

(Name of Project)
by
(Name of First Writer)

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Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name
Address
Phone

BEHIND BLUE EYES

By Christopher Rodgers

EXT. BEACH -DAY

California - 1976

Waves crash along the shore in sleepy California hamlet named San Dimante.

Two surfers sit on their boards waiting for the next wave. They bob up and down gently while swells pass beneath them

The surfers are young with golden California tans and sun-bleached hair. They are TAYLOR DAVIS (18), and JASON YORK (18). Taylor has All-American good looks, bright blue eyes and a perfect smile. Jason is thinner and doesn't have the same good looks as Taylor.

JASON

Hey Taylor, what are ya doin' tonight?
Wanna see Jaws?

TAYLOR

I dunno. Maybe. I'm supposed to do something with Molly.

JASON

Bring her. As long as she brings a friend.

TAYLOR

You've seen all her friends. Of better yet, they've seen you.

JASON

Ouch. This is Jason you're talkin' to. You can't hide behind your insults to hide your fear of a movie. Admit it. You're afraid to go see Jaws.

TAYLOR

I'm not afraid now, but why would I wanna see a movie that makes me scared of the one thing I love? Maybe I want to go back into the theater.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JASON

Man, there ain't more sharks in the water, just cause some stupid movie. There could be one swimming right under you now.

TAYLOR

Yeah I realize that.

A large swell moves to the shore lifting both Taylor and Jason high into the air.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

We better get to class man.

JASON

Relax man. It's the last day of school. They're not gonna care, if we're late by a couple minutes.

(looks at an approaching wave)

I didn't get up early, to swim in cold water. I came here to ride mountains buddy.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

(laughs)

You want mountains, you get hills.

A large swell approaches.

JASON

Here comes the school bus.

Jason paddles to meet the wave. He catches it and it takes him to shore. Taylor watches as his friend slips out of sight.

Taylor turns back around and sits alone on his board. There is no sound but the lapping of water against his board. He has a few moments to reflect as he waits.

HARRY (V.O.)

Taylor Davis is an A-list candidate. First in his class. Star quarterback. Good looking. Born and raised in a town that translates to The Dream. And get this, he shares a birthday with JFK.

Taylor finds his wave and takes it to shore.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY.

There is a kinetic energy in the room. The students are restless counting down the seconds until the class is over. Taylor sits in the middle seat of the middle row. Jason sits to his left. They both look at the clock then at each other and smile. The teacher MR. SHEPHERD (mid-40s) tries futilely to maintain calm for the last moments. He slams a book on the desk.

The class shuts up.

MR. SHEPHERD

I know you all want to get out of here. This is my favorite class period of the year and not because I'm minutes away from a three month vacation, but because I may be the last person to say something worthwhile to you in a setting like this as I know many of you won't be going on to college. In years past I've given this speech knowing that a lot of the guys in the class were going to be shipped off to Southeast Asia never to be heard from again.

Mr. Shepherd looks over to Taylor as he mentions the students he's lost too war. Taylor gives Mr. Shepherd a respectful nod.

MR. SHEPHERD (CONT'D)

I hope the learning in this class was not all for naught. The war is over, but you guys don't have to worry about war. You should feel blessed to know you dodged one bullet, but the other bullet is complacency. Make something of your life. Don't just be. Be something. Just because you got D's in here doesn't mean you can't get A's in life. Don't ever think that the grades in here mean anything out there. They don't. Only parents and Universities give a shit. Work hard. Life is what you make it. Make it worthwhile. Have a good summer.

The bell RINGS. The students all rise to their feet in unison. Taylor slaps Jason a hi-five. They rush down the aisle. Mr. Shepherd grabs Taylor's arm. Taylor stops. Jason looks on.

(CONTINUED)

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TEACHER

He wait Taylor. Your brother was my second favorite student, but you were my favorite. It's been a real pleasure having in the class. Makes my job easy. I and rest of faculty look forward to watching you beat USC next fall

TAYLOR

Mr. Koline, I'll be lucky to get off the bench before my Junior year.

TEACHER

Hey, people get injured.

TAYLOR

(laughs)
Never know.

TEACHER

Have a good summer and remember what I said.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY.

Jason and Taylor head for the exit amidst a crazy swarm of excited students.

JASON

Man, just once I'd like to hear a teacher tell me it was a pleasure to have me. Especially, Miss Burns. She can have me all the time and I'd make sure it was pleasurable.

TAYLOR

Okay, that's just creepy. Thoughts like that are better left inside.

JASON

Duly noted.

They reach the doors and burst through.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY.

Jason and Taylor exit the building. Throngs of students have grouped outside the school. Taylor looks over a circle of GIRLS just across the lawn.

TAYLOR

(points)
There's Molly.

(CONTINUED)

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They head down the stairs and across the lawn.

JASON
Don't forget to ask her about tonight?

TAYLOR
Huh? What tonight?

JASON
C'mon man. Jaws.

They approach the gaggle of girls. They step aside as Taylor nears. In the middle is a tall quintessential California blond. She is MOLLY. She is tan and beautiful.

Taylor gives her a kiss on the lips .

TAYLOR
Hey sweetie.

MOLLY
Hiya handsome.

They hold hands.

TAYLOR
You ready.

MOLLY
Yeah.

(to her friends)
I'll call you later. Maybe I'll talk him into it.

TAYLOR
What?

MOLLY
Everyone wants to see Jaws.

JASON
See. I'm not alone. If you want to go with a real man Molly, don't hesitate to call me.

Molly laughs.

MOLLY
I'll stick with my wimpy boy.

TAYLOR
But I play football.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JASON

Yeah, yeah yeah, but you study, so that
cancels it out.

TAYLOR

(grins)

Alright I've heard enough. Molly let's
go.

They spin around in tandem and head in the opposite
direction.

JASON

Okay, girls. Time to pony up the phone
numbers so I don't lose track of you
over the summer.

The girls laugh and walk away. Jason is left alone.

JASON (CONT'D)

Are you kiddin' me? You ain't gonna find
a guy like me in college.

GIRL#1

(Yells)

Exactly.

Jason laughs and walks in the opposite direction.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY.

Taylor and Molly meander arm in arm down the quiet street.
They seem to be in no hurry to get home.

MOLLY

I'm going to miss this.

TAYLOR

Don't worry. I'll be down here ever
weekend to help out my pop.

MOLLY

I wish I was graduating with you this
year. Then I could go to UCLA and keep
your mind off all the LA girls.

TAYLOR

I'm going to be a little fish there Mol.

Molly smiles.

(CONTINUED)

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They walk off of the road and head towards a small Cape Cod style home, with a nicely landscaped yard and plenty of flowers. Taylor walks Molly to the front steps.

MOLLY

Are you going out with Jason tonight?

TAYLOR

Nah. I can't. I haven't even started my speech for tomorrow.

MOLLY

Nervous?

TAYLOR

I dunno. Too much going on to really even think about it. The party, school and everything. Guess I'll be nervous once I see the stage

Molly leans in and gives Taylor a kiss and heads up the

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

What was that for?

MOLLY

A lil' inspiration for your big day tomorrow.

TAYLOR

You'll be there right?

MOLLY

Of course. I wouldn't miss it.

Molly is halfway in the door when she stops.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

If you wanna take a break give me a call.

Taylor nods. Molly continues into the house.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Taylor and Molly sit in the back of Taylor's parents station wagon. They are making out The car is parked in the woods. Rain BEATS down on the roof and windows.

TAYLOR

I can't believe it's raining. Don't they know this is my day?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOLLY

I think it's romantic.

TAYLOR

Can't argue that.

They kiss for a few moments. Taylor's hand moves from Molly's hip to her shirt. He unbuttons two buttons. He moves his hands into her shirt, but she rebuffs his advances by grabbing his wrist and taking his hand out.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

What?

MOLLY

I'm not ready for that.

TAYLOR

We've been dating for a year. I love you. I don't want to date anyone else.

MOLLY

I know. I know. But I'm not ready.

TAYLOR

What are you waiting for?

MOLLY

The right time.

TAYLOR

The right time? Wouldn't this be it? Haven't we been dating long enough.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

The sun shines and the sky is painted blue. The stands are filled with proud FAMILIES and FRIENDS. The field is packed with GRADUATES. The stage lined with FACULTY.

The PRINCIPAL stands at the podium.

PRINCIPAL

We are not blessed with a Taylor Davis every year. He's the kind of kid that should evoke jealousy among his peers but his humility and kindness cast those feelings aside. So as Valavectorian Taylor will say a few words before you can get your degree and make it official. So get up here Taylor.

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Taylor jumps up from his seat walks to the podium. He shakes the principal's hand and pulls out his speech from his pocket.

TAYLOR

Good afternoon. So this is it. I can't believe I'm the one giving this speech. Teachers and principal's always tell you this is the moment you've been waiting for, but who really thought much about this day. I didn't. When I was a Freshman, I thought about being a Sophomore. By the time I hit Senior year I was picking schools, classes and dorm rooms. Today is as much about looking back as it is looking forward. This is the last time all you're friends will be in the same place. That's a special thing. Take a look around. Shake hands, exchange hugs. All grudges and arguments don't leave this field. I can't tell you what your future will be but I can ask you to leave the past behind. That's my speech, short and sweet. I wish everyone the best.

Taylor waves to the audience and walks off. The cheering continues as Taylor makes his way back to his seat.

FADE OUT.

INT. ARENA - NIGHT

The CHEER of the crowd is deafening. The crowd has been whipped into a frenzy. Red, white and blue balloons and streamers hang from every wall.

The stage with one large podium, front and center, illustrates clearly that they are at a political convention.

The crowd holds signs reading DAVIS 2008 in Red, White and Blue. Above the podium is a large banner with the same. Above the words is a photo of a Forty-Four year old Taylor Davis.

The cheers become a more organized chant.

CROWD

Davis! Davis! Davis!

They clap and smile. They seem fully behind their candidate.

INT. READY ROOM - NIGHT

The Davis Campaign is no less chaotic. A dozen POLITICAL AIDES buzz about, talking on cell phones, writing speeches. There are several monitors displaying the frenzied crowd that waits outside the doors.

Taylor (44) sits in a tall director's chair. His boyish good looks and California style have seemingly survived the last twenty-six years. Although, his hair has turned to a salt and pepper grey, his eyes are still a bright blue color.

A MAKEUP ARTIST applies powder to Taylor's face.

Taylor holds his speech. He mouths it as he reads along. He is oblivious to chaos that surrounds him.

NORMAN GOLDMAN (45) enters the room. Norman is a short, balding man. He seems highly excited.

NORMAN

Five minutes Taylor!

Taylor looks up from his speech and directs his attention to Harry who is standing over his shoulder.

TAYLOR

Relax Norman, I'm ready.

NORMAN

What do you think of the speech? Any last minute questions?

TAYLOR

The health-care thing. If I'm elected president, there's no way I can follow through the promises I'd be making. I can see the opponents now.

NORMAN

Four years is a long time. No one expects anyone to follow through on health care promises. It ain't tax cuts you're promising.

TAYLOR

I'd be happier if we scaled back the number to 20 million. I think that's more realistic.

NORMAN

Alright, done, but the speech is already loaded in the teleprompter.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NORMAN (CONT'D)

You'll need to remember it. You don't
it's what's written.

TAYLOR

How about education?

NORMAN

Leave it alone. I'll concede health care
but nothing else.

TAYLOR

We'll see.

NORMAN

God Dammit Taylor you can't change
anything else this late in the game.
This is the fuckin' convention, those are
you're people. Fire 'em up. Don't rain
on their friggin' parade.

TAYLOR

Can I fire you?

NORMAN

No. You can't fire your campaign manager
two months before the election.

TAYLOR

If I lose, you're toast.

NORMAN

(laughs)

You ain't losing. I'm that good. And
since I'm that good you're gonna keep me
around.

TAYLOR

Fine, whatever. Just give me a couple
minutes.

NORMAN

You got two minutes. That's it.

(yells to those remaining)

Everyone out. Give Mr. Davis two minutes
of solitude.

Everyone stops what they're doing and head for the door.
Norman is the last out. As he's leaving, SALLY (45) an
attractive blond with short-cropped blond hair walks in.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

(To Sally)

Be gentle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Norman exits. Sally walks over to Norman. Taylor spots her approaching in the mirror.

TAYLOR

Sally, I just asked Norm for two minutes of alone time.

SALLY

I *am* your wife. Don't you think the nation wants to see your wife by your side. For image sake anyway.

TAYLOR

(indifferent)

I can always count on you to be image conscious. Why don't you munch on some celery from the tray over there and give me a couple minutes.

SALLY

You know Taylor, I can ruin this for you. You know that don't you.

TAYLOR

Ruin what? You want this more than me. You've wanted this a long time. An attention whore.

SALLY

You're about to address the nation in what may your defining moment and all you can do is name call.

TAYLOR

It's called multi-tasking.

SALLY

It's not right.

TAYLOR

Well apparently I'm may be the least powerful man in the world. I can't fire my campaign manager or divorce my wife.

SALLY

(angry.)

I'll be outside with your daughter. Remember her?

Sally marches out of the room leaving Taylor alone. He looks the copy of the speech he is holding in his hand. Angrily he crumples the paper and tosses into a corner of the room.

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CONTINUED: (3)

Gracefully and professionally he rises from his chair. Looks at himself in the mirror, adjusts his tie. He then takes the suit jacket hanging on the back of a chair and skillfully puts it on. He checks his hairs, pats it gently and heads for the door.

Before Taylor can reach it, Norm sticks his head.

NORMAN

Two minutes is up. Camera is waiting.
The camera is out here.

Taylor gets up from his chair. He straightens his tie, takes a deep breath.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

A CAMERAMAN is waiting outside. Taylor enters the hallway. There is a rock n' roll atmosphere. The crowd noise is raucous and celebratory. There are rhythmic applause and Taylor chants.

Like a prize fighter heading to the stage, the cameraman captures Taylor's confident stride toward his big stage.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD

The graduation ceremonies have completed. The graduates are searching for their families and friends. Students pose for pictures with other students. Taylor searches the crowd for his family and Molly.

EDWARD (50) stands in Taylor's path. Edward wears a dark suit and fedora.

EDWARD

Terrific speech Taylor.

TAYLOR

(distracted)
Uh, thanks.

Taylor keeps searching, but Edward places his hand on Taylor's shoulder.

EDWARD

Taylor, my name is Edward Muro.

TAYLOR

Hi, Mr. Muro. I'm looking my family.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDWARD

Before you find them, I'd like a couple moments of your time.

TAYLOR

Are you selling something?

EDWARD

(smiles)

Not selling Taylor. Giving. Giving you the opportunity afforded to just a few privileged students.. As assistant dean at Harvard University I am allowed to hand pick a select few students whom I think would excel even in a rigorous environment Harvard.

TAYLOR

I appreciate the offer, but I've already chosen UCLA.

EDWARD

I understand that, but I came very far to change your mind.

Edward reaches into his pocket and pulls out three airplane tickets.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

I have three tickets to Boston. Free. No commitment. You don't even have to visit the campus, but my guess is you'd like to tour the campus. Everyone does.

He offers the tickets to Taylor. Taylor hesitates.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

This is Harvard, Taylor. I'm not offering you South Florida University here. Take the ticket. Rip 'em up if you'd like, but take them.

Taylor accepts the ticket.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

I look forward to seeing you.

They shake hands.

Edward disappears into the crowd. Taylor seems Molly approaching and quickly, but awkwardly stuffs the tickets into a pocket beneath his graduation gown.

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

The limo is completely surrounded by supporters chanting Taylor's name. From inside the limo we can see a path cut from the crowd leading from the arena to the bus.

Norman is already on the limo, watching the tv's covering the event.

The crowd roars as Taylor emerges from the arena and heads toward the limo. He shakes hands along the way, but maintains a brisk pace as not to get trapped in the frenzy.

He gives a final wave and enters the limo. The driver shuts the door.

NORMAN

All hail the conquering hero.

Norman shakes Taylor's hand.

The car begins to move. The throngs of people follow.

TAYLOR

Jesus Christ what is with these people?

NORMAN

These people. These people will all soon boast they saw the future president here and some will say they shook your hand. Some will lie and say you had some words of wisdom for them, but they all know history was made tonight.

TAYLOR

It's only a convention.

NORMAN

It's the last convention, and I'd be damn surprised if you didn't pull a double digit lead after tonight. Two debates and it's over. You're hired.

The car has pulled away from the crowd. It is moving at a brisk pace through the city streets.

TAYLOR

I need a fuckin' shower. I'm tired. Do you know if the hotel arrangements were made?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NORMAN

Yeah, adjoining rooms. Sally will be able to enter the room with you like normal, but you get your own room and bed.

TAYLOR

Tell me seriously, if elected what would happen Sally and I separated?

NORMAN

Hard to say for sure, but you'd need to do it really quickly. Soon after the inauguration, make up some bull shit reasons, by the time came for re-election it would be four years in the past. Get yourself a new girl.

TAYLOR

I'd just like to get rid of the old one first.

NORMAN

But what I just said was best-case scenerio. What I'd expect would be more to the tune of OJ, Prince Charles and Monica rolled into one giant shit-storm. Family values and so on and so forth.

TAYLOR

Shit.

NORMAN

Don't let a woman stand in the way of you and the presidency.

TAYLOR

I'm just tired of fighting everything.

The limo pulls in front of the hotel.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY.

The graduation party is in full force. KIDS are running around in the grass. ADULTS sit in lawn chairs talking and munching on burgers and hot dogs.

LENNY DAVIS (50) stands by the grill flipping hot dogs. He is a older, slightly overweight man, but who is nevertheless handsome. He is Taylor's father.

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CONTINUED:

MARY DAVIS (49) stands beside her husbands. She is a petite woman with a brilliant smile. Lenny drops a pile of burgers on a plate she is carrying.

The back door opens and out walks Taylor, with Molly by his side. He is now just dressed in shorts and a polo shirt. Everyone in his family, cheers and whistles as he walks in.

Mary puts the plate down and gives her son a big hug.

MARY

We're so proud of you honey.

Lenny put a firm hand on his shoulder.

LENNY

Rob would have been too.

TAYLOR

I know dad.

Aunts and uncles scurry over to give there congratulatory hugs and kisses. Molly stands to the side watching, joyously as Taylor is inundated.

LENNY

Whadda you want kiddo? Burger? Hot Dog?

TAYLOR

Gimme both. I'm hungry.

The family leaves Taylor alone as he heads over the grill.

LENNY

Great speech.

MARY

I thought so too.

TAYLOR

I thought it was pretty lame. But I figured no one, besides you two, were there to see me talk. Where is the soda?

MARY

Oh dang, I left it in the fridge. I'll get it.

TAYLOR

Stay there mom, I'll get it.

Taylor grabs the hot dog off his plate and runs inside.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The house is quiet and dark. The screen door slams shut and Taylor runs up the stairs. He takes a huge bite of the hot dog when he walks in to the kitchen.

He moves right over to the fridge opens the door and grabs a can of soda. He shuts the door and pops up the top and takes a gulp.

His attention is caught by an newspaper on the fridge.

San Diamente Man among this week's casualties.

Beneath the headline is a black and white photo of a young man. Under the photo is a name. Pvt. Robert Edward Davis.

Taylor seems transfixed. He is oblivious to the cries of laughter right outside the window. His face looks sullen.

TAYLOR
(mutters)
Nixon. Idiot.

There are additional pictures of Robert on the fridge. Pictures of him playing baseball for San Diamente High. Also, ones of he and Taylor together at the Grand Canyon.

MOLLY (O.S.)
You alright?

Taylor is startled.

TAYLOR
Yeah I'm fine.

MOLLY
You miss him huh?

TAYLOR
Everyday.

Taylor sits down at the kitchen table. He finished his hot dog. Molly sits down next to him and grabs his hand.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
He was a great brother. He had all the answers.

MOLLY
Well you're answering them pretty well yourself now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Taylor reaches into his pocket and pulls out an airline ticket.

TAYLOR

The problem with success is people won't let you enjoy it.

Molly takes the ticket and looks at it.

MOLLY

Boston?

TAYLOR

A professor at Harvard saw me today. He told me he wanted to show me the campus.

Molly looks upset.

MOLLY

And you took this ticket? But you're going to UCLA.

TAYLOR

I know. He told me there was no obligations. Just to go and think of it as a vacation.

MOLLY

You can't go.

TAYLOR

I'm using the ticket Mol. I've never seen that side before. Doesn't mean I have to enroll. Besides, my dad needs me down here on the weekends. I don't think he can afford to bring someone else in.

Tears steam down Molly's cheek.

MOLLY

What if you like it?

TAYLOR

Who knows. I never really thought of it. Thought it was just for really smart kids.

MOLLY

That's you.

TAYLOR

I wish Robbie was here. He'd have some wisdom to lay down on me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MOLLY
You know what he'd say.

TAYLOR
I know.

MOLLY
And I'll be sad to see you go.

The back door opens and Jason enters.

JASON
Your mom said I'd find you guys in here.

Molly and Taylor look over at Jason but don't say anything.

JASON (CONT'D)
Dude, what's with you guys?

TAYLOR
Nothing.

JASON
Well I got something that can lift the
spirits.

Jason reaches into his pocket and pulls out a joint.

TAYLOR
Always the first to offer up the cure.

JASON
What do ya say? Wanna go down to the rec
room and play some ping pong?

Taylor smiles.

JASON (CONT'D)
Then maybe you'll lemme in on what's
going on.

TAYLOR
Dude, my family is here.

JASON
Man, we're you're family.

Jason pats his pocket.

JASON (CONT'D)
And Mary Jane is family.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TAYLOR
(reluctantly)
Alright, five minutes.

MOLLY
You're too easily swayed.

JASON
You know you want it too.

They head downstairs.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

The graduation party is winding down. Taylor, Jason and Molly lay in the grass apart from everyone. They are watching the remaining FAMILY. It's pretty obvious they are high.

JASON
I wonder what Harvard would say if you told them you'd only go if you brought your best friend and your girlfriend.

TAYLOR
It doesn't really matter. I'm just going cause they gave me a plane ticket. Doesn't mean I'm actually going. You know what I mean?

MOLLY
I wouldn't want to leave California. I don't care if I never leave it.

TAYLOR
I just want to see Boston for a weekend. That's all. My dad needs me here on the weekends. I work cheap.

JASON
What do you want to do though? UCLA. Harvard. Do you know what you want?

TAYLOR
I don't have a clue. I kinda always felt it would just hit me. Like I'd be sitting on a bus and a person sitting next to me would introduce me to a different world. Then I'd get obsessed with it and persue it forever.

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CONTINUED:

JASON

That's deep man. I just want to make surfboards.

MOLLY

I want to open a cafe near the beach.

TAYLOR

I wish I knew like you guys.

JASON

You're too smart to make surfboards.

MOLLY

Or serve omlettes.

TAYLOR

I'm no smarter than you. Somehow I got good grades.

JASON

You work harder.

TAYLOR

But where is it taking me? I have no focus. I can work my ass off but until I know what I want it's all just a waste a time.

JASON

You'll have a college degree.

INT. HARDWARE STORE - NIGHT

One Week After Graduation.

The hardware store is your typical Mom and Pop operation with narrow aisles and wood dust lying the floor. There are no unused space.

The store empty. Taylor stands behind the counter. He has a stack of one's lying on the counter. He scribbles his initials on each bill.

Two men can be heard talking in a back room.

Finally the door opens and Henry emerges with a MILITARY OFFICER. Henry escorts him the front door. They shake hands and the officier exits.

Henry makes his way back to the counter with a massive grin on his face.

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CONTINUED:

HENRY

Normally, I'd be pretty upset if I saw you defacing all of our money, but today is not a normal day.

TAYLOR

Who was that guy?

HENRY

That guy, was the superintendent of Ft. Nelson Air Force base. They are looking for a supplier and somehow they picked me.

TAYLOR

What does that mean?

HENRY

Means about ten times the sales we have right now. Rather than just helping the locals fix their screen doors we'll be ordering all the materials for the base.

TAYLOR

I don't understand how that happened.

HENRY

If I didn't have a signature on the contract, I'd swear this was candid camera.

He heads to the back.

HENRY (CONT'D)

We're closing early tonight.

Taylor takes off his apron. Henry returns.

HENRY (CONT'D)

It also means I'll be hiring people. You won't have to come down on weekends. Lock up. I'll see you at home.

Henry changes the sign from open to closed and walks out.

Taylor looks stunned.

EXT. HARVARD SQUARE - DAY

Taylor walks across the square. He carries his luggage in a sack on his back. Despite the intense summer heat, there are no shortage of tourists or summer students throughout the square.

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CONTINUED:

NORMAN (O.S.)
Taylor! Hey Taylor.

Taylor spins around and sees Nelson Goldman (20) jogging towards.

NORMAN (CONT'D)
Hold up Taylor.

Nelson finally catches up to Taylor. His face is covered in sweat.

NORMAN (CONT'D)
I thought that was you.

TAYLOR
Do I know you?

Nelson extends his hand.

NORMAN
Norman Goldman. Norm.

Taylor accepts his hand.

TAYLOR
Taylor Davis.

NORMAN
Yeah, I know who you are. Eddie gave me the rundown.

TAYLOR
Eddie?

NORMAN
Edward Muro. He's the one who gave you the ticket. He had to go out of town this weekend. Had to meet some king or president or something.

TAYLOR
Wow. That's crazy.

NORMAN
It's pretty typical around here. Let's take your stuff to your room and I'll give you the tour.

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY.

Norman and Taylor stand by the front of a empty large lecture hall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NORMAN

This is where I spend a lot of my time.

TAYLOR

The classes must be ridiculously hard here though.

NORMAN

Nah, they want you to excel. Not drop out. You need to be brilliant to get in, the classes are tough, but they once you're in as long as you don't become a junkie you'll be fine. But at the end of the day, you'll have a degree from Harvard. A UCLA deploma is nice, but it's still just a state school.

TAYLOR

I suppose you're right.

NORMAN

Just look at how many Presidents, CEO's are from here. A shitload. Hey look, what do you saw we get some beers.

INT. DONAHOE'S - NIGHT

The wood-lined bar is small and cozy. The bar is packed. The music plays LOUDLY from the jukebox. Taylor and Norman enter. Norman surveys the bar and the tables.

Norman points to a booth in the corner. A very attractive blond sits a alone. She is Sally (19). She waves to Norman and he returns the wave.

NORMAN

That's Sally. Awesome girl.

Norman passes a BARMAID.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

(to barmaid)

Can we get three beers over at the corner table?

The barmaid nods and they head over to the table.

Sally stands up and gives Norman a big hug. She looks at Taylor and smiles flirtatiously.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NORMAN (CONT'D)

Sally Vincent I'd like you to meet Taylor Davis.

Taylor smiles and shakes her hand.

SALLY

It's a pleasure to meet you Taylor Davis.

TAYLOR

Likewise.

Norman and Sally sit on one side of the booth, while Taylor sits directly opposite of Sally.

SALLY

So how was the tour Taylor?

TAYLOR

It was good.

SALLY

Really? Are you just being diplomatic or has Normie improved the tour since I took it last year?

NORMAN

Well I noticed him yawning a lot but I was thinking it was jet lag.

TAYLOR

It was I swear.

Everyone laughs. The barmaid drops off the beers.

SALLY

Drink up Taylor. I'm two beers in already.

Later:

The table is lined with beer bottles. The mood at the table is much more festive. It looks like all three are drunk.

NORMAN

I gotta take a leak. Be right back.

SALLY

Normie's breaking the seal.

Norman gets up and leaves Sally and Taylor alone. Sally takes a swig and sets her bottle on the table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SALLY (CONT'D)
So you got a girlfriend?

Norman nods.

SALLY (CONT'D)
What school is she going to?

NORMAN
San Diamante High.

Sally laughs.

SALLY
C'mon serious. You need a college girl
babe.

Later:

Sally and Taylor are still sitting at the table. Taylor looks very drunk. Sally doesn't seem quite as drunk.

TAYLOR
Where'd Normie - Norman go?

SALLY
Guess he broke the wrong seal.

TAYLOR
We should make sure he's okay.

SALLY
He's fine. He's just got a weak stomach.
He's a pussy when it comes to drinking.

TAYLOR
(slurring)
You drank more than him.

SALLY
You ready to go.

TAYLOR
I think I should wait for him.

SALLY
Why's that?

TAYLOR
Cause I don't know where I'm staying.

SALLY
Stay with me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Taylor pauses. The alcohol is messing with this senses.

SALLY (CONT'D)

C'mon do you really have a choice? I don't think Norm's coming back do you?

TAYLOR

Guess not.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY.

The sun is up. The camera PANS front the bedroom door. It's clear from the posters and decorations it's a woman's room, but there are both men's and woman's clothes strewed about. We see the bed is occupied by both Sally and Taylor.

Taylor is a sleep. Sally is awake and she leans over and kisses his cheek.

SALLY

Mornin' sleephead.

Taylor opens his eyes. He sees Sally, looks surprised and falls out of bed.

SALLY (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

Taylor grabs his clothes and covers his naked body. Sally isn't as modest.

TAYLOR

What the fuck happened?

SALLY

What do you mean? We made love?

TAYLOR

But I'm a virgin?

SALLY

(smiles)

Not anymore.

TAYLOR

(depressed)

Shit.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Sally and Taylor enter the large presidential suite holding hands. Outside the door we can see SECRET SERVICEMEN standing guard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The moment they enter and shut the door, they stop holding hands.

The suite has a living room, but looks to only have one bedroom. Taylor's walks around looking for another bedroom. He walks in every door and emerges. Sally doesn't move and looks at Taylor in disgust.

TAYLOR
(livid)
There's supposed to be two bedrooms.
There's only one.

SALLY
Why don't you go complain.

TAYLOR
Shut up.

SALLY
The couch looks comfortable.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

The lights are are off. Taylor lays on the couch his eyes wide open. He is wearing shorts and a Harvard Law T-Shirt. The TV is on with the sound off. A political roundtable show is on showing clips of Taylor shaking hands at a rally. Taylor isn't watching.

He gets up off the couch and walks over to the desk. He opens a laptop that's sitting there. The light from the monitor lights up Taylor's face but does not go much passed that. He begins typing.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY.

Taylor is asleep at the desk. The computer remains on. Sally walks into the room. She puts her hand on his back. Taylor is startled into consciousness.

SALLY
You didn't sleep here all night did you?

Taylor turns off the computer.

TAYLOR
No. I didn't.

(he looks at his watch)
I fell asleep an hour ago, so that's not
all night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALLY
I'm not voting for you.

Sally walks way.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY.

Taylor sits on the examining table, in a typical doctor's office. He is wearing just a white t-shirt, khakis and socks. His shoes are on the other side of the room. His toes CRACK as he rolls them.

DOCTOR NELSON (60) enters the room. DOCTOR NELSON IS a jovial-looking man. He is carrying the requisite clipboard.

TAYLOR
You're the only person who keeps me waiting these days, you know that?

DOCTOR NELSON
I wasn't aware, but I'll try harder next time.

TAYLOR
It's alright. Kinda refreshing.;

DOCTOR NELSON
So, how are you feeling?

TAYLOR
Ah, I've felt better. I'd feel better if I could sleep more.

DOCTOR NELSON
No sleep huh? I'd give you something for that but I don't want to mess around with medicines at this point. Still writing.

TAYLOR
Every night. Almost finished actually. It's not easy to write about yourself.

DOCTOR NELSON
Are you a little young for a memoir? You haven't even reached the juiciest part of your life. Breathe in.

The doctor places a stethoscope on Taylor's chest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAYLOR

It's not as much a biography but a philosophy book, I don't plan on publishing it in the near future, but it's therapeutic. It's only because of doctor patient confidentiality, that you know the book even exists. It's just a release for me.

DOCTOR NELSON

Still stressed?

TAYLOR

Always. I've got more on my shoulders than anyone than the guy I'm gunning for and I'm sure.

Doctor Nelson shoots his flashlight into Taylor's eye.

DOCTOR NELSON

I've seen higher blood pressure, not that its the only indicator of stress, but you're not the most stressed I've seen.

TAYLOR

Really?

DOCTOR NELSON

You think a single mom facing foreclosure is any less stressed than you. It's all relative. It's not nuclear war but to that lady there's nothing more important in her life.

TAYLOR

I have 300 million people to answer too.

DOCTOR NELSON

No you don't. You're only in the campaign. You want to get rid of stress there's a simple cure.

TAYLOR

Which is?

DOCTOR NELSON

Quit the race.

TAYLOR

I knew you were going to say that.

Nelson checks Taylor's reflexes.

EXT. MELROSE DINER - DAY.

Taylor's hotel bus pulls up in front of the dinner. A crowd of supporters are waiting. They are holding signs and chanting his name. The press are poised with both video and still cameras.

Moments after parking, Taylor emerges from the bus and waves to the crowd. With secret service on all sides protecting him, he moves towards the diner's entrance. He stops and shakes hands. Everyone is quick to offer their support and praise.

A BLUE-HAIRED woman approaches and grabs his hand. She leans in and whispers into his ear. What she says is inaudible to everyone but Taylor.

A SECRET SERVICE OFFICER pushes the woman away.

BLUE HAIR
(yells)
They'll eat you alive.

Taylor looks shaken by the woman. Norman appears on his side and grabs Taylor's arm. Together they walk into the diner.

INT. MELROSE DINER - DAY.

Inside the Diner is buzzing. A YOUNG HOSTESS holds two menus and smiles broadly.

YOUNG HOSTESS
Welcome to the Melrose dinner.

THE hostess leads the two men to a booth against the window. Several campaign aides are waiting outside the window talking to the PRESS.

Taylor smiles to the other patrons. An ELDERLY MAN shakes Taylor's hand.

ELDERLY MAN
Don't touch social security.

TAYLOR
(smiles)
Don't worry I don't plan to.

They sit, accept the menus from the hostess.

NORMAN
(quiety.)
What did that woman say to you outside?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAYLOR

Nothing.

NORMAN

It didn't seem like nothing. Your face turned white. Great photo op. Little old lady scares presidential candidate Davis. Foreign policy critics will love it.

TAYLOR

Can we just eat?

EXT. MANUFACTURING PLANT - DAY.

Taylor is speaking to a group of union iron workers.

TAYLOR

(inspired)

I believe that eight million new jobs is realistic. That means job security for you. Don't work in fear anymore! Thank you.

The crowd bursts into applause. Taylor steps off the podium. He gets pats on the back from aides. Norman walks over to him.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Great speech. Did Erin write it?

NORMAN

I think it was George actually.

TAYLOR

Thank him for me. Brilliant stuff.

Taylor continues to walk. Norman hold him back.

NORMAN

I got some bad news. Eddie had a stroke. It's bad. It's not gonna last much longer.

Taylor, only moments before elated is not crestfallen.

INT. CAMPAIGN BUS - DAY.

The bus is crowded with campaign aids. Norman and Taylor are in an intense conversation as they step on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAYLOR
Cancel them. Where's Eddie now?

NORMAN
San Francisco.

TAYLOR
I need to go.

NORMAN
You can't.

TAYLOR
I wouldn't be here if not for him. I want to be there for him now. Schedule some stuff out there. Get the plane on the runaway and lets go.

Taylor flops down on the seat.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Change of plans everyone, we're going to California.

Norman gets on his cell phone. He looks frustrated.

INT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

It's Harvard versus Princeton. Fall has arrived. The stands are filled with Harvard fans. The scoreboard tells us the score is 17-13 with Princeton in the lead with only 45 seconds left in the game and thirty yards to go

Taylor is the quarterback. His uniform is covered with mud. His forearms are bloodied. He gives the OFFENSE the next play in the huddle. They break and head up to the line. Taylor gets behind his CENTER and awaits the ball.

TAYLOR
Twenty-nine. Thirty-seven. Hut.

The center snaps the ball. The defense attacks. Taylor rolls to his right. A LINEMAN breaks free and chases after Taylor. Taylor eyes a WIDE-RECEIVER down field and throws a perfect spiral just as the lineman hits him. Taylor's leg bends awkwardly and he screams in pain as he hits the ground.

Everything goes silent. Taylor lies in a puddle his eyes closed in agony. He does not see that his pass was complete and Harvard had won.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

The locker room is crowded with exuberant FOOTBALL PLAYERS. Taylor lays on the trainer's table with his injured leg akimbo in front of him with a large bag of ice.

As the players leave they pat him on the shoulder congratulating him. A YOUNG TRAINER comes over to the table carrying crutches.

TRAINER
You're gonna need X-Rays.

TAYLOR
I can tell just by looking at it it's broken.

The trainer hands him the crutches.

TRAINER
Ever use these before.

TAYLOR
No, but I go to Harvard I can figure it out.

The trainer removes the ice and Taylor gets off the table and uses the crutches.

Edward walks into the room. He's wearing a nicely pressed suit and a fedora.

EDWARD
(to trainer)
Can we patch him up for next week?

The trainer laughs.

TRAINER
Season's over.

EDWARD
I can't help feel responsible.

TAYLOR
Responsible?

EDWARD
UCLA has a much better offensive line.

Taylor smiles.

INT. EDWARDS'S OFFICE - DAY

Edwards's office is awash with books. Edward smokes a pipe and has a pair of reading glasses hanging on the end of his nose.

Taylor KNOCKS on the opened door. Edward looks up and motions to Nelson.

EDWARD

Ah. Taylor come in.

Taylor, still on crutches, hobbles over to N Taylor takes a seat across from Edward.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

How's the leg?

TAYLOR

Limiting.

EDWARD

I'm glad you could come.

TAYLOR

Sure what's this all about?

Edward removes his glasses and sets them down on a book.

EDWARD

I noticed that your grades have taken a bit of a beating of late.

TAYLOR

Yeah, I dunno. I'll try harder.

EDWARD

I'm sure you will, but I think this has to do more with your leg than your studying.

TAYLOR

How so?

EDWARD

Look at you, you look depressed. Without football, you're missing that outlet. You like the attention.

TAYLOR

I like football, but I can live without it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDWARD

No doubt that's true, but without that attention you're not happy. Without the team you're alone.

TAYLOR

I'd disagree.

EDWARD

Don't disagree. I've seen it a million times. There are a lot of number ones here on campus, but I think I have a solution.

TAYLOR

What's that?

EDWARD

Run for class president.

Taylor smiles.

TAYLOR

Class president? I don't think so, I'm not a political kinda guy.

EDWARD

It has nothing to do with politics, my boy. It has everything with changing what's wrong. That's not politics.

TAYLOR

I'm just not motivated like that. I'd just a surf club here if they had one.

EDWARD

You were the class president at your high school. This is a logical step.

TAYLOR

That was a popularity contest.

EDWARD

And this isn't? I don't want to imply anything by this but the reason you are sitting in that chair in the hallowed of Harvard were your leadership sills. You led in the classroom, you led your class and you led on the field. The best part is you never knew you where.

Taylor sits quietly. He is overmatched.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TAYLOR

But.

EDWARD

You're a winner. You're not the type to sit on the side of the road and watch the race. Am I right?

TAYLOR

Usually.

EDWARD

You'd be a shoe in. Norm will help you out and I'm sure Sally can give you some pointers. Her dad is a Senior Senator. You can run you're whole life and never lose. That's how good you are.

TAYLOR

You think?

EDWARD

A former Vice President sat in that very seat and asked the same question, not to mentioned several other senators and congressmen. First thing to do is alleviate self-doubt, the second thing is to win.

Taylor looks around the office.

TAYLOR

Hell I'd get the sympathy vote with the crutches.

EDWARD

There you go. Every vote counts.

Edward laughs. He gets out of this seat and walks around to Taylor. Taylor hobbles to his feet. They shake hands.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Excellent decision. Class president may sound like a minor role but to get somewhere you need to start somewhere. And much lesser men than yourself have made it the White House.

EXT. SIDEWALK- NIGHT

A combination of media, well-wishers and protesters are standing on the sidewalk outside the building. Taylor's election bus is parked directly in front.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Taylor walks out waves and smiles. He ignores questions and the protesters and just shows off his teeth. The Secret Service men forge a pathway to the bus.

Suddenly, a man wearing a fishing hat and a plaid shirt steps in front of Taylor.

FISHING-HAT MAN

I hope you like pie!

The man throws a whipcream-laden pie directly in Taylor's face. The crowd charges forward. The Secret Service takes down the Fishing-Hat Man and pull Taylor to the bus. Taylor's face is completely covered. Once everyone is on the bus the door is shut and the bus moves drives off slowly.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

Taylor wipes the whip cream off his face. We can't tell if he's angry at this point but it's obvious that Norman is.

Normans looks over the Secret Serviceman.

EDDIE

Can I get a towel for the Senator?

No one moves.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Someone! Can one of you incompetent fools give me a towel? It's your goddamn fault that he's covered in pie.

TAYLOR

Relax Norman. It's only whipped cream.

A secret serviceman hands Eddie a paper towel.

NO

Relax? Jesus Christ. We're in New York fucking City. You're gonna look like a fool on every caper.

TAYLOR

(thoughtful)

You know that coulda been a gun.

EDDIE

Yeah.

(for the whole bus to hear)

That's right, it coulda been a gun. I'll make damn sure that those in charge of protecting are reassigned.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE (CONT'D)

You'll be guarding the Pandas in the National zoo. Got that? There are people in the world that rather not have Mr. Davis alive. Understood?

Taylor listens to Eddie and looks outside to the busy New York Streets. He sees PEDESTRIANS shouting at the bus as it goes by.

TAYLOR

Is my family at the hotel?

EDDIE

(out of breath)

Yeah, been there since yesterday. Barbara Walters is interviewing Jill.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Two large SUVs and a limo pull in front of the Sonoma Country Hospital without the usual fanfare. The press, the campaign supporters and protesters haven't made the trip or where not invited.

The security team steps out of their vehicles first, quickly securing the area. The limo driver opens the door and Taylor steps out along with Norman and a few other. He is taken into the hospital

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

A middle-aged NURSE escorts Taylor down the hall. They walk briskly with security and aides in tow.

TAYLOR

How is he?

NURSE

Not well. He's sleeping most of the day so that is good, but he's not eating and he lost bodily function from the neck down. Is he a relative?

TAYLOR

He's like a father.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY.

July, 1982

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Henry lays in the hospital bed. His eyes are closed. Mary is seated besides him hold him hand. She looks worried. The door opens and Taylor (24) walks in and runs over to his dad. Edward remains by the door. Taylor is dressed like a young lawyer that he would soon become.

TAYLOR
(scared)
Is he going to be okay?

MARY
Doctor isn't sure. I was out in the garden for hours. I'm sorry. I didn't know he had a heart attack.

Mary breaks down. Taylor pulls her out of the chair and hugs her tightly.

TAYLOR
It's not your fault. It's not his fault.
It's not anyone's fault.

He continues to hold her tightly. From over her shoulder he can see Edward in the corner with a tear in his eye.

FADE OUT.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Edward is laying on the hospital bed. He looks fragile. His skin paper thin and his bloodshot eyes are wide open watching television.

Norman and Taylor enter the room together. Edward's eyes move to see who entered. His lips quiver slightly attempting to form a smile.

Taylor reaches the bed first. He grabs Edward's hand.

TAYLOR
Hey Eddie.

Norman stands back a few feet. He seems reluctant.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
(whisper to Norman)
What the hell's wrong? He won't bite.
He can't move.

Taylor leans in closer to Edward.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
How are you feeling?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDWARD
(weakly)
I can't feel anything.

NORMAN
I'm gonna wait outside.

Taylor looks disappointed. He pulls up a chair to be closer to Edward.

EDWARD
A phone call would have been enough.

TAYLOR
Remember the time my dad was dying and you came with me all the way to California? You didn't have to do that.

EDWARD
You're almost president.

TAYLOR
You're not listening to your own advice. Remember, you always said never listen to the polls.

EDWARD
I lied.

TAYLOR
Don't tell me that. It's too late to re think my philosophy.

Edwards lips are quivering, his energy is depleted. Every word seems a monumental task.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Any advice going into the homestretch Eddie?

EDWARD
Be yourself.

TAYLOR
This is me. Who else would I be?

EDWARD
You are an experiment.

Taylor laughs thinking Edward is telling a joke.

TAYLOR
What do you mean? An experiment?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EDWARD

You were a...

He seems to tired to talk.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

A success.

TAYLOR

I don't get it.

EDWARD

A colleague and I placed a bet some years that we could groom a high school kid to maybe one day be president.

Taylor looks at Edward mouth agape.

TAYLOR

That's bullshit Eddie.

EDWARD

If I could shake my head 'no' I would but it is no joke. Norman did the leg work as a class assignment. He found you.

TAYLOR

No. This isn't true.

EDWARD

We took you from your home. Ruined the life you had and built a better one. My colleague's subject did not fare near as well politically, although he no runs the biggest company in the world.

Taylor sits quietly for a few moments. He looks low-in-spirits.

TAYLOR

And you were waiting until you were on your deathbed to tell me.

EDWARD

I felt the guilt.

TAYLOR

I'm sure you did.

Taylor gets up from his seat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

I never did feel like this was my calling, just that I was good at it. I wish you a painfree rest of you life Eddie. Take care.

Taylor walks out of the hospital room.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY

Taylor walks back into the hall where the secret service agents, Norman and aides were waiting.

Taylor walks up to Norman.

TAYLOR

I need to talk to you. Privately.

Taylor and Norman walk towards an empty examination room.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM

Nelson walks in first with Taylor close behind. Taylor makes sure the door is closed tight before speaking.

NORMAN

What's going on?

TAYLOR

You sonuvabitch.

NORMAN

What?

TAYLOR

The bet. Eddie told me.

NORMAN

Jesus, Taylor taht bet was so long ago.

TAYLOR

I can't believe it. Here I thought it was just the ramblings of a crazy old man and now you're telling me it's true.

NORMAN

Man, it took a whole life of it's one. You were good at it.

TAYLOR

It's my life! I was a kid. I was no match for Edward Muro, *the greatest political mind of our time.*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Shit, if he wanted to cross dress I'm sure he coulda talked me into it.

NORMAN

I'm sorry.

TAYLOR

You took me away from my goddamn great life. I wasn't there when my dad had a heart attack. You have no idea how guilty I've felt for all these years. He was watching the game, the same game I watched with him every Sunday for my whole life. I would have saved him and for that now I blame you.

Norman can't find anything to say. He doesn't seem all that remorseful. Taylor paces back and forth trying to absorb the rush of information thrust upon him.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

I wouldn't be in the same shitty marriage, I wouldn't have the fake friends. You see were I'm going with this?

NORMAN

Can't change the past Taylor. You've done a lot of good in your position.

TAYLOR

Whose to say I wouldn't have anyway. I've done a lot of bad too. As Senator I helped send kids to war. I didn't even read the goddamn bill that did it.

NORMAN

You're a month away from being elected president. I apologize, but apart from that what do you want me to do?

Taylor stops talking. He stops pacing.

TAYLOR

Don't do anything. I need a couple mintes. Where's the bathroom.

NORMAN

There's one out in the hall.

Taylor exits. Norman remains inthe room.

INT. HALLWAY

Taylor marches out of the examination room. The agents and aides are look at him.

TAYLOR

(sarcastic)

Don't worry everyone, I'm just going to the bathroom. Fifty-five percent think I'm gonna do a number one thirty-three percent think I'm doing a number two and the rest are undecided.

He goes in. Everyone in the halls looks at each other in amazement of what Taylor just said.

INT. BATHROOM

Taylor enters the sterile looking bathoom. It's handicapped equipped. There is another door on the other side letting out into another hallway.

Taylor runs the sink and looks at himself in the mirror.

TAYLOR

Who the hell are you?

He runs his hands in the water and splashes it on his face. When his head is tilted he notices the second door.

He dries his face with a paper towel and walks cautiously over to the second door. He further opens the slightly ajar door and peers out.

INT. DARKENED HALLWAY

The hallway leads to an unused wing of the hospital.

INT. HALLWAY

Five minutes later.

Norman paces outside the bathroom. We can hear the water running inside. Two secret service agents joke. An aide further down the hall has a cell phone to his ear.

NORMAN

What's taking him so long in there?

No one answers his rhetorical question. He get more impatient by the second.

Finally, he walks over to the door an knocks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NORMAN (CONT'D)

Alright Taylor, let's get the bus on the road.

There is no answer. He knocks again.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

Oh I get it. The silent treatment. Cute.

Still no answer. The faucet continues to run.

He turns the doorknob but it's locked.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

Shit.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

(to secret service)

Open this door. He's not responding.

The agents fiddle with the door see that's it locked and finally kick it in. Norman is the first to enter.

INT. BATHROOM

Norman runs in. The bathroom is empty. The second door leading to the darkened hallway is open.

NORMAN

What the hell?

The agents follow behind.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

Taylor's been kidnapped.

The agents signal other agents over their communication devices tucked in their sleeves.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

No, don't signal anyone. We'll find him. This can't get out.

AIDE #1

He could've gone AWOL you know?

Norman looks at the aide like he had a second head attached to his shoulder.

NORMAN

Jesus.

The agents run back towards the elevator banks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NORMAN (CONT'D)

No one can know, his is just temporary.

INT. CHARLIE ROSE SHOW SET

In the darkened room, cameras peek in behind the black curtains. Talk-show host CHARLIE ROSE and Taylor sit alone at a circular table. There are a couple glasses of water

CHARLIE

When were you bitten by the political bug. You were high school president. Did it happen before that?

TAYLOR

No, actually I'd say it happened after high school. College really

CHARLIE

Political guru Edward Murro was your mentor.

TAYLOR

Yeah. He convinced me that football wasn't my calling. A knee injury proved the point.

CHARLIE

He's gotten scores of politicians elected. Is he still advising you?

TAYLOR

Informally. He's been ill. But we phone weekly.

CHARLIE

If you weren't doing what you're doing now, what career do you think you'd chosen?

TAYLOR

You know Charlie, I've pondered that at some great length. I'd like to think I'd be a pro surfer, but since back when I was young the money probably wouldn't have paid the rent. But I think I'd probably would have been a journalist or writer.

CHARLIE

Really?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAYLOR

I'm not just saying that so the media types will be kinder to me. My favorite part of doing what I do is getting out shaking hands, listening to stories.

CHARLIE

Apart from you policies, why should someone vote for you?

TAYLOR

Well, you'd have to agree the world is not a friendly place all in all. You make enemies just being who you are. As a decision-maker it gets only worse. I've had death threats made against me and my family, made by people whom you'd probably never expect to be filled with such hate. I swim with sharks every day. I bleed and the sharks feed off of my weaknesses. I often wonder why we subject ourselves to this circus of marauders, but if not me. Who? The marauder? The man making the death threats? I feel America would be best off if I was its next president.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

The street is quiet. It's late and the street is dark. The street lamps have been dimmed. There are no cars in the road.

From around the corner we hear someone RUNNING. Taylor appears after passing a cluster of tall hedges. He is running at full speed.

As he runs he removes his tie and throws it up in a tree and continues to run.

Sweat accumulate on his face. He seems to be getting tired. Off in the distance over his shoulder we can see the very top of the hospital he was running from.

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

Norman sits in the back of the limo. The agents' SUVs speed off.

DRIVER

Where to? Hotel?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NORMAN
(paniced)
Just drive.

EXT. MAIN STREET

Taylor keeps running. The shops he passes are all closed.

A lone car moves down the street. It's a cab heading in Taylor's direction.

Taylor moves off the sidewalk and waves the cab down. The driver stops.

Taylor opens the back door and gets in.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Taylor gets in awkwardly, almost laying prone on the seat.

The cab driver, Byron (40) African-American, sits behind the wheel.

BYRON
What's the hurry G? I charge double for
rush jobs. Where to?

TAYLOR
Need to get on the Five, going south.

BYRON
What exit?

TAYLOR
I'll tell you when we get to it.

Taylor sits upright.

Byron does a U-Turn on Main Street and moves swiftly. He adjusts his mirror to see his passenger.

BYRON
Damn, man you look a whole lot like that
cat-

TAYLOR
Taylor Davis?

BYRON
Yeah that's him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAYLOR
I get that a lot. Wait till you see me
in the daytime-

Taylor pauses looking for a name on the license posted on the window.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Byron.

BYRON
Where the hell we going?

TAYLOR
Just north of LA?

Byron stops the car.

BYRON
Man, I don't go outta Sonoma.

TAYLOR
Are you an independant contractor.

BYRON
Yeah? What that havta do with shit?

TAYLOR
Because you don't have to answer to
anyone. If you want to drive to LA you
can and today I'm asking you.

BYRON
Shit, then I need money up front.

Taylor takes off his watch and drops in on the seat next to Byron.

BYRON (CONT'D)
How do I know that ain't some piece of
shit knock off.

TAYLOR
It's the real deal trust me. It's a
presidential Rolex. See the way the
second hand is moving.

The second hand moves in one constant motion.

BYRON
Yeah? So.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TAYLOR

That's Swiss timing. The fakes tick like Japanese watches. That watch is worth more than your car and if I take off at any point without paying you. You got the best of me.

Byron mulls it over.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Take it or leave it.

Byron mulls it over a moment.

BYRON

I'll take it.

He steps on the gas and the car takes off.

EXT. DESERTED PARKING LOT.

The limo and a half-dozen dark SUV's are parked in the middle of a strip mall parking lot.

Norman smokes a cigarette nervously. Agents surround him talking on cell phones.

NORMAN

Okay. Let's get the story right. Since you guys fucked up it's your duty to not disclose what is going on. Taylor is asleep in his room. He is ill with a stomach flu. He's gonna be outta action for two maybe three days. There, of course will be no personal appearances. Now we need to bring Taylor in so let's see if we can get an all points bulletin out on someone matching Taylor's description, let's say he's a serial killer or rapist or some shit like that. Taylor will attempt to hide. if he did go AWOL, since that is the why you do go AWOL. Now. if he did get kidnapped, we're fucked and it's only a matter of time before we're fucked publicly. Let's take this caravan to the back of the Marriott go in as a swarm, pretend we have Taylor in the swarm so everyone there will think he went up to his room. I will hang out in the room.

AGENT #1

What about the wife?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NORMAN

Great news on that front. She's on the other coast and since they can't stand each other she's not an issue.

AGENT #2

Does he have a cell phone?

Norman eyes go wide. He takes his cell phone off it's holster and dials a number.

It's ringing.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

A lawn jockey, standing on a lawn two blocks from the hotel is holding Taylor's cell phone. It rings and rings.

EXT. DESERTED PARKING LOT.

Norman holds the cell phone to his ear but of course no one is picking up.

NORMAN

Is there not a way to track this phone?
C'mon people, move.

The agents scramble. They seem reluctant to argue.

INT. CAB - DAY

The cab is humming along on Interstate 5 moving south. The sun is just rising over the mountains to the east.

Taylor sits across the back seat with his eyes closed. Byron drives along. The car hits a bump and jolts Taylor to consciousness.

TAYLOR

Where are we?

BYRON

By Santa Barbara.

TAYLOR

What time is it?

BYRON

It's just about six.

They drive for a few moments in silence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BYRON (CONT'D)

I need to piss man. Can I pull off?

Taylor considers it.

TAYLOR

I can't stop you.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Byron's cab is filling up. Taylor remains seated in the back seat, while Byron walks into the bathroom.

The radio plays a hip hop song with a loud bass beat. Taylor starts to rock his head slightly to the beat of the song.

A PLUMBER fills his plumbing truck across from Byron's cab. The plumber looks at Taylor in the backseat. He cocks his head in recognition. He begins to walk over the car when Byron gets in.

BYRON

Why's that dude staring at you?

TAYLOR

I dunno. Can we leave.

BYRON

You got it.

Byron starts the car and drives off.

INT. CAB - DAY

The cab continues to move along the highway.

BYRON

Your are him aren't you?

TAYLOR

Who?

BYRON

You. You're you. Taylor Davis.

TAYLOR

I thought we covered this already.

BYRON

Man, I ain't telling no body but when you were sleeping I compared you this picture

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BYRON(CONT'D)

(he holds up a newspaper with a
picture of Taylor)

You have the same hair, same wrinkles and
the same little mole by your nose.

Taylor looks out the window. He's been outted.

TAYLOR

Alright it's me. You have an exclusive I
quit the race.

BYRON

Why isn't in the paper?

TAYLOR

They'll hide it a few days. Say I'm
sick. Try to find me and see if they can
change my mind.

BYRON

Well word is gonna get out that you're
out. You're not doing a great job at
hiding.

TAYLOR

Well I was hoping my friend will help.

BYRON

That's where we're going now?

TAYLOR

Yeah. Figure I could get my cut or dyed.
I've never skipped a shave in twenty
years.

BYRON

Are you kidding?

TAYLOR

I don't think my hair's changed either.
Politicians aren't supposed to change.
If I change my mind, it makes people
question themselves. God forbid.

BYRON

You sound like you got some issues.

TAYLOR

Issues? Yeah I got those.

BYRON

You want me to help you hide. I can you
know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TAYLOR

I don't want to look like Eminem.

BYRON

Nah man, no way. Just get you some new clothes.

TAYLOR

I don't have any money to give you.

BYRON

Are you playin'? I can give an interview and make more money in ten minutes then I can make the next three years drivin' this piece of shit. Then there's the book and movie.

TAYLOR

Okay, great can I have my watch back.

BYRON

At the end of the day.

TAYLOR

Are you kidnapping me?

BYRON

No, I'm just gonna show you around. Make the story more intereting.

TAYLOR

And you decided this when?

BYRON

During you nap. You need to have me around?

TAYLOR

Why's that?

BYRON

Cause I've had officer training. I used to a cop in LA.

TAYLOR

Why aren't you still?

BYRON

We all have our reasons for quitting our respective careers, no?

Taylor nods in agreement.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TAYLOR
So where you taking me?

BYRON
Walmart.

TAYLOR
Walmart!? What's at Walmart?

Byron laughs.

BYRON
If you didn't know. Everything's at
Walmart. But for now, your wardrobe.

TAYLOR
Are you gonna...pimp me out.

BYRON
(laughs harder)
Shit man you know the lingo.

TAYLOR
I got a daughter.

BYRON
But to answer your question. Nah, we
ain't gonna pimp you out. You'd get more
looks. A forty year old white boy
rockin' the bling. No, we're gonna give
you the white trash style.

TAYLOR
And you know white trash why?

BYRON
Cause I'm not white or trash. What do
you think we make fun of when you guys
ain't around.

TAYLOR
Great, you're gonna make me a joke.

BYRON
Man, you'll be thanking me. I'm giving
you anonymity. No one ignores anyone
like they ignore white trash. Hell, man
you're a politician you should know that.

Taylor just shakes his head in amazement. Byron pulls the
car on to an off ramp.

INT. CAB - DAY.

The cab sits parked in the WalMart Parking lot. Byron gets out of the car. He is holding a hat and a pair of sunglasses.

He walks to Taylor's door and opens it.

BYRON

Put these on.

He hands Taylor the hat. Taylor looks at it and laughs. It reads "ABC Bail Bonds" across the top.

TAYLOR

Day job?

BYRON

Sometimes. Let's go.

Taylor puts on the Byron's sunglasses and hat and gets out of the car.

INT. WALMART- DAY

Byron and Taylor are hanging out in Men's Fashions.

BYRON

Yo, I still can't believe I'm picking out clothes for the next president.

He takes a t-shirt from the rack.

BYRON (CONT'D)

What do you think?

Byron shows the shirt to Taylor. It has a big number '8' on it, with a racecar next to it and the word 'Earnhart Jr.' beneath it.

TAYLOR

It has a style.

BYRON

You got that right. Now lets get some pants.

INT. CHANGING ROOMS - DAY

Byron waits outside the changing rooms. We can see Taylor's feet as he tries on a pair of pants. There is no one else around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The door opens and Taylor walks out with the Earnhart t-shirt on, stone-washed jeans and a pair of high tops. The hat and sunglasses are off.

TAYLOR

What do you think?

BYRON

I think you need to put the glasses and hat back on Mr. President. Until we dye your hair.

TAYLOR

Dye my hair?

BYRON

C'mon man, how bad do you really want to blend. You ain't just doing this as a cry for attention or some Oprah shit are you?

TAYLOR

No. I just want to visit my old friends.

Byron steps back a moment. He joking disposition has turned serious.

BYRON

Shit man. I'm sorry. I got you looking like a freak show. I got carried away. You can't go to your friends looking like that. Lose that hat.

Taylor takes the hat off. Byron tosses him a bandana.

TAYLOR

What do I do with this?

BYRON

You put it your head.

TAYLOR

How? It's just a napkin.

BYRON

Let's buy it first, then I'll show you.

They head up front to pay.

EXT. MARRIOT HOTEL - DAY.

A CROWD has assembled outside the hotel. A podium has been placed by the lobby. MEDIA REPRESENTIVITES stand by waiting for the press conference to start.

They hush as Norman exits the hotel and moves to the podium. He adjust the microphone.

NORMAN

Good morning. Thank you for coming. I wanted to announce that Mr. Davis will have to cancel all his appointments for the next two days due to a nasty stomach flu. In case you are wondering we plan on launching a Senate investigation to determine the source.

There are a few chuckles in the crowd.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Norman rushes back into the hotel.

INT. SUITE - DAY.

Norman is holding a meeting at the dining room table. The table is filled with aides

NORMAN

We need ideas people. We've called all the friends that he was close too. We've checked every hotel, motel in the area. Taylor Davis has fled. This isn't a cigarette break people. The clock is ticking on each and every one of your careers. If we don't find him by tomorrow night the race is over.

He pauses looking for someone who may have suggestions and when no one says anything.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

So that's how it is.

Norman exits the room.

INT. IN N' OUT BURGER - DAY

The burger joint is filled with a busy lunch crowd. Byron sits in a booth directly across from the bathroom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A YOUNG BOY walks over to the bathroom. Byron stops him before he gets to the door.

BYRON
It's out of order.

YOUNG BOY
I need to go.

BYRON
It's out of order kid. Go somewhere else.

The young kid walks away.

LATER

Byron remains seated in the booth by the bathroom. He walks over to the men's room door and knocks.

BYRON (CONT'D)
Yo, you okay in there.

TAYLOR (O.S.)
Yeah, yeah I'm done. It says I had to let it set.

The door knob spins and Taylor walks out. He has dyed his hair blond and now sports a goatee. He's wearing the Nascar t-shirt, stone-washed jeans and new high top sneakers.

BYRON
Holy shit. Look at you. I think you'll blend in nicely in..where we going.

TAYLOR
Malibu.

BYRON
Shit yeah, no one will want to even look at you.

TAYLOR
And to think, they still plan on voting for me.

Byron laughs.

BYRON
This is gonna be one hell of a book.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TAYLOR

I need a burger before we go. I hear this is the best fast foot joint in all the land.

They walk up to the counter.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY.

The street is lined with tall pine trees. The houses on the street vary from giant estates to small cottages.

Byron's cab moves down the street slowly.

INT. CAB - DA

Byron looks for address on the mailboxes. Taylor sits in the passenger seat next to him. He holds a small post-it note in his hand.

BYRON

I can never understand why people don't put their addresses on their house. You sure that address is right.

TAYLOR

I got this address from the FBI.

BYRON

And that means it's accurate?

TAYLOR

It's supposed to.

BYRON

Who is this cat anyway?

TAYLOR

An old friend. Haven't talked to him since I was nineteen.

BYRON

What happened?

TAYLOR

We had a falling out.

BYRON

About a girl?

TAYLOR

Yeah. Stupid huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Byron nods. They continue down the quiet street.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY.

Los Angeles - 1976

Taylor carries his bag outside the airport pickup area. He spots his parents pulling in their car.

The car comes to a quick halt and Henry jumps out first, Mary is a bit slower.

HENRY

I'm sorry we're late. Traffic was a nightmare.

He gives Taylor a quick hug. Mary follow suit.

MARY

(excited)
You look so good.

She hugs him again.

INT. CAR - DAY.

Taylor sits in the middle of the backseat. Henry is driving, Mary sits besides him in the passenger seat.

TAYLOR

Wow, sweet ride dad.

HENRY

Excited to be home Taylor?

TAYLOR

Yeah. Can we stop at Carmen's and get a pizza?

MARY

I was gonna make you dinner.

TAYLOR

You can. I just need a slice.

HENRY

I think we can stop.

TAYLOR

Have you seen Jason?

HENRY

He comes in the store once in awhile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAYLOR
Is he looking for work.

Henry laughs.

HENRY
I don't think so, he says he starting a surfboard company.

TAYLOR
Are you kidding? That's great

HENRY
Yeah, he's sold a couple already.

MARY
You don't talk to him.

TAYLOR
We phoned each other for a while. A couple letters too. But then it just stopped. I dunno, figured he was busy. I know I got busy. What about Molly? You ever see her.

MARY
I see her mom at Bingo sometimes. Molly graduated.

TAYLOR
I know. I was gonna send her a card, but...

HENRY
Got busy?

TAYLOR
Yeah.

MARY
It's such a shame what happened between you two.

TAYLOR
It's life. You'll get to meet Sally this weekend. She's a great girl. I told you her dad's a senator right? Says he can help me get into law school or get me a job in Washington if I want.

MARY
D.C? That's so far.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TAYLOR

I'm only a freshman mom relax.

Everyone stops talking and the car continues on in silence.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The sun is setting to the west. Nineteen year-old Taylor has changed into shorts. He walks to the beach where he sees a lone surfer riding a wave forty yards from shore.

Taylor sits on the beach and waits.

After a few more waves, the surfer approaches the shore. It is now clear that the surfer is Jason. As he gets closer, he picks up his board and walks.

Taylor stands up and waves. Jason waves back. He walks over. They shake hands.

TAYLOR

How are the waves?

JASON

They were okay. Nothing special. Ever surf out east.

TAYLOR

Nah, I guess I could.

JASON

If you loved it enough you would.

There is a period of silence. Jason puts his board down on the ground and sits on top of it. Taylor sits in the sand next to Jason.

JASON (CONT'D)

I'm tired man. I need to sit.

TAYLOR

So what's been going on? You kinda disappeared.

JASON

I thought the same thing about you.

TAYLOR

Man, I wrote you and never responded. I hear you've been busy.

JASON

Yeah, trying to make some money.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAYLOR
How's Molly.

Jason is silent.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Dude, what's going on man?

JASON
I don't know how to tell you this but
Molly and I have been...dating.

Taylor looks stunned. He moves some sand around with his foot.

JASON (CONT'D)
C'mon man, you have a new girlfriend.
You didn't even call Molly all year.

TAYLOR
I didn't think she wanted to talk to me
after what I did.

JASON
She was pissed, but you moved on so fast.

TAYLOR
How long have you two been dating?

JASON
Since Christmas.

TAYLOR
(depressed)
Shit. I'm gonna go. Good to see you
Jason.

Taylor gets up and starts walking back. Jason stands up and calls after him.

JASON
Dude, c'mon don't be like this.

Taylor doesn't turn around.

TAYLOR
Have a nice summer.

He continues on.

INT. CAB - DAY.

The cab continues down the road. Byron and Jason searching for the house.

BYRON

So that was the last you talked to the cat, when he told you he was doing it with your ex.

TAYLOR

Yeah.

BYRON

An ex is an ex man, fair game.

TAYLOR

Let's agree to disagree on that one.

BYRON

Long as you're past that issue though, cause there's his house.

Byron pulls up in front of a modest two story house. It has a perfectly manicured yard.

TAYLOR

Alright, man. Thanks for the ride.

BYRON

Hell man, I ain't going anywhere. I'm your bodyguard don't forget.

TAYLOR

Can you even write a book?

Byron laughs.

BYRON

If you can read one, you can write one.

Taylor opens the door.

EXT. JASON'S HOUSE - DAY.

Taylor exits the car. Byron remains seated in the driver's seat listening to the radio.

Taylor continues up the sidewalk. He climbs the step to the front door. He rings the doorbell and it plays a song.

A few moments later a young girl, MIMI (8) opens the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIMI

Hello.

TAYLOR

Hi there. Is Jason home?

MIMI

(yells)

Dad, there's someone at the door for you.

JASON (O.S.)

Okay, coming.

Jason's footsteps are heard coming down the stairs. Jason looks holder. His face is tan and leathery, his hair is long and pulled back in a ponytail.

He doesn't recognize Taylor right away.

JASON (CONT'D)

Hey, can't I....holy shit.

Mimi runs off.

MIMI

Mom! Dad hast to put a quarter in the jar.

TAYLOR

No curse words huh?

Jason laughs. He moves over to Taylor and gives him a bear hug.

JASON

What the hell are you doing here?

He pulls away.

JASON (CONT'D)

What the hell are you wearing? This has the feel like a bad acid trip man.

TAYLOR

I'm running away.

JASON

So you ran here? Well get inside an hide.

Taylor enters the house. Jason spots the cab.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JASON (CONT'D)

You took a cab here?

TAYLOR

That's my secret service agent.

INT. HOUSE - DAY.

Taylor surveys the foyer area of the house.

JASON

(whisper)

Hey look, if you want to keep this hush hush, we can't tell the wife who you really are. I knew it was you cause I know you.

TAYLOR

Then if your wife can't figure it out then the disguise is good.

JASON

Alright then. Let's go.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The kitchen is nicely appointed. Jason's wife, NICOLE (40) is making a sandwich. She is a very attractive blond. Mimi sits at the kitchen table.

Taylor and Jason walk into the room.

JASON

Hey honey, I'd like you guys to meet Doug. Doug's an old friend from high school.

Taylor shakes Nicole's hand. Nicole makes a noticeable glance at Taylor's clothes.

TAYLOR

Pleasure to meet you.

NICOLE

What brings you to Malibu Doug?

TAYLOR

Just in town for business. I'm a truck driver.

NICOLE

Ah, that has a romantic quality doesn't it. Driving the country.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAYLOR

It's a lot of diner's and shaking hands
with union workers.

NICOLE

Shaking hands.

JASON

Yeah you know, supervisors etc.

MIMI

I'm hungry mommy.

NICOLE

Excuse me.

Nicole walks over to Mimi and sets a ham and cheese sandwich
down in front of Mimi.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Jason never talks about his high school
friends. I figured he was just a nerdy
loser and had no friends.

JASON

Tell her that's not true.

TAYLOR

That's not true.

NICOLE

Would you like a sandwich, I was just
making one for Jason and me.

TAYLOR

Well if it wouldn't put you out.

NICOLE

Not at all.

Nicole moves back to the counter. Jason takes a seat at the
table.

TAYLOR

Mind if i use you bathroom. I need to
wash my hands.

JASON

Yeah, it's right down the hall, second
door to the left.

TAYLOR

Thanks

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Taylor walks to the bathroom, when the door shuts Nicole walks over to Jason.

NICOLE
A friend from high school? And what's with his clothes?

JASON
He's a truck driver honey.

NICOLE
I hope no one saw him come in the house.

JASON
You're such an elitist

The bathroom opens and Taylor emerges.

TAYLOR
So what have you been doing with yourself all these years?

JASON
I have a surfboard company. Downbeach Design.

Taylor takes a seat at the table. Nicole sets down a plate full of sandwiches.

NICOLE
They sponsor the number three surfer in the world.

TAYLOR
Wow. That's great. Living in Malibu, beautiful wife and little girl.

JASON
Life's good.

NICOLE
What about you? Where's your homebase?

TAYLOR
Back east. I've lived all over. Massachusetts, Washington.

NICOLE
Married?

TAYLOR
Yeah, but separated.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

NICOLE

Ah I'm sorry.

TAYLOR

So if you have any single friends I'm available.

NICOLE

(almost chokes on her food)
I'll keep that in mind.

JASON

Where you crashing?

TAYLOR

I figured I'd find a motel-

JASON

Stay here. We got some rooms. We'll get a couple at the Tiki Joe's tonight. That's cool right hon?

Nicole looks reluctant.

NICOLE

Of course.

Jason smiles smugly.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY.

Norman, Secret Service Agents, and campaign aides gather around the tv.

An agent puts a video in the VCR. After a couple minutes of static we see the video from a security camera at the hospital.

The video was taken at the loading dock. It show the freight elevator opening and Norman stepping off. He runs down the loading dock and into the parking lot. After a few seconds he disappears in the distance.

NORMAN

Wow.

There is a few moments of silence.

AGENT #1

Just so you know, protecting Mr. Davis is our job. We did our job. Our job is not to make sure he doesn't leave on his one. That's your job.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AGENT #1(CONT'D)

If he's not found by noon tomorrow, we're going public. He's a sitting duck out there.

Norman gets up from his seat and walks away.

NORMAN

If he's not found by noon, we're all sitting ducks.

He exits the room.

INT. TIKI BOB'S - NIGHT

The bar is set up like a Hawaiian beach house. There is a thatched roof, thatched walls and Tiki torches.

There are a few PATRONS scattered about and a female BARTENDER behind the counter.

Jason and Taylor walk in and sit down. The bartender walks over to them.

BARTENDER

What'll be Jase?

JASON

The usual for me and get him one two.

The bartender gives them two beers.

TAYLOR

So, this is the first time I've sat down in a bar, without guards, wives, politicians or lobbyists in, maybe fifteen years.

JASON

Did you stop drinking?

TAYLOR

No, I drink all the time, just more schmoozing and less boozing.

JASON

So lemme get this straight, was this a nervous breakdown.

TAYLOR

Maybe, I dunno. I coulda just came to my senses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JASON

Whatever you did, I'm glad you're here.
Made for a great excuse to get outta the
house.

TAYLOR

You're wife's a...

JASON

A bitch.

TAYLOR

You said it. Not me.

JASON

Never get married in a no-fault state.
That's my only advice I give to the
unmarried. How's Sally?

TAYLOR

She'd get a long well with Nicole. Cut
for the same mold.

JASON

Yeah, well we make mistakes. Some we
need to pay for everyday.

TAYLOR

Some we just runaway from.

JASON

How come they haven't reported your
disappearance yet on the news?

TAYLOR

Cause I think they think I'm coming back.

JASON

Are you?

TAYLOR

I dunno. I had a couple things I wanted
to do first.

JASON

What things?

TAYLOR

Well, I wanted to visit you. I wanted to
be free of the life for at least a day.
I wanted to surf again. And I wanted to
tell Molly I was sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JASON
That's a lot to do in a day.

TAYLOR
Maybe I'll need a couple days.

They both take sips from their beers.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Do you know where she is?

Jason nods.

JASON
(laughs)
Of course. She has a breakfast place like ten minutes from here. Once in awhile I'll go in there say hi. She doesn't hate me.

TAYLOR
She married?

JASON
Not anymore.

TAYLOR
She still good?

JASON
Cute as hell man. She doesn't seem to age the same way we all do. She's a saint really.

TAYLOR
How long did you guys date?

JASON
Probably only a couple months after you last talked to me. But the damage had been done. And you had already been brainwashed by your Ivy Leaguers.

TAYLOR
Not an easy spell to break. But when I go back things will be different. If I get into the White House, I'm gonna shake things up. You can be my Enviromental Guru.

JASON
I've been a member of the Surfrider foundation since it started.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TAYLOR

That's enough for me. Byron has already signed up as Department of Transportation Secretary.

JASON

Byron's the cab driver outside?

TAYLOR

That's the guy. I'm sure he'll do a good job.

JASON

What you need is a new first lady?

TAYLOR

Oh Sally's will be a great first lady. She's been training for it her whole life.

JASON

I have a better candidate.

TAYLOR

Who's that?

JASON

Molly. I'm sure it would improve her business if she was married to the President. You'd get the small, beachside breakfast cafe vote.

TAYLOR

Hey, I'm still married.

JASON

Don't you wonder what it would have been like? Now's your chance.

TAYLOR

You seem too eager to alliviate that quarter-century of guilt.

JASON

555-9197.

TAYLOR

What's that?

JASON

Her number.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

TAYLOR
555-9197?

JASON
That's it. There's the phone.

Jason points to a phone booth in the corner of the bar.

TAYLOR
What do I say?

JASON
See if she wants to hang out. Dancing
starts at nine.

TAYLOR
Will you invite Nicole?

Jason laughs.

JASON
Ah, no. We'll all have some beers. Dance
a little. Stay up to watch the sunrise
over mountains, surf some waves. Then
tomorrow night you'll go back to you old
job as future leader of the free world
with a better attitude and a slight
hangover.

TAYLOR
555-9197.

Jason smiles.

Taylor hops off the barstool and walks over the pay phone.
He slowly reaches for the receiver.

CUT TO:

INT. DORM LOBY - DAY

The dormitory lobby has a small color TV some couches and a
coffee table with some magazines laid across the coffee
table. There is a phone on wall. The morning light leaks in
through the heavy shades keeping out the summer heat.

There is no one around. Taylor walks morosely down the
stairs to the lobby. He movers over to the phone on the
wall. He dials a number.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAYLOR
(meloncholy)
Hey Molly.

MOLLY (O.S.)
Hey sweetie. I was wondering when you
were gonna call. It's been four days you
know?

TAYLOR
I know.

Taylor squats down with his back against the wall. He looks
ill.

MOLLY (O.S.)
What's wrong?

TAYLOR
I screwed up and I'm telling you this
because I love you. I slept with a girl
here.

There is silence on the other end.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
I was trashed. I don't remember anything
but when I woke up this morning I was in
bed with someone who wasn't you.

Molly's silence continues.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Same something.

MOLLY (O.S.)
(calmly)
You're a fucking asshole Taylor. You're
a liar.

TAYLOR
I had to tell you.

MOLLY (O.S.)
Just like you had to have sex with some
girl. I bet you don't even know her last
name. Do you?

TAYLOR
No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MOLLY (O.S.)
Don't bother calling me again. Not now.
Not ever.

There is a click on the other end. Taylor drops the phone to the ground and cries.

BACK TO:

INT. TIKI BOB'S

Taylor picks up the phone and dials the number.

The phone rings several times. Finally someone picks up.

MOLLY (O.S.)
Hello?

Taylor doesn't say anything.

MOLLY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hello?

Still nothing.

MOLLY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I can hear the music. I know you're there.

TAYLOR
Hi Molly.

MOLLY (O.S.)
Who is this?

Taylor pauses momentarily before speaking.

TAYLOR
It's Taylor.

Now Molly doesn't talk.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Now it's your turn to talk.

MOLLY (O.S.)
This is some kinda joke.

TAYLOR
It's no joke I promise.

MOLLY (O.S.)
Where are you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAYLOR

Tiki Bobs.

MOLLY (O.S.)

Tiki Bobs? The news said you had the stomach flu.

TAYLOR

I left. Ran away. They don't know where I am so they made up an excuse.

MOLLY (O.S.)

Guess they'd never find you at Tiki Bob's

TAYLOR

You should come down. Jason tells me they have dancing starting at nine.

MOLLY (O.S.)

Figures Jason would be there. Wait, is this for real. I thought I told you never to call me.

TAYLOR

I know. I'm practicing my peacekeeping skills. I'd like there to be a summit here at Tiki Bob's.

MOLLY

You just like saying Tiki Bob's.

TAYLOR

I do like saying Tiki Bob's.

MOLLY

Alright I'm coming.

A HOUR LATER

Taylor and Jason are at the bar. The MUSIC is loud. PATRONS are dancing behind them. Taylor keeps an eye on the front door.

The door opens and MOLLY walks in. She still looks terrific. Her youthful beauty seems preserved.

She spots Jason. Both Jason and Taylor jump off their bar stools and Molly walks over to them.

Molly sees Taylor sporting his white trash outfit and gives him a confused look. They embrace.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TAYLOR
(whispers in her ear)
I've missed you.

MOLLY
I've always been here.

They release their embraced.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
(to Jason)
I see you enough. You don't get a hug.

They all grab seats at the bar. Molly sits in the middle.

TAYLOR
You look great Molly.

MOLLY
You look...

TAYLOR
Like I belong in a trailer.

MOLLY
You ain't gonna get many blue states
dressed like that.

JASON
He totally fooled my wife.

MOLLY
You're still married. Ever since you got
married you've been saying you were
leaving her. That was ten years ago.

JASON
I'm just waiting to go bankrupt.

TAYLOR
What about you Mol? Why aren't you
married?

MOLLY
I was once.

JASON
For a month.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MOLLY

Yeah for a month. February at that It's a long story and a pretty cliched one at that. So what have you been up to for all these years.

TAYLOR

It's boring. Graduated Harvard magnum cum laude. Went to law school. Ran for congress. Won. Ran for Senate Won. Been doing that awhile. Got bored with it and now I'm beating my opponent for the presidency.

MOLLY

Ho-hum. Hey Jason, wanna dance.

JASON

You bet.

Molly hops off her stool. Jason does likewise. Taylor spins around to face the dance floor. Van Morrison's *Brown Eyed Girl* is playing on the jukebox. Molly looks over to Jason and summons him over. Taylor waves her off. She stops dancing and pulls Taylor off his bar stool and escorts him over to the dance floor.

Jason, Taylor and Molly are all dancing, smiling and having a good time.

LATER

Byron and Molly are dancing while Jason and Taylor watch. Byron is obviously a much better dancer than Jason or Taylor. Everyone is buzzing from the beers.

JASON (CONT'D)

Damn, he's making us look bad.

The song ends. Byron and Molly walk over the bar. Molly stands next to Taylor.

BYRON

Yo if no one calls her I got dibs.

TAYLOR

No so fast cabbie. I got veto power.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The room is in chaos. There are photos, paper and files strewn from door to window. There are several campaign aides in the room on cell phones. Norman sits on the couch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His head in his hands. He hasn't showered, or shaved in a day.

His phone rings and he's startled. He answers.

NORMAN

Yeah.

He takes out a pen and writes something down. Norman doesn't say a word as the person on the line continues to talk.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

Okay. Find it.

Norman slams the cell phone down.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

(yells)

Alright people. We have a lead. It looks like Taylor was picked up by a cab driver about a block from here. A witness says the cab was driven by a black, I mean African-American man. So there you go. Make your phone calls, go to the locations. Clocks ticking.

(CONT'D)

There is an extended pause.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

It is early in the morning. The MORNING TRAVELERS waiting for planes.

Taylor sits between his parents. His luggage rests by his feet. His eyes zip back and forth looking for Molly.

MAN'S VOICE

(over the loudspeaker)

Flight number 1383 to Boston now boarding.

Henry slaps Taylor on the knee.

HENRY

That's you buddy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Henry stands.

Mary sees the concern in Taylor's eyes.

MARY

You haven't talked to Molly all summer long and you expect her to say goodbye. She probably doesn't even know you're leaving.

TAYLOR

Nah, she knows.

HENRY

You really can never tell what's going through a woman's head.

(looks to Mary)

Isn't that right hon. I've known

MARY

Henry.

HENRY

Sorry.

MARY

Come on Taylor you need to get on that plane.

Taylor gets up. He grabs his luggage and gives both parents hugs.

MARY (CONT'D)

Will you please call me when you get settled?

Taylor nods.

HENRY

See ya at Thanksgiving I guess.

MARY

We love you Taylor.

Taylor manages a smile.

TAYLOR

I love you too.

He gives the ATTENDANT his ticket. He waves once last time to his parents and walks down the aisle.

INT. PLANE - DAY

The plane is only half full with PASSENGERS. Taylor has a window seat. From his side of the plane he can see his parents watching in the window. As the plane starts to move

The plane starts to move away from the gate. Taylor's eyes remain fixed on the window and parents. As the plane moves it becomes increasingly difficult to see them until finally they move out of site.

Taylor attention turns from the airport to inside the plane. He doesn't see Molly running to the window. Hands pressed against the window.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

The Marriott Hotel lobby is bustling. The PRESS has arrived and using every available seat, typing on their laptops.

Reporter, REBECCA DAWSON (35) types furiously away on her laptop. He has a beer sitting on the end table next to her. She. Suddenly, an instant message window pops up on her window.

The message was sent by someone named krimson3ver.

Krimson3ver: Can you talk?

Rebecca types a reply.

Yes.

Krimson3ver: I have an exclusive for you.

Who are you?

Krimson3ver: An Insider.

Inside what?

Krimson3ver: Inside Davis' suite.

So what's the exclusive?

Krimson3ver: Davis isn't here.

What do you mean?

(User not longer online)

REBBECA

Dammit.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - NIGHT

The room is dark. There is a wall of monitors recording various locations in the hotel.

There is a KNOCK at the door. The doorknob slowly turns and the BELLMAN enters. He looks around the room sees that it's clear.

BELLMAN

Okay.

Rebecca enters the room and closes the door behind her.

REBBECA

Just find me the tape that show that.

Rebecca points to the TV monitor showing the back entrance. The bellman looks through a library of disks and finds what one she wants. He puts it in the player and waits.

REBBECA (CONT'D)

I believe that grand also bought me some privacy.

BELLMAN

Ah right.

He heads for the door and stops.

BELLMAN (CONT'D)

I'll beat myself up for years if I don't ask.

Rebecca interrupts.

REBBECA

Maybe later.

The bellman leaves. Rebecca rolls a chair over and sits down. She grabs the remote and fast-forwards. After a few moments there is some movement. A caravan of tinted vehicles pulls up in front. Instantly, there is a rush of people heading inside the building. There are even a couple umbrella open.

REBBECA (CONT'D)

What just happened?

She rewinds the video and watches again and then again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REBBECA (CONT'D)

Umbrellas but there is no rain. What are you hiding?

Rebecca pauses the video at a point where everyone is on screen. She rolls her chair closer to the monitor. The video is blurry but Rebecca counts all of the people on the film. It is clear that Taylor was not among the group.

EXT. MOLLY'S CAFE - NIGHT

Molly's Cafe is a small cafe located on a cliff above the ocean. There are a couple tables outside on the porch.

A small Sports Utility Vehicle pulls up in front of the cafe. Molly is behind the wheel. Taylor sits besides her in the passenger seat. She parks and both get out.

TAYLOR

Don't tell anyone I drove in a SUV.
Never know how voters will react this week.

MOLLY

It's my secret.

They walk towards the cafe's entrance. Molly reaches for Taylor's hand. He accepts.

INT. MOLLY'S CAFE - NIGHT

Molly flicks on the lights. The cafe is cute. There are some more tables, a counter with cakes and pies.

TAYLOR

This is very you.

MOLLY

I know. Some dream to be president, some dream to sell pie.

TAYLOR

I never dreamt of being president.

Molly walks behind the counter. Taylor finds a seat at the counter.

MOLLY

Coffee?

TAYLOR

Decaf.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOLLY

Two decafs coming up.

She starts to brew coffee.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Want to see something pretty cool

TAYLOR

Only pretty cool? I don't want to see anything that's not really cool.

MOLLY

Okay it's really cool

Molly walks over to the cash register. She presses a couple buttons and cash drawer opens. She lifts up the till, where there is a stack of bills.

She brings them over to Taylor and sets them down in front of him.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Look familiar?

Taylor looks at them. He notices his initials written on the bill on top bill. He flips through them and sees his initials on each bill.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

I've been collecting them. A couple times I was really hard up for cash and really could have used them, but never did.

TAYLOR

I still initial them. Even today. Although, it's rare when I use my own money. I have no clue who has bought my food for the last year.

MOLLY

Must be nice.

TAYLOR

(sarcastic)
Oh yeah thrilling.

The coffee is ready. Molly pours two cups.

MOLLY

I've always thought you were sending a message.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TAYLOR

Maybe I was.

Molly sets the mugs down on the counter in front of Taylor.
Taylor takes a sip.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

This is good.

MOLLY

For decaf.

Molly sits down on the stool next to Taylor.

TAYLOR

So, my life's been public domain but what about you? What have you been up to?

MOLLY

My life. Dull, repetitious. I've run this place for the last fifteen years. Before that I just waitressed, saving my pennies.

TAYLOR

I hear you and Jason were hot and heavy.

Molly laughs.

MOLLY

Hot and heavy? Hmm, well it was hot that summer but it didn't have anything to do with Jason. I was a virgin when I started dating him and I was when I stopped.

TAYLOR

Are you-

MOLLY

C'mon Taylor, I'm in my forties. I rethought my position on abstinence during my early twenties.

Taylor swings his chair so he's facing Molly. He puts a hand on his leg.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

What about you? Been faithful? National Enquirer had a couple of stories last year. Were any of those true?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TAYLOR

Ah, the stories weren't true but I haven't exactly been faithful either.

Molly leans in.

MOLLY

Did you ever love her?

TAYLOR

I dunno. I lusted after her. I loved the fact she could buy me anything I wanted. But love? Probably not.

There is a silence.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

I've only been in love once.

Molly kisses him briefly on the lips. She pulls away, but Taylor gently pulls her back towards him and they kiss.

After a few moments of kissing. They stop.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

God, I've missed that.

MOLLY

It was worth the wait.

TAYLOR

Are we done?

MOLLY

I hope not.

TAYLOR

Me too.

They continue to kiss.

INT. OFFICE - DAY.

The back office is cluttered with paper. There is a desk in the corner with invoices and bills stacked high. The room also holds some filing cabinets and a ratty couch.

The door of the office is thrust open. Taylor and Molly are kissing passionately. Molly guides Taylor to the couch. They crash hard onto the couch continuing to kiss.

Later

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Post love-making. Taylor and Molly sit on the couch. They are wrapped in a tattered quilt.

TAYLOR
You're right.

MOLLY
About what?

TAYLOR
About it being worth the wait.

MOLLY
Well there's more of that if you want it.

TAYLOR
If it was only that easy.

MOLLY
It's not supposed to be.

TAYLOR
Maybe after the election.

MOLLY
After you disappear again you mean?
There will be no way to reach you.
You're handlers would keep me far away
I'm sure.

TAYLOR
If elected, my first order of business is
to fire my handlers. I still love you
Molly. More than anyone I've ever met,
including my wife.

She kisses him.

Taylor stops. He notices Molly's mood change.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
I'm such a fool. Every time you smiled
you did something to me. Gave me a shot
of internal happiness. It was a constant
rush of adrenaline. But it was so
simple, so frequent that I took it for
granted. I've been...I've spent the past
twenty years trying to recapture that
feeling, but my wife has never done it.
It happened again today. When you walked
into the bar. I got a rush like you
wouldn't believe. I was eighteen again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Molly is crying.

MOLLY

I had so much to give you. Memories.
Children. It wouldn't have been
wonderful.

TAYLOR

I know.

MOLLY

You don't know. Ever morning I wake up
and no matter what I always think of you
first. I cry sometimes when I'm alone
wondering what it would have been. I
wasted the best years of my life.

TAYLOR

You've always been someone who I more
than just cared about.

MOLLY

Even when you've ignored me for all these
years.

TAYLOR

Maybe I didn't talk to you but I didn't
ignore you. I've made mistakes.

INT. OFFICE - MORNING

Taylor and Molly are asleep arm in arm on the couch. Sun
filters through the mostly covered windows.

There is a KNOCK at the front door. Neither, Molly nor
Taylor stir. The KNOCK comes back more persistently.

Taylor opens his eyes first.

TAYLOR

(weary)

Hey, wake up. I think you have a
customer.

Molly opens her eyes.

MOLLY

They'll go away. The lights are off. I
think they'll figure out we're closed.

She rolls over to go back to sleep. Taylor kisses her on the
forehead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There is another KNOCK. This time it's louder and it doesn't stop.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ.

Molly jumps off the couch and puts her blouse back on. The KNOCKING continues. She exits the office and heads for the front.

Taylor sits up rubs his eyes. He can hear Molly opening the front door. The BELL above the doors sounds.

MOLLY (O.S) (CONT'D)
Ah it's you.

JASON (O.S.)
Is the senator here?

MOLLY (O.S.)
He's in the back.

Taylor puts on his shirt as Jason enters. Jason is dressed in a shorts, t-shirt and flip-flops. He is holding a paper.

He tosses the paper on the couch next to Jason.

JASON
The gigs up buddy.

Taylor finishes buttoning his shirt before grabbing the paper. He looks at a picture of himself on the front page. Above his photo is the headline - "M.I.A."

TAYLOR
Shit.

Molly comes in with a coffees. She hands them out to everyone in the room.

MOLLY
So what does that mean?

TAYLOR
Means the job of finding me just got a lot easier.

JASON
Means we need to get to the beach a lot faster.

Taylor puts the paper down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TAYLOR

Did you bring me a bathing suit.

JASON

Dude, I own a line of board shorts. I got you covered.

Molly sits down on the couch next to Taylor. She rests her head on his shoulder.

MOLLY

You can just hide here you know?

TAYLOR

I can't run forever.

EXT. JEEP - DAY

It is a grey overcast day. Jason sits behind the wheel of his jeep. His left leg dangles out of the jeep. Taylor has changed in shorts and a t-shirt. Molly sits in the back. Her hair blows wildly at the whim of the wind as Jeep maneuvers down the hillside towards the beach with the top down.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The jeep comes to a stop at the bottom of the cliff, a hundred or so feet from the shore line. The dark grey sky looks even more ominous over the ocean. The waves are massive, but choppy.

Jason is the first to hop out of the jeep. He walks around to the back of the jeep and pulls the two surfboards from the back.

MOLLY

(to Taylor)

Are you really gonna go out there? I don't think I've ever seen it as rough.

TAYLOR

I've come this far and who knows if I'll ever get this chance again.

Jason walks around to the passenger side.

JASON

C'mon, before it gets crowded.

MOLLY

I think everyone else has enough sense to stay home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Taylor jumps out and grabs the board from Jason. Both men take off their t-shirts.

They start walking towards the beach. Molly catches up to Taylor.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

If you don't feel comfortable out there
Taylor come back in. You can find
another time

JASON

Ah, woudja leave the Senator alone. I
think he's capable of making his own
decisions.

TAYLOR

It's alright Molly. I won't put myself
in harms way.

He stops walking and faces Molly. He kisses her.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

I'll be right back.

MOLLY

I'll be waiting.

She watches as the two men walk into the water.

TAYLOR

Oh my god it's cold. Don't you have a
wetsuit.

JASON

I forgot. You'll be fine. Once the body
goes numb.

Later.

Taylor and Jason sit on their surfboards fifty yards from the shore. Taylor is wet. His soaked hair partially covers his eyes.

JASON (CONT'D)

Like riding a bike. Right T?

TAYLOR

What type of bike are you riding?

A medium sized wave approaches. Jason paddles and catches it. Taylor watches as Jason surfs toward the shore.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Another wave approaches soon after, Taylor tries to catch it. He gets up on his board awkwardly and rides the wave for a twenty or thirty feet. He wipes out hard only a few feet from where Jason is.

JASON

You okay. You're looking spent.

Taylor looks tired. He moves the hair from his face.

TAYLOR

I'm fine. This is pretty much what I was expecting.

JASON

You've been out pretty long. Ready to go in?

TAYLOR

Not yet. I'd like to ride a few more.

JASON

Well I'll watch from the beach. Watch out for the riptide it's strong as hell if you haven't noticed.

Taylor nods.

TAYLOR

Alright, I'll meet you guys in a couple minutes.

Jason paddles back towards the shore. Taylor paddles out deeper.

Few minutes later

Taylor sits on his board. The swells lift Taylor high in the air.

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

(From Charlie Rose Show)

The world is not a friendly place all in all. You make enemies just being who you are. As a decision-maker it only gets worse. I've had death threats made against me and my family, made by people whom you'd probably never expect to be filled with such hate. I swim with sharks every day. I bleed and the sharks feed off of my weaknesses. I often wonder why we subject ourselves to this circus of marauders, but if not me. Who?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

The marauder? The man making the death threats? I feel America would be better off with me as president. The goal is simple. To improve the way of life for everyone. At the end of the day, I feel best qualified by what's in my mind and my heart to accomplish that task.

Jason and Molly sit on the beach watching Taylor. From their P.O.V. you can see Taylor as he gets knocked around by the waves. Occasionally, Taylor disappears from sight as a breaking wave or swell hides him from view.

MOLLY

I think we're very lucky to know that guy.

JASON

I think he's luckier to know us.

A large wave rolls in. It lifts Taylor high in the air as it passes through. He gets hidden as it passes though. The wave breaks and when the swell lessens Taylor is gone.

MOLLY

Where'd Taylor go?

Jason leaps to his feet. Another wave moves in, but Taylor still can't be seen. Jason sprints to the water.

JASON

Taylor!

He runs in the water swimming once he is in deep enough. Molly kicks off her shoes and enters the water. She stops knee deep in the water. The bottom of her dress floating in the water.

Jason reaches the area where Taylor was. He looks around panicked. A wave knocks him over.

JASON (CONT'D)

Taylor! Taylor!

He dives in the water. Looking beneath the surface. He resurfaces. Taylor's surfboard floats by. Jason grabs it and finds the cord. He lifts the cord out of the water. It's been severed.

Jason turns to face the shore.

JASON (CONT'D)

Molly! My cell is in the jeep! Call the police. Hurry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Molly runs to the jeep. Jason swims in place holding on to Taylor's board, out of breath.

Later

Two coast guard helicopters hover a hundred feet over the ocean's surface.

On land, a dozen or so government vehicles are parked along the beach.

SECRET SERVICEMEN, POLICE and CIVILIANS stand around watching the beach. DIVERS walk out into the water.

Norman, Jason and Molly shoulder to shoulder facing the ocean.

JASON (CONT'D)

So, you're Norman? The guy in Boston?

NORMAN

Do I know you?

JASON

I'm the guy Taylor used to hang out with before he hung out with you.

NORMAN

Obviously, he was better off hanging with me.

Jason turns to face Norman.

JASON

(defensive)

Oh yeah, having someone make every decision for him is a wonderful way to live. Taylor was living how he always wanted to to.

NORMAN

Freedom has a price. No one lives how they want to for long.

Norman begins to walk away.

The helicopters move away from the beach to refuel.

MOLLY

(quietly)

I just don't understand how he could have just disappeared. No body. No anything. Could it have been a shark?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JASON

Maybe he fooled us all and managed to disappear. Maybe Byron's driving him to Mexico.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

There is a cool summer breeze. A bonfire is raging. Young Jason, Molly, Taylor, as well as some other FRIENDS huddle around the fire drinking beers. Molly sit arm in arm.

Jason has an acoustic guitar in his lap.

JASON

What do you guys want me to play?

MOLLY

California dreaming.

JASON

Only if you do the girl parts.

MOLLY

Forget it.

TAYLOR

Behind Blue Eyes.

JASON

Somehow I knew you'd pick a Who song.

Jason strums on the guitar a few times, until he gets it tuned to where he wants.

He starts playing the song

JASON (CONT'D)

(singing)

No one knows what it's like, to be the bad man. To be the sad man, behind blues eyes.

Molly and Taylor rock back and forth in rhythm.

JASON (CONT'D)

(singing)

No one knows what it's like to be hated, to be fated to telling online lies.

Jason plays with a passion and a seriousness that doesn't come across when he's not singing

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JASON (CONT'D)

(singing)

But my dreams, they aren't as empty as my
conscience seems to be.

FADE OUT.

THE END.

(MORE)