bigger than life.

FLASHBACK:

INT. SMOKY ROOM IN A POLAND PAST - LATE AT NIGHT

We hear music fading into this memory of Poland. The glass is pulled back from full screen and we see a very fat man sitting on an old sofa with two women, dressed to show their bigger body parts. He drinks the celebratory drink like water. Some dripping down his many chins. A small boy walks up to the table and grabs some bread. The fat man, BORIS Dombrowski speaks in Polish. [SUBTITLES]

BORIS DOMBROWSKI

Stop! That food is not for you.
That food is for those who fought
for the liberation of this country.

With this, Boris slaps the boy so hard he falls to the ground. The two women react with sympathy, one gets up to help the young son. Boris grabs her back onto the sofa.

BORIS DOMBROWSKI

Let him be, he must be a strong man
to be my son. Ludwik, get up, get
out of here.

Boris takes another swig of champagne. One of the women, disturbed by what she saw, reaches for her babushka and begins to put it on, preparing to leave.

BORIS DOMBROWKI

Please, the night is young. Please
stay.

Boris takes another drink. As we zoom in on the glass...

DISSOLVE TO:

Back to the glass in Dombrowski's hand.

INT. UPPER GEORGETOWN APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Dombrowski takes the glass and throws it violently against the bloody body on the floor.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI

Motherfucker! You motherfucking
swine.

He then takes the champagne bottle pours it over the body.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI

You want more champagne, I give you
whole bottle.

Then he whacks him on the head with the empty bottle three times with a demonic glare in his eyes. He puts the champagne bottle on the coffee table. He pulls out a knife, rolls the body over, unbuckles the belt, pulls open Hickey's pants, and in the reflection of the champagne bottle we see him cutting off a body part. He then opens the victims mouth with his knife and inserts the body part in Hickey's mouth.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI

You like to eat? Eat this, you
bastard!

He then rolls him over, pulls the pants down exposing Hickey's naked rear, takes the champagne bottle and jams it up his ass. Then a calm comes over Dombrowski. He smiles, picks up his tool kit, and walks out the door.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. PRIVATE LAW LIBRARY WASHINGTON, DC. - LATE AT NIGHT

The two old wealthy politicians sit sipping their brandy and smoking their cigars. There is a pause, then they speak.

STACKHOUSE

I wouldn't put much credence into
that whole spectacle the other
night.

GRIZZARD

Then why do they keep talking about
it on the TV? A soldier gets up at
some town meeting and confronts the
President like that and all of a
sudden, he's the big celebrity.
Maybe we have too much media and
not enough news in this country?

STACKHOUSE

Oh, just like that woman who was
protesting the war, what was her
name?

Grizzard looks puzzled.

STACKHOUSE

See that's my point, I no one even remembers her name.

GRIZZARD

I wish we had him on our ticket instead of you know who. But really, he couldn't be serious about running for president on a third party. You know, that son of bitch can only hurt the Democratic party.

STACKHOUSE

You forgot Ross Perot. That hurt the Republicans. Third party bullshit is just bad for business.

GRIZZARD

Yeah, what ever happened to the "normal" good old days?

STACKHOUSE

The country's changing right in front of our eyes. Like that sick-o who took out that rapist. They had him. He was guilty as sin. But, it gets thrown out because of an illegal wire tap. I thought we eliminated illegal wire taps?

GRIZZARD

But some "good" citizen decided to do what the court couldn't do. Justice has been served.

STACKHOUSE

Yeah, real OLD SCHOOL!

(laughs)

That was no fucking citizen vigilantly Jasper, that was a hit man. The crimes scene screams: REVENGE! Good old fashioned American revenge.

Stackhouse lets out a strong demonic laugh while Grizzard looks at him in amazement.

GRIZZARD

You can still hire a hit man in this country?

STACKHOUSE

This is America buddy. You can buy anything you want, if you have the money.

INT. MASTERS GAME ROOM - EVENING

Sam O'Donnell walks around Masters pool table and looks for best possible shot. Masters is behind small bar pouring two large glasses of scotch whisky.

SAM O'DONNELL

I thought you were kidding about running for president. Why in the hell would anyone with a reasonable amount of intelligence want to run for president? That's a terrible job?

Master holds up the glass to the light and moves toward O'Donnell and smiles.

MASTERS

Are you saying that one of lesser intelligence would do a terrible job as president?

O'Donnell laughs.

SAM O'DONNELL

Well, we already know that. But really, are you going to run? Think about the fact that both the Democrats and the Republicans already have candidates...and tons of money?

O'Donnell takes the shot and misses terribly. Masters takes a sip of scotch and picks up his cue. Tight shot of balls on the table.

MASTERS

This country needs a third party, Sammy.

He takes his shot and rocks the balls on the table with the ball going in. He takes another shot quickly and the ball goes in.

SAM

Well, that takes balls.

Masters looks up at O'Donnell and points at him.

MASTERS

Sammy, only so many balls on the table. You only get a chance like this once. We just have to keep hitting the right ones.

Masters leans down, and hits again. And again. And then finishes off the game.

MASTERS

And I plan to win.

INT. POLISH-AMERICAN BAR VIENNA, VA - LATE AT NIGHT

"Louie Louie" plays on the jukebox. Three people sit at the table in the corner arguing in Polish. Killer Joe sits at the bar with a cigar box in his left hand and a beer mug in the other. We see Dombrowski come through the front door, nervously look around the room. He sees Joe at the bar and walks toward him.

KILLER JOE

I see what the cat brought in.

Dombrowski sits down next to Joe. Joe waves to the bartender.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI

Gielerowski, do you have it?

Bartender approaches.

KILLER JOE

Two shots of da best.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI

Well, Mr. Killer Joe, I've done the job.

Bartender puts down two shots on the bar and walks away.

KILLER JOE

First we drink.

Both men drink back the shots of vodka. Dombrowski wipes his lips with the back of his right hand. Joe hands the cigar box to Dombrowski and he taps his shoulder twice.

KILLER JOE

You will like these cigars.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI

I must go now.

Dombrowski tries to open the box with his dirty fingernails.

KILLER JOE

Not here. You must trust me.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI

What is there to trust?

Joe laughs and Dombrowski backs away slowly.

KILLER JOE

Good night Mr. Dombrowski. Enjoy my gift.

Dombrowski walks toward the door as the song lyric hits the line, "We gotta go."

EXT. OUTSIDE THE POLISH AMERICAN BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Dombrowski opens the box and looks down at one hundred one hundred dollar bills in the cigar box. He smiles and walks away briskly. CU: traffic light, it turns red, CU: red light.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. MASTERS NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS DC - EARLY MORNING

CU: sun comes up over the Potomac River. Dozens of remote TV vans parked along the street with their satellite dishes aimed at the sky. O'Donnell and Masters walk quickly up the sidewalk on a perfect blue sky day.

SAM O'DONNELL

Now, you know what the letters stand for?

MASTERS

Help people remember the name. Plus, it's funny. What's the schedule again?

SAM O'DONNELL

You have Blitzer this afternoon, then you go to New York for the fund raiser at The Palm tonight, then Larry King Live tomorrow night. I'll pick you up at the train station in DC on Thursday.

They walk through the doorway of a small converted street level shop.

Workers pull up a large sign above the door: MASTERS FOR PRESIDENT. Several TV reporters follow Masters into the building.

INT. MASTERS NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS DC - CONTINUOUS

People inside become aware of Masters presence, they start to clap and cheer. TV Camera men start to roll.

MASTERS

Thank you, Thank you. Please

(beat)

We really thank you for all this work. This is tremendous. Awesome! Great!

REPORTER #1

How do you expect to be elected president Mr. Masters without a party to back you?

Masters turns and stands in front of a large sign on the wall with the slogan FIX AMERICA FIRST.

MASTERS

Ah, good question. We are going to start a new party. A party based on three important elements of our society today: **B**eliefs, **L**ifestyles and **T**echnologies.

REPORTER #2

And that means what?

MASTERS

It means that we will protect a person's beliefs, we will respect an individual's lifestyle and we will find technologies to advance society and help save the planet.

REPORTER #1

And what is the party called?

MASTERS

Well, you can call the party, the B.L.T. Party.

Everyone laughs and then the room gets silent waiting for the joke to be admitted.

REPORTER #2

Like the sandwich?

Masters smiles and looks around the room.

MASTERS

Yes, like the sandwich. Can we send
out for lunch?

Everyone claps loudly.

INT. SMALL APARTMENT SILVER SPRING, MD. - EVENING

We hear a TV blaring off screen. The door opens and Helena enters carrying a large grocery bag. She looks around the room and sees Dombrowski in a brand new leather recliner. He has a remote control in one hand and a large glass of vodka in the other. Helena POV: scans the room and sees a giant flat screen plasma TV. Helena, astonished, moves into the apartment and to the kitchen area to put down the groceries. She returns to the living room and faces Dombrowski.

HELENA DOMBROWSKI

Where did that TV come from? And
the chair?

Dombrowski looks up, his eyes rolling into his head.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI

I bought them. And there is a box
on the table there for you.

Helena reaches down and picks up a box. She opens it to find three colorful patterned head scarfs and pulls the top babushka up in the air in front of her face. She lowers the babushka and sees Dombrowski staring at the TV.

HELENA DOMBROWSKI

Where did all this come from?

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI

I told you, I bought them.

HELENA DOMBROWSKI

With what money? You don't work.
How did you get the money?

Dombrowski clicks the remote through channels in a trance. Helena throws the box of babushkas down onto to the table.

HELENA DOMBROWSKI

Louie, tell me the truth!

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI

Fuck you! Shut up! I have a job!

Helena runs into the bed room and closes the door behind her.

INT. BEDROOM IN APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Without taking off her coat, Helena opens the closet door and pulls down a worn and old brown leather suitcase. She blows the dust off and opens it on the bed. She puts her clothing in the suitcase and begins to cry.

INT. SMALL APARTMENT SILVER SPRING, MD - MINUTES LATER

Helena stands at the door with the suitcase by her side. Tears roll down her face; she finds it hard to speak.

HELENA DOMBROWSKI

I told you I would leave you if you went back to your old ways.

Without looking up.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI

So what? This is what I do. This is how I make money in this country!

HELENA DOMBROWSKI

And you are proud of this? I'll be at my sister's house in New York.

(pause)

This will not be good for you Louie. You will see.

Dombrowski, now dismissive, waves her away. She slams the door. Dombrowski changes the channel to CNN and Wolf Blitzer's Situation Room is on. We see the flat screen and the close up become a full screen.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. CNN'S SITUATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

WOLF BLITZER

We are live in the Situation Room and the buzz in Washington this week is about this new third party. Can a third party really win an election? We've had third parties in the past and history has demonstrated that they usually hurt one or the other party, but they never win. This so-called B.L.T.

(MORE)

WOLF BLITZER (cont'd)
Party, is headed by war hero turned
presidential candidate: Michael
Masters.

Masters is seen on one of the big screens behind Blitzer
sitting at a bus stop in an African-American section of
Washington DC.

WOLF BLITZER
Mr. Masters, where are you? What
are you doing?

MASTERS
Hi Wolf. How are you? I'm here in
DC.

WOLF BLITZER
Is that a bus stop?

MASTERS
Yes, it's where you catch the bus
Wolf.

WOLF BLITZER
Where to Mr. Masters?

MASTERS
I rode the bus out here on New York
Avenue so that I could talk to the
people about important issues like
the cost of gasoline, health care,
retirement programs, and wasteful
spending by the government.

WOLF BLITZER
Are you putting words in their
mouths Michael?

MASTERS
No, they're pissed off Wolf. They
don't understand why politicians
spend more time raising money and
having lunches with lobbyists, than
listening. People are still angry
about New Orleans, Iraq and obscene
oil company profits.

WOLF BLITZER
You sound like you're running for
president, Mr. Masters.

MASTERS

This is a great country we live in, but I must say, we have wasted so much money in the Middle East. We need to stop wasting time regurgitating the standard party viewpoints. There are more than two ways to view an issue, we need to focus on TRUTHFUL REALITIES.

WOLF BLITZER

But what can the B.L.T. do better than the other two parties? Are you really just a spoiler?

MASTERS

I hope not, but I do hope we send a message to Capitol Hill. We must, Fix America First. The upper five percent of the wealth in this country have got to start to give something meaningful back to this country. And that includes all those Senators and Representatives who have been raping the American people.

WOLF BLITZER

Those are strong words Mr. Masters. Are you dealing in "truthful reality" with those kinds of remarks?

MASTERS

I'll cut to the chase Wolf. If I'm elected President, all those in the Congress will immediately have to give up their elitist pension plan and switch to Social Security for their retirement plan. This is the only way things will get better.

(pauses for effect)

All the lobbyists will go and the whole notion of pork-belly projects will be eliminated from every bill. They waste time and money and distort government.

INT. PRIVATE LAW LIBRARY WASHINGTON, DC - NIGHT

As the smoke comes up in front of a small TV, we pull back to see Stackhouse and Grizzard. Stackhouse grabs the remote and turns off the TV.

GRIZZARD

Why are they giving him that much time?

STACKHOUSE

He's an asshole. He has no idea what he's doing? He just committed political hari-kari.

Stackhouse takes a big drag on a large cigar. Grizzard starts to drink his bourbon, but starts to shake uncontrollably.

GRIZZARD

God dammit! This palsy is driving me blasted crazy. It always comes on when I get stressed out about something.

STACKHOUSE

Jasper, pull yourself together man. This guy won't even get out of the gate.

GRIZZARD

Virgil, I just got a bad feeling, a feeling deep inside, that this one just might be a problem. We just might have to do something about him, sooner, better than later.

Stackhouse blows a smoke ring and then protrudes his big eyes in disbelief as if he has an idea.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. POLISH-AMERICAN BAR VIENNA, VA. - NIGHT

The eyes of the bartender jolt Dombrowski back out of his day dream. The bartender nods asking if he should pour another shot of vodka.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI

Yes, Yes, one more.

Dombrowski throws a ten dollar bill on the bar. Killer Joe comes out of the men's room. He walks a bit wobbly. He gets to Dombrowski and puts his arm around him, but leans his body uncomfortably heavy on Dombrowski. He pushes him away and Killer Joe drops into the chair next to Dombrowski.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI

You are drunk kurwa!

Killer Joe looks up in surprise.

KILLER JOE
You call me that? A dog licked your
mouth!

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI
Mister Killer Joe, you sleep with
the pigs.

Shaking off the curses, Killer Joe gets closer to Dombrowski
to whisper in his ear.

KILLER JOE
So, you understand. You can do
this, right?

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI
But I need more money.

KILLER JOE
Ah, just what I thought, you are
the pig.
(burps)
More money, they always want more
money.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI
This time, twenty. You understand?
The mistress of a Senator. This is
different. I need to buy car.

Killer Joe reaches into the bowl of pretzels on the bar and
takes one into this mouth without chewing.

KILLER JOE
Okay 'polack', to use that Polish
word.
(chews)
Just don't buy an American car!

Dombrowski laughs.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI
Yes, I know, Japanese or German. I
have Japanese TV.

INT. THE PALM RESTAURANT NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

A waiter passes with a large steak and lobster on a plate and
we follow him into the private dining room in the rear of the
place. The drone of conversations around us leads to a
stronger voice coming from the private room.

We see well-dressed men and women preparing to toast. At the front table facing the crowd, we see Masters and O'Donnell sitting with large smiles on their faces. A short bespectacled bearded man, ZIGGY FEINSTEIN, holds his glass high.

FEINSTEIN

I have been making movies since I was barely old enough to drive, but I have never created a character as rich as Michael Masters. Let's toast him and the B.L.T. - although for me, please hold the bacon!

Feinstein gets large laugh, and then continues.

FEINSTEIN

And next year, because of your generosity, we'll all be in Washington, on the capitol steps, witnessing the swearing in of a great American president: President Michael Masters.

Crowd cheers and drinks.

FEINSTEIN

Of course, I have the rights, and the book deal, and the sequel: a second term!

Another laugh.

INT. THE PALM RESTAURANT - MINUTES LATER

Master makes his way back from the rest room and almost runs into a voluptuous and beautifully tan woman in her early thirties. BIANCA FUENTES looks up and smiles.

MASTERS

I'm so sorry.

BIANCA FUENTES

No problemo.

(struggles)

I mean, no problem, sir.

Masters touches her shoulder. And is quite mesmerized by her beauty. Pauses a little longer than normal.

BIANCA FUENTES

You're the guy on TV. You're the new President?

Masters now out of his trance, laughs hardily.

MASTERS
Well, not yet. I'm running for
president.

Bianca, a bit embarrassed, looks down.

MASTERS
What's your name?

She looks back up and smiles.

BIANCA FUENTES
My name is Bianca Fuentes.

MASTERS
Bianca, is a beautiful name. It
means "white."

Bianca nods and smiles.

BIANCA FUENTES
But I'm not so white.

MASTERS
You are beautiful.
(uncomfortable pause)
Say, we're opening our headquarters
here in New York. Why don't you
come over tomorrow and help us.

He hands her a card.

MASTERS
Here's the address; 40th Street,
near Bryant Park, they tell me.

She takes the card quickly and puts it in her pocket.

BIANCA FUENTES
Yes, maybe. Thank you. Good luck,
Mr. Presidente.

Master watches her speed away and checks her out from head to
toe. He smiles and slowly walks back to his party.

INT. LARGE STOREFRONT NEW YORK HQ - EARLY MORNING

A bustle of activity, in the foreground sounds of people
barking orders and phones ringing. A large TV drones in the
background.

Masters moves from desk to desk with a plump woman in a bright green T-shirt with super-seized letters B.L.T. ANITA BENDER introduces him to each volunteer.

ANITA BENDER

Josh, this is Michael Masters.
Joshua is a student at Columbia.

Masters reaches out and shakes the thin, young African-American student's hand.

MASTERS

Hi Josh, thank you for helping out.
What's your major?

The young student stands proud and smiles.

JOSH

Political Science, sir!

MASTERS

Very good. Stay out of the army.

JOSH

Yes, sir.

Anita pulls him away to another table. From Masters P.O.V we see out the front window, Bianca Fuentes dressed in a dark blue business suit walks timidly to the door. The sound of the room lowers and we hear filtered distant words, "Yes, maybe. Thank you. Good Luck." The door opens, she walks in and from Masters POV, it's like time standing still. Masters breaks from the clutches of Bender's firm grip.

MASTERS

Excuse me Anita, I'll be right
back.

Masters walks across the room. And holds out his hand to Bianca.

MASTERS

Thank you for coming Bianca. I'm so
glad you came. Do you have some
time to...

Bender is right there to intercept the new worker.

ANITA BENDER

Hello, I'm Anita Bender, Masters
for President Headquarters Manager.
Have you come to volunteer?

BIANCA FUENTES

Yes, I come to help, to help Mr.
Michael become president.

Bender grabs Bianca's arm and whisks her away to a table to help stuff envelopes. She looks back at Masters and smiles. Masters waves and mouths "Thank you." He turns and sees one of the volunteers smoking a cigarette right in front of the entry. Masters walks over to Bender who just released Bianca to her job leader.

MASTERS

Mrs. Bender. You see that?

Michael points to the young woman smoker right outside the front door.

ANITA BENDER

I'll take care of it. I understand.

INT. SMALL APARTMENT SILVER SPRING, MD - NIGHT

Dombrowski sits at the small table with two inch thick wooden dowel rods. He takes a screw driver and tightens the short length of heavy wire that has been fastened to the two rods. He pulls each stick away from each other to test the wire. Satisfied with his work, Dombrowski walks into the bedroom, without taking his clothes off, crawls into bed and pulls a blanket over himself. His sleep morphs into a dream.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SMOKY ROOM FROM POLAND PAST - LATE AT NIGHT

A young boy looks out the window and sees Nazi troops marching through the street. The Swastika waves on the flag. He sees a woman running through the street trying to get home. She looks up at the window. The panic in her face is framed with a colorful babushka. Tears roll down her face.

GAYLENA DOMBROWSKI

Ludwik, please do not look.

YOUNG LUDWIK

Mommy, Mommy, Mommy!

The small boy begins to cry. Then he sees his father taking a large fork and pulling up a giant kielbasa sausage from a large black pot of boiling water. His father laughs and turns to him.

BORIS DOMBROWKI
 You want this?

A large rifle butt knocks the door knob away. We see Gaylena in a small bed in a nightgown. A Nazi soldier marches to her, rips her clothes off. He lowers his pants, turns and looks toward the boy. His mother's screams drives the young Ludwik to cover his ears with his small trembling hands. He looks up again and sees the soldier finished with his dirty work, turns his body toward the young boy. We see the large kielbasa being held up by his father and we move closer to the boiling water. The pot starts to move and from young Ludwik's P.O.V the boiling water is poured over him.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SMALL APARTMENT SILVER SPRING, MD - NIGHT

Dombrowski sits up in bed, sweating profusely. He screams and then holds his ears. Shaking, he turns the light on, grabs a bottle on the night stand and takes a large swig of vodka.

INT. CNN'S LARRY KING LIVE STUDIO NEW YORK - NIGHT

LARRY KING
 We're back with Mr. Michael Masters, the new party's candidate for president of these United States of America. We have Butte, Montana on the line; caller, you're on the air.

CALLER
 Yes, Larry, love the show, big fan.

LARRY KING
 Thanks, do you have a question?

CALLER
 Yes, how does this Masters guy get off criticizing the way the President handled the war?

Larry motions for an answer.

MASTERS

First of all, I would suggest to this caller, and every person who lives in this country, that the whole arrogant notion that we've been fed by the Adams administration is based on the theory that there is only one right way to achieve a goal.

Larry leans in toward Masters.

LARRY KING

But isn't that what every candidate says about his opponent?

MASTERS

After the last eight years, is there anyone who really believes they were telling the truth in Washington?

LARRY KING

But why should we elect someone from the military-industrial complex?

Masters takes a deep breath.

MASTERS

Some of our smartest, most loyal and disciplined people become soldiers. We shouldn't forget that we had many great post war presidents who were military men. I believe we had a general named Washington. We had another president named Grant. And of course, the person who first warned us of the military industrial complex was also a general, his name was Eisenhower.

LARRY KING

What was Eisenhower saying in his farewell address?

MASTERS

He was giving us the future. This was a man who predicted that the business of preparing for war is only a good business if we actually go to war.

LARRY KING

Are you suggesting that Adams got us into Iraq, Iran and North Korea because it was good for business?

MASTERS

What I'm saying is this: the struggle between the demands of the corporation and the needs of the people must end. The constitution doesn't start with "We the corporation..." It starts with "We the People..." Adams is no more than a flunky for the military-industrial machine with no real moral commitment to the people of this country.

LARRY KING

Are you questioning his integrity or his smarts?

MASTERS

His lack of intelligence is evident in the fact that he cannot articulate a simple response to most questions. He is who Eisenhower warned us about.

EXT. CNN BUILDING NEW YORK - LATER THAT NIGHT

A CNN intern points down the street and gives Masters directions to his hotel. Masters walks in that direction.

EXT. THE PALM RESTAURANT NEW YORK - MINUTES LATER

Masters looks up and sees the name of the restaurant and smiles. Just then, Bianca Fuentes walks out of the front door.

MASTERS

Bianca, what a surprise.

Startled but then aware of who was talking to her.

BIANCA FUENTES

Mr. Masters, is that you? I just saw you on TV, and now, I see you here. This is very crazy.

MASTERS

That's technology for you.

BIANCA FUENTES

Yes, this is a wonderful country.

Feeling awkward standing in front of the door as other customers attempt to enter, Masters gently grabs her arm and they move down the sidewalk together.

MASTERS

Say, have you had dinner? Would you like to have dinner with me?

A look of surprise and then a look to her cell phone.

BIANCA FUENTES

Well, I really would like to, but
(tongue tied)
my cousin is baby sitting...

Masters a little surprised too.

MASTERS

Oh, you have a baby? I'm sorry I didn't know you were married.

Bianca motions for him to stop.

BIANCA FUENTES

First, I'm not married. And my daughter is now nine years old. But I don't know how you say, baby sitter for a nine year old in English.

Masters laughs with relief.

MASTERS

I understand. Maybe another time?

Bianca looks conflicted. But then smiles.

BIANCA FUENTES

Please, one minute, Mr. Presidente!

She quickly punches a few buttons on her phone. Then waits for an answer.

BIANCA FUENTES

(in Spanish)

Hello, Juanita. Can you stay for a couple more hours? Yes, I have a dinner I have to do.

(listens)

Yes, okay, thank you very much.

Bianca clicks the phone off and looks up with a child-like grin.

BIANCA FUENTES
Yes, I can go with you to dinner
Mr. Masters.

MASTERS
Please, it's Michael.

INT. SMALL ITALIAN RESTAURANT - LATER

A small candle lit table for two. Bianca and Masters have just finished dinner. She sips her wine, and Masters takes a big drink of water. Masters smiles at his beautiful date.

BIANCA FUENTES
So, your wife. I read about her in
the newspaper. That's so sad.

Masters smile melts away and he looks down.

BIANCA FUENTES
I'm so sorry. Maybe you don't like
to talk about that?

MASTERS
No, I'm fine. She was a wonderful
woman and I'm at peace knowing that
she lived a great life. I regret
that my job, being a soldier, kept
me away from her so much. But she
was a saint.

BIANCA FUENTES
I can see that you are a loving
man.

Masters smile returns.

MASTERS
So, about you Miss Fuentes, or is
it, Senorita, or Senora?

BIANCA FUENTES
Well,
(giggles)
I'm a 'senora' for sure. I was
married to my husband Eduardo for
eleven years.

MASTERS

What happened? Is it okay for you to talk about this?

BIANCA FUENTES

Yes, it is, now. It has been six years since his death.

Masters concerned, reaches over and takes Bianca's hand and comforts her. She first pulls away, but then permits the contact.

MASTERS

How did he die?

BIANCA FUENTES

Well, I'm not sure. He went out one night, with some friends. And the next day, they came to me to say he was in jail.

MASTERS

Really? Why?

BIANCA FUENTES

I never could understand. They really didn't say, but the people in my village said it was drugs.

MASTERS

Oh, Jeez.

BIANCA FUENTES

But then two weeks later, when I was trying to meet with a lawyer. They told me that he was dead. He was killed in prison.

MASTERS

Man, I'm so sorry for you.

BIANCA FUENTES

Yes, it was hard. Having a baby, working.

(looking around)

They never even gave me his body. We never had a funeral.

A tear rolls down her cheek. She wipes her eyes with her napkin.

BIANCA FUENTES

And now I'm sorry for ruining this great night.

MASTERS

No, no, that's fine. It's good to talk about these things. Each time we talk about losing our loved ones, we get rid of a little more of the poison of sadness.

BIANCA FUENTES

That is why I came to America, to have a new start.

MASTERS

And a much better place to raise your daughter. What's her name?

BIANCA FUENTES

Belinda. She's my baby and, how you say, 'purpose in life?'

Masters takes Bianca's other hand now. And smiles.

MASTERS

Yes, that's how you say that. Like me running for president, it's my purpose.

Bianca looks away and then looks back with her confession.

BIANCA FUENTES

I never told Belinda about her father. (beat) I just said, that he had to go away, but that he loves her and one day she will see him again.

MASTERS

You know, you'll have to tell her one day?

BIANCA FUENTES

Yes, I know. But I just don't know when.

MASTERS

When did you move to America?

BIANCA FUENTES

I came four years ago. And I tried to learn English. It's so difficult.

MASTERS

So you have a temporary visa?

BIANCA FUENTES

No. I, well, I paid a man five thousand dollars to drive us to Chicago. I am, how you say, 'illegal'.

MASTERS

Oh boy. Well, welcome to America. I will try to find you an attorney.

BIANCA FUENTES

I don't want to go to jail.

MASTERS

No, the attorney will help you stay in America. You do want to stay?

BIANCA FUENTES

Yes, even more now.

EXT. SIDEWALK IN NEW YORK CITY - MOMENTS LATER

Masters walking on the curb side. A bit cold, Bianca hugs his arm with both of her arms.

BIANCA FUENTES

You walk on that side. Why?

MASTERS

It goes back to the old days when the streets were all dirt and the horses and wagons passed and usually threw up mud and dirt. It's supposed to be gentlemanly for a man to protect the woman from the dirt.

BIANCA FUENTES

That is good. Thank you, you teach me.

MASTERS

Let's find a cab for you. Maybe at my hotel. Unless...

Bianca stops and turns to Masters. The moonlight hits her face and her beauty radiates. Masters reaches around her small waist and he draws her near. He slowly moves to her lips and tries to kiss her. She turns her cheek and he lands a kiss on her. She looks surprised, but then gives him a quick kiss on his cheek, then slowly backs away, and takes a deep breath and swallows.

BIANCA FUENTES

I know what you are thinking. I'm thinking the same, but not now. Maybe another time. Yes?

Masters releases her and smiles. Her face looks like an angel from a dream.

MASTERS

Yes, that, is a good idea. Another time, is a very good idea.

EXT. UNION STATION WASHINGTON - EARLY NEXT MORNING

Masters walks with spunk through the lobby of the station and Sam O'Donnell meets him.

SAM O'DONNELL

You were great on Larry King.

MASTERS

Thanks Sam. It was a very good trip.

SAM O'DONNELL

Better than you know. Jasper Grizzard called and wants to have a meeting.

They make their way to the front of the station where a car waits for them.

MASTERS

Smells like politics to me.

SAM O'DONNELL

I think he wants to tap you for Vice President on the Democratic ticket.

MASTERS

I don't think so.

SAM O'DONNELL

The Post has a story today about a several members of Congress who wanna jump to BLT.

MASTERS

How many?

SAM O'DONNELL

Eight or Nine.

MASTERS

We'll need more than that.

They get into the car and drive away.

EXT. ROCK CREEK PARK JOGGING PATH - VERY EARLY MORNING

The thick fog is starting to move off. A light breeze rustles the underbrush. We hear in the distance, a jogger's footsteps. As they get closer, we begin to hear the healthy breathing of the runner. We focus on the path in anticipation. We see a large tree and then we see a black gloved hand holding the side of the tree like a male dancer holding his partner's waist.

We see the path again. The jogger is getting closer and through the fog we see a woman running forward. The young very fit woman has on a bandana and tight light blue running suit. Her white iPod ear buds wires disappear into her breast pocket. She gets to the big tree in the foreground and slows up as she has so many times before.

She bends over slightly, and then becomes erect and starts her slow ending. Out of her peripheral vision, a dark figure emerges from behind the tree. His arms stretch out to reveal a long wire connected to two wooden rods. His shoe breaks a twig beneath his feet. As the woman turns, the wire is now around her neck which whips back from the violent force. Her hands come up to protect, but it's too late.

The wire digs into her skin. Her eyes bulge in terror, gasps for a breath. She tries to scream, but nothing comes out. The wire tightens, blood flows around it and drips onto to her running suit. The man with the black leather gloves shakes his victim like a mouse in the mouth of a big cat. Back and forth until the lifeless form slowly sinks to the ground.

He gently unwraps the wire from her neck. We hear the faint sound of music playing in the ear phones. He reaches into her pocket and grabs the iPod, tears it from the ear buds and throws it into the woods. The sound stops. The dark figure walks into the fog.

INT. CHANNEL 7 EYEWITNESS NEWS SET - LATE AFTERNOON

Bubble-head news lady with a crawl of Exclusive News Story and supered picture of a woman on the arm of a tall good looking middle-aged man behind her.

NEWS ANCHOR

This just into Channel 7 Eyewitness News, we have learned that the body of the woman found this morning on the jogging path in Rock Creek Park has been identified as Gloria Peterson, an intern who has been working in Senator John McFarland's office for the last year. McFarland denied rumors of an affair with Miss Peterson after that story was the buzz on local radio talk shows last week. Eyewitness News will keep you...

INT. PRIVATE LAW LIBRARY WASHINGTON, DC. - LATE AT NIGHT

Stackhouse and Grizzard are both sitting in their same large leather chairs. Stackhouse has a bad cold and keeps blowing his nose. Grizzard puts his cigar out.

GRIZZARD

I assume that I shouldn't be smokin' up the place since ya'll under the weather, Mr. G.O.P.

Stackhouse breathes out laboriously.

STACKHOUSE

Jasper, I keep wondering if fuckin' McFarland had the girl whacked.

Stackhouse slowly lowers his arms to the arms of the leather chair as if it was an electric chair.

STACKHOUSE

Why wouldn't he have done the old sleeping pill thing? Less heinous, more plausible.

Grizzard picks up his still smoldering cigar and looks at it as if his words were written on the side of it. He strokes his waddle like he would to calm a cat

GRIZZARD

More plausible? What makes murder plausible? Murder is murder, boy!

STACKHOUSE

I guess.
(sneezes)
Fuck!

(MORE)

STACKHOUSE (cont'd)

(blows)

Oh, Jesus.

Grizzard takes a large sip of brandy and smiles. Behind his head is an old picture of an airplane. CU: picture, the Wright Brother's plane at Kittyhawk.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. AIR AND SPACE MUSEUM WASHINGTON - MIDDAY

The Spirit of St. Louis hangs from the ceiling of the museum. We see a panorama of flying machines including the shiny gold bottom of the space capsule. The sun shines reflects off the spacecraft. We hear someone speaking at one end of the museum and a large crowd around him.

MASTERS

The achievements of flying and the discoveries of the space program we see in this room are a tribute to what science means to America. Our elected officials lately, think that science only matters if it benefits the corporation or the stock market.

Room erupts with applause.

MASTERS

We knew about the oil crisis twenty years ago. But instead of listening to scientists about the potential of ethanol made from corn, we kept buying our SUV's.

MAN IN AUDIENCE

Right on!

People clap.

MASTERS

But if we put America first, we will put the world first. Science is about global warming. Science is about pollution. Science is about finding cures for diseases. We can't keep cutting the education budgets and expect to produce the scientists of the future.

A woman holding the hand of a child holding a jet model in his other hand smiles admiringly.

MASTERS

And as unpopular as this statement might be, we cannot stop learning about the universe. Because in the end, our desire for knowing more about space and our origin, may not give us the proof of an intelligent designer, but help us survive if there isn't one.

Sam O'Donnell scratches his head nervously and then whispers to himself.

SAM O'DONNELL

Michael, Michael?

INT. NBC MEET THE PRESS - SUNDAY MORNING

REV. ROBERT SIMPSON, Head of the Southern Christian Coalition, sits across from Tim Russert.

SIMPSON

Tim, this man Masters is really on thin ice.

TIM RUSSERT

In what sense?

SIMPSON

He's putting the thought in the heads of millions of Americans that there may not be a God. How can he say that?

TIM RUSSERT

But wouldn't you agree that learning more about space may help this planet?

SIMPSON

This planet is in fine shape Mr. Russert. Almighty God will take care of things just fine. I sure wouldn't want to be near Mr. Masters during a thunder storm.

TIM RUSSERT

What are you suggesting?

SIMPSON

I'm not suggesting. I'm sure that God will take care of Michael Masters. God doesn't want America voting for an atheist!

INT. MASTERS NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS DC - EARLY MORNING

Sam O'Donnell sits on a chair with his arms crossed. Masters is on a ratty sofa with a legal pad on his lap.

SAM O'DONNELL

Michael, we gotta watch what we say.

Masters laughs.

MASTERS

What do you mean by "we", "pale face"?

Sam looks astounded.

SAM O'DONNELL

That's what I mean Michael!

Masters gets defensive.

MASTERS

Hey, that's from the Lone Ranger, Tonto.

SAM O'DONNELL

Okay, OLD MAN, but listen, I'm the marketing, P.R. Guy. I'm supposed to tell you when you do something that creates a problem.

Sam gets up and paces nervously.

MASTERS

Why is the truth ever a problem, Sam?

SAM O'DONNELL

It's not a problem with me, but you gotta watch what you say so that you don't send away voters.

Masters stares a hole through Sam.

MASTERS

Look, winning will be great. But not at the cost of being clear, honest and fair. This isn't a beauty contest Sam. It's our country! The dream is making it better.

Sam sits back down next to Masters on the sofa.

SAM O'DONNELL

Okay Michael, but please, let's stay away from God. That only creates tension these days.

Masters smiles at Sam and softens his tone.

MASTERS

Gee, I wonder what God thinks about what we are doing around the world?

INT. CAR DEALERSHIP MARYLAND - AFTERNOON

Dombrowski walks around the used car lot and sees a very white and clean Korean car with the price tag of \$9,999. He waves over to a swarthy sales guy in a bad suit. As the sales person approaches, he points at the small white car.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI

I want this one. This is the one.

SALES GUY

You betcha! Let me call my guy at the bank.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI

No bank. I pay cash.

A smile slowly replaces the frown on Dombrowski's face. His eyes widen like a child's first glimpse of the presents on Christmas morning.

INT. FBI BUILDING WASHINGTON - EARLY MORNING

Masters and Sam show ID and then go through a metal detector. With their ID badges on, they get on an elevator. They move quickly out of the elevator. A masculine woman in the dark gray suit with a large ID badge around her neck meets them.

FBI WOMAN

You'll be seeing Mr. Briggs and Secret Service agent Betterman, Simon Betterman has been assigned your detail. Right this way.

INT. OFFICE OF RESOURCE MANAGEMENT FBI - CONTINUOUS

An older man, ROGER BRIGGS sits behind a desk. Off to the right, a younger man with a crew cut dirty blonde hair, SIMON BETTERMAN. As Masters enters the room, Betterman stands at attention. Masters throws him a salute by habit and Betterman returns the same.

MASTERS

As you were soldier.

Masters smiles. All the men shake hands.

ROGER BRIGGS

Mr. Masters, this is Agent Betterman. I assume you're Mr. O'Donnell?

MASTERS

Yes, that's Sam the Man.

Masters turns to Betterman.

MASTERS

Semper Fi?

SIMON BETTERMAN

'Til I die.

They all sit down in chairs and Briggs opens up a stack of papers.

ROGER BRIGGS

You have a right to refuse this protection under the law Mr. Masters.

MASTERS

How can I refuse to have a full-blooded American Marine by my side sir.

ROGER BRIGGS

Okay, a few ground rules. You have to keep a schedule and share it with the command assigned to you. Betterman here, is your point man.

MASTERS

Yes, Sir!

Briggs looks up rather miffed at the slight touch of sarcasm in the way Master responded.

ROGER BRIGGS

And you have to sign these forms.

MASTERS

Good to see the government, the FBI and the Secret Service are consistent and moving forward on their quest to kill trees.

Betterman laughs a little bit and then regains his composure. He adjusts the clear plastic ear piece in his ear.

ROGER BRIGGS

All Homeland Security. When simple things go wrong around here, they try to fix it by adding complexity. Just another layer.

EXT. OUTSIDE PSYCHIC READING - MORNING

Bianca Fuentes walks slowly past the sign. She pauses, drawn into the shop by some force beyond her control.

INT. PSYCHIC READING ROOM PARLOR - MINUTES LATER

Bianca sits at a table. The tarot cards are on the table. A dark woman with some facial hair and loads of make-up, MISS CALIBRACIA, in her late sixties leans across the table rubbing her hands and shaking her head up and down. The mole above her upper lip quivers slightly.

BIANCA FUENTES

What? What do you see?

MISS CALIBRACIA

You have met someone recently. This man is not from your people.

BIANCA FUENTES

Yes?

MISS CALIBRACIA

You'll be asked to join him. In something he'll do, or is trying to do. He has a great challenge and, he needs you.

EXT. UPPER WISCONSIN AVE. DC - NIGHT

Dombrowski's new car runs through the red light. A Metro Police car, in the side street with two rookie officers, see the violation and pursue. With lights flashing, they race behind the white vehicle that slows down and stops. Both cops get out and move toward the car. One cop looks down and sees that the car has no license plate. Dombrowski rolls down his windows and slowly opens the door. The cop on the passenger side of the car opens his gun holster, turns on his flash light and checks inside. The driver's side cop approaches.

POLICEMAN #1

Stay in your car sir. Driver's license and registration.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI

But why do you stop me? I did nothing wrong.

Dombrowski opens his door and places one foot on the street. The officer who spoke holds his position and un-clips his billy club.

POLICEMAN #1

I said stay in the car. Please produce your driver's license
(shouts)
AND REGISTRATION!

POLICEMAN #2

Butch, there's nothing in the back.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI

Why are you shouting at me?

POLICEMAN #1

GET YOUR FOOT BACK IN THE CAR!

The officer slams the frame of the door with his club. Dombrowski jumps and pulls his foot back inside the car.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI

This is brand new car. Stop hitting my car.

Policeman #1 kicks the door closed with his foot.

POLICEMAN #2

Where's the license plate? Did they give you a temporary plate?

Now visibly shaking, Dombrowski gets his wallet out and hands his license to the cop.

POLICEMAN #1
Where you from, anyway?

The cop looks at the license.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI
My name, Ludwik Dombrowski, 3 Maple
Grove, my town, Silver Spring?

Policeman #2 points to temporary plate on front seat.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI
The plate, oh, they give me plate.

POLICEMAN #2
You're supposed to put it on. You
need to have that on the car,
(mocks)
ON OUTSIDE, you got it?

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI
Yes, okay. I will.

POLICEMAN #1
And here in DC, red means stop,
comrade!

The cop hands Dombrowski his license.

POLICEMAN #1
This time, just a warning. NOW, get
out of here.
(beat)
You got that **Dumb**-Brow-Ski!

Dombrowski puts the car into gear and takes off. He doesn't
look back, just mumbles to himself. Police walk back to their
squad car.

POLICEMAN #1
What the fuck is happening to our
country? We're letting anybody in.
We're fuckin' doomed.

EXT. HELPING HANDS NURSING HOME FREDERICK, MD - DAYTIME

Masters gets out of a large black suburban. Simon Betterman
gets out of the driver's side.

MASTERS
Simon, maybe you can wait out here.
(smiles)
(MORE)

MASTERS (cont'd)
Hey, it's a bunch of eighty and
ninety-year old people!

SIMON BETTERMAN
I understand sir. I'll pray for
your mother.

Masters looks back at him for a second, trying to put the
comment with the man.

MASTERS
Yeah, thanks. We all need that.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Masters walks up to the doorway. Sees the sign on the door
Isabel MASTERS and opens the door slowly. We see a room with
pictures on the window sill. The TV is on, but the sound is
turned way down. A woman in her late eighties sits up in the
bed. Her eyes open as she realizes someone is in the room.

ISABEL MASTERS
Peter is that you?
(blinks her eyes)
Ah, yes, Peter, you came to visit
me.

MASTERS
Mother, it's me, Michael!

ISABEL MASTERS
Who's Michael?

MASTERS
It's me, your son.

ISABEL MASTERS
Well, I would know if I had a son.
Peter, you're always playing tricks
on me.

MASTERS
Mother, how are you?

ISABEL MASTERS
I'm fine.
(regains reality)
Is that you Michael? How is that
beautiful wife of yours? Did she
come to visit?

Masters takes a deep breath realizing how the dementia has
taken over his mother's brain.

MASTERS

Stella is dead Mother. She died a year ago.

His mother looks out the window and smiles inappropriately. She looks back at her son and then appears startled.

ISABEL MASTERS

Who are you? What are you doing here? NURSE! NURSE!

She grabs for the emergency button and keeps pushing it in panic. Masters moves toward her. A look of true sadness melts all hope from his face.

EXT.PARKING LOT OF HELPING HANDS - MINUTES LATER

Masters on cell phone standing far enough away from Simon Betterman for privacy.

MASTERS

Hello, Bianca.

(beat)

Yes, well, I was just thinking about you, too.

INTERCUT WITH BIANCA IN NYC CAB

BIANCA FUENTES

Are you going to ask me something?

MASTERS

Yes, but why would you say that?

BIANCA FUENTES

I just had my cards read. You know, one of those psychic ladies.

MASTERS

Well, that is amazing. Ah, I know this is going to seem strange, but, ah....

BIANCA FUENTES

Just say it Michael.

MASTERS

I want you and your daughter, Belinda to move to DC. I have a job for you in the campaign. It's working with the Spanish speaking voters.

BIANCA FUENTES

But where will we live? I cannot afford to move.

MASTERS

I'll get you an apartment; near the headquarters. I know it seems sudden, but I'd like to see you every day. I'll take care of everything.

BIANCA FUENTES

I know I should say, no, but I must say 'yes.'

MASTERS

Wow, great, just great. Say, I have to go to California, for a few days. But, I'll call you when I land. You know Bianca, sometime you just have to do what you feel is right.

BIANCA FUENTES

Yes, Mr. Presidente, we do.

INT. PAULEY PAVILION UCLA CAMPUS - EARLY EVENING

The place is packed with college students and locals applauding loudly and hanging on every word of the popular candidate. Masters holds his hand up to bring down the uproar. His warm smile comes down to a serious stare in sync with the withdraw of applause. We see Simon Betterman standing in the wings.

MASTERS

And how many Americans have to die before we call a war WORTH IT? There will always be evil people in the world. And there will be those who follow a belief to its literal conclusion. There will be those stubborn thinkers in Washington who might believe that there is only ONE TRUTH and that TRUTH will only be found in the process of rearranging by gerrymandering or liberating by force. Peace should be the result of war, and as a former soldier, that was always my aim. We have to have more faith in peace. I don't want one of you in this room to have to fight a war.

(MORE)

MASTERS (cont'd)

Our best should never be sacrificed
by a self-serving dogmatic leader
who only wants to spread his
distorted view of right and wrong.
It's time to fix America first

CROWD

MICHAEL! MICHAEL! MICHAEL!

MASTERS

Let's face some facts: What some
radical Muslims want, is for Muslim
Law - the Koran - to be the law of
all lands. They believe that the
world would be a better place if we
all had the same God and that we
all prayed to the same deity. We
need to be more tolerant of
people's beliefs, while
understanding why they fear us.

Masters pauses and you can hear a pin drop. Eerie silence in
the hall and the bright spotlight on Masters makes the room
seem like some holy place.

MASTERS

But, we have to be careful that a
desire for "pure" separation of
church and state might lead to more
harm than good. In France they
passed a law that said that no
religious symbols can be worn to
public school. Much like we might
say that gang colors cannot be worn
in school here in LA. The French
government banned burkas and head
coverings. The young school girls
in France were ridiculed, harassed,
beaten up and even raped. Then the
riots started. The result, Muslim
women stopped going to school.
Freedom of expression and religious
rights are part of what makes
America great! We cannot forget
this!

CROWD

More cheers.

MASTERS

Haven't we learned that repression
leads to anger, and anger leads to
retaliation and retaliation leads
to war?

(MORE)

MASTERS (cont'd)

Thugs become criminals and
 criminals become terrorists and
 terrorists don't want democracy!
 But wait, why did they become thugs
 in the first place? Because they
 were treated poorly. They were not
 given jobs and opportunities. We
 need to take a look at our own
 backyard; see the poverty and lack
 of opportunity. Why would anyone in
 America have to go hungry? Why
 would an American not know how to
 read? Why are we neglecting
 America? We need to **FIX AMERICA**
FIRST!

Standing ovation. Crowd cheers and yells the slogan over and over. Masters looks over to Simon Betterman who points to his watch and then assumes the ready position.

INT. UNIVERSAL SHERATON HOTEL PENTHOUSE - EVENING

The door of the suite opens, a short woman casually dressed with wireless headphones with mic on her head answers.

PRODUCER

Mr. Masters, right this way.

Looks at Simon Betterman standing by the door.

MASTERS

This is going to take a few hours,
 they tell me. Why don't you go get
 a burger?

SIMON BETTERMAN

Yes, sir.

Betterman nods but stays until the door is closed. Masters enters the suite.

PRODUCER

Polly's just finishing up her B-
 roll reactions.

MASTERS

Her reactions? She hasn't heard
 what I'm going to say.

The producer hands him a stack of papers.

PRODUCER

I need you to sign that release.

MASTERS

What's it say.

PRODUCER

I don't know, never read it.

Masters now in the room, sees the lighting set-up and a camera man focusing on POLLY CHANG who is sitting smiling and nodding to the camera. Chang is a very attractive-tall Chinese-American woman with a very shapely body and red lips. She sees Masters out of the corner of her eye and gets up.

POLLY CHANG

Michael Masters! What a pleasure!

She almost stumbles over the wires to get to Masters and shake his hand. Masters checks her out toes to head.

MASTERS

Hello! Well, you're much taller in real life.

EXT. GLENDALE CALIFORNIA WORSHIP CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

A large blue neon cross with the words 'JESUS SAVES' glows against the blazing red sunset. In the parking lot, people are getting out of their cars and moving toward the open door like white zombies. Simon Betterman is one of them.

INT. GLENDALE WORSHIP CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Simon's expression appears to be a little apprehensive at first, but then he relaxes. A man in his late fifties with a large silver comb-over approaches. His hair, slightly elevated by his movements, looks rather angelic.

SILVER ANGEL

Good evening my son. Before we begin, I must ask: Do you accept Jesus Christ as your Lord and Savior? And do you believe in your heart, that God raised his only begotten son from the dead to save all of us?

Simon looks around the room and realizes that everyone in the room is looking at him.

SIMON BETTERMAN

Ah.

SILVER ANGEL

So have you done that?

SIMON BETTERMAN

Yes, I have.

INT. UNIVERSAL SHERATON HOTEL PENTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Masters is now in a chair opposite Chang, lights blazing and camera rolling.

POLLY CHANG

Why should the government be responsible for health care? Where does it say we all have to pay for other people's medical bills?

MASTERS

I assume your question is for effect Ms. Chang.

(pauses)

I think that part of *protecting the people*, as President Adams keeps reminding us, is a real duty to take care of people. We must use the commonwealth of this country to make life better for our citizens. Protecting the people from terrorists and terminal diseases are equally important. When people are sick, America cannot move forward.

POLLY CHANG

But isn't increasing taxes for health care a bit socialistic?

MASTERS

Social programs? Health care, you call what we have health care? There are millions of people who cannot afford to even go to a dentist. They're pulling their teeth out with greasy pliers. Remember, it was industry that decided they would help pay some of the cost of health care instead of increasing wages. Keeping workers healthy was good for capitalism. Before you put a socialist label on health care, please remember history.

POLLY CHANG

I didn't know that.

MASTERS

And while we are on taxes, don't you think it's strange that Russians pay a flat 13% tax, while we pay more than twice that? The whole tax system is unfair to most of the people in America.

Chang crosses her legs revealing her perfect legs. Her skirt slips back in a 'basic instinct' kind of way.

POLLY CHANG

We all know the pain you must have felt losing a loved one to cancer. Has it also shaped your views on women's rights?

Masters a bit confused by her logic.

MASTERS

Well, death is quite final. Hopefully, one's own personal belief system can help one deal with death. But there's a difference between those who die for causes and those who die of natural causes.

POLLY CHANG

Can you expand on that?

MASTERS

We kill people in war. I've killed people in war. It's a terrible experience. We sentence people to death every day in this country. If you commit armed robbery, kidnap someone, rape someone, or commit treason against our country you can be put to death. There are times the system fails to get the right person and we kill innocent people. Innocent people always get killed in war. We should value life and make sure that before one life is taken, we have our facts straight.

POLLY CHANG

What about Roe versus Wade?

Masters takes a deep breath measures every word.

MASTERS

The law is the only fair way to govern many people of many beliefs. But the real question is, who are **we** to judge the facts in a specific woman's life?

POLLY CHANG

So, it's okay to kill a baby? I guess an embryo isn't an innocent child to you?

MASTERS

What about one sperm?

Polly laughs, blushes, then regains her composure. Whispers to the producer.

POLLY CHANG

We can cut that later.

Looks down at her notes and then begins again full.

POLLY CHANG

Are you making light of my question?

MASTERS

No, just stating a fact. One cannot make a baby without having both an egg and a sperm. Even the embryos that give us stem cells are fertilized by a sperm. What are we going to do next, pass a law about the sanctity of sperm? All cells are alive. People are selling sperm for thousands of dollars and we don't even focus on it. We discuss a law giving a woman control over her own body. Men have the right.

POLLY CHANG

So, are you pro choice, pro women or just avoiding the controversy?

MASTERS

I'm pro humans. We need to find cures for all sorts of diseases. We cannot restrict research here and kill a bunch of kids in the Middle East. We need to be consistent.

EXT. GLENDALE CALIFORNIA WORSHIP CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

Simon Betterman walks toward his car in the parking lot. A Hispanic woman with a scarf on her head approaches.

WOMAN OF JESUS

Bless you my son. Come with us for
some coffee.

Betterman turns in a paranoid manner.

SIMON BETTERMAN

No, I have to get back to my job. I
have to work. But, thank you, thank
you very much.

INT. UNIVERSAL SHERATON HOTEL.PENTHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The cameraman picks up his last case and waves to Chang as he leaves and closes the door. Chang, now with her jacket off, reveals her large breasts through her sheer white silk blouse. She puts two small mini-bar bottles of scotch into two glasses with ice. She hands Masters a glass and then takes a sip of her drink. Masters takes a healthy gulp. Chang licks the rim of the glass with her moist tongue and smiles.

POLLY CHANG

So, do you think you can win?

Masters polishes his drink like a man. CU of Polly pulling a lipstick tube out of her pocket. Masters drinks, responds.

MASTERS

That's good, I needed that.
(chugs the drink)
Win, sure, this is America,
anything can happen.

Polly moves uncomfortably close to Masters, puts her arm around Masters waist and pulls him into her body. CU of her slipping the lipstick into his jacket pocket.

POLLY CHANG

Lots of things can happen.

She tries to kiss him, but he gently blocks her face with hand. He holds it there, and breaks another smile.

MASTERS

Well, it's true what they say about
you Ms. Chang, you **are** quite
aggressive.

Masters chuckles and backs away, puts his glass down and reaches out and shakes her hand.

MASTERS

It's been great fun Polly. I've got to catch an early flight tomorrow. My secret service agent will be looking for me. Thanks for giving me a chance to be heard.

Polly stands stunned by the rejection, but manages to shake his hand.

POLLY CHANG

Yes, ah, sure, any time.
(uncomfortable pause)
Thanks for making the time.

Masters walks down the small hallway to the door, exits and never looks back.

INT. UNIVERSAL SHERATON HOTEL.ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

The elevator opens and Simon Betterman stands ready. Masters laughs and enters the elevator.

MASTERS

Boy, you're good.

SIMON BETTERMAN

I'm sorry I didn't get back sooner.

MASTERS

How was the burger?

SIMON BETTERMAN

I didn't eat. I went to a prayer meeting.

The elevator stops on the eleventh floor. A mammoth Arab man dressed in white robe with gold dangling. Three women in black Chador and burkas enter behind him. Masters comfortably smiles at the man.

MASTERS

Good evening.

ARAB MAN

Good evening.

Betterman stares at the women. The women return the stare with their dark, obedient and serious eyes. The only sound is the elevator's movement. We see the number stop at nine.

The Arab man gets off the elevator and the three women trail behind him in some kind of arranged order. The door closes. The elevator continues to the third floor and Masters and Simon get off and walk toward their rooms.

SIMON BETTERMAN

Can you believe that? That fat slob makes them wear those things on their heads?

MASTERS

Any man who prays with something on his head, disgraces his head, but any woman who prays with her head unveiled, disgraces her head and it would be the same as having her head shaved.

Masters stops at his door, takes the computerized key from his jacket. Simon looks rather dumbfounded.

SIMON BETTERMAN

Is that from the Koran? You can quote the Koran?

MASTERS

No, that's from St. Paul's Letter to Corinthians, New Testament.

Simon now stunned, stands motionless. Masters pushes his key into the lock, opens his door and smiles.

MASTERS

Have a good night, Simon.

INT.SMALL APARTMENT BRONX, NY - EARLY EVENING

Bianca sits on the sofa and seems anxious. She looks around the room and stares into the red and white stripes of an American flag on the table.

BIANCA FUENTES

(in Spanish)

Belinda, please come. I want to talk to you.

A beautiful nine year old girl, BELINDA, comes into the room with the largest smile in the land. Her confidence fills the room and puts her mother at ease.

BELINDA

Yes, mother, but please, you must speak English. My teacher says, the more you speak, the better you get.

Bianca takes a deep breath.

BIANCA FUENTES

We must speak about your father.

Belinda glows at the mention of this mythical person.

BELINDA

Yes, when will he join us? Did you hear from him again?

Bianca frowns and gets serious.

BIANCA FUENTES

Your father, will not be joining us, we will be joining him someday.

Belinda slowly returns to earth.

BIANCA FUENTES

You see, your father
(long pause)
is dead.

Belinda raises her eyebrows, as if a sick joke is being played out.

BELINDA

What? Why would you say that?

Bianca reaches for her daughter and pulls her close.

BIANCA FUENTES

Yes, it is true. He was arrested in Mexico and, I do not know why.

BELINDA

Why are you saying these things about my father?

Bianca takes a deeper breath and continues, tears welling up in her eyes.

BIANCA FUENTES

He was only in jail for two weeks, and I was going there every day, to see why they were keeping him. And then one day....

Bianca breaks down and weeps openly. Belinda changes positions and puts her arms around her mother, to comfort her.

BELINDA

What happened?

BIANCA FUENTES

They just said, he died in prison.
They just said, he died.

Belinda with eyes wide open realizes that her life has changed forever. Tears welling up and a fear that she has never known creeps over her.

BELINDA

My father is dead?
(emotional pause)
Why did you wait so long before
telling me?

BIANCA FUENTES

I didn't want it to be true. I
thought if I didn't tell you, then
I would protect you from this
feeling.

Bianca breaks down. Belinda cries too. They embrace and cry.

BELINDA

I never (sob) I never, ever, ever,
want to go back to Mexico. Mommy,
promise me.

Bianca backs away slightly and whispers.

BIANCA FUENTES

I promise. (beat) We are moving to
Washington, DC.

Another look of surprise and then her imagination takes hold.

BELINDA

Where the pandas live!

BIANCA FUENTES

Yes, it will be good. I promise
you.

INT. POLISH-AMERICAN BAR VIENNA, VA.- NIGHT

Dombrowski in his position at the bar. Killer Joe is next to him.

KILLER JOE

You must understand. I cannot keep paying you more.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI

I don't care about what you say Gielerowski. I want fifty-thousand to kill a priest.

Killer Joe takes a large swig of vodka and lets out a breath of air.

KILLER JOE

You are becoming an American bastard. You are like capitalist, like in the bad way.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI

Fuck you Joe. I don't give shit if he fucked million choir boys up the ass, I need money.

KILLER JOE

Okay, but you need to be careful. You have become too valuable to my business. I should take out an insurance policy on you.

Dombrowski grabs Killer Joe around the collar. He releases his business partner and backs away.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI

You know the price.

Dombrowski gets up. Killer Joe reaches into his pocket and pulls out the old coin and hands it to Dombrowski.

KILLER JOE

Okay, you drive hard bargain. You are the best money can buy, so I buy you again.

Killer Joe smiles, Dombrowski smiles in a boastful manner, not aware that he's being played by his countryman.

INT. FOX TELEVISION O'REILLY FACTOR SET - NIGHT

BILL O'REILLY

We have with us tonight, the 'little candidate' who could. From Iraq war veteran to presidential hopeful, Michael Masters.

Masters sits erect in the chair with an expensive pin-striped gray suit.

MASTERS

Thanks for having me on tonight,
sir.

BILL O'REILLY

Please call me Bill. Okay, here is something I like to do with people we expect to uphold the laws of the land as a public servant. We call it the moral dilemma factor.

MASTERS

Is this some kind of game?

BILL O'REILLY

Oh, not really. More like an ethics test!

Masters looks a bit miffed realizing that O'Reilly did not tell him about this aspect of the interview.

BILL O'REILLY

Here's a moral dilemma for you. A priest is accused of molesting several of the young choir boys in the parish.

MASTERS

Yes, that's a believable scenario these days.

BILL O'REILLY

Indeed, but there's more. Because of his guilt, he decides that he should take his life.

O'Reilly smiles in an evil way.

MASTERS

Clearly another sin in the Catholic Church.

BILL O'REILLY

Well, the sin on the sin is not the moral dilemma.

Masters is clearly bothered by what he thinks is a trick by the interviewer.

MASTERS

How does he take his life, Mr. O'Reilly?

BILL O'REILLY

The priest goes to the top of a tall building and is on the ledge, ready to jump, 12 stories to his death.

Masters now a bit more miffed at this approach, scratches his head.

MASTERS

What's your point? I thought we were going to talk about fixing America?

O'Reilly knowing that he has caught his prey, smiles arrogantly.

BILL O'REILLY

Oh, this is about America my friend, because without a true moral compass, America is heading in the wrong direction.

A two shot shows a rigid Masters as he stares into O'Reilly's eyes for the resolve.

BILL O'REILLY

You see Mr. Masters, do you yell words of encouragement to the priest? You know, like, JUMP! JUMP!

MASTERS

Well, certainly not.

O'Reilly backs off a bit.

BILL O'REILLY

Knowing that this person is absolutely, one-hundred percent guilty of crimes against his clergy and mankind, you cannot find it in your heart and mind to help him take his own life?

Masters smiles, now seeing his way to higher ground.

MASTERS

No, Mr. O'Reilly, he needs to get help and WE need to let the courts decide the crime and punishment.

(MORE)

MASTERS (cont'd)
We are not a mob. We live in a
democracy.

MATCH CUT TO:

We pull back from full screen to reveal the large plasma TV
in Dombrowski's apartment.

INT. SMALL APARTMENT SILVER SPRING, MD - CONTINUOUS

Dombrowski clicks off the remote and throws it against the
wall knocking the box of babushkas off the shelf. We see the
colorful scarves fall to the ground.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI
Fucking idiots!

Rubs his forehead as if he's trying get rid of voices in his
head.

EXT. TRAIN STATION WASHINGTON, DC - AFTERNOON

Out of the track door comes Bianca and Belinda lugging two
large suit cases. Masters walks to them slowly.

BIANCA FUENTES
Michael!

MASTERS
Bianca, welcome to Washington.

Belinda looks at her mother for assurance that this person is
okay.

BIANCA FUENTES
Belinda, this is Michael Masters.

MASTERS
Hello Belinda, your mother has told
me a lot about you.

Belinda looks a little surprised.

BIANCA FUENTES
Yes, Belinda, you know Mr. Masters.
You saw him on TV and I told
you....

Belinda smiles.

BELINDA

Oh, yes, you're running for President. We talked about you in school.

MASTERS

I wish you were old enough to vote Belinda.

Shakes her hand.

BELINDA

Yeah, you need to get to work on that.

They all laugh.

INT. GEORGETOWN TOWNHOUSE - LATER

Bianca and Belinda walk around the first floor of the furnished townhouse apartment in wonder. The sun shines in brightly. From Masters POV: the light shines through Bianca's dress and reveals quite the shapely body.

BIANCA FUENTES

This is too nice for us Michael.

BELINDA

Mom!

Masters laughs at Belinda's precociousness. Smiles and walks toward Bianca.

MASTERS

This is a good place for you and Belinda. It's near a great school for her, and you can walk to work. My headquarters is only three blocks from here.

Belinda starts up the steps to the second floor. Motions for her mother to come with her. Bianca follows her daughter up to the bedrooms.

INTERCUT WITH BIANCA AND BELINDA UPSTAIRS:

Masters looks at his watch. A knock on the door. Masters opens the door and sees Agent Betterman. He's holding a plastic dry-cleaning bag with God Bless America across the front. Masters takes the suit, nods, and gives Betterman the one minute sign. Betterman turns away and Master looks down at the suit.

BIANCA FUENTES
Who is that Michael?

MASTERS
It's my ride. I have to run. I'll
be back with some groceries.

Bianca and Belinda in the bedroom look out into a small garden in the backyard. Smile at each other.

BIANCA FUENTES
Okay, see you later.

Masters notices a small bag attached to the hanger that contains a lipstick tube. He quickly tears the bag off the hanger and puts it in his pocket. He looks at the staircase to make sure no one was watching.

MASTERS
Yeah, See you later.

Bianca smiles and skips over to Belinda, holds and twirls her.

BIANCA FUENTES
Isn't this like a dream?

Belinda smiles a devilish grin.

BELINDA
Is he your boy friend or boss?

BIANCA FUENTES
He is,
(beat)
a friend, and my boss.

Belinda frowns not quite understanding.

INT. PRIEST'S STUDY ST. ATHANASIUS - LATE AT NIGHT

The phone rings on the desk. FATHER BENEDICT answers the phone and acts disturbed by the interruption.

FATHER BENEDICT
Yes, HELLO!

He keeps writing intently.

FATHER BENEDICT
No, that's fine. I will lock up.
Thanks for letting me know that
you're leaving.
(MORE)

FATHER BENEDICT (cont'd)
 (listens)
 Yes, thank you, good night.

He turns back to his work and the stillness of the night permeates the church. We see the room now from the end of a long dark hallway. The light coming out of the small door of the study. We hear wood creak. The priest looks up and stops writing for a moment.

He shakes his head and returns to his sermon. Intruder's POV: coming closer and closer. The doorway expands as he moves closer. In a stained-glass window in the church, blood pours from Christ's hands bringing out the other shades of red in the stained-glass. Eerie organ music comes from the large pipe organ. Deep notes beat to the rhythm of the heart. In the shadows, demonic eyes of a man on a mission appear.

Dressed in dark plastic trash bags; one tied around his waist, one like a serape over his shoulders and one tied over his head, the trash bag monk carries a small dark canvas bag. Father Benedict pauses, reads what he has written. He looks up and into the darkness of the hallway, where all he sees are the blood-red eyes of the devil.

FATHER BENEDICT
 Is that you, Rafael? What do you want? I thought you were finished with the clean-up?

There is a long silence with both men staring at each other.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI
 I'm the devil. You must answer for your crimes.

Startled by the strange voice.

FATHER BENEDICT
 What crimes? WHO ARE YOU! What do you want?

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI
 I want your life.

The priest slowly backs his chair away from the desk. Without moving his head, his eyes survey the room for a way out.

FATHER BENEDICT
 But the Lord decides matters of life and death.

Father, hearing his own words, crosses himself. He looks up and sees this large man dressed in the trash bags. He regains some confidence at the sight of a man dressed in trash bags.

FATHER BENEDICT

Oh, I see this is a joke of some kind.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI

You make fun of the devil? You make young boys take off clothes. God has his revenge, the devil is his slave.

FATHER BENEDICT

What? You must be....

The Father gets up and tries to walk across the room. With this, Dombrowski brings up from inside the glad bag, a Walther PPK with a large glass silencer and plugs the Priest in his privates three times. As Dombrowski shoots, he names each shot.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI

Father, TWIP, Son, TWIP, and Holy Ghost, TWIP.

The Father grabs himself and takes a deep breath.

FATHER BENEDICT

Please have mercy.

The priest writhing in pain, starts to hyperventilate and backs away from his attacker. Dombrowski points at the wooden wall next to the statue of Christ. Benedict back peddles until he's against the wall.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI

Put your hands up, like the Jesus.

FATHER BENEDICT

Please, I beg of you.

Benedict cries openly while he moves his arms up in the sign of the cross. His robe is now wet with blood.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI

You have no soul. You fucked the little boys. You have no reason to live. You **are** the fucking devil.

With this, Dombrowski walks over to the wall. The priest leans against the wall trying not to slide down. His legs wobble a bit. Out of the bag, Dombrowski pulls out a large pneumatic nailer and with one motion, drives a large nail through the hand of the man of the cloth into the wooden wall.

Benedict's reflex brings his other hand over to attempt to free the nailed palm. Dombrowski nods to move the other hand back to its place on the wall.

The priest's body shakes uncontrollably, but he comes back to the position of a man on a cross. THWACK, THWACK, THWACK, Dombrowski nails from the right hand of the Father all the way across to the other hand. Then down, like making the sign of the cross from his head to his bloody midsection. He returns to his head and lands a nail in each eye. Choking with blood, the priest takes his last breath.

His lifeless neck falls into prayer position. Now in the peaceful silence of the moment, Dombrowski looks up at the face of Jesus and he hallucinates a tear coming off the statue's face. Then, we hear drips, but he turns back to see that it's his victims blood. He then takes off the trash bags and throws them on the floor. He walks over to the desk and turns off the light.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. MASTERS NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS DC. - LATER THAT NIGHT

Masters turns on the light as he and Sam walk into the office. Sam looks like he just got out of bed.

SAM O'DONNELL

I hope this is something good.

MASTERS

Well, it's certainly something.

Masters hands Sam the lipstick tube. Sam studies it.

SAM O'DONNELL

What's this?

MASTERS

I found it in my pocket. Someone put it there.

SAM O'DONNELL

Why would someone...

MASTERS

Someone trying to paint me as a womanizer.

Sam fiddles with the lipstick trying to open it.

MASTERS

Sam, what are you doing?

Sam walks toward Masters with the tube open in his hand.

SAM O'DONNELL
This is a real moment in history.

MASTERS
What?

SAM O'DONNELL
Score one for the P.R. Guy!
(grins)
It isn't lipstick, it's a
microphone and transmitter.

Masters rubs his forehead and peers at Sam in disbelief. CU:
Lipstick transmitter.

SAM O'DONNELL (OS)
I'd say the big boys are playin'
hardball.

INT. CHANNEL 7 EYEWITNESS NEWS SET - LATE AFTERNOON

The perky bubble-head blonde turns to the camera and the
super behind her is a graphic of the latest Poll.

BETSY PARKER
The latest Channel 7 - Royster Poll
shows Michael Masters up more than
twenty-five percent from three
weeks ago. This independent
candidate just might do what no
other independent has ever done:
get elected President of these
United States.

ANITA BENDER
(changes cameras)
Now, let's see what Sam Champion
has for us in the way of weather...

INT. PRIVATE LAW LIBRARY - LATE AFTERNOON

TV blares away in the background. Young well-endowed blonde,
HEATHER MACPHERSON, pours two fresh drinks down in front of
the two old political power brokers bending over to reveal
her depth.

HEATHER
This is a gift from my grandfather
Angus.

(MORE)

HEATHER (cont'd)

It's a thirty-eight year old
Glenfarclas, known as nectar of the
Gods back in Scotland.

STACKHOUSE

Yes, I know. I appreciate you
pouring Mr. Grizzard and me a
little nip. Thank you and please
close the door when you go out.

GRIZZARD

You know Virgil, I think that
Miss... sorry didn't catch your
name, miss?

HEATHER

MacPherson, Heather MacPherson. I'm
the law intern from Georgetown.

GRIZZARD

That's a very good school. I'm sure
you'll do well. But I must ask, are
you a Republican or Democrat my
dear?

HEATHER

I was a Republican, but President
Adams kind of messed things up, so
I was thinking of, like, becoming a
Democrat.

GRIZZARD

Ah, you've come to your senses!

HEATHER

Well, that was until Michael
Masters came along. Now he's a guy
I'd like to see in the White House.

STACKHOUSE

Thank you Miss MacPherson.

She smiles, nods and walks out revealing her bouncing
bodacious buttocks. Stackhouse, his frustration changes to
anger when it realizes Grizzard is being entertained by the
exiting intern.

GRIZZARD

I was just lookin' governor.

Stackhouse smiles at his old friend, then gets serious.

STACKHOUSE

We've got to do something about
this asshole Masters.

GRIZZARD

Virgil, how much are we talking
about?

Stackhouse takes a sip of the single malt.

STACKHOUSE

Hundred thousand.

GRIZZARD

One hundred thousand? That's all?
My Lord...

STACKHOUSE

This is America. That's the damn K-
Mart price for eliminating the
enemy.

(chuckles)

This is a good job for the illegal
immigrants, kind of like:
insourcing!

Grizzard raises his drink and swirls the deep amber alcohol.

GRIZZARD

We really shouldn't even be talkin'
about this.

(smirks)

You know, it would be wrong.

Both laugh.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER CHICAGO - NIGHT

Loud applause. Large poster behind the stage says AFL-CIO
ANNUAL CONGRESS MEETING. Masters is at the podium.

MASTERS

Washington, DC does NOT care about
labor. By their actions, the people
in Washington are trying to kill
labor in this country.

Large screams in agreement.

MASTERS

It's not just the out-sourcing, not just the lack of respect for our Pensions and Welfare, its the lack of understanding of how much it costs to raise a family in America.

The whole auditorium goes crazy.

MASTERS

The people in Washington don't care about labor. They would sell us all out to China, or India or some Arab nation before dealing with this simple question.

You can hear a pin drop.

MASTERS

Before they sign another contract, Why don't they FIRST ask this question: WHY CAN'T AN AMERICAN WORKER DO THIS JOB?

The crowd screams like their team just won the Superbowl.

EXT. WATERGATE HOTEL -EARLY AFTERNOON

A large black limo pulls up to the entry. The doorman leaps to the limo door and opens it. Virgil Stackhouse gets out of the stretch. He passes a twenty-dollar bill to the doorman who discreetly hands him a hotel key. Stackhouse walks into the hotel.

INT. WATERGATE HOTEL SIXTH FLOOR - MINUTES LATER

Stackhouse opens the door of room 606 and walks in and closes the door silently. He walks past the closed bathroom door, light shining underneath. He moves into the room, takes his jacket off and starts to loosen his tie. The bathroom door opens. Stackhouse turns and looks. A large smile covers his face. There in the doorway, in a sheer red negligee stands Polly Chang. She holds a large scotch on the rocks.

STACKHOUSE

Wow!

POLLY CHANG

Glad you could break away big boy!

She walks toward Stackhouse seducing him with her movement.

INT. SMALL APARTMENT SILVER SPRING, MD - NIGHT

Dombrowski is asleep on the couch. There is a knock on the door. Startled, Dombrowski grabs his gun sitting on the table. He waits for another series of knocks. Brushes the cobwebs out of his eyes.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI
Who is that?

From outside the overly painted door, a muffled voice.

KILLER JOE
It's me, Joe. Let me in.

Dombrowski moves slowly toward the door. He carefully opens it with the barrel of the gun greeting his friend. Joe freaks out.

KILLER JOE
What are you doing Louie?

Dombrowski unchains, then unlocks the door and motions for Joe to come in.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI
Don't call me that. My wife calls me that. I don't like it.

Joe comes into the room and looks around. He sees the large screen TV and shakes his head in appreciation.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI
Why did you come here? We don't meet here. I don't want you to come here.

Joe stands uncomfortably, then Dombrowski motions for him to sit in an old wooden folding chair.

KILLER JOE
Here's your money.

Drops a brown paper bag in front of Dombrowski.

KILLER JOE
I have something bigger for you to do. Something that might mean you have to move away and become...

Dombrowski, grabs an extra glass and pours two vodkas. But stops when Joe pauses.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI
Become what?

There is a dead silence between them.

KILLER JOE
Well, in a sense, Dombrowski,
become invisible, you know, for a
while?

Dombrowski laughs.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI
You want me to kill the Nazi Pope?

Dombrowski pushes the glass to Joe. They both drink straight
up.

KILLER JOE
No, but someone who is on TV a lot.
Someone running for a very
important office in this country.

Dombrowski scratches his head and looks up with this matter-
of-fact look. He pours another drink.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI
I don't give a fuck. How much?

Joe looks down to the ground as if the number is written on
the old carpet. Dombrowski takes the vodka.

KILLER JOE
Eighty.
(beat)
Eighty-thousand.

Dombrowski throws his glass at Joe's head just missing him.

KILLER JOE
Well, maybe more.

Dombrowski gets up and points to the door.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI
I want two hundred. You take your
big share, I know.

Joe moves to the door without taking his eyes off Dombrowski
and the gun that is now on the coffee table.

KILLER JOE
Okay, I will see, but they said one
hundred was the top.

Dombrowski pushes Joe out the door firmly, but holds his shirt for one last moment. He whispers in his ear.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI

You fuck-head. Two-fifty. I don't want to be invisible. I want to be rich. American dream, you understand?

Joe shakes his head slowly, not believing the monster that he has created. The door closes and Dombrowski bolts the door.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. SEASIDE RESORT - LATE AFTERNOON

A man's hand opens a gold doorknob on a richly painted white door. A Rehobeth Beach Hotel "Do Not Disturb" sign is dropped on the outside, door closes. The hand locks the door. Classical music sets a mood. Bianca stands at the window, looks at the ocean.

In a beautiful dress that reveals her curves, she holds a bouquet of flowers. She turns and smiles. Michael Masters takes off his suit jacket and puts it over a chair. As he takes off his tie, the music slowly moves to a dramatic level. He walks slowly to her.

She moves toward him. She starts to breathe faster. They embrace. Then Masters moves his hands to her face and lovingly caresses her before he lands a strong kiss on her lips. She hesitates, then her emotional drive and animal instincts take over. She launches her tongue deep into his mouth and we see the flowers drop to the floor behind his back.

The sun reflects off the small waves coming into the shore peacefully. Masters finds the string dangling from the light over the small table. He pulls it gently while Bianca's bright red fingernails pull the curtains almost closed. We hear kisses and breathing. And in the available light left in the room, we see the silhouette of Masters, unbuttoning Bianca's dress while kissing her neck.

BIANCA FUENTES

You know when I said, *another time*?

Masters peels the dress off her sensuous brown body and kisses her on the neck and continues toward her large breasts.

MASTERS

Si, Senora?

As he gets to the breast, he drops the dress behind her.

BIANCA FUENTES
This is *another time*.

Bianca's strong forearm grips the curtain rope tightly, trying to hold on, but something pulls her to the ground and the curtains close, all the way. The room is totally dark.

BIANCA FUENTES
Oh, Michael.

INT. MASTERS NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS - EARLY MORNING

The door opens, two extremely happy people, Masters and Bianca, come into the office. Bianca smiles, winks and walks down the hall to a room with the sign INSERT: HABLAMOS AMERICAN. Masters makes his way through the desks of people already on the phone. Everyone waves to him as he walks to his office, where Sam O'Donnell is sitting at the desk, reading a newspaper with his hands on his head like he's expecting the roof to fall in.

MASTERS
Good morning, Mr. P.R. How was your weekend?

Sam looks up with an incredulous look on his face.

SAM O'DONNELL
Well, the whole world knows about your weekend!

Masters not expecting such a response stops in his tracks. Sam slowly holds up the front page of the Washington Post. The rather large headline says: MASTERS HOT WEEKEND WITH MYSTERY WOMAN. Masters closes his eyes.

MASTERS
Is there a picture?

SAM O'DONNELL
Oh yeah!

Sam holds the paper up closer, a two column picture of Masters in a bathing suit walking on beach with Bianca, in a bikini top with towel wrapped around her waist. Masters takes the paper and starts to read and carefully sits on the sofa behind him.

SAM O'DONNELL

And in case you forgot, you're on with Wolf Blitzer again this afternoon.

MASTERS

Did they publish her name? Do they know that she's....

Sam looks over as he grabs his notebook and pen.

SAM O'DONNELL

That she is,
(pause)
what, Michael?

MASTERS

Undocumented, ah, illegal?

Sam whips his head back and closes his eyes.

SAM O'DONNELL

Oh shit.

INT. CNN'S SITUATION ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

The monitor in the background runs the on-air commercial while Masters is being attended to by the stage technician who clips a mic on him. Producer talks to Blitzer.

WOLF BLITZER

So, that's her name? You're sure?

The producer shakes her head 'yes' and gets off the set quickly. Masters is now ready for air and looks over at Blitzer.

WOLF BLITZER

Sorry, Michael, I gotta run with this.

Masters nods knowingly. The stage manager starts the countdown to air and then cues Blitzer.

WOLF BLITZER

We are back in the Situation Room and my guest is presidential candidate, Michael Masters who seems to have found his way onto the front page of the Washington Post this morning. Here's the headline and the picture.

(MORE)

WOLF BLITZER (cont'd)
And now, for the first time today,
Michael Masters is ready to make a
statement.

MASTERS
Thanks for having me on again Wolf.

Blitzer seems a little rattled that Masters threw it back to
him without doing the typical politician spin talk.

WOLF BLITZER
Who's the woman?

There is a slight uncertainty in his face, but Masters takes
a deep breath and walks into the buzz saw.

MASTERS
She's Bianca Fuentes and she's
working for the campaign. She's
responsible for Hispanic Community
Communications.

Blitzer is obviously getting some last minute data via his
earpiece, which he nervously pushes back into his ear.

WOLF BLITZER
And she's from where?

MASTERS
I met her in New York and she
decided to move to Washington when
we offered her the job.

Wolf smiles knowingly, as he turns to one of the big screens
behind him.

WOLF BLITZER
And this job you offered her, it
was important to the campaign?

MASTERS
Yes, of course.

WOLF BLITZER
And Mr. Masters, it was given to a
woman who's NOT a citizen of the
United States?

Masters turns white with this ambush of a different kind.

MASTERS
Well, yes, that's right.

One of the screens shows the speech at the AFL-CIO rally freeze-framed at a point in the speech.

WOLF BLITZER

This is what you said, just last week, in Chicago.

FULL SCREEN

MASTERS

Before they sign another contract, Why don't they FIRST ask this question: WHY CAN'T AN AMERICAN WORKER DO THIS JOB?

Masters looks down in thought and then looks back up. The moment of truth is now.

WOLF BLITZER

How do you answer your critics Mr. Masters? Doesn't this seem a little hypocritical?

MASTERS

You know it does. And I guess, in a situation like this, the only thing to do is to tell the truth. That's the easiest way.

Blitzer nods, but blinks for the answer. The director moves from the one shot, to an increasingly tighter shot to exploit the drama unfolding.

MASTERS

You see, Bianca Fuentes, is more than just someone working for my campaign. We have a very special relationship.

(deep breath)

Bianca Fuentes represents the true American spirit. It's how most of us got to this great country. She wanted to get away from the oppression and injustices of where she lived.

WOLF BLITZER

And where was that?

MASTERS

Bianca is from Mexico and she paid a man five-thousand US dollars to drive her safely into this country so she could live here with her daughter.

WOLF BLITZER

There are more than eleven million illegal immigrants in this country. Should they all be allowed to stay?

MASTERS

We need to make them citizens. They need to pay their fair share of taxes. They can help make this country better. As part of the deal, they MUST be able to speak English. They need to understand.

INT. FEDERAL COURT JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - EARLY MORNING

Old judge, JULIUS DESABATINI, sits behind his desk, still in his robe from an earlier trial. Three slick attorneys sit across from him.

JUDGE DESABATINI

Let me see if I have this right, you're representing the Democrats, you miss are for the Republicans and you sir, are for what party?

BLT ATTORNEY

I represent the Beliefs, Lifestyles and Technology party, also known as the BLT.

Judge shakes his head in disbelief.

JUDGE DESABATINI

And you
(points)
think you have a right to be part of a TV debate between the two guys running for President. Why?

REPUBLICAN ATTORNEY

Judge, they aren't a real party.

DEMOCRATIC ATTORNEY

If you let him in, then every other party will want to be part of the debate.

JUDGE DESABATINI

Let me think about it. Mr. BLT sandwich guy, you need to come up with some stronger reasons why this is good for the country.

(aside)

That's a stupid name for a party.

INT. SMALL GEORGETOWN APARTMENT - EARLY EVENING

Masters in kitchen of Bianca's apartment, puts dishes in the dishwasher. His cell phone goes off just as Bianca comes into the room.

MASTERS

Hello.

Bianca looks at him lovingly, but then her expression turns to concern, mirroring his facial expression.

MASTERS

Oh no, okay, I'm on the way. Yes, I know where it is, thank you.

BIANCA FUENTES

What's the matter?

Masters moves toward the sofa and puts his jacket on.

MASTERS

My mother, she was rushed to the hospital.

(pause)

I gotta go.

Bianca comes to him and hugs him.

BIANCA FUENTES

Oh Michael, I'm so sorry. I can get Belinda and we can...

Masters shakes his head.

MASTERS

No, this is my responsibility. She's my mother. Please, be with your daughter. I'll be back.

They hug and hold each other lovingly. Masters kisses her gently.

MASTERS

Leaving this life, is always harder
for those of us, who get to stay.

INT. CHANNEL 7 EYEWITNESS NEWS SET - EVENING

NEWS ANCHOR

And now the six o'clock news, I'm
Samantha Blankenship.

Chroma-keyed on background is the footage of Michael Masters
shoveling dirt at his mother's grave site.

NEWS ANCHOR

Presidential hopeful, Michael
Masters said goodbye to his mother
today at Arlington Memorial, the
wife of General Prescott Masters
and mother of Michael.

She turns to another camera.

NEWS ANCHOR

But that grief didn't stop Masters
meteoric rise in the polls. Once
again, he's up ten points in men
and 22 percent in women. We turn to
our expert and a former head of the
Gallup Organization, Herb Kleinman.

KLEINMAN

Yes, Kathy, great to be back on the
report.

NEWS ANCHOR

He keeps gaining in popularity.
What is his secret?

KLEINMAN

Well, our data indicates that
people like him because he tells
the truth.

Looking rather clueless, the anchorwoman looks into the
camera and then asks one more question.

NEWS ANCHOR

How can that be?

INT. PRIVATE LAW LIBRARY - WASHINGTON, DC

Stackhouse opens a gigantic can of smoked almonds.

STACKHOUSE

I love when the California Growers lobby comes to town. They always send over cases of almonds.

GRIZZARD

Don't mention that around our peanut farmers.

Grizzard is reading a print out of emails.

STACKHOUSE

What ya got there, Jasper?

GRIZZARD

Well, that makes twenty. Twenty more of those bastard traitors leaving the Democratic party for that Masters fellow.

STACKHOUSE

Well, now, I told you what we can do about it, but you're just a fool to ignore a solution.

GRIZZARD

You said, one hundred. And now you're saying two-fifty. That's out of our league.

STACKHOUSE

What if I put in one-fifty?

GRIZZARD

I'll think about it. This here, is fixin' to become a gaud-darn mess. If you woulda told me....

STACKHOUSE

Jasper, you lose ten more Democrats and your party could be D.O.A. by election day.

In anger, Grizzard slams the emails onto the coffee table.

INT. FEDERAL COURTROOM - DAYTIME

Three people talking at once. Judge DeSabatini slams his gavel to the table and raises his voice.

JUDGE DESABATINI

ORDER! Stop with all that lawyer drivel.

(MORE)

JUDGE DESABATINI (cont'd)

You must accept what I'm saying. The BLT party has proven to the court that they deserve to be recognized by your tradition. YOUR TRADITION says that you have the candidates debate so that the public can better determine who they want to vote for and in the past, you have used polls to prove which candidates deserve to be on TV. Remember, you did that with Ross Perot? Now unless I'm missing something, Candidate Masters does have a larger percentage than the two other candidates. So, you cannot keep him out of those debates!

He slams the gavel again.

INT. POLISH-AMERICAN BAR VIENNA, VA. - LATE AT NIGHT

The bar is quiet. Killer Joe sits at the bar. The door opens and Dombrowski walks toward Joe. Joe gets up and grabs Dombrowski by the arm before he gets to his usual stool.

KILLER JOE

Rudy, we can use the back room?

The bartender nods and drifts back into his newspaper. The two men walk to the back of the bar.

INT. BACK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Joe seems nervous, he lights a cigarette. They both sit down. Joe looks into Dombrowski's eyes. Dombrowski looks at Joe, he sees a man, who is trying hard not to show that he's out of his league.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI

So, we do it? Are we on?

KILLER JOE

Yes, but we have to work together this time.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI

I don't work together. I work alone, with me, alone.

Joe takes a long drag on his cigarette.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI
What? Tell me.

KILLER JOE
They may want to call it off at the
last minute.

Dombrowski starts to shake his head.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI
I don't like this.

Dombrowski gets up, but Joe pulls him back down.

KILLER JOE
They want us be ready. I have found
a place, a place for you to shoot
from, like in the old days: sniper
perch!

Dombrowski perks up a bit at the mention of the old days.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI
Just tell me where, when.

KILLER JOE
The Washington Hilton. About eight-
thirty at night. On the 10th of
October.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI
I don't know that one. I will find
it. Ten-Ten, I got that. Eight-
thirty, at night, yes.

Joe reaches into his pocket and pulls out a piece of paper
and something shiny.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI
No paper. No writing.

KILLER JOE
Relax. This is the room to shoot
from and this is the key. You can
go there to see for yourself.

Dombrowski holds the key in his hand and turns it around. The
light hits the new key and reflects on the walls of the room.
For a moment, Dombrowski flashes back to a toy, a windup
ballerina turning around like the key. He looks back up at
Joe.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI
What do you have to do with this?

KILLER JOE

You will look for me. I will walk up to this guy, Masters and stop him at the front door of the hotel.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI

What?

KILLER JOE

I will be dressed like a woman. And I will be wearing this.

Joe pulls out a colorful red babushka from his jacket.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI

This is stupid. I just kill him.

KILLER JOE

Listen to me.

Joe grabs Dombrowski by the collar and gets his attention.

KILLER JOE

If you don't see a babushka, YOU DON'T KILL HIM. That means it's off.

Dombrowski pulls away, stands up and starts to walk away.

KILLER JOE

You got it Dombrowski?

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI

America is stupid place. Too much talking, too many stupid ideas.

INT. SUNDAY MORNING TALK SHOW - EARLY MORNING

GEORGE STEFANAFOULOS sits at a table dressed in an expensive dark suit with a powder-blue shirt across from the striking MAUREEN DOWD in a tight white blouse and blue business suit trousers.

STEFANAFOULOS

Yes, I know Maureen, but what I find most bizarre about the first debate this year, is that they chose to have it in the Washington Hilton Hotel ballroom, so a larger crowd could be there. This is the same place where President Reagan was shot, bad form don't you think?

MAUREEN DOWD

Yes, this is pure Washingtonian drama at its worst. These half-baked Napoleonic candidates that the two old parties have thrown up against a true gladiator Michael Masters, don't have a snowball's chance in hell of coming out of this thing, anything but, uncomfortably wet. I sure hope they brought their Depends.

EXT. THOMAS CIRCLE - VERY LATE AT NIGHT

The street lamps glow but don't illuminate the truth of this place. Dombrowski's white car cruises down Pennsylvania Avenue past the White House and then left up Massachusetts toward the circle. As he gets to the circle, he slows down to get a good look at the "working girls" strutting their stuff. He goes around the circle once, and then hones in on a tall thin African-American woman, TIANA, in red leather hot pants and cheap fur wrap. He rolls down the window on the passenger side.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI

Hello beautiful. What's your name?

The woman leans into the car window, cautiously, knowing that vice was out earlier that night.

TIANA

Do I know you? My name is Tiana.

Dombrowski manages a smile and checks her out. From her large painted red lips to her tight black v-neck sweater, her breasts now drooping over the window frame of the door.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI

I'm going to party. You want to be my date?

Dombrowski takes a large wad of money, a stack of hundreds of hundreds and flips through it like a deck of cards. Tiana looks around to see if her pimp is watching. She then looks over to her sister; the other girl nods indicating that she knows he's not vice.

TIANA

Sure, but we needs to stop for some *bring your own* stuff... good wif you honey?

The skinny prostitute opens the car door and gets in.

INT. SMALL APARTMENT SILVER SPRING, MD - MOMENTS LATER

Tiana sits on the sofa and cooks some heroin. Dombrowski walks from the kitchenette with two glasses of ice.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI
You like vodka pretty lady?

She looks up, and smiles.

TIANA
Sure, but I gots ta take my
medicine. You want some?

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI
I don't like the needle.

TIANA
Just take a taste, ya know, up your
nose.

Dombrowski pours copious amounts of vodka over the ice and takes a large swig from his glass. Tiana quickly loads the equipment and plunges the needle into her left arm. She looks up at Dombrowski who leans over pinches some powder and snores it. He stands over her, she finishes the injection and then turns to her john and loosens his belt.

TIANA
I hear dat you big Russian men have
big strong cocks.

Dombrowski smiles and drinks again as Tiana gets the belt unbuckled and is now unzipping him. He looks down on her.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI
Polish, not Russian. Wait!

Tiana looks up in a daze, her eyes now glazing over from the horse riding through her veins.

TIANA
What baby?

Dombrowski reaches over to the table and opens the small box on the end table. Inside we see the colorfully patterned babushka he bought for his wife. He quickly see flashes of his mother walking to church in the babushka, he sees his wife leaving with a babushka on her head. He refocuses on the woman before him. He puts his drink down and removes Tiana's sweater. The large breasts, with nipples erect, fall out of the sweater and bounce to a natural stop. He grabs her arm.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI
Here, put this on.

Slightly confused, she takes the babushka and opens it.

TIANA
Put it on, where?

Dombrowski laughs.

LUDWIK DOMBROWSKI
On your head. I do it.

Dombrowski's pants are now down, and Tiana pulls down his boxers and starts to do what she does best. As she works away at him, Dombrowski folds the babushka and gently places it over Tiana's head. He pushes her away so he can tie it around her neck.

TIANA
Oh baby, let me suck it.

She fills her mouth once again. We see Dombrowski lean his head back and his smile slowly morphs into the face of a killer, mouth wide open.

EXT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL WASHINGTON MALL - EARLY MORNING

Masters rapidly climbs the steps to the Abraham Lincoln statue. Betterman and another agent flank him. He sees Bianca standing there with Belinda. She has some brochures in her hand. As he gets to the top of the steps, Masters turns to see the bright sun on the reflecting pond, the Washington Monument standing tall and the Capitol in the background.

BIANCA FUENTES
Good morning Mr. President.

Belinda laughs at her mother's English.

MASTERS
Not yet. One day at a time. I have to get through these debates.
(smiles and turns)
How are you Belinda?

Belinda, all smiles, looks at her mother then to Masters.

BELINDA
I'm great, Mr. Masters.

MASTERS
Belinda, please call me Michael.

BIANCA FUENTES
But I told her...

BELINDA
Mom! Please, we are in America.
Michael, who are those men?

MASTERS
Secret Service, they're here to
protect us.

BELINDA
Oh.

BIANCA FUENTES
Nothing is going to happen, they
are just for...

Masters jumps in to help.

MASTERS
Just for show Belinda, like a
movie.

Bianca puts her arms around Masters' shoulder and hugs him.
Belinda points to the statue.

BELINDA
MOTHER! Not in front of Abraham
Lincoln.

All three laugh. CU:Lincoln's face. They walk down the steps,
hand in hand. Music rises as we see the mall and then we see
the White House, the prize, off to the left of the steps.

INT. PRIVATE LAW LIBRARY WASHINGTON, DC. - LATE AFTERNOON

Grizzard looks haggard and tired. He turns the page of a
large volume of a law book and adjusts his reading glasses.
The door opens, Stackhouse hobbles in using a cane. Grizzard
looks surprised and takes his glasses off and tries to focus
on Stackhouse.

GRIZZARD
Virgil, why the cane boy?

Stackhouse gets to a chair and sits down. He breathes heavily
and grimaces with pain.

STACKHOUSE
God damn, fucking steps of the
Capitol.

(MORE)

STACKHOUSE (cont'd)

Trying to catch old 'what's his name' who is running for fucking president on behalf of my fucking party and shit, I just lost it. Fell down ten steps before that junior from Tennessee, you know that ex football player, grabbed my ass before I rolled all the way to the Supreme Court.

Grizzard slightly enjoying the rant, smiles.

GRIZZARD

Well, you certainly have lots of help over there. I'm sure they would have granted you a late-term mercy killing.

Stackhouse looks up now.

STACKHOUSE

Fuck you Jasper! Now, you know why I'm here.

GRIZZARD

No, why are you here?

STACKHOUSE

I'm not sure we can pull this off.

Grizzard looks conflicted.

GRIZZARD

What do you mean? I've given you the money.

STACKHOUSE

Maybe this is too risky.

GRIZZARD

Chicken Shit! Well, if it doesn't happen, I want my money back.

STACKHOUSE

Yeah, sure, money back guaranteed.

INT. MASTERS NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS DC. - AFTERNOON

O'Donnell stands in front of large white board with lots of writing in different colors. Each represents different issues that will come up during the debate. Two consultants sit to the side with tablet-type computer screens and Blackberrys. Masters sits on the sofa with a legal pad of his own.

SAM O'DONNELL

You've got to stay on message and
keep hammering these points
Michael.

MASTERS

Got it.

The consultants seem to be in their own worlds writing on
their screens and feverishly texting answers back on their
handheld.

SAM O'DONNELL

You see, this is only going to get
tougher. Once they know your
points, they'll answer each of
those points with their rhetoric.

Masters laughs.

MASTERS

It's a game Sam, just another trick
to make people think they're men of
substance.

CONSULTANT #1

As your adviser, I must remind you
Mr. Masters, people do NOT vote on
substance or content. They vote on
one message they can wrap their
heads around, like "no more taxes!"
At the end of the day, you must
keep it simple...for the simple.

Consultants go head down again and start clicking away like
robots.

INT. SMALL APARTMENT SILVER SPRING, MD - EARLY EVENING

The alarm drones a piercing buzz. On the face we see, 6
o'clock and then a large hand slams it off. Dombrowski turns
on the light and sits up on the sofa. He's fully dressed. He
walks over to the table and opens a tuba case, where he
checks his arsenal. A snipers rifle with long-range scope,
his Walther PPK and an Uzi. He straps the guns into place and
also adds a grocery bag of ammo. He packs plastic grocery
bags around the brown paper bag of ammo to keep it secure. He
closes the case. He walks back over to the coffee table and
pours himself a large glass of vodka. He drinks it, puts the
glass down and then picks up the small bag of heroin and puts
it in his pocket.

INT. SMALL GEORGETOWN APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Bianca takes the plates from the table and Belinda sits there finishing up. Masters smiles at Belinda. There seems to be a strong connection between them. Right as Bianca exits to the kitchen, Belinda sees her chance.

BELINDA

So, when are you going to marry my mother?

Masters looks up from his sip of coffee.

MASTERS

Well, the most important question is: Do you think that's a good idea?

Belinda stirs her food in a playful manner.

BELINDA

I've never seen my mother so happy and so, well, excited about being an American. She wants to stay here and become a citizen.

Masters is quite impressed with this talk.

MASTERS

That's wonderful. And I also like to see her happy. That's the most important thing.

BELINDA

More important than being president?

Just as Bianca returns.

MASTERS

Yes, that's the most important thing.

BIANCA FUENTES

What time do you have to be there? You need to get going, pronto!

Masters looks at Belinda and winks.

MASTERS

PRONTO! Yes, it's time to go.

EXT. PARKING SPACE NEAR THE WASHINGTON HILTON - MOMENTS LATER

Dombrowski gets out of the car and opens the trunk and pulls out the large white tuba case from his car. He struggles a bit, then frees it and closes the trunk. He lifts the instrument case to his back and carries it like a dead body.

INT. ENTRY WAY TO SMALL BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Dombrowski pulls out the key. He opens the door and enters. The tuba case just barely makes it through the narrow door.

INT. SMALL ROOM ON THE SEVENTH FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

The door opens, the light from the hallway fills the room just enough to show that it's empty. The number on the door is **77**. Dombrowski pushes the tuba case onto the wall to wall carpeting, enters the room and closes the door. Until his eyes adjust, he sees nothing, then the outside light coming in from the large window shows him his perch for his assignment.

EXT. GEORGETOWN STREET OUTSIDE BIANCA'S APT. - CONTINUOUS

The black suburban sits there, motor running. Masters comes out of the door of the apartment and walks down to the car. He looks up at the sky and sees the stars. Then, sees Simon Betterman standing at the curb.

MASTERS

Great night for a debate.

SIMON BETTERMAN

Great night to be alive.

MASTERS

You see those stars?

SIMON BETTERMAN

Yes sir, how could anyone doubt there's a God?

MASTERS

Some people don't see the stars.

Simon opens the door and Masters ducks in.

INT. BLACK SUBURBAN - CONTINUOUS

SAM O'DONNELL

I thought I was going to have to come in there and drag you away, Michael.

MASTERS

Yeah, we just had a great dinner.

SAM O'DONNELL

You ready?

MASTERS

Sam, compared to walking around Iraq with a rifle in my hands, this is a piece of cake.

SAM O'DONNELL

Yeah, I hope it's a slam dunk.

MASTERS

Nothing is a slam dunk in life Sammy.

SAM O'DONNELL

Yeah, bad choice of words.

INT. SMALL ROOM ON THE SEVENTH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Dombrowski holds long range rifle and scope set up and he looks through the scope. He can see the front door of the hotel clearly. He loads the rifle, then the hand gun, then the automatic weapon. He takes the bag of heroin out of his pocket and opens the bag. He dumps it on the window sill. His temptations are now taking control. He's jittery.

INT. BLACK SUBURBAN MOVING THROUGH DC - CONTINUOUS

Masters reaches into his pocket, gets his cell phone and dials a number. He waits.

MASTERS

Hello beautiful.

(smiles)

No, not yet, we're still in the car.

(listens)

I just called to say, I love you. Yes, I'll call you later. Bye.

He ends the call and puts the cell back into his pocket. He has this air of confidence on his face.

SAM O'DONNELL
So, you two are serious?

MASTERS
Why do people always say that?
Serious and happy are two different things.

SAM O'DONNELL
Okay, so you're seriously happy.

MASTERS
Yeah, okay, seriously happy.

SAM O'DONNELL
And please turn off your cell phone. Quite embarrassing to have your girl friend call you while you're on national TV.

They both laugh.

EXT. DRIVEWAY OF THE HILTON HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

The suburban pulls up the driveway of the hotel. There are so many cars, the traffic blocks the way.

INT. SMALL ROOM ON THE SEVENTH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Dombrowski looks through his binoculars and looks at each of the cars. Sees the limo and takes a look at the license plate. He leans over to the window sill and pinches some of the heroin and snorts it, and then again in the other nostril.

INT. BLACK SUBURBAN IN DRIVEWAY OF HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

MASTERS
This is nuts. We can't just sit here. Should we walk?

Masters opens the panel between passengers and driver.

MASTERS
Simon, maybe we can just jump out here and walk?

SIMON BETTERMAN

Sorry sir, that's not SOP Please
let me talk to my commander.

Simon starts to talk to his sleeve. Masters closes the partition.

MASTERS

It's only thirty yards, let's go.

INTERCUT WITH ACTIVITY IN FRONT OF HOTEL

Dombrowski seems more concerned about taking the drug than doing his job. He finally just kneels down to lick the white powder off the sill with his tongue. His eyes now are watering and he keeps sniffing in. He shakes his head trying to clear his mind and focus on the task at hand. He looks through his binoculars and sees Sam and Masters get out of the car and slowly walk up the driveway. He turns to the scope of the high powered rifle, sees a smaller picture of the men going up the driveway.

He looks away and rubs his eyes, has trouble seeing. Takes the binoculars, looks for the sign. Killer Joe, dressed like a woman with babushka, finally walks out of the front door. Dombrowski sees Sam and Masters walking, but now, they too, have babushkas on their heads. Dombrowski takes the binoculars away from his eyes in frustration. He rubs his eyes hard. He looks back and pans around the driveway.

He sees Joe still standing at the door. Joe's face morphs into Dombrowski's mother's face and then back. The valet parking kid has a babushka on. The doorman has one on, he looks back to Sam and Masters, who are now almost to the doorway. They have babushkas on. People getting out of the cars have them on.

Dombrowski, now back at the rifle, looks through the scope, sees Joe, focuses on Joe's head, the babushka, bad wig and amateur makeup. We can now hear Dombrowski's heart beating louder and louder.

Simon sits in car and then starts to hold his hand over his ear piece trying to hear what is being said to him.

SIMON BETTERMAN

What? I read you, a woman, at the
doorway, in head scarf! Got it.

Simon, slams the car into park, opens the door and takes off running at full speed toward the hotel.

Dombrowski rubs his eyes once again, then looks back into the scope. His hands are shaking and he's sweating profusely.

Simon runs in slow motion. Dramatic music up. He passes Masters and O'Donnell on the sidewalk. They look startled. Simon makes it to the woman and grabs the babushka. It comes off, with the wig, and Killer Joe turns in terror, the scar on his face, the bad makeup is clown-like.

Dombrowski aims at Joe's head. For a split second we see someone step in front of Joe. Dombrowski pulls the trigger. A loud BANG is heard. Through the scope we see Simon Betterman collapse and everyone around him hits the ground.

Dombrowski falls backward, his body now in some kind of seizure from the drug. He rolls over, throws up and then reaches for the handgun. A demonic stare covers his face and then tears. He shakes uncontrollably as he puts the barrel of the gun in his mouth. He fires. The bullet exits and blood splatters the white wall behind him.

EXT. SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

About six Police and Secret Service agents jump Killer Joe. Masters gets up before O'Donnell and rushes toward his fallen agent. Blood is oozing from Simon's head. His eyes are open, but glazing already. Masters kneels before him, holds his right arm, trembling uncontrollably, then Masters touches Simon's head.

MASTERS

We'll get you out of here soldier;
hang on.

Masters looks around and sees a cab first in line.

MASTERS

Taxi!

Masters picks up Simon and carries him into the back seat of the cab. The cab driver looks back and shakes his head.

MASTERS

George Washington University
Hospital, NOW!

O'Donnell runs to the open door of the cab.

SAM O'DONNELL

What about the debate?

MASTERS

I've got to take care of my men
Sam!

O'Donnell closes the door and the cab takes off.

INT. CAB SPEEDING TO HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Masters cradles Simon's head in his arms. Blood now covers Masters' suit.

MASTERS

Hang in there, son.

Simon opens his eyes, tears are running down his cheeks into the wash of blood.

SIMON BETTERMAN

Don't worry, this is God's will.

Simon closes his eyes. A peaceful look fills his face.

EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL - HOUR LATER

Masters walks out of the ER door. His gray suit, stained with the blood of his fallen protector. As he hits the cold night air, camera lights blast on, flashes go off almost creating a slow motion strobe effect. Masters covers his eyes, then gains composure as dozens of microphones appear in front of him. Out of the darkness in front of Masters, comes a voice.

REPORTER #1

Are you alright Mr. Masters?

MASTERS

Yes, I'm fine, but you should be asking about Simon Betterman, who lost his life tonight serving his country.

Cameras stop flashing, an eerie silence from the reporters.

MASTERS

I've been saying some things about America and some times, I don't think people want to believe it's this bad here. I think you all just run blindly toward the next headline without taking a few moments to mourn. Without taking a few moments to attempt to find the meaning in all this.

(MORE)

MASTERS (cont'd)

We've lost thousands of people, real human beings in Iraq. We lost another soldier here tonight. How can you stand there and ask me the same questions over and over? Don't you see what's really happening? Don't you care about this young man? He gave his life?

REPORTER #2

Will this change your travel plans?

Masters shakes his head, a tear rolls down his face.

MASTERS

Give this man your respect, he was a great American.

Masters walks into the darkness, the press motionless.

INT. CHANNEL 7 EYEWITNESS NEWS SET - MINUTES LATER

NEWS ANCHOR

The first in a series of presidential debates took place tonight here in Washington, but *without* one of the candidates. Michael Masters was a no show, but for a good reason. Masters' secret service agent, assigned to protect him, did just that. Confronting a man dressed like a woman, the agent may have foiled a plot to assassinate the popular candidate.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE LAW LIBRARY WASHINGTON, DC. - CONTINUOUS

Stackhouse turns off the TV. They both sit quietly facing each other. They both have this look of disappointment as they chug their brandies, Stackhouse seems tense.

GRIZZARD

Why is this happening to us?

STACKHOUSE

Masters goes to the hospital and ends up looking like a hero, while both of our candidates looked like shit in the debate.

GRIZZARD

I feel like the huntin' dog that bites a skunk.

STACKHOUSE

We just have to find better people to run for president. Both our guys seemed to be talking but saying nothing. Fucking idiots.

GRIZZARD

Yeah, smart guys, where are they?

STACKHOUSE

I'm just glad we got your money back.

Stackhouse hands over a leather brief case.

GRIZZARD

What happened to your money?

STACKHOUSE

My money was the down payment, the guy never returned it. Don't worry, I'll get my pound of flesh.

Grizzard takes the briefcase and looks at the combination lock.

GRIZZARD

What's the combination?

STACKHOUSE

Zero-Seven-Seven, both sides.

INT. PARKING GARAGE METRO POLICE STATION - EARLY MORNING

Police and FBI agents surround a large black SUV that pulls into a parking space near the steps next to a ramp and back door. Agents with large automatic rifles get out on either side. Yellow crime scene tape keeps the reporters and cameramen more than thirty yards away. Another officer reaches into the SUV and pulls out a small man dressed in orange prison garb. They lead Killer Joe to the steps. Then, a shadowy figure darts from the right, gets right in front of Joe and fires five bullets point blank into Joe's head.

FBI AGENT

GET BACK! GET BACK!

Screams echo through the garage. Killer Joe's limp body is carried into the police station.

Men shout commands, reporters start their descriptions into microphones. Five cops pounce on the shooter and get the gun away from him. As the pile of humanity untangles, a familiar face emerges from the strong arms of those holding him.

STACKHOUSE

Where's my money! Where's the
fucking money!

We focus on one older newspaper reporter walking away from the scene. He takes a long hard drag on his cigarette and then looks at his watch.

OLD REPORTER

We never learn from history.
(shakes his head)
We never learn.

INT. MASTERS NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS DC. - EARLY EVENING

INSERT SUPER: ELECTION DAY

The place is packed with people. Those who have supported Masters from the beginning. The atmosphere is festive and upbeat as Masters walks up to a small riser at the front of the large room. When he takes the podium, the room erupts in applause and cheers. He smiles, and then quiets his followers.

MASTERS

Thank you! Thank you. I wanted to
thank you for all your hard work
and support.

Masters looks out to the crowd and sees Bianca smiling and there is this communication between them. He then looks down at his prepared remarks.

MASTERS

Let me put this away. Let me just
shake everyone's hand and let's
hope for the best tonight. The
polls close out west in a few hours
and then we can stay up all night
and see if the networks get it
right.

The crowd laughs. Masters jumps down and starts to shake some hands.

INT. MAYFLOWER HOTEL WASHINGTON - VERY EARLY MORNING

Sam O'Donnell is on the sofa with a computer on the table in front of him. Leaning back with his tie pulled open, he sleeps. The TV is on in the background very low. Masters sits in a large leather chair drinking a glass of O.J. He picks up the remote and turns up the sound slightly. Sam wakes up and looks around, trying to act like he didn't fall asleep on guard and ready. The TV is on CNN.

WOLF BLITZER

Well, like many of you, we've been here all night watching the events of this election. And I can tell you, we once again, got it all wrong! But we do have more facts now. Michael Masters, who we all thought would be president, came in third. With only twenty-seven percent of the vote, he can be proud of what he accomplished, but it was clear that he drained votes from his Democratic opponent, Alvin Peck, who only got thirty-one percent and the Republican candidate John Foster Graham, the winner with forty-two percent. Once again, America will be returned to a two-party system.

Masters clicks off the TV. And smiles at Sam.

MASTERS

Sammy boy, this late night stuff is tough on you.

Sam rubs his face and straightens his tie.

SAM O'DONNELL

So, I guess we do that concession speech thing?

MASTERS

No, tell the press that I'm grateful, but I wanna sleep.

SAM O'DONNELL

I'm sorry we didn't make it Michael. I thought we...

MASTERS

You know Sam, you grow up in America. You watch football and baseball on TV with your father.

(MORE)

MASTERS (cont'd)

You play Little League baseball.
You eat hot dogs and watch fire
trucks go by in the 4th of July
parade.

Sam sits up and is now more awake.

MASTERS

And when that red, white and blue
flag would pass by, you got this
feeling about those colors. And
you're proud to be an American.

Sam tries to interrupt, but Masters holds his hand up.

MASTERS

And then someone says something
negative about our country, and you
get angry.

Sam smiles and straightens his tie.

MASTERS

Then, you see those planes go into
the World Trade and Pentagon and
you're thinking, those bastards, we
gotta do something.

(pauses thoughtfully)

And you find yourself in the middle
of this dry little desert and
you're trying to help these people
and you think you have a clear idea
that this is good for your country.
And then it hits you.

SAM O'DONNELL

What are you saying Michael?

Michael takes a big swig of O.J. and looks over at Sam
sitting on the sofa. He smiles and continues.

MASTERS

What I'm saying Sam, is that it hit
me when I was in Iraq. We keep
talking about an Iraq War, they
didn't do anything wrong. Iraq is
just another country. Another
country with a bad leader. Just
because a country has a bad leader
doesn't make the people of that
country bad.

SAM O'DONNELL
 Aren't **they** better off now,
 Michael?

Masters frowns and continues more intensely.

MASTERS
We aren't better off, Sam! The
 United States of America needs to
 be better. We don't need to torture
 prisoners. We don't need to lie to
 our own people.
 (beat)
 We tried Sam, we tried to make a
 difference.

Sam shakes his head in agreement and looks up to his leader.

SAM O'DONNELL
 We tried.

MASTERS
 We did Sammy. I just hope we get
 back to the honesty, integrity and
 grit that made this country great.
 We need smarter people in
 government. I just don't know where
 they are.

O'Donnell sits in disbelief and speechless. Masters walks out
 the door. Sam reaches down for the remote and turns the TV
 back on.

EXT. M STREET WASHINGTON - MOMENTS LATER

DRAMATIC MUSIC. Masters walks up the empty sidewalk toward
 Georgetown. As he walks, he looks at the newspaper headline
 in the stand. INSERT: REPUBLICANS AGAIN! The sun is just
 about ready to come up on a new day in DC. A breeze of cold
 air swirls some litter in the street. He stops at a shop
 window with an American flag and patriotic theme, assumes
 attention, and salutes the flag. MUSIC UP. He stands there
 for a moment, then releases his salute ready to go home.

EXT. GEORGETOWN STREET OUTSIDE BIANCA'S APT. - MINUTES LATER

Masters stands at the stoop. Looks up at the bedroom window
 and sees a light on. Just as he takes his keys out, the door
 opens. Bianca stands there in a robe. She's crying. She moves
 to Masters and puts her arms around his neck and kisses him.

BIANCA FUENTES
Michael, I'm so sorry.

Masters cups her face in his large hands, smiles and stares into her eyes.

MASTERS
There is no reason to be sorry. You live in the greatest country in the world.
(smiles)
All we can hope for are more dreams than nightmares.

Bianca looks rather surprised.

BIANCA FUENTES
You still have nightmares?

Masters picks her up and carries her through the threshold like a bride.

MASTERS
With you in my life, the dreams are winning!

INT. BIANCA'S APARTMENT VESTIBULE - CONTINUOUS

Now inside the dimly lit hallway, Bianca slides down Masters body, they embrace body to body.

BIANCA FUENTES
When do we sleep?

Masters laughs and pulls her to the staircase.

MASTERS
Turn off the phones. Now, we sleep.

As Masters takes the first step, he looks down and sees the steps. And as they walk up, each step takes them higher.

FADE OUT.