

HOW TO WIN THE WAR FOR PEACE

by

RICHARD WININGER AND CAROL O'BISO

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RICHARD WININGER  
845-255-0560  
RICWIN11@GMAIL.COM

CAROL O'BISO  
845 255-0293  
COBISO@EARTHLINK.NET

FADE IN:

MONTAGE - VARIOUS (DREAM SEQUENCE)

A)EXT. ROCKY LANDSCAPE IN PRE-HISTORY - NIGHT - A campfire burns outside a cave. A PRIMITIVE MAN in an animal skin throws a small rock that hits ANOTHER PRIMITIVE MAN in the forehead. The second man, annoyed, throws a bigger rock, hitting the other. The second man picks up a club; the first picks up a bigger club and they approach each other menacingly. In the b.g. a WOMAN in an animal skin sits facing away from our POV.

B)EXT. ROMAN BATTLEFIELD - DAY - An 18-year-old, baby-faced ROMAN SOLDIER with a gap between his teeth careens wildly in a horse-drawn chariot hurling spears at ENEMY SOLDIERS on foot.

RILEY STRATTON (14 YEARS OLD, V.O.)  
There's always been war.

C)EXT. 18TH CENTURY MASSACHUSETTS BATTLEFIELD - DAY - A 20-year-old REVOLUTIONARY WAR SOLDIER with a long, blond pony tail ducks behind a rock, firing a musket at BRITISH RED COATS.

D)EXT. WWI BATTLE SCENE - 1915 EUROPE - DAY - A 25-year-old FRENCH SOLDIER with a goatee crouches in a trench shooting at GERMAN SOLDIERS.

E)EXT. HIROSHIMA 1945 - DAY - The iconic nuclear blast, but as the mushroom cloud billows up, it turns to ice and showers frozen crystals down onto the landscape. A 14-year-old GIRL with short, curly red hair looks up with joy as the snow strikes her face. Her look changes to one of horror as she turns to ice and shatters.

RILEY STRATTON (V.O.)  
So we thought there always would be.

F)EXT. VIETNAM JUNGLE 1969 - DAY - An 18-year-old, baby-faced AMERICAN SOLDIER with a gap between his teeth (same person as the Roman soldier) looks up in wonder as icy crystals fall from the sky. A VIET CONG SOLDIER shoots him dead.

H)EXT. MID-EAST WAR ZONE, PRESENT DAY - DAY - a 20-year-old AMERICAN SOLDIER with blond hair (same person as the Revolutionary soldier) marches with OTHER SOLDIERS across a desert landscape as beautiful ice and snow gently fall. Gun fire makes a RAT TAT TAT sound. They each fall dead like dominoes.

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RILEY STRATTON (V.O.) (cont'd)  
This is the story of how my mother  
changed the world.

INT. LIZA STRATTON'S BEDROOM - DAY

LIZA STRATTON, an attractive, 38-year-old with long, wavy red hair, is asleep in bed. She sits up with a start to the SOUND of rat tat tat as her daughter, RILEY STRATTON (the girl from her dream) TAP TAP TAPS on the partially open door.

RILEY  
You were yelling.

LIZA  
I had that dream again.

RILEY  
The one where you're being chased by  
a cabbage wearing sunglasses?

Liza shakes her head.

RILEY (cont'd)  
I told you, nuclear winter isn't  
going to be like that.

LIZA  
That dream feels real.

RILEY  
We're late.

Liza looks at the clock and leaps out of bed.

INT. LIZA'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Riley, dressed for school, reaches for the fridge door and notices a charming, joyous, FAMILY PICTURE of Liza, Riley and Riley's father--handsome, dark-haired, 42-year-old US SECRETARY OF STATE RICHARD STRATTON--half buried by reminders and other photos. Riley moves things around to bring the one of the family into full view.

Riley examines the contents of the fridge. It's empty except for a quart of milk and a few take-out containers. She frowns. Liza whizzes past in the hallway.

INT. LIZA'S FOYER - MORNING

Liza gathers her keys from the hall table and checks her face in the mirror in the gracious, open-plan entry. Riley joins her.

RILEY  
There's nothing in the fridge but a light bulb again.

Liza hands her a five dollar bill.

EXT. LIZA'S HOME, WASHINGTON, DC - DAY

An upscale two-story house in a row of stylish, neatly manicured homes with front gardens. At the curb, Liza and Riley get into Liza's late model Subaru. Riley carries a book bag.

EXT. MRS. SANTIAGO'S PORCH, NEXT DOOR - MORNING

An 80-year-old neighbor, the inscrutable MRS. SANTIAGO, watches Liza and Riley from her porch. Fifteen CATS of every size, shape and color do cat-like things around her. Liza waves to her, overly cheerful.

LIZA  
Morning Mrs. Santiago.

Mrs. Santiago's face barely changes. There is something oddly mysterious about her.

INT/EXT. LIZA'S CAR/WASHINGTON, D.C. - MORNING

Liza, a cautious driver, navigates through the traffic. Riley is embedded in her phone with teenage zeal. A bus in the next lane is plastered with an ad for the movie "STRIPPED." It shows bare-chested male strippers with bow ties and cuffs and blares: "CAN YOU RESIST?"

LIZA  
(falsely cheerful)  
So, Dad will pick you up later and Mrs. Santiago will check in with you until he gets there--

Riley does not look up from her phone.

RILEY  
She's dead you know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZA

Who's dead?

RILEY

Mrs. Santiago. She died in the war of 1812 and they embalmed her and put her on that porch. And I'm 14. I can stay by myself for a few hours.

Liza chews her lip. This is not new territory.

LIZA

That's unkind Riley. You'll be with Dad overnight because I have this thing I have to do, and tomorrow I have the Pope, and then I'll take you shopping, okay?

RILEY

What's his name?

Liza grimaces. A large and lovely portrait of Liza smiles out at them from a bus shelter display ad. It reads, "*CHILD POVERTY IS SOMETHING WE CAN CHANGE*. CHILD POVERTY TASK FORCE SPOKESWOMAN LIZA STRATTON."

RILEY (cont'd)

When are you and Dad getting back together?

LIZA

Riley. I told you. Dad and I are not getting back together. But we both love you and we'll always be your parents. We even love each other, we just--

RILEY

Whatever.

Liza pulls up in front of Riley's school. Riley grabs her bag and starts to get out.

LIZA

Come with me tomorrow. There's all this positive energy, and you'd be taking a stand against WAR, Riley. It's such a horrible thing.

RILEY

Gee, Mom, that sounds really great but I have to stay home and charge my phone. Thanks for the offer though.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She closes the car door, then turns back. Liza rolls down the window.

RILEY (cont'd)  
Does Dad know? About the protest tomorrow?

Liza stiffens.

LIZA  
Maybe. Dad doesn't have to know everything I do and when I do it.

Riley rolls her eyes.

LIZA (cont'd)  
Your father's precious career--when do I get to do what I want to do?

RILEY  
Are you kidding? You do exactly what you want. You've been torturing us with this protest stuff since I was in diapers.

LIZA  
Well at least I'm trying to make a difference.

Riley turns away.

RILEY  
(under her breath)  
Then maybe grow some balls. Raise your hand as if you want to get called on.

LIZA  
What did you say to me young lady?

Riley continues to walk away.

LIZA (cont'd)  
You come back here.

Riley enters the school grounds and is met by her 14-year-old girlfriend, MEGHAN, who smiles and waves at Liza with exaggerated pleasure. As soon as she and Riley are out of Liza's view, Riley peels off to join 16-year-old BILLY BOWERS. He takes Riley's hand as they walk toward the school. Riley blushes with pleasure. Meghan looks after them; she's not so sure about Billy.

EXT. VETERAN'S MEDICAL REHAB FACILITY, WASHINGTON, DC - DAY

Liza approaches the building, passing a newspaper vending machine. A headline blares: AMERICA SICK OF WAR. 356 MORE CASUALTIES. The paper shows a photo of bloodied soldiers. Liza looks from the picture to the rehab and shakes her head. She puts money in the machine, opens the door, removes the entire stack of papers and leaves a \$20 bill inside.

INT. VETERAN'S MEDICAL REHAB FOYER - DAY

Liza enters carrying the stack of papers and dumps them in the garbage pail. The FEMALE DIRECTOR enters and rolls her eyes.

DIRECTOR

Again?

Liza pins on her name tag (LIZA, OCCUPATIONAL THERAPIST) as a 25-year-old with a goatee, PFC. JOHN C. BATESON (the French soldier from her dream), is wheeled to the door by ORDERLIES. He is accompanied by his wife, STACY and their 5-year-old daughter, ZOE, who is playing with her well-loved, stuffed BUNNY RABBIT. Liza looks at the Director, aghast, as the group moves toward the door.

LIZA

John isn't ready to go home.

DIRECTOR

Liza, there are three people waiting for his bed.

Liza, resigned, watches as John stands up from his wheelchair. The orderlies re-enter the building with the empty chair.

BATESON

(to Stacy)

I'm going to re-up.

Stacy is momentarily shocked, but when Liza shoots her a sympathetic look, Stacy bristles and readjusts her attitude.

STACY

(to Bateson)

I'm so proud of you.

INT. VETERAN'S MEDICAL REHAB THERAPY ROOM - DAY

A crowded and busy room. Liza is focused on teaching a 20-year-old VET with a blond pony tail (the Revolutionary War soldier from her dream) to eat with a knife and fork. He has a prosthetic arm. ANOTHER VET is between parallel bars re-learning to walk.

On a wall-mounted TV, US President VERN SLOCUM, 65 years old, is holding a news conference:

REPORTER

Mr. President, why are we focusing on the Mid-East? Isn't this a proxy war? Isn't Russia our problem, and what do you propose to do about it?

SLOCUM

Russia is not getting stronger from what they're doing in the Mid-East. Maybe it's boosting President Alexeyev's poll numbers, but who cares? Good for him. And what am I going to do about it? Next question.

He points to another reporter.

SLOCUM (cont'd)

Lloyd.

INT. EXCLUSIVE DRESS SHOP FITTING ROOM - DAY

Liza is removing her shoes. A few dresses hang on hooks, including a sexy, bright red dress with a plunging neckline. There is a TAP at the door. Liza opens it to find a SALESWOMAN with a saccharine smile. She holds out a blue dress on a hanger.

SALESWOMAN

Try this, too. It's so lovely. And age appropriate.

The saleswoman hands her the dress and leaves. Under her breath, Liza mimics in a sing-songy, snooty voice:

LIZA

So lovely, and age appropriate.



INT. RILEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Riley stands next to a terrarium holding her precious PET TARANTULA, "ROSIE," who sports a PINK BOW.

RILEY  
Hey, Rosie. At least you get me.

She sets Rosie back in the case on a tiny office chair in front of a tiny desk with a tiny computer. A door opens downstairs.

RICHARD (O.S.)  
Riley?

INT. LIZA'S FOYER - NIGHT

Dignified Richard Stratton, wearing a classy business suit, jumps as Mrs. Santiago gets up from a wing-backed chair in the adjacent room and walks past him out the door, her CANE jabbing briskly at the floor.

RICHARD  
'Night Mrs. Santiago. Thanks so much  
for--

He trails off as she continues stiffly down the steps. Richard closes the door and turns to see Riley bounding down the stairs with an overnight bag.

RICHARD (cont'd)  
(nodding after Mrs.  
Santiago)  
I think she's actually dead.

RILEY  
That's what I said. And what happened  
to six o'clock? She died a couple  
more times while I was waiting.

RICHARD  
I'm sorry. Time got away from me. I'm  
a little distracted sometimes.

RILEY  
Always. And a lot.

RICHARD  
I'm sorry, Riley, when--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RILEY

I know, I know. When you're the  
Secretary of State of the United  
States of America--

Riley breezes past him down the path to a limo at the curb. Limo driver, FRED, in his black coat, white shirt and tie, holds open the rear door of the limo.

SECURITY AGENT #1 and SECURITY AGENT #2 observe from a black security follow car parked behind. Riley makes imaginary guns with her hands and fires at the two security agents. The dimwitted agents reach for their guns. Richard gives them an incredulous look and they sheepishly pull their hands out of their jackets.

RILEY (cont'd)

(to Fred)

Is it part of the job description?  
Dressing as if you're going to a  
funeral?

Riley gets in.

RILEY (cont'd)

And I think you're allowed to smile.

FRED

Am I allowed to smile, Secretary  
Stratton?

RICHARD

No.

Fred closes the door. Riley gives him an exaggerated smile.

INT. UPSCALE CONTINENTAL RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Liza and her ho-hum date, MELVIN, 50 years old, are being seated by the MAÎTRE D'. Liza is way overdressed in the sexy red dress and she suddenly knows it--the maître d' keeps glancing at her cleavage. She tugs at the neckline to get a little more coverage.

As Liza and Melvin examine their menus, Liza tries not to stare at a mole with a hair growing out of it on his right hand. A bus boy pours water and looks down Liza's dress. She tugs at the neckline again.

MELVIN

This client didn't know corporate  
filing is March 15th.

(MORE)

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MELVIN (cont'd)  
And then she gets huffy with me when  
I tell her she's late--

LIZA  
That must have been difficult.

The waiter appears with his order pad, and looks down Liza's dress. She notices a MAN at a nearby table being fitted with a bib as a platter of lobster is set in front of him.

LIZA (cont'd)  
I'll have the lobster.

MELVIN  
I thought you were allergic to  
shellfish.

LIZA  
I cheat a little. It'll be alright.

Later:

Melvin is signing the credit card receipt. The table has been cleared but Liza still happily wears the bib. She absently scratches her arm.

INT. LIZA'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Liza is asleep, her neck and arms covered in ugly patches of deep, RED RASH.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE NORTH PORTICO - DAY

The PAPAL ENTOURAGE approach the White House.

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, IN FRONT OF WHITE HOUSE - DAY

A cute woman with short blond hair encourages a lackluster crowd of PROTESTERS gathered at the fence of the White House. We notice the nasty red rash on her neck and arms; it's Liza in a blond wig. The protesters all chant "War is not the answer" and wave signs: DOES THE POPE APPROVE OF SLAUGHTER? and FIFTEEN YEARS OF WAR IS FIFTEEN YEARS TOO MANY.

INT. WHITE HOUSE/GOVERNMENT OFFICE HALLWAYS - DAY

Continuous:

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CONTINUED:

A door with a brass plaque reading: JOSEPH BRANSON, VICE PRESIDENT. The door opens and JOE BRANSON steps into the hall.

A door with a brass plaque reading: CHRISTINE MCPHERSON, PRESS SECRETARY. The door opens and CHRISTINE MCPHERSON steps into the hall.

A door with a brass plaque reading: PETER SHULMAN, CHIEF OF STAFF. The door opens and PETER SHULMAN steps into the hall.

A door with a brass plaque reading: JIM ECKHART, SECRETARY OF DEFENSE. The door opens and JIM ECKHART steps into the hall.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE NORTH PORTICO - DAY

Richard, Joe Branson, Christine McPherson, Jim Eckhart and Peter Shulman watch as the Papal entourage comes to a stop. Richard and Christine exchange glances. She shrugs helplessly and speaks quietly to one of the SECRET SERVICE AGENTS. The POPE emerges, waving. The PRESS CORPS snaps wildly.

INT. WHITE HOUSE RESIDENCE - DAY

President Slocum, sits at a PlayStation where he blasts away an attacker on "Horizon Zero Dawn."

SLOCUM  
 (to himself)  
 You're gone man. You should've  
 checked my levels before you decided  
 to come at me.

There is a light tap on the door. Slocum's secretary, ALICE, a gentle, plump, plain woman in her late 50s, enters.

ALICE  
 Mr. President.

SLOCUM  
 I told you not to call me until he's  
 here. They're all on Italian time,  
 those Italians.

ALICE  
 He's literally here--sir.

Slocum sighs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALICE (cont'd)  
And he's Latvian.

SLOCUM  
Whatever.

INT. WHITE HOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

Vern Slocum walks briskly out of the room. First Lady TRISH SLOCUM, a smartly dressed powerhouse in her early-60s, emerges from a nearby doorway and falls in alongside him. Trish briefly makes eye contact with Alice, who observes from the door. Alice quickly looks away. There's something unspoken between these two.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE NORTH PORTICO - DAY

Vern greets the Pope, who is being aided by a TRANSLATOR.

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, IN FRONT OF WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Liza, the default leader, tries to energize the group, pumping her sign up and down.

LIZA  
(vigorously)  
War is not the answer. War is not the  
answer. War is not--

The others join in but they've all been doing this for too long and it shows. One sign reads: I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M STILL PROTESTING THIS CRAP. Liza's friends and fellow protesters, stylishly dressed CALLIE ANDERS, and no-frills sneakers, sweatshirt and jeans MARYANN DONALDSON, both in their late thirties, notice Liza's red welts.

MARYANN  
Lobster or shrimp? How was the play  
otherwise, Mrs. Lincoln?

LIZA  
He had a mole on his hand. With a  
hair growing out of it. ONE hair,  
Maryann.

Maryann peers at her as if she might be crazy.

LIZA (cont'd)  
Ignore me. Or shoot me maybe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She looks up at the portico.

LIZA (cont'd)  
 Richard? Well, there he is, in all his glory. And Riley? She's at that horrible, horrible age where she's actually right about a lot of things. It's really pissing me off.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE NORTH PORTICO - DAY

Trish greets the Pope while others stand nearby.

SLOCUM  
 (to Joe)  
 How long is this supposed to take? I have a briefing on those missionaries who managed to get themselves captured by--who was it? The Taliban?

The Pope, distracted, glances in Slocum's direction. Joe gently hushes Slocum while Trish tries to cover for him.

TRISH  
 Your Holiness, my husband and I are great supporters of yours. It's such an honor to meet you.

SLOCUM  
 (muttering to himself)  
 Those protesters are a pain in my ass. Can we not have a single photo op without something raining on it?

Joe grimaces in distaste. The Pope turns from Trish to Joe.

SLOCUM (cont'd)  
 Your holiness, my Vice President, Joe Branson.

The protesters SHOUT OUT with particular energy, taking the Pope's attention. He turns to Vern, and, in broken English:

POPE  
 President Slocum, I would please to meet one.

SLOCUM  
 Excuse me?

The Pope gestures toward the protesters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POPE

All people. All views we embrace.  
Please may you make possible?

Slocum nods at a Secret Service agent and pastes a plastic smile on his face.

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, IN FRONT OF WHITE HOUSE - DAY

TWO COPS approach the protesters.

COP #1

For some god-forsaken reason the Pope  
wants to meet one of you air heads.

The protesters look at each other, then push a reluctant Liza forward. Maryann and Callie shoot her a nervous look.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE NORTH PORTICO - DAY

Liza stands in front of the Pope trying to keep her face turned away from Richard. As she reaches out to shake the Pope's hand, her sleeve rides up to reveal some particularly nasty red blotches, drawing the Pope's eye. She draws back her hand.

POPE

Alright, child. Lepers. AIDS people  
too I embrace.

He reaches out and takes her hand in his.

LIZA

It's a shellfish allergy, but okay.

Richard startles at the familiar voice.

POPE

You are called?

Liza glances nervously at Richard, who shoots her a fierce look.

LIZA

Ingrid. Ingrid Stra--Strapo--  
Strapolapodopinger.

Richard rolls his eyes. Liza shrugs. The Pope pulls her forward, nailing the name.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POPE  
Mrs. Strapalapodopinger. War, it  
begins in the heart.

The translator steps forward but the Pope waves him away. He lowers his voice so only Liza can hear. The press struggle to get close.

POPE (cont'd)  
You are woman. The heart, you know.  
Love comes there too. Love and war  
start in the same place. Continue  
work with--

He nods almost imperceptibly toward the protesters.

POPE (cont'd)  
--hold love. End war.

He steps back, pleased with himself. Liza is confused. As she leaves the portico, the press surge forward.

REPORTER #1  
What did he say?

REPORTER #2  
Is the Pope siding with the  
protesters?

Liza waves them away and departs, but the entire press corps swarms after her.

SLOCUM  
You have got to be kidding me.

He turns to Christine McPherson.

SLOCUM (cont'd)  
Christine, help me out here. What is  
it a Press Secretary is supposed to  
do? I thought--forgive me if I'm  
wrong--but I thought her job was to  
MANAGE THE FREAKIN' PRESS.

Christine is duly chastised.

EXT. SIDEWALK OUTSIDE WHITE HOUSE GATE - DAY

The press corps has Liza surrounded. REPORTER #1 shoves a microphone in her face.

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CONTINUED:

REPORTER #1

A statement please. Give us anything.

LIZA

He said, I am woman. Continue work  
with hold love end war.

She walks away, leaving the press bewildered.

REPORTER #2

That's it? What the hell does that  
mean?

REPORTER #1

Who cares? I'm filing it.

INT. EXCLUSIVE DRESS SHOP - DAY

Liza returns the red dress to the same sales woman while  
Riley disdainfully examines dresses on a rack.

SALESWOMAN

Want to see that blue one again?

LIZA

The age appropriate one. Umm, not  
today thanks.

Riley holds up the edge of a dress on the rack. It's what  
the saleswoman is wearing.

RILEY

Mom, can we get out of this old lady  
store now and go find ME something  
age appropriate?

The saleswoman is miffed, as intended.

INT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY

Liza and Riley exit the exclusive shop.

LIZA

That was rude.

RILEY

She deserved it.

Liza covers a smile. As they approach BEST BUY, TWENTY TV  
SCREENS in the window are each tuned to a different channel.

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CONTINUED:

Liza and Riley look in surprise as the TVs all change abruptly to the same channel: TWO NEWS ANCHORS showing images of LUDMILLA ALEXEYEV, a no-nonsense, stout woman in her late 50s. In an INSET PHOTO we see a trim, dark-haired, 60-year-old man with a distinctive mustache. Caption: RUSSIAN PRESIDENT, NIKOLAI ALEXEYEV.

ANCHOR #1

Ludmilla Alexeyev, the wife of the Russian president, said publicly today that war is an absurd and primitive response to the complex problems that confront the world.

LIZA

Would I love to meet her.

ANCHOR #1

However, authorities were clearly not pleased.

The TVs show Ludmilla being hustled into a black car.

RILEY

Are they going to kill her?

LIZA

Of course not.

The black car squeals away ferociously.

LIZA (cont'd)

Maybe not.

The news moves on to a shot of Ingrid with the Pope.

RILEY

That wig is so gross. I like the--

Liza hushes her, anxious to hear what they're saying.

ANCHOR #2

And mystery continues to surround the message from the Pope to an AIDS-victim-war protester, Ingrid Strapolapodopinger, who cannot be found for comment. The Pope appeared to tell the protester to end war by withholding love.

Liza is taken aback, mouthing "Whaaat?"

(CONTINUED)

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RILEY  
You have AIDS?

Liza gives her a don't-be-silly look and keeps listening.

ANCHOR #1  
Analysts see it as a veiled reference to the hit Broadway play, *Lysistrata*, which this staunchly anti-war Pope attended last Tuesday in New York.

ANCHOR #2  
In the ancient Greek comedy on which the play is based, women use a sex strike to end a long-running war. The current, decidedly modernized Broadway hit is set in Hollywood, and stars Melissa McCarthy as *Lysistrata*.

Liza steers Riley away.

LIZA  
Riley--

RILEY  
I know. What happens at home stays at home. Except that didn't really happen at home, it--

Liza shoots her a warning look.

ANCHOR #1  
And now, we cut live to Charlie Dowd who's taking the pulse of the man and woman on the street.

EXT. BIG BOX STORE PARKING LOT, MANASSAS, VA - DAY

MIDDLE-AGED WIFE and MIDDLE-AGED HUSBAND stand in front of reporter CHARLIE DOWD as he interviews them.

CHARLIE DOWD  
(to camera)  
Thanks Brian.  
(to couple)  
This Pope's command of English is less than that of any other Pope in modern history. Do you think he just got it wrong?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HUSBAND

Course he got it wrong. No man would recommend that, even if he is, well, you know--

WIFE

Of course he meant it. He's the Pope.

She glares at her husband. The husband hurries her away. Charlie turns to a YOUNG COUPLE kissing passionately as they exit the store.

CHARLIE DOWD

Do you believe the Pope was suggesting we can end war with a sex strike?

YOUNG MAN

Fake news, man. Fake news.

He leans in to kiss the woman again but she pulls away.

YOUNG WOMAN

Wait a minute. How can we end war?

INT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY

Liza and Riley continue through the mall. A voice rings out behind them. A TEENAGE GIRL has stepped out into the middle of the mall, calling out, seemingly to no one.

TEENAGE GIRL

YO. HEY YO.

Riley looks at her with teenage disdain. The girl continues, now singing the words.

TEENAGE GIRL (cont'd)

THAT'S NOT IT, HOW WE GO.

TWO TEENAGE BOYS step out of the crowd and join the girl. MUSIC SWELLS from an unseen speaker. The three begin to dance as they sing.

TEENAGE GROUP

WE DON'T PUSH 'EM, OR SHOVE 'EM. WHAT WE'VE REALLY GOTTA DO YOU KNOW IS LOVE 'EM.

Riley looks confused.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZA  
It's a flash mob!

MORE TEENAGERS emerge from the crowd and step in with the group. Some are overweight, some have bad skin and glasses, some, braces on their teeth.

TEENAGE GROUP  
HE'S TOO SHORT. SHE'S TOO ROUND. THAT  
ONE THERE? FROM THE WRONG PART OF  
TOWN.

Now there are about THIRTY TEENAGERS of all sizes, shapes and colors singing and dancing. The shoppers are mesmerized.

TEENAGE GROUP (cont'd)  
WHEN YOU'RE A BULLY THAT'S YOUR MEAT.  
YOU GOBBLE THAT STUFF UP LIKE IT'S  
SOME SPECIAL TREAT. CAN YOU HURT 'EM?  
MAKE 'EM CRY? YOU'RE HAPPIEST WHEN  
THEY FEEL LIKE THEY WANNA DIE.

Riley films with her cell phone.

TEENAGE GROUP (cont'd)  
SO WHAT'S IT MATTER? CAN'T YOU SEE?  
THEY'RE JUST LIKE YOU. NO. THEY'RE  
ME.

The dancers all remove sweatshirts or jackets to reveal identical yellow "No Bullying" T-shirts underneath.

RILEY  
So cool!

INT. "OPERATION THANK YOU" WAREHOUSE - DAY

A banner on the wall proclaims: *OPERATION THANK YOU: 1,203,000 PACKAGES AND COUNTING.* The place is hung with POSTERS showing happy soldiers in uniform opening *Operation Thank You* gift boxes. Liza, Callie and OTHER VOLUNTEERS walk, assembly line style, along a row of tables, chatting and filling individual gift boxes from large bins: Cookies, candy, socks, toothpaste, earplugs, etc.

CALLIE  
Are you going to own this thing?

Maryann hoists heavy bins from under the table and replaces the empty ones.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZA

No. What would that even look like?

CALLIE

Liza, that was you up there with the Pope.

LIZA

Child poverty is a nice, neutral thing. I'll stick with that and my wigs, thanks.

CALLIE

I don't get it. Your dad is such a ball buster. How come you're such a-- so well-behaved?

LIZA

I'm so good BECAUSE my dad is such a bad ass. You either compete or--

She shrugs.

LIZA (cont'd)

But I wish I could find somebody to have sex with so I could refuse to have it.

They laugh, but Liza begins to look intently from Maryann to Callie. Maryann is suddenly wary.

MARYANN

Wait a minute.

LIZA

It could work you know.

CALLIE

We'd need, like, ten thousand more of us, but yeah, it could.

MARYANN

Ten thousand? Out of 323 million Americans? That's--

Callie and Liza look at her with loving exasperation.

CALLIE

It's just a concept, Maryann. I wasn't actually doing the math.

EXT. RILEY'S SCHOOL GROUNDS - DAY

Riley shows the flash mob video to Billy. He drapes an arm over her shoulder pretending to need a closer look.

BILLY

Cool.

Riley is loving the attention, but there's something unnerving about him.

INT. RILEY'S SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Riley excitedly shows the Instagram video to Meghan. Riley's handle is *RosiesMom*, and the profile PHOTO is of Rosie the tarantula.

RILEY

I have 38 likes!

INT. MARYANN'S KITCHEN - DAY

Maryann and her paunchy, balding husband, GREG, in his early-forties, are having breakfast. Greg reads the paper.

MARYANN

I'm going on a sex strike.

Greg glances over his paper and then continues reading.

GREG

How will I notice?

Maryann ponders this.

MARYANN

Well, now I'll be deliberately not having sex with you.

INT. CALLIE ANDERS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Callie's husband ZEKE makes his bed on the living room couch.

INT. CALLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Callie puts batteries in her vibrator.

INT. LIZA'S CAR/CALLIE'S KITCHEN - DAY

Intercut:

Liza is driving, excitedly talking to Callie on speaker. In the b.g. at Callie's house "America Today" is on TV. Host HOWARD LANDERMAN is interviewing a DOG TRAINER. A POODLE walks on its hind legs pushing a MINIATURE BABY CARRIAGE as the AUDIENCE applauds.

LIZA  
Tell, tell, tell.

CALLIE  
Well, I thought what I said was, 'I'm not having sex until the troops come home.' Apparently what he thought I said was, 'Let's have a really really big argument about sex.'

Liza grimaces.

CALLIE (cont'd)  
(falsely sweet)  
Was that the way it was supposed to go?

INT. GYM LOCKER ROOM - MORNING

TWO WHITE COLLAR JOCKS are changing into their street clothes in front of a bank of lockers. Richard walks to the next bank of lockers and starts to undress. Next to him, Reporter #1, who covered Liza's meeting with the Pope, finishes changing into his street clothes.

WHITE COLLAR JOCK #1 (O.S.)  
I don't know. It was some stupid thing the Pope said.

WHITE COLLAR JOCK #2 (O.S.)  
The Pope told her not to give you a hand job until the troops come home?

The comment is duly noted by both Richard and the reporter. Reporter #1 exits, pulling out his phone.

INT. RILEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Riley's phone buzzes as a TEXT MESSAGE comes in. She reads it, then peers out the window excitedly.



EXT. LIZA'S BACK YARD, SECLUDED SPOT - NIGHT

The figures of Billy and Riley kiss, obscured by darkness and shadow. It's not his first time. Riley is more tentative.

INT. RICHARD'S GOVERNMENT OFFICE - NIGHT

Richard is working late, his desk strewn with papers. He opens a drawer and flinches at the envelope there: DIVORCE PAPERS. He closes the drawer and ruefully stares at a photo on his desk: the same charming, joyous, family picture that is on Liza's fridge.

INT. LIZA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

The same family picture. Liza looks at it wistfully. The TV news is on in the b.g.

ANCHOR

Meanwhile, the sex strike aimed at ending the war could be gaining traction, but a leader is nowhere in sight. Protester Ingrid Strapo...

The phone rings. Liza answers.

RICHARD (O.S)

Hello, Liza.

She brightens at the sound of his voice.

LIZA

Ricky.

There is silence for a moment.

RICHARD

Why do I have the feeling that whatever you're up to, I'm not going to like it?

Liza quickly shuts off the TV off and opens her mouth to respond.

RICHARD (cont'd)

And I'm just calling to say good night to Riley.

Liza's face falls.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZA  
Of course.

EXT. LIZA'S BACK YARD, SECLUDED SPOT - NIGHT

As Riley and Billy kiss, there is the THUDDING SOUND of a cane striking skin and a scramble in the dark.

BILLY  
(muffled)  
Ow! What the--

INT. RILEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's a disturbingly empty room with a gaping open window. Liza stands in the doorway, still on the phone, looks out the window at their porch below.

LIZA  
She might have stepped out.

RICHARD  
Stepped out? What do you mean stepped out? Are you paying any attention to where our daughter is at nine o'clock at night? Is she with that boy? That junior? What do you think a junior would be doing with a freshman, Liza?

Liza hears the front door open.

LIZA  
I'll call you back.

INT. LIZA'S FOYER - NIGHT

Liza rushes down the stairs as Mrs. Santiago enters pushing Riley ahead of her.

RILEY  
Hi, Mom.

Outside, through the open door, we see Billy's CAR screech away in the darkness.

MRS. SANTIAGO  
Riley was helping me bake cookies. We lost track of the time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She sets a plate of Oreos on the hall table. Riley is appalled at the ineptitude of the Oreos.

LIZA  
(skeptically)  
You two did a very professional job.

EXT. LANGLEY AIR FORCE BASE, HAMPTON, VA - EARLY MORNING

SOLDIERS say their goodbyes to anxious SPOUSES, GIRLFRIENDS, PARENTS AND CHILDREN as newly deplaned, exhausted SOLDIERS and AMBULATORY WOUNDED head in the other direction to be greeted by joyous SPOUSES, GIRLFRIENDS, PARENTS AND CHILDREN. US flags fly. Outside the fence, Liza, this time in a long black wig, with Callie and Maryann and a SMALL GROUP OF PROTESTERS, chant and wave the same tired protest signs.

John Bateson, in fatigues, hugs Stacy and Zoe. Zoe holds out her stuffed bunny rabbit for a hug as well. Bateson complies.

STACY  
Last tour.

Bateson nods as he throws his duffel bag over his shoulder. Zoe is examining a spot on Bunny Rabbit's cheek with great concern.

ZOE  
He got dirty, Mommy.

STACY  
We'll take care of it later.

Zoe suddenly holds Bunny Rabbit out to Bateson.

BATESON  
(cautiously)  
Yeah?

Zoe nods vigorously. He shrugs, and takes Bunny Rabbit.

ZOE  
Bunny Rabbit will help you sleep,  
Daddy.

He kisses them, then turns and walks alone toward the hangar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZOE (cont'd)  
Will Daddy bring Bunny Rabbit home,  
Mommy?

STACY  
Of course he will.

Stacy turns back toward the retreating Bateson.

STACY (cont'd)  
(shouting)  
And don't go getting your balls shot  
off. I want Zoe to have a baby  
brother when you get back.

Zoe looks confused. Bateson turns back, rolls his eyes,  
motions to Zoe and covers his ears.

STACY (cont'd)  
(to Zoe)  
Don't listen to Mommy, baby.

Stacy and Zoe exit the gates and walk past the protesters.  
Liza keeps her eyes averted to avoid being recognized.  
Suddenly, Stacy whirls around, agitated.

STACY (cont'd)  
(to protesters)  
You people are pathetic. Don't you  
get it? They WANT to go. It's in  
their freakin' genes. Like, from when  
the very first sperm met the very  
first egg and said, oh hi, how are  
you, should we make a baby? If it was  
a girl she was going to stay home and  
shovel shit out of diapers. And if it  
was a boy he was going to go beat the  
living hell out of people. Get it  
now?

Zoe covers her ears.

STACY (cont'd)  
(to Liza)  
You're not going to change that by  
waving sticks in the air.

PROTESTER  
(to Stacy)  
Oh, you're so smart. They don't all  
want to go, you know. Some got  
nothing to stay for.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LIZA  
(to protesters)  
Please. Let's not do this. There's  
one thing she's right about though.

Liza walks up to a rusting garbage drum and shoves her protest sign in.

INT. TROOP TRANSPORT PLANE - DAY

Bateson pours water from a canteen onto a bandana and rubs gently at the spot on Bunny Rabbit's cheek.

EXT. WTLA-TV STATION, WASHINGTON D.C - DAY

Liza, wearing the blonde Ingrid wig, enters the building and walks past a sign: WTLA, THE LATEST IN NEWS, WEATHER, TRAFFIC, ENTERTAINMENT AND SPORTS.

INT. WTLA NEWSROOM - DAY

Liza leaves the newsroom discouraged.

EDITOR  
(calling after her)  
You're the third fake blonde in here  
this week claiming to be Ingrid  
Stropawhatever.

INT. LIZA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Liza pulls a cooked lobster out of a take-out bag from SEAFOOD SAL'S and sets it on a plate with determination.

EXT. WTLA-TV STATION - DAY

Liza enters the building, fully transformed into Ingrid Stropolopodopinger, complete with red rash.

INT. WTLA NEWSROOM - DAY

"Ingrid," a little overwhelmed, is surrounded by eager reporters.

EXT. VETERAN'S MEDICAL REHAB - DAY

Liza approaches the building, passing the newspaper vending machine. A headline blares INGRID STROPOLOPODOPINGER EMERGES TO LEAD SEX STRIKE AGAINST WAR. Liza glances at it queasily.

EXT. MRS. SANTIAGO'S PORCH - DAY

Mrs. Santiago sits with her cats, inscrutable as always. She turns her head and sees Riley on her path.

RILEY  
Why did you help me?

MRS. SANTIAGO  
I wasn't always old.

Riley nods and starts to walk away.

MRS. SANTIAGO (cont'd)  
If you do it again I'll break your arm.

Riley continues toward home. Wowed. Smiling. She turns back.

RILEY  
Mrs. Santiago, nobody bakes Oreos.

MRS. SANTIAGO  
It was the best I could do on short notice.

INT. LIZA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

"Ingrid," her rash faded away, wears a short, tight skirt, low cut tank top and high-heeled platform sandals. She observes herself in a mirror. Callie looks on.

LIZA  
No.

CALLIE  
Yes

INT. WTLA-TV STATION WOMEN'S ROOM - DAY

"Ingrid" enters the empty bathroom wearing a baggy sweater and wrap-a-round peasant skirt. She pulls off the sweater to reveal the low cut tank top, then looks at herself in the mirror.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZA

No.

INT. "AMERICA TODAY" SET - DAY

"Ingrid" sits nervously with HOWARD LANDERMAN, the famously egotistical host. She's wearing horn-rimmed glasses, a baseball cap that says PEACE NOW, and the baggy sweater and peasant skirt. Callie, in the front row of the STUDIO AUDIENCE, shakes her head in defeat.

HOWARD

My first question would have to be,  
where have you been?

Liza is taken aback. She's not a polished speaker to begin with.

LIZA

Well, whatever. I'm here now. I'm  
willing to lead.

HOWARD

Lead. That's sweet.  
(to audience)  
Isn't that sweet?  
(to Liza)

I'm sorry, but who would follow? I  
don't mean to put you down, but  
you're nobody.

Liza is annoyed.

LIZA

Really? So, I can't become somebody?  
I have to already be somebody before  
anyone will follow?

HOWARD

It would help. It helps.

LIZA

How about somebody like this?

She removes her glasses.

LIZA (cont'd)

If I were somebody--

She removes the baseball cap.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZA (cont'd)  
Sort of like this--

She pulls off her wig and lets her trademark red hair flow.

INT. RICHARD STRATTON'S HOUSE - DAY

Richard watches Liza pull off her wig on live TV.

RICHARD  
(depressed)  
Oh shit.

INT. MARYANN'S HOUSE - DAY

Maryann watches Liza pull off her wig on live TV.

MARYANN  
(worried)  
Oh shit.

INT. RILEY'S SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

It's change of classes. Riley is at her locker, gape-mouthed as she watches an Instagram video of Liza pulling off her wig.

RILEY  
(elated)  
Holy shit!

Riley re-posts the video with the caption: *Looks like my mom grew a set.*

INT. "AMERICA TODAY" SET - DAY

The interview continues.

LIZA  
That would make me follow-worthy,  
don't you think?

Howard is shocked. The audience murmurs. Liza runs her hand through her hair. Callie is proud.

HOWARD  
Liza Stratton. Spokeswoman for child  
poverty. Wife of Secretary of State,  
Richard Stratton.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

LIZA  
Former. Almost former.

Howard looks momentarily confused but shakes it off and continues.

HOWARD  
And now--what exactly?

LIZA  
Advocate for peace? Ender of war?  
Warrior for--

HOWARD  
Alright, alright. And how will a group of--mostly women I assume--not having sex with their men, end the war?

He looks at her expectantly.

LIZA  
War is not a thing. War is an attitude.

HOWARD  
You're not answering my question.

Liza slowly stands up. She removes the sweater and peasant skirt. The audience gasps at the transformation. Liza puts one high-heeled foot on the front of Howard's chair and leans into him.

LIZA  
Do you have a big weapon, Howie?

There is confusion as the audience and crew titter over her off-color comment. Howard senses he's losing control and looks off stage.

HOWARD  
Can we get a commercial break please?

LIZA  
See, it turns out we've got one too.  
And we're going to use it to fight  
the idea that war is acceptable.

Cut to a CIALIS COMMERCIAL.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Vern Slocum is watching Liza on "America Today." Richard stands sheepishly nearby.

LIZA (O.S.)  
War is an attitude.

SLOCUM  
Am I coming to understand that the pestilence-ridden, hippie freak who ruined my opportunity to bolster the Italian-American vote is your wife?

RICHARD  
He's Latvian, sir.

Alice enters and sets some papers on Slocum's desk as Slocum throws a pen at the TV. He stands up and walks to the door.

SLOCUM  
I've got an important meeting. Don't I have an important meeting, Susan?

Slocum exits. Alice grimaces and turns to leave.

RICHARD  
Alice.

Alice turns back.

RICHARD (cont'd)  
How long has he been doing that?

ALICE  
He's just distracted today. The budget hearings and all.

Richard isn't convinced.

INT. LIZA'S FOYER - DAY

Liza enters, digging frantically for the CELL PHONE RINGING in her hand bag. Riley comes running down the hall, smart phone in hand.

LIZA  
Riley, I'm so sorry. I should have told you first. I understand if you're upset but--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Liza pulls out her FLIP PHONE, opens it, listens for a second and snaps it shut.

LIZA (cont'd)  
Damn robo calls. Oh my god. I have so much to do. We're having a rally--

RILEY  
You're famous! And I've got 312 likes!

LIZA  
(distracted)  
Really?

She reaches for Riley's phone. Thinking better of it, Riley pulls the phone away.

RILEY  
Low battery.

LIZA  
Do you want to go to Dad's while I'm at the rally tomorrow?

RILEY  
I was thinking maybe I could come.

Liza is quietly thrilled.

EXT. URBAN SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT - DAY

Liza, sporting the "Peace Now" baseball cap that will be a constant whenever she is representing the strike, stands in the bed of a pickup truck. About FIFTY WOMEN and a FEW MEN are gathered around, along with Callie, Maryann and Riley.

LIZA  
We will accept nothing less than the end of the war. Our troops are coming home!

Some people applaud, others look skeptical. Two GAY MEN approach the truck.

GAY MAN #1  
Liza, we want to help, but which one of us should strike?

LIZA  
(to Gay Man #2)  
You're taller. You strike.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The men, confused but pleased, walk away.

GAY MAN #1  
 (to Gay Man #2)  
 You? You'd have to swear on  
 Liberace's grave--

LIZA  
 Wait!

CUT TO:

The gay men, Callie and Maryann are in the truck with Liza.

LIZA (cont'd)  
 Let's make this official! This is my  
 solemn oath.

ALL  
 (weakly)  
 This is my solemn oath.

LIZA  
 Come on!

She's hyped now, making it up on the fly. Some of the audience begin to recite with the group.

LIZA (cont'd)  
 I will--I will dress in sexy clothes  
 and get him as horny as possible.

ALL  
 I will dress in sexy clothes and  
 get him as horny as possible.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Slocum sits at his desk reading a newspaper, laughing uproariously at a small story buried on page fifteen: Liza in the pickup truck with a gaggle of people around her.

EXT. SUBURBAN PARK - DAY

Another day, a bigger rally: Liza wraps up her spiel at a microphone on a stage in front of about A HUNDRED WOMEN and a SPRINKLING OF MEN. Liza is disappointed to see only one REPORTER. Callie and Maryann are in the front row. Riley and Meghan circulate. Riley films with her cell phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZA  
But no matter how big his hard-on  
is...

Riley is awed. Meghan gapes.

MEGHAN  
I thought you said an anti-war rally.

ALL  
But no matter how big his hard-on  
is...

LIZA  
(fiercely)  
...the end of war is bigger.

RILEY  
It is--I think.

Liza's obvious passion is igniting the crowd. Callie is revved. Many people are reciting the oath. MEGHAN'S MOTHER pushes through the crowd and grabs Meghan by the arm.

MEGHAN'S MOTHER  
I thought you said an anti-war rally.

MEGHAN  
Come on, Mom--

She leads Meghan away. Riley mouths "Sorry."

ALL  
...the end of war is bigger!

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Slocum, chuckling, watches Liza's rally on TV with the phone to his ear. Richard is on the other end. Alice enters with some documents.

INTERCUT BETWEEN SLOCUM and RICHARD:

SLOCUM  
It's fantastic. Pure theater.

RICHARD  
Excuse me, sir?

SLOCUM  
No matter how big his hard-on is, the  
end of war is bigger?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SLOCUM (cont'd)  
 Listen, why don't we all wear togas  
 tomorrow. We'll play Peloponnesian  
 war.

He hangs up.

SLOCUM (cont'd)  
 (to Alice)  
 Who knew Stratton's wife was such a  
 dumb cluck?

EXT. STEPS OF THE JEFFERSON MEMORIAL - DAY

Another day, an even bigger rally: Liza is surrounded by  
 HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE. A couple of PRESS PHOTOGRAPHERS are busy  
 snapping.

LIZA  
 And I vow not to have sex of any kind  
 with my--person--

ALL  
 And I vow not to have sex of any kind  
 with my person.

Liza reaches out and they all instinctively lay hands on top  
 of each others.

LIZA  
 ...until our war-mongering  
 president--

ALL  
 ...until our war-mongering  
 president--

LIZA  
 Brings our troops home!

ALL  
 Brings our troops home!

They all throw their hands in the air. The crowd applauds  
 enthusiastically.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Slocum sits at his desk. Richard stands in front of him. A  
 TV can be heard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TV (O.S.)  
Until our war-mongering president--

SLOCUM  
Make it stop.

RICHARD  
She's not really my wife anymore.

SLOCUM  
You're the only person in America who believes that. We can scratch each others backs, you and I. We can get a second term. And one day, when you're ready, I'll be right there for you, but we won't get either one if your goddamn wife is shitting in the nest.

Trish enters, glancing at the TV.

SLOCUM (cont'd)  
Make it stop. So I don't have to.

Richard, chilled by the implications, exits.

TRISH  
I had balls like that, before I turned into--

She gestures grandly at her surroundings.

TRISH (cont'd)  
This.

Slocum scoffs.

SLOCUM  
Stratton? Balls? If there was ever anybody who didn't--

Trish sits.

TRISH  
Not him. His wife. Let's talk about your birthday for a minute. Ellen, Jim and the kids are coming in from California.

SLOCUM  
Yeah, yeah. You do the cake. I blow out the candles. What's there to talk about?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Trish, exasperated, exits.

INT. RICHARD'S GOVERNMENT OFFICE/LIZA'S KITCHEN - DAY

INTERCUT BETWEEN RICHARD and LIZA on the phone.

RICHARD

I hope you know what you're doing.

Liza doesn't know what to say.

INT. CALLIE'S HOME - NIGHT

Zeke is at a desk, deep in paperwork. Callie enters wearing a trench coat, locks the door behind her, approaches the desk and lets the trench coat fall open to reveal a sexy negligee.

ZEKE

Seriously?

In one motion she sweeps all the papers off the desk. He gets up and takes her in his arms, sliding the coat and a strap of the negligee off her shoulder. They start to kiss. He pushes her onto the desk.

ZEKE (cont'd)

I knew you couldn't hold out.

They kiss and undress each other. Suddenly, Callie pushes him away, walks to the door, and exits.

ZEKE (cont'd)

What just happened?

INT. MARYANN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Maryann is uncharacteristically dressed up which, for her, means a touch of mascara and a blouse over her jeans instead of a sweatshirt. She opens a cabinet and contemplates the wine glasses. Greg enters.

GREG

I'm going to go meet Ed for a beer.

Greg looks at her more carefully.

GREG (cont'd)

Did you got a haircut or something? I won't be late.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MARYANN  
 (with almost  
 imperceptible  
 hesitation)  
 No. No, that's fine.

Greg gives her a kiss and exits.

MARYANN (cont'd)  
 I am such a loser.

INT. MARYANN'S CAR/LIZA'S KITCHEN - DAY

Maryann is driving, talking to Liza on speaker.

MARYANN  
 Dress in sexy clothes and get him as  
 horny as possible? Greg keeps wanting  
 to buy me perfume and all I want is a  
 brush chipper. You get it? It's not  
 who I am.

INTERCUT BETWEEN MARYANN and LIZA

LIZA  
 It's alright Maryann. It's really  
 okay.

MARYANN  
 No, it really isn't. I want this war  
 over as much as you do.

Maryann pulls into the parking lot of *The Georgetown University School of Continuing Education*.

INT. ADULT EDUCATION CLASSROOM - DAY

A FEMALE INSTRUCTOR stands in front of a class of 15 MALE AND FEMALE ADULTS, including Maryann. The blackboard reads: PRINCIPLES OF ADVERTISING, with numbers 1 through 10 under it. The instructor points to a student raising his hand.

STUDENT  
 Visual consistency?

The Instructor nods, writes it next to the "1." Maryann raises her hand. The instructor points to her.

EXT. SUPERMARKET ENTRANCE - DAY

In a bank of newspaper vending machines every front page is adorned with Liza's baseball-capped image. Liza, her hair loose, breezes into the store looking terrific. She notes the headlines and is very pleased with herself.

INT. SUPERMARKET MEAT DEPARTMENT - DAY

Liza examines a package of pre-made hamburgers. STEVE KRAMER, a handsome-enough, extremely appealing man in his mid-40s, observes her surreptitiously. Nearby, TWO WOMEN chat as they shop.

WOMAN #1

(to Woman #2)

Well, you're lucky. Brian's idea of foreplay is a half hour of begging.

Steve, holding a package of PORTERHOUSE STEAK, approaches Liza.

STEVE

Excuse me. Can you tell me how long you boil this?

Over Liza's shoulder, Woman #1 rolls her eyes at the obvious pick-up line.

LIZA

About thirty minutes?

Steve bursts out laughing.

LIZA (cont'd)

Forty?

STEVE

You're serious. So, listen--

He hesitates.

STEVE (cont'd)

Would you consider having a cup of coffee with me? And maybe a good meal? I'm sensing it might be a while since you've had a good meal.

Liza stares at him, overwhelmed by his incredible charm.

INT. DC DINER - DAY

Liza and Steve sit in a booth. A waitress hands Liza a menu.

WAITRESS

(to Steve)

The usual?

Steve holds out his hand. The waitress hands him a menu and departs.

LIZA

(cautiously)

You're a regular.

STEVE

I know what you're thinking. And I swear on my 98-year-old mother's favorite copy of Cosmo Magazine, that I have never, ever in my life, picked up a woman over raw beef before.

LIZA

Your mother is 98? Oh my God. How old are you?

STEVE

Well, that's a little forward, don't you think? Let's just say she was a late starter, and I have legions of older siblings, and step-fathers for that matter, but let's not go there either.

Liza is laughing now, clearly attracted to him.

Later:

Liza and Steve put on their jackets.

STEVE

Might the lady consider sharing her cellular phone number?

Liza hesitates.

LIZA

I should take yours.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Peter Shulman waits patiently as Slocum channel surfs past snippet after snippet of news. Pictures of Liza are in all of them.

ANCHOR #1

Ripples from recent rallies are being felt across Washington. It's a people's revolution--

ANCHOR #2

It remains unclear exactly what the sex strikers hope to achieve but--

PETER

Mr. President, we need to go over your schedule for the week, and if I might say so sir, you may be happier if you just didn't watch.

Slocum ignores him and clicks to the next channel.

ANCHOR #3

And the sex strikers are really "takin' it to the streets." The strike that began here in Washington has now made its way into at least three other--

Peter exits as Richard enters.

SLOCUM

You did not take care of our little problem.

RICHARD

Is she really so wrong?

SLOCUM

Who cares? There will always be war. Are they that STUPID? Presidents have been embroiled in wars since there were presidents. I WILL NOT BE MADE THE BAD GUY. Do you understand me?

Slocum tosses an envelope on the desk. It's the envelope from Richard's drawer: *DIVORCE PAPERS*.

SLOCUM (cont'd)

And hurry up and sign this for Christ sake. She bites us. You dump her.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SLOCUM (cont'd)

That's good press too, now that I think of it.

RICHARD

You went through my desk?

SLOCUM

You think I would stoop that low? I'm insulted.

Richard is relieved.

SLOCUM (cont'd)

I had somebody else do it. Now get out of here and get that woman under control.

INT. VETERAN'S MEDICAL REHAB - DAY

It's bedlam in the room. Liza is engaged in an exuberant, impromptu basketball game with a GROUP OF PATIENTS. She skillfully dribbles the ball across the floor, passing it back and forth to vets in casts and on crutches and in wheelchairs. The Director appears in the door, aghast. Liza slips and falls, skidding to a stop at the Director's feet. She looks up sheepishly.

INT./EXT. RICHARD'S LIMO - DAY

The limo approaches a DIGITAL ROAD SIGN: NO TRAFFIC DELAYS. It suddenly changes to ACCIDENT AHEAD. USE ALTERNATE ROUTE. Richard is exasperated as Fred turns off. Security Agents #1 and #2 follow in the security car. Out of their POV the sign changes back: NO TRAFFIC DELAYS.

EXT. WORKING CLASS SUBURBAN STREET, WASHINGTON DC - DAY

ARLO MENDOZA, a 65-year-old, muscular hippie in a VFW-stickered WHEELCHAIR, holds a BASKETBALL in his lap and buys a BAG OF POT from a MAN in a hoodie. Arlo wears a peace sign around his neck. OTHER WHEELCHAIR JOCKS shoot hoops in a community lot in the b.g.

A particularly trashy PROSTITUTE saunters up the block in Arlo's direction. She gasps as a THIEF comes from behind and snatches her bag. The thief continues to run toward Arlo, who wheels around to face him.

THIEF

In your dreams, crip.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The thief easily sidesteps the wheelchair, but Arlo pivots and throws the basketball, hitting him hard in back of the head. The thief falls. Arlo races up and grabs him.

INT./EXT. RICHARD'S LIMO - DAY

The limo turns a corner and Richard sees Arlo and the thief.

RICHARD

Stop!

The limo halts so abruptly the security car almost rear-ends it. Richard jumps out. Agents #1 and #2 jump out of the follow car, reaching for their weapons.

THIEF

Shit. What are these now, assassins?  
It was just a purse, man! I got kids,  
man!

Richard motions to the agents. They holster their weapons and relieve Arlo of the thief.

RICHARD

Arlo, what exactly is it you're doing  
right now?

Arlo hesitates. Richard softens his tone.

RICHARD (cont'd)

Let this man get home to his kids.  
I'm sure he didn't mean to knock  
the--lady's bag out of her hands.

The agents reluctantly let go and the thief hurries off. Arlo is impressed. As the hooker picks up her bag a WAD OF BILLS rolls out at Richard's feet. Richard's agents hover protectively as he picks the bills up and puts them in her hand. She turns seductive.

PROSTITUTE

Alright, Sugar.

The prostitute clutches Richard's hand with the wad of bills in it, pulls him forward and plants a sloppy kiss on his mouth. Richard's agents pull out their guns and aim at her. He pulls away.

RICHARD

Oh, Lord.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He wipes his mouth, looking at the guns as if he's considering it, then shakes his head. They holster their weapons.

RICHARD (cont'd)  
 (to Arlo)  
 You need a ride somewhere?

ARLO  
 I'm good.

Richard gets back in the limo, wiping his mouth again. Arlo watches the limo pull away.

ARLO (cont'd)  
 (to himself)  
 That's a good man.

INT. RICHARD'S LIMO - DAY

FRED  
 Proceed as planned, Sir?

RICHARD  
 (to Fred)  
 Yes.  
 (to himself)  
 And then you're going to take me for  
 an AIDS test, and maybe a Hep C test.

EXT. VETERAN'S MEDICAL REHAB PARKING LOT - DAY

As Liza signs autographs for A FEW WELL-WISHERS, Richard's limo and security car pull into the lot. He steps out and approaches. Liza shoos the autograph hounds away, quietly pleased to see Richard.

RICHARD  
 You have to stop, Liza. You're  
 pulling me into this now.

LIZA  
 I spent 18 years wearing bad wigs  
 because of your career--

RICHARD  
 That again? Really? I was a  
 politician when you met me and--  
 Wait. This is not about us. Slocum--  
 he'll stop you Liza. You're  
 EMBARRASSING HIM.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZA

Oh, poor boy, he's embarrassed. Well, he should be. And what's he going to do, take my lunch money?

RICHARD

Vern Slocum is used to getting his way, Liza. Not even he knows what he's going to do, and it's rarely pretty.

Liza waves him off dismissively.

LIZA

What a pile of melodramatic caca. Admit it. It's your career you're worried about.

Richard walks away, disgusted.

LIZA (cont'd)

(yelling after him)

You know what? It's my turn now. I get to do whatever I want to.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Slocum strokes a golf ball toward a putting cup. There is a newspaper on his desk. Alice escorts Joe in.

SLOCUM

I'm not talking about paid family leave again.

JOE

Mr. President, it will help millions of Americans.

SLOCUM

And it will cost billions of dollars. Let the states do it.

He pokes at the newspaper. There is something maniacal in his demeanor.

SLOCUM (cont'd)

We're being made fools of, Joe. And you're busy worrying about paying people to stay home and take care of their sick cats.

Slocum lands a putt.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

SLOCUM (cont'd)

Nice shot.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD, WASHINGTON DC - DAY

Steve walks briskly with a gorgeous, white GOLDEN DOODLE on a leash. He rounds a corner.

EXT. LIZA'S HOME - DAY

To his surprise and delight, Steve finds Liza putting the garbage out at the curb.

STEVE

Liza?

She looks up, startled, and smiles.

STEVE (cont'd)

Wow. Is this your place? We couldn't have planned this if we tried.

LIZA

Hello, Steve. And who is this?

She crouches down to stroke the dog.

STEVE

Gracie. One of my many sister's dogs. Meaning one of my many sisters has a dog, not one of my sisters has many dogs.

LIZA

Your sister lives near here? I was going to call you. I just--

He waves off her explanation.

LIZA (cont'd)

Can I make you a cup of coffee?

STEVE

You can handle that? Not that near. Gracie and I, we walk miles.

He starts up the path toward the house with her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZA  
It's instant. I'm kidding. Even I can  
make coffee. No work today? The  
travel agency, wasn't it?

From the neighboring porch, Mrs. Santiago sits and watches  
as they enter the house. She is unreadable.

STEVE  
A small mental health break.

INT. LIZA'S KITCHEN - DAY

Steve lightly touches Liza's back as he pours coffee. She is  
electrified, then glances at her Peace Now cap on a desk  
across the kitchen.

LIZA  
Steve, do you know who I am?

STEVE  
I know you're not divorced yet.

LIZA  
No, not that. I mean, like, do you  
watch TV much?

STEVE  
Don't own one. They are the  
instrument of the devil and the cause  
of much that is--

We hear the FRONT DOOR OPEN. Riley enters and looks from one  
to the other.

LIZA  
Honey. I'd like you to meet my  
friend, Steve. He was just passing  
by.

Steve warmly puts out his hand. Liza surreptitiously slips  
her Peace Now cap into a drawer. Riley shakes his hand.

STEVE  
Riley. I hear you've got some cool  
footage of a flash mob. I've been in  
two of them. Will you show me?

RILEY  
You've been in two?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVE

I can't sing or dance or anything,  
but in a flash mob, for about five  
minutes, magic happens. Then it goes  
away and I'm a jerk again.

Riley is cautiously charmed.

INT. LIZA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Riley and Steve watch her flash mob footage on TV. Liza,  
pleased, observes from the doorway.

INT./EXT. LIZA'S FOYER - DAY

Liza is seeing Steve off.

STEVE

So, dinner. That's what comes next,  
right?

EXT. HOUSE IN WORKING CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Liza KNOCKS on the door. It's opened by Arlo, the wheelchair  
vet.

LIZA

Dad, I need help.

INT. ARLO'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

An average middle class home frozen in the permafrost of the  
1970s, but unique in that it hosts a ten gallon terrarium  
with SEVERAL TARANTULAS in it. Liza is petting one in her  
hand. On the wall are various pictures of a younger Arlo in  
his wheelchair, at his wedding to Liza's mother. There are  
also military medals in a shadow box case. Liza sets the  
spider back in the terrarium, replaces the screen cover, and  
sits down.

ARLO

You didn't tell him?

LIZA

He kinda doesn't follow the news  
much.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARLO

I guess a sex strike was an easy thing when you weren't getting any anyway. Don't worry about it.

LIZA

Don't worry about it?

ARLO

Yeah. If he won't wait, you've lost him, and if he waits, he's gay. Seriously, what about Ricky?

LIZA

Don't do this to me again.

ARLO

He's a good man, Liza. And you have Riley--

Liza stands and grabs her bag.

LIZA

I'm never speaking to you again.

She exits in a huff. Arlo silently mouths "one, two, three."  
Liza reappears.

LIZA (cont'd)

I mean it.

She exits. Arlo again silently counts off the seconds. Liza reappears after three.

LIZA (cont'd)

Can Riley stay with you when I go to the child poverty conference?

INT. MARYANN'S HOUSE - DAY

Maryann opens the door to find Liza there.

LIZA

We need more people.

MARYANN

It's going pretty well. It'll just take time.

LIZA

I don't have time.

EXT. SKYDIVING FACILITY, VIRGINIA - DAY

Maryann drives up to the entrance with Liza.

INT./EXT. AIRBORNE SKYDIVING DROP PLANE - DAY

Liza is suited up in a skydiving rig. A CREWMAN wrenches open the plane door. The DC suburbs sprawl below. The wind is ferocious. The engine is deafening. An INSTRUCTOR motions to Liza that it's time for them to clip together.

LIZA  
(shouting)  
Are you crazy? I'm not jumping out of  
a freakin' plane!

She throws herself on her belly near the door, reaches into a duffel bag and starts shoveling handfuls of FLIERS out the door. They flutter to earth like confetti. One sticks on the inside wall of the plane, pinned by the wind: WAR IS AN ATTITUDE. RESIST. NO SEX UNTIL THE TROOPS COME HOME!

MONTAGE VARIOUS - DAY

Continuous:

A) EXT. SUBURBAN BACK YARD - DAY - a MAN mowing the lawn looks up as fliers come down around him.

B) EXT. SUBURBAN SUPERMARKET - DAY - a YOUNG WOMAN pushes a grocery cart. A flier falls into the cart.

C) EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY - an OLD WOMAN walks along and sees hundreds of fliers fluttering to the ground. She picks one up: WAR IS AN ATTITUDE, etc.

EXT. LIZA'S HOUSE - EVENING

Richard and Riley exit with her overnight bag. Richard's limo is at the curb.

RILEY  
I have to be back by ten tomorrow.  
Steve is coming over to show me how  
to edit a video.

RICHARD  
Steve?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RILEY

He's a friend of Mom's. You'd like him. He's been in two flash mobs.

Richard quietly recoils.

INT. STEVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A dining table following a romantic dinner: empty wine bottle and glasses, candles burned low. Liza and Steve sit at the table, leaning in intimately.

LIZA

Hungry children.

She shakes her head.

LIZA (cont'd)

It's just not okay. It's important to me.

Steve isn't really paying attention. He strokes her forearm.

STEVE

Just promise that you'll find a way to get them fed and won't try to feed them yourself.

She smacks him playfully.

LIZA

I leave for Zurich on Thursday.

Steve stands and opens the window, revealing an urban landscape of apartment buildings, one immediately opposite. The stylish curtains blow in the breeze.

STEVE

Way too warm in here.

He takes Liza's hand and leads her to the couch, facing the window.

STEVE (cont'd)

And maybe about to get a little warmer?

LIZA

I have to tell you something.

Steve unfolds a newspaper on the coffee table to a front page picture of Liza.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVE  
I finally bought one.

He kisses her--their first--and she nearly swoons, then pulls away.

LIZA  
You're sure?

He takes her back in his arms. Liza is panting with desire.

LIZA (cont'd)  
Steve. You know I can't. I just can't--

STEVE  
Relax, okay? We're just playing around.

Liza tries to keep the conversation going to distract herself, but she's getting increasingly hot as they kiss.

LIZA  
Are we necking in front of an open window for any good reason?

STEVE  
In this part of town it's called a view. The moon will rise in that sliver there.

Steve points. Liza laughs. He kisses her.

LIZA  
We might not have to wait too long. The strike--well, I tried my best--

Steve envelops her in a passionate embrace.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

A) INT. UNKNOWN BEDROOM - NIGHT - One of Liza's FLIERS is on the night table. UNKNOWN WOMAN #1 climbs into bed. She turns out the light and turns her back to UNKNOWN MAN #1. He is incredulous;

B) EXT. A BUSY URBAN STREET - DAY - People hurry past a bank of newspaper vending machines. Each front page blares a similar story: SEX STRIKE GAINS MOMENTUM; LIZA STRATTON TAKES CHARGE; NO SEX UNTIL THE TROOPS COME HOME.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

C) INT. UNKNOWN LIVING ROOM - DAY - UNKNOWN MAN #2 is draped invitingly on a couch. UNKNOWN WOMAN #2 stands in front of him shaking her head. He takes her hands, coaxing, but she pulls back.

D) EXT. PORN THEATER - NIGHT - LONG LINES OF MEN wait to enter as BOUNCERS keep order;

E) INT. UNKNOWN BATHROOM - NIGHT - UNKNOWN MAN #3 angrily enters with an obvious erection in his shorts. In the b.g. UNKNOWN WOMAN #3 can be seen cowering in the bed. He slams the door and reaches for the shower's cold water handle;

F) INT. BROTHEL - NIGHT - MANY MEN sit in an overcrowded waiting room. TWO PROSTITUTES exit, wearing furs and counting out FAT WADS OF BILLS.

G) EXT. URBAN PARK - DAY - A MALE DOG tries to mount a FEMALE DOG and is rebuffed.

EXT. BUSY CITY STREET - DAY

Unknown Man #3, talking on his cell, walks under a scaffold hanging from a building. Above him, TWO WORKMEN with a five-gallon bucket of paint are busy painting. Unknown Man #3 sees a passing bus with Liza's CHILD POVERTY AD on it. "Bitch" is scrawled across her face.

UNKNOWN MAN #3  
Yeah, my god damn wife has joined  
this god damn sex strike.

He listens.

UNKNOWN MAN #3 (cont'd)  
Ha ha. How about this one? What's the  
difference between your wife and your  
job?  
(beat)  
After five years your job will still  
suck!

While he's laughing at his joke the paint bucket above is knocked over and all five gallons of paint drench him completely.

INT. DULLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Liza wheels her suitcase through the airport, passing a CHILD POVERTY AD with her picture on it.



INT/EXT. LIZA'S HOTEL ROOM, ZURICH - NIGHT

Liza whirls in front of the mirror. She looks stunning and she knows it. She looks out the window at the beautifully lit mansion across the street. A limo pulls up and Liza is excited to see Ludmilla Alexeyev step out; an opportunity might be at hand.

INT. MANSION FOYER, ZURICH - NIGHT

A receiving line in the luxurious mansion of Swiss Ambassador to the United Nations, Franz Lufthans, includes FRANZ LUFTHANS, early fifties with gray hair and classic old world style; Ludmilla Alexeyev; a CHINESE DIGNITARY; an INDIAN WOMAN in a sari; and SEVERAL OTHER INTERNATIONAL FIGURES. Near the door is a large sign: 16TH ANNUAL CHILD TASK FORCE.

INT. GRAND BALLROOM, MANSION, ZURICH - NIGHT

HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE attend a formal cocktail party. GUESTS continue to arrive. An ORCHESTRA plays. Liza enters, scanning for Ludmilla.

Guests chat, drink, and dance. Liza chats politely with an ELDERLY COUPLE. Many recognize Liza and snicker or shake their heads. Liza surveys the room, her eyes landing on Ludmilla and her TWO BODY GUARDS. Liza walks purposefully toward Ludmilla but is intercepted by a WAITER with a tray of glistening, gelatinous canapes.

WAITER

Pork belly carpaccio, Madam?

Behind him, Ludmilla turns to Franz.

LUDMILLA

(in heavily accented  
English)

I'm sorry, powder room?

Liza looks squeamishly at the thin-sliced raw pork belly and pokes at it with a finger.

LIZA

Nooo. Is that still breathing? Poor baby.

The waiter pivots the tray away and moves on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANZ  
 (to Ludmilla)  
 Of course. Second floor.

Ludmilla starts toward the antique elevator. The body guards follow. Liza suddenly sees an opportunity. She races up to the waiter.

LIZA  
 You meant the PORK belly? I  
 misunderstood.

She takes one and points to Ludmilla's guards.

LIZA (cont'd)  
 Oh, my goodness! Those two men have  
 been trying to get some of these all  
 night.

Liza exuberantly pops the canape into her mouth. In rapid-fire sequence: Ludmilla enters the elevator; the waiter steps in front of the body guards, aggressively offering the canapes; Liza spits the pork belly into a potted plant and rushes toward the elevator; the body guards try to sidestep the waiter; the tray is knocked to the ground; the body guards skid on the pork belly canapes; Liza grabs the tray, throws it into the space between the elevator door and the cab and leaps into the elevator. The door closes. The elevator starts to rise to the SOUND OF TWISTING METAL. The elevator grinds to a halt between floors.

INT. MANSION ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Liza turns to find Ludmilla pointing a 9MM LUGER at her heart.

INT. ARLO'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Arlo rolls a joint. He and Riley are playing chess. Riley's five gallon terrarium, with pink-bowed Rosie in it, is next to Arlo's larger terrarium of spiders. Riley makes a chess move, glancing at the pot.

ARLO  
 Riley--

RILEY  
 I know Granddad. What happens on  
 Sycamore Street stays on Sycamore  
 Street.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARLO  
That's my girl. What should we have  
tonight?

RILEY  
The last time you cooked I puked all  
night. No wonder Mom can't cook.

Arlo makes a move.

ARLO  
Just once I try to poison you and you  
never let me forget it.

He gestures at the chess board.

ARLO (cont'd)  
Get yourself out of that mess while I  
go take a leak.

Arlo wheels away. Riley waits until the bathroom door  
closes, then sneaks a rolling paper and a bud of pot into  
her pocket. Arlo returns. Riley hastily makes a move, which  
Arlo counters immediately.

ARLO (cont'd)  
Checkmate. And promise me you won't  
smoke it alone.

Riley blushes.

INT. IN FRONT OF MANSION ELEVATOR - NIGHT

A REPAIR CREW makes BANGING NOISES as they struggle to  
repair the elevator. Franz, and Ludmilla's body guards,  
hover nervously.

BODY GUARD  
Just fix it.

FRANZ  
It is arguably the oldest elevator on  
the European continent. It doesn't  
just fix.

The party continues.

INT. MANSION ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Banging noises can be heard. Ludmilla peers over her gun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUDMILLA  
You are wife of American Secretary of  
State, no?

Liza rolls her eyes.

LIZA  
Was. Almost was. Can we put that down  
now?

LUDMILLA  
You were never married?

LIZA  
No, we were married, but I'm, I mean  
I am almost was his wife.

LUDMILLA  
Do you speak English?

Liza sighs.

LIZA  
A little. Maybe this was not such a  
good idea.

Liza extends her hand.

LIZA (cont'd)  
I'm Liza. I think your husband and my  
husband's boss are messing up the  
world. We can fix it.

LUDMILLA  
Sit down.

They sit on the floor. Ludmilla sets the gun next to her,  
pulls a flask out of her hand bag and offers it to Liza.

LUDMILLA (cont'd)  
Vodka? Is going to be long captivity.

Later:

Liza and Ludmilla, in stocking feet, high heels kicked to  
the side, are both a bit tipsy. BANGING NOISES continue. An  
empty flask lies on the floor. Ludmilla sips from another.  
Liza glances at Ludmilla's handbag.

LIZA  
Milly, what else have you got in  
there? Have you got any food? I  
haven't eaten since that pork belly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Ludmilla shudders at the thought.

LUDMILLA  
In Russia we are happy about  
invention of fire. We cook our food.

Later:

Liza has her dress hiked around her knees.

LUDMILLA (cont'd)  
(contemplating)  
Sex.

LIZA  
Not sex actually.

LUDMILLA  
Is like was almost, or almost was?  
Which was it?

LIZA  
I can't remember. Sort of.

LUDMILLA  
In my world people are found dead in  
hotels they did not check into. Maybe  
I can help, but no one can know.

LIZA  
But how will I know?

LUDMILLA  
I will send word. You will know.  
(beat)  
Here, you come to me. But in your own  
country, you are misguided. People  
power, you Americans call it? People  
have no power. What about--

The elevator doors suddenly slide open. The guests are gone.  
A CLEAN UP CREW is at work. Franz and the body guards are  
playing cards outside the elevator.

LUDMILLA (cont'd)  
(quietly)  
Your own president? Is he not also a  
man who likes women?

INT. WHITE HOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

Trish walks along the hall. Joe approaches.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRISH  
How's your dad, Joe?

JOE  
We've brought in hospice.

Trish touches his shoulder sympathetically.

JOE (cont'd)  
I need your help on this Trish. I can afford it, but what is this doing to families that can't?

TRISH  
I like you Joe. I think you know that my influence over my husband has, shall we say, waned with the years-- and--he's become, a little something.

JOE  
Yeah. Just whatever you can do Trish. Whatever you can do.

INT. DULLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Liza wheels her suitcase through the airport and sees TWO WORKMEN installing an AD for Child Poverty; there is a NEW SPOKESWOMAN on it. On the ground lies the discarded ad of her, with "Bitch" scrawled across her face.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Slocum sits at his desk talking to someone out of our POV.

SLOCUM  
I want sex. Do you understand?  
Penetration. Is that too long a word for you?

Steve Kramer sits across from him. Slocum examines some 8 x 10 photographs of Liza and Steve necking.

STEVE  
She's actually got principles.

SLOCUM  
I asked for proof that the leader of the god damn sex strike is having sex. And you bring me Sesame Street?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Slocum gathers the pictures and the envelope and hands the haphazard pile to Steve in disgust.

SLOCUM (cont'd)  
There's nice post coming up in  
Antarctica. It's all yours if you  
screw this up.

INT. WHITE HOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

Steve, clutching the photos, exits the oval office.

STEVE  
(to himself)  
Prick!

TRISH (O.S.)  
I beg your pardon?

Steve turns, startled to see Trish.

STEVE  
Mrs. Slocum. I don't watch TV, but,  
you know, your face gets around.

TRISH  
And you are?

STEVE  
Me? I'm a prick.

He retreats down the hall.

STEVE (cont'd)  
An asshole, too. I'm also an asshole.

A bemused Trish watches him disappear around a corner.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Trish enters. Slocum does not look up.

TRISH  
Have you got a minute?

EXT. OVAL OFFICE DOOR - DAY

Trish exits the oval office exasperated.

INT. WHITE HOUSE LOBBY - DAY

Steve walks toward the exit as MANY PEOPLE come and go. Flustered to suddenly see Richard striding toward him, Steve drops the photos. Most fall face down, but not all. Steve scrambles to pick them up as people step around him.

RICHARD  
Need some help there?

Richard crouches and helps gather.

STEVE  
I'm good, I'm good.

Steve hastily grabs two face-up photos. Richard stands and hands his off to Steve.

RICHARD  
There you go.

Richard continues across the lobby.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Steve gently bangs his head against the building.

INT. NATIONAL GALLERY, WASHINGTON, DC - NIGHT

Formally dressed GUESTS circulate as servers at white-clothed tables pour wine. A banner announces the opening of the exhibition: MADE IN AMERICA: MASTERWORKS OF AMERICAN LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

Liza, Callie and Maryann are working the women in the crowd in a carefully orchestrated way. Liza chats with Peter Shulman and his WIFE. Peter moves away to talk to ANOTHER GUEST and Liza quickly turns to the wife.

LIZA  
Can we talk?

Across the room Callie talks to Jim Eckhart and his WIFE. We see Maryann approach and lure Jim away. Callie turns earnestly to Jim's wife.

CALLIE  
There's something very important I have to talk to you about.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Across the room, Liza is profusely thanking Peter's wife. The woman moves away, a little confounded. Liza scans the room again and fixes her gaze on Trish Slocum. Callie and Maryann notice and move in, trying to look as if they're chatting nonchalantly.

CALLIE (cont'd)  
What are you doing?

LIZA  
Ending war. What are you doing?

CALLIE  
We agreed to be reasonable--ish.

LIZA  
Out of my way ladies. I'm on a roll.

MARYANN  
Liza--Vern Slocum, he's not a nice man. This is dangerous now. This is--

Liza moves purposefully across the room toward Trish.

MARYANN (cont'd)  
--crazy now.

Liza thrusts her hand out to Trish.

LIZA  
Mrs. Slocum--

TRISH  
Your membership in the club that calls me Trish has not expired.

She shakes Liza's hand warmly.

LIZA  
Trish. Have you got a minute? I think we both know that you are uniquely positioned to do something of global importance--

TRISH  
You shouldn't be talking to me.

She walks away, then turns back:

TRISH (cont'd)  
(cautioning)  
Be careful, Liza.

INT. WHITE HOUSE HALLWAY - MORNING

Vern Slocum passes Jim Eckhart and receives a nod and a distracted, sullen greeting.

JIM ECKHART  
Mr. President.

Jim goes into his office and closes the door with attitude. Slocum looks quizzically at the closed door.

Peter Shulman approaches from the opposite direction, giving Slocum a depressed, pathetic nod. Slocum nods cordially but watches Peter's retreating back with some concern.

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC STREET - MORNING

Callie jogs up the block in sweats. She passes a diner and is startled to see Liza inside, wearing a blouse buttoned up to the neck, kissing Steve. Callie ducks out of sight as Steve exits and disappears up the block. Liza exits the diner and Callie confronts her.

CALLIE  
Did you forget to tell us something?

INT. SEXY LINGERIE SHOP - MORNING

The door opens and Liza reluctantly enters, being pushed in by Callie.

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC STREET - MORNING

Liza walks past a store window with her lingerie shopping bag and stumbles, seemingly on nothing. When she rights herself, she is surprised to see a large POSTER in what, a moment ago, was an unadorned store window: WHITE HOUSE GARDEN TOUR. MEET FIRST LADY TRISH SLOCUM.

INT. TOWN HALL MEETING, SOMEWHERE, USA - NIGHT

A MALE SENATOR stands at a podium in a crowded room full of ANGRY PEOPLE.

MALE AUDIENCE MEMBER  
(yelling)  
I'll give you health care. What are you doing about this damn war? My wife is on strike. You hear me?

INT. TOWN HALL MEETING, SOMEWHERE ELSE, USA - NIGHT

A shell-shocked FEMALE SENATOR works the CROWD in a room full of ANGRY PEOPLE. A FEMALE CONSTITUENT grips the candidate's hand.

FEMALE CONSTITUENT  
We can't strike forever you know.

The candidate tries to move on but the woman won't let go.

FEMALE CONSTITUENT (cont'd)  
And what about you? I bet you're getting some, or you wouldn't be wasting our time talking about taxes and shit.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Slocum is ushering the agitated Senators from the Town Hall meetings out of his office.

SLOCUM  
Thanks for coming. We'll take care of this.

They exit. He looks after them with rising panic.

INT. CHRISTINE MCPHERSON'S OFFICE POWDER ROOM - DAY

Christine, refreshing her lipstick, hears the door to her office open.

INT. CHRISTINE'S OFFICE - DAY

Christine emerges from the powder room, surprised to find Vern Slocum there.

CHRISTINE  
Mr. President. Did I, did we have--

SLOCUM  
I need flowers. Big. Have them in my office today.

He turns to exit.

SLOCUM (cont'd)  
And not for a funeral or anything.  
Just nice, pretty flowers. Yellow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He exits. Christine is dumbfounded.

CHRISTINE

(to herself)

Sure. And if you shove a broom up my  
ass I'll sweep the floor, too. Is  
Alice, like, on vacation or something?

EXT. WHITE HOUSE GARDEN TOUR - DAY

Trish Slocum chats with VISITORS. SECRET SERVICE AGENTS  
abound. Alice greets visitors while OTHER STAFF offer  
refreshments. Liza, in a long black wig, pretends to look at  
the flowers as she makes her way over and stops in front of  
Trish, who sighs.

LIZA

I'm sorry to be a pain. I can't just  
let it drop.

TRISH

I now understand why he left you.

LIZA

I left him by the way, and you have  
no idea how important this is.

TRISH

I think I do. But I told you, you're  
talking to the wrong person.

Trish's eyes drift across the garden to someone out of our  
POV. Liza follows her gaze and looks shocked.

INT. WHITE HOUSE STAFF ENTRANCE - EVENING

Alice exits carrying a large bouquet of YELLOW FLOWERS. She  
nods to the guards.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE STAFF ENTRANCE - EVENING

Alice exits the gate and steps onto the sidewalk. Liza steps  
in front of her.

LIZA

Alice. May I call you Alice? I need  
your help. The world needs your help,  
really.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Alice is taken aback and tries to step around her. Liza blocks her.

LIZA (cont'd)  
Our young men and women are dying,  
Alice. Thousands of them are dying,  
and for nothing. It will solve  
nothing.

Alice's face is unreadable. She's glancing back as if she might summon security.

LIZA (cont'd)  
I think you may have a special  
influence with President Slocum.

A sense of alarm creeps over Alice.

LIZA (cont'd)  
I think there are certain things that  
you could do, or maybe stop doing,  
that might help with all this dying.  
I think you know what I mean. Can I  
ask that of you? Can our young people  
count on you for that?

ALICE  
I have no idea what you're talking  
about.

She walks away.

INT. LIZA'S FOYER - DAY

Richard's suit jacket hangs neatly over a chair.

INT. RILEY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Richard, in shirtsleeves, enters the room with Riley. The cover is off Rosie's tank. Riley runs to the tank and peers around inside. No spider.

RICHARD  
Again?

RILEY  
No biggie.

She searches her room for Rosie while Richard regains his fatherly enthusiasm, sitting on a chair in front of the tank.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICHARD

Tell me she doesn't sit at that desk!

Riley continues hunting and Richard suddenly shudders at the possibilities. He stands up again, warily looking around.

RILEY

She does. And, it's so cool cuz the chair even swivels, and sometimes it looks as if she's typing.

RICHARD

How many words a minute? She could be an intern.

INT. LIZA'S FOYER - DAY

Liza enters and is startled to see Richard coming down the stairs with Riley.

RICHARD

I did not let myself in.

RILEY

Hi, Mom. I wanted dad to see Rosie's new computer but--

Riley starts looking around the foyer for Rosie.

LIZA

Again?

RILEY

You guys make such a big deal out of it.

A UPS MAN KNOCKS at the partially open door. He can see only Liza, who accepts a package. The return address is from Russia. Richard puts on his jacket, preparing to exit.

LIZA

(quizzically)

Ludmilla sent me something.

Richard pauses, intrigued by the package. At the curb, the UPS man organizes boxes in the back of his truck. Richard watches as Liza excitedly unwraps a large nesting doll, letting the torn paper fall to the floor. Liza twists the doll open and looks inside. It's empty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICHARD  
Don't they usually have a lot of  
things stuffed inside?

Liza is cautious, trying to figure it out. Then she gets it.

LIZA  
Yes, I believe they do, but this  
little lady has nothing stuffed  
inside her.

Richard doesn't get it.

EXT. LIZA'S HOME - DAY

Richard's limo, Fred at the wheel, is parked at the curb with the security car behind it. Richard walks down the path toward the car while Liza, in the open doorway, picks up the wrapping paper. The UPS man emerges from the back of the truck and recognizes Richard. Security Agents #1 and #2 nervously approach as the UPS man puts out his hand.

UPS MAN  
Hey. This is really cool, except for  
the goons.

The security agents aggressively step toward him. Richard motions them to stand down and shakes the man's hand. Liza watches from the doorway.

RICHARD  
They're generally harmless.

UPS MAN  
I got a bone to pick with you.

Richard tries to pull his hand back. The UPS man hangs on.

UPS MAN (cont'd)  
That paid family leave? You guys  
gotta pass that thing.

RICHARD  
I'm sorry, that's not my--

The UPS man is agitated now. He's still gripping Richard's hand. Richard is still holding the security agents off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

UPS MAN

I mean, what's a guy like me supposed to do, here on this damn truck and my wife home sick, and you rich-ass people just--

Suddenly a furious Liza appears.

LIZA

What the hell is wrong with you? Go take a civics lesson. The Secretary of State does not pass health care legislation.

RICHARD

Liza--

LIZA

And who do you think you are, blaming my husband for your lot in life? If he weren't so nice he would have slugged you by now. Now let. Go. Of. His. Hand.

Liza shoves the UPS man who trips and falls to the ground. Richard holds Liza back, as one of the security agents quickly helps the man to his feet.

INT. LIZA'S HALLWAY - DAY

Riley, still looking for Rosie, glances out the front door.

EXT. LIZA'S HOME - DAY

Liza and Richard look quizzically at Riley as she runs urgently toward them. Richard intuitively understands that Rosie is clinging to his back. He rips off his jacket and throws it to the ground.

Rosie leaps. Riley shrieks. The UPS man freezes in horror as the spider lands on him. The tense Security Agents can no longer contain themselves; they riddle Richard's jacket with BULLETS.

RILEY

Don't move. She's scared. Please don't move.

UPS MAN

She's scared? Are you freakin' kidding me?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Riley gently takes Rosie off him. He jumps into the truck.

UPS MAN (cont'd)  
Who are you people? I'll sue you for  
assault with a deadly weapon!

He peels away from the curb.

LIZA  
(shouting after him)  
And I'll switch to FedEx!

Richard picks up his ruined jacket with two fingers.

SECURITY AGENT #1  
I'm very sorry, sir.

Richard, Liza and Riley look at each other and burst out laughing.

A moment later:

Fred closes the limo door for Richard and gets into the driver's seat. Richard observes Liza placing the nesting doll in the front window. He stares hard at the doll, and gets it.

RICHARD  
Shit!

INT. PRESIDENTIAL BEDROOM, THE KREMLIN - DAY

Nikolai Alexeyev suavely saunters out of the bathroom with his silk bathrobe loosely tied to show his chest. He finds Ludmilla lying in bed with an ice pack across her forehead.

ALEXEYEV  
Again my darling?

LUDMILLA  
I am sorry, Kolya. I have become so sensitive. I would be much more relaxed with not so much horrible war and killing all the time. It is quite trying.

Alexeyev looks at her suspiciously.

INT. ADULT EDUCATION CLASSROOM - DAY

The same class, same instructor. Maryann is at her desk. The blackboard says: PRINCIPLES OF ADVERTISING.

INSTRUCTOR

Anybody remember smoking in public places?

The class laughs as the instructor turns and scrawls on the blackboard: YOU CAN CONVINCED ANYONE TO DO ANYTHING--OR STOP DOING IT. A cunning look comes over Maryann's face.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Slocum meets with Richard, Joe, Jim Eckhart, Peter Shulman and Christine.

CHRISTINE

Sir, Gallup, Harris and Nielsen all show the public is starting to believe we can actually end war.

Alice enters and puts some papers on Slocum's desk.

SLOCUM

End war? What would that even look like?

JOE

Well, sir, that would be when people are no longer shooting at each other. When they're at home in their beds instead of in trenches somewhere.

RICHARD

In practical terms sir, a withdrawal of troops. All troops. All sides.

Slocum looks pleasantly from one to the other. They are encouraged, expectant, Alice particularly so. He stands. The others stand too.

SLOCUM

Thank you, gentlemen.

Slocum exits.

ALICE

(deflated)

I think that means the meeting is over.

INT. ALICE'S HOUSE - DAY

Alice watches the news as a PORTRAIT of her handsome young son in military uniform looms over her from the mantle. An inset photo on the TV shows Liza at a rally.

NEWSCASTER

In other news, war casualties have reached record levels and people are asking if the sex strike can save our young men and women.

Alice gazes at her son for a long time.

INT. SEXY LINGERIE SHOP - MORNING

The door bursts open. The saleswomen look up to see Alice standing there.

ALICE

Help me.

INT. WHITE HOUSE RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Trish and Vern, with their daughter ELLEN, their son-in-law JIM and their TWO GRANDCHILDREN sit at a festively decorated dinner table. Vern blows out the candles on a large birthday cake.

INT. WHITE HOUSE RESIDENCE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Slocum enters happily singing:

SLOCUM

Happy birthday to me. Happy birthday to me.

He slips into bed. Alice enters in a silk robe. She lets it fall open to reveal a sexy outfit of mesh stockings, garters and a bustier top. She looks hot. Slocum gapes.

ALICE

Happy birthday, Vern.

Alice launches into an outrageously seductive strip tease.

SLOCUM

There is a god and he is above average!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He is beside himself with anticipation.

INT. WHITE HOUSE RESIDENCE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Alice closes the door behind her and disappears down the hall. She's clutching her silk robe around her and carrying her street clothes.

SLOCUM (O.S.)  
(angrily)  
You have got to be kidding me!

INT. COSTUME SHOP - DAY

Zeke is paying a MALE SHOP OWNER for a "*STRIPPED* DRESS-UP KIT" showing a bare-chested man in bow tie, cuffs, black pants and suspenders.

ZEKE  
(embarrassed)  
Might help break the strike.

He takes his parcel and exits.

INT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY

The shop owner is in the display window of his costume shop arranging a "Stripped" movie poster and the dress-up kit. In the poster, he has pasted images of the Pope's head onto the bodies of the sexy men. A sign says: CAN *THEY* RESIST? BEAT THE STRIKE HERE!

A GROUP OF SHOPPERS look on in shock. Among them is the Director from Liza's Medical Rehab.

INT. CALLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Callie is in bed painting her toenails pink. Zeke emerges from the bathroom buff and bare-chested, wearing the bow tie, wrist cuffs and black pants. He looks terrific, but nervous.

CALLIE  
Whoa.

INT. MARYANN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maryann is in bed, shopping on her tablet when Greg enters dressed in stripper gear. He looks particularly paunchy and quite embarrassed.

INT. DONALDSON BATHROOM - NIGHT

Greg is pulling off the costume. Maryann (O.S.) laughs hysterically.

GREG  
 (to himself)  
 I wouldn't do me in this either. Not  
 with the lights on.

INT. CALLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Callie and Zeke, in his "Stripped" outfit, are on the bed kissing passionately. There's pink nail polish all over the sheets. Callie suddenly sits up, grabs a full glass of ice water from her night table and throws it in her face. She jumps up and runs out of the room.

INT. LIZA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Liza opens the bag from the lingerie store and gingerly removes a red, lace-trimmed bra and panties.

EXT. LIZA'S BACK YARD, SECLUDED SPOT - NIGHT

Riley, Billy and Meghan sit on the ground smoking a joint. Riley and Meghan are coughing, clearly inexperienced. Billy stands.

BILLY  
 Later.

Billy kisses Riley and exits. Meghan takes another slightly more accomplished puff and offers Riley the joint.

MEGHAN  
 You gonna hook up with him?

Riley waves the joint away.

RILEY  
 Course. Course I'm going to.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Riley suddenly looks terrified.

RILEY (cont'd)  
What am I going to do? I haven't even  
let him touch my, you know, pretty  
much anything yet, but he really,  
really, wants me to do it.

Meghan contemplates and then starts to laugh. She's rolling  
on the ground laughing.

RILEY (cont'd)  
What?

MEGHAN  
Join your Mom's strike.

Riley gasps in delight. She rolls on her back with her feet  
in the air, snaps a picture of her feet against the night  
sky and posts it on Instagram with the caption: IF I WERE  
OLD ENOUGH TO HAVE SEX I'D BE ON STRIKE, HOW ABOUT YOU? The  
two of them roll on the ground laughing.

MEGHAN (cont'd)  
You didn't post that. You posted  
that?

RILEY  
Chill out, okay? What's the big deal?

Meghan's phone starts to buzz. Her mother's face appears on  
the screen.

MEGHAN  
Your Mom's not on Instagram 27 hours  
a day, that's what. I gotta go. Do I  
smell like weed?

Riley crawls over and sniffs her like a dog. They collapse  
in giggles.

EXT. RILEY'S SCHOOL - DAY

A GIRL laughs while showing Riley's post to a BOY. Billy is  
nearby.

BOY  
(calling out to Billy)  
I knew you were full of shit.

Billy is confused.

EXT. SCHOOL YARD - DAY

In a secluded corner, Riley is working hard to draw Billy out of a big sulk.

RILEY  
Billy, it was just a joke.

BILLY  
And you're going to prove it, right?

RILEY  
Yeah.

INT. "OPERATION THANK YOU" WAREHOUSE - DAY

VOLUNTEERS walk the assembly line filling gift boxes. Maryann enters with a stack of plastic bins. She sets one on each table and removes the lids. They're full of small cellophane packages, each containing five fortune cookies. The packets are stamped "CustomFortuneCookies.com." The volunteers don't miss a beat as they chat and add the fortune cookies to the gift boxes.

INT. STEVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Steve lights candles on the dinner table. He glances at the closed bathroom door and goes to the window. He pauses, conflicted, then throws the curtains open, looking quickly at the apartment building across the way.

INT. STEVE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Liza is arranging her unbuttoned shirt so it hangs open and reveals the sexy lingerie.

LIZA  
(to herself)  
I will dress in sexy clothes and get him as horny as possible. This is my solemn oath.

She takes a deep breath and reaches for the doorknob.

LIZA (cont'd)  
But no matter how big--

INT. STEVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Liza emerges from the bathroom. Steve is shocked.

STEVE

Whoa.

He takes Liza in his arms but she notices the open curtains. She walks over and closes them.

LIZA

No moon tonight, and we're going to need a little privacy.

She takes Steve in her arms and he interrupts.

STEVE

Why don't you pour us some wine.  
I'll get a little mood music on.

Liza, surprised, heads into the kitchen. Steve gets to work on his laptop. Soft music starts to play, but so does a video camera. He pivots the laptop to face the couch.

Liza returns with wine glasses and nods for him to follow her to the bedroom.

STEVE (cont'd)

The couch baby. Love the couch.

Liza unwittingly sets the wine in front of the laptop's lens. They sink onto the couch, kissing passionately.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Alice escorts Steve in. Slocum is waiting.

INT. STEVE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Steve opens the door to Liza, who enters sheepishly.

LIZA

Are they still blue?

STEVE

Liza--

LIZA

I'm so sorry. What was I thinking?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

STEVE

I'm not what you think I am.

LIZA

I can't ask everyone else to do it if I don't. I don't know why you bother with me.

Steve takes her hand and leads her to the window. He points to an apartment opposite where the curtains are closed.

STEVE

Watch there.

Steve pulls out his CELLPHONE and sends a TEXT.

The curtains opposite open to reveal a MAN WITH A CAMERA with a huge telephoto lens on a tripod. The man is shocked to see Steve and Liza looking at him and ducks out of sight. Steve gently places some pictures on the coffee table. They're of Liza and himself necking on the couch. Liza gasps.

STEVE (cont'd)

I'll explain everything if you promise not to hate me.

Later:

Liza is throwing things at him: His keys from the desk; a pillow from the couch; a book from the coffee table. Steve tries to deflect the attack.

LIZA

How could you? How could you?

STEVE

Liza--

LIZA

You don't have a 98-year-old mother who reads Cosmo, do you? Or all those siblings. And what did you do? Rent that dog?

STEVE

Liza--

LIZA

What a charade. You used my daughter to suck me in. She was charmed by you. A flash mob?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LIZA (cont'd)

You tell me right now what flash mob  
you were ever in. Oh my God. How  
could I be so naive?

STEVE

Liza, I--

LIZA

Don't you get it? I was falling in  
love, you bastard.

STEVE

So was I. That's why I had to--

Liza's hands fly to her face.

LIZA

Oh my god. Oh my god. Steve's not  
even your real name, is it? Who have  
I been making out with?

She exits.

LIZA (O.S.)

Don't tell me. I don't want to know.

STEVE

(to himself)

Tyler. Tyler Crosby.

INT. VETERAN'S MEDICAL REHAB - DAY

Liza enters and is surprised to see a blank spot on the  
board where her name tag used to hang. She turns to find the  
Director standing behind her, shaking her head.

INT. LIZA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Liza is alone, crying. Riley enters.

RILEY

Mom, when is Steve coming over again?  
I want to ask him--

She sees Liza's distress and stops.

EXT. DC PARK - DAY

Liza is on a stage in front of a HUGE, HYPED-UP CROWD. She's angry. She's defiant. She's quietly shattered. Callie and Maryann are in the front row.

LIZA  
We are strong. Are we strong?

Maryann is unusually enthusiastic this time.

CROWD  
We are strong!

LIZA  
Are we doing this for ourselves? No.  
Who are we doing this for?

CROWD  
For our children!

LIZA  
Will we accept war?

CROWD  
We will never accept war!

LIZA  
We have a president who will stoop to  
entrapment to make us stop. Will we  
stop?

CROWD  
We'll never stop!

Liza raises her fists in the air.

LIZA  
Until the troops come home!

CROWD  
Until the troops come home!

There is wildly cheering, but MANY MEN in the crowd shake their heads in frustration. Riley posts a few seconds of the rally with the caption: ROSIESMOM'S MOM IS THE COOLEST. IF YOU'RE YOUNG ENOUGH TO WANT A FUTURE, REFUSE TO ACCEPT WAR!

INT. US MILITARY BARRACKS, MID-EAST COUNTRY - NIGHT

SEVERAL SOLDIERS lie around on their bunks, reading, talking and watching videos.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OTHER SOLDIERS play a makeshift basketball game with a wad of socks and a waste basket. Bateson is playing chess with ANOTHER SOLDIER. Open *Operation Thank You* boxes are visible throughout the barracks. A soldier finds a package of fortune cookies in his and starts tearing open the cellophane package.

SOLDIER #1  
Heads up. Heads up. Fortune cookie  
lotto. Who else got some?

He puts a five dollar bill on his bunk and tosses cookies to four soldiers nearby. Several others dig through their boxes and open more packages of fortune cookies.

SOLDIER #1 (cont'd)  
Best fortune takes all.

Fortune cookies are flying around the barracks. Five dollar bills are added to the pile.

SOLDIER #2  
Who's gonna decide best?

SOLDIER #3  
Me and Bateson.

They all start cracking open their fortunes.

SOLDIER #4  
And a tie breaker.

The first soldier scans the room and points to a soldier.

SOLDIER #1  
Johnson. He's a Mormon.

BATESON  
(reading out loud)  
There are many causes I would die  
for. There is not a single cause I  
would kill for. Mahatma Gandhi?

The soldiers look at each other with consternation.

SOLDIER #2  
(reading)  
Nothing will end war unless the  
people themselves refuse to go to  
war. Albert Einstein.

The men are confused as they break open more cookies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SOLDIER #3  
(reading)  
Rich man's war--

The mood is suddenly subdued.

SOLDIER #3 (cont'd)  
--poor man's blood?

They all look at each other.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Slocum watches Liza's rally on TV.

LIZA (O.S.)  
...A president who will stoop to  
entrapment--

SLOCUM  
Son of a bitch.

EXT. ANTARCTIC PENINSULA - DAY

A blizzard in a vast, frozen landscape. Steve, in a bulky parka and boots, stands beside an EMPEROR PENGUIN.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Slocum is meeting with Christine and Richard's two security agents.

SLOCUM  
(to the agents)  
Everything. I want to know every time  
he farted in the last six months.

AGENT #1  
Yes, Mr. President.

SLOCUM  
Did you two get fitted with those  
body cams?

AGENT #2  
Yes, sir.

SLOCUM  
I want that footage too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They exit.

CHRISTINE

With all due respect, sir, Secretary  
Stratton has done nothing wrong.

SLOCUM

(agitated)

Hasn't he? Not being able to control  
your woman, that's just plain wrong,  
Christine. Plain wrong.

Christine exits, dumbstruck.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL BEDROOM, THE KREMLIN - DAY

Ludmilla is reading in bed. Nikolai enters unexpectedly. Her hand shoots for her ice pack on the night table. He looks at her knowingly; he's on to her. She smiles at him, slowly withdrawing her hand. Nikolai slips into bed with her.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Slocum is watching security camera footage on a computer out of our POV. He suddenly sits upright; his face brightens.

INT. WHITE HOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

Richard, Jim Eckhart and Peter Shulman walk by the oval office.

SLOCUM (O.S.)

There is a god and he is above  
average!

The men look at each other and shrug.

INT. LIZA'S FOYER - DAY

Liza is examining another NESTING DOLL from from Russia. Inside the larger doll is one SMALLER DOLL sporting a distinctive, magic-marker mustache like Alexeyev's.

LIZA

No, no, no, no.

INT. US MILITARY BARRACKS, MID-EAST COUNTRY - NIGHT

An OFFICER enters to find depressed soldiers sitting listlessly on their bunks engaged in small, quiet tasks. The soldiers get to their feet and salute, but without energy. The officer sees a waste basket full of fortune cookies.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL BEDROOM, THE KREMLIN - DAY

Ludmilla opens a package from the USA. Inside is a BARBIE DOLL with DUCT TAPE covering her crotch. A SERVANT enters and Ludmilla quickly stuffs the doll under the bed.

INT. SECURITY CHECK POINT, WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

A somewhat nervous Liza pins a visitor ID badge on her lapel as a SECURITY GUARD looks on.

INT. CHRISTINE'S OFFICE - DAY

Liza sits uncomfortably across from Christine, who is not looking too comfortable herself.

CHRISTINE

I've lined up an appearance for you on America Today. You can denounce the strike as un-American or whatever you please, but you will tell the women of this country to abandon this ridiculous crusade.

LIZA

And I would do that why?

A side door bursts open and Slocum strides in with authority carrying a large envelope. Liza scrambles to her feet.

LIZA (cont'd)

Mr. President.

SLOCUM

Sit. Sit.

Christine exits and he turns to Liza.

SLOCUM

I'm getting old. All my hair is turning into pubic hair. In my nose, my ears. My eyebrows. Have you seen my eyebrows? What is that?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SLOCUM (cont'd)

My point is that given my age and the pressures of my day job, it's a wonder I manage to get laid at all. What are we down to now?

He starts counting on his fingers.

SLOCUM

Valentine's Day, President's Day-- because what else would President's Day be for? My birthday--but that's not the point.

His tone turns threatening.

SLOCUM

The point is that YOU have conspired to deprive me of even these few pleasures. So I'll get right to it. You call off the strike. I bring home the troops.

LIZA

Sir?

SLOCUM

Don't be dense. I'm making you an offer. Deal?

Liza is pulling herself together.

LIZA

I prefer the other way around.

SLOCUM

We do this my way.

Sensing her hesitation, Slocum hands her the envelope.

SLOCUM (cont'd)

Go ahead. Have a look. I think you'll enjoy them.

Liza warily removes a handful of 8" x 10" photos: carefully edited shots of Richard seemingly handing over cash and getting a sloppy kiss from the prostitute the day he ran into Arlo and the thief.

SLOCUM (cont'd)

If you jerk me around, those are going to be released to every news feed in the country.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

Liza grimly flips through the photos, shocked, agitated.

SLOCUM (cont'd)  
Now, if I didn't know better I'd say  
that was a hooker. And see there?

He points to a close up of the wad of bills in Richard's and the hooker's clasped hands.

SLOCUM (cont'd)  
That's quite a wad of dough. He's  
ponying up for more than one visit,  
don't you think? A real regular.

Liza sets the pictures on the desk.

SLOCUM (cont'd)  
He might be able to make a come-back  
--get some kind of career going  
again--if he lays low for five or six  
years. Or maybe not.

LIZA  
Can you give me a minute?

INT. POWDER ROOM - DAY

Liza, distraught, splashes water on her face, leans on the sink, sucks in a few racking sobs, splashes more water. She takes a few deep breaths, staring at herself in the mirror. Finally, somewhat composed, she exits.

INT. CHRISTINE'S OFFICE - DAY

Liza emerges from the powder room. Slocum has his back to her.

SLOCUM  
So? You see, I own you.

He turns toward Liza. She punches him in the face.

INT. WHITE HOUSE RESIDENCE - DAY

Slocum sits in a chair as a MAKEUP WOMAN works to camouflage his black eye. Trish hovers, as do Joe and Christine.

SLOCUM  
I was just getting a damn tie and my  
toe caught on the rug.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRISH

I'm worried now, Vern. You're getting erratic, and now you're tripping over your own feet and falling into doorknobs?

SLOCUM

It's nothing. I'm fine.

Trish and the others are unconvinced.

INT. LIZA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Liza sits tensely waiting, nervously fingering the manila envelope from Slocum. The front door bangs open as Riley enters.

RILEY

Hi, Mom. Can Meghan and I go to the movies this--

She sees Liza's face and stops.

Later:

RILEY (cont'd)

But everybody's behind you. You're like the most famous mom in the world.

Liza touches the envelope. Riley reaches for it but Liza pulls it away.

LIZA

I'm not going to show you these.

RILEY

So you're just going to quit?

LIZA

What I'm not going to quit on is my family. I will not destroy Dad's career just to save my cause.

RILEY

Your cause? YOUR cause? Are you crazy? The whole world is counting on you. Dad can take care of himself.

Liza shrugs. She's done. Defeated. She doesn't care anymore. Riley leaps up, furious.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RILEY (cont'd)  
Fine. You go do just what that stupid  
old moron tells you to.

Riley exits.

RILEY (cont'd)  
(to herself)  
But I don't have to.

EXT. LIZA'S BACK YARD, SECLUDED SPOT - NIGHT

Riley and Meghan whisper conspiratorially.

EXT. SCHOOL YARD - DAY

Riley and Billy talk, away from other students.

BILLY  
Maybe. If I can get the car.

Riley looks dejected.

BILLY (cont'd)  
I'll figure it out.

Riley, thrilled, gives him a peck on the cheek and moves  
away. Billy's friend saunters over.

FRIEND  
You tapping that yet?

BILLY  
It's way under control.

INT. RILEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Riley and Meghan sit on the floor, furiously working their  
phones.

RILEY  
You think it'll work?

MEGHAN  
It was your idea.

INT. RILEY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Liza taps on the door and enters. Riley sits up groggily in a messy room.

LIZA  
I'm going. I thought you were going  
to clean up this room.

Riley rolls her eyes. Liza, annoyed, exits.

INT. LIZA'S FOYER - MORNING

Liza is half out the door as Riley comes down the hall in her pajamas, a little apologetic. She gives Liza a kiss and notices Liza's car keys on the hall table.

RILEY  
Your keys.

LIZA  
I'm taking a cab. I'm too--ugh.

She grimaces and exits.

INT. ARLO'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

A cab waits at the curb. Liza enters, setting her handbag and cell phone on a table. The front window is open. Liza starts to open the envelope from Slocum. Arlo reaches for it.

LIZA  
The President of the United States is  
blackmailing me with these pictures  
of Richard seeing prostitutes so I'm  
going on TV to call off the strike.

Arlo draws his hand back.

ARLO  
I don't know what the hell you're  
talking about, but whatever it is,  
it's your business. I don't want to  
see them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZA

You still think he can do no wrong.  
Well, hang onto your precious  
illusions if you want, but stick that  
somewhere. I don't want it home where  
Riley can find it.

Liza tosses the open envelope on the couch, grabs her bag  
and exits.

INT. ARLO'S LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Arlo looks at the envelope on the couch and grimaces.  
Through the window, Liza can be seen getting into the cab.  
His cell phone rings.

ARLO

(into the phone)

Hey.

The cab pulls away from the curb. A cat with one white paw  
suddenly leaps through the window and jumps onto the couch.  
Arlo is startled, and swats at the cat to get out. It  
scrambles away, knocking the envelope to the floor. The  
pictures slide out.

ARLO (cont'd)

Wednesday's good. Bring a ball with  
some air in it this time. Yeah.

He puts his phone down and picks up the photos.

ARLO (cont'd)

Liza!

He spins his chair around toward the window, sees that the  
cab is gone, pulls out his phone and frantically dials.  
Liza's phone rings on the table.

INT. RILEY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Riley is feeding Rosie. The doorbell rings. She runs out,  
leaving the cover off the terrarium.

INT. LIZA'S FOYER - DAY

Riley opens the door to Billy. His car is at the curb.

RILEY

I told you not to ring the bell.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY  
Calm down.

RILEY  
Let's just go.

She tries to step out. Billy gently pushes her back in.

BILLY  
Yeah. There's just one thing we've  
got to take care of first.

He steps inside with Riley and closes the door.

INT. RILEY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Billy leads Riley in. She looks terrified and fails to notice Rosie is not in her tank.

INT. "AMERICA TODAY" STUDIO LOBBY - EARLY MORNING

Christine looks at her watch in annoyance. Liza enters.

CHRISTINE  
...A terrible idea, unpatriotic, it's  
every American's duty to support  
their government. Are we clear?

LIZA  
Painfully.

Maryann and Callie enter and take seats in the front row of the audience.

INT. RILEY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Billy is on top of Riley on the bed, kissing her hard.

EXT. ARLO'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

Arlo hoists himself into the driver's seat of his CUSTOMIZED VAN with ease, folding his chair and hoisting it in like a lumberjack. Richard's limo and follow car turn onto the street.

The limo and follow car screech to the curb. Richard leaps out followed by his security detail.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICHARD  
What the hell is this all about?

ARLO  
Get in. I'll explain on the way. We  
have to stop her.

A security agent politely steps up to the driver's window.

AGENT #1  
Sir, I have to respectfully request  
that the Secretary travel in his own  
vehicle.

Arlo gives him a narrow-eyed, searing look.

INT./EXT. ARLO'S VAN, DC STREETS - EARLY MORNING

The van races through the streets of DC. An agitated Richard sits in the passenger seat with the photos in his hand. The agents are in the back seat.

RICHARD  
But they're bullshit. How did he  
even--

The agents can see the photos over Richard's shoulder. Richard turns and stares at them accusingly. They look sheepish. Arlo is driving like a madman.

AGENT #1  
(to Arlo)  
Sir, I have to respectfully ask you  
to slow down.

Arlo careens around a corner, then fixes the agent with a much-too-long stare in the rear view mirror. The agents are panicking.

AGENT #1 (cont'd)  
Sir, I have to respectfully ask you  
to look at the road.

ARLO  
(to Richard)  
Liza doesn't know it's bullshit.  
She's trying to save your ass.

INT. "AMERICA TODAY" SET - EARLY MORNING

A defeated Liza sits opposite a gloating Howard Landerman. A TECHNICIAN clips a mic to Liza's lapel as a WOMAN touches up her makeup.

INT. RILEY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Billy is still kissing and fondling Riley. Riley sees Rosie clinging to the lampshade next to the bed out of Billy's POV.

INT. "AMERICA TODAY" CONTROL ROOM - EARLY MORNING

TWO TECHNICIANS are scanning many TV monitors showing news feeds from around the world. A PRODUCER stands behind them.

INT./EXT. ARLO'S VAN, DC STREETS - MORNING

The van continues to race through the streets.

ARLO  
She still loves you, you know.

RICHARD  
I guess I do know. But there's a Steve now, so--

ARLO  
I put in a word for you, Ricky.

RICHARD  
(dryly)  
Thank you, Arlo. I appreciate that.

INT. RILEY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Billy slides his hand between Riley's legs and she can take no more; her hand shoots out and taps the lamp shade. Rosie leaps, landing on the pillow next to Billy.

Billy rolls to a different position and comes face to face with the tarantula. He screams and leaps up. Riley leaps up too.

RILEY  
Get out, Billy.

She picks up Rosie.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

BILLY  
You promised.

RILEY  
Well, I was an idiot, and you're an  
asshole. Get out.

She walks toward him holding Rosie menacingly. He runs.

EXT. MRS. SANTIAGO'S PORCH - DAY

Mrs. Santiago looks up to see Riley on the path holding  
Liza's car keys.

RILEY  
Mrs. Santiago, I need help.

INT./EXT. LIZA'S CAR - DAY

Mrs. Santiago is at the wheel, her cane tucked in alongside  
her; Riley in the passenger seat. Mrs. Santiago puts the car  
in gear and it lurches backwards.

RILEY  
Do you drive?

MRS. SANTIAGO  
Used to.

The car lurches forward.

RILEY  
Do you have a license?

MRS. SANTIAGO  
Used to.

INT. "AMERICA TODAY" STUDIO - EARLY MORNING

The FLOOR MANAGER silently signals "three, two, one" as they  
go live.

HOWARD  
Let's again welcome Liza Stratton,  
wife of Secretary of State Richard  
Stratton--

Liza rolls her eyes and lets it go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOWARD (cont'd)

--The leader of the controversial sex strike that has gripped the nation.

Christine watches from backstage.

HOWARD (cont'd)

Mrs. Stratton, how do you respond to people who call you shameless and unpatriotic. Even a traitor?

Liza glances into the wings at Christine, who nods encouragingly at her.

LIZA

I'm afraid--well, traitor--I don't know. But maybe there was a little misunderstanding. Kind of. Maybe the Pope didn't really mean--

The audience is riveted.

EXT. DC STREET NEAR WHITE HOUSE - MORNING

Riley and Meghan, wearing white T-shirts and white pants, nervously look around. Mrs. Santiago appears to be oblivious to their angst, enjoying the outing. GROUPS OF TOURISTS, some with TOUR GUIDES, peer through the gates and take pictures of the White House. Riley glances at her phone.

RILEY

It's not going to work.

MRS. SANTIAGO

Patience dear. Some things take longer than we would like.

Riley suddenly notices TWO TEENAGE GIRLS in white standing near the gate. They look quickly at her. Relieved, Riley nudges Meghan and motions to the girls. They all nod almost imperceptibly and step out together.

GIRLS

(forcefully, in unison)

YO, HEY YO.

Some passers-by laugh. Three teenage boys emerge from a parked car with boom boxes. Music starts.

BOYS

IT'S OVER, IT'S OVER, DON'T YOU KNOW.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YOUNG PEOPLE, CHILDREN, TEENS AND 20-SOMETHINGS start to materialize out of the general population. All wear white. The backs of their shirts say "RESIST."

ASSEMBLED GROUP  
 GOT NO MORE WAR. GOT NO MORE FIGHT.  
 WHAT WE KNOW FOR SURE, IT JUST AIN'T  
 RIGHT.

MORE AND MORE YOUNG PEOPLE join the group. They're dancing in unison now. The music has a grabby beat.

GROUP  
 WE KNOW FOR SURE, WE KNOW FOR SURE,  
 IT JUST AIN'T RIGHT.

Traffic has ground to a halt as more and more PEOPLE spill onto the street. Police cars try to get through. A press truck from WTLA is stuck in the traffic. A CREW sees what's going on and leaps out, grabbing equipment as they go.

GROUP (cont'd)  
 WE'RE THE FUTURE. YOU'RE THE PAST.  
 YOU GET IT, MAN? YOU JUST CAN'T LAST.

INT. WHITE HOUSE RESIDENCE - MORNING

Slocum, his black eye in full technicolor, is in his bathrobe shaving. Alice enters.

ALICE  
 Something's happening.

SLOCUM  
 Not in this bedroom.

ALICE  
 Outside.

They both peer out the window at what has become an IMMENSE CROWD OF HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF YOUNG PEOPLE.

GROUP  
 WE'RE THE FUTURE. YOU'RE THE PAST.  
 YOU GET IT, MAN? YOU JUST CAN'T LAST.

Slocum is aghast. He's still got shaving cream on his face.

GROUP (cont'd)  
 YOU PICK THE FIGHTS, THEN MAKE US GO?  
 GET OVER YOURSELF, GET OVER YOURSELF,  
 YOU'RE DONE YOU KNOW.

INT. "AMERICA TODAY" CONTROL ROOM - MORNING

The technicians scanning the monitors see the mob around the White House. A camera zooms in on Riley's face at the head of the crowd. Tech #1 turns to the producer and points to the monitor.

TECH #1  
Isn't that the Stratton kid?

INT. "AMERICA TODAY" SET - EARLY MORNING

Howard suddenly reaches for his earpiece.

HOWARD  
Hold on. I'm told we have breaking news that might be of particular interest to Mrs. Stratton.

TV monitors show the huge mob, Riley in the lead. Liza gasps.

LIZA  
That's my daughter!

Liza barrels off the set, pulling off her microphone. Audience members, fully in support of their hero, rush to follow her. A flustered Howard has an empty guest chair opposite him.

HOWARD  
Can we cut to a commercial please?

EXT. WTLA-TV STUDIO - MORNING

The audience, led by Maryann and Callie, flood out of the studio after Liza. They engulf Christine, knocking her down as they flow out the door. Christine struggles to regain her feet.

Arlo's van races up honking wildly as Liza and the audience emerge from the building. Richard and the agents jump out. Liza is too worried to be surprised.

ARLO  
Are we in time? Did you do it?

LIZA  
Riley's in trouble. We have to go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICHARD  
Riley? What now?

Liza jumps in the back of the van. Richard holds his head in his hand and gets in.

RICHARD (cont'd)  
Brokering Mid-East peace is easier than this.

INT./EXT. ARLO'S VAN, DC STREETS - MORNING

Richard and Liza are alone in the back row, having a relatively quiet moment. Maryann and the two agents are crammed in the middle seat. Callie and Arlo are up front. Again, Arlo is drives like crazy.

RICHARD  
So it's blackmail now. The world is full of little surprises isn't it?

LIZA  
I didn't know what to do.

RICHARD  
I'm so sorry he put you through this.

They ride in silence for a moment.

RICHARD (cont'd)  
Do you want me to go punch him or something?

LIZA  
That's very sweet, but it won't be necessary.

EXT. DC STREET NEAR WHITE HOUSE - MORNING

Riley and Meghan are shocked and jubilant; the crowd now numbers HALF A MILLION PEOPLE completely surrounding the White House.

GROUP  
WE'RE THE FUTURE. YOU'RE THE PAST.  
DON'T YOU GET IT, MAN? YOU JUST CAN'T  
LAST.

INT. WHITE HOUSE RESIDENCE - MORNING

Slocum and Alice have been joined by Trish and Joe. They look out the window at a vast sea of young people surrounding the building. It's a moving, mesmerizing scene. They all stare in silence.

SLOCUM  
It's amazing.

The others nod silently.

SLOCUM (cont'd)  
Isn't it amazing? They think a bunch of teeny-boppers can push me around?

The others are shocked. Slocum whirls around to face them.

SLOCUM (cont'd)  
Tear gas them. No, you're all god damned incompetent bastards.

JOE  
Sir--

SLOCUM  
I'm going out there to tell them what's going to be what if they don't clear out of here.

Joe gently puts both his hands on Slocum's shoulders.

JOE  
Vern. You're too agitated now. I'll take care of this.

Joe exits.

EXT. DC STREET NEAR WHITE HOUSE - MORNING

GROUP  
GOT NO MORE WAR. GOT NO MORE FIGHT.  
WHAT WE KNOW FOR SURE, IT JUST AIN'T  
RIGHT.

INT. WHITE HOUSE RESIDENCE - MORNING

Alice, Trish and Slocum look out the windows, watching as White House staffers emerge from the building, exit the gate and join the dancers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Slocum has his pajama top on, his suit pants pulled on over the pajama bottoms and one shoe on and is starting to rant:

SLOCUM  
Sons of bitches. Traitors. All of  
them.

Trish and Alice are alarmed. He's beside himself. He turns to run out of the room.

TRISH  
Pull yourself together Vern. At least  
put some clothes on.

He returns to the window and pounds on it.

SLOCUM  
Get them! You hear me? Get them back!

EXT. DC STREET NEAR WHITE HOUSE - MORNING

The protest is in full swing. In a window of the White House an enraged President Slocum is seen pounding on the window. The curtains snap shut.

Mrs. Santiago is jabbing her cane in the air in time with the music. Arlo, Richard, Liza, Maryann, Callie and the agents muscle their way through the crowd until they reach Riley and Meghan. Liza and Richard embrace Riley.

LIZA  
Oh my God baby. Are you alright?

RILEY  
What are you talking about? Of course  
I'm alright.

She holds up her phone.

RILEY (cont'd)  
I posted it.

LIZA  
All these people came for you?

RILEY  
No, Mom. They came for you.

Liza is astonished and proud as she gazes at the enormous crowd.

EXT. DC STREET NEAR WHITE HOUSE - MORNING

Richard looks up in time to again see the curtains part and Slocum's wild raging in the window. The curtains close. Concerned, he touches Liza's arm and indicates that he has to go. Richard disappears into the crowd.

The music swells. Arlo dances in his chair, popping wheelies in time to the music. Young people applaud. Callie sees Zeke fighting through the crowd. He kisses her, then takes a T-shirt from a protester and puts it on.

ZEKE

Will this help? I'll dance the polka  
if it will help.

Zeke starts to dance and makes a spazzy dance move, his best effort. Callie tries not to laugh.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE LAWN - MORNING

Joe, backed by ARMED NATIONAL GUARDSMEN, emerges from the building with a bull horn. Christine, Jim Eckhart, Peter Shulman, and other staff follow him. Together they move across the lawn toward the gates. Joe raises the bullhorn. In front of him, Riley and Meghan lead the group into a more gentle, poignant verse of the song.

GROUP

SO HERE'S THE THING. WE WANT TO LIVE.  
WE LOVE OUR COUNTRY. THERE ARE OTHER  
WAYS TO GIVE.

BUT NO MORE WAR, NO MORE FIGHT. DON'T  
SEND US OFF TO THAT LONG GOOD NIGHT.

Joe lowers the bullhorn. He throws the gates open. As Joe and the staff exit to the street, each is handed a T-shirt by protesters. All of them except Christine don the shirts and flood out to join the protest. Shocked guardsmen struggle to stop the crowd from flowing the other way. Christine tries to hand her shirt back. Joe looks at her. She shrugs and joins the protest, donning the t-shirt.

INT. WHITE HOUSE RESIDENCE - DAY

Slocum watches from his window as his staff abandon him. He is purple with rage. He throws a vase at the window. Alice and Trish exchange a determined look and move toward him.



INT. WHITE HOUSE LOADING DOCK - DAY

An ambulance is parked in the dock. TWO EMTs wheel a straight-jacketed Slocum toward it on a gurney. Trish and Alice observe from a doorway. Slocum has an oxygen mask on his face and is clearly agitated. The EMTs lock the gurney's wheels and ready the ambulance as Richard appears.

Trish and Alice duck into the shadows to avoid being seen.

Wild-eyed, Slocum gestures to Richard as best he can. Richard leans in close and lifts the oxygen mask. Trish and Alice exchange a nervous look.

SLOCUM

(whispering hoarsely)

Help me. They're trying to get rid of me.

Richard replaces the oxygen mask. The EMTs look at him expectantly.

RICHARD

He said, "There is a god and he is above average."

Richard shakes his head as if confused. The EMTs shake theirs sympathetically and load the gurney into the ambulance. Trish and Alice are relieved.

EXT. GREENHAVEN PSYCHIATRIC FACILITY - DAY

The ambulance slides quietly up to the entrance. A straight-jacketed Slocum is wheeled out, happily drugged.

INT. EAST ROOM, WHITE HOUSE - DAY

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

And now, the President of the United States.

Joe Branson addresses the nation.

JOE

Throughout history we have prepared for wars and fought wars. And we can feel totally justified in continuing, in which case we'll end up with the same results, or worse.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE (cont'd)

Or, we can choose to forge a different path and open ourselves to the possibility of lasting peace.

INT. UNKNOWN BEDROOM - DAY

Unknown Woman #1 pulls her husband to her, kissing him passionately. She leads him toward the bedroom.

JOE (V.O.)

A man smarter than I once said that in every war is the germ of the next war.

INT. MARYANN'S HOUSE - DAY

Maryann and Greg, incredulous, watch Joe's speech.

JOE (V.O.)

So today, we begin to forge a path away from us versus them. I have ordered the withdrawal of all troops.

Maryann is so overcome with joy she turns to Greg and kisses him. He embraces her and they continue to kiss.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

The two gay men stand arm in arm looking at LIBERACE'S GRAVE.

JOE (V.O.)

I have ordered the dismantling of the Department of Defense--

EXT. PORN THEATER - NIGHT

The proprietor looks up and down an empty street.

JOE (V.O.)

And the formation of the Department of Peace.

EXT. URBAN PARK - DAY

A male dog mounts a female dog.

INT. KREMLIN RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Alexeyev and Ludmilla watch Joe's speech.

JOE (V.O.)

And I want to thank you, the women of America--well, mostly women--for leading--for showing us where to go.

LUDMILLA

He is a wise and powerful man, this Joe Branson.

JOE (V.O.)

Today, we triumph, not in war but over the idea of war, because war, after all, is just an attitude. God bless The United--the entire world.

Alexeyev looks at Ludmilla, annoyed.

LUDMILLA

Very few such men exist. Very few--maybe only one, maybe two--are powerful enough to lead the world in this way.

She looks at him pointedly.

INT. KREMLIN OFFICE - NIGHT

Alexeyev sits in front of TV cameras.

ALEXEYEV

We have come to understand, comrades, that war is a primitive response to the complex problems that face the world.

Outside the window, HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE holding flickering candles, are gathered in Red Square.

ALEXEYEV (cont'd)

To the fallen, we say never again. We will be a beacon of light. Mother Russia will be the flame of peace--she will not be blown out.

## MONTAGE - VARIOUS

A. EXT. TIENANMEN SQUARE - BEIJING - NIGHT - THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE fill the square, holding lighted candles. Alexeyev's voice fades into the VOICE OF A MAN speaking Chinese.

CHINESE LEADER (V.O.)

We will be a beacon of light.

B. EXT. SYDNEY OPERA HOUSE - DAY - THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE fill the plaza. The AUSTRALIAN PRIME MINISTER addresses the crowd.

AUSTRALIAN PRIME MINISTER

To the fallen, we say never again.

C. EXT. SECRETARIAT BUILDING - NEW DELHI - NIGHT - THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE line the reflecting pool, holding candles, listening to the PRIME MINISTER:

INDIAN PRIME MINISTER

Today, we triumph, not in war, but over the idea of war.

D. EXT. IRISH NATIONAL PARLIAMENT BUILDING, DUBLIN - DAY - THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE listen to the PRIME MINISTER:

IRISH PRIME MINISTER

We, the people of Ireland, choose the possibility of lasting peace. Now, let's go have a Guinness.

EXT. LANGLEY AIR FORCE BASE - DAY

HUNDREDS OF SOLDIERS swarm out of a hangar. Stacy and Zoe scan the crowd anxiously. Soldiers all around them are greeting their FAMILIES. Stacy spots Bateson, Bunny Rabbit strapped to his pack, running toward them. They run at each other and embrace in a group hug. She kisses him passionately. Zoe covers her eyes with her hands.

INT. GREENHAVEN PSYCHIATRIC FACILITY - NIGHT

Slocum, in hospital pajamas, contentedly plays *Horizon Zero Dawn*. A NURSE hands him a glass of water and a cup full of pills. He tosses the pills down, drinks the water, and continues playing.

FADE TO:

INT. LIZA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Riley is angrily slamming around, putting dishes away.

LIZA  
What is it now? The war is over. We won.

RILEY  
Did we?

LIZA  
What on earth are you talking about?

RILEY  
Ever hear of Confucius?

Liza is completely exasperated.

RILEY (cont'd)  
I can't remember the whole thing. Something like, 'when everything's okay at home, there will be order in the country and when there's order in the country there will be peace in the world.'

Liza sighs; Riley is right again.

RILEY (cont'd)  
When was the last time everything was okay around here?

Riley storms out of the kitchen.

EXT. LIZA'S HOME - NIGHT

Liza exits with her car keys. Mrs. Santiago observes from her porch with a hint of a satisfied smile.

INT. RICHARD'S FOYER - NIGHT

Richard opens the door to find a nervous Liza there.

LIZA  
Will you come home? I was so wrong. I know you're a politician.

RICHARD  
Liza--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZA

And it's fine with me. Being a political wife, it's not so bad and family is way more important and--

RICHARD

Liza--

LIZA

I just don't know what got into me--

RICHARD

Liza, shut up.

She shuts up.

RICHARD (cont'd)

I resigned.

LIZA

Oh my god! How could you do that? You could have been president one day and--

Richard shuts her up with a kiss.

INT. MRS. SANTIAGO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mrs. Santiago holds a cat with one white paw, stroking it absently.

RILEY (V.O.)

So, I looked that Confucius thing up. It's, "If there is light in the soul, There will be beauty in the person.

The cat leaps from Mrs. Santiago's arms and exits off-screen, right.

RILEY (V.O.) (cont'd)

If there is beauty in the person,  
There will be harmony in the home.

If there is harmony in the home,  
There will be order in the nation.

If there is order in the nation,  
There will be peace in the world."

INT. LIZA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Liza and Richard sleep peacefully.

INT. RILEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Riley sleeps peacefully.

Pink-bowed Rosie is in her tank, but now there are two miniature desks and chairs. A SECOND TARANTULA emerges from the shadows.

EXT. ROCKY LANDSCAPE IN PRE-HISTORY - DAY

The cat that leapt out of Mrs. Santiago's arms enters from the left. The Cavemen are as we left them, outside their cave, threatening each other with clubs. Again, the woman sits, facing away from our POV. The cat rubs against one man's legs, then the other. Both are smitten. They drop their clubs. One picks up the cat and caresses it. The other scratches it under the chin and tries to take it. The first man resists. Their aggression escalates until the cat YOWLS and jumps free.

The men, shamefully embarrassed, watch the cat run to the woman.

RILEY (V.O.)

And yeah, sometimes we get a little help.

The cat jumps onto the woman's lap. She turns toward our POV. It's Mrs. Santiago. Stroking the cat, she winks into the camera.

FADE OUT