

ROBERT
That does speak for itself.

CUT TO:

11 INT. MINORITY CAUCUS ROOM, CAPITOL, WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY 11

A RNC party OFFICIAL in holding forth to a dozen or so GPO senators in an ornate Capitol meeting room. The senators are sitting in gold ballroom chairs, sipping coffee, a few of them taking notes. Behind the OFFICIAL, a Powerpoint presentation on Afghanistan is in progress, cycling through slides seemingly of its own accord.

In the back of the room, ROBERT stirs his coffee while GIL JOHN yawns. His young chief of staff, TAMMY STACKHOUSE, as focused and intense as her boss is laid-back, leans forward attentively, note pad on knee.

OFFICIAL
Okay, folks, so here's the takeaway on Afghanistan from the party's perspective. With Obama's ten-year fade-to-black, the best we can do is not lose the war. But if we stay all-in for as long as it takes, there's a chance of actually winning it. Well, we're the GOP; winning is what we do. That's what we did in Kuwait. Not losing doesn't work for us. Not losing is a Democrat thing.

START

The OFFICIAL takes off his glasses and pauses for dramatic effect

OFFICIAL (CONT'D)
So that's what the trip is all about, ladies and gentlemen. You go to Kabul, you stand with the troops and you say loud and clear, "We can do better than not losing."

GIL JOHN snorts and looks over at TAMMY, who is busily scribbling notes on a legal pad.

GIL JOHN
You're gettin' all this down?

TAMMY
Yes, sir.

GIL JOHN
Why?

CUT TO:

SEN. GIL JOHN BIGGS - S.C. 2

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12 INT. CORRIDOR, U.S. SENATE, WASHINGTON, D.C - DAY

12

GIL JOHN and ROBERT are the first through the large oaken doors of the caucus room. Behind them, TAMMY is talking quietly on her cell phone.

GIL JOHN

Whoever put that on my schedule is about to have a bad day. What a waste of time. Do I look like someone prepared to fly to fuckin' Kabul for the goddamn national committee?

ROBERT

You do not. You look like someone prepared to fly to Philly for the World Series.

GIL JOHN

You get me, Robert. I'll give you that.

As TAMMY rejoins the two men, we hear a cell phone playing the Tar Heel fight song. GIL JOHN pulls it out of his pocket.

GIL JOHN (CONT'D)

(looking at screen)

My wife.

He turns away from the others and flips open the phone.

GIL JOHN (CONT'D)

What is it, Maddie?

MADDIE (V.O.)

You're goin' with the delegation to Afghanistan, right, GJ?

GIL JOHN slowly looks around at TAMMY, who is now staring at her feet.

GIL JOHN

Why would I do that, Maddie?

MADDIE (V.O.)

Because a full brigade of North Carolina Guard rotated over there last week?

GIL JOHN

So what? They know I support 'em. I'll make a video...

MADDIE (V.O.)

Gil John, everything's changed.

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GIL JOHN
Changed? How changed?

MADDIE (V.O.)
Taylor had another stroke last night.
He withdrew from the race.

GIL JOHN
What? That's... that's good! Well,
not for him, obviously, but shit,
Maddie, that's an outstandin'
development.

MADDIE (V.O.)
Wrong. The party replaced him with
Digger Mancusi.

GIL JOHN stops pacing. He looks stunned.

GIL JOHN
What!

MADDIE (V.O.)
You're in a real race now, darlin'.
You can't just sit in your man cave
anymore, waiting to be re-elected...

GIL JOHN
Goddamn son of a bitch!

GIL JOHN hurls his phone across the hall. It caroms off a
door, skitters along the floor, stopping at ROBERT's feet.

ROBERT looks down at the shattered phone.

ROBERT
That's an iPhone. Who smashes an
iPhone?

TAMMY
He's got a new opponent. Digger
Mancusi.

ROBERT starts to laugh.

ROBERT
Digger Mancusi? The Duke basketball
coach?

TAMMY nods gravely.

TAMMY
We're fucked, sir.

END

CUT TO:

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