

(beat)  
No, stay there, it isn't a problem,  
yet.

Charlie hangs up, punches a piece of patio furniture

CHARLIE  
(reacting to the punch)  
Fuck

LINDSAY  
That was stupid.

CHARLIE  
Baby, I gotta--

LINDSAY  
Charlie, ever since this campaign  
started

CHARLIE  
I know, I know, trust me, I know.  
Tomorrow night?

LINDSAY  
(now pissed)  
You really owe me.

CHARLIE  
(kisses her cheek)  
I'm aware.  
(beat)  
You know it aint you. It's the job,  
I gotta  
(tries to think)  
Potential sex issue.

Charlie rushes towards the house.

LINDSAY  
You just made your own "sex issue."

EXT. UPSCALE BAR- SAME NIGHT

Kim is outside, smoking. Charlie approaches putting on his  
jacket.

Charlie lights a cigarette.

CHARLIE  
Any improvement?

(CONTINUED)

KIM  
He's drunker now.

CHARLIE  
How did this start?

KIM  
The wife--

CHARLIE  
Oh god.

KIM  
She used--

CHARLIE  
Please no.

KIM  
Craigslist.

CHARLIE  
Do what?

KIM  
The "casual encounters" section.

Charlie offers a raised eyebrow and takes a big draw.

KIM  
I don't know if, yknow, anybody  
answered the ad and they  
(gestures)  
Yknow. Either way, he called me  
first, because you had me  
babysitting so much and  
(she's flustered)  
Charlie.

CHARLIE  
Ok, let's chill  
(beat)  
You and him aint?

KIM  
What?

CHARLIE  
(shrugs)  
Long nights, campaign trail, some  
things--

KIM

Goddammit Charlie, What the fuck  
kind of woman do you think--

Charlie raises a hand, flicks away his cigarette w/ the  
other

CHARLIE

No offense, nothing implied, I just  
had to know.

Still a little offended, she accepts this, she has been on  
the road with him a lot

They head for the door

INT. UPSCALE BAR

Charlie sees Chris, tie loosened, a little wobbly, trying to  
motion to get another shot

CHARLIE

What's he drinking?

Kim shrugs

They approach the wounded running mate

Chris looks up and sees Charlie

CHRIS

Charlie boy, big, uh, big Charlie,  
(sings)  
Charles in charge...uh...hi

CHARLIE

Rough night?

CHRIS

(getting misty eyed)  
She, uh, she said, it's like  
(he thinks a second)  
she wanted to cheat on me, Charlie,  
like i couldn't fulfill her,  
her...i dunno

CHARLIE

Did she do the deed?

CHRIS

No, well she says she didn't, just,  
that she was putting herself out  
there

(CONTINUED)

Charlie and Kim exchange "thank god" glances

CHRIS  
(loudly)  
She's a bitch! I'll fuck her the  
fucking...I'll...waitress

CHARLIE  
(briskly)  
Hall!

CHRIS  
What?

CHARLIE  
What'd you tell her, yknow, when  
you, your own self did some things  
that you aint proud of?

CHRIS  
That's different, Charlie, I got  
demons. I explained that I got  
demons.

KIM  
Maybe she has some demons too,  
Chris.

CHRIS  
(as if this never crossed his  
mind)  
She has demons? Charlie do women  
have demons?

CHARLIE  
Some of 'em. Hell, lots of the ones  
I end up with.

CHRIS  
You're funny, he's funny.

KIM  
He is.

CHRIS  
My daddy had demons. If he didn't,  
Charlie, did you know if he didn't  
he'd've been a Senator...maybe even  
president?

CHARLIE  
But as it was, he was a damn fine  
representative.

(CONTINUED)

KIM

They should've named the parkway  
after him.

CHRIS

She's right! I like her Charlie.  
(to Kim)  
Hey my marriage is kind of--

CHARLIE

Hall!

CHRIS

What Charlie?

CHARLIE

Why wasn't your daddy ever a  
senator?

CHRIS

Republicans  
(hiccups)  
Whiskey  
(beat)  
and pussy  
(to Kim)  
pardon, uh, me.

CHARLIE

And we gonna let that ruin you?

CHRIS

No sir, no siree we aint.

CHARLIE

Zactly, Kim, settle his tab.

Charlie hands her CREDIT CARD

Charlie gets Chris to his feet

CHRIS

Charlie, did I cause a scene?

CHARLIE

You most certainly did not.

Charlie waves at one of the few patrons who's noticed all  
this.

CHARLIE

But we're getting you out cause  
why?

CHRIS  
Gotta stay clean.

CHARLIE  
And you and the misses, you'll be  
talking to your preacher because

CHRIS  
Gotta stay clean.

EXT. UPSCALE BAR- SAME NIGHT

Charlie loads Chris into his passenger seat, Kim close by

CHRIS  
Hey, Charlie, you still seeing that  
girl with the big titties?

Charlie gives Kim an apologetic shrug

CHARLIE  
Which girl?

CHRIS  
Worked at Platinum, let's go to  
Platinum

CHARLIE  
We're goin' home, Hall.

CHRIS  
Ok

Charlie slams the door, leans against the car haggard,  
grimaces, pops an ulcer pill, lights two cigarettes, hands  
one to Kim

KIM  
Boss knows?

CHARLIE  
I'll tell him. Tomorrow.

KIM  
Really, Charlie, a stripper?

CHARLIE  
God, that was in college.

Kim's not backing down

CHARLIE  
It didn't last very long.

She's still eyeing him

CHARLIE  
Joey hated her.

KIM  
(laughs)  
Fair enough.

CHARLIE  
Sorry you had to put up with  
(gestures)  
Dipshit back there.

KIM  
Ruined my night off.

CHARLIE  
Mine too.

KIM  
Back at it tomorrow?

CHARLIE  
Sure are.

INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE- DAY

Charlie sits with his feet propped up on his desk, Joe on top of the desk, Kim is in the room and Jake is, as always, checking his laptop

CHARLIE  
So, tonight, Henderson.

JAKE  
Where's Chris?

Joe groans

Kim chuckles and looks at Charlie

CHARLIE  
Discussing private matters with his  
pastor, now--

JAKE  
He didn't.

(CONTINUED)

KIM  
Wife did.

Joe groans

Charlie offers him an ulcer pill

JOE  
I'll be fine.

JAKE  
His wife?

CHARLIE  
"Casual Encounters" ad.

JAKE  
(shudders)  
Eww

KIM  
I know, right?

Charlie bangs his fist on the desk

CHARLIE  
Order, people.

JAKE  
What'd the ad say?

Chatter between Kim and Jake as Charlie and Joe begin to look more annoyed

CHARLIE  
Hey, Henderson.

Still chatter, Jake clicking around on his laptop

JOE  
(stern)  
Henderson.

Silence

CHARLIE  
The bossman here will be attending a Buddy Lee Fitch concert. Outdoor show, should be a lot of fun, short on stage shoutout.



JAKE  
Get pictures?

CHARLIE  
Local media too.

JAKE  
On it.

CHARLIE  
And Kim, you've got volunteers  
together for--

KIM  
North end.

CHARLIE  
Remember this neighborhood is--

KIM  
(rote)  
Redneck north end, NOT black north  
end.

CHARLIE  
Quick study and I--

JAKE  
Wait, you?

JOE  
You aren't going to Henderson?

CHARLIE  
Phones, with the golden circle.

JOE  
Charlie, man, you're sending me and  
Jake to a country show without--

CHARLIE  
You can handle it Joey, it's easy,  
go on stage with Anne, talk about  
how great Buddy Lee Fitch is, get  
the crowd pumped.

JOE  
This isn't exactly my crowd,  
Charlie.

JAKE  
Yeah, man, how rednecky we talking  
here?

CHARLIE

Worst case, tell 'em once you're governor Buddy Lee'll get a pardon for any white lightning he's ever made.

KIM

Isn't that condescending?

CHARLIE

These are rednecks loaded up on Bud Light and, be honest, probably a little homegrown, who're all pumped to hear Buddy Lee sing about how much America kicks ass and how fun it is to get drunk.

JOE

That's where I always excel.

CHARLIE

Thirty seconds, after he plays "Main Street USA," it'll be impossible to bomb.

JAKE

How will it play on local media?

CHARLIE

Great, Jake, it's impossible not to.

(beat)

I really need to talk to these donors, these are the guys that throw us parties and want favors. These are the guys I met working for McGreevy.

Joe shoots Charlie a look

JAKE

I think somebody wants to avoid some overtime.

CHARLIE

(half sarcastic)

I shall not sit here and have my character and motives maligned in such a--

JAKE

Shut up Charlie.

Joe "gets it"

JOE  
(to Charlie, mouthed)  
Lindsay?

Charlie has a subtle facial tick

KIM  
You two did that thing, that macho  
law school buddy thing.

Jake looks up, Charlie barely raises his eyebrow

KIM  
There it was again, you guys are  
doing something.

JAKE  
I think I can handle Henderson,  
hell, I'm starting to really like  
Buddy Lee.

KIM  
Oh no, no, damn it, you guys are  
not letting Charlie go home early.

JOE  
Kim, we do need to touch base with  
some of our strongest supporters.

CHARLIE  
If you want to call some of them...

KIM  
No, I'll get my staffers together,  
get my volunteers, I'll canvass,  
and when I'm done, I'll turn in my  
data, and then I will go home and  
turn off my cell and make myself  
margaritas.

The three guys exchange glances

JOE  
I don't think we could ask any more  
of you.

JAKE  
You're awesome Kim.

CHARLIE  
Indispensable.

She stares at the guys, somewhere between getting really  
pissed and backing down

CHARLIE

Did you do something with your hair? Joe it look like she got her hair fixed up real nice don't it?

JOE

Charlie I think you're--

KIM

Guys, knock it off.

CHARLIE

And give you Saturday?

KIM

Deal

(beat)

You three have some evil telekinetic thingamabob.

JOE

We know.

EXT. OUTDOOR COUNTRY SHOW-NIGHT

A huge crowd of people as Buddy Lee and band rock out on stage

BUDDY LEE

(singing)

And since you asked me mister, I'm  
always proud to say, I come from  
the heartland

He points his mic at the crowd

CROWD

Main street, U.S.A

The song finishes

BACKSTAGE

Joe, Anne, and Jake stand, Joe, in BLUE DRESS SHIRT/KHAKIS looks conspicuously out of place

Jake is on his CELL

JAKE

Uh-huh, you'll get a shot of him.

(CONTINUED)

JOE  
(to Anne)  
Honey, this isn't gonna work.

ANNE  
You're sweating, you look nervous.

JOE  
Jake, hit?

JAKE  
(pulls away cell)  
Real Kentucky people.

Anne wipes sweat from Joe's forehead

ONSTAGE

BUDDY LEE  
And I'd just like to introduce  
y'all to another feller from Main  
Street USA, our next Governor,  
Mister Joe Lavassaney.

Light applause, Joe comes on stage w/ Anne, Buddy Lee hands  
him the mic

JOE  
Well, my good friend Buddy Lee  
Fitch...

A few whoops and hollers

JOE  
He asked me to sing a song with  
him, but I said that would be like  
inviting his old  
(hesitant)  
His old hound dog out here to sing  
with him.

Crickets

BACKSTAGE

JAKE  
You're not a comedian Joe, just get  
outta there.

STAGE

JOE  
I'm just glad to see so many real  
Kentucky people. The people I fight  
for, folks like Buddy Lee Fitch and  
his fans.

Light applause, lone drunken "woohoo"

CROWD

REDNECK COUPLE stand together, holding beers

REDNECK WOMAN  
He does kinda look Muslim.

STAGE

JOE  
As I travel the Commonwealth, it  
makes me wish I had a tour bus like  
Buddy Lee's.

BACKSTAGE

JAKE  
Well, a beer bottle hasn't hit him  
yet.

STAGE

Buddy Lee begins to realize the crowd's losing interest,  
steps to a mic

BUDDY LEE  
Well, uh, Joe, you know what my  
granddaddy always said?

JOE  
What's that, Buddy Lee?

BUDDY LEE  
Be a smart-ass, and vote Democrat.

Rimshot

(CONTINUED)

BUDDY LEE  
Howsabout a big ole round of  
applause for our next governor and  
his pretty wife.

Buddy Lee told 'em to cheer, they cheer

Joe and Anne wave, head for the wings

Buddy Lee steps from the mic and stops Joe

BUDDY LEE  
Hey, we'll play "Song of the  
South," good Democrat song and  
remind 'em you're good people.

JOE  
Thanks

BUDDY LEE  
Ya did alright.

BACKSTAGE

As Buddy Lee begins a cover of "Song of the South"

Joe has a look of minor terror on his face

Jake's silence speaks volumes

ANNE  
I think they liked you

The three exchange glances

JAKE  
(shrugs)  
Didn't get any boos

Awkward silence still

JOE  
Wonder what Charlie's up to right  
now.

INT. "MASTER SUITE" STYLE BEDROOM

Lindsay is putting on Charlie's shirt, Charlie is putting on  
his pants

Charlie grabs his Cigarettes, opens patio door, stands in  
the frame and lights up, big draw

(CONTINUED)

Lindsay walks over, holds a cigarette to her lips, he lights it

LINDSAY  
Penny for your thoughts?

CHARLIE  
I'm content not to be having any at the moment.

LINDSAY  
Drinks?

Charlie's still in the afterglow

LINDSAY  
Hey...major Charlie, this is earth.

CHARLIE  
Huh? Yeah, drinks.

The two finish smoking, Charlie goes over to his BRIEFCASE takes out a laptop, Lindsay fixes the drinks

She brings one to Charlie, who is firing up his laptop

LINDSAY  
I thought you said "night off."

CHARLIE  
I'm here aint I?

LINDSAY  
What're you reading?

She looks over his shoulder, trying to flirt

LINDSAY  
Bluegrass Politics? God, Charlie.

CHARLIE  
Just checking the headlines  
(beat)  
We missed the news, yknow.

RINGTONE, Lindsay's

She checks the phone

LINDSAY  
She's called me four times.  
Something must be up, have to take this.



Charlie, now intently reading something, signals "ok"

LINDSAY

(on phone)

I told you he was into that.

Charlie isn't paying much attention as she wanders away, he's starting to grin as he reads

CHARLIE

Crazy old SOB. Stupid crazy old SOB. This is too too good.

He rushes to pick up his phone, dials, waits

CHARLIE

Jake, did you see what he said?

(beat)

Henderson don't matter man, did you see what Fielder said?

(beat)

Just, man, it's perfect. Joe will be deeply offended. We got curse words and coded language.

(beat)

Ask Anne if she likes being a beard, will ya?

(beat)

Yup, it's that kinda stupid, the juicy kind of stupid.

RICK'S OFFICE- NEXT DAY

Rick is reading the newspaper, visibly pissed. Jess trying to stay calm

Rick tosses the newspaper

RICK

Fuck, fuck, fuck!

JESS

Relax

RICK

They're gonna pin us to the wall with this. This is

(flustered)

Courthouse bathroom? What was he thinking?

(CONTINUED)

JESS

The old man didn't know he was  
being taped--

RICK

He's a candidate for fucking  
Governor, he's always being taped.  
And wait, Charlie'll marshal his  
little liberal troops. Jake knows  
every reporter on this fucking beat  
and Joe

(beat)

He's vindictive, you don't get his  
reputation...

JESS

In the long run this will blow  
over. It happened too early to tank  
us.

RICK

We've got three weeks. Three  
fucking weeks.

JESS

I've got a lead with Charlie. Think  
it might go somewhere.

RICK

I'm not sure it matters.

JESS

Worst case, we lose, you go to DC  
and work for--

RICK

I know.

INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE- NEXT DAY

Charlie gunslinger calm, feet propped up. Joe, pacing  
nervous energy. Jake, obsessively checking blogs.

JOE

Fuck him. He wants to say that  
about me? I mean--I'll fucking kill  
that old prick--

CHARLIE

It's the biggest favor he's ever  
done us.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

Blue Commonwealth calls him a  
"gaffe machine"

(clicks)

Backwoods Dem calls him "an  
insensitive false Christian"

CHARLIE

See, false Christian, that's big.

JOE

Does he think I'm some fucking  
pansy who'll roll over and let him  
say this kind of, of, filth?

CHARLIE

Knock off the righteous  
indignation man, the more shit he  
spews the better.

JOE

If he said that to my face I'd  
knock his fucking teeth out.

CHARLIE

No, you'd sue him, but he gave you  
a gift Joey.

JOE

A gift?

JAKE

Hey, he's already taken a hit in  
the polls.

Charlie gets up, checks his hair, straightens his tie

CHARLIE

We will, first, get in touch with  
news outlets. Joey, you will not  
stoop to his level and this is--

JOE

Politics as usual?

CHARLIE

You bet, and--

JOE

This is mudslinging, fear mongering  
and character--

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

No, no, you know that real Kentucky people, the people that make this Commonwealth great are?

Joe shrugs

CHARLIE

They're too smart for this.

JAKE

Ooo, I like it.

JOE

(catching on)

And they're tired of it. They want substance, real debate, a change at the Capital.

CHARLIE

Jake my man, you'll rustle up the reporters, who're already calling I might add, and tell them what?

JAKE

The comments were reprehensible, offensive, and they...

CHARLIE

Only tell us what kind of politician Governor Fielder is, and has always been.

JAKE

And it is unfortunate that this is what makes the front page instead of honest debate about what's best for our Commonwealth.

JOE

And you?

CHARLIE

I get to hit low, call Bobby Rich.

JOE

Motherfucker, you get to have all the fun.

CHARLIE

You're damn right.

INT. INTERVIEW SHOW

Joe sits across from TV HOST

JOE  
Well, I could respond, but I know  
and the people of Kentucky know...

INTERCUT- FIELDER'S SCANDAL

INT. JOE'S CAMPAIGN HQ

Jake is talking to MEDIA

JAKE  
...And it only hurts our democracy,  
our system and our Commonwealth  
when...

JOE  
...he has to resort to insults...

JAKE  
...instead of substantive debate...

JOE  
...on policies for the working  
families...

JAKE  
...children...

JOE  
...students...

JAKE  
...and everyone...

JOE  
...in our Commonwealth...

JAKE  
...What we should be talking  
about...

JOE  
...is whether or not Fielder...

INT. DOWNTOWN PARK

Charlie, tie loosened, CHILI DOG and POP at a bench sits next to Bobby Rich

CHARLIE  
...has Bovine Spongiform  
encephalopathy.

BOBBY  
What?

CHARLIE  
Listen, he's a shitstorm of crazy,  
but if you write Alzheimer's  
they'll say that we're running a  
rumor machine.

BOBBY  
But it's clearly in jest.

CHARLIE  
You know that, I know that, but  
people's grandmothers have  
Alzheimer's and they don't wanna  
laugh about it.

BOBBY  
So Bovine spongiform  
encephalopathy?

CHARLIE  
You know what that is, right Bob?

BOBBY  
Mad Cow Disease, right?

CHARLIE  
Ludicrous enough I can dismiss it  
as Bobby Rich being Bobby Rich. A  
below the belt joke that would  
never come from Joey.

BOBBY  
"Governor Fielder: Mad Cow  
Disease?" That headline'd get hits.

CHARLIE  
More traffic, more ads, more people  
reading Blue Commonwealth.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY

Get some of the other bloggers on board?

CHARLIE

Governor Fielder has Mad Cow, the college kids'll eat it up man, as will the email swapping old liberals.

BOBBY

Yknow, I could try to give the rumor legs.

CHARLIE

Well, going full joke mode is best, don't want to offend Agribusiness, but if you must give it a tinge of realism...

BOBBY

Joe know you're doing this?

CHARLIE

(emphatic)

Hell no, and I'll deny I even know your name.

Charlie grins, winks, gets up

BOBBY

You still seeing the Blakemoore heiress?

CHARLIE

What's it to you?

BOBBY

Dude, everybody wants an invite to those parties.

Charlie shakes his head, starts walking away

CHARLIE

Bobby, Bobby, Bobby...

INT. RICK'S OFFICE- NIGHT

Rick sits at his desk, reading papers

Jess enters with FLATTOP, who we saw in the BG of EXT. BIG HORSE FARM

(CONTINUED)

JESS

Rick, this is the man I was telling you about.

Rick perks up

RICK

Hi

He extends a hand, they shake

RICK

So Jess says you have something I might be interested in?

FLATTOP

Yes, Mister Daniels, I'm aware of...well...an investigation that might be of some interest to your campaign.

RICK

Really?

FLATTOP

Thing is, see, through the normal channels it would hit Lavassaney's office before it did yours. They'd know it was coming, they'd have time to strategize, head it off and  
(fidgets, thinks)  
Well, I don't want to see him in the Governor's office.

RICK

What've you got?

Unknown Guy hands him a folder

FLATTOP

You didn't get this from me, think of it as coming from...well...a concerned citizen.

Rick looks it over, then registers surprise, Jess gets a smirk

RICK

This is all?

FLATTOP

One hundred percent, we'll go forward soon.



JESS

Good job?

RICK

Good job.

INT. JOE'S CAMPAIGN HQ- DAY

We're in the "bullpen" of a bustling HQ, lots of people manning phones, giving old ladies YARD SIGNS, heading out w/ clipboards etc.

Enthusiastic Young Guy comes over to Kim's desk

Kim is on the phone, untouched SALAD in front of her

KIM

Well, m'aam I understand your reservations but Mister Lavassaney's opinion on abortion...he is in fact a practicing Christian...Lutheran...well...I understand...thank you for your time

(hangs up, scribbles on a sheet)

Yankee church?

She notices the Enthusiastic Young Guy

KIM

What's up?

He holds up PIECE OF PAPER, too far from her face to read it

ENTHUSIASTIC YOUNG GUY

This is up.

KIM

What is it?

He hands it to her, but doesn't give her time to read it

ENTHUSIASTIC YOUNG GUY

Once Bluecommonwealth gets a hold of this we'll--

KIM

Let me read it.

Kim reads

(CONTINUED)

KIM  
This is good.

She gets up, passing enthusiastic young guy, pretty much ignoring him, goes to Jake's office

INT. JAKE'S OFFICE

Smaller than Charlie's, more cluttered, John Lennon- IMAGINE POSTER on the wall

Jake manages to be on both his laptop and his blackberry.

JAKE  
(into phone)  
And it is with great anticipation  
Joe looks forward to attending the  
Burgoo Festival.  
(beat)  
No, thank you.  
(beat)  
I'll tell him you said hello.

He notices Kim.

KIM  
Political Wire, right now.

Joe clicks around on the computer

JAKE  
Holy shit.

He immediately checks other websites, we can't register yet whether this is positive or negative surprise

KIM  
Bluegrass politics?

JAKE  
They've got it too.

KIM  
CJ?

JAKE  
On the CJ.

Kim grins

KIM  
I tell Charlie?

JAKE  
You take this one.

They both exit

INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE

Charlie is typing something, Kim and Jake stand at the open door

CHARLIE  
(without looking up)  
What?

Kim puts the paper down on his desk

KIM  
All the blogs seem to agree.

JAKE  
Evidently we were a little  
pessimistic internally.

CHARLIE  
We're ahead?

KIM  
We're ahead.

JAKE  
It must've been the press flap from  
the--

CHARLIE  
We're ahead?

KIM  
Everywhere we look.

CHARLIE  
Hot damn we're gonna win this  
sumbitch. Call Joey.

JAKE  
He's in court.

CHARLIE  
Who cares, he's winning.

INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE- NIGHT

Charlie pours three glasses of TOP SHELF BOURBON,  
distributes them to Jake and Joe

Charlie raises his glass to toast

CHARLIE  
Here's to fifty three to fifty five  
percent statewide.

JAKE  
Salut.

They drink

JOE  
So you think it was the gaffe?

JAKE  
The gaffe put us ahead.

CHARLIE  
Y'all are too goddamned  
pessimistic. The gaffe gave us a  
point, two maybe, we've put us  
ahead.

JAKE  
Not to mention all the staff,  
volunteers--

CHARLIE  
Jake.

JAKE  
Yeah

CHARLIE  
Implicit in "we."

Joe looks a lot more contemplative than celebratory at the  
moment he's shot ahead in the polls

JOE  
Man.

CHARLIE  
What's wrong?

JAKE  
Yeah, smile.

(CONTINUED)

JOE

It's just...

CHARLIE

Just what?

JOE

We might actually win.

CHARLIE

You're damn right Joey, we might actually march our asses up to Frankfort.

JAKE

That's gonna be a good day.

Joe and Charlie exchange glances, toast

JOE

You think we'd be here this soon?

CHARLIE

I've always been cocky Joey, aint the one to ask.

JOE

You can't honestly tell me you thought I'd have a shot at governor this soon.

CHARLIE

No, I can't.

JOE

Thank you.

CHARLIE

I thought it'd be me.

Charlie grins, Joe flips him off

INT. SMALL BAR

Few customers, Jake stands at the JUKEBOX

Mellow Sinatra type music queues

Jake goes to a table where LEEANN, same age as Jake, sits

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

So, what were you wanting to talk to me about?

LEEANN

Well, we've been friends for a while...

JAKE

(pained, hating to say it)  
Leeann, it'd be inappropriate, yknow, with the campaign and all if I--

LEEANN

Don't get ahead of yourself, that wasn't where I was going.

Jake's kind of deflated

LEEANN

Not to say I'd never go there.

Jake smirks

LEEANN

I've just been following something. It looks to me like it has legs and it might be dangerous for you guys.

JAKE

What is it?

LEEANN

I can't, well  
(strained pause)  
It'd be wrong for me to tell you exactly. But it might be dangerous for you guys, particularly Charlie.

JAKE

Trust me, Charlie--

LEEANN

I think Fielder's guys already know about it.

JAKE

Either way, I've known Charlie a long time, for everything he does, he's really careful.

(CONTINUED)

LEEANN

Well, that may be true, Jake. But don't be blindsided, something big might be coming and it might involve Charlie. Just, word of warning.

JAKE

(measured)

Well, we'll be on the lookout.

LEEANN

Friendly warning.

Short, uncomfortable silence

JAKE

(grins)

Can we quit worrying about work and enjoy some Sinatra?

LEEANN

Fine.

INT. JOE'S COURTHOUSE OFFICE

Screams "successful prosecutor"

Joe is at his desk, reading FILE

Across from him sit N.D. DETECTIVE and FLATTOP, who is now wearing a BADGE

JOE

So, Client number two, four escorts and--

FLATTOP

We really want Miss Moore.

N.D. DETECTIVE

The whole operation traces back to her.

JOE

I've never, ever been shy about taking a case, but--

FLATTOP

It's airtight, we've got her on tape so...

(pointed, but not aggressive)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FLATTOP (cont'd)  
Whatever connections she might  
have...

JOE  
(equally pointed)  
I can assure you, detective,  
"connections" mean nothing to me.  
Law is law.

FLATTOP  
Of course, you're the guy who  
pinned Lambert.

N.D. DETECTIVE  
(oblivious)  
The law and order candidate.

JOE  
Exactly.

FLATTOP  
We knew we could trust you, Mister  
Lavassaney.

JOE  
Proceed as needed. Anything else?

The Cops rise to leave, N.D. Detective still oblivious to  
the political sniping between Joe and his partner

N.D. Detective extends a hand to Joe

N.D. DETECTIVE  
(unironic)  
Good luck in November, Mister  
Lavassaney.

Joe returns the shake, if halfheartedly, and nods a "thanks"

The cops exit

Joe slumps in his chair, looks over the FILE, groans, wings  
a PEN across the room

He looks over at his CELL, dials

JOE  
(impatient/anxious)  
Answer...goddammit...answer  
(beat)  
Charlie.



INT. LINDSAY'S PLACE- KITCHEN

Charlie, for the first time, looks disheveled, almost trembling

Lindsay sits at the counter, STRAIGHT WHISKEY in front of her, guarded, defensive

LINDSAY

I never did any of the calls,  
Charlie.

CHARLIE

That makes it so much fucking  
better.

(beat)

Dating a whore, that's one thing,  
but a pimp.

LINDSAY

Oh, fucking spare me, when did you  
turn all prudish?

CHARLIE

When my best friend ran for fucking  
Governor, Lindsay. You think I give  
a goddamn if you and your dim bulb  
nympho friends decide you wanna  
supplement your trust funds getting  
horse trash laid?

LINDSAY

There it is again, horse trash?  
From a fucking redneck?

CHARLIE

The fucking redneck wasn't running  
an escort ring outta the back of  
his pickup, sweet thing.

He's got her there.

CHARLIE

Goddamn it, this is what tanked  
Chris' daddy.

(beat)

Well, she was a Louisville hooker,  
but still.

He's on the verge of tears, violence, something

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Before we had name recognition,  
before we had polls, before we had  
anything, we were clean, damn it.

LINDSAY

Charlie I--

CHARLIE

We were clean.  
(to himself)  
Under my goddamn nose.

INT. JOE'S KITCHEN- LATE

Joe, tie loosened, shirtsleeves, haggard, sits, thousand  
mile stare

TV Drones, he isn't paying it any attention

Anne enters, turns off the TV

ANNE

(aware)  
Rough day, huh?

JOE

He said he didn't know.

ANNE

Do you believe him?

JOE

Babe, it's Charlie. I've--I  
mean--it's Charlie. He said he  
didn't know.

ANNE

He probably didn't. He was more  
caught up in this campaign than  
you, even.

JOE

(gallows laugh)  
I know.

ANNE

But that doesn't change the fact  
that he was dating the, what'd they  
call her?

(CONTINUED)

JOE  
(eye roll)  
The Blakemoore mistress.

Anne has a "huh?" look

JOE  
After her parents' farm.

ANNE  
Is Charlie staying?

JOE  
Am I supposed to fire--

ANNE  
You want to be Governor Lavassaney,  
Senator Lavassaney and as much as I  
know you guys--

JOE  
No, babe, I can't fire him. He's--  
(searching for the words)  
He and I--  
(still searching)  
Some things--

ANNE  
Come before politics?

Joe nods, Anne kisses him on the cheek

ANNE  
If you don't get any sleep, honey,  
tomorrow won't be any easier.

Joe nods

INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE- NEXT DAY

Kim enters as Charlie, Joe, Jake and Chris are already in  
the office

CHARLIE  
Kim, door.

She closes and locks the door

Tense, momentary silence

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

(leaping forward)

I say we go to bat for you. They're trying to make you, and by extension Joe, guilty by association. There's no evidence--

CHRIS

Guilt by association means a hell of a lot in this state.

KIM

(passive aggressive)

Chris, your dad had the Seelbach incident, we don't.

(to Charlie)

I've already gotten a supportive call from Keith, down in Hazard.

CHARLIE

(smirks)

Good ole Keith.

JOE

Charlie...

All eyes on the bossman

JOE

...Tell them what you told me.

CHARLIE

I did not know about Miss Moore's illegal activities. Had I known, I would not have associated with her. I am under no threat of indictment...

CHRIS

You sure?

JOE

I'm sure.

CHARLIE

I may, however be under threat of subpoena.

KIM

Joe wouldn't.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE  
The defense might.

JAKE  
(incensed)  
To prove a negative? That's  
ridiculous. Charlie I'm serious  
we--

Charlie raises a hand

CHARLIE  
I'll be damned if I'm gonna let a  
money making scheme, hatched by an  
over privileged heiress keep Joe  
out of Frankfort.

KIM  
So what do we do?

CHARLIE  
I'm resigning.

JAKE  
Charlie, man.

CHARLIE  
Jake, I aint bringing down the  
ship, alright.

KIM  
(to Joe)  
Boss?

JOE  
It's his decision. I've trusted his  
judgment thus far.

CHARLIE  
Tell 'em I've prepared a statement.  
End of discussion.

CHRIS  
I aint against it, but this  
wouldn't be admitting weakness?

CHARLIE  
No, end of discussion.

KIM  
I don't know, I'm with Jake--

(CONTINUED)

JOE

End of discussion.

Palpable tension, Chris leaves first, barely making eye contact with Charlie

Kim stands, "say it aint so" look, Charlie salutes his best "trooper," she leaves

Charlie sits down, puts face in hands, rubbing his temples

JAKE

So?

CHARLIE

You and Trooper take the reins.  
Last debate.

JAKE

Next week. Hit?

JOE

(wearily)

Back.

Charlie grunts a chuckle

"What can be said?" silence

CHARLIE

Blinded by a piece of ass  
(beat)  
Damn fine piece of ass, though.

Jake gets up, to head out

JAKE

(chuckles)

That going to be in your statement?

JOE

("speechy" tone)

And as you know, Democratic policy  
on damn fine pieces of ass...

CHARLIE

It aint gonna be in there. Just  
hold 'em back a while, would ya  
Jake?

JAKE

Yeah, man.

Jake exits, Charlie pops an Ulcer Pill

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

I really am sorry, man. You know I would've--

JOE

I know. You know what you're gonna do?

CHARLIE

McGreevy, I guess.

(beat)

Nobody expects scruples from a lobbyist.

JOE

Listen, if you want to stay--

CHARLIE

You and I both know I can't.

(long beat)

But thanks for the sentiment. You can still win this thing Joey.

JOE

Maybe.

Charlie gets up, puts on SUIT COAT, straightens his tie and hair

CHARLIE

(purposefully overdramatic)

Yay though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death...

Joe grins, but it's the grin before you face a firing squad

CHARLIE

...I believe in Harvey Dent.

Firing squad grin, short silence

JOE

This sucks, man.

Charlie nods, acknowledging as much

CHARLIE

(re: office door)

Out of the fat, huh?

Charlie and Joe exchange salutes, Charlie exits

Joe sits, alone, looking hollowed out

INT. JOE'S CAMPAIGN HQ- MOMENTS LATER

POV Charlie as he stands in front of rows of reporters

CHARLIE

In light of charges recently leveled against Miss Lindsay Moore, a close personal friend, I am resigning from the Citizens for Joe Lavassaney campaign...

EXT. COURTHOUSE

Lindsay faces a similar gauntlet of reporters as she "perp walks"

CHARLIE (V.O.)

...While I have not and will not be charged with any wrongdoing, my continued association with Miss Moore casts a dark cloud of suspicion over a fine man and close personal friend...

INT. FIELDER FUNDRAISER

Rick, Fielder and Flattop all shaking hands, backslapping

CHARLIE (V.O.)

...and diverts attention away from substantive issues affecting our fine Commonwealth...

INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

Charlie pours and downs a glass of CHEAP WHISKEY

CHARLIE (V.O.)

...I regret that I may have jeopardized the campaign. But I believe that the people of Kentucky can look past this...

INT. RUPP ARENA- GAME NIGHT

Joe sits with Buddy Lee, he looks over his shoulder and realizes his friend isn't there

(CONTINUED)



CHARLIE (V.O.)  
...and look at Joe Lavassaney, the  
man. Thank you.

INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT- ELECTION NIGHT

Charlie's watching returns on TV, with a bottle in his hand

T.V. ANCHOR  
And with results out of Western  
Kentucky still not in, the race is  
a dead heat.

CHARLIE  
C'mon damn it, we were all over the  
purchase.  
(examines TV)  
Well we got Anderson County.

He's satisfied that, at the very least, he got his home  
county

INT. NICE HOTEL ROOM- ELECTION NIGHT

Joe, Anne and Kim watch returns

T.V. ANCHOR  
Exit polling and early results  
suggest that the Western counties  
might tip this race in Lavassaney's  
favor.

T.V. PUNDIT  
Well, the Blakemoore Madam trial  
didn't get much play in western  
media outlets and there's still  
some lingering discontentment with  
Fielder's--

Joe mutes it

Anne and Kim look at him "why the hell?"

JOE  
(shrugs)  
I can see the results, I don't need  
the anchors.

Jake enters, on his CELL

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

You're sure, Calloway, McCracken  
and Graves? Graves, really? Ok, ok,  
thanks.

KIM

So?

JAKE

So it looks like we tipped just  
enough of the west that, on top of  
Louisville and Lexington--

JOE

And just enough in NKY?

KIM

Trust me, just enough.

JAKE

I think so.

ANNE

Joey, you're going to be--

JOE

Babe, not til they  
(points to TV)  
Call it.

INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT- ELECTION NIGHT

T.V. ANCHOR

With 83% reporting, Joe Lavassaney  
is Kentucky's next governor.

Charlie raises his fists, they won

Then, as the realization of where he is sets in, he looks  
around, he's alone, a Pyhrric victory

He grabs his CELL

INT. NICE HOTEL ROOM- ELECTION NIGHT

Kim and Jake pop CHAMPAGNE

Anne kisses Joe

(CONTINUED)

ANNE  
Your supporters await.

JAKE  
We better get out there.  
(checks CELL)  
CJ, already.

Joe looks tired, but satisfied

JOE  
You guys go on, I need to put the  
finishing touches on this speech.

Anne and Jake exit

Kim stays a little behind

KIM  
We won, boss.

JOE  
We won.

KIM  
Hard to believe?

JOE  
A little.

KIM  
Too bad...

That hits Joe a little, tense beat

JOE  
Yeah, too bad.

Joe salutes Kim, she exits

Joe picks up his notes, paces a little

CELL rings, he smirks when he looks down at it

JOE  
Hey man.

INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT- ELECTION NIGHT

Charlie is on his phone

Charlie is a little tipsy

CHARLIE  
You done it man.

INTERCUT- CHARLIE AND JOE'S CONVERSATION

JOE  
I had help.

CHARLIE  
Bullshit, you was the best  
candidate in years.

Charlie's TV- Anne and Jake have made it to the podium,  
where Chris is giving a speech

CHARLIE  
Hall still can't stump worth shit.

JOE  
God, I'm glad I'm missing it.

CHARLIE  
Tell Anne she looks, yknow, real  
first lady like.

JOE  
I'll tell her.

CHARLIE  
And Jake to--

JOE  
Take it easy on the open bar.

CHARLIE  
You're the governor, man.

JOE  
That's starting to set in.

CHARLIE  
Take care of yourself  
(overemphasizing)  
Governor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

99.

JOE  
You too, man, you too.

He hangs up

JOE  
You too, Charlie.

He puts on his JACKET, picks up his SPEECH, gathers himself,  
and heads out

FTB