

FIRST MAN UP

by

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INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

SENATOR ANNA RHODES (40s,) stretches out comfortably in the darkened business class section of a commercial flight. Hers is the only light shining in the section as she intently reads a book, pausing to highlight passages.

She is a beautiful Native American woman with thick jet-black hair. It flows down the side of her face, framing the warmth of her eyes and a mouth that defaults to a slight smile.

The gagging SNORE of her scrappy and exhausted assistant, WILMA MANKILLER JONES (20s,) causes her to flinch. Anna recovers and then carefully replaces Wilma's fallen blanket. After tucking in the sides, Anna smiles fondly at her.

She continues reading the book, which we can now see is titled, "Baseball for Dummies." Wilma awakens and frowns at Anna. She swipes her cell phone and then shows the time to Anna.

Anna smiles and gives her an "aye, aye" salute and puts the book down.

WILMA

Are my clogged nasal passages  
keeping you awake?

ANNA

Snoring, Wilma. It's called  
snoring.

WILMA

Curmudgeons snore, I breathe  
laboriously.

Wilma leans in close.

WILMA (CONT'D)

(whispering)  
Was I really snoring?

Anna shakes her head, no.

ANNA

It's the list that is keeping me  
awake.

Wilma perks up, excited - more like a small puppy than an executive assistant.

WILMA

I talked to Drew this morning. You bring in the Midwest vote, check.

Wilma makes a checkmark in the air.

WILMA (CONT'D)

Female vote, check. Indigenous person, check. Being a tribal leader and youngest Democratic Caucus Chair, check, check. Dead war hero husband, well...that is just check, check, check!

Wilma GASPS when she realizes what she just repeated after seeing Anna's shocked face.

Anna touches her arm.

ANNA

I know that came from Drew and not you. But the VP hasn't resigned yet...

Wilma studies her boss.

WILMA

You want it, don't you?

Anna reaches up and turns out her light and fakes a SNORE.

INT. HOTEL COFFEE SHOP -- DAY

It's early morning and both Wilma and Anna look like two people who slept on the plane. But Wilma is more like someone who has two settings; full throttle and asleep.

She quickly scrolls down again and again on her cell phone. Her face almost touches the screen.

WILMA

Not ready, not ready, not ready. I specifically requested that your room be ready by six.

Wilma perks up as a young man with bright white teeth, DREW McALLISTER (30s,) comes into the coffee shop. Wilma leans over toward Anna.

WILMA (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
Show time. Here comes the evil  
warlord.

Wilma starts preening Anna, but she slaps her hand away. Drew comes up behind Anna and squeezes her shoulder.

DREW  
Long flight, Senator?

Anna unconsciously smooths out her skirt but keeps firm eye contact with Drew.

ANNA  
When you only have a day in each  
city, you've got to cut corners  
somewhere.

Drew turns to Wilma.

DREW  
Let's hear Anna's schedule.

WILMA  
Breakfast at nine with the Bright  
Future Foundation then toss out a  
baseball at a minor league game.

Drew shakes his head as he gets up to leave.

DREW  
Bright Future Foundation. You're  
looking too liberal. We need to  
warm up Walker, not make us all  
look like a bunch of bark eating  
tree huggers.

ANNA  
I talked to him last night. Walker  
wants me. He expects VP Short to  
resign on Monday after the  
testimony of the CEO of Boston  
Bank.

DREW  
It is not what Walker wants, it is  
what he needs to get reelected in  
four months.

WILMA  
Senator Rhodes is the perfect  
replacement for Short and a running  
mate Walker.

(MORE)

WILMA (CONT'D)

She not only softens his image but brings him the states he needs, the female, the Indigenous vote, and...

DREW

Save the speeches for the campaign. If you make it to the top of the list, then you better be ready to play ball. What do you say, Anna -- are you in the game?

Drew turns and leaves without waiting for an answer. Anna brushes off her clothes, smooths her hair.

ANNA

It's like I got slimed. Remind me why I wanted all this.

WILMA

This isn't just something you want, this is something you need. Our people need this. The first Native American President.

ANNA

You mean, VP, right? But what I need is a shower and what I want is a nap.

Wilma opens her cell phone, scrolling with one hand and preening Anna again with the other.

WILMA

Nap when you're ninety, but you're right, I must get you that shower soon.

Wilma turns her attention to her cell phone, as Anna watches Drew's car drive away.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM -- DAY

Although she still looks wrinkled, it's an energized Anna addressing a small group of BUSINESS PEOPLE who pick at their breakfast while she rattles statistics.

She doesn't need any note cards - this is a speech she's passionate about.

ANNA

Gun violence caused one hundred and twenty thousand deaths, fourteen thousand were children...

Anna stops and looks at her audience. She sees the boredom.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Last week I stopped at the local seven eleven. As I got out of my car, the guy in the truck next to me got out at the same time. He had a forty-five on his hip.

She steps away from the podium and closer to the group.

ANNA (CONT'D)

What kind of world do we live in where a guy feels that he needs a forty-five to buy a Slurpee?

One of the BUSINESSMEN in the audience lays down his fork.

BUSINESSMAN #1

I object.

Anna has her prey in her sights. You can tell that she's been waiting for a good debate.

ANNA

You object...that our children feel safer in downtown Chicago than in their school cafeterias?

She moves in closer to the guy.

ANNA (CONT'D)

You object...that our hospitals have to absorb eighty percent of their gun-trauma costs -- to the tune of four billion a year?

She is now right in front of him.

ANNA (CONT'D)

You object...that a guy wants the right to own an AK-47 to protect his front lawn from dog poop?

She gives him a moment to think about this. He shakes his head.

BUSINESSMAN #1

I own a seven eleven and we also sell fresh fruit, milk, flashlights and beer. I object that we get thought of only as place to get a Slurpee.

Anna LAUGHS with the group picks up the guy's orange juice and makes a mock toast in his honor.

EXT. BASEBALL STADIUM -- DAY

It's the height of the baseball season and the banner across the entrance of the small minor league baseball stadium offers attendees a free movie ticket and a discount to the nearby water park.

At the side entrance to the park the team bus parks next to a tunnel. Young baseball PLAYERS get out and sprint into the tunnel carrying sports bags.

The last person off the bus, JAKE "FLASH" MACCOOK (40s) throws his sports bag over his shoulder and winces in pain. We can see a World Series ring on his finger as he rubs his shoulder and walks slowly toward the tunnel.

INT. LOCKER ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The young players release nervous energy horsing around boisterously while getting ready for the game.

Jake unpacks a pharmacy of ointments, pills, and bandages onto the bench next to where the aging team manager, PETE (60s,) works intently on his crossword puzzle.

PETE

Six letter word. Hawaiian fruit.

He's not really asking anyone.

PETE (CONT'D)

Mango, coconut, kiwi...

JAKE

Papaya.

Pete nods and writes in the word.

PETE

Nervous?

JAKE

Jumpy, tense, fidgety. How many letters?

Pete puts down the puzzle.

PETE  
 Last few games of the season.  
 Playoffs soon. You nervous?

JAKE  
 I'm too old for this shit. Tell me  
 again why I even needed to play  
 another season.

Jake gestures at the crazy players who appear to be dressing  
 one player in toilet tissue.

PETE  
 Nothing for you to be ashamed  
 about. Going down from the majors  
 to the minors, still gets you  
 noticed. This farm system has given  
 lots of players a second chance.  
 Maybe not pitching, but you could  
 coach, and manage...

JAKE  
 Ever been to a real farm?

Pete nods.

PETE  
 Spent most every summer out in Iowa  
 with my Uncle George.

JAKE  
 Ever seen any old animals on the  
 farm?

Pete thinks hard.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
 Six letter word for what happens to  
 old animals on a farm -- d - I - n -  
 n - e - r, dinner.

Jake starts to wrap his wrist and winces in pain. He grabs  
 his shoulder and rubs. Pete notices.

PETE  
 Go soak it.

Jake shakes his head, no.

JAKE  
 My contract says I've got to do the  
 warm-up prance and dance for the  
 crowds.

PETE

You worry about that shoulder and  
I'll worry about your contract.

EXT. BALLPARK PARKING LOT -- DAY

Cars start to fill the parking lot and people file into the stadium as a limo pulls up to the player's entrance. Wilma pops out of the car and helps a struggling Anna get out.

ANNA

Two hundred hotels in this town and  
I'm taking a shower here?

WILMA

I wasn't the naughty girl that let  
her speech run thirty minutes over.

Anna is excited and grabs Wilma's arm.

ANNA

Did you hear them? I got  
Republicans interested in gun  
control and the environment.

Wilma drags Anna toward the tunnel, waving her hand in front of her nose.

WILMA

This shower is the best thing you  
can do for the environment.

INT. LOCKER ROOM SHOWERS -- DAY

Jake soaks in a foaming steel jacuzzi. Jake drags himself out of the jacuzzi and puts a towel around his waist. He hears a SHOWER running. He shakes his head.

Jake turns around the corner and spots Anna in total bliss as she lets the hot water run down her face. She turns off the shower and reaches blindly for a towel on the ledge. Jake grabs a towel, rolls it up, and tosses it to her.

Anna is quick to grab it and tries to dry her eyes while still covering up.

ANNA

How much time do I have?

JAKE

Never enough.

Jake grabs another towel to hand to her and then steps into the shower as Anna opens her eyes. She SCREAMS. Jake does the only thing a guy like him knows how to do to quiet a screaming female -- he grabs her and kisses her.

Anna pulls away, focuses in on Jake and her face softens. She leans toward him -- maybe returning the kiss, but slips on the wet shower floor and SCREAMS again.

Jake reaches down to help her up as Wilma runs around the corner and bravely tackles Jake. a PHOTOGRAPHER comes back around the corner and takes video and pictures of the partially naked and screaming threesome.

Jake hears the opening MUSIC for the game and dashes toward his locker.

INT. WOMEN'S RESTROOM - DAY

Anna leaves the stall and checks her suit in the mirror as Wilma stuffs clothes back into the bag. Anna pull her black hair back and secures it into a ponytail.

WILMA

Those pictures, the video. What will the president think?

Anna smiles and looks upwards.

ANNA

Give me strength for a straight back and clear eyes, so when life fades, as the setting sun, my spirit may come to you without shame.

WILMA

My grandma used to say that Cherokee proverb every morning.

ANNA

There is no shame in taking a shower or kissing someone you love.

Wilma nods.

WILMA

Love?

Anna touches her lips.

ANNA

Loved.

WILMA  
The guy from college?

Anna nods.

WILMA (CONT'D)  
The one you didn't choose?

Anna nods again.

ANNA  
I picked the dashing military officer instead of the jock. I was pregnant with Sarah and I wanted security instead of being a traveling baseball groupie with an infant. Look how that turned out.

WILMA  
But which one did you love? Both?

Anna shrugs.

ANNA  
It was over a long time ago.

Wilma inspects Anna.

WILMA  
That kiss didn't look like it was over.

Anna guides Wilma toward the door.

ANNA  
It was only a kiss. No shame in that.

EXT. BASEBALL STADIUM -- DAY

Excited fans pack the stands. Each team's players line up along the baselines. Jake runs out and gets in line. He GASPS when he spots Anna coming out of the tunnel. She wears the wet cat look well.

He gestures for her to get off the field, but freezes when the arranged press group starts taking her picture. Anna waves at them before taking her place next to him at the end of the line.

JAKE  
You still look good.

He looks her up and down.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
With and without your clothes, but  
you picked an odd time to hit on me  
again.

ANNA  
Hit on you? You kissed me.

JAKE  
You showed up naked in my shower.  
What are you doing here?

ANNA  
I am throwing out the first pitch.  
Don't you watch the news?

Anna puffs up, faces him and points a finger into his chest.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
I am a United States Senator. One  
of the hundred most influential  
people...

Jake carefully holds her finger and gestures to the crowd.

STADIUM ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
Today's first pitch will be thrown  
by the Senator from Oklahoma. Let's  
give a warm hand for Senator...

Anna pulls back her finger, turns away from Jake and gives  
the crowd a regal wave. She has turned back into the smiling  
politician.

STADIUM ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
... Anna Rhodes, Oklahoma's first  
female Cherokee Senator.

Jake leads her to the mound while she smiles and waves at the  
stands. He leans in close to her.

JAKE  
How about a nice underhand toss?

Anna smiles sweetly, but her tone is all business as she  
locks on his eyes.

ANNA  
You think that because I'm a woman  
that I can't throw a baseball  
overhand?

(MORE)

## ANNA (CONT'D)

I'm not some sissy girl or the doe-eyed college girl that fell for the big jock. I chair one of the most powerful Senate committees and I'm capable...

Jake shakes his head as he hands her the baseball.

## JAKE

Underhand because in the rush to get out here, I didn't put on a cup.

Anna steps up to the pitcher's mound, waving with one hand and continues tossing the ball a few inches into the air with the other.

When she reaches the mound, she pretends to spit on the ball, much to the delight of the crowd.

## STADIUM ANNOUNCER

Ladies and Gentlemen, Senator Anna Rhodes.

Jake jogs over to the catcher and says a few words. The catcher hands him his mitt and Jake takes a half crouching position behind home plate.

Jake punches the center of the mitt a few times for show and then sticks his mitt squarely out in front of him behind the plate.

Anna makes a forward bend and places the ball behind her back in concentration. The fans CHEER. Jake turns to make a remark to the players standing along the baseline.

## JAKE

You can sure tell that it's an election year and...

A photographer moves in close to Jake and snaps a picture. Distracted by the flash, Jake looks toward the camera as Anna makes the windup and burns an overhand curve ball.

Jake concentrates on trying to protect his crouch, but the ball SMACKS into the groin area and Jake falls backward into the dirt.

Anna runs to him. He is rolling around on the ground in agony.

## ANNA

Jake, Jake, I'm so sorry.

Jake winks at her, springs up and rubs and rearranges his "package." He reaches down, grabs the ball and holds it up as the fans CHEER again. He has stolen the show. He turns and winks at Anna.

Jake starts to sign the ball as a few photographers start closing in. Anna takes the ball and pen from Jake.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
I'd be happy to give you an autograph. Jake with a "k" isn't it?

JAKE  
Actually, could you make it out to Buffi?

ANNA  
Buffy with a "y"?

JAKE  
With an "I".

Anna looks up and down at Jake.

ANNA  
It figures that you would be with someone who spells her name with an "I".

She collects Wilma, makes one last wave to the fans and smiles broadly for the photographers.

INT. STADIUM SKYBOX -- DAY

Anna and Wilma sit comfortably in a stadium skybox filled with the city's ELITE politicians. Anna watches the field intently as Wilma tilts her head back, and SNORES like a crusty sailor.

Anna looks toward the field at Jake. She closes her eyes and smiles as she touches her lips again.

ANNA  
Jake MacCook.

Wilma wakes up. Anna comes out of her trance and turns toward Wilma and taps the skybox glass window.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
I wonder how come they call him Flash?

WILMA

Being a pitcher, I doubt if it has anything to do with speed -- at least not on the field.

Wilma cell phone PINGS. She glances down at it.

WILMA (CONT'D)

That photographer agreed to your terms.

Anna smiles.

ANNA

It never hurts to ask. It is a win-win. Exclusive shoot with a VP is worth more than a poorly shot pile of flesh that might be a senator and ballplayer.

WILMA

Amazing.

Anna waves at Jake as he leaves the field.

ANNA

Yes, he was.

INT. LOCKER ROOM -- DAY

This has been a hard-earned victory for Jake's team. Jake watches the hoopla from his locker as he finishes getting dressed.

He catches the eye of one of the reporters, SAM GRAY.

SAM

Hey, Flash. That was some action out there.

Sam grabs a note pad from his pocket and moves over to Jake.

SAM (CONT'D)

Give me a quote that will get picked up by the wire.

Jake picks up his jacket and drapes it over his shoulder.

JAKE

The shoulder has never been better. I expect to be called back to the majors any day now.

SAM  
I meant that pitch from Senator  
Rhodes.

Jake rearranges his pants and grins. He answers with a high-pitch SQUEAKY VOICE.

JAKE  
She really burned one in there.

SAM  
You two had your heads close  
together after that pitch. Give me  
a little juice, Flash. What were  
you two talking about?

JAKE  
Foreign policy, plight of her  
Indigenous people, gun control, and  
the challenge of balancing the  
budget.

Sam looks confused, but he also looks like the type of guy who is used to that. Frustrated, Sam scans the room for a more interesting interview and locks onto the winning home run hero, JIM CASEY.

SAM  
Jim -- hey, Jim Casey. That was  
some action out there.

Sam chases after Jim Casey as Jake tosses his gear bag over his shoulder. Jake looks back at the top shelf of his locker and the baseball that Anna signed. He grabs it and looks for a moment at the signature.

JAKE  
(to himself)  
Anna...what a wild pitch.

INT. TEAM BUS -- DAY

Jake naps in the back of the bus on the way back to the hotel as the rest of the inebriated players file on, bringing the celebration from the locker room with them.

Jim Casey and another player, LANCE KRUGER tumble into the seats in front and across from Jake. Jim knocks Jake's feet down.

JIM  
Not a bad day for you, Flash.

Jim leans across the aisle.

JIM (CONT'D)  
We got some local groupies coming  
up tonight to party. Want me to  
save one for you?

JAKE  
Just one?

Pete comes down the aisle and takes a seat next to Jake.

PETE  
Quite a looker that Senator lady  
today. Might help you get back to  
up to the show. Plus, fill the  
seats. We need that.

Jake gives him a little salute.

JAKE  
You betcha, but I'd like to skip  
out early tomorrow. Never seen  
Notre Dame. We are in South Bend,  
right?

PETE  
Yup, she's speaking at the college.  
Bright lights and exciting venues.  
It is sort of like being in the  
majors again. A woman like that  
could be good for you.

Jake pulls down his hat and pretends to snore. Pete gets up  
and sits down next to another player.

JAKE  
(to himself)  
She was -- once.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

Jake walks down the corridor of the hotel and passes an open  
hotel door. There is a party going on of young ballplayers  
and some baseball groupies. One of them spots Jake.

GROUPIE#1  
It's Flash MacCook.

The groupie runs toward the door as Lance grabs her ankle  
from his position on the floor.

LANCE  
Where ya going sweetie?

She easily breaks loose of his grip and makes it to the door as Jake unlocks his door down the hall.

GROUPIE#1  
It is him. Flash -- Jake -- it's  
me. Remember?

Jim Casey comes up behind her and puts his arm around her.

JIM  
Forget it, honey. I heard Jake  
order a couple of girls earlier.

INT. JAKE'S HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Jake undresses down to his boxers and stretches out on the bed. He flips through the channels on TV and finds a west coast baseball game in the final innings. He watches for a few minutes and then picks up the phone.

JAKE  
(into the phone)  
You got any streaming channels  
here?

He points the remote at the TV and smiles.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Thanks.

He replaces the receiver and continues clicking through the channels. He reaches into his gear bag next to the bed for something and comes up empty.

He reaches over to his jacket hanging on the chair and performs another search. Smiling, he finds the object of his search -- a piece of candy. He unwraps it and pops it in his mouth.

He tosses the wrapper toward the wastebasket and misses.

EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

Wilma and Anna get out of a limo. As the limo pulls away Wilma looks disdainfully at the hotel's exterior.

WILMA  
Even the Ramada has two stars.

ANNA

This is America's heartland, Wilma.  
That limo is bad enough. Too much  
show.

A small car with an UBER sticker pulls up and two working girls, RED and MORNING DEW tumble out of the back seat. They look like they have more miles on them than the worn Honda.

Red leans in and says to the DRIVER.

RED

You might want to hang around.  
We'll be done in a flash.

Red LAUGHS at her joke, but then turns her attention to the elevator.

INT. HOTEL ELEVATOR -- CONTINUOUS

Wilma rushes Anna into the elevator and repeatedly pushes the "3" button. Just before the door closes, Red sticks a foot in the elevator. Morning Dew follows her in.

RED

Thanks for holding it for us. Us  
working girls need to stick  
together.

Red looks over at the lit number "3" and smiles as the door closes. Wilma backs Anna protectively into the corner of the elevator. Morning Dew turns toward Red.

MORNING DEW

Any idea why they call him Flash?

Wilma starts to respond, but one look at Anna's frown and she pushes even further back into the corner.

INT. ANNA'S HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Later that night, Anna wakes with a startle. She sits up and turns on her night stand light. She picks up a photograph of a handsome man in a military uniform.

She kisses the photograph, but the tender moment is interrupted by loud LAUGHTER outside her hotel room door and the sound of running FOOTSTEPS up and down the corridor.

She MOANS as she lays back down and covers her head with a pillow.

INT. HOTEL COFFEE SHOP -- DAY

Anna struggles to stay awake as she skims through her cell phone screen and gulps down her coffee. Jake slides into the booth across from her.

JAKE

You've got to stop following me around. The press is going to mistake you for a groupie.

Anna glares at him.

ANNA

Because of you, I have circles under my eyes this morning.

Jake holds up his hands in surrender.

JAKE

Guilty. I still snore like a grizzly bear.

The two working girls, Red and Morning Dew are in the booth behind Jake. Anna points at them. Jake turns around and smiles at Red. She frowns at him.

RED

We're off the clock, Pal.

Anna leans across the table.

ANNA

She doesn't even remember you.

JAKE

Fifteen years in the show, two World Series rings, four times on the All-Star team -- you'd think she recognize the famous Jake MacCook.

Red and Morning Dew finish their coffee and get up to leave, but Red hears this last comment. She approaches their table.

RED

Jake? Jake "Flash" MacCook?

Jake holds out his hand.

JAKE

You betcha.

RED

Thanks for the room and the dough,  
but we don't give rain checks for  
no-shows.

The two leave. Anna makes a puzzled look.

JAKE

I have an image to uphold. What  
would those kids on the team think  
if they found out that I binge=  
watch Outlander and Downton Abby  
and do sunrise yoga instead of  
doing something like the "dew."

Jake points to the two working girls who can be seen getting  
into a taxi outside.

The waitress sets down the change tray and Anna holds out the  
coins for Jake but closes her fist before he can take them.  
He grabs her other hand and it turns into an arm wrestling  
match.

JAKE (CONT'D)

You still love the game, the  
passion, the challenge, the fight,  
don't you?

Anna's face is all determination, but there doesn't seem to  
be much effort from Jake.

JAKE (CONT'D)

You win and you come up to my hotel  
room tonight after my game and your  
speech.

Anna clenches her jaw. She's winning. Jake fakes a near  
defeat.

ANNA

And what's up in your room that's  
the prize? You still got all that  
candy?

Jake uses his free hand to point to himself.

ANNA (CONT'D)

You're the prize?

JAKE

You betcha.

ANNA

What's with this new "betcha" stuff?

JAKE

Spent five years in Minnesota with the Twins. Almost froze off those twin targets you hit yesterday.

Jake takes a deep breath and brings their arms even and starts to overcome her.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Every other word was either "ya", or "you betcha." If a pretty girl wants to make you dinner and maybe more, you say, "ya" and "you betcha."

ANNA

You could also say, no?

Jake has almost pinned her arm to the table.

JAKE

You never did.

Anna starts a comeback, moving their arms upright.

ANNA

I should have and I did have the strength to do it in the end.

Jake is surprised by her strength.

ANNA (CONT'D)

So if I win, you're the prize? You win, I'm the prize?

JAKE

You betcha. It's a win-win proposition.

A few moments later, the arm wrestling match is over and Jake rubs his shoulder.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Not nice to pull that trick.

ANNA

My husband taught me that. He could also tear a phone book in half.

JAKE  
Big strong guy?

Anna shakes her head.

ANNA  
Average, but safe and secure.

JAKE  
You dumped me for safe and secure?  
How did that work out for you?

ANNA  
Safe and secure got me a husband  
back in a body bag in too many  
pieces to count.

JAKE  
Sorry.

She lowers her head into her hands.

ANNA  
I can't believe I said that.

Jake gently strokes her hand.

JAKE  
I could be safe and secure. I could  
be average.

Anna looks up, shakes her head, smiles and grabs her purse.

ANNA  
Neither one of us is average. You  
sleep with Kardashians and I have  
dinner with the President.

JAKE  
Are sure you didn't get that  
backwards? I thought I found some  
of Walker's hair on my pillow last  
night.

Anna notices flashing lights and sprints out of the coffee shop.

EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT -- CONTINUOUS

The motorcade pulls into the hotel driveway just as Anna runs out to the foyer. A frantic Wilma paces back and forth.

WILMA  
Where were you?

She starts circling Anna, performing an inspection.

WILMA (CONT'D)  
Is he gone? I don't want Walker to  
see you with him.

ANNA  
I thought you didn't know where I  
was.

WILMA  
My sources tell me that he leaves a  
trail of beer cans, bras, and  
broken hearts.

ANNA  
He's a baseball player, but you  
make it sound like I just slept  
with a Republican.

WILMA  
You slept with him?

ANNA  
College. A different girl. Today it  
was coffee. We were having coffee.  
Relax.

WILMA  
After we got those horrible  
pictures quashed...

ANNA  
We?

WILMA  
Did anyone see you? Who knows about  
you and this -- baseball player?  
Wait, America's heartland loves  
baseball. Maybe this won't be so  
bad.

A dark SUV pulls in first and two secret service agents get  
out. One of them comes back to the limo and opens the door.  
As Anna steps into the limo, she looks back at Wilma.

ANNA  
You betcha.

INT. LIMO -- DAY

Anna sits across from a smiling and confident, PRESIDENT WALKER (70s) which has forced Wilma and Drew tightly into the side seat.

WALKER  
Enjoying your tour through your  
homeland...the Midwest?

ANNA  
You say "Midwest" like it is dog  
poop on your shoe, Mr. President.

Walker looks down at his shoes for a moment, then pats the file on his lap.

WALKER  
Pretty impressive party fund  
raising for a Senator.

Walker leans over and taps her arm.

WALKER (CONT'D)  
Shouldn't even need a list. If it  
were all up to me...

ANNA  
Mr. President, I'd expect no less  
either way.

WALKER  
Have you talked to Sarah yet?

ANNA  
That's my next stop. I don't know  
who is more frightening...

Anna straightens her skirt.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
...my daughter or the press.

WALKER  
Welcome to the fishbowl, Anna.

INT. NOTRE DAME LAW LIBRARY -- DAY

It's a circus of reporters, secret service agents, and the city's elite. President Walker finishes his speech.

WALKER

Notre Dame is more than just these majestic halls of learning, volumes of great works...

He gestures toward the shelves of thick books.

WALKER (CONT'D)

... it's also the home of the Fighting Irish. Here's to another winning season.

The crowd breaks out into APPLAUSE. Walker moves away from the podium and is quickly surrounded by REPORTERS.

REPORTER#1

Mr. President, does Senator Anna Rhodes presence today mean that you've chosen her to replace Vice-President Short.

The group of reporters turn toward Anna who has been standing along one of the walls in front of a door. Walker holds up a hand.

WALKER

It's a little early to be talking about replacing him when he hasn't even resigned...

Walker heads over to Anna and the cameras start FLASHING. The secret service agents usher Walker out of the room and Anna stands almost frozen as the crowd follows the President and his group.

Anna takes a big breath and watches the room empty. The door behind her opens a crack and Anna turns quickly around. Jake holds a finger up to his lips.

JAKE

Shhh...

He pulls her into the room.

INT. LAW LIBRARY STUDY ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Anna looks around frantically.

ANNA

We'll be spotted.

He pulls out a Tasmanian "She-Devil" baseball cap and puts it on her head.

JAKE  
Your disguise. Let's duck out of  
here.

ANNA  
Where?

JAKE  
One more time around the block  
barefoot before the circus begins?

ANNA  
I've already got my shoes on and  
lots of clown suits to pack.

He holds a finger up to her lips.

JAKE  
Shhh...

He traces the finger down to her chin.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
The circus tent is down for another  
day.

Anna closes her eyes and he kisses her passionately. He slips  
a hotel key into her coat pocket.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Come to my room tonight.

Anna is still in a trance, but starts shaking her head.

ANNA  
Jake, I've got to be honest.

JAKE  
I'm a stupid ballplayer and you're  
a political shooting star. We've  
got a few things to work out.

ANNA  
First, there is no "we". Second, I  
already have a full plate with the  
election. Third, I've got a  
daughter to consider, and fourth...

Jake places a finger on her lips again.

JAKE  
Don't need a fourth, only three  
strikes in baseball.

He gives her a tender kiss on the cheek.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Take care of yourself, Madam Vice-  
President.

INT. ANNA'S HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Anna packs her bags while an anxious Wilma gathers things and tosses them to her. She places the last thing in her suitcase and then reaches into her pocket.

ANNA  
I've got an errand.

Wilma stops and grabs her cell phone. She traces down the page with a searching finger.

WILMA  
No, no errand.

Anna gives a hearty tug on the suitcase zipper.

ANNA  
It's personal, Wilma Mankiller  
Jones.

Wilma looks surprised by the use of her complete name. She studies Anna.

WILMA  
That baseball guy?

Anna nods as she picks an imaginary piece of lint from her dress.

ANNA  
A quick good-bye.

Anna heads for the door. Wilma stands with both hands on his hips and sporting a serious frown.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Don't worry, I said quick.

She runs back and gives Wilma a quick kiss on the cheek.

WILMA  
That's why I'm worried -- they call  
him "Flash".

INT. JAKE'S HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

There's a SNAP of a towel as groupie #1 runs out of the bathroom wearing only a tiny cheap hotel towel. She laughs as she tumbles onto the bed. There is a KNOCK on the door and she bounces up.

GROUPIE#1

I got it.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

The door opens to a surprised Anna. She glances down at the key in her hand and back at the door.

ANNA

Six one five. Is this Jake MacCook's room?

GROUPIE#1

Sure, it's Flash's room -- who are you?

Anna makes an abrupt turn and storms down the hall. The door to the next room opens and a surprised and towel-clad Jake steps into the hall. The groupie giggles and ducks back into her room and closes the door.

Jake spots Anna and runs after her.

JAKE

Anna.

Anna stops and looks back at Jake. She shakes her head and continues.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Wait, Anna -- it's not...

Anna stops again and faces him.

ANNA

Not what it seems? That's just Buffi with an "I" right?

Jake points in the other direction.

JAKE

It's not -- the way out.

Anna stops, looks both directions then turns around. She holds her head up high and struts past Jake. He grabs her arm as she passes.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Let me explain?

Anna looks hard at Jake and his towel. In a swift and fluid motion, she grabs his towel and pulls the open door shut.

ANNA  
Third strike.

Anna quickly ducks into the opening elevator while a naked Jake POUNDS on the next door.

EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

Anna and Wilma wait for the driver to load their bags into the trunk. Pete stands to the side smoking a cigarette. Anna looks over at him as Wilma moves to oversee the loading of the bags.

ANNA  
Those things will kill you.

PETE  
I quit every year.

Pete tosses the butt away.

PETE (CONT'D)  
Start up again every season.

Pete comes closer and gestures toward the bags being loaded into the trunk.

PETE (CONT'D)  
Going to miss the game tomorrow,  
Senator?

ANNA  
Only twelve percent of females are  
baseball fans. I'm not one of them.

PETE  
Too bad. Jake really got some  
exercise tonight running around  
naked in the halls. He'll probably  
pitch his best game tomorrow.

Pete rushes around her to open up the door.

PETE (CONT'D)  
Don't get to ride in limos much  
anymore. Mind if I tag along to the  
airport?

Pete doesn't wait for an answer and hops inside. He pokes his head out.

PETE (CONT'D)

Great bar at the airport. I'll buy you a drink while we wait for your flight.

INT. LIMO -- CONTINUOUS

Pete stretches out across from Anna.

PETE

This is nice.

ANNA

You're going to tell me that Jake is a great guy, he doesn't really chase women -- it's all a front for a heart of gold? He's so much more under the surface?

Pete shakes his head.

PETE

Nope, nothing deeper there and he's been around the block barefoot so many times that he's got blisters -- but Jake is the best friend a guy like me could ask for.

ANNA

Your honesty is refreshing, but Jake is a cliché. He was twenty years ago and nothing has changed. I'm the one that got away -- and I emphasize the word -- one. I know Jake's angle. He gets some good press with me and he's back to the majors.

Pete drops his head.

PETE

He's not going back up. That shoulder is shot. Jake knows it.

ANNA

What's he doing down here in the farm league?

PETE

They're forcing him to play. He has to complete his contract or he gets nothing.

The limo pulls up and Anna opens the door.

ANNA

Money, fame, and women. It's all Jake ever wanted. He's had it all. He doesn't need me.

PETE

What about you? What do you need?

ANNA

The Prince is not judged by his words or deeds, but by the people he surrounds himself with.

Pete nods.

PETE

Purple Rain.

Anna has one foot out of the car, but turns back and kisses Pete on the cheek.

ANNA

Machiavelli. He also said that the difference between adults and children is that a child is only crazy for love.

INT. COLLEGE COFFEE SHOP -- DAY

From afar there doesn't seem to be much resemblance between Anna and the black-clad, coed with streaks of purple in her black hair.

SARAH RHODES (19) sits across from her mother, but on a closer look, we see the same mouth that is quick to a smile and killer dark eyes.

Sara pours sugar on the table and makes some swirls with her mess while Anna stares into her own coffee cup.

ANNA

Tell me about this Brad.

SARAH

He makes me smile. A lot.

Anna looks out the window and beams at this thought. Sarah watches her mother's face switch back into serious business mode.

ANNA  
I thought some basic stats would be nice.

SARAH  
My mom, the "numbers" lady. One head, two arms, two legs...

Sarah makes a small caricature out of the sugar. She's drawing the groin area.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
... do I go on?

Anna shakes her head. She adds a little more milk to her coffee. Very slowly - stalling.

ANNA  
You've read the recent press?

SARAH  
Propaganda for the ignorant masses.

Now Sarah fashions a big ugly face with the sugar.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Brad tells me stuff. He's addicted to the screen.

ANNA  
About me and the Vice-Presidency?

SARAH  
Thought I'd hear it from you.

ANNA  
I've texted you a dozen times.

Sarah leans back in the booth and puts her hands behind her head.

SARAH  
Brad said that you've become a baseball fan? Anything else you want to tell me?

Anna looks like a deer stuck in the headlights. Her face turns red.

ANNA

Nothing.

Anna starts playing with the sugar to the amusement of Sarah.

EXT. BALLPARK PARKING LOT -- DAY

The team bus loads outside the stadium tunnel at another ballpark. Jake is at the end of a line of players leaving the stadium tunnel. A huffing Pete catches up with him.

PETE

Hey, Flash.

Jake stops and sets his gear bag down.

JAKE

Take it easy. No room on the bus  
for a casket.

Pete bends over for a moment and catches his breath. He reaches into his bag and pulls out an airplane ticket.

PETE

I was wondering if maybe you'd like  
to fly home instead?

Jake takes the ticket and opens it up. He studies it, frowns and hands it back to Pete.

JAKE

Home for me is Washington State,  
not DC. This is in the wrong  
direction.

PETE

The head office thought you might  
be willing do a few publicity stops  
on the way home.

Pete tries to grab another breath.

PETE (CONT'D)

Then you get a first class ticket  
home and some nice bucks for  
expenses.

Jake reaches into his bag and pulls out a folded up newspaper. There is a headline that says "WALKER MAY TAKE THE HIGH RHODES"

JAKE

Got anything to do with this?

Pete opens it up to display a flattering picture of Anna with the President.

PETE

It's only a quick fund-raiser. The guys upstairs want just one picture with her.

Jake looks at the picture of Anna again and the ticket.

JAKE

Big bucks?

PETE

Could get you noticed.

Jake takes the tickets out of Pete's hand. He throws them onto the ground.

JAKE

I've already paid my dues. I'm throwing good shit out there. Our opener was sold out.

Pete struggles to pick them up.

PETE

You're right. Shitty idea. Six letter word for me -- stupid, stupid, stupid.

Pete hits his forehead with the ticket envelope. Jake looks at Pete. It's a look of pure pity.

JAKE

Never did get a chance to say goodbye.

Pete brightens up and swivels around.

PETE

And the company got you a limo, a suite at the JW Marriott, a tux -- you'll look like a million bucks.

Jake tucks the tickets into his leather jacket.

JAKE

Tux, huh? If I remember correctly, Anna is very critical about proper attire.

PETE

You'll go?

JAKE

You betcha.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM -- NIGHT

The room is full of banquet tables, all of them littered with the remains of an elegant meal. The guests are in a state of flux - some are still seated and others are mingling around an open bar.

A large double door opens onto a patio where we can see Anna standing beside President Walker who holds court with the press and a small amount of guests that are allowed through the open doors and around a lily pond.

Jake sits at a table on the far side of the room with two cigar puffing BUSINESSMEN. Jake picks at his plate as he tries to pay attention to both the businessmen while darting glances at Anna.

JAKE

You'd think for a hundred bucks,  
they'd throw in some dessert.

BUSINESSMAN #1

Tonight's not about eating.

The second businessman points to a group of people that they know and gives Jake a hearty slap on the back.

BUSINESSMAN #2

Not about eating food at all. Look  
at Walker's people taking out those  
suckers over there.

Jake looks at the group and sees nothing unusual. There are two nicely dressed young men and four older women - all laughing and appearing to be enjoying themselves.

BUSINESSMAN #1

When Walker's boys get done with  
them, they'll be picked to the  
bones.

Businessman #1 stabs the remains of his cornish game hen and holds it up with glee. Jake shakes his head and backs up his chair.

JAKE

Gentlemen, it's been a pleasure.

Jake glances at his watch and gets up.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
It's getting a little late for a  
country boy like me.

Both men jump up together and smash out their cigars. They grab Jake by each arm.

BUSINESSMAN #1  
It's only eight, west coast time  
and I promised my bud, Walter that  
I'd introduce you to President  
Walker and get a pic.

BUSINESSMAN #2  
The "prez" is a huge big baseball  
fan.

They both steer him like a farm animal toward the open patio door.

EXT. HOTEL PATIO COURTYARD -- CONTINUOUS

Anna looks understated in her simple, yet elegant black gown. She is controlled and poised as different groups of guests are introduced by President Walker.

Every once and a while, an aide makes a gesture to the press and they take a photo of the President or Anna shaking someone's hand.

With another wave from the aide, they sink back into the shadows, making their way carefully around the lily pond.

Anna whispers to Walker as a group returns back into the room.

ANNA  
Plastics. Big dough in plastics  
today.

WALKER  
I could feel it on his hands.

ANNA  
The money or the plastic?

Anna offers a slight giggle as she greets an older couple, MABEL AND ARTHUR.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Mabel, Arthur.

She gives a light kiss on the cheek to Mabel.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I had no idea you were in town.

Arthur pushes Mabel aside to give Anna a big hug.

ARTHUR

It's the only way I get to see my  
Senator.

ANNA

That's not fair. I'll be home  
Monday for three weeks.

MABEL

About time. We were beginning to  
wonder if you forgot where Oklahoma  
was located on a map.

An aide gestures for a photograph and Anna puts them between  
her and the President.

ANNA

How about a quick pic?

ARTHUR

Never hurts the campaign to be seen  
with a couple of Medicare  
recipients eh?

The cameras FLASH and Anna gives Arthur a kiss on the cheek  
too.

ANNA

I doubt you'd need Medicare with  
your name on the new Tulsa  
hospital.

Arthur leans into the kiss with glee.

EXT. HOTEL PATIO COURTYARD -- CONTINUOUS

Jake's escorts get him to the patio door. The trio are  
immediately granted access onto the patio and guided around  
the pond toward Walker and Anna. The aide perks up with the  
approach of Jake.

He gives a nod to one of the photographers who doesn't wait  
for the perfect moment and takes a quick SHOT.

Jake jumps backwards in surprise and lands in the pond with a  
SPLASH.

Cameras FLASH as a wake of water cascades over Anna. She SCREAMS and dashes toward the door.

INT. OUTSIDE HOTEL ELEVATOR -- CONTINUOUS

Anna drips onto the marble floor as Wilma frantically pushes the "UP" button. Jake runs after her, also leaving a trail of water.

JAKE

Hold up, Anna. I've got to ask you something.

Wilma keeps on pressing the button.

WILMA

No, no, no. The press will be here any second.

Anna turns and confronts Jake. She takes a deep breath and stands tall. It's a big speech moment.

ANNA

Jake, we've got to face the facts. Fifty percent of marriages end in divorce. Pro athletes, over seventy percent. We're like oil and water...

The elevator door opens and Jake steps in and pulls Anna with him.

JAKE

Save the numbers for your campaign, I was only wondering if I could dry off in your room. I'm already checked out of the hotel.

INT. ANNA'S HOTEL ROOM -- LATER

Anna comes out of the bathroom in a big fluffy robe. She dries her hair with a towel. Jake stands at the window clad in just a towel.

ANNA

You look just like the naked guy reported at my last hotel, but if you'd remove that towel, I could be sure.

Jake starts to undo the towel.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Down boy.

JAKE  
Seems to be the position I'm always  
in around you, Senator.

ANNA  
Gotten pretty used to being on top?

JAKE  
I'd be happy to yield the floor to  
the Senator from Oklahoma.

Jake goes over to the bed, sits down and bounces once.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
One more time around the block  
barefoot?

He pats the spot next to him.

ANNA  
Or maybe one last run down the  
hallway naked?

Anna sits in the desk chair instead.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
I'd apologize if I didn't think  
your innocence was a rare occasion.

She picks up the phone and dials a few numbers.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
(into the phone)  
Clothes for room eight three two?

She replaces the phone and pours herself a glass of water.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Ten minutes.

JAKE  
Plenty of time for the Flash.

Anna holds up an imaginary camera and makes a CLICK sound.

ANNA  
Speaking of a flash...

JAKE  
You remember that my Mom was a  
photographer?

Anna nods.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
She basically captured every moment  
of my childhood with a antique  
flash Brownie camera.

ANNA  
The ones with the pop out bulbs?

JAKE  
You betcha. Real hot pop out bulbs.  
She would click, wind, pop out, and  
then reload -- all in seconds.

Jake gets up from the bed and picks an apple out of a fruit  
basket on the desk. He takes a bite of it and starts chewing.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
I got hit so many times with those  
bulbs that my mom would yell  
"Flash" after the picture and I'd  
duck.

He stops chewing, looks at the apple and tosses it in the  
trash.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Still a natural reaction, when I  
see a flash -- I jump. Wasn't a  
problem in high school or college -  
day games and no flash. In the  
pros, they take pictures day and  
night - and love giving out stupid  
nicknames.

ANNA  
Must be tough while you're  
pitching.

JAKE  
Too far away.

Jake looks at Anna. Her robe is slightly open and her hair is  
sexy in its state of disarray. He moves closer to the desk.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Gotta be close to get to me.

Anna looks at him in his towel. For an aging ballplayer, the  
towel fits well. She smiles and sets down the glass of water.

ANNA  
How close?

He pulls her up into his arms and holds her tightly. There is a KNOCK at the door. Anna pops out of the trance and breaks away from his embrace. She dashes to the bathroom.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
That's Wilma. Tell her I'll be out  
in five.

Anna closes the bathroom door as Jake opens the door to a frantic Wilma holding their evening attire.

WILMA  
You two close to being ready?

JAKE  
Very close, before you interrupted.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM -- NIGHT

Jake and Anna enter the ballroom. They have changed back into their dry formal wear. CONVERSATION in the nearby area stops and all eyes are on the pair.

The group of photographers from the patio are huddled around President Walker at the front of the room but they take notice and start moving toward Anna and Jake.

ANNA  
One picture and you're outta here?

JAKE  
That was the deal. Little promo for  
the ball club. Got a red eye home  
with a first class ticket.

ANNA  
Glad to see you're getting what you  
came for.

JAKE  
First class, full fare. No penalty  
for changes.

Anna spots a group that she knows and gives a polite wave.

ANNA  
Looks like they made it worth your  
while.

JAKE  
Too obvious?

Anna continues surveying the room. The photographers are closing in on the pair and look for a sign. Anna waves them over.

ANNA  
Too tempting.

Jake brightens up just as the photographers arrive and the shot is picture perfect.

JAKE  
I'd be happy to oblige.

He doesn't even flinch with the FLASH of their cameras.

INT. ANNA'S HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

The evening activities are over and Anna, Wilma and Jake flow into the room. Jake lays down on the closest bed and stretches out.

JAKE  
This is cozy. Just the three of us.

Wilma doesn't notice the inference. She is busy organizing Anna's suitcase.

WILMA  
Early flight -- let's get this done tonight.

Anna walks over to Wilma and gently touches her arm.

ANNA  
I can handle it.

Wilma straightens up and takes notice of Jake.

WILMA  
This won't do.

She looks sternly at Anna.

WILMA (CONT'D)  
He was just supposed to wait until the car comes.

Anna herds Wilma toward the connecting doors.

ANNA  
You should get a good night's sleep.

WILMA

My sources say that there could be reporters.

ANNA

We'll keep our feet on the ground.

Wilma looks over at Jake again. Jake flips his shoes off in defiance. Anna holds onto the door handle.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Would you feel better if I left this open?

Wilma pivots and slips through the door. She closes the door with a SLAM. Anna turns toward Jake and picks up a towel from the floor.

ANNA (CONT'D)

She's just doing her job.

JAKE

You're going to have to show me her job description someday.

ANNA

Wilma is so much more than my assistant. Over forty percent of her job comprises issues related to...

Anna unties his bowtie.

ANNA (CONT'D)

You should have told me that night that you had loaned out your hotel room to another player.

Anna sits down next to him on the bed. Jake takes her hand in his.

JAKE

Not everything has to be a Senate inquiry.

ANNA

We have to talk about this.

JAKE

What's this?

Anna points to Jake and herself.

ANNA  
This. You and me. The campaign. Our  
differences.

JAKE  
You mean I like plastic and you  
like paper?

ANNA  
Gun control, foreign trade, charter  
schools.

Anna shakes her head sadly.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
It's not that we don't agree, it's  
that we don't even know what we do  
or don't agree on.

JAKE  
Is there a you and me?

ANNA  
I don't know. Maybe.

JAKE  
When can I see you again?

ANNA  
I'm meeting with Walker tomorrow.

JAKE  
Does seeing you again depend on  
that?

ANNA  
It's complicated. They do a  
packaging sort of thing.

JAKE  
You've got to get me approved?

ANNA  
I've worked my whole life to get  
here. There's more at stake than a  
shiny ring.

Jake looks down at his World Series ring. He pulls it off his  
finger and tosses it the bed before grabbing his clothes.

JAKE  
Keep it. It's gold. Consider it a  
campaign contribution.

As he head for the door Anna grabs his arm.

ANNA

Wait.

Jake stops and looks in her eyes. She drops her hand. He walks out the door.

INT. BLAIR HOUSE DINING ROOM -- DAY

Anna looks nervous as she sits alone in a small private dining room. The table is set for two. She touches the flowers in a small vase and leans forward to smell them.

A side door opens, she jumps up, spilling the flowers, vase, and water. The water runs down her skirt. President Walker runs to her aid, but the water spills onto his pant leg.

WALKER

Looks like we're in for a wet ride.

Anna quickly discards the wet napkin and recovers with a firm handshake.

ANNA

Mr. President, I didn't get a chance to apologize last night.

Walker gestures for her to sit down and she is relieved to be able to hide her skirt.

WALKER

That's not why I asked you to breakfast. In the next few weeks, I'll announce you for replacement for VP Short and then...

Walker surprises Anna by topping off her coffee before filling his own.

ANNA

Your running mate.

WALKER

You in?

ANNA

No rules or conditions? I don't have to bring Drew the broomstick of the wicked witch of the west?

WALKER  
Lately Drew has been requiring the  
firstborn male child.

Anna tries to stifle a GIGGLE with no luck.

WALKER (CONT'D)  
If you want it, it's yours.

ANNA  
You betcha -- I mean, I'm honored,  
Mr. President.

INT. ANNA'S OFFICE -- DAY

Wilma and Anna jump up and down and hug each other. Wilma  
holds her at arm's length.

WILMA  
You did it.

Anna pulls her close and hugs her.

ANNA  
We did it.

Wilma pulls away.

WILMA  
I don't want to hold you back.  
You've got to consider the whole  
country. One Native American is  
okay but put me next to you and we  
look like a PowWow.

Anna pulls her into another hug.

ANNA  
I don't care what they think. You  
got me this far and we're going  
there together. I realize that only  
two percent of the population are  
Indigenous People, but...

WILMA  
What about Drew?

ANNA  
I don't think he's Native American,  
but he's going to be on a warpath.

INT. DREW MCALLISTER'S OFFICE -- DAY

Anna and Wilma are dwarfed by the amount of dry-erase boards, computer printouts, and empty fast food containers in this office. Drew writes frantically on a dry-erase board.

DREW  
Stylist, speech writers, travel  
planner. Confirmation hearings.

He looks sternly over at Wilma.

DREW (CONT'D)  
You're getting this, right?

Wilma looks over at Anna for approval. Anna gets up and looks at the board.

ANNA  
I'm not sure about all this.

Drew attacks.

DREW  
You said yes. You told the big guy  
that you're in. Now you belong to  
me.

ANNA  
I've been through four elections.

Now Drew has his victim.

DREW  
You lost one of those. That won't  
happen on my watch. I tell you what  
to wear, what to say.

Drew sits on the edge of the desk and towers over Wilma and Anna. An empty fast food bag drops to the floor.

DREW (CONT'D)  
I tell you what to eat, where to  
sleep. I don't lose elections and  
this will be the shortest  
confirmation hearing in history.

Drew looks down at Wilma who has now been frightened into scrolling down screen on her cell phone.

DREW (CONT'D)  
You've got three weeks to put your  
affairs in order and organize your  
life, and then...

Drew pauses and makes eye contact with Anna for emphasis.

ANNA

Three weeks. Less than three percent of workers get more than two weeks of vacation.

DREW

Call it whatever you want, but after that, the campaign is your life and I control it.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE DREW'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Wilma is still shaken from the encounter with Drew. Anna tries to calm her.

WILMA

An animal. An absolute barbarian.

ANNA

I think he heard that.

Wilma jumps slightly but notices Anna's smile.

WILMA

You didn't tell him about Sarah or Jake.

ANNA

You heard Drew. I have three weeks to sort all of that out.

WILMA

Is this part of your sorting?

Wilma pulls out a plane ticket along with a ticket to a baseball game from her laptop bag and holds them up.

WILMA (CONT'D)

These were in your computer case.

ANNA

Three weeks -- my first vacation in years. I think I'll see some of our country and catch a few games. Plus, Sarah is up there with Brad.

WILMA

Seeing Jake is not what Drew meant about putting your affairs in order.

Anna snatches the tickets from Wilma.

ANNA  
No crime in enjoying America's  
number one pastime.

She takes off down the hall HUMMING. Wilma scampers after her.

WILMA  
You mean baseball, right?

EXT. BALLPARK PARKING LOT -- DAY

Jake walks comfortably out of the tunnel after a game. A couple of kids wait at the top of the tunnel, but one is much taller than the rest - it's Anna in a "She Devil" baseball cap that Jake gave her and sunglasses.

Jake stops for a few autographs.

JAKE  
Enjoy the game, guys?

KID#1  
When you were with the Marlins, did  
you get to meet Sandy Alcántara?

KID#2  
What's it like to pitch to Stanton?

Jake signs some autographs, but darts a glance at Anna who is in the shadows. Finally, the kids get what they want and drift away. She wears the World Series ring.

JAKE  
You lost, Senator Rhodes? Didn't  
think you like baseball.

Anna holds out a notepad.

ANNA  
Anna with two "A"s, please.

Anna takes off the World Series ring and hands it to him.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Can we talk?

Jake puts the ring slowly back on his finger.

JAKE

Not much of a talker, but if you're open to some other ideas, I know just the place.

EXT. MOUNTAIN STREAM -- DAY

Anna and Jake sit beside a bubbling mountain stream.

JAKE

How much time do you have?

ANNA

A few weeks before the hearings and then Walker makes the official announcement for his reelection with me on the ticket.

JAKE

Then the circus begins.

Anna grabs a few pebbles and starts skipping them into the stream.

ANNA

I start walking the tightrope.

JAKE

Am I the safety net or the breeze that can tumble you?

ANNA

Both.

Anna gets up and starts to run toward a little footbridge crossing the river.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Last one to the cabin cooks dinner.

Jake catches up with her just as she reaches the bridge, but the bridge is too narrow for both to cross at the same time. With a giant leap, Jake almost spans the stream.

His last step is partially in the stream and he sprays both of them with water.

INT. JAKE'S RUSTIC CABIN -- CONTINUOUS

Jake fries some fish while Anna comes out of the bedroom, tying her robe. The large room contains a comfy seating area around the fireplace and a small kitchenette.

ANNA

I guess I should always bring a change of clothes when I'm around you.

Jake stops his culinary arts and loops his arm around her waist.

JAKE

Or no clothes at all.

He gives her a kiss on the neck as some SMOKE starts rising from the pan.

JAKE (CONT'D)

You're hot.

A few flames start to pop up in the pan.

ANNA

You're on fire.

JAKE

I know.

Anna pushes him away, and runs toward the stove. Jake walks casually to the kitchen sink and gets out a fire extinguisher.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Happens all the time. I make everyone hot.

Jake cleans up the remains of the burnt and foamed dinner while Anna puts a couple of frozen dinners into the microwave. She crosses the room and notices a photograph of a beautiful blonde holding a golden retriever.

ANNA

Buffi? Buffi with an "I"?

Jake nods his head.

ANNA (CONT'D)

She got the baseball I signed?

Another nod.

ANNA (CONT'D)

She's quite beautiful.

JAKE

You betcha.

Jake walks over and admires the photograph.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Especially with a baseball in her  
mouth.

Jake turns the photo toward Anna. We can now see that the dog has a baseball in her mouth. Anna breaks out into a grin.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
That's my sister, Karen holding  
her. We share custody of Buffi  
during baseball season.

Anna picks up a pile of straps with buckles. She inspects it.

ANNA  
I hope this leash belongs to Buffi  
and isn't some sex toy.

Jake brightens as he places his arm in one of the loops.

JAKE  
I invented this while in physical  
therapy. It lets me hit the ball  
when my shoulder is frozen. I'm  
testing it on some kids with  
muscular dystrophy.

Anna looks at another photograph on the wall. It's Jake with a team of disabled kids.

ANNA  
You never got married? Never had  
any kids?

JAKE  
No to both -- too scared.

ANNA  
As you should be. Wilma and Sarah  
are flying in tomorrow. Sarah's  
boyfriend, Brad had an interview at  
Microsoft today.

JAKE  
Meeting the kid. Are we getting  
serious?

Anna grabs her clothes and heads to the bedroom.

ANNA  
I want you to see the whole package  
before you decide.

Jake doesn't wait for more of an invitation and sprints to the bedroom.

EXT. BASEBALL STADIUM -- DAY

Anna, Wilma and Sarah sit in the stands, behind home plate and a few rows up. Jake pitches what may be another win for the home team. Wilma keeps score and rarely looks up.

SARAH  
He's got a nice bod, Mom.

ANNA  
Sarah, it's not like that.

SARAH  
That's not what my sources say.

Sarah leans forward and gives Wilma a wink. Sarah studies Jake a little more intensely. She turns and looks at her mom. Anna wears her baseball hat.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Not bad for an old jock.

ANNA  
He's more than just a ball player.  
He was a bright med student when  
the offer came.

WILMA  
You know that there is an inverse  
relationship between intelligence  
and sports ability.

Wilma gives Sarah a little wink and bump on the shoulder. Anna didn't seem to hear it as she watches Jake throw the final strike. Both Wilma and Sarah notice her interest. The crowd goes crazy as he racks up another win for the team.

EXT. STADIUM TUNNEL -- CONTINUOUS

Members of the team are filtering out and heading toward their cars. Jake is one of the last out and is surprised by a group of reporters.

REPORTER#1  
Jake, Hey Flash.

There are a few FLASHES and CLICKS from the cameras as Jake moves toward the group. Jake jumps slightly but recovers quickly.

REPORTER#2

Jake, a few words?

Jake throws his gear bag over his shoulder and approaches the group. He is beaming from the attention.

JAKE

Enjoy the game? Tonight we travel to play the Oklahoma City Dodgers.

REPORTER#1

Actually, we didn't catch the game.

Jake appears confused, but as he looks carefully at each reporter, he notices that they are not dressed like the normal sports writers. These guys are political reporters.

REPORTER#2

We'd like to ask you about Senator Rhodes.

REPORTER#1

How long have you known the Senator?

REPORTER#3

Do you think Walker will ask Senator Rhodes to be his replacement for former VP Short and his new running mate?

Jake turns back to the tunnel just as the grate is being brought down. He looks back toward the team bus and the path is blocked by the reporters.

REPORTER#1

Jake, have you spoken to Senator Rhodes...

Jake walks back to the reporters and faces the group.

JAKE

Sorry guys, thought I forgot something. Now what were your questions?

Anna, Sarah and Wilma walk at a fast pace across the parking lot toward Jake and the group.

REPORTER#1

The Senator?

Anna and Wilma arrive just as the reporters start to get fired up.

JAKE

If you don't mind, we have a plane to catch to our next game in Oklahoma City and this lady here is the real star today.

Jake makes a half bow to Anna and a graceful exit as the reporters surround Anna. She gives him a wave goodbye as he strides toward the bus. He tips his baseball cap then jumps onto the bus.

REPORTER#1

Is your appearance here mean that you and Jake MacCook are serious?

ANNA

What is serious is that almost half of the suicide deaths in children and teens are by firearms. Over nineteen thousand...

INT. ANNA'S DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

The dining room is casual, warm, and decorated in contemporary country. Sarah holds the hand of a handsome young man, BRAD (20s.) Anna gets up to start clearing some of the dishes.

ANNA

How did your interview last week go?

Brad reaches down and gets some papers from his backpack.

BRAD

Here's Microsoft's offer.

Jake studies the contract and WHISTLES.

JAKE

This is three times what a starting ballplayer makes.

BRAD

Look at the stock options.

Brad flips to the last page.

BRAD (CONT'D)

I've got to give them an answer in a week.

Anna motions for Sarah to meet her in the kitchen.

INT. ANNA'S KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

The kitchen is off the dining room through a swinging door. It is warm and inviting. Anna removes two pies from the oven as Sarah stacks the dishwasher.

ANNA  
This is wonderful news.

SARAH  
That offer was for Brad. I'm not moving there.

ANNA  
I thought you two were getting serious.

Sarah closes the dishwasher.

SARAH  
You thought wrong. What about Jake? You knew him in college?

ANNA  
Before I met your dad.

SARAH  
You and a jock. I can't believe it.

ANNA  
He wanted to go into sports medicine, but didn't have the money.

SARAH  
He chased the big bucks.

Sarah closes the dishwasher and sets it to run as Anna finishes cutting the pie and placing pieces with a scoop of ice cream on small plates.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Do you think he'd give everything up for you?

ANNA  
Why do you ask?

Sarah picks up all four plates with the expertise of a waitress.

SARAH  
Dad did. It got him killed.

INT. ANNA'S DINING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Sarah comes back into the room with the dessert. Anna follows with coffee.

JAKE

If you need some place to stay while you're getting settled, I've got a nice cabin at the lake and I'm never there.

BRAD

I might take you up on that. What's the rent?

JAKE

Actually, I have some computer work you could do for me in trade.

Sarah slams down the pie plates. Some of the pie spatters on Jake. He brushes it off.

SARAH

You've decided? That's it? You're moving there?

BRAD

The Microsoft offer is pretty good.

SARAH

What is with you men -- always chasing the big bucks?

Anna moves to the front of the table. It appears that she is about to address a large audience.

ANNA

Brad is just thinking of the future. It's a great job offer. You could transfer.

SARAH

Does everyone think they know what I should do?

She puts down her fork and picks up the plate, and then blasts through the kitchen door leaving it swinging.

EXT. ANNA'S BACKYARD GARDEN -- CONTINUOUS

Sarah squats in Anna's garden furiously pulling out weed after weed. Anna joins her and starts pulling a few out slowly. The moonlight softens her face.

ANNA

Say the word, and I'll tell Walker that I'm out.

SARAH

You'd do that for me?

ANNA

I'm become a Senator to help our people—your destiny. As Vice-president, I'll be heard. But if I lose you in the process, then what was the use?

Anna brushes some dirt from Sarah's face.

ANNA (CONT'D)

We already lost so much.

SARAH

I didn't mean that about Dad. I know that he wanted to stay in combat and who would have thought he'd die protecting the Embassy?

Sarah glances back at the house.

SARAH (CONT'D)

How about that one? Is he a keeper?

ANNA

It's complicated.

Sarah shakes her head.

SARAH

It's a yes or no answer. Do you want him near you?

Anna shrugs her shoulders.

SARAH (CONT'D)

You're supposed to be this big powerful senator and you can't decide?

Sarah hugs her mom.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Brad and I are going out. Think about it and don't start weighing percentages or probabilities. Yes or no, okay?

INT. ANNA'S KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Anna pours Jake a cup of coffee.

ANNA

I like Brad. He'd be good for her.

Jake nuzzles her on the neck.

JAKE

Like I'm good for you.

Anna enjoys the affection but then turns serious.

ANNA

We need to talk.

Jake turns up the passion.

JAKE

Save it for the Senate floor.

She pushes him away.

ANNA

I'm serious. You need to decide if  
this is what you want.

He pulls her close to him.

JAKE

This is what I want. If prancing  
around in a clown suit means that  
you and I go upstairs right now,  
then count me in.

He kisses her neck.

ANNA

It's not entirely up to me. There's  
Walker's people, Wilma, the  
party...

All further objections are muffled by Jake's kisses. She  
returns the kisses to his neck, down his chest.

JAKE

I'm in for the full game.

INT. ANNA'S OFFICE -- DAY

An uncomfortable Jake sits on the couch tossing Anna's Koosh  
ball into the air. He wears a cheap suit.

Anna finishes a phone conversation as Wilma arranges chairs in a semicircle around Anna's desk.

She frowns at Jake, walks over to him and awkwardly intercepts the next toss.

JAKE

Hey.

WILMA

Jake, this is important.

Jake gets up and starts following Wilma around the room. He mimics Wilma's strut behind his back much to the delight of Anna who tries to keep control on the phone.

ANNA

(into the phone)

In a few minutes -- I don't know --  
yes, he's here and he looks  
gorgeous.

She gives Jake a big wink. Jake takes a slight bow. Wilma brushes some lint off of Jake. He studies her.

JAKE

Wilma. After Wilma Flintstone?

WILMA

I was named after Wilma Mankiller,  
the first female chief of the  
Cherokee Nation.

Jake nods.

JAKE

Mankiller. Makes sense.

Wilma looks at Jake's suit.

WILMA

This is a summer suit and the color  
is so wrong for your skin tone.

JAKE

It's eighty degrees today. In  
Oklahoma that is summer.

WILMA

It's fall. Way too late for this  
suit regardless of the temperature.  
We'll go shopping next week if  
today goes well.

JAKE

No way.

Wilma puts a hand on Jake's arm and squeezes it.

WILMA

Like it or not, if Walker's people approve of you, we'll be together a lot during the next few months.

JAKE

What do you mean, "approve"?

Jake makes air quotes when he says the last word. Anna hangs up and looks seriously at Jake.

ANNA

I tried to talk about this last night. Walker's people need to decide if you'll be used as a campaign asset.

It is like tag-team fussing as Anna follows Wilma in circles around Jake and touches his suit.

ANNA (CONT'D)

If not, then we'll keep our relationship low-key. It will be hard -- we'll only get to see each other when I get a chance to rest. But, if you're a campaign asset, then you'll be able to travel with me after the season is over -- we'll be together. They'll be able to photograph us together -- you could help the numbers to our advantage.

Just then the office door blasts open as Drew and his team fill the room. Drew comes across the room and grabs Jake's hand and shakes it.

DREW

Flash.

A team of young political OPERATIVES (20s) in suits circle Jake and enter notes into iPad. Drew hands Anna a sheet of paper.

DREW (CONT'D)

It plays well with our focus group.  
Rekindled college romance.

(MORE)

DREW (CONT'D)

Here's the background on your relationship, Jake's political views, and your revised schedule.

Each team person gives Jake a sheet of paper. As quickly as they arrived the team and Drew leave. All three stare at the door.

ANNA

Welcome to the circus.

Jake stares at the pile of notes in his lap.

INT. ANNA'S DINING ROOM -- DAY

Anna sits at the table which contains stacks of papers, coffee cups, and the remains of morning snacks. Jake paces back and forth tossing the Koosh ball up in the air.

JAKE

That is an issue that the Senator feels strongly about and is best answered by Anna herself.

ANNA

Great. Referring to me as both the Senator and Anna are brilliant remarks. Now, on the issue of pro-life.

JAKE

That is an issue that the Senator...

Jake is interrupted by Wilma coming in from the kitchen laden with a stack of suits.

JAKE (CONT'D)

No way.

Anna gets up and takes the first suit off the pile. She unzips the case and holds it up to Jake.

ANNA

Honey, you'd look magnificent in these suits.

JAKE

What's wrong with my suits?

ANNA

I'd just like to see what you'd look like in these.

He leans over and whispers in her ear.

JAKE

I'd look even better in your sheets.

Anna gives him a playful slap on the hand.

ANNA

Down boy. Look how they bring out the blue in your eyes. Only eight percent of the people in the world have blue eyes.

JAKE

Don't try to handle me.

Jake tosses the suit back onto the table.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I saw the notes from the Walker people. Dark blue suits only. Keep it simple for the guy.

Anna unzips another case and brings out another blue suit.

ANNA

These will fit you like a glove.

Anna lets her hand sweep across Jake's buttocks as she brings the next suit up in front of him. She gives him a sly smile.

JAKE

Should have known better than to get involved with a politician.

EXT. MUNICIPAL LIBRARY -- DAY

Anna and Jake stand side by side on a stage next to a podium as a portly guy at the microphone introduces Anna. "Walker - Rhodes" posters are positioned behind them. Wilma sits in a chair toward the back of the stage.

A photographer crowds up to the front to take a picture. Jake gives him a warm smile and puts his arm around Anna.

The photographer motions for Jake to move aside. Jake steps to the right thinking the photographer wants just him. He strikes a pose.

The guy turns and takes a shot of Anna alone. The photographer gives Jake a "thumbs up" thanks.

Anna steps up to the mike and she takes it out of its holder. She walks closer to the edge of the stage to make eye contact with the audience.

ANNA

Thank you, Jim. Today is not just a day...

Wilma gets up from her chair and approaches Jake. She leans toward him and whispers in Jake's ear.

WILMA

(whispering)

Remember, always stand about two steps behind Anna when she's on the stage.

Jake nods and takes a couple more steps back. Jake spots some kids playing Frisbee on the lawn next to the stage. Jake hops down off the side of the stage and joins them.

ANNA

...with our literacy, only seventy-nine percent compared to the Ukraine that is over ninety-nine. Tomorrow must be a day for the children.

Jake is getting some great throws in as the kids scramble to catch the Frisbee.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Children to read, children to discover...

In response to the urging of the kids for a "sky" Frisbee, Jake winds up and sends one high into the air. It spirals down.

ANNA (CONT'D)

...but most importantly, children to be children.

The Frisbee drops down right on her head, knocking Anna to the stage floor. A Secret Service agent dives at the object.

The cameras FLASH as a pile of Anna, the Frisbee and the agent attempt to untangle themselves. Jake runs up on the stage and pulls Anna out of the pile.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Damn, damn, damn.

Jake makes a cutting motion across his throat.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
What the hell do you mean? I hate  
those damn secret baseball signals.

JAKE  
Your microphone is live.

Anna stares at the microphone still in her hand.

EXT. CAMPAIGN TRAIL - MONTAGE

Anna, Jake and Wilma hit the campaign trail.

1) Pie eating contest that turns into a pie throwing contest  
with Anna getting the last pie in the face.

2) Jake chops wood and turns it over to Anna who gets the ax  
stuck in the block.

3) Anna leads a prize bull around the ring. Jake rides the  
bull.

4) Anna operates a forklift with Jake jumping on the forks as  
they go up, causing the forklift to tip and Anna to jump off.

5) Anna judges a dog show until the dogs break out of  
formation and jump on Jake.

INT. ANNA'S OFFICE -- DAY

Anna walks around the room with some papers in her hand.  
Wilma sits on the couch watching her. She mouths each word as  
Anna says it.

ANNA  
This center will mean that Olympic  
hopefuls...

WILMA  
Aspiring Olympic athletes.

Anna looks down at the papers.

ANNA  
Aspiring Olympic hopefuls.

WILMA  
Athletes.

Anna plops down on the couch.

ANNA

I hate canned speeches, tell Drew that I'm going to wing it.

WILMA

With the last five fiascoes, we need some controlled successes.

Anna kicks her shoes off and puts them on the coffee table.

ANNA

The dog show wasn't Jake's fault.

WILMA

What was he doing with a steak in his pocket?

ANNA

Leftovers. Jake gets hungry later.

Wilma gets up from the couch and grabs her cell phone and scrolls.

WILMA

How about we send Jake home to...

Wilma swipes forward a few pages.

ANNA

I want him beside me.

WILMA

But, we're talking about a new Olympic aquatic center. Water. Water and Jake don't mix.

ANNA

I want him beside me.

WILMA

Water, indoors, flash photography. Just saying...

INT. OLYMPIC SWIMMING COMPLEX -- DAY

The stands are full of spectators as Anna, President Walker and other politicians are sitting on a stage on the other side of the pool.

Six swimmers stand casually at the end of the lanes while the other swimmers are finishing a few laps. Jake and four wives are sitting together in a semicircle behind the stage.

Jake leans into the group and WHISPERS to the politicians' WIVES. They all break out in LAUGHTER. Anna pokes her head around the corner of the stage as one of the wives loops her arm in Jake's.

WIFE#1

You are just too precious.

Jake leans into her.

JAKE

Just makes you want feed me cookies, doesn't it?

GIGGLES from the wives as Anna abruptly turns around and grabs Wilma. She points at the unruly group and Wilma rushes over and addresses the wives and Jake.

WILMA

Before the race starts, President Walker and Senator Rhodes will go down those steps...

Wilma gestures to the steps at the front of the stage.

WILMA (CONT'D)

...then cut the ribbon at the other end. Then you wives go around this side of the stage.

Wilma takes a few swishing steps as an example.

WILMA (CONT'D)

Follow a few steps behind your husbands.

Wilma realizes her slip-up. She flicks an imaginary piece of lint off of Jake.

WILMA (CONT'D)

You know.

Wilma looks back down at the clipboard.

WILMA (CONT'D)

The race starts and then you each stand two steps behind your husband for the photo shoot. Any questions?

Jake raises his hand. Wilma points to him like a school marm.

JAKE

Can I use the bathroom please?

INT. OLYMPIC SWIMMING COMPLEX RESTROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Jake washes his hands as two swimmers leave the showers. They both toss their team swimsuits into a large laundry hamper and grab fresh ones off a shelf above.

After they leave, Jake notices that a clean swimsuit has fallen to the floor. He starts to replace it on the shelf, and then smiles.

INT. OLYMPIC SWIMMING COMPLEX -- CONTINUOUS

The ribbon has just been cut and the race is about to begin. Wilma looks frantically for Jake. Wilma comes up behind Anna and starts to whisper in her ear.

The crowd starts CHATTERING. In the pool adjacent to the lap pool, Jake climbs the high dive. The press and photographers rush to the side of the dive pool.

WILMA

I was just going to tell you that  
Jake is missing.

Wearing just a skimpy Speedo, Jake reaches the top platform.

The cameras FLASH, but Jake doesn't seem to notice. He executes a perfect dive with the exception of the gigantic splash that covers the crowd and press.

An angry Drew, grabs Anna by the arm.

DREW

Tomorrow - your office.

INT. ANNA'S OFFICE -- DAY

Anna and Wilma both stare out the window. Anna starts to take a bite of a candy bar. She stops and tosses it in the trash instead.

ANNA

Let me see the list, what time did  
he say?

WILMA

Eleven.

Anna looks at his watch.

ANNA

Can't be good.

WILMA  
I told you, Jake is baggage.

ANNA  
I need him.

WILMA  
What do you want more?

Drew walks in followed by his little clones. They are all wearing dark navy suits.

Drew lays a newspaper on her desk. There is the picture of Jake in a Speedo diving off the high dive at the opening of the Aquatic Center.

ANNA  
He's trying, Drew.

DREW  
Be honest, Anna. Jake doesn't have a clue.

Drew picks up the paper and looks at it again.

DREW (CONT'D)  
Not a clue. Schmuck has no idea how much the public loves him.

WILMA  
What about all those people who got wet?

Drew gives Wilma the "stare" that makes her melt into the couch.

DREW  
We're here to plan Jake's appearances. Right now he's the campaign's biggest asset.

EXT. ANNA'S BACKYARD GARDEN -- DAY

Anna digs in her garden as Jake lays peacefully on the lawn beside the garden. The sun is shining and he closes his eyes in contentment.

ANNA  
You're done for the season anyway.

JAKE  
I feel like some movie prop.

ANNA  
Just until the election. That's all  
I'm asking.

JAKE  
Why?

ANNA  
I want you beside me.

JAKE  
Let's go inside, then.

ANNA  
You have only one thing on your  
mind.

JAKE  
Always been honest about that. No  
hidden agendas. No politics from  
me.

Jake rolls over on his side on the grass and props his head  
in his hand.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
I like to play.

ANNA  
You're going to love tomorrow,  
then.

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE BALLPARK -- DAY

The stands are crowded with a lot more people than would  
normally attend a little league baseball game. The park looks  
brand new and there is a banner that says "Litchfield Park  
Welcomes Senator Rhodes."

Anna stands in front of a make-shift podium while Jake and  
Wilma stand next to the players who are lined up smartly in  
their new uniforms.

ANNA  
Facilities like this mean that  
children have room to play.

Jake turns around and notices some neighborhood kids hanging  
on the backstop fence. They become animated when he gives  
them a wave.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
 Room to grow, room to be the  
 children that...

Jake leaves Wilma and walks over to the kids.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
 ...we all hope for - the children  
 of our future. Let us now dedicate  
 this field...

The kids come around the backstop.

JAKE  
 Hey, guys.

A couple grab his hand and give him a hearty shake.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
 How come you guys aren't on the  
 team?

Jake gestures toward the smartly dressed little league team.

BOY#1  
 It costs two hundred bucks.

Jake WHISTLES.

JAKE  
 Two hundred to play baseball? Times  
 have really changed.

Anna glances back at Jake, but tries to ignore the chatter.

ANNA  
 ...to the children of Litchfield  
 Park.

The crowd CHEERS and the little group around Jake has grown  
 to about ten kids.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
 I'd like to ask my dear friend,  
 Jake "Flash" MacCook to toss out  
 the first pitch in this first  
 practice game of the Litchfield  
 Park Panthers.

Jake moves up to the microphone.

JAKE  
 A little change of plans.

Anna steps back a few steps and looks for Wilma. Wilma is already hurrying toward the microphone.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
I think watching a practice game of  
the same team is boring.

Jake starts to remove his jacket.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
What do you think?

The crowd CHEERS.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
I'd like to challenge the Panthers  
to a real game against a real  
ballplayer.

He motions to the neighborhood kids to come forward.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
With a few of my helpers here.

Wilma has reached the microphone and is shaking his head. She leans toward Jake and whispers.

WILMA  
These kids are not -- this is an  
exclusive planned development...

Jake returns to the microphone with his arm around Wilma.

JAKE  
I'll even take this skinny kid on  
my team. Let's play ball.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Anna stands by the door looking at her watch while STEAM and SINGING is coming through in volumes from the bathroom.

ANNA  
I thought you said ten minutes.

A toweled Jake emerges from the fog.

JAKE  
Can you believe Wilma got a hit in  
the ninth to tie it up?

Jake comes over and hugs Anna.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Today was amazing.

He snuggles her neck. Anna pulls away.

ANNA  
Today was not good.

JAKE  
Wilma says Walker's ahead ten points. The press loves me. What about you?

ANNA  
This is not how I wanted to be elected.

JAKE  
I thought it was Walker who was running for president.

ANNA  
I don't want to be window dressing for Walker. I have my issues, gun control, education, elder care.

JAKE  
You think I'm a screw up?

Anna turns and opens the hotel door.

ANNA  
We're due downstairs in fifteen minutes.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Jake stands by the buffet table looking at all the fancy food while Anna shakes hands at the door. He pokes at some of it but eventually gives up on finding something edible. He opens the door to the patio.

EXT. HOTEL PATIO COURTYARD -- CONTINUOUS

Wilma and Drew stand at the courtyard wall with their backs to Jake. He decides to sneak up behind them. A good scare looks like fun. Jake freezes at the last moment.

DREW  
If it weren't for Ahab, that guy would be history.

WILMA  
Ahab? Moby Dick?

DREW  
Apple Pie, Hot Dogs, and Baseball.  
Anna carries the Midwest. Walker's  
got the East. Jake carries the West  
and the baseball fans. After the  
election, he will have served his  
purpose. Anna's a smart girl, she  
knows the score and will dump him.

Jake backs up slowly and slips back into the ballroom.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM -- NIGHT

Jake storms over to Anna.

JAKE  
Time out.

Anna looks down at her iWatch and back at her admirers.

ANNA  
Athletes have great timing. Jake's  
right, I've got a flight to catch.

Anna breaks away from the group, guided by Jake. Instead of paying attention to him, she signals Drew and Wilma who have come back in from the patio. Wilma rushes up with a cell phone up to her ear.

WILMA  
Limo's out front. No time to get  
your bags.

Wilma turns toward Jake who stares at Anna in close conversation with Drew.

WILMA (CONT'D)  
You take her luggage home. I packed  
her a new bag for tomorrow.

Now Jake is angry. He grabs Anna by the arm.

JAKE  
We need to talk now.

Anna still doesn't notice that he's upset, but she pats him on the hand holding her arm.

ANNA

I know you wanted to come on this trip, but I need you to take Sport to the groomers. You both have photo shoots tomorrow afternoon.

Anna reaches up and touches Jake's hair.

ANNA (CONT'D)

You should see the barber too.

JAKE

Who is window dressing now?

The trio take off for the foyer without answering Jake, leaving him stunned.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Just call me Ahab.

INT. POSH BUSINESS OFFICE -- DAY

The office is rich, tasteful, and laden with sports memorabilia. Sitting behind the desk is Florida Marlin's team owner ORVIS MATTSON (60s,) smoking a cigar with his feet on the desk.

Jake stares at one of the many pictures on the wall. He taps on it.

JAKE

Ninety-one. Playoff game.

ORVIS

If I remember correctly, I had to have four stitches after you cracked that champagne bottle on my head.

Jake returns to the desk and opens his duffel bag. He pulls out a champagne bottle and sets it on the desk.

JAKE

Heck, someone with a normal head would have had twenty. Your head must be solid wood.

Orvis strokes the champagne bottle. He turns back to his credenza and picks up a piece of paper.

ORVIS

Spring training is tough for a guy your age -- but I owe you.

(MORE)

ORVIS (CONT'D)

You make it through spring training  
and you're in.

JAKE

Keep it quiet?

ORVIS

We'll do our best, but you're  
today's news.

JAKE

Is that the reason you're giving me  
another shot at the show?

ORVIS

I'm a businessman. You're worth ten  
thousand tickets a game even  
without the VP. If she wins, then I  
hit the mother lode.

JAKE

The deal I want is okay?

Orvis nods.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I don't want anybody to know how  
you're paying me.

INT. JAKE'S RUSTIC CABIN -- DAY

Brad looks at a large collection of pictures on the wall.

BRAD

Hard not being in the show anymore?

JAKE

There are trade-offs. Playing on  
the farm team let me spend more  
time here, working on my project.

BRAD

It's nice here.

Brad doesn't look that happy.

JAKE

Go get Sarah. Book her flight. Get  
her here.

Brad shakes his head sadly.

BRAD

Can't. You should know that. The Senator is just like her daughter. They're like cows.

JAKE

Cows?

BRAD

You try to push a cow away from you and it will step toward you squarely on your foot. Broke a toe that way. Only way to get them to move is to let them lead.

JAKE

Just a piece of advice, son.

Jake gets up and puts a fatherly hand on Brad's shoulder.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Try to avoid using farm animals, especially cows, in your analogies about women. Call Sarah.

INT. AIRPORT WAITING AREA -- DAY

An anxious Sarah searches the waiting area. Finally she spots Brad and waves furiously. Brad sees her and rushes into her arms.

SARAH

What's the news from the battle?

BRAD

The press love him. Walker's people love him. Even Wilma is starting to love the big guy.

SARAH

Wilma? Seriously?

BRAD

It's amazing what happens when you pick the geeky girl for your team.

SARAH

What about my mom?

Brad shakes his head. Sarah leans her head on his shoulder.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
 She makes lists. After Dad died she made a list of everything she wanted to accomplish. Falling in love again wasn't on the list.

EXT. AIRPORT CURB -- CONTINUOUS

Jake stands next to his Jeep as Brad and Sarah come out of the door. Jake reaches into the back of his Jeep and grabs a bright orange hunter's vest and slips it on.

He throws his arms up in surrender.

SARAH  
 Tough going? Don't like being shot at?

JAKE  
 It's been open season on Jake.

SARAH  
 Cute...

She touches the hunter's jacket.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
 But I'll be firing at Brad this weekend.

JAKE  
 I see the family resemblance.

SARAH  
 Give her time. I know this election has been tough. She can't be any harder than the fans.

Jake shakes his head.

JAKE  
 When I'm on that mound pitching, I know exactly what it takes to strike a guy out. Sometimes I've got it, sometimes I don't...

Jake grabs her bag and tosses it into the back.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
 ...but I always know what it takes.

Coming out of the terminal is a photographer and a reporter. They spot the trio and snap some pictures.

INT. JAKE'S JEEP ON A MOUNTAIN ROAD -- CONTINUOUS

Jake drives as Sarah and Brad are cuddled close together in the back seat. Jake adjusts the mirror politely and looks out the side mirror.

JAKE

Damn.

He slams on the brakes.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD -- CONTINUOUS

Jake stands over a deer with a rifle. Brad has his arm around an upset Sarah.

SARAH

You have to kill it?

JAKE

It's suffering. It was hit by a car hours ago. Look at all the blood.

Jake gives Brad a nod toward the Jeep. Brad walks Sarah back toward the car. A GUNSHOT causes Sarah to jump.

INT. JAKE'S RUSTIC CABIN -- CONTINUOUS

Sarah wanders around the room looking at the pictures on the wall and other mementos.

JAKE

You look surprised.

Sarah looks around.

SARAH

No animal heads on the wall.

JAKE

I don't hunt for sport. Baseball is a sport. Both teams get to use a bat. We start arming the animals and then I'll call hunting a sport.

SARAH

What about the guns, vest, camouflage pants?

JAKE

You saw why I used a gun today. The vest is to keep me from getting shot during my morning jog during hunting season and the pants...

Jake looks down at his well-worn attire.

JAKE (CONT'D)

...are comfortable.

He picks up a bag by the door.

JAKE (CONT'D)

You two enjoy the cabin and please let Brad get some work done on my project.

He winks.

JAKE (CONT'D)

But don't miss your flight back to Oklahoma on Sunday night, otherwise, I'll get blamed for that too.

INT. ANNA'S BACKYARD GARDEN -- DAY

Sarah and Anna are in the garden, picking some lettuce.

SARAH

Your garden is doing well.

ANNA

It's surprising, given how little attention I pay to it.

SARAH

Do you expect the same results from Jake?

Anna slumps onto a bench.

ANNA

There are two of him. The one that I adore and the other one that frustrates the heck out of me.

SARAH

Adore?

Anna nods.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
 You said you'd give it all up if I  
 asked you -- what about if he did?

ANNA  
 I don't know.

SARAH  
 Did Dad ever ask?

Anna shakes her head, no. Sarah drops her head.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
 I blamed you for pushing him away --  
 getting him killed.

ANNA  
 It's easier than blaming someone  
 who is gone. Your father was a  
 soldier. I couldn't keep him from  
 going off to war.

Anna gets up and pulls Sarah close to her, SOBBING.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
 I'm sorry I did this to you, to  
 your dad -- and now to Jake. I  
 don't want to keep him from playing  
 baseball, but every move, every  
 word, every hair that is out of  
 place is in the next morning's  
 newspaper.

Sarah hugs her and then pulls back and examines Anna. She  
 pushes back some of Anna's stray hairs and wipes away the  
 tears.

SARAH  
 I'd hate to see this mess in print,  
 so we better get to work on your  
 hair for the debate.

INT. COLLEGE THEATER -- NIGHT

Anna looks exhausted, yet confident as the debate with  
 THOMPSON is wrapping up. The MODERATOR checks her notes.

MODERATOR  
 One last question for Mr. Thompson  
 with a two minute rebuttal for  
 Senator Rhodes.

Anna takes a sip of water. She's ready.

MODERATOR (CONT'D)

Mr. Thompson, you've been a long-time supporter and member of the NRA. What would your White House policy be regarding gun control?

THOMPSON

The NRA promotes the safe and legal use of firearms.

Thompson reaches into his podium and pulls out a newspaper.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

My opponent would like to see all guns taken away from every law-abiding citizen who only wants to protect their home and family.

Anna strains to see what is in the newspaper that Thompson is holding.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

My opponent also runs around with a guy who uses guns to illegally hunt out of season in State Parks.

Thompson triumphantly holds up a headline that says "OPEN SEASON FOR FLASH". It's a PICTURE of Jake standing over the injured deer holding a rifle.

ANNA'S DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

Anna comes into the dining room where Brad and Sarah are having a late dessert and tosses the newspaper across the table.

ANNA

He killed a deer.

Sarah gets up and another newspaper falls to the floor at Anna's feet.

SARAH

Let him explain.

Anna picks up the second newspaper, but pauses when she sees a headline "FLASH to SPLASH." As she reads on, her frown grows deeper and deeper.

ANNA

Damn.

Jake pops into the room carrying a large piece of pie.

JAKE  
You rang? Thought I heard one of my  
names.

Jake turns to Sarah and Brad.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Can't remember if I'm "Shit" or  
"Damn."

Anna is furious.

ANNA  
You've been pretty busy. First, you  
went home to go hunting, and then  
you ran off to Florida to sign with  
the Marlins?

JAKE  
You've got it all wrong.

Jake picks up the paper and smiles at his picture.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
First I went to Florida and then I  
killed the deer. Great picture,  
wouldn't you say?

Sarah and Brad have already backed out of the room.

ANNA  
You used me to get noticed by the  
show.

Jake tries to take her into his arms.

JAKE  
You never asked me about my dreams.  
Take a deep breath and let me  
explain.

ANNA  
How can you call returning to the  
majors a dream? You were already  
there. You have the World Series  
rings, you had groupies chasing  
after you. Is that what it's all  
about? You want the attention, the  
glitter?

Anna grabs the newspaper and throws it hard on the table.

ANNA (CONT'D)

What's the press going to say about this? Rhodes loses to the "Boys of Summer?" I look like a fool.

JAKE

It's not about you.

Jake tries again to take her into his arms, but she grabs the other newspaper.

ANNA

This is all about me. I hate guns, I hate hunters, I hate poachers. You did this to embarrass me.

Jake reaches over to the credenza and pulls out a third paper. It's a picture from the day they met and when the two groupies took a picture of Anna, Wilma and Jake in the shower.

JAKE

I'd say this was much more embarrassing. When this got taken, you explained it and then handled it. Why can't I do the same now? I can handle this.

Anna shakes her head.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Did you even ask me what I was going to do after my contract was over?

ANNA

You'd be with me, fulfilling my dreams of a better world.

JAKE

I have dreams too.

Jake leaves.

INT. HOTEL SUITE -- NIGHT

It's election night and Brad, Sarah, Drew, Walker, Wilma, and Anna huddle around a television set.

DREW

You brought in the Midwest, just like I said you would.

Drew gives Anna a tap on the arm.

DREW (CONT'D)  
Surprisingly, Ahab delivered the West and the other Ahabs. Nobody noticed that he was gone -- they figured he was getting ready for spring training.

ANNA  
Ahab? I've heard that before.

DREW  
It's what I liked to call your jock boyfriend. Apple Pie, Hot Dogs and Baseball wins the guy vote every time, Ahab - A - H - A - B. You were smart to replace him with Sarah. Reminded the voters that you were a sad war widow.

Drew reaches over and gives Sarah a punch.

DREW (CONT'D)  
To think we were worried about you. You clean up real good kid.

Anna stands up, angry.

ANNA  
Get out.

Drew ignores her and turns his attention back to the television.

DREW  
Cool down. Seven years from now you'll be begging me to handle all your little screw-ups.

Anna nods to the two Secret Service men on the other side of the room. They come on each side of Drew and help him up. Anna confronts him.

ANNA  
The people I love are not screw-ups, and you will never handle anyone for me again.

With another nod, the agents remove Drew from the room. Sarah gets up and hugs her mother.

SARAH

You did it. Getting rid of Drew wasn't even on your list.

ANNA

I would think that as the second most powerful person in the most powerful country in the world I could stick up for my own daughter.

SARAH

What about Jake?

INT. ANNA'S OFFICE -- DAY

Anna goes through a pile of files and mail as Wilma comes in with a stack of newspapers.

WILMA

It really happened. I pinch myself and I still have to read these to believe it.

Anna gets up and stands behind Wilma. She glances at the newspaper headline that reads "WALKER/RHODES WIN FOUR MORE YEARS."

Wilma flips to the local section of the newspaper.

WILMA (CONT'D)

My sources say, he's still in town.

There is another small headline, "FLASH PREPARES FOR MARLIN'S SPRING TRAINING CAMP".

ANNA

It's just the newspaper, not your sources.

But Anna reaches over and grabs the stack of newspapers from Wilma.

EXT. SPRING TRAINING CAMP FIELD -- DAY

Jake is one of the last players on the field. He walks over to the PITCHING COACH and three other PITCHERS. A few of the younger guys recognize him.

PITCHER#1

Flash.

PITCHER#2

Didn't know you'd be here.

PITCHER#1

I was there in the stands during  
the playoffs in eighty-eight.

They circle around him like curious schoolchildren.

PITCHER#1 (CONT'D)

My dad had to put me on his  
shoulders.

The guy freezes and stares awkwardly at his feet. Jake takes  
a ball out of his jacket pocket and tosses it to the kid.

JAKE

Let's see what you've got.

The pitching coach walks up to the kid and takes the ball  
from him. He tosses it back to Jake.

PITCHING COACH

I'm a little more interested in  
what you've got, old man.

EXT. SPORTS BUILDING -- DAY

Jake walks to the sports building with his jacket draped on  
his shoulder. The kid pitcher catches up with him. He punches  
Jake in the arm. Jake winches and replaces his jacket that  
has slipped down.

PITCHER#1

What a day.

JAKE

You're looking good, kid.

PITCHER#1

I meant you. You've still got the  
burn.

The kid hits his mitt with his other fist.

PITCHER#1 (CONT'D)

A few of us are going to McBees --  
you coming?

Jake looks at the young eager face and smiles.

JAKE

Sorry. I've got a date with Audrey Hepburn.

PITCHER#1

The name's familiar. Is she hot?

Jake shakes his head and walks away.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

Jake heads toward his hotel room. In front of him a couple of groupies are hanging on to some of his teammates. One extra groupie is lagging behind. She turns and spots Jake.

GROUPIE#2

Want to party with us?

Jake has reached his room and inserts the card into the lock. He just smiles and enters his room alone.

INT. JAKE'S HOTEL ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Jake lays on his bed with an ice pack on his shoulder, still fully dressed in his workout clothes. The television is tuned to the "All Movies - 24 Hours a Day" channel. He is sound asleep.

EXT. SPRING TRAINING CAMP FIELD -- DAY

Jake throws the ball back and forth with the kid. He winds up and burns a fast one into the kid's mitt. The kid pulls his hand from his mitt and blows on it.

PITCHER#1

Ease up old man.

JAKE

I thought you said "show me the stuff".

PITCHER#1

I meant for you to aim it at my mitt instead of my head.

The pitching coach walks over to Jake. He motions for the kid to take a break.

PITCHING COACH

Looking good, Flash.

JAKE  
Still got about three quarters of a  
tank left in this arm.

Jake rubs his shoulder and arm.

PITCHING COACH  
Got to admit that I don't like  
rehab jobs, but you still got some  
stuff. You did it -- you're back in  
the show.

INT. JAKE'S HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Jake looks into the mirror.

JAKE  
Ladies and gentlemen -- starting  
today as pitcher for the Florida  
Marlins...

He fakes a wind up pitch, throws the imaginary baseball and  
grabs his shoulder in pain.

He grabs an ice pack and heads over to the television. He  
starts clicking through the channels until he finds the movie  
channel. He sits down on the edge of the bed for a few  
moments then changes the channel to CNN.

BROADCASTER (V.O.)  
For the second time since taking  
office, President Walker again  
showed his confidence in Vice-  
President Rhodes by sending her to  
Europe to meet with foreign...

Jake clicks to another channel.

INT. ANNA'S OFFICE -- DAY

Anna works on a computer while Wilma paces back and forth.

WILMA  
You need to review this schedule,  
we leave for the talks in two  
weeks.

Anna looks up.

ANNA  
It doesn't make sense.

She rubs her forehead.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
I wish I had paid more attention  
during my accounting classes in  
college.

Wilma comes over to the screen and puts his hand on her  
shoulder.

WILMA  
Leave it alone. Sign it. Walker's  
team of auditors prepared this.  
It's a formality.

ANNA  
Election laws are not a formality.

Anna taps at the screen.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
I don't know half of these  
organizations. Foundation for a  
Better Society? OpenSource.com? Who  
are these people?

Wilma guides her to the door as she checks her cell phone.

WILMA  
Ask Walker, he waiting.

INT. PRESIDENT'S DINING ROOM -- DAY

President Walker ushers Anna to a table filled with bountiful  
breakfast. A few aides are in the room, but they stand  
discreetly to the side out of earshot.

Walker affectionately pats Anna's hand.

WALKER  
We're off to a great start. Our  
first three bills look like they're  
going to pass including your gun  
control legislation.

ANNA  
We're quite a team.

WALKER  
Speaking of teams, you made the  
right choice with that ball player.  
(MORE)

WALKER (CONT'D)

He served you well, but no way would he past the scrutiny of this town.

Walker gets up and takes a coffee pot from the cart. He pours Anna more coffee.

WALKER (CONT'D)

It's a little hard to live in a fishbowl. Everything we do is watched.

ANNA

Is this about the disclosure filing?

WALKER

It takes money to get elected. You have to get elected to get your programs through. It's a price we pay.

ANNA

You mean, they paid?

Walker pushes the filled coffee cup closer to Anna.

WALKER

Sign the forms. They pay attention when we file late.

Anna ignores the coffee and stands up.

ANNA

Mr. President, I'm not signing it until I've checked out that soft money.

WALKER

You jump back into a bed with a college jock in the middle of a campaign and you're calling me dirty?

ANNA

I didn't jump into bed with Jake.

WALKER

Maybe that's why he didn't stick around. Ballplayers are used to getting it quicker than three strikes.

(MORE)

WALKER (CONT'D)

It was only a matter of time before he would have been an embarrassment to us. If Orvis hadn't come through...

ANNA

Orvis? The Marlins?

WALKER

He made the choice. It's always the money or the fishbowl that wins.

Walker tosses the photograph from that first day in the shower of a naked Anna with both Jake and Wilma on top of her.

WALKER (CONT'D)

Sign the form.

INT. JAKE'S RUSTIC CABIN -- DAY

Jake opens up the door, drops his gear bag and finds Sarah and Brad cuddled by the fireplace. Sarah jumps up and comes over and hugs Jake.

SARAH

I'm glad you're back.

Brad leans over the couch with an outstretched hand.

BRAD

You tossed away some big bucks.

All three turn toward a commotion going on at the door.

A frazzled Pete is being carried into the room. Secret Service agents are on each side causing Pete's legs to dangle frantically.

PETE

I was taking a piss.

Sarah nods at the two and they drop Pete to the ground. They politely exit.

JAKE

I told you they'd be out there somewhere. Sarah has no choice.

SARAH

I make them stay hidden. This cabin has been a lifesaver since the circus began.

BRAD  
Not too bad of a commute for me to  
Microsoft.

JAKE  
Speaking of Microsoft...

Jake pulls out some papers from his gear bag.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
...I got the grant.

Sarah and Brad jump up and hug him.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
My camp is a go. That's why Pete  
came back with me. The Marlins even  
agreed to donate some -- not as  
much as the first deal, but enough  
that I can also test out some of my  
inventions.

EXT. YOUTH BALLPARK -- DAY

Pete stands next to the catcher making some notes on a clipboard as Jake works on the mound with a kid in a wheel chair. He makes some adjustments to a robot arm on the chair that holds a baseball.

A white car pulls up outside the fence and parks. After a few moments it moves over to the side fence, followed by a dark SUV.

Pete looks over at the car as Jake shows the kid how to release the ball.

PETE  
Every morning this week. Go talk to  
her.

JAKE  
She's the one who tossed me out.  
Let her throw out the first ball.

The ball snaps out of the robotic arm and hits Pete in the side of the head. He drops to the ground. Anna jumps out of the car as Jake runs toward Pete.

They reach him at the same moment. Pete fakes a loud MOAN, but then spots the Secret Service agents following Anna. He pops up and dusts himself off.

PETE  
See boys, no damage done.  
Everything is fine.

The agents keep an eye on Anna as they let Pete guide them away to leave Anna and Jake alone.

ANNA  
You didn't take the Marlin's job.

JAKE  
All that glitters is not gold...

ANNA  
... all who wander are not lost.

Anna looks around the field.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
This is a pretty good dream. Why  
didn't you tell me this was the  
reason you signed with the Marlins?

JAKE  
I shouldn't have to.

The HORN blasts from the car as Wilma sticks her head out and points to her iWatch.

Anna reaches into her coat pocket and pulls out the Tasmanian "She-Devil" baseball cap and puts it on Jake.

ANNA  
Time to play ball.

Anna kisses Jake and runs toward the car and SUV.

INT. ANNA'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Wilma opens up her cell phone and scrolls down as Anna gets behind the wheel.

WILMA  
So much to do.

Anna nods as she continues to watch Jake.

WILMA (CONT'D)  
I'm made seven different lists.

Anna reaches over and taps on Wilma's cell phone.

ANNA  
Start a new list. We're going to  
make everything right.

INT. AIRPLANE -- DAY

Anna and Wilma sit in the front of the plane going over some papers. Wilma looks at her iWatch.

WILMA  
You know the press asked for twenty  
minutes.

ANNA  
How are they taking it?

WILMA  
My sources say...

Wilma looks at her notes.

WILMA (CONT'D)  
... I mean, Maryann says that she's  
read the report and he has no other  
choice but to resign.

Anna gets up and smooths out the wrinkles in her skirt.

ANNA  
Let's go entertain the troops.

Wilma steps aside and follows Anna toward the back of the plane. Anna pushes aside the curtain and the members of the press perk up. Anna leans against the first seat and gives a seasoned reporter, TOM WRIGHT, a squeeze on the arm.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
How's the food, Tom?

Tom reaches for his notepad frantically as Anna reaches down and picks up a small piece of mint candy from his tray and pops it into her mouth.

TOM WRIGHT  
So does President Walker's last  
minute absence mean that...

Anna holds up her hand.

ANNA

I think any comments on the activities of President Walker should be reserved for President Walker.

MARYANN, a stout woman in her fifties, raises her hand. Anna gives her a nod.

MARYANN

I understand that you had originally planned to be leaving today for China. Does the cancellation mean that President Walker is resigning?

Anna moves down the aisle and gets closer to Maryann. She spots some candy wrappers in the aisle. Anna stoops down and picks them up. She studies them.

ANNA

My trip to China was canceled due to a forecasted typhoon.

MARYANN

Are you replacing President Walker at the opening of the National Arts Center?

Anna looks back at Wilma who has been tapped on the shoulder by an Air Force steward. Wilma follows the steward toward the front of the plane.

Anna moves toward the rear of the plane where an anxious ROOKIE REPORTER from CNN is frantically waving his arm. She smiles gently at him and gives him a nod.

ROOKIE REPORTER

Madam Vice-President, Mr. Rush said this morning in an exclusive interview with CNN...

There are more candy wrappers on the floor. In the middle of the wrappers is one unopened piece of candy.

ROOKIE REPORTER (CONT'D)

... that President Walker has admitted to taking campaign contributions from...

The kid pauses to check his notes. Anna leans over to look around the kid. Jake slouches down in his seat and pulls down the brim of his baseball cap.

ROOKIE REPORTER (CONT'D)  
... the Foundation for a Better  
Society.

Anna gets frustrated and moves around the kid. She reaches up and tips back the "She-Devil" baseball cap of Jake who provides a sheepish grin.

JAKE  
Is there a movie on this flight?

INT. AIRPLANE RESTROOM -- DAY

Jake sits on the tiny sink counter while Anna is pinned against the door.

ANNA  
This was your plan? This doorknob  
is cutting into my back.

JAKE  
Can't be as bad as what this faucet  
is doing to me.

Jake shifts uncomfortably.

ANNA  
You wanted to talk. This is the  
only place where nobody can hear  
us.

JAKE  
I never said talk. I wanted to be  
alone with you.

Anna takes off his baseball hat.

ANNA  
Was it the hat that changed your  
mind?

JAKE  
That along with daily phone calls  
from Sarah, Brad, and Wilma -- the  
new uniforms for the kids, the  
change of zoning so I could open up  
my camp, and the case of my  
favorite candy. Sending men with  
guns to pick me up was the deciding  
factor.

ANNA

I know how to get elected, I know how to get a bill passed. I don't know why it took me so long to figure out how to get what I wanted.

Anna kisses him passionately. The plane starts to descend.

ANNA (CONT'D)

We have a lot to talk about, but we have to go up front now.

JAKE

Too bad, this faucet in my behind was starting to feel good.

EXT. AIRPLANE -- CONTINUOUS

The plane is in a secured area with two limousines and buses waiting. Two Secret Service agents stand at the bottom of the steps, with Sarah and Brad, while another five agents hold back the hoards of reporters.

Anna pauses at the top of the stairs. She turns to Jake.

ANNA

Are you sure you want this?

JAKE

I asked you didn't I? Sure I either had a gun or water faucet in my back...

ANNA

I couldn't tell you everything -- but are you in?

JAKE

I'm here for the whole game, even if it goes into extra innings. Pete will run the camp while I'm in Washington with you.

Anna turns her head up and receives a gentle kiss from Jake.

ANNA

I love you.

JAKE

I love you too, Madam Vice-President.

ANNA

That's what I couldn't tell you.

The crowd of reporters slowly surges forward and they start SHOUTING.

REPORTER#4

Does Walker's resignation this morning mean...

REPORTER#5

When will you...

REPORTER#6

Who will be your new Vice-President?

Anna places her hand gently against Jake's face.

ANNA

Hello, First Man.

Together they descend the stairs and at the bottom, a podium has quickly been positioned between Anna and the reporters.

The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court waits next to the podium holding a bible. Anna and Jake approach the podium arm-in-arm.

As Anna adjusts the microphone, Jake takes two steps back. Anna looks back at Jake.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Ready?

Jake gives her a little salute.

JAKE

You betcha.

FADE OUT: