

FADE IN:

INT. MEDICAL CLINIC ROOM - DAY

SUPERVISOR LOWELL BACHMAN (82), wispy grey hair, sits on the edge of a medical table - dangles his legs impatiently.

LOWELL

Ferguson, where the hell are you?

(louder)

Ferguson, can you hear me?

Ferguson, God damn it!

DOCTOR ROBERT FERGUSON, (50s), tall and lean, enters.

FERGUSON

Good afternoon to you too, Lowell.

I guess we can rule out any problems related to your vocal chords.

Ferguson shines a light in each of Lowell's eyes.

LOWELL

So, what do I got - Alzheimer's?

FERGUSON

Take the shirt off. I want to hear your heart. You still have one - yes?

LOWELL

Smart-ass. So, Alzheimer's, right?

Lowell removes his shirt. Ferguson puts his stethoscope on Lowell's chest and listens.

FERGUSON

No, I don't think so. The memory loss you described is pretty normal for someone of your age. But I haven't ruled it out.

LOWELL

Dementia?

Ferguson checks Lowell's ears through a scope.

LOWELL (CONT'D)

I think my Dad had dementia. Hey, what's the difference between them anyway - Alzheimer's and dementia?

FERGUSON

Well, since I don't think you have either, I'm not sure it matters. But if it'll shut you up - dementia is a progressive decline in cognitive function. Alzheimer's is different. In your brain there are these things called neurofibrillary tangles.

LOWELL

Oh C'mon, in English for Christ's sake.

FERGUSON

Hmmm. Well, dementia would be where you have a toupee and you can't find it no matter how hard you look. Then someone points out that it's been sitting on your head the whole time.

LOWELL

Okay, that's good - and Alzheimer's?

FERGUSON

That would be when you can't remember whether you ever had hair in the first place.

LOWELL

See, now that makes sense. So which one do I got?

FERGUSON

Neither, at least I don't think so. Do you still have the nausea?

LOWELL

Yeah, maybe - some.

FERGUSON

What does some mean?

LOWELL

It means I throw up some. Not often. Maybe once a day or so.

FERGUSON

That's not normal.

LOWELL

Have you ever eaten at a government run cafeteria? Vomiting ain't all that rare.

FERGUSON

Any emotional changes - depression, anxiety - any erratic behavior?

LOWELL

That depends on who you ask.

FERGUSON

I'm asking you.

LOWELL

Well, I'm pretty much the same guy I have always been.

FERGUSON

In that case, my sympathies to Tess.

Ferguson leans over and taps Lowell's knees with a medical hammer.

FERGUSON (CONT'D)

Your reflex response is not normal.

LOWELL

I'm old, nothing's normal.

Taking a few steps away, Ferguson moves to the side of Lowell and points three fingers in the air.

FERGUSON

Without moving your head, tell me how many fingers I am holding up.

LOWELL

Knowing you, one.

FERGUSON

Lowell.

LOWELL

I can't tell - happy now?

FERGUSON

How long have you had problems with the peripheral vision in this eye?

LOWELL

I don't know, a few weeks - maybe longer.

FERGUSON

Okay, look. I'm not saying there is anything there for sure, but we've got to get you scheduled for an MRI.

LOWELL

Why?

FERGUSON

As a precautionary measure.

LOWELL

Robert, stop the bull shit. My reflexes are still good enough to kick you in the nuts. And I ain't coming back in unless you give me a good reason.

FERGUSON

Fine. Your symptoms are common for a brain tumor. But that doesn't mean anything - anything at all. But you do need to have a MRI. Just to rule it out.

LOWELL

I think it's dementia. Don't see why you got to poke at me anymore.

FERGUSON

Well, since you don't have a medical degree, let's go with my opinion for now.

LOWELL

Okay, schedule the God damn MRI.

FERGUSON

You got a ride home?

LOWELL

Karen's waiting for me outside.

FERGUSON

All right, put your shirt back on. I don't want you scaring the nurses.

Ferguson leaves the room. Lowell puts his shirt on.

Lowell grabs his temple - a bolt of pain. He looks at the clock on the wall.

LOWELL

Tick-tock.

EXT. STREET IN LOS ANGELES - DAY

A sedan is parked on the street. Lowell approaches and opens the front passenger door.

INT. SEDAN - DAY

KAREN MENDOZA, (30s), Hispanic, full figured, attractive, is in the driver's seat.

KAREN

So, what did the doctor say?

LOWELL

Nothing. You got the material for today's Board meeting?

KAREN

Yes, it's right there in the side compartment.

As Lowell grabs the folder from the side compartment, Karen turns the ignition on and pulls away from the curb.

KAREN (CONT'D)

You were with him for an hour and he didn't say anything?

Lowell ignores her as he reads the contents of the folder.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Did you hear me?

LOWELL

He said that I should try to keep conversation to a minimum.

KAREN

He did not.

LOWELL

Ssssh - doctor's orders.

INT. COUNTY BOARD HEARING ROOM - DAY

A large, ornate auditorium with nearly a thousand seats. A few dozen people are scattered in the first few rows.

A large elevated dais is at the front of the hearing room. Lowell and four other Los Angeles County Supervisors sit in large, high back, leather chairs.

MARIA FLORES, (45), Hispanic, sits in a chair facing the Supervisors.

Other than Lowell, the Supervisors do not pay attention to her as they read, talk to staff and play with their smart phones.

MARIA

Are you even listening? My son is in danger. It is not safe for him to go to outside, I don't even want him to go to school.

VALERIE PENNINGTON, (40), the Clerk of the Board, sits to the right of Marie. She looks at a digital timer. It displays 3:00.

PENNINGTON

Time.

SUPERVISOR GLENDA JACKSON, (50s), prim and proper, looks up from the newspaper she is reading.

JACKSON

Your time is up. Ms. Pennington, who is the next speaker?

PENNINGTON

Edward Smith is here to testify on agenda item thirty-two.

MARIA

(sobbing)

I beg you. Please, help me.

JACKSON

I am sorry. We allot three minutes per speaker. Your time is up.

LOWELL

Let her finish, Glenda.

JACKSON

(to the audience)

Is Mr. Smith here?

Lowell looks at SUPERVISOR JAVIER HERNANDEZ, Hispanic, (45) and SUPERVISOR ABRAHAM JORDAN, (55) as they are engaged in a side conversation.

LOWELL  
Javier, Abraham, help me out here.

FERNANDEZ  
I'm fine with giving her more time.

Jordan nods in approval. SUPERVISOR GEORGE MCKINNEY(50s), handsome and strong jawed, closes his cell phone.

MCKINNEY  
(to Lowell)  
You know that wouldn't be fair to the others here today. They've waited as well. The rule is three minutes and if we start waiving that...

LOWELL  
Oh for Pete's sake. Glenda?

JACKSON  
Fine, we'll give her a few more minutes. But don't blame me when every other speaker wants the same privilege.

LOWELL  
(to Maria)  
Go on.

MARIA  
They want my son to testify. He saw the shooting at City Terrace Park - last Christmas. The gang will never let him testify.

LOWELL  
I don't understand.

MARIA  
He will be killed, just like the others. I have begged the Sheriff for help - for protection. They will not help.  
(sobbing again)  
My son will be killed.

Maria spots Karen standing a few feet away from Lowell. She shouts at her in Spanish.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
No tienen hijos? Dónde están sus corazones?

LOWELL  
(To Karen)  
What did she say?

KAREN  
Do they not have children? Where  
are their hearts?

MCKINNEY  
This is not even in the Board's  
jurisdiction. It's a matter for law  
enforcement. We should really refer  
the matter to the Sheriff.

Maria rises from her seat.

MARIA  
I will not sacrifice another son. I  
will take him away from here.

LOWELL  
Please, let us get your  
information. I'll have my staff  
talk to the Sheriff.  
(to Karen)  
Karen, can you help?

Karen walks from the dais area towards Maria and gently takes  
her arm. Maria points at McKinney.

MARIA  
Pendejo!

Jackson SLAMS her gavel.

JACKSON  
Order!

INT. CLOSED SESSION CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

The Supervisors sit at a large conference table. The County's  
attorney, NEIL BEDFORD (60), sits at a smaller table facing  
them.

JACKSON  
So, you recommend that we settle?

BEDFORD  
Yes, I believe it is the best  
course of action given the  
particulars of this claim.

JACKSON  
How much?



BEDFORD  
Two million.

MCKINNEY  
That's outrageous.

BEDFORD  
Well, certainly I understand,  
Supervisor, but, the man did suffer  
a broken spine.

MCKINNEY  
God, I'm tired of paying  
settlements to inmates.

JORDAN  
Well, perhaps we should stop  
beating them.

MCKINNEY  
You know full well that the Sheriff  
claims his injuries could have come  
from other inmates.

JORDAN  
He was in solitary.

INT. LOBBY OUTSIDE CLOSED SESSION CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Karen Mendoza taps on the door of the conference and opens it  
half way. She spots Lowell and waves him over.

INT. CLOSED SESSION CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

LOWELL  
Give me a minute.

Lowell leaves his chair and approaches the door.

KAREN  
I just heard. The boy was shot. On  
his way home from school.

LOWELL  
The boy?

KAREN  
The son of the mother who was in  
the Board Room this morning.

LOWELL  
Oh Christ - is he okay?

KAREN

No, he died on the way to the hospital.

LOWELL

My God. How could this happen?  
Did you get a name?

KAREN

Jaime - Jaime Flores.

JACKSON

Lowell, there is an issue before us. Can we please move on?

KAREN

(to Lowell)  
Do you need me to do anything?

LOWELL

No - no, thank you, Karen.

Karen exits. Lowell returns to his chair.

JACKSON

So, Counsel recommends settlement. Supervisor McKinney, did you have any further comments or questions?

MCKINNEY

I'm voting no.

FERNANDEZ

I had a few questions for Counsel.

Lowell stands up and packs his things together.

LOWELL

I'm sure you all can figure this out without me. I don't really feel like playing Supervisor anymore today.

INT. LOWELL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

TESS BACHMAN (80), sits up in bed and looks toward a sliding glass door that leads to a small patio.

Tess makes out the image of Lowell sitting in a patio chair; the ember from a cigarette glowing in the darkness.

TESS

Lowell?

Tess puts on her robe and goes to the patio.

EXT. PATIO - NIGHT

TESS

Good Lord, you're smoking. What on earth has gotten into you?

LOWELL

Don't fret about it. We're both too old to get a long term illness.

As she sits down, Tess waves her hand at the smoke.

TESS

It smells.

Lowell exhales forcefully - watches the plume of smoke waft into the night air.

TESS (CONT'D)

What's wrong? What's swirling in that head of yours?

TESS (CONT'D)

Did Doctor Ferguson find something?

LOWELL

No - no I'm fine. It's just that I feel like...

(taking a drag)

Like I'm fading. Like all the sharp edges are being sanded down. Christ, the other day in the office I just sat in my chair for an hour. Just sat there like a God damn zombie. You know, I don't remember having a thought in that entire hour.

TESS

Come get some sleep. You'll feel better in the morning.

LOWELL

Did you see the news today?

TESS

Most of it.

LOWELL

Did they mention that a boy was shot - the one in East L.A?

TESS

Yes, some kind of gang shooting.  
It's so sad.

LOWELL

His mother was in the Board room  
this morning, begging that we  
protect him. She did everything but  
get on her knees. In turn, we did  
absolutely nothing. Not a God damn  
thing.

Lowell takes a deep drag on his cigarette.

LOWELL (CONT'D)

Four decades. I've been doing this  
for more than four decades and what  
have I accomplished? I should have  
stayed a cop.

TESS

Now just stop that nonsense. You  
know you've made a difference.  
You've done a lot of good.

LOWELL

Really? Then why is it that we  
still have people in the Boardroom  
begging for the safety of their  
children?

TESS

It was a bad day. That's all. Now  
come to bed, you're not doing  
yourself any good out here.

LOWELL

You go ahead. I'll be there in a  
minute.

Tess stands up, leans over and gently kisses Lowell on the  
forehead.

TESS

And please, throw away those awful  
cigarettes.

Lowell watches as Tess returns to the bedroom. Once he hears  
the sliding glass door shut, he removes a cigarette from his  
robe pocket, lights it and tosses the match to the side.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY.

A crowded lunch room, the sound of clattering trays and murmurs of conversations fill the room.

Lowell and Karen sit at a corner table.

LOWELL

So, what did you find out?

Lowell takes a large bite of a sandwich.

KAREN

Well, according to Ms. Flores, she wasn't even aware that the County had a witness protection program. Both the D.A and the Sheriff claim that she was given information - but there's no record of that - at least nothing they can produce right now.

As he finishes chewing, Lowell holds his hand up in a motion for Karen to pause. There is a bit of sauce on his lower lip.

Karen removes a napkin from the dispenser on the table.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Here.

LOWELL

What?

KAREN

Your mouth.

LOWELL

Christ, you're worse than a nanny.

Lowell grabs the napkin and wipes his mouth.

LOWELL (CONT'D)

So she never asked for protection? How in God's name can that be the case? You heard her in the Board room.

KAREN

What I said was that she was not aware of the witness protection program. So it's not surprising that she didn't make a specific request.

(MORE)

KAREN (CONT'D)

I do believe that she thought her son was in danger and I do believe that she asked for help.

LOWELL

So you're saying the boy got killed because she wasn't being specific enough?

KAREN

That's what the Sheriff would have you believe.

LOWELL

Because I think he got killed because no one gave a shit.

KAREN

I don't disagree. But I do think there are other problems.

LOWELL

You got any aspirin on you?

Karen fumbles through her purse, finds an aspirin bottle and pops out two pills. She hands them to Lowell.

KAREN

You okay?

LOWELL

Just a bad headache. You were saying?

KAREN

I was saying that even if Maria Flores was aware of the program, made an application and jumped through all the hoops needed, I'm not sure it would have made any difference in the long run.

LOWELL

Because?

KAREN

Because the program only applies while you're a witness. When the trial is over, you go home - no protection.

LOWELL

So the end of the trial doesn't end the danger.

KAREN

Never. A gang will kill for vengeance just as easily as they would kill for silence.

INT. COUNTY BOARD HEARING ROOM - DAY

A small crowd is in the hearing room.

A news cameraman, noticeably bored, points a camera at the dais.

JACKSON

The special meeting on the Sheriff Departments budget is now in session. Ms. Pennington, please read the agenda.

PENNINGTON

Madam Chair, starting on page one of the posted agenda...

LOWELL

Madam Chair, before we start, I have an item I would like to add for discussion today.

JACKSON

Excuse me?

LOWELL

It involves the shooting last week - Jaime Flores.

MCKINNEY

Madam Chair, a point of order please. He can't add an item for discussion today. It hasn't been properly posted.

LOWELL

George, I think you would agree that some matters are more important than our rules and that....

MCKINNEY

Madam Chair, again, Board policy is very specific on this. If an item is not on the posted agenda, then it can not be a matter for this Board's deliberation - at least not for today. Does anyone disagree?

Supervisors Fernandez and Jordan nod their head in agreement.

JACKSON

I am well aware of the procedural issue. I don't intend to allow the matter to move forward. I am just going to let him finish his...

MCKINNEY

His grandstanding?

With a look of defiance, Lowell rises from his chair.

LOWELL

There is no need for that, George. I would think that after four decades on this Board...

Lowell pauses. He wobbles - unsteady.

LOWELL (CONT'D)

That after four decades on this Board you would give me some leeway here.

MCKINNEY

After four decades, I think that you of all people would understand the protocols.

Lowell places his palms firmly on the dais to steady himself.

LOWELL

Last week a mother came to this Board pleading for protection for her boy. That child was shot down in our streets.

MCKINNEY

And you're going to lay that at our feet?

(to Jackson)

Madam Chair, I believe we should continue with the posted agenda. That is unless you are really all that interested in hearing another sermon from the mount.

LOWELL

Fuck off, McKinney!

The Boardroom goes dead silent. "FOCK OFF MCKINNEY" (typo intentional) scrolls across two large video transcript screens on each side of the Boardroom.



MCKINNEY

Excuse me?

LOWELL

Fuck you and fuck your protocols.

The cameraman focuses in on Lowell.

JACKSON

I won't have this in my Boardroom.

LOWELL

What have we become? We can't deal with an issue? Every God damn Tuesday we just slip our fat asses into these leather chairs, playing with our smart phones as we sip coffee that smells like piss.

Jordan puts his cup of coffee to his nose and smells it. Finding no odor, he takes a sip.

Lowell places his hand against his temple.

LOWELL (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. Um, I - I need to leave. Again, sorry.

As he clumsily grabs some papers from the dais, Lowell turns to exit. Karen gently takes his arm.

KAREN

Are you okay?

Lowell pulls away.

LOWELL

I'm fine. I just need some air. You stay here.

KAREN

Let me take you to the Doctor.

Lowell stares at McKinney and silently mouths *Fuck You*. He exits into the hallway adjacent the Boardroom.

INT. THIRD FLOOR CORRIDOR - DAY

With an unsteady gait, Lowell walks down the corridor. He spots a rest room and rushes in.

INT. REST ROOM - DAY

Lowell flings the stall door open, reaches the toilet and vomits violently.

INT. OFFICE LOBBY - DAY

Karen approaches the secretarial desk outside Lowell's office. TRUDY (60), short gray hair, looks up.

TRUDY

Good afternoon, Karen.

KAREN

Hi, Trudy. Is he in?

TRUDY

Yes. But I'm not sure you want to go in there.

LOWELL (O.S.)

(shouting)

Where are the God damn aspirin?

Trudy hands Karen two aspirin and a glass of water.

TRUDY

Well, at least you'll be bearing gifts. It's the third time he's taken them today.

INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE - DAY

A binder of material is in Lowell's lap as he sits sideways on a sofa.

Karen enters, walks over to Lowell and hands him the water and aspirin.

KAREN

You feeling okay? You don't look so well.

Karen takes a seat adjacent to the sofa.

Lowell pops the aspirin in his mouth and takes a huge gulp of water.

LOWELL

I'm fine - just been reading too much. Oh, and you don't exactly look as fresh as a daisy either.

KAREN

I've been getting a ton of requests from reporters asking if you wanted to make a statement. You know, on what happened at the Board meeting. The um - uh, the swearing.

LOWELL

Yeah, as a matter of fact I do. Tell them I want to know why they normally don't ever give a good shit about what happens in the Boardroom? Ask them why someone has to make a fool out of them self before they find it of any interest?

KAREN

You have to admit that it was a bit out of the ordinary. Channel four has a segment on it for this evening. I think you need to address it.

LOWELL

Okay. Tell them they can kiss my old wrinkled ass.

KAREN

Okay, so no statement.

(beat)

I e-mailed one to Trudy. You know, just in case you change your mind.

Lowell gives Karen a look of dismissal.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Well, all righty then.

Lowell stands up, yawns and rubs his eyes.

LOWELL

Did you get something for next week?

KAREN

Yes, we have an agenda item reserved. I just need to work on a specific motion.

LOWELL

Well, rather than trying to baby sit me, you ought to get on it.

Karen stands up.

KAREN

I am on it. Oh, don't forget, we have the funeral tomorrow morning - at ten. You want me to pick you up at the house?

LOWELL

Yeah, sure.

KAREN

If you change your mind on the press release, all you have to do is let Trudy know and she'll....

LOWELL

Go.

Karen sighs in exasperation then exits.

EXT. STATE CAPITAL BUILDING - DAY

A black limousine with black tinted windows pulls up to the curb in front of the State Capital Building.

STEVEN BAKER (40), buttoned down with perfectly groomed hair, approaches the car - newspaper in his hand.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

GOVERNOR JASON BACHMAN, (48) and handsome sits in the backseat. A CHAUFFEUR is in the driver's seat.

Steven Baker opens the passenger car door and slides in.

JASON

Good morning, Steven.

BAKER

Good morning, Governor

The Chauffeur puts the limo in gear and drives forward.

BAKER (CONT'D)

Did you see the Times today?

JASON

You mean did I read about my Dad?

BAKER

Front page.

(reading)

"Supervisor Bachman Outburst."

JASON

I read it.

BAKER

This is not good timing.

JASON

There was a good time for my Dad to shout fuck off in the Boardroom?

The Chauffeur laughs.

CHAUFFEUR

Sorry, Sir.

BAKER

Jason, with all due respect, you need to take this seriously. You're just now starting the reelection campaign. Californians don't want a Governor with a crazy father.

Jason gives Baker a look of disapproval.

BAKER (CONT'D)

I didn't mean that. It's just that we're right in the middle of fund raising. The last thing we need is...

JASON

Stop worrying so much. My Dad is an icon in LA. It was a one day outburst. Leave it alone. It'll go away.

EXT. FIRST STREET, EAST LOS ANGELES - DAY

A blue sedan travels down the street - turns into the parking lot of a mission style church.

EXT. MISSION CHURCH - DAY

An attendant dutifully waits by a hearse parked by the side of the church.

As she holds the hand of her ten year old son, Maria Flores, dressed all in black, greets a small group of people at the church entrance.

One by one, they hug her and offer condolences before they enter the building.

INT. SEDAN - DAY

Lowell and Karen sit in the front of the parked sedan as they watch the scene at the front of the church.

LOWELL

This was a bad idea. I can't  
imagined we're welcome.

KAREN

What?

LOWELL

We shouldn't have come. We don't  
belong here.

Karen points down the street.

KAREN

You see that green house down  
there, next to the liquor store?

LOWELL

Yeah.

KAREN

I lived there, till I was sixteen.  
After Pop died we had to sell -  
moved to an apartment just a block  
up.

Karen points through the rear window.

KAREN (CONT'D)

And that's City Terrace Park. You  
really can't go there at night  
anymore.

Lowell turns around to look at where Karen is pointing.

LOWELL

Uh huh.

Karen points out the passenger window.

KAREN

Over there is where I went to high  
school. See the wall?

LOWELL

Sure.

KAREN

My brother got arrested, twice in fact, for vandalism - you know, graffiti. Looks like they've done a good job keeping it clean.

LOWELL

Karen, for Pete's sake, what is the point?

KAREN

The point is, I do belong here and I want to pay my respects. I guess I could do it alone, but I would be honored to have you with me.

Karen points to Maria, outside the Church.

KAREN (CONT'D)

She would be honored as well.

LOWELL

Oh, Christ! You do know which buttons to hit.

(mimicking Karen  
sarcastically)

That's my house - that's my school - that's where my brother committed felonies.

KAREN

Actually, they were misdemeanors.

LOWELL

You're killing me.

KAREN

C'mon, go in with me.

LOWELL

Fine, I'll go. But I want to wait till everyone is inside. That okay with you?

KAREN

It is. Thank you.

LOWELL

You're welcome.

Lowell sees the church door closing.

LOWELL (CONT'D)

Although I am still pretty sure I'm  
not.

INT. MISSION CHURCH - DAY

A casket, draped in flowers, sits unattended at the front of  
the altar.

Lowell and Karen are at the end of a line of mourners  
offering condolences to Maria and her son as they exit the  
church.

When they reach Maria, Karen gives her a gentle hug.

KAREN

(in Spanish)

Lo sentimos mucho su pérdida.

MARIA

Gracias.

LOWELL

If there - uh, if there is anything  
we can do.

Maria takes Lowell's hand. She gently places her other hand  
on the top of her sons' head.

MARIA

You are supposed to be a powerful  
man. Protect him. He is all I have  
left.

INT. HAL'S PUB - NIGHT

Lowell sits on a bar stool next to JACK, (77). Two near empty  
beer bottles are in front of them. They've had a little too  
much to drink.

At the corner of the bar, HAL, the bartender, cleans glasses.

LOWELL

So I say to the guy, hey it was  
just self-defecating humor. And he  
says, hey fool, don't you mean self-  
deprecating humor? And I say - I  
say, no, I meant defecating cause I  
laughed so hard I shit my pants.

Jack laughs heartily as he slaps his hand down on the bar  
counter.



JACK  
Good one, Lowell. I've got to  
remember that one.

Jack looks at his watch.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Holy shit, it's getting late. I  
gotta get home soon - split a cab?

LOWELL  
Yeah, yeah sure. I'll get the last  
round.  
(to Hal)  
Hey, Hal - last round for us.

Hal bends under the counter and pulls out two cold beers and  
places them in front of Lowell and Jack.

HAL  
Close the tab?

LOWELL  
Yeah, great - oh, and could you  
call us a cab?

HAL  
Not a problem.

Hal walks away. Jack raises his beer bottle.

JACK  
To our fallen and forgotten  
brothers of the L.A police  
department.

LOWELL  
And to those yet to fall and be  
forgotten.

Lowell and Jack clink their bottles in a toast and then each  
takes a large gulp.

JACK  
Ah, that's good. So, let me ask you  
something. You ever regret leaving  
the force so early and doing the  
Supervisor thing?

LOWELL  
Hard to say - in either case, no  
one really gives a shit about what  
you do until you're shot.

JACK

You can have the recognition. I think I prefer not being shot.

LOWELL

I'm serious, Jack. I mean how many good things did we do on the force that no one ever paid attention to? But, if you managed to get yourself shot - or worse, shoot someone else, all of a sudden you were front page news. It's kind of the same with being a Supervisor.

JACK

Okay, I'm going to assume you're very drunk.

LOWELL

I just mean no one pays attention to what you really do. I mean, we pass all kinds of laws that help people and all kind of laws that screw em. No one cares unless you do something like yell fuck at a Board hearing and then you get the press crawling up your ass.

JACK

Yeah, I heard about that.

LOWELL

I went to a funeral today for a kid that was gunned down in broad daylight.

JACK

Yeah, you told me that on beer one.

LOWELL

And the only mention of that kid's death was on page eight of the local edition. I curse in public and it's on the front page - not to mention on every local newscast. No one pays attention to real issues.

JACK

Well, if it is attention you want, crazy seems the way to get it.

Jack tilts his head back and guzzles the remainder of his beer.

JACK (CONT'D)

Man, too many beers. I'm going to be getting up to piss every twenty minutes tonight - fucking prostate.

LOWELL

Crazy?

JACK

Well, yeah. If you got something boring to sell, act crazy. That'll get folks interested and it's a lot less painful than being shot.

HAL (O.S.)

The cab's here.

INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE - DAY

Karen enter. Lowell, slumped back in a chair and fast asleep wears a full length, dark black robe (much like a judge's robe).

KAREN

Lowell?

LOWELL

(awakening - startled)

Uh huh.

KAREN

The meeting is going to start any minute.

LOWELL

Yes - yes, I know. Just meditating. You got the motion?

KAREN

Yes, of course.

Karen hands Lowell a piece of paper. He stands up and reads it as he paces back and forth.

LOWELL

Perfect. Make sure you get a copy to Pennington and the rest of the Board members before the meeting starts.

KAREN

Yes, of course - but you need to get dressed.

LOWELL

I am dressed.

KAREN

You're wearing a robe. Please tell me you're not wearing that to the Board meeting.

LOWELL

I am indeed. Quite splendid, don't you think?

KAREN

Well yes - sure, but not for the meeting. Please, put on your suit. It is a very nice one.

LOWELL

You of all people should not patronize me. The suit is too tight anyway. Makes my fat ass look fatter. Besides, it's not like I criticize your appearance.

KAREN

What's wrong with my appearance?

LOWELL

Well, for one, your breasts are too large. Ever think about that?

KAREN

Um, frankly - no, I haven't really given that a lot of thought.

LOWELL

Have a seat for a moment.

KAREN

We're really short on time.

LOWELL

Sit, they always start late.

Karen reluctantly takes a seat. Lowell takes a seat by her.

LOWELL (CONT'D)

You know what mentoring is - yes?

KAREN

Of course.

LOWELL

So as a mentor, I get to be honest with you - kind of a no holds barred, man to man discussion. Although, obviously you aren't really a man.

KAREN

Thank you for that, I think.

LOWELL

I've been meaning to talk to you for a long time. It just seemed kind of improper. But I don't care anymore. Anyway, one day you'll want to run for office, or maybe even get some corporate job. So, assuming you want to move up, those things...

Lowell points at Karen's chest.

LOWELL (CONT'D)

Well, frankly they are just too large. You might want to consider a reduction. I don't know what it is, but men don't - or can't, - maybe it's a biological weakness - anyway, men can't seem to take woman with big, you know - ta-tas seriously. And if you ask me, the women are even worse. Ipso Facto, you need to shrink them down, or at least cover them up more.

KAREN

I don't know what to say.

LOWELL

I'm sure that no one has cared enough to tell you that before.

KAREN

No, I'm pretty sure you're the first.

Karen gets up from her chair.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Okay then - look, this has been - uh - great, really great - uh - mentoring. Now, about the robe. Will you please take it off and put on a nice suit.

LOWELL

Not a chance. Consider it glued on. You know, all I got on underneath are the boxers. It's actually kind of relaxing.

KAREN

What are you up to?

LOWELL

I'm going to help Maria Flores.

KAREN

By wearing a robe?

LOWELL

I'm just trying to get attention for a good cause.

KAREN

Now I'm more lost.

LOWELL

Did you see the Board room? There are twice as many reporters there this week. Why? I'll tell you why. Cause I made a fool out of myself last week. It only took me forty years, but I finally realized that all the press wants is the circus. And what's a circus without a clown?

KAREN

Lowell, please.

LOWELL

I'm wearing the robe.

INT. COUNTY BOARD HEARING ROOM - DAY

There are considerable more press in attendance than the week before, including two television crews from local news stations.

Lowell and Karen enter.

LOWELL

(to Karen)

See, what did I tell ya.

A cameraman focuses his lens on Lowell as walks towards his seat at the dais.

Lowell fluffs his robe as he sits down. Several members of the crowd are pointing at him.

FERNANDEZ

What the in the world?

JORDAN

(To Fernandez, quietly)

My God, he's really lost it.

JACKSON

I am calling to order the meeting of the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors. All please rise and face the flag.

All in attendance rise and face the large American Flag in the corner of the Boardroom as an individual dressed in army formals recites the pledge.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Ms. Pennington, you may now read the agenda.

PENNINGTON

Supervisor Jackson and members of the Board, we will start the agenda on page five, meeting of the Housing Authority. Items one through six are before you.

JACKSON

Moved by Supervisor McKinney, seconded by Supervisor Jackson, hearing no objections, so ordered.

PENNINGTON

Item number seven is the motion introduced last week by Supervisor Bachman regarding gang violence.

JACKSON

Supervisor Bachman.

LOWELL

Thank you, Madam Chair. I have an amendment to my motion. Karen has already provided it to you and your staff. I would like to read it in for the record.

JACKSON

Please proceed.

LOWELL

Jaime Flores is dead at the age of sixteen. His crime? He wanted to testify in Court in order to make his neighborhood safer. Our crime? Our crime is that we did not protect him despite the fact that his mother begged for our help in this very Board room.

MCKINNEY

(under his breath)  
Oh, for Christ's sake.

LOWELL

(reading from a sheet of paper)  
"The County's current witness protection program relies on a witness formally seeking protection, rather than the County automatically providing such protection. Unlike Federal programs, it does not address many issues such as the relocation of families after a trial has been completed. There are many other weaknesses Changes are needed.

MCKINNEY

Is there a motion here somewhere?

Lowell sneers at McKinney.

LOWELL

(reading)  
"I therefore move that, one; the Board establish a Witness Protection Center in the City Terrace Park area and that the center be named in honor of Jamie Flores, two: that such center be staffed by witness protection advocates, three; that the Board include witness and family relocation as part of the program, and four; that the Board immediately appropriate twenty five million dollars for this effort."

MCKINNEY

Madam Chair.



JACKSON  
Supervisor McKinney.

MCKINNEY  
I move that this item be continued until budget deliberations in June. It really needs to be considered in context with all of the County's spending priorities for next year.

JACKSON  
I'll second that.

LOWELL  
What?

JACKSON  
Lowell, in all fairness none of us really have had the time to review the proposal in detail. I don't think the request for a delay is unreasonable.

LOWELL  
This can't wait for June. It's not like there aren't going to be witnesses between now and then. We need to discuss this today.

JACKSON  
Ms. Pennington, please call the roll on Supervisor McKinney's motion.

PENNINGTON  
The motion is to continue item seven until budget deliberations in June. Supervisor McKinney?

MCKINNEY  
Aye!

PENNINGTON  
Supervisor Bachman?

LOWELL  
No!

FERNANDEZ  
Aye.

LOWELL  
Javier, you of all people know that this is critical.

FERNANDEZ

Don't lecture me on gangs, Lowell.  
With all due respect, you're a  
little late to the party. I've been  
working on this issue a lot longer  
than you have.

JACKSON

Ms. Pennington, continue with the  
roll.

PENNINGTON

Supervisor Jordan?

JORDAN

Aye.

PENNINGTON

Supervisor Jackson?

JACKSON

Aye. The motion passes four to one.  
Supervisor Bachman's motion will be  
continued until June.

(to Pennington)

Next item please.

LOWELL

I object.

JACKSON

You object? You can't object to an  
approved motion.

LOWELL

Yes I can.

(standing up)

I'm wearing a robe ain't I?

JACKSON

Ms. Pennington, please continue  
with the agenda.

LOWELL

I object - I object - I object.

JACKSON

Supervisor Bachman - please.

LOWELL

At least give me the courtesy of  
having a moment to speak.

MCKINNEY

Let him get his precious three minutes of camera time. Otherwise we'll never get this meeting over with.

JACKSON

Fine, but please Supervisor Bachman, be brief. There are other agenda items to cover today.

Lowell rises from his chair.

LOWELL

I'm pretty sure that the good citizens in the audience do not give a damn about ninety-nine percent of the items on this agenda since it ain't their agenda - it's ours.

(towards the audience)

By applause, who would like to discuss a new witness protection program?

The audience applauds loudly. Jackson pounds her gavel.

JACKSON

Order - order. The motion to continue the item passed. There will be no more discussion on it today.

MCKINNEY

Can we please move on?

LOWELL

One more minute please.

MCKINNEY

This is ridiculous.

LOWELL

I would like to take this time to apologize for my outburst last week.

(taking his seat)

Recently, I have been diagnosed with a psychological disorder.

JACKSON

(sarcastically)

I am shocked.

LOWELL

Yes, sadly it seems I have Tourette's Syndrome.

MCKINNEY

That does it. I've had enough. Glenda, move to the agenda and, Lowell, please, you do not have Tourette's Syndrome.

LOWELL

Eat shit, McKinney. - Ooops, Tourettes.

JACKSON

Stop it, Lowell.

MCKINNEY

Okay, here we go again. That is not acceptable and I will not tolerate it and...

LOWELL

Fuck you. Sorry, I can't control it.

MCKINNEY

And, just as a word to the unwise - since you seem bent on making up this nonsense, if you had Tourette's, you would be stuttering.

LOWELL

Oh. Well then, I ma-ma-ma-meant fu-fu-fu-fuck you!

The audience erupts with laughter and applause.

Jackson pounds her gavel.

JACKSON

Order -Order. There will be no more outbursts in the Boardroom.

LOWELL

(to the audience)

I'm going down to the cafeteria to discuss my proposal for a gang witness protection center. I welcome all members of the audience to come and discuss any ideas they have.

(MORE)

LOWELL (CONT'D)

The press may find it interesting  
as well as I am pretty sure I'm not  
done cursing yet.

JACKSON

That is highly inappropriate.

LOWELL

Oh well, as I've stated earlier,  
I'm sick, so sue me.

(to the audience)

I'm going to change first. I've  
been told I have a very nice suit.  
I'll be down there in ten minutes.

People in the audience start making their way to the doors.  
The news cameraman packs up his tripod and follows.

INT. EIGHTH FLOOR CORRIDOR - HALL OF ADMINISTRATION - LATER

McKinney and Jackson are in the middle of a long, walnut  
paneled, corridor.

MCKINNEY

I'm telling you, you need to take  
control of this.

JACKSON

And exactly what is it that you  
would have me do, George?

MCKINNEY

All I know is that right now  
Bachman is still down in the  
Cafeteria. He's been in there for  
four hours. You are supposed to be  
in charge and he is making you look  
like a fool.

JACKSON

Don't be so presumptuous as to tell  
me what to do. I've been doing this  
for a good long time. And, I am  
nobody's fool.

MCKINNEY

Well you can't just let this....

McKinney spots Karen and Tess walking towards them.

MCKINNEY (CONT'D)

Ah, Jesus.

Karen and Tess reach McKinney and Jackson.

MCKINNEY (CONT'D)

Karen, Tess - so nice to see you.

JACKSON

Tess, you look lovely. How are you doing dear?

TESS

Fine, thank you, Glenda. I'm just here to see Lowell.

JACKSON

I think he's still downstairs.

TESS

Downstairs?

MCKINNEY

Yes, he is having a special get together.

KAREN

Tess, we should be going. Supervisors, please excuse us.

JACKSON

Of course.

Karen escorts Tess down the hallway. McKinney and Jackson wait until they are out of earshot before resuming.

MCKINNEY

You can't let this go on, Glenda. Take charge.

INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE - DAY

Tess and Karen sit on the sofa. Hot tea and cookies are on the table.

Tess picks up her cup and takes a sip.

TESS

I like what you've done to your hair. You added a tint - yes?

KAREN

Thank you. Yes, just a touch.

Lowell enters.

LOWELL

Tess, what are you doing here?

KAREN

I brought her. She asked for a ride.

LOWELL

(to Karen)

Why in tar nation would she need a ride here? Why in the hell am I asking you? Tess?

TESS

I got a call from a nurse at Robert's office today. She told me that they have been calling your office all week to get a MRI scheduled and that you won't call them back. I told her you weren't scheduled for any tests, that she must be mistaken.

LOWELL

Ah yeah - that. I've been meaning to tell you...

TESS

Then I got Robert on the phone. He said you need to have one done right away.

LOWELL

What the hell happened to precautionary measure?

TESS

What?

LOWELL

Damn it, he's got no business discussing my personal medical business.

TESS

He thought you had already told me. Now you tell me, what is going on?

LOWELL

Look, it's - uh - uh. It was that I didn't want to worry you over nothing. It's no big deal. They don't even know if I have a problem yet. I've just been a little dizzy lately - a few headaches is all. They just want to rule things out. Karen, help me out here.

KAREN

Perhaps you could persuade her if you had your robe on, Sir.

TESS

I knew something was wrong. I knew it - your behavior lately.

LOWELL

My behavior? Good Lord, what are you talking about woman?

TESS

You know the Board meetings are televised. You were not yourself. In all these years you've never disrespected the Board. But the last few weeks, Lowell. Something has to be wrong.

LOWELL

So I was a little theatrical. I'm just trying to get folks to pay attention. But you should have seen the meeting in the cafeteria - the real meeting. Tessy, it was energizing. I've never had more clarity. I don't know what it is. I just see things better now - clearer. Ask Karen. I was just telling her about the problem with her breasts earlier.

TESS

Karen, you have a problem with your breasts? Good God, tell me it's not cancer.

KAREN

My breasts are just fine. The Supervisor was just concerned that they were - well - they were too large.

TESS

Lowell!

LOWELL

Well Christ, just look at them. Oh never mind. The point is that I am as crisp as ever. There is nothing for you to worry about. Nothing.



Tess walks over to Lowell and pinches his cheek very firmly. Lowell grimaces.

TESS

You - you mind your Ps and Qs,  
Lowell Bachman. Other's people  
private parts are none of your  
concern.

Karen nods in approval

LOWELL

(cowering)

I was just trying to help.

TESS

And I don't care if you and Robert  
talk baseball or how cute the nurse  
is or whatever it is you men all  
talk about. But when he is talking  
to you as a Doctor, he's talking to  
the both of us. And if you ever  
don't tell me what Robert says when  
it comes to your health, and I mean  
everything he says, I'll - well - I  
don't know what I would do, but I  
know you'll regret it.

Tess releases Lowell's cheek and picks up her coat.

TESS (CONT'D)

Now, you call them back before you  
leave this office today and get  
that MRI scheduled.

LOWELL

A guy ought to be able to have some  
privacy with his Doctor.

TESS

Otherwise, don't you bother coming  
home tonight. You got that, mister?

LOWELL

Yes, today. I got it.

TESS

Karen, would it be too much a  
bother for you to take me home.

KAREN

Of course not.

Karen walks to Tess - takes her hand.

Lowell rubs his cheek where Tess had pinched it.

LOWELL  
That really hurt you know.

As she and Tess reach the door, Karen turns her head back to Lowell.

KAREN  
I think she was just mentoring.

INT. JASON'S OFFICE - DAY

Jason is at his desk, on the telephone.

JASON  
(into phone)  
...Yes, I promise, I'll talk to him.  
(listening)  
No, it's okay. I have to be in Los Angeles on Monday anyway - some press conference thing for a library opening.

Steven Baker raps on the door jam. Jason waves him in. Baker takes a seat.

JASON (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Good, that's good. Okay, I'll see you soon.  
(listening)  
Love you too.

Jason hangs up.

BAKER  
Problem?

JASON  
That was my Mom. She said my Dad needs to have a MRI. A brain scan basically.

BAKER  
That doesn't sound good. What's wrong?

JASON  
He's had some problems recently. A little dizziness, some nausea. It might be just old age, but they need to rule some things out.  
(MORE)

JASON (CONT'D)

Hey, what time is the press conference with Congressman Rizzetti on Monday?

BAKER

We're supposed to be there by nine. They'll have about a half hour of the usual ceremonial stuff, you take a few photos, make a few supportive comments and we're done.

JASON

Good, that will work. You don't mind getting back a little late do you? I need to see my Dad.

BAKER

Of course not. In fact, it may be a good time to talk to him. You know, see if he can't tone it down a bit.

JASON

All things considered, think I'll pass on that for now.

BAKER

Jason, I appreciate your situation. I really do. But we can't have this in the news every week. We have the first fund raiser dinner in six days and we aren't even close to selling out. Doesn't that tell you something?

JASON

It might have something to do with a thousand dollars for a piece of chicken.

BAKER

Your father wore an ornamental robe in a televised Board meeting as he was telling a fellow Supervisor to eat shit. Not to mention claiming to have Tourette's.

JASON

It's not an ornamental robe. He got it as a gift from a State Supreme Court Justice - four years ago I think.

BAKER

I've gotten two dozen calls from the press on this today alone. Besides, you just said he was sick anyway. It can't be doing him, or your Mother for that matter; any good.

JASON

I said he might be sick. And what is it exactly that you would have me ask him to do?

BAKER

You know, just act proper - dignified. How could he disagree?

JASON

You really don't know my father very well.

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Lowell lays prone on a MRI machine. A MEDICAL TECHNICIAN hooks up some wires to the machine. Ferguson is observing.

MEDICAL TECHNICIAN

Okay Mr. Bachman, in a moment I am going to slide you in. I need for you to keep very still. Okay?

LOWELL

Okay. Let's get it over with.

MEDICAL TECHNICIAN

It should only last about thirty minutes or so.

The Medical Technician slides the MRI chute holding Lowell under the MRI canopy. The upper half of his body is now encased.

MEDICAL TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

All right, it is going to be a bit noisy. You must stay as still as you can. Here we go.

The Medical Technician turns on the MRI and starts taking readings.

LOWELL

Ferguson, you shouldn't be here, the other guy is enough. I ain't paying double.

(MORE)

LOWELL (CONT'D)

(beat)

Ferguson, can you hear me?

Exasperated, the Medical Technician turns off the machine.

Ferguson walks over to the machine and slides the chute holding Lowell back out from under the canopy.

FERGUSON

What part of stay still didn't you understand?

LOWELL

Just want you to know I ain't paying two people for a job one fella could do. I know how you guys pad bills.

FERGUSON

I am not here on charge. I only came as a favor to Tess. One I am already starting to regret.

LOWELL

Okay, as long as we are clear.

(to the Medical  
Technician)

Go ahead.

MEDICAL TECHNICIAN

You're sure?

LOWELL

Yes damn it. I said so didn't I?

FERGUSON

(to the Medical  
Technician)

At this point I'd be shocked if you found any brain matter.

Lowell scowls at Ferguson. The Medical Technician slides Lowell back under the MRI canopy.

MEDICAL TECHNICIAN

(starting the machine)

Okay, here we go again.

LOWELL

You know you should have never told Tess about this.

MEDICAL TECHNICIAN

Oh Jesus Christ.

The Medical Technician slides Lowell back out.

LOWELL  
 (to Ferguson)  
 Seriously, you're my Doctor.

MEDICAL TECHNICIAN  
 (to Ferguson)  
 I'm going outside for a break. Let  
 me know when you two figure this  
 out.

The Medical Technician shakes his head in disbelief, walks to  
 the door and exits. The door SLAMS shut behind him.

FERGUSON  
 Look it old man, I'm your family  
 Doctor. Tess is part of the family.  
 Now you tell me, how the hell could  
 I have guessed that you would not  
 have told her. And, let me be very  
 clear on this, you should have.

LOWELL  
 Yeah, well, that's my business. You  
 ever hear of patient privacy?

FERGUSON  
 You ever hear of duct tape?

LOWELL  
 What?

FERGUSON  
 Duct tape. Because that is what I  
 am going to put over your mouth if  
 you can't keep it shut long enough  
 to get this MRI done.

LOWELL  
 Screw you. I'm leaving.

FERGUSON  
 You want me to call Tess?

LOWELL  
 See if I care.

Ferguson removes his cell phone from his slacks, flips the  
 top open and starts to punch in a number.

LOWELL (CONT'D)  
 Fine - Fine. Do the damn thing.

FERGUSON  
You'll shut up?

LOWELL  
Yes damn it. Just get the boy back.

Ferguson leaves the room to retrieve the Medical Technician.

LOWELL (CONT'D)  
But I ain't paying you for this.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

A dark sedan pulls up to the valet in front of the restaurant.

A valet opens the door. RAYMOND LITTLETON, (50s), heavysset, emerges from the car.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

George McKinney sits at a table - takes a sip from a glass of scotch. Littleton approaches.

MCKINNEY  
Good afternoon, Raymond - drink?

Littleton takes a seat.

LITTLETON  
No - no thanks. How are you doing, George?

MCKINNEY  
You been watching the news lately? Maybe pick up a copy of the LA Times?

LITTLETON  
Of course. It's part of the job.

MCKINNEY  
Then you know pretty much how I'm doing. That senile bastard is going to give me an aneurysm.

LITTLETON  
Actually, that's what I wanted to talk to you about - Supervisor Bachman. I've watched clips of the Board meeting. I think you may be taking the wrong approach.

MCKINNEY

I'm taking the wrong approach?

LITTLETON

Hear me out. Last time I checked, I think Bachman's got damn near an eighty percent favorable rating, and he's a white fella in a predominately minority district. Remarkable.

MCKINNEY

The point being?

LITTLETON

The point being you need to start thinking more about your image and less about the Board's image.

MCKINNEY

Did you see what he is doing to our hearings?

LITTLETON

This is what I see. I see an old grandfatherly man. A beloved man, but one who is starting to lose it. The wheels are wobbling, almost ready to come off - sad theater for sure. And in the middle of this drama I see you playing the part of the stoic anti-hero. Waiting for just the right moment to grind your heel over the poor old bastard. You're foolishly playing Goliath to his David.

MCKINNEY

I don't buy that. I am merely trying to get the Board's business done. But just for shits and giggles, let's say for a moment that you're right. Why is the Party concerned? It's not like the seat is in jeopardy. Christ, my term doesn't end for three more years. I'm not facing a vote anytime soon.

LITTLETON

But the Governor is.

MCKINNEY

And?



LITTLETON

And, I kind of have an interest in him not being re-elected.

MCKINNEY

Of course.

LITTLETON

You know, from the Governor's perspective, this thing with his father is very unfortunate. If it keeps up, the poor bastard won't be able to have a simple news conference without being swarmed with questions about his crazy father. That is, assuming that Supervisor Bachman is still conducting the orchestra in your beloved Boardroom. So, I don't want you taking away Lowell Bachman's baton. Not when we have the perfect candidate to unseat the Governor.

MCKINNEY

I can appreciate that, but you must understand....

LITTLETON

You. You're the candidate, George.

MCKINNEY

Me?

LITTLETON

You're a popular Supervisor in the largest County in the State. You have a strong, reassuring look about you. You would make an excellent candidate.

MCKINNEY

Raymond, I'm flattered. But I really don't see...

LITTLETON

That is assuming you can put your gun back in the holster. I want you to be the empathetic colleague not the prudish Dean. Everyone hates the Dean. Just take Bachman's insults with a bit of grace.

MCKINNEY

It'll make me look weak.

LITTLETON

Quite the contrary. It'll make you look noble. And the best part is this. Once we get it out that you might be running, it'll make Lowell seem like he's merely his son's attack dog.

MCKINNEY

I hadn't considered that.

LITTLETON

Instead of trying to stop Lowell, find ways to let him go. Goad him gently. You know, give him the rope, but don't get yourself tangled in it. I know you can do that, George.

McKinney takes a sip of scotch.

MCKINNEY

Do I announce - running that is?

LITTLETON

Not yet. We need to let this percolate. I'll work the rumor side of the house; drop a few hints here and there. In good time, the press will come to you. We need to let this stew a bit. You okay with that?

MCKINNEY

Yes.

LITTLETON

Good. Now I think I'll have that drink.

INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE - DAY

Lowell and Supervisor Jordan sit in chairs across from each other, their feet resting on the coffee table.

JORDAN

So, basically, I'm just wondering if everything is alright. You know, are you feeling okay?

LOWELL

Why would you ask?

JORDAN

I know it's not my business, but one of my staff members saw you last week, in the bathroom. You were throwing up.

LOWELL

I had an upset stomach.

JORDAN

Well, and there is the Boardroom. You know.

LOWELL

I know what?

JORDAN

Why are you making me go through this? The swearing for example. I know that you're not a prude, but you're swearing like a sailor in the Boardroom. And there's the back and forth with McKinney. And the robe, man. You wore a robe in the Boardroom.

LOWELL

Well, it worked.

JORDAN

Pardon?

LOWELL

Did you read the L.A Times this morning.

JORDAN

Not yet.

Lowell slides a copy of the Times across the coffee table.

LOWELL

Here, you can take mine. Look at the two headlines above the fold.

Jordan picks up the paper.

JORDAN

(reading)

"Supervisor Bachman loses control in the Boardroom."

LOWELL  
And the other?

JORDAN  
(reading)  
"The County may need a new witness  
protection program.

LOWELL  
I'll take the trade off.

JORDAN  
So, this is all to get a motion  
passed. Do you think your  
reputation is worth that?

LOWELL  
How long have you been on the Board  
now, Abraham - twenty years?

JORDAN  
Eighteen.

LOWELL  
Eighteen, good enough. Let me ask  
you something. When you started,  
is this what you thought it would  
be?

JORDAN  
I'm proud of what I have done, if  
that's what you're asking.

LOWELL  
Did you make the difference you  
came to make?

JORDAN  
Not all - no. But there's time.

LOWELL  
I envy you that luxury.

JORDAN  
Look, just tell me man to man that  
you aren't sick and I'll leave it  
at that.

LOWELL  
The truth is, I really don't know.  
But what is undeniable, is that I  
am old. The clock is ticking -  
regardless.

JORDAN  
We're all a bit over the hill.

LOWELL  
God, I hate that saying.

JORDAN  
It's just a saying.

LOWELL  
But it's so dead wrong. It implies that you've climbed somewhere along the way. That life is an arc. It's not a fucking arc. It's a line. Just a God damn straight line. One where you can see where you started and see where you're ending.

JORDAN  
What does that have to do with...

LOWELL  
So maybe I am off kilter, maybe a bit senile - who knows. But I think I'm just acting like a fella who can see both ends of the line. Now, that's not so crazy is it?

INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE - BATHROOM DAY

Lowell sits on the toilet in the private office bathroom. He wears a formal shirt and tie - no pants.

As he hums to himself, Lowell flips through the pages of a newspaper.

The bathroom door half is open.

INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE - DAY

Jason and Steven Baker are at the opened front office door.

A pair of dress slacks is strewn over the office chair.

JASON  
Dad?

LOWELL (O.S.)  
In a minute.

After a moment, several flushes are heard.

JASON  
Dad, it's me.

Lowell emerges from the bathroom.

LOWELL

God damn water saving toilets. What a waste of time. Every shit is now a two or three flusher. Think of all the time people waste looking over their God damn toilet to make sure that the crap has gone down. You ought to ban those things, Son.

JASON

I'll make a note of it.

LOWELL

(insincerely)

Steven, a pleasure to see you.

BAKER

Supervisor.

Lowell walks to his desk, grabs his slacks and starts to put them on.

LOWELL

(to Baker)

Look, it's not often I get to see my boy. You don't mind running along now do you?

JASON

Go ahead, Steven.

Baker exits the room.

LOWELL

(fastening his belt)

That was easy. I thought he was going to be at least a two flusher. Have a seat.

Jason takes a seat.

JASON

How are you doing, Dad?

Lowell plops into a large leather chair.

LOWELL

Have you seen your mother yet?

JASON

No, but I will - as soon as we're done. I did talk to her though.

(MORE)

JASON (CONT'D)

She says that you've been to Doctor Ferguson. That you had your MRI.

LOWELL

Yep.

JASON

How did it go?

LOWELL

Was like being in a real noisy casket. I imagine that if you croak in there, they can just button you up and drop you straight in the ground.

JASON

No, I meant do you have any results?

LOWELL

Not yet. It'll be a week or two. You know how these things work. Look, I'm sure I'm fine.

JASON

Okay, but you'll let me know as soon as you get the results.

LOWELL

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

JASON

I do need to talk to you about something else?

LOWELL

Go ahead.

JASON

Well, you know, there's been a lot of press lately.

LOWELL

And?

JASON

And, we're worried. I'm worried about the impact it may have on...

LOWELL

Your reelection.

JASON

Yes. I know it sounds self-serving.  
Steven seems to think...

LOWELL

I really don't like that prick.

JASON

He's fine. He's just looking out  
for my best interests.

LOWELL

Uh-huh. So what is that you and  
Steven want?

JASON

Well, for one, maybe a time-out.  
Maybe even take a break for a  
while. Heck, with all your medical  
problems, maybe it's time to slow  
down.

LOWELL

You mean stop embarrassing you.

JASON

That's not what I meant. It's just  
that when I get into the middle of  
the campaign, there can't be any  
baggage.

LOWELL

Baggage?

JASON

It's just a term they use.

LOWELL

I know that. Christ, I was running  
campaigns when you were in diapers.

JASON

Then you know what it's like. We're  
connected. We share the same name.  
If you're in the papers because you  
told someone to go fuck themselves,  
I might as well have said it.

LOWELL

The name sure as hell came in handy  
when you were first running for  
Governor.



JASON

That's not exactly true.

LOWELL

I see. That's why you ran as Jason Lowell Bachman.

JASON

Well, in all fairness, that was before you became a fake judge, got Tourette's Syndrome and told a fellow Supervisor to fuck off and eat shit.

LOWELL

Don't worry, I think I'm cured of the Tourette's now.

JASON

This is not easy for me. You have to know that. And this is not about me as much as it is about you. You're throwing away a reputation you spent your lifetime building. You want me to just sit quietly and watch you do that?

LOWELL

Yes. I want you to sit quietly. No need watching if you don't want to.  
(shouting out)  
Trudy! I need my briefing papers.  
(to Jason)  
You need to see your Mom.

JASON

So you won't consider toning it down?

LOWELL

No, I am too God damn old for nuance or eloquence.

JASON

Well, your mind seems to be made up.

LOWELL

What's left of it.

Jason stands up, leans over and gives his father a kiss on the forehead.

LOWELL (CONT'D)  
You're leaving?

JASON  
Yeah, Pop. I need to go make some eloquent statements at a library opening. Make sure you get those test results.

LOWELL  
Yeah, yeah - I will.

INT. HALL OF ADMINISTRATION, PUBLIC LOBBY - DAY

A male REPORTER, is talking with Karen.

REPORTER  
So, when will he be available?

KAREN  
I'm not sure. His schedule is pretty tight. Why don't you give me your card and we'll set something up.

REPORTER  
Did he see the Governor yesterday?

KAREN  
Yes, of course.

REPORTER  
Were you there?

KAREN  
No, I wasn't.

REPORTER  
Do you know if the Governor has expressed any concerns regarding the Supervisor's behavior? You know, given his own reelection campaign and all.

KAREN  
Like I said, I wasn't there. Even if I was, I wouldn't comment on a private conversation.

REPORTER  
So you don't know? So, maybe he did.

KAREN

Assume he didn't. Don't be reckless.

REPORTER

Why is the Supervisor so mad at McKinney?

KAREN

I am sure he is not mad at Supervisor McKinney. Sorry, but I need to go.

Karen starts to walk away, turns suddenly and walks back to the Reporter.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Look, the Supervisor has served this County a long time. He's not exactly a young man. You ought to give him a little leeway. A little respect.

REPORTER

No disrespect intended. I'm just covering the Board is all.

KAREN

Funny, didn't see you here till recently.

REPORTER

It wasn't really interesting till recently.

INT. COUNTY BOARD HEARING ROOM - DAY

The audience size is at capacity. There is now a news crew from CNN as well as several from local stations.

McKinney approaches Lowell's chair. He leans over and speaks.

MCKINNEY

So Lowell, what will it be today? Leprosy maybe? Maybe you got some limbs falling off? I know, how about diabetes? You know you could get all light headed and everything. That should work. Maybe faint in front of all these cameras that are here to see you.

LOWELL

Leave me alone. I'm preparing.

MCKINNEY

C'mon - What ya working on? The  
Gettysburg address? I have a dream  
today? Something like that?

Lowell stands up from his chair.

MCKINNEY (CONT'D)

Settle down cowboy. Just making  
small talk. Settle down.

McKinney returns to his own seat.

JACKSON

Please read in the agenda, Ms.  
Pennington.

LOWELL

Point of order, Madam Chair, I have  
an item to add for discussion today  
- the City Terrace Park Witness  
Protection Center.

All the cameras immediately focus on Lowell.

JACKSON

Lowell, you know that item was  
continued - to June.

LOWELL

I forgot.

JACKSON

You forgot - really? Very well. Ms.  
Pennington, please proceed.

LOWELL

Point of order, Madam Chair. I  
thought we all agreed last week we  
would skip the regular agenda to  
discuss the witness protection  
center.

JACKSON

No, I just told you that.

LOWELL

I forgot. Unfortunately I have been  
diagnosed with a memory disorder.

FERNANDEZ

(under his breath)  
Here it comes again.

LOWELL

And I would beg your indulgence,  
Madam Chair. I believe that I am  
entitled to a reasonable  
accommodation.

Jackson looks at Lowell in complete disbelief.

JACKSON

What is it?

LOWELL

A reasonable accommodation is...

JACKSON

No. What is your disorder?  
I can't believe I'm even asking.

LOWELL

Oh, thank you, Madam Chair. I have  
Alzheimer's.

Jordan leans over to Fernandez.

JORDAN

That was my guess.

JACKSON

Alzheimer's?

LOWELL

Yes, Madam Chair.

JACKSON

I thought you had Tourette's.

LOWELL

Sadly, I still suffer from that  
disorder as well.

JACKSON

You have Tourette's and  
Alzheimer's?

LOWELL

Sadly, yes. So, didn't we all agree  
last week that we would discuss the  
witness protection program? You  
know, the one we're going to name  
in honor of Jaime Flores.

JACKSON

No! And I do not believe you have  
Tourette's and Alzheimer's.

Lowell spots McKinney. McKinney makes the "you're crazy" circle with his finger.

LOWELL

I know I do.

(beat)

Because I almost forgot what a fu-fu-fu-fucking ass hole McKinney is.

The audience erupts in laughter.

A very controlled McKinney merely smiles.

JACKSON

Lowell, you really need to leave.

LOWELL

What did I say?

JACKSON

For the sake of your own dignity, please - leave.

MCKINNEY

I think you should give him a little leeway, Glenda.

JACKSON

What?

MCKINNEY

I of course have the same concern as you and I am sure that Supervisors Jordan and Fernandez have.

Supervisors Jordan and Fernandez nod in support.

MCKINNEY (CONT'D)

There is after all a great deal of important business we are not getting to. It's just that, well - it's sad I guess. Seeing a colleague losing it like this. Perhaps if we give him the floor for five minutes or so a meeting to get whatever he needs to get our of his system.

JACKSON

Really?

MCKINNEY

I know. It's frustrating and you have been more than patient.

LOWELL

So we can discuss..... ?

JACKSON

No, we cannot.

LOWELL

Okay-dokay.

(to the audience)

At noon today there will be a gathering at City Terrace Park to get public input. I'll be handing out background information. Oh, and there will be hot dogs and hamburgers, so bring the kids and tell your friends. We're having several other events this week. If you can't make the rally today, make sure you make one of them.

(to Jackson)

I'm done. It's all yours.

EXT. CITY TERRACE PARK, LOS ANGELES - DAY

A rally - hundreds of people mill about. The smoke of several barbecues wafts in the air.

Several people, including Maria Flores and her son, are seated at picnic tables, eating.

Lowell stands underneath a large banner with WITNESS PROTECTION CENTERS NOW written on as he talks to a group of people that have surrounded him.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY

A room that fits five hundred people is full to capacity.

Karen passes out proposals to individuals in the crowd.

Lowell stands on a makeshift stage, a microphone in his hand.

LOWELL

Thank you - thank you all for coming.

EXT. LOS ANGELES CATHEDRAL - DAY

Lowell and Karen hand out proposals to people as they leave the church.

INT. RADIO STATION STUDIO - DAY

A room surrounded by glass with a radio console in the middle.

The RADIO HOST sits at the center of the console. Lowell, sits to his right. Karen stands a few feet away.

RADIO HOST  
(into a microphone)  
And after the break, we'll be  
speaking to Supervisor Lowell  
Bachman.

VOICE (O.S)  
Three minutes.

Lowell squeezes his eyes shut as he grabs both sides of his head.

LOWELL  
Ah, fuck me.

Lowell removes his headset and tosses it on the console.

RADIO HOST  
What's going on?

LOWELL  
I'm sorry. Really.

Lowell spots a trash can, walks to it, bends over and vomits.

KAREN  
What's wrong?

Lowell waves his hand in a leave me alone gesture. Wipes his chin with his sleeve.

LOWELL  
I gotta go.

Lowell exits.

KAREN  
(to the Radio Host)  
I'm sorry. We'll make it up to you.



Karen grabs her briefcase from the floor and starts toward the exit.

RADIO HOST

What the hell am I supposed to do?  
I already did the promo.

INT. SEDAN - DAY

Karen opens the door and jumps into the driver's seat. Lowell sits in the passenger seat, eyes closed.

KAREN

You're sick. I'm taking you to the hospital.

LOWELL

And you're delusional. Take me to the office.

Karen puts the key in the ignition and starts the car. She is visibly upset.

KAREN

No, we're going to the emergency room. Put your belt on.

Lowell gently places his hand on Karen's forearm.

LOWELL

Karen, let's not do this.

KAREN

Do what? What I'm supposed to do?  
Tell me you're not sick.

Karen grabs the wheel very tightly, fighting the urge to cry.

KAREN (CONT'D)

God damn it. Tell me what is going on.

LOWELL

You're around me more than anyone. You know I get headaches, get dizzy and vomit like a drunk. We both already know that I'm sick. We both know that there isn't anything in an emergency room that is going to change that. Now, I get my MRI results soon. You'll be the second to know - right after Tess. But until that time...

KAREN

You should be resting.

LOWELL

I should be working. I have no time to waste. I'm fine right now. Please, let me get back to work.

KAREN

You'll let me know, as soon as you hear.

LOWELL

You'll know.

Karen composes her self, starts the car and puts it in gear.

KAREN

Put your belt on.

INT. LOBBY OUTSIDE BOARD HEARING ROOM - DAY

Jordan and Jackson talk at the doorway that leads to the Boardroom.

With their arms interlocked, Karen slowly escorts Lowell towards Jordan and Jackson. Lowell wears dark sunglasses and taps the floor with a walking cane (the type used by the blind) as they approach.

JORDAN

Oh my God.

JACKSON

I thought this would just run its course.

FERNANDEZ

Apparently, it is a very long course.

Lowell and Karen arrive at the door.

FERNANDEZ (CONT'D)

Lowell, Karen, good morning.

Karen nods. Lowell rotates his head back and forth - feigns as if he is trying to get the direction of Fernandez's voice.

Lowell puts his hands out in the air as if reaching for someone.

LOWELL

Javier, is that you? Javier?

FERNANDEZ

Yes. Lowell. Please don't do this again.

McKinney reaches the doorway.

LOWELL

I smell bad cologne. It is very familiar.

(sniffing the air)

McKinney, is that you? Say something.

MCKINNEY

You couldn't have done us all a favor and gone with being a mute?

McKinney enters the Boardroom. Jordan rolls his eyes and then follows him in.

LOWELL

Abraham? Did you leave?

FERNANDEZ

He's gone, Lowell. Oh Christ, what I am saying?

Fernandez turns and enters the Boardroom. Lowell and Karen follow.

INT. COUNTY BOARD HEARING ROOM - DAY

The meeting is underway, The room is filled with members of the public and the press.

Lowell, still wearing his dark glasses and holding his cane holds center stage.

LOWELL

(to the audience)

And so, it is with great sadness that I inform you of my blindness. It is not unlike the blind eye this Board has turned to the public on the gang witness protection center. We have lost sight of our purpose. We have lost our vision. Since once again, we will not be allowed to discuss it at this meeting, we will hold a forum for the witness protection program later this week at the Watts Community Center.

JACKSON  
 (To Pennington)  
 Please, call the agenda.

LOWELL  
 In my condition I am obviously  
 going to need a ride to the  
 community center. Supervisor  
 McKinney, will you be able to give  
 me a lift? George, are you there?  
 Speak up. George?

INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE - DAY

With his feet propped up on his desk, Lowell reads some  
 briefing material.

TRUDY (O.S)  
 (voice from intercom)  
 It's Doctor Ferguson on line two  
 for you.

Lowell flips a page and continues reading.

TRUDY (O.S) (CONT'D)  
 (voice from intercom)  
 Supervisor, you have a call.

LOWELL  
 (shouting)  
 What?

TRUDY (O.S)  
 (voice from intercom)  
 I said, It's Doctor Ferguson on  
 line two for you.

LOWELL  
 (shouting)  
 Tell him I'll call him back. I'm  
 busy.

TRUDY (O.S)  
 (voice from intercom)  
 He says he needs to talk to you  
 now.

LOWELL  
 (shouting even louder)  
 I said later.

Trudy walks into Lowell's office, clearly frustrated.

TRUDY

First, all you have to do is press that nice big gray button if you want to talk to me. If you prefer shouting, I can just have the intercom disconnected and order a bullhorn. And second, he said now and that he would stay on the line tying it up all - well I'm not going to curse like he did, but that he would tie it up all bleep, bleep, day if you don't talk to him.

LOWELL

Damn it. All right already.

Trudy turns and leaves the office. Lowell punches a button on the phone and picks up the handset.

LOWELL (CONT'D)

What? What the hell couldn't you wait for?

INT. FERGUSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Ferguson is at his desk, the phone held up to his ear.

FERGUSON

Lowell, I want you to come into the office - today.

INTERCUT BETWEEN LOWELL AND FERGUSON

LOWELL

Just spit it out.

FERGUSON

I'd rather we talk in person.

LOWELL

Sometimes you Doctors just don't get it. You don't think that you haven't already told me something - by not telling me anything? Now like I said, spit it out.

There is an awkward pause.

LOWELL (CONT'D)

Well, are you going to talk or just wait for me to die on the line?

FERGUSON

There is a tumor.

LOWELL

Cancer?

FERGUSON

We won't know for sure until we do surgery, take a biopsy and then...

LOWELL

God damn it, Robert, - why don't you hoist up your slacks up and give me an answer? Is it cancer?

FERGUSON

Based on the image and growth pattern, yes, it probably is. Look, we're going to need to schedule surgery - the sooner the better. I know an excellent neurosurgeon. After that, chemo - eight weeks I would think. After that...

LOWELL

After that you put me back in the tube, but only after my head has been split open and my body poisoned. Then you tell me - oopsy daisy, looks like you're fucked anyway.

FERGUSON

After that we'll do another MRI and hopefully I'll be able to tell you we got it.

LOWELL

What are my chances?

FERGUSON

I'm not certain, depends on how much of it we get in the surgery. It's difficult to estimate.

LOWELL

I work in Government. I'm used to guesses.

FERGUSON

Fifty-fifty.

LOWELL

So basically, a coin flip. I can live with that.

FERGUSON

I sorry that the news wasn't better.

LOWELL

In an odd way, it's kind of a relief.

FERGSON

A relief?

LOWELL

Yeah. I thought I was just losing my mind. Now, I can put my finger on it. I'd rather be a dead eighty-one year old than a healthy crazy one. You know what I mean?

FERGUSON

Yeah, I think I do.

(beat)

You're okay? I mean if you need to talk to....

LOWELL

Put your tissue away, lady. I'm fine.

FERGSON

Fine. Oh, before I forget, Tess has been calling the office this morning for the results. You need to talk to her.

LOWELL

You say a word to her and I will personally come down to your office and knock you back to yesterday.

Lowell places the phone back down on the receiver without another word.

He takes out a piece of paper and writes something on it before placing it in an envelope. He writes "KAREN" on the outside of the envelope.

LOWELL (CONT'D)

(shouting)

Trudy!

TRUDY (O.S.)  
Intercom.

Lowell stands up and exits the office.

INT. OFFICE LOBBY - DAY

Lowell approaches Trudy's desk. He has an envelope in his hand.

LOWELL  
I'm sorry for shouting.

TRUDY  
Are you okay?

Lowell hands Trudy the envelope.

LOWELL  
Please make sure that Karen gets that.

TRUDY  
Certainly.

LOWELL  
I need you to cancel my appointments for the rest of the day. I'm going home.

INT. COUNTY COUNSEL OFFICE - DAY

Neil Bedford eats a sandwich at his desk while reading the newspaper. Jackson walks in.

BEDFORD  
Supervisor.

JACKSON  
Do you have a minute? Oh, I didn't mean to interrupt your lunch.

BEDFORD  
No - no, not a problem. Please come in.

Jackson enters the room and takes a seat across from Bedford.

BEDFORD (CONT'D)  
What can I do for you?

JACKSON  
This needs to be private.



BEDFORD

Of course.

JACKSON

It's in regard to Supervisor Bachman. I need you to do some research.

BEDFORD

Regarding?

JACKSON

I need to know if a Supervisor can be involuntarily removed from office. Like as a result of them being unable to perform their duties. I need you to check that out and get back to me as soon as possible.

BEDFORD

They can be.

JACKSON

That was a bit quick. How did you know that off hand?

BEDFORD

You're not the first to have asked.

JACKSON

What? Who else?

BEDFORD

I'm not at liberty to say. As you can imagine, that request was also private.

JACKSON

Was it Mckinney?

BEDFORD

Again, Supervisor, I really can't say.

JACKSON

Fine. What is the process?

Bedford opens the file drawer on the side of his desk, removes a folder and opens it.

BEDFORD

Here's the staff report.

(reading)

(MORE)

BEDFORD (CONT'D)

"The County Code allows for the removal of a member of the Board should the Board find that member to be incapacitated...."

JACKSON

Please - summarize.

BEDFORD

Basically, the Board has the authority to request a public hearing on the capacity - the competency if you will, of any Board member. But, to it takes at least four affirmative votes to make that hearing happen.

JACKSON

Then what?

BEDFORD

Well, after the public hearing, the Board votes on whether the subject Supervisor is in fact unable to fulfill their duties. If four members vote yes, then the Board requests the Governor of California to appoint a replacement.

JACKSON

The Governor makes the replacement?

BEDFORD

Ironic, huh? The Governor makes the appointment in case of all vacancies.

JACKSON

You're confusing irony with coincidence.

INT. OFFICE LOBBY - DAY

Trudy is at her desk. Karen approaches.

KAREN

Is he in?

TRUDY

No, he left. He went home.

KAREN

That's odd, we were supposed to be going to a rally for the witness center.

TRUDY

Well, he left right after he got off the phone with Doctor Ferguson. Oh, he said to give this to you.

Trudy gives Karen the envelope that Lowell had prepared earlier. Karen opens it and reads the content.

TRUDY (CONT'D)

I'm worried. Should I be?

Karen walks away.

INT. LOBBY OUTSIDE SUPERVISOR MCKINNEY OFFICE - DAY

Karen Mendoza paces in the lobby area. BRUCE SIMPSON, mans the front desk.

BRUCE

He'll see you now, Karen.

KAREN

Thanks. I appreciate you squeezing me in.

Karen walks past the counter towards McKinney's office.

BRUCE

Not a problem.

INT. SUPERVISOR MCKINNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Karen taps on the door jam and walks in.

MCKINNEY

Ah, Miss Mendoza, what an unexpected surprise. Please, have a seat.

Karen sits down.

MCKINNEY (CONT'D)

What is it that I can do for you today?

KAREN

I need a favor. I feel uncomfortable asking. But I need one.

MCKINNEY

Go on?

KAREN

I want you to rescind your motion delaying the discussion on the witness protection center.

MCKINNEY

Why should I do that?

KAREN

He just needs to have the item addressed. I'm sure that his behavior will change once he gets a real chance to...

MCKINNEY

Did he send you?

KAREN

No, of course not. I am pretty sure he would not be happy if he knew I was here.

MCKINNEY

Where is he?

KAREN

Home.

MCKINNEY

I thought he may be at one of his little circuses. I hear that he has several little community get-togethers this week. I'm sorry, Karen. I'm afraid I can't help you on this.

KAREN

Please. You go way back with the Supervisor. You know he's not himself.

MCKINNEY

Sorry. The answer is no.

KAREN

With all due respect, that is a shame, Supervisor.

MCKINNEY

You know what I find a shame, Karen? Do you? Let me share.

(MORE)

MCKINNEY (CONT'D)

I find it a shame that we haven't had a proper Board hearing in a month. I find it a shame that the Board is filled with cameras and newsmen and, contrary to what Lowell thinks, they don't give a rat's ass about his pet issue. They're just waiting for the clown to dance.

KAREN

He's not a clown. You know better.

MCKINNEY

Well he certainly is dancing for them, isn't he?

KAREN

If this continues, it really is your fault. Not helping is inexcusable.

MCKINNEY

Hmmmm, somehow I think I can live with that burden. Wait; let me think for a minute - yes, I'm certain I can.

Karen's eyes narrow in anger. She starts to speak and thinks otherwise. She rises from her chair and heads towards the door without a word.

MCKINNEY (CONT'D)

Karen.

Karen stops and turns towards Mckinney.

MCKINNEY (CONT'D)

It's time to hitch your career to a different wagon. The wheels are coming off of this one.

INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY

THERESA SANCHEZ, (30) sits at a desk just outside Karen's office. Karen enters.

THERESA

A reporter from the L.A. Times called. He was wondering if...

KAREN

(walking past)

Later.

THERESA

He said that he's already left  
three messages.

KAREN

I said later.

INT. KAREN MENDOZA OFFICE - DAY

Karen enters her office and shuts the door behind her.

She leans up against the closed door, puts her hands over her  
eyes and starts to cry.

INT. LOWELL'S HOUSE - DAY

Lowell and Tess are on the sofa. He has his arms wrapped  
tightly around her.

LOWELL

Everything is going to be fine,  
Tess. We'll beat this. Just like we  
have everything else, you and me. I  
promise.

Tess straightens up and wipes tears from her eyes.

TESS

I think you should cut back. I want  
you to save your strength.

LOWELL

I can't. I've already got events  
scheduled and I still haven't been  
able to get a vote on the witness  
center.

TESS

Karen can handle what ever it is  
that needs to be done. You know  
that.

LOWELL

But I want to do it. I need to do  
it.

TESS

What is it about that center that  
has gotten such a hold on you? I've  
never seen you so consumed.

Lowell doesn't speak for a moment as if this is the first  
time he has really thought about it.

LOWELL

I'll be God damned if I know, Tess.  
I think it's my last chance at  
doing something real. Let me get  
this done and then I'll rest. I  
promise. Please, Tess.

TESS

On one condition - we see Robert  
and he gives the okay.

LOWELL

I'll see him.

TESS

No dear, we will. Deal?

LOWELL

Deal.

TESS

We need to call Jason. You promised  
him you would let him know.

INT. STEVEN BAKER'S RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Steven Baker picks up a remote and clicks it towards the  
television.

INSERT TV SCREEN

DANIEL DAVIDSON, a CNN Reporter is at the news desk.

DAVIDSON

Another raucous day at the Los  
Angeles County Board of Supervisors  
this week as Supervisor Lowell  
Bachman once again grabbed center  
stage.

A still shot of the "blind" Lowell Bachman fills the screen.

DAVIDSON (O.S) (CONT'D)

This has been a continuing  
confrontation, often very heated,  
between Supervisor Bachman and the  
rest of the Board members, most  
notably Supervisor George McKinney.

A clip is run of the Board meeting where Lowell says he  
forgot what a fucking ass hole McKinney was. The curse words  
are bleeped.

DAVIDSON (CONT'D)  
Lowell Bachman is of course the  
father of California Governor Jason  
Bachman, who is currently involved  
in a reelection bid.

A still shot of Jason appears on screen.

DAVIDSON (CONT'D)  
We are joined now by Los Angeles  
County Supervisor George McKinney.  
(turning towards McKinney)  
Thank you for joining us.

MCKINNEY  
Thank you, Daniel. It's my  
pleasure.

BACK TO SCENE

BAKER  
God Damn it!

INT. GOVERNOR'S MANSION, FOYER - NIGHT

A doorbell RINGS. An attendant opens the door. Baker walks  
in, handing his coat to the ATTENDANT.

ATTENDANT  
I believe he is expecting you, Mr.  
Baker.

BAKER  
Thank you. Where?

ATTENDANT  
In the living room.

INT. GOVERNOR'S MANSION, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jason sits on a sofa, his feet propped up on a coffee table -  
a television remote in his hand.

JILL (40), attractive is on the sofa leaning up against  
Jason, her head nestled in his chest.

They watch a large screen television on the opposite wall.

Baker enters.

BAKER  
Jason.



JASON  
Evening, Steven. How was the drive?

BAKER  
Fine - fine, thank you.

Jason presses the remote and clicks off the television.

JASON  
(to Jill)  
Do you mind?

JILL  
Of course I do, but that is not  
going to matter now is it?

Jill rises from the sofa and leans over and gives Jason a  
kiss on his forehead.

JILL (CONT'D)  
Steven, try not keeping him up all  
night.

Jill exits.

Jason walks over to a small bar and pours himself a scotch  
and ice.

BAKER  
Did you see CNN tonight?

Baker takes a seat.

JASON  
Yes, I did. Drink?

BAKER  
No thank you.

Jason takes a sip.

JASON  
Suit yourself.

BAKER  
I think McKinney's running and I  
think he is going to exploit this  
thing with your father.

Jason swishes the ice cubes in his drink, admiring the CLINK,  
CLINK, CLINK they make against the side of the glass.

BAKER (CONT'D)  
How can you be so calm?

JASON  
He has a brain tumor.

BAKER  
Pardon?

JASON  
My Dad. He needs surgery. It'll probably be within the next two weeks or so. Damn it, I knew it.

BAKER  
I'm, sorry, Jason.

Jason finishes off his scotch.

BAKER (CONT'D)  
I assume he is stepping aside from the Board for awhile - yes?

JASON  
Nope. He's going to work right up till the surgery. And no, I'm not going to ask him not to, if that's what is rolling around in your head.

BAKER  
Well, did you want me to work on a press release, or his office going to handle that?

JASON  
There will be no press release. He wants to keep this quiet. I intend on respecting that wish.

Steven stands up.

BAKER  
Well, I guess I should leave. Please let me know if there is anything you need.

JASON  
There is. I want you to start doing some research on witness protection programs. Current strengths - weaknesses, funding levels - that type of thing.

BAKER

Jason, anything that your office would do at this point would surely be seen as favoritism.

JASON

Well, it would be - wouldn't it? After all, he is a favorite of mine. Please, just get me the research.

INT. FERGUSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Ferguson is at his desk - writes on a prescription pad. Lowell and Tess sit across from him.

FERGUSON

There are some drugs that can help manage the symptoms until the surgery.

LOWELL

Sure would have been nice if you gave them to me a God damn month ago.

TESS

Lowell, Robert is only trying to help.

LOWELL

Well, Christ, why was he holding out on the magic pills?

FERGUSON

Because we didn't know what was wrong with you a month ago. As I recall, you thought you had Alzheimers.

LOWELL

Dementia - I'm pretty sure I said dementia.

FERGUSON

Well, we don't just throw darts at a problem hoping to get it right.

LOWELL

Plus, you get to charge for more office visits this way.

FERGUSON

If only there were a drug for being  
a pain in the...

TESS

Robert, you were saying.

FERGUSON

Of course, Tess.

Ferguson rips a prescription from the pad and slides it  
towards Tess.

FERGUSON (CONT'D)

Okay, this one is for his  
headaches. Make sure you he takes  
it with food and only as needed.

TESS

Okay, got it.

Ferguson rips another prescription from the tab and slides it  
towards Tess.

FERGUSON

And this one is for nausea. Three  
times a day with water - a full  
glass.

LOWELL

What are you giving them to her  
for? I'm the patient.

FERGUSON

Well, with your dementia and all, I  
just thought it might be better if  
a sane person was in charge.

LOWELL

Well, at least I'm not practicing  
Voodoo medicine.

TESS

You two stop it now.

LOWELL

Well, he started it.

Lowell and Ferguson give each other the look of a defiant  
little boy.

FERGUSON

Tess, of course - you're right.

LOWELL

News flash Doc - I need the prescriptions. She ain't around me most of the day.

FERGUSON

Which I am sure is the only way she has been able to keep her sanity.

LOWELL

Give em to me.

TESS

Lowell, Karen is picking me up at the house. She'll take me to the pharmacy and she'll have your pills for you during the day. Okay?

LOWELL

Fine. But I'm taking them at the house.

FERGUSON

I probably should also prescribe a sedative.

LOWELL

I don't need a sedative.

FERGUSON

Not for you - for Tess. If I had to live with you I would need a horse tranquilizer.

LOWELL

Yeah, well. If I had to live with you I'd...

TESS

Boys!

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY

Karen and Lowell stand outside a Community Center.

Just outside an open double door there is a large red sign that reads - WITNESS PROTECTION PROGRAM MEETING. From the open doors we can see a crowd inside.

Karen has a bottle of water in one hand and two pills in the other. She hands both to Lowell.

KAREN

Here, take these - make sure you  
drink the whole bottle.

Lowell takes the pills and gulps down the water.

LOWELL

Got to hand it to the quack, these  
things have worked pretty good.

KAREN

I got a call from the Daily News.  
They want a comment from you on  
the blindness - you know, at the  
last Board meeting.

LOWELL

Tell them I'm cured.

KAREN

No - not that. They know you're not  
blind. They got a call from Lee  
Stoverman from the Californians  
with Disabilities Association. He's  
upset. He thinks you were mocking  
the blind.

LOWELL

Oh for fucks sake! Is there someone  
from the Daily News inside?

KAREN

I didn't see any press.

LOWELL

None? There are five hundred people  
in there and there's no press  
coverage? We did announce the rally  
didn't we?

KAREN

Yes, of course. There were several  
press releases.

LOWELL

And no one?

KAREN

No one. Sorry.

LOWELL

Those cockroaches really don't give  
a damn about real issues.

(MORE)

LOWELL (CONT'D)

Guess we should have told them I'd be appearing nude.

KAREN

The statement?

LOWELL

Fine, issue some kind of I didn't mean to offend the blind statement.

Lowell starts toward the entry door.

LOWELL (CONT'D)

(muttering)

Bunch of fucking little cockroaches.

INT. SUPERVISOR JACKSON'S OFFICE - DAY

VOICE (THROUGH INTERCOM)

Mr. Bedford in on line one.

JACKSON (ON PHONE)

Neil, thank you for returning the call.

(listening)

I want you to draft a copy of the motion we discussed. I am going to introduce it at the next Board meeting.

(listening)

Yes, I'm sure. Please have it to me by Monday.

Jackson punches the intercom button.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Please call all the Supervisors and see if they can meet with me immediately. Wait, don't call Bachman.

VOICE (THROUGH INTERCOM)

Supervisor McKinney has left for today. I think he has that MSNBC thing.

JACKSON

Yes, of course he does. Okay, Fernandez and Jordan.

VOICE (THROUGH INTERCOM)

Yes ma'am.

Jackson rests her face in her hands.

INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE - DAY

Lowell is at his desk - on the phone.

Karen enters. Lowell motions for her to take a seat. She does.

LOWELL  
(into the phone)  
Good, that sounds good.  
I appreciate it - thanks.

Lowell hangs up.

KAREN  
Just checking to see if you need  
anything for the Board meetng.

LOWELL  
Yeah, I need you to find me one of  
those people who do the sign  
language thing. You know, for the  
deaf.

KAREN  
A sign language interpreter?

LOWELL  
Yeah, whatever they're called.

KAREN  
For the Board hearing? For the one  
that starts in just thirty minutes  
from now?

LOWELL  
Yes, don't be daffy. For the  
meeting today.

KAREN  
Where am I going to find someone  
who knows sign language?

LOWELL  
C'mon, there are ninety thousand  
employees in this County. Gotta be  
one somewhere.

KAREN  
Yes, but they're not all standing  
here in this room at the moment.  
(MORE)



KAREN (CONT'D)  
 Besides, why would you need a sign  
 language interpreter?

Lowell looks at Karen over his glasses.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
 Fine - fine. I'll find you one. God  
 knows where, but I'll find you one.

INT. LOWELL'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Tess sits on the sofa with CAROL (75).

CAROL  
 So, are you going to be able to  
 make the lunch at Glenda's  
 Thursday?

TESS  
 I wouldn't miss it.

A teapot WHISTLES from the kitchen.

TESS (CONT'D)  
 Oh - it's ready.

Tess leaves the sofa and goes to the kitchen.

CAROL  
 (shouting towards the  
 kitchen)  
 You know last time she served that  
 awful chili. I had indigestion all  
 night. Hopefully she'll make  
 something a little milder this  
 time. Did it bother you at all,  
 Tess?  
 (beat)  
 Tess?

The CLATTER of a tray and teacups hitting the floor comes  
 from the kitchen.

CAROL (CONT'D)  
 Dear God!

Carol rushes towards the kitchen.

INT. LOWELL'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Carol enters. She spots Tess, sprawled on the floor,  
 unconscious.

CAROL

Tess!

INT. COUNTY BOARD HEARING ROOM - DAY

The room is at capacity. Several news crews are there.

Lowell walks over to Pennington and gives her a hand written note.

Pennington looks confused - starts to hand the note back.

Lowell waves his hand in an insistent manner - walks back to his chair. A SIGN LANGUAGE INTERPRETER stands next to him.

PENNINGTON

(into the Board  
microphone)

Madam Chair, members of the Board,  
Supervisor Bachman has asked me to  
read a statement in for the record.

Pennington waits for a moment for a response. There is none as Jackson is distracted talking to staff.

PENNINGTON (CONT'D)

Madam Chair?

JACKSON

Fine - whatever, proceed.

PENNINGTON

(hesitantly)

Okay - a statement from Supervisor  
Bachman.

The sign language interpreter signs as Pennington speaks.

PENNINGTON (CONT'D)

(reading)

"Sadly, today I must announce that  
I have suffered a severe medical  
disorder, a consequence of which is  
an inability to speak as well as  
deafness. Yes, I have gone deaf.  
Totally and completely deaf. So  
deaf that I cannot even hear.."

Pennington stops and looks at Lowell.

PENNINGTON (CONT'D)

(to Lowell)

I can't read this.

Lowell points to his ear and makes an expression that indicates he cannot hear her.

The Sign Language Interpreter translates for Lowell.

Lowell circles his hand at Pennington in a *go ahead* motion.

PENNINGTON (CONT'D)  
Madam Chair. Excuse me, Madam  
Chair, I don't think...

JACKSON  
Just proceed.

PENNINGTON  
But Madam Chair, I...

JACKSON  
I would like to get this over with.  
It's already going to be a hard  
day. Please, proceed.

PENNINGTON  
Okay.  
(reading)  
"So deaf that I cannot even hear  
Supervisor McKinney when he bellows  
like a jackass."

Fernandez laughs out loud, almost spitting out his coffee.

PENNINGTON (CONT'D)  
(reading)  
"Therefore, today I will be using  
the services of an interpreter. I  
would appreciate it if during your  
comments today you would speak  
slowly so that he may stay up to  
speed."

Jackson looks at Lowell. She gives the Interpreter a forced smile..

JACKSON  
Thank you Ms. Pennington. Now I  
have a motion...

PENNINGTON  
(reading)  
"P.S."

JACKSON  
There's more?

PENNINGTON

A little. Should I stop?

JACKSON

No, finish it.

PENNINGTON

(reading)

"P.S. - I believe that the deafness I am now suffering, while certainly unfortunate for me, is truly symbolic of the deaf ear this Board has turned towards the good citizens of Los Angeles County. We hear yet we do not listen. May God save our souls. The end. Sincerely, Lowell Bachman."

JACKSON

Is that it?

PENNINGTON

Yes, Madam Chair.

JACKSON

Supervisor Lowell Bachman has dedicated more than forty years of service to the citizens of Los Angeles County. I greatly admire him for that service.

JORDAN

As we all do.

JACKSON

Sadly, over the past several weeks, Supervisor Bachman's actions have not been those of a rational man. They have been unprofessional - disruptive. As Chair of this Board I feel responsible for protecting its credibility and its ability to function. Mr. Bedford, will you please have your staff provide a copy of the motion to the other Supervisors.

BEDFORD

Yes, Madam Chair.

Bedford hands several pieces of paper to a female STAFFER. She circles the dais handing a piece of paper to each Supervisor.

JACKSON

I will read the motion into the record.

(reading)

"Los Angeles County Code Section 2.20 allows for the removal of a any Supervisor that, for reasons of incapacitation, is no longer able to fulfill their duties. The same code section requires the Board to open public hearings on the matter. Therefore, in accordance with section 2.20, I move that this Board initiate such hearings with respect to Supervisor Lowell Bachman within two weeks and pursuant to that same Code section, should he be deemed incapacitated, request the Governor of California to appoint a replacement at the earliest possible point. Four votes are required for approval."

(to Lowell)

I am truly sorry, Lowell.

There is dead silence.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Ms. Pennington, please call the roll.

PENNINGTON

(trembling)

Yes, Madam Chair. Supervisor Fernandez?

FERNANDEZ

With regrets, aye.

PENNINGTON

Supervisor Bachman?

Lowell shakes his no. Pennington looks to Jackson for guidance.

JACKSON

Just record him as a no.

PENNINGTON

Supervisor McKinney?

MCKINNEY

No.

JACKSON  
You're voting no?

PENNINGTON  
Supervisor Jordan?

JORDAN  
Um, I don't see the need to - uh, continue with the roll. There are already two no votes. I mean, we have to have four votes for the motion to pass. That is correct, isn't it Mr. Bedford.

BEDFORD  
Yes, Supervisor.

JACKSON  
(To McKinney)  
You really voted no?

MCKINNEY  
I do not believe Supervisor Bachman is incapacitated. I believe he is manipulative and unless that is in violation of the County Code I see no reason to...

LOWELL  
Maybe I'm both.

MCKINNEY  
It's a miracle. He can hear now.

The Interpreter continues to sign as McKinney speaks. Lowell gives the Interpreter a nod indicating that it is okay to stop.

LOWELL  
Yes, thank you, George. Must have just been some ear wax or something. Madam Chair, I have a question for Counsel related to your motion.

JACKSON  
The motion is obviously not going to pass, Lowell. Four votes are required.

LOWELL  
Nonetheless, could you please indulge me for a moment?

JACKSON

Fine, proceed.

LOWELL

Mr. Bedford, I assume that since the roll has not been completed, Supervisor Jackson's motion is still open for amendment.

BEDFORD

That is correct.

LOWELL

And I assume that since the issue of incapacitation requires a public hearing, that any amendment to the motion would also be part of such hearing - yes?

BEDFORD

Well, yes - of course.

LOWELL

Good. I have an amendment to Supervisor Jackson's motion. Some of you may recall that a while back, I proposed a motion to establish a gang related witness protection center in City Terrace Park. I really haven't mentioned it in awhile, so I will ask Karen to pass out a copy to refresh your memories. Karen, if you would please.

Karen circles the dais as she passes out a copy of Lowell's motion to each Supervisor.

LOWELL (CONT'D)

I move that my witness protection center motion be added as amendment to Supervisor Jackson's motion and as such, be heard concurrently at the hearing to discuss my incapacitation. In addition, the public will be allowed to testify at that hearing on both matters should they so desire.

MCKINNEY

He can't do that.

BEDFORD

Technically, he can.

JACKSON  
Is there a second?

There is a total silence for a moment.

MCKINNEY  
Looks like there is not. I believe  
we should move on.

LOWELL  
(to Jordan)  
Abraham, I'm just trying to make  
the difference I came here to make.

JORDAN  
I'll second the motion.

MCKINNEY  
This is just asinine.

LOWELL  
You should watch your language -  
poor protocol, George.

JACKSON  
The motion to hold an  
incapacitation hearing related to  
Supervisor Bachman has been amended  
and seconded. Ms. Pennington,  
please call the roll.

PENNINGTON  
Yes, Madam Chair. Supervisor  
Fernandez?

FERNANDEZ  
Aye.

PENNINGTON  
Supervisor Bachman?

LOWELL  
Aye.

PENNINGTON  
Supervisor McKinney?

MCKINNEY  
No!

PENNINGTON  
Supervisor Jordan?



JORDAN

Aye.

PENNINGTON

Supervisor Jackson?

Jackson leans back in her chair - turns and looks at Lowell. She moves her microphone away so that the audience can't hear her.

JACKSON

(to Lowell)

Well played, Supervisor.

Lowell gives Jackson a wink. Jackson straightens up and returns the microphone back towards her.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Aye. Please read the results in for the record, Ms. Pennington.

PENNINGTON

The motion by Supervisor Jackson as amended by Supervisor Bachman is approved on a four to one vote. The public hearing will be scheduled for two weeks from today.

Karen is on her cell phone. She frantically closes it, rushes over to Lowell and whispers in his ear.

Karen and Lowell quickly exit the Boardroom.

JACKSON

The Board will be in recess for ten minutes. Mr. Bedford, can I see you please?

BEDFORD

Yes, Madam Chair.

Bedford approaches Jackson. She cups her hand over her microphone.

JACKSON

Who was the other Supervisor who asked you about the code section?

BEDFORD

Again Madam Chair, it was a private request.

JACKSON

I do not need to remind you that you serve at the pleasure of the Board, and right now I am not feeling pleased. Who was it?

BEDFORD

Bachman. It was Supervisor Bachman.

INT. HOSPITAL, CORRIDOR - DAY

Karen and DOCTOR SAGEL are outside of a hospital room.

KAREN

She'll be all right?

DR. SAGEL

Yes. We think she may have had a mild stroke. There is some loss of sensation on her left side, but not severe. While we won't really get a full picture for a day or two, I am fairly confident she'll be just fine.

KAREN

Thank goodness. What about her speech?

DR. SAGEL

Talking when she came in. A little slurring - not much. She's heavily sedated now. We need to keep her very calm, at least for a while.

KAREN

I need to call the Governor. You may be getting press inquiries. It could get a bit chaotic here.

DR. SAGEL

Yes, I know. Anything we get will be directed to our press liaison. Her office is on the second floor. You may want to drop by.

KAREN

Yes, I will. Thank you.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Tess is in a hospital bed, in a deep sleep. Lowell sits in a chair at her side - his hand lies gently on top of hers.

LOWELL

(quietly )

Tessy, you're going to be fine -  
just fine.

(wiping a tear)

You remember when I first ran for  
office. You baked all those God  
damn cookies - chocolate chip. We  
must have banged on a thousand  
doors a day me and you. They didn't  
much like me, but they loved the  
cookies. I knew your feet hurt. I  
knew you were tired but you never  
said a word - not a word. You just  
listened to me ramble on and on.  
No more doors to knock on Tessy.  
I promise.

INT. JASON'S OFFICE - DAY

Jason is at his desk - phone to his ear.

JASON

(into the phone)

Thank God she's okay.

(listening)

Yes, I'll be down early tomorrow.

(listening)

No - no press release. I don't want  
this to become a zoo. We'll handle  
that when I get down there. Thank  
you, Karen.

INT. NEWS STUDIO - NIGHT

HAL FREEMAN (50), thick white hair, is seated at a small  
table that is surrounded by television cameras.

McKinney sits across from Freeman. A MAKE-UP WOMAN applies  
the final touches to McKinney's face.

VOICE (O.S)

We're ready in two.

MAKE-UP WOMAN

Okay, you look good.

MCKINNEY

Thank you.

Make-up Woman exits.

VOICE (O.S)

Thirty seconds.

FREEMAN  
Thank you for coming.

MCKINNEY  
It's my pleasure.

The local news opening MUSIC is played.

VOICE (O.S)  
And - we're on.

FREEMAN  
Welcome to LA Live. I'm your host,  
Hal Freeman. There is big news both  
in local and State politics. We are  
joined this evening by Los Angeles  
County Board Supervisor George  
McKinney, who late this afternoon  
announced his candidacy for  
Governor. Welcome, Supervisor.

MCKINNEY  
Thank you.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Lowell, slumped in a chair across from Tess' bed, watches  
the McKinney interview on the hospital room television - the  
sound is off.

The scroll on the bottom of the screen reads: SUPERVISOR  
GEORGE MCKINNEY ANNOUNCES BID FOR GOVERNOR

Lowell picks up the television remote and clicks the sound  
on.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWS STUDIO - NIGHT

FREEMAN  
You were the only Supervisor voting  
against the hearing related to  
Supervisor Bachmans' competency to  
serve. Why the no vote?

MCKINNEY  
Because faking illnesses may be  
manipulative, but it is not a sign  
of incapacitation. It's merely a  
sign of irresponsibility.

FREEMAN

His anger has often been directed at you - on occasion, it has gotten very personal. Has there been bad blood between you and Supervisor Bachman?

MCKINNEY

We have served together for many, many years and have always treated each other with the utmost respect - until recently that is.

FREEMAN

Because of your objection to his gang witness protection project.

MCKINNEY

I suppose that is what he would have people believe. Look, for the record, I am not against strengthening our witness protection programs. I just wanted the matter to be discussed along side all of our other budget priorities in June - just like the other Supervisors. Yet I seem to be the sole target of his verbal assaults.

FREEMAN

Because?

MCKINNEY

It's not hard to connect the dots here. My name has been mentioned for some time, along with others of course, as a potential gubernatorial candidate. I think that Supervisor Bachman's tirades against me are politically motivated - pure and simple.

FREEMAN

You really think that....

MCKINNEY

And I find that disturbing. I find that the fact that his son, the Governor, has been silent on the matter, equally disturbing.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

LOWELL  
(at the television)  
You manipulative little fuck!

Tess awakens.

TESS  
Lowell, people can hear you.

LOWELL  
Tessy!

INT. JASON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

JASON, on a sofa in his office, watches the interview with McKinney.

Steven Baker enters.

BAKER  
You saw that?

Jason clicks the remote - the TV goes black.

JASON  
Yup. I'll tell you one thing. You got to give him credit for creativity.

Baker takes a seat on the sofa.

JASON (CONT'D)  
You know I'm leaving for L.A tomorrow. To see my Mom.

BAKER  
Yes, I heard. How's she doing?

JASON  
She's going to be fine.

BAKER  
Good to hear.

JASON  
So, it's McKinney?

BAKER  
Yes, apparently. You know, he's going to be a very strong candidate.

JASON

Well, I've never run against a weak one.

EXT. LOWELL'S HOUSE - DAY

A car pulls into the driveway. Lowell exits the car along with the DRIVER.

The Driver opens the trunk and takes out a wheelchair. He then opens the rear passenger door and assists Tess into the wheelchair.

Lowell starts to roll her up the driveway.

TESS

I could have just used the walker.

LOWELL

We'll get to that soon enough. You want me to carry you over the threshold?

TESS

No, I think one of us in a wheelchair is plenty enough for now.

LOWELL

You know I could do it.

TESS

Yes, dear, I know. Is Jason staying with us tonight?

LOWELL

Indeed he is.

TESS

That's nice. Now no politics between you two. It would be nice just to have a normal family dinner.

LOWELL

Well, for that you would need to start with a normal family.

INT. FERGUSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Lowell sits on a medical table. He wears a hospital gown, slit open in the back.

LOWELL

Where the hell are you? Hey! I'm getting a draft here!

Ferguson enters the room - he carries a clipboard.

FERGUSON

I'd say keep your pants on, but we both know that's too late.

LOWELL

Hilarious. So?

FERGUSON

The tests look good. You're vitals are good, especially for someone as old as you.

LOWELL

I could still kick your ass.

FERGUSON

I have no doubt. Anyway, we're good to go. Doctor Wynn will be performing the surgery two weeks from today. After you recover from that, we'll start the chemo.

LOWELL

I mean it. I could really kick your ass.

FERGUSON

Brave words from a man wearing a gown. So, you got a ride home or do you need me to call someone.

LOWELL

Nope. Jason's waiting outside.

FERGUSON

Not bad, you got the Governor of California as your personal chauffeur.

LOWELL

Just another reason you shouldn't screw with me.

FERGUSON

Look, old friend - you know we're going to beat this bastard. I know we're going to beat it.



LOWELL  
There's something you should know.

FERGUSON  
What?

LOWELL  
If I die, I told Tess to sue you.  
Hope you don't mind.

FERGUSON  
Figures.

LOWELL  
Now don't get all pussy on me  
again. Okay?

Ferguson puts his hand on Lowell's shoulder.

FERGUSON  
I can't believe we're going to save  
your sorry ass.

INT. LOWELL'S HOUSE - DAY

Jason, with a cell phone to his ear, sits at the kitchen table as he reads a ballot initiative stamped "DRAFT".

JASON  
(into the phone)  
Yeah, the initiative looks great.  
Have staff start working on it  
right away. We're going to need a  
million signatures. We don't have a  
lot of time.  
(listening)  
They're both doing fine - thanks.  
I should be up there by the end of  
the week. Thanks again, Steven.

Jason takes a sip coffee as he picks up the LA Times.

Lowell, in a bathrobe, enters the kitchen, pours himself a cup - takes a seat across from Jason.

LOWELL  
(pointing to the  
newspaper)  
Did you read it?

JASON  
Yeah. Let's see.  
(reading from paper)  
(MORE)

JASON (CONT'D)

"Supervisor Mckinney, requests both Supervisor Bachman and the Governor commit to a truce on personal attacks."

LOWELL

He's an ass.

JASON

You have to admit, he's playing it pretty smart.

LOWELL

Yeah, he's a smart ass. And he is definitely a two flusher.

JASON

If not three.

LOWELL

Look, Son - I'm sorry if all this has hurt you.

JASON

Not to worry. I've got a lot of arrows in the quiver.

LOWELL

What are you talking about?

JASON

Well, for one, I share the same name as a prominent elder statesman hailing from the great County of Los Angeles. As you reminded me, that worked out pretty well last time. And...

LOWELL

We both know I pretty much screwed the pooch on that one.

JASON

And, two - I got a great new cause.

Jason slides the initiative folder across the table towards Lowell.

LOWELL

What's this?

JASON

It's a draft initiative. We're going to try to get it on the ballot in June, assuming we can get a million signatures by then. It's going to be a big part of my campaign.

LOWELL

This is for...

JASON

State sponsored witness protection centers.

LOWELL

Boy, you sure about this?

JASON

Actually, it was Steven's idea.

LOWELL

Baker?

JASON

Yeah. He called it - what was it? Oh yeah, he called it sinking outside the box. Steven did a lot of research and there does appear to be some real gaps in the current programs. And, as it turns out, Steven says that your witness protection center idea polls real well.

LOWELL

I've always liked that guy.

Jason gives Lowell a look of comic disbelief.

JASON

So, I'm going to need your help on the initiative. I'm going to need you to stump with me. Are you in?

LOWELL

I'm in. But, I'll be there as a private citizen.

Lowell takes another sip of coffee. Jason stares at him quizzically.

LOWELL (CONT'D)

I'm resigning, next week. I'm done - kaput.

JASON

You're resigning - now? After all this?

LOWELL

Well, for one, there's the matter of this melon ball I got to get out my head. I ain't going to be walking around the Boardroom puking from the chemo every five minutes.

JASON

Everyone would understand.

LOWELL

And it's time. Time for me to be with your Mom, take care of her. Someone's gotta keep the nurses in line. Make sure they're all doing their job.

JASON

Well, I don't envy the nurses.

LOWELL

You know when I resign, you gotta appoint someone to fill my spot - least till the next election.

JASON

I know.

LOWELL

You should appoint Karen Mendoza.

JASON

Karen?

LOWELL

She'd be perfect. She knows the District already. Got a good heart, good brains. I think her breasts are a bit too large but she'll overcome that?

JASON

What?

LOWELL

Never mind, your Mom doesn't want me talking about it. Last time she nearly tore my cheek off. Hush, hush - okay?

JASON

Sure. I don't think that will be a problem.

LOWELL

So Karen, you'll think about it?

JASON

Yeah. I'll give it a hard look. I promise.

Lowell finishes his coffee- stares at the bottom of the cup.

LOWELL

You know, when I first ran for office I really believed that I was going to be a difference maker - really change things. Next thing you know, one term blends into the next. And wala - you're an old man with no legacy.

JASON

Dad, come on.

LOWELL

It's okay son. I've reconciled myself to it. You know, forty years goes by pretty God damn quick. In a blink really. And at the end of the day, all that happened is that I turned into the crazy Supervisor. That's what I'll be remembered for.

JASON

Stop it.

LOWELL

No - listen. I ain't going to have too many more years to lecture at ya. I guess I'm saying don't just be a politician anymore, at least not a professional one. It shouldn't be a profession. It ought to be a vocation. Be a statesman, Son. Just a statesman. We need them you know.

JASON  
I'll do my best.

LOWELL  
Good. Now, I'm going to sneak  
outside and have a cigarette. Make  
yourself useful and cook us up some  
breakfast.

Lowell gets up and starts to leave the room.

LOWELL (CONT'D)  
(shouting back)  
And don't you dare tell your Mom  
I'm smoking.

JASON  
(under his breath)  
Unless the stroke took away her  
sense of smell, I'm pretty sure  
she'll figure it out on her own.

INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE - DAY

Karen helps Lowell with his neck tie.

LOWELL  
Enough already. It's fine.

KAREN  
No, it's crooked. Just stay still  
for a minute.

LOWELL  
You got sixty seconds.

KAREN  
Are you sure you're ready to do  
this?

Karen completes the tie, admires her work for a moment and  
pats Lowell on the chest.

LOWELL  
No doubts.

Karen picks some lint off of Lowell's vest and gives him a  
final once over.

KAREN  
There - perfect. Now, grab your  
suit jacket. You don't want to be  
late for the last meeting.

Lowell leans over and gently kisses Karen on her cheek.

LOWELL

Thank you, Karen. Thank you for everything. I know that I haven't been easy to work with sometimes. Especially lately, and I wanted you to know...

KAREN

Me too. Me too, Lowell - but we've got to go.

LOWELL

Yeah, I suppose we do.

Lowell walks over to his closet, opens it and removes his suit jacket. He spots the judges robe he had worn weeks ago.

LOWELL (CONT'D)

I'm going to leave the robe in here. Just in case you ever find the need for it. I'm pretty sure Tess wouldn't let me wear it around the house anyway.

KAREN

Thank you. I'll take good care of it.

INT. COUNTY BOARD HEARING ROOM - DAY

The room is crowded with members of the public and the media.

The meeting is underway. On the side of the dais, Karen stands next to Maria Flores.

PENNINGTON

The amendment to establish the Jaime Flores Witness Protection Center in City Terrace Park passes by a vote of three to two, Supervisors McKinney and Jackson voting no.

Maria Flores takes Karen's hand and grasps it firmly.

JACKSON

Congratulations, Lowell.

PENNINGTON

(nervously)

The motion related to the incapacitation of Supervisor Lowell Bachman is now before you.

JACKSON

Call the roll, Ms. Pennington.

LOWELL

Madam Chair, if I could beg your indulgence for a moment.

Jackson looks at Lowell suspiciously.

LOWELL (CONT'D)

I promise, no fooling around.

Jackson nods in approval. Lowell stands up.

LOWELL (CONT'D)

I want to apologize to my fellow Supervisors.

Lowell looks directly at McKinney.

LOWELL (CONT'D)

Well, to most of them.

Lowell picks up a bottle of water from the dais and takes a large gulp.

LOWELL (CONT'D)

My behavior lately can only be described as unprofessional. I would like to say that I don't know what got in to me. But I can't. That would be a lie. The fact of the matter is that I know exactly what got in to me. I also know this. I don't want to put the Board through this distraction anymore. A vote on the motion is not needed.

(beat)

I am resigning, effective immediately.

Lowell stands, He is a bit unsteady.

JACKSON

Lowell?



LOWELL

Recently, I have been diagnosed  
with a real medical disorder.

Lowell wobbles - then faints and falls to the floor. The  
audience gasps. Karen rushes to his side.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Jason pushes Lowell in a wheel chair, weakened but still very  
alert, down the sidewalk.

**SUPER: SIX MONTHS LATER**

LOWELL

Don't you have some governing  
you're supposed to be doing?

JASON

Don't make me want to push you out  
into traffic.

LOWELL

Go ahead. I already cancelled my  
life insurance. You ain't getting  
nothing.

JASON

Quiet down. We're almost there.

CUT TO:

INT. KAREN ANDERSON'S SUPERVISOR OFFICE - DAY

Karen at her desk - reads briefing material. Trudy enters.

TRUDY

You need to get going, Karen. The  
Board meeting is going to start any  
minute.

KAREN

Thanks, Trudy.

Karen walks over to the closet. Opens it to remove her  
jacket. She spots Lowell's judges robe hanging on the hook.  
She touches the sleeve - feels the cloth between her fingers.

TRUDY

You miss him being around here too?

KAREN

Yeah. I really do.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Jason, still pushing Lowell, reaches the end of the street. They look across to the other corner.

A building is under construction. A banner hangs from the scaffolding. It reads: JAIME FLORES WITNESS PROTECTION CENTER.

JASON

Look what we did.

LOWELL

We? I'm, surprised the proposition passed at all the way you stumbled into victory. I thought you would drag us all down.

JASON

Hey, I still won.

LOWELL

Yeah, but by only thirteen thousand votes. Good thing you had my name going for ya.

JASON

Yeah - it was.

The light changes allowing for pedestrians to cross. Jason pushes the Lowell towards the site.

JASON (CONT'D)

It's your legacy, Dad.

LOWELL

No, it's Jaime Flores' legacy.

Lowell reaches his hand up and places it on Jason's.

LOWELL (CONT'D)

But it happened because you became a statesman.

FADE OUT