

RODHAM

Written by

Young Il Kim

Barbara Dreyfus
Jenny Maryasis
United Talent Agency
9560 Wilshire Blvd.
Beverly Hills, CA 90212
tel. 310.273.6700

Richard Arlook
Jason Hong
The Arlook Group
205 S. Beverly Drive, Ste 210
Beverly Hills, CA 90212
tel. 310.550.5714

"I wasn't born a First Lady or a Senator.
I wasn't born a Democrat."

- Hillary Rodham in *Living History*.

"Two for the price of one."

- Bill Clinton during the 1992 Presidential Campaign.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY (V.O.)
We have vowed that we shall not see
space filled with weapons of mass
destruction, but with instruments
of knowledge and understanding.

The radio dial cuts off John F. Kennedy's speech until it
settles on "Do You Love Me" by the Contours. As it plays...

EXT. CHICAGO SUBURBS - DAY - SUMMER OF 1962

A 1954 Cadillac de Ville rolls past the department store with
mannequins dressed in the latest Jackie Kennedy fashion.

CONTOURS (V.O.)
*You broke my heart
'Cause I couldn't dance.
You didn't even want me around.*

An appliance store with TVs showing identical Cubs games. One
in a small black and white TV and the other in a bigger,
vibrant color TV. Yes, this new technology is here to stay.

CONTOURS (V.O.)
*And now I'm back to let you know
I can really shake 'em down.*

The radio dials back to the Kennedy speech as the Cadillac
drive down the road. On its rear bumper are two faded
stickers of "I Like Ike" and "Nixon/Lodge in 1960."

KENNEDY (V.O.)
We set sail on this new sea because
there is new knowledge to be
gained, and new rights to be won,
and they must be won and used for
the progress of all people.

AT A NEARBY GAS STATION, six attendants in pristine uniforms
clean and refuel a Lincoln Capri at 31.5 cents per gallon.

The Cadillac turns into a residential street as a plane flies
overhead. The radio dial changes back to the Contours.

The car drives past a milkman who delivers fresh bottles to a
June Cleaver who greets with her hello. Then the car moves
past a sidewalk stand where Brownie Scouts sell lemonade.

The radio dial moves back to the Kennedy speech. No, it
changes back to the Contours. Back to Kennedy. No, back to--

TEENAGE GIRL (O.S.)
Mom! Mom!! Make Daddy stop.

The car drives past a park where boys play baseball. This is as America as America gets. And judging by the failed "Nixon For President" signs that hang, it's Republican territory.

MOTHER (O.S.)

Hugh, let her listen to her radio.

FATHER (O.S.)

But that man's a damn Communist.

TEENAGE GIRL (O.S.)

No. He's a Democrat.

FATHER

Same thing. And he's Catholic!

Regardless, the radio dial goes back to the Kennedy speech.

KENNEDY (V.O.)

We choose to go to the moon in this decade and do the other things, not because they are easy, but because they are hard.

The Cadillac pulls into the driveway of a suburban home. The 14 year-old girl (whose face we don't see) jumps out of the car and runs to the mailbox. From it, she pulls out--

An envelope from NASA. The letter she's been waiting for!!

TEENAGE GIRL

Oh please please please...

She opens it and pulls out the letter. It reads:

KENNEDY (V.O.)

Because that goal will serve to organize and measure the best of our energies and skills. Because that challenge is one that we are willing to accept...

"Dear Miss Rodham. We regret to inform you that we do not admit women into the NASA astronaut training program."

KENNEDY (V.O.)

There is no strife, no prejudice, no national conflict in outer space as yet. Its conquest deserves the best of all mankind.

The girl, wearing her "AuH2O" shirt, slumps on the ground as disappointment weighs her down.

The rejection letter floats in the wind until it hits the lawn sign of "Elect Nixon in 1960." As the wind sweeps the letter away, MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. NEW HAVEN - DAY

A graffiti of "Dick Head" smeared on "Re-Elect Nixon" and "Richard Nixon & Spiro Agnew in 1972" signs. Unsatisfied by the graffiti, a Hippie girl kicks a sign to knock it down.

This is Yale where the spirit of Woodstock and Haight-Ashbury makes its last stand. The Hippie girl walks past...

...THE WASHINGTON POST box. She pulls out an October 10, 1972 edition with the headline of "FBI Finds Nixon Aides Sabotaged Democrats" by Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein and "Supreme Court to deliberate on *Roe v. Wade*."

HIPPIE GIRL
Nixon's an asshole.

The NEW HAVEN REGISTER box shows headlines of "Former US Senator and Yale Alum Prescott Bush Dead" and "New Haven Court Acquits Black Panthers Bobby Seale and Ericka Huggins."

EXT. YALE LAW SCHOOL - DAY

Students-- one half dressed to rule the world and the other half dressed to turn on, tune in, drop out-- enter...

INT. LAW SCHOOL LIBRARY - DAY

JOE LIEBERMAN, 30, stands by the entrance of the main reading room and hands out flyers to law students passing by.

JOE LIEBERMAN
Vote me for State Senate. Joe
Lieberman, Law School Class of '67.
(to an attractive co-ed)
Joe Lieberman for State Senate.

The co-ed takes the flyer and dumps it in a trash can. Lieberman sighs. And as this attractive co-ed walks off...

...a VIKING of a man slows down to watch her. He has a full mane and a six inch beard. And he towers over Lieberman.

JOE LIEBERMAN
Are you a registered voter in New
Haven? Vote for me for Connecticut
State Senate. I'm Class of '67.

Lieberman sticks out a flyer but the Viking's eyes move to--

A TABLE full of books, legal briefs, and folders

where a diminutive ROBERT REICH, 27, scribbles furiously on a notepad. The Viking's eyes shift away from Reich and land on the girl writing over what Reich just wrote. She is--

A blonde girl whose face is hidden behind an awful haircut and a hideous pair of COKE-BOTTLE glasses. Her tie-dyed T-shirt has a faded "AuH2O" on it. She's the valedictorian of the "look-like-shit school of feminism."

The Viking smiles, seeing a beauty in her that others will never see. Perhaps sensing a glance, Coke-Bottle looks up--

--just as the Viking redirects his attention to Lieberman.

VIKING

Sorry...

(looks at the flyer)

Joe Lieberman. I'm not registered in New Haven. But if you ever run in Fayetteville, you got my vote.

Coke-Bottle grabs a Reich-edited paper and adds her own notes in green ink. Judging by her edits, Coke-Bottle is a control freak, practically writing everything herself.

VIKING

Why don't you ask that girl? The one Robert Reich is tutoring.

JOE LIEBERMAN

Actually, she's tutoring him.

VIKING

(genuinely shocked)

No way. Reich's summa cum laude and a Rhodes scholar.

JOE LIEBERMAN

Yes way. But she's a Republican. She interned for Gerald Ford.

VIKING

How do you know?

Coke-Bottle looks up. The Viking turns away barely in time. Then he peeks back, now fascinated on a whole new level.

JOE LIEBERMAN

Everyone knows. She was in LIFE magazine.

(MORE)

JOE LIEBERMAN (CONT'D)
 (re: her AuH2O T-shirt)
 Look. She was a Goldwater Girl.

VIKING
 I bet ya I can get her to switch sides.

JOE LIEBERMAN
 Yeah, right. And George McGovern's going to be President.

Coke-Bottle looks up again, certain she was being watched.

VIKING
 Who's your campaign manager?

JOE LIEBERMAN
 I don't have one.

VIKING
 Now you do.

JOE LIEBERMAN
 I can't pay you.

VIKING
 We'll think of something.

The Viking wraps his arm around the sligher Lieberman. He tries to sneak a peek at Coke-Bottle when she catches him.

She SLAMS her book shut, rises, and STORMS UP to the Viking. She's half-angry, half-irritated, and fully urgent.

COKE-BOTTLE
 If you're going to keep looking at me, and I'm going to keep looking back, we might as well be introduced.

We now get a full look at the woman who extends her hand.

COKE-BOTTLE
 I'm Hillary Rodham.

Her piercing gaze leaves the Viking speechless as we...

ROLL CREDIT SEQUENCE to Carly Simon's "You're So Vain."

- A U.S. map with the Equal Rights Amendment up for ratification across 50 states. Superimpose images of liberated women who picket for equal rights.

- Various WASHINGTON POST headlines of Woodward and Bernstein stories on the escalation of the WATERGATE SCANDAL.
- Photo snapshots of BILL CLINTON and HILLARY RODHAM in their Yale days. Each photo showing their progression as a couple and, mercifully, them ditching their Woodstock looks.
- Nixon winning re-election over McGovern by the widest margin in U.S. history despite the cloud of Watergate.
- NEW YORK TIMES headlines of increasing protests over Nixon's policies in Vietnam forcing Nixon to end the Draft.
- Another headline of "Supreme Court rules 7-2 in favor of Roe. Abortion is Woman's Right, Chief Justice Burger claims."
- Equal Rights Amendment loses momentum, heightening the feminist movement across the country. And police must separate the religious Pro-Lifers (mostly men) from the increasingly militant Pro-Choicers (all female).
- TIME magazine cover of Nixon. "How Much Did He Know?"
- two business cards. One reads WILLIAM J. CLINTON, Assistant Professor, University of Arkansas. The other reads HILLARY DIANE RODHAM, Children's Defense Fund, Washington, D.C.

END TITLE SEQUENCE but the song melody continues...

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - MORNING

Establishing shots of the White House where journalists gather outside the gates to do their daily stories on Watergate or the Middle East conflict.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

"You had me several years ago when
I was still quite naive...
We made such a pretty pair."

The voice la-la-las some of it. Not quite sure of the words.

TV REPORTER

(into the camera)

Today marks the fifth day of
attacks by the Egyptian and Syrian
forces on the Israeli-held Sinai
Peninsula and Golan Heights.

A few blocks away, **HILLARY RODHAM**, 26, approaches a building with CHILDREN'S DEFENSE FUND as a tenant. She uses a rolled-up newspaper as an imaginary microphone.

HILLARY

"And that you would never leave
But you gave away the things you
loved and one of them was me."

TV REPORTER (V.O.)

The conflict began when the Arab
Coalition attacked Israel on Yom
Kippur, the holiest day for the
Jewish people.

With a salon hairstyle, subtle make-up, and a pencil skirt,
Hillary is very feminine and sexy even if she doesn't think
so. And she hates that she has to dress up like this when she
would much rather be in a simple floral dress and sandals.

HILLARY

"I had some dreams, they were
clouds in my coffee. Clouds in my
coffee, and..."

But today, Hillary doesn't have a care in the world. Heck,
she doesn't care if she can't sing like Carly Simon. Yeah,
screw Carly Simon. Because this song ain't about her.

INT. CHILDREN'S DEFENSE FUND - DAY

Hillary sneaks down the hallway, passing a wall clock of
7:05. Seeing an open door to an office in her way, she...

...opens a compact and uses the reflection to peer into the
office. MARIAN WRIGHT EDELMAN, a mid-30s black woman of
strength and dignity, concentrates on a legal brief.

Hillary scurries past the door and to her cubicle. She's the
second person in the office and that's still too late.

IN HER CUBICLE

She sets down the October 10, 1973 edition of *The Washington
Post*, opens up her Rolodex, and dials a number.

HILLARY

This is Hillary Rodham from the
Children's Defense Fund. May I
speak to Congressman O'Neill
please?

The Rolodex is opened to the business card of Thomas "Tip"
O'Neill with a hand-written note of "Majority Whip Leader."

HILLARY

Of course I know what time it is. Listen, it's much cheaper for him to talk to me now than to talk to Mrs. Marian Wright Edelman later.

(beat)

Yes. Thank you.

She's put on hold. So she skims the Post with the headline of "VP Agnew Accepted \$30,000 in bribes."

HILLARY

(faux-polite)

Congressman O'Neill. How are you doing this morning?... Yes, the Middle East situation is terrible...

(flips through the paper)

With Golan Heights and Sinai. Especially during Yom Kippur and Ramada...

(looking closer)

Ramadan. Rah-mah-dan. I meant Rah-mah-dan... Yes, I know. One's a holiday and the other's...

(trying too hard)

...like a Holiday Inn.

She cringes at her own bad joke. We pan across her cubicle wall. Framed diplomas of Wellesley (political science) in 1969 and Yale Law School in 1973. As we continue...

HILLARY

I wasn't trying to make light of the situation. Sorry. Mrs. Edelman would love to have you as the keynote speaker for our fundraiser during the Head of the Charles regatta... Cambridge, of course, your congressional district.

... a photo of Bill and Hillary at Yale, another photo of Hillary Rodham and House Minority Leader GERALD FORD, and, finally, the NASA rejection letter. The letter hangs at her eye-level as if to taunt her every single second.

HILLARY

Yes, thank you. Yes, yes, I'll definitely study up on the Middle East. Thank you so much.

She hangs up. She looks at the next name on the To-Call list. "George Bush, Chairman of the Republican National Committee."

She slumps her head against the desk. She doesn't want to make this call. She picks up the phone and dials as...

...Marian enters this larger office. She refills her coffee. Then she pours the pot into Hillary's *First United Methodist Church* mug. Four cubes of sugar and a little cream.

HILLARY (O.S.)

(assertive)

Chairman Bush please. This is Hillary Rodham from the Children's Defense Fund.

(controlled anger)

He's not available? Is he not available because the Republican National Committee doesn't care about children or because he doesn't care?

Marian stands by Hillary's cubicle and sets the mug down. Marian mouths and gestures "I'll leave you alone." She gives Hillary a reassuring thumb-up before she leaves.

HILLARY

Can I inform the Post that Chairman Bush will be at the Children's Defense Fund charity event this Sunday? His counterpart, Chairman Robert Strauss of the Democratic National Committee, already pledged five thousand dollars. Surely, the RNC has deeper pockets than--

The faint dial-tone of an open line becomes a series of beeps. Hillary hangs up. She stares at Bush's business card.

HILLARY

You can do this. You can do this.

She picks up the phone, gets a fresh dial tone, and dials the rotary phone in earnest. Ugh.

INT. LOCAL BAKERY/DELI - DAY

Hillary eyes the baked goods in a glass case while Marian looks up at the board menu of sandwiches. Through the store window, we notice a theater marquee of *Deep Throat*. Theaters of this era played XXX films alongside *Love Story* and *A Clockwork Orange*. These were innocent times.

MARIAN

How did you get the RNC Chairman to agree to the fundraiser?

HILLARY

That's a trade secret, Marian. The only way to enjoy a hot dog is by not seeing how it's made.

Hillary gestures to a tray of pies inside a glass case. The theater and a gas station reflect off the glass...

HILLARY

Are these your famous peach pies?

BAKERY CLERK

Yes, ma'am. Would you like one?

Looking past Hillary, the clerk notices the gas station with Self-Serve gas at 33.9 cents and Full-Serve at 35.5 cents.

HILLARY

Do you have any deformed ones?
Maybe in the back kitchen?
(off the clerk's look)
You know, leftovers. The ones the staff usually takes home.

BAKERY CLERK

Why would you want those?

MARIAN

I know what's going on. Bill's visiting this weekend, isn't he? And you're trying to pass these pies as your own. But these are too store perfect.

HILLARY

Marian, that's outrageous.

MARIAN

I'll tell you what's outrageous. You baking only one pie for Bill when you clearly made a few more for your co-workers.
(smiling at the clerk)
She'll take three more of your ugliest pies from the kitchen.

Hillary shakes her head in mock disgust as she takes out a ten dollar bill to pay for four \$2 pies.

MARIAN

Is that sort of how you got George Bush to agree to the fundraiser?

HILLARY
I learned from the best.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Half the bar patrons (men in suits) watch the evening news while the other half watch the MLB playoff game between the Baltimore Orioles and the Oakland Athletics. A patron nudges his friend and points to the front door. *Check her out.*

Hillary just entered. She scans the restaurant for a familiar face among the sea of men in power suits and the occasional women who accompany them. Then she singles out a voice.

BILL (O.S.)
Hope, Arkansas is the home of the
world's largest watermelon!

Hidden behind a giggling waitress is **BILL CLINTON**. No longer sporting the Viking look, Bill has an aw-shucks charm about him and an easy smile. And the way he looks at you makes you feel like you're the most important person in the world.

BILL
They're the firmest, juiciest
melons I ever laid my eyes on.

Hillary beelines to his booth and sits down. She shoots the waitress a look to force her away.

<p>HILLARY (quick, territorial kiss) Sorry I'm late, honey.</p>	<p>WAITRESS You're too much, Bill. I'll get one more beer for your girl.</p>
---	--

Hillary eyes Bill but he smiles her off with his casual charm. She grabs the beer from Bill's hand and drinks it.

BILL
Hey darling, the Razorbacks won
today. Let's get married.

HILLARY
Oh Bill, our wedding announcement
won't even make the back pages.

BILL
It might be front page news in the
Arkansas Democrat.

HILLARY
I mean a real paper like the
Washington Post.
(MORE)

HILLARY (CONT'D)

Did you read today's? Woodward and Bernstein are bigger than Simon and Garfunkel.

She sips the beer, not noticing that Bill might be serious.

BILL
Maybe I mean it this time.

HILLARY
(not hearing him)
My bra's itchy. I think it's the wires.

BILL
Then don't wear them.

HILLARY
You'd like that, wouldn't you?
Betsey wants me to have Beach Blanket Bingo Boobies.

BILL
Betsey? Betsey Wright from the Austin campaign?

HILLARY
She thinks I need to have torpedo titties like Annette Funicello.
(looks down at her chest)
What do you think, honey?

BILL
I think you have great things ahead of you.

Thrown off by his response, she laughs. He laughs back in that inviting way of his. The laughs fade to a lingering smile. Just when Bill thinks he can steer the conversation--

OUTSIDE, news vans zip across Pennsylvania Avenue and head toward the White House.

HILLARY
What do you think that's about?

BILL
I don't care.

HILLARY
Sure you do. That's the White House.

BILL
I didn't come here for a tour. I came to spend time with you.

Hillary looks at Bill. He's very serious. *Can he really mean what he said?* Behind them, the TV screen cuts from the ALCS game into BREAKING NEWS.

Bill takes a deep breath. She smiles. But in this quiet moment, we hear Walter Cronkite in the background.

CRONKITE (O.S.)

We now go live to the White House where Vice President Spiro Agnew will announce his resignation.

BILL

So what do you think?

HILLARY

(notices the TV)

Um, about what?

BILL

Us getting married.

She's trying to ignore the TV screen as VP AGNEW announces his resignation. (We don't need to hear the entire clip. Just know that this historical moment distracts Hillary.)

HILLARY

And what about the teaching job at the law school?

BILL

I can put in a word for you to Dean Davis.

HILLARY

Bill, I'm not movin' to Arkansas. I meant your classes, your students.

BILL

I have to finish out the academic year. But in the summer--

HILLARY

You'll move up here?

Off his nod, she reaches for his hand. She wanted this for so long and it's finally happening. As she caresses his hands...

HILLARY

D.C. bar exam's much harder than the one in Arkansas. You can't just show up and expect to pass.

BILL
 (mysterious smile)
 Maybe I won't be a lawyer.

SPIRO AGNEW (ON TV)
 I take leave of you tonight,
 my friends, in that same
 sober but trusting spirit...

Distracted by the TV, Hillary pulls her hand away from him.

HILLARY
 You know what this means, don't
 you? House Speaker Carl Albert's
 next in line to be President. Then
 President Pro Tempore, Mississippi
 Senator James Eastland.
 (smiles)
 Both Democrats.

BILL
 (gives up for now)
 Then Secretary of State Henry
 Kissinger.

HILLARY
 He'll never be President.

BILL
 Because he's Jewish?

HILLARY
 Because he was born in Germany.
 It's unconstitutional.
 (a thought occurs)
 How do you think Pat Nixon feels
 about all this?

BILL
 The First Lady?

HILLARY
 Do you know any other Pat Nixon?

BILL
 Not yet.

People leave their booths to move to the bar to watch the TV
 screen. Hillary wants to follow them but can't.

HILLARY
 After Eastland, it's Treasury
 Secretary George Shultz. Then
 Defense Secretary Schlesinger.
 Attorney General Elliot Richardson.

BILL

There's nothing more romantic than talking about the Presidential order of succession.

HILLARY

Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz.

BILL

Lots of assholes, not enough Butz.

HILLARY

Are you being funny?

BILL

Apparently not. Can we talk about something more important, like us?

HILLARY

Just a second. Then Secretary of Commerce Frederick Dent and Labor Secretary Peter Brennan.

BILL

No. Interior is before Commerce.

HILLARY

Bill, don't correct me. Then it's Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare Casper Weinberger.

BILL

Pills. Books. Food Stamps.

HILLARY

Secretary of Housing and Urban Development James Lynn and Secretary of Transportation Claude Brinegar. And that's it.

BILL

Oh thank god.

Everyone left their dinner to watch the TV because this is Washington. All except Bill and Hillary.

HILLARY

When Truman bombed Hiroshima, do you think he consulted with Commerce Secretary Henry Wallace or Interior Secretary Harold Ickes?

BILL
 Hiroshima sounds good right now.
 (off her glare)
 Harold Ickes Junior and I ran
 Operation Pursestrings together.
 (recalls the debauchery)
 Good times, good times.

HILLARY
 Who gives a shit about Harold Ickes
 Junior, Bill?

BILL
 No need to add tobasco to
 your language, darlin'.
 (off her question)
 Is this what you and Betsey
 talk about every day?

HILLARY
 Do you think Truman talked
 about Hiroshima over with his
 wife Bess?

HILLARY
 Who do you think has more say in
 the Oval Office? First Lady Pat
 Nixon or Secretary of Housing and
 Urban Development?

BILL
 For what? Curtains? Rugs?
 (off her sharp look)
 Pat Nixon.

HILLARY
 But she can't be President
 because...

BILL
 (afraid to say it)
 She's a woman?

HILLARY
 Exactly! Thelma Catherine Patricia
 Ryan Nixon is the First Lady. And
 Richard Milhous Nixon is the
 President. What's the opposite of
 First Lady?

BILL
 I dunno. Second Lady? Last Lady?
 (her look: try again)
 First Man? First Husband?

HILLARY
 You don't know because it doesn't
 exist. What's the female equivalent
 of Mr. President?

BILL
Mrs. President.

HILLARY
Wrong. Mrs. President is someone who's married to Mr. President. If we got married, people will call me Mrs. Clinton even if I want to be called Rodham.

BILL
About that--

HILLARY
Did you know that both *Miss* and *Mrs.* are derived from "Mistress?" Women need a title that shows we don't belong to a man.

BILL
How about Mizz? M-S. Mizz.

HILLARY
Like the magazine?

BILL
What magazine?

HILLARY
The one started by Gloria Steinem. Ms. It hurts my lips just sayin' it. Do you know any Mizz? Other than Mizz Gloria Steinem.

BILL
Ms. Ferraro. Geraldine Ferraro.

HILLARY
Who? Anyway, Miss Rodham's fine for now but someday...

She looks out toward the White House. There's chaos outside but all she sees is the mansion beyond the gates.

HILLARY
You think a woman can be President?

BILL
I think you can. You're what this country needs. And...
(sly grin)
There's nothing I'd love more than to be under you, Ms. President.

He stares at her with such intensity and sincerity that she can't help but believe. And she wants him. Now.

HILLARY

Sara's out of town tonight. And I baked peach pie.

Bill plops a five dollar bill on the table. Hillary and Bill hurry out of the booth and head toward the exit.

INT. HILLARY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A modest home of someone who uses this place primarily to catch her daily 5 hour sleep. We hear scratches and thuds on the front door until it finally opens--

Bill and Hillary devour each other, moving toward the kitchen until he presses her against the wall. He fumbles with her blouse as she pelts him with kisses all over. Then she sees--

--her PHONEMATE ANSWERING MACHINE, a ten pound wooden box with reel-to-reel tape. She presses PLAY even as--

Bill tears off the buttons of her blouse. As he buries his head into her cleavage...

FIRST MESSAGE (V.O.)

Hi Hillary, it's Betsey. I talked you up to everyone at NWPC.

BILL

NWPC?

HILLARY

(trying to focus on Bill)
National Women's Political... something. Not important.

FIRST MESSAGE (V.O.)

They want to meet you on Monday. Gloria Steinem, Shirley Chisholm, Betty Friedan, and Myrlie Evers.

BILL

The widow of Medgar Evers?

HILLARY

She can wait. I can't.

FIRST MESSAGE (V.O.)

Call me as soon as you get this.

Hillary pulls Bill's shirt off but it's stuck around his neck. She cannot wait, kisses his chest and stomach.

SECOND MESSAGE (V.O.)
I'm not sure if I have the right
number. This is Shelly Lowell. I'm
trying to reach Professor Clinton.

HILLARY
Who's Shelly?

Bill pulls the shirt off of him, meeting Hillary's gaze.

BILL
Not important.
(off her look)
The department secretary.

SECOND MESSAGE (V.O.)
I apologize for calling but
you told me to contact you at
this number in case of an
emergency.

Bill pulls away from Hillary. The only thing he notices is
the answering machine and a peach pie next to it.

SECOND MESSAGE (V.O.)
Former Assistant Attorney General
John Doar wants you to call him
right away. He said it's a matter
of national importance. His home
number is 202-555-8273.

Hillary blocks his path to the phone. She wants him. Now.

BILL
Honey, it's a matter of national
importance.

He cuts himself a slice of pie and dials. And as he waits, he
takes a bite of the pie and gives a thumbs-up.

BILL
This is delicious. Did you make it?
(into the phone)
Yes, Mr. Doar? This is Bill Clinton
returning your call... Of course, I
remember. You judged the Barrister
Union Prize Trial that Miss Rodham
and I performed at Yale Law.
(smiling)
Thank you, sir. I was relieved when
the jury acquitted Rick Blaine of
Victor Laszlo's murder, too.
(looks at Hillary)
Miss Rodham deserves most of the
credit. I barely did anything...
Yes sir, I'll pass along the
message next time I bump into her.

Bill pulls her closer and wraps his hand around her waist. But whatever Bill hears removes his playful mood. Hillary hits SPEAKER on the answering machine to listen.

JOHN DOAR (ON SPEAKER)
I've been appointed as the chief counsel for the House Judiciary Committee's inquiry for President Nixon's impeachment.

Hillary and Bill look at each other. This is serious.

JOHN DOAR
I'm forming a legal team and I want you to be on it.

BILL
This is a monumental challenge and honor. I don't know what to say.

JOHN DOAR
Say yes. Bill, you are my top choice from your Yale class. I want only the best and the brightest. And that is you.

Hillary forces a smile, happy for him yet slightly hurt.

JOHN DOAR
What I'm asking you is to join the staff that will conduct an impartial impeachment inquiry of a sitting President.

BILL
I know, sir. But I cannot.

JOHN DOAR
May I ask why?

Hillary's equally shocked. It takes all her self-control not to hit or yell at Bill. This is an opportunity of a lifetime!

BILL
Because I plan to run for Congress in Arkansas's third district against John Paul Hammerschmidt.

HILLARY
(mouthing, shocked)
Really?

JOHN DOAR
Really?

BILL

I believe Arkansas needs me more than Washington. Sir.

JOHN DOAR

Good luck, Bill. You were the first name on my list. So if you ever change your mind--

BILL

Then you'll be the first to know. Thank you, sir.

He hangs up before he could be dissuaded. Hillary's in shock.

HILLARY

You're running for Congress? You just turned down a chance to be on the House Judiciary Committee--

(stunned)

You're running for Congress? When the hell were you going to tell me?

BILL

I tried at the restaurant!

(calms himself)

I'm running because I want us to be together. You're the most amazing and brilliant person I've ever met and I'd be a damn fool to lose you.

(embraces her in his arms)

If I win, I'll have to move to D.C, wouldn't I? And you'll be sleeping with a Congressman.

HILLARY

You want to be in D.C?

BILL

No. I want to be with you.

He eyes her with such intensity that she feels naked, vulnerable, and aroused all at once. A seductive, penetrating gaze that makes her want to explode with pent-up desires.

HILLARY

I want you.

She leaps into his arms and wraps her legs around him. As their foreplay becomes more urgent--

RING. RING.

He grabs her wrists and pins her against the wall. Feeling so wonderfully submissive to his primal, masculine needs.

OUTGOING MESSAGE (V.O.)

You've reached Sara Ehrman and Hillary Rodham. We aren't in right now. If you need to reach Hillary, please leave a message or contact her at the Children's Defense Fund.

Bill and Hillary kiss each other all over. The answering machine tape rolls for a new message.

JOHN DOAR (V.O.)

Hello, Miss Rodham. This is John Doar calling. Perhaps you remember me from the Barrister Union Prize Trial at Yale six months ago.

She withdraws from the kiss, distracted by the call. But Bill pulls her face back in, forcing his lips on her.

JOHN DOAR (V.O.)

I recently accepted the position of chief counsel for the House Judiciary Committee.

Hillary gets off of Bill's embrace. She moves to the phone.

BILL

Don't get that.

JOHN DOAR (V.O.)

After speaking with Professor Burke Marshall, I decided to add his best former students to my staff.

Bill kisses the back of her neck, trying to rekindle the moment. But his touch, so inviting before, sickens her.

HILLARY

Don't... Don't touch me!

JOHN DOAR (V.O.)

You're my top choice for a position that I'd rather discuss directly... before I move down my list of candidates.

She shields her face from Bill, hiding the hurt that cuts inside. And it cuts deeper with each word. She shudders and shirks away from the once-gentle caress of his fingers.

BILL
 Hillary... darling. I'm sure we were both on top of his list. He knows we're a team.

JOHN DOAR (V.O.)
 Please call me at 202-555-8273. Miss Rodham, you're the first person I've contacted.

Her face quivers from the sting of the lies.

JOHN DOAR (V.O.)
 Please call me back as soon as you can. It's a matter of national importance.

She stares at the phone. CLICK. The call ends. A beat before--

BILL
 Let's calm down. I'm certain he--

She YANKS the phone cord from the wall socket.

HILLARY
 I'm not a consolation prize.

She marches past him to the bathroom and slams the door.

IN THE BATHROOM

She turns on the hot faucet on full blast. She leans on the sink and breathes in the steam. KNOCK, KNOCK.

BILL (O.S.)
 Hillary. Can you come out? Please?

She stares at the mirror and sees a woman who doesn't know whether she's hurt or angry. Or by whom. Bill, John Doar... herself? The steam fogs up the mirror.

On her side of the counter, cosmetic products of all types to hide her blemishes and to draw out her beauty. Bottles, sprays, scissors, razors, and tweezers to color, style, cut, shave, and pluck every hair on her body. Perfume scents to attract a man. And for what? To be a consolation prize?

On Sara's side of the counter, toothpaste and soap. A beat.

She swipes everything from her counter. Then slumps on the floor, so frustrated by the inequality of it all.

KNOCK KNOCK. The doorknob rattles. KNOCK KNOCK.

BILL (O.S.)
 Are you alright? Hillary?
 (beat)
 What are you doing? Are you okay?

HILLARY
 Go away! GO AWAY!
 (softens, pleading)
 Please, I just want to be alone.

And as she buries her head between her knees, DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NATIONAL MALL - DAY

An irritated Hillary hurries down the steps of the Capitol and walks toward the Washington monument on the horizon.

SARA (O.S.)
 Hillary, slow down. Hillary!

BETSEY WRIGHT, 30, and SARA EHRLMAN, 50, catch up with her. Betsey and Sara are her best friends in Washington. But lacking any tangible political future of their own, they seek to ride the Rodham Express as far as it will take them.

BETSEY
 Don't you want to wait for Bill?

HILLARY
 He can burn in Hell. He's just using me for the apartment.

SARA
 But I left town on Friday so--

HILLARY
 He isn't even using me for sex!

Hillary hurries toward the Washington Monument, not caring that a family of tourists heard her. Sara and Betsey avoid the cold stares of the parents and catch up to Hillary.

BETSEY
 Did you wear the Dici Wonderbra I bought you?

HILLARY
 Yes. The wires kept pushing my two small breasts to form one big one.

SARA
 That's what men want.

HILLARY
 They want one big boob right in the middle, Sara?

Hillary walks even faster, anger and frustration building with each step. Betsey and Sara practically jog to keep pace.

HILLARY

I thought he wanted to see me.

(re: the Capitol)

No, he wanted to see John Little McClellan and William Fulbright.

SARA

Who?

BETSEY

Senators from Arkansas. Democrats.

HILLARY

Bill wants their blessing and their endorsement. But did he want my blessing? No. No. No! He didn't even consult me.

Hillary grips the arm of Betsey. Tight. It hurts.

HILLARY

I'm not just a warm body that he can have his way with. I have needs, too.

SARA

Wait, what are your needs?

Hillary releases Betsey's arm. Takes a deep breath. Sighs.

HILLARY

Bill always said we were a team... We were in this together.

SARA

And you're not?

HILLARY

I don't know. I don't know what we are any more. He barely comes up to see me and when he does...

(sighs, looks at them)

I'm going off the pill. It's not worth the money or the trouble.

BETSEY

So you two didn't even have sex?

HILLARY

It depends upon what the meaning of the word "sex" means.

BETSEY

You don't know what sex is?
 (ignores Hillary's look)
 Like Linda Lovelace in *Deep Throat*.

She mimes the unzipping of a man's pants and whipping it out.

HILLARY

No. We were about to but he got a
 phone call of national importance.

Hillary's face tightens. On her quick feet, MATCH CUT TO:

INT. SOME BUILDING - DAY

Hillary, Betsey, and Sara step into an elevator. Betsey presses a button to close the door.

HILLARY

How can I take the job knowing that
 I was the second choice?
 (itemizes on her fingers)
 I had better grades than Bill. I
 took harder classes than Bill. And
 I did 80 percent of the work for
 the Barrister Prize. But John Doar
 gives Bill all the credit because--

SARA

He's a man?

This forces Hillary to stop and reflect. She softens.

HILLARY

No. That isn't fair to Bill.
 I'm just not as smart as him.

BETSEY

Stop it. Now you're fishing for
 compliments.

HILLARY

No. He is the most brilliant man
 I've ever met. Really.
 (admiring, frustrated)
 He makes the impossible look easy.
 I feel like a Sham running against
 Secretariat. It just isn't fair.

SARA

Is that your mind talking or your
 heart believing?

Before Hillary can answer, the door opens to reveal--

An open office with women working the phones, barking orders, and updating the political maps where women are running for office. This doubles as the National Women's Political Caucus headquarters and the publishing house of *Ms.* magazine.

BETSEY

You're no longer a Brownie. You just graduated to the Girl Scouts.

ACROSS THE ROOM, SHIRLEY CHISHOLM, 49, talks to a group of campaigners and volunteers.

HILLARY

Is that Shirley Chisholm?

BETSEY

The first black woman elected to Congress? Yeah, you'll meet her.

SARA

(her hands close)
She came this close to beating McGovern for the Democratic Nomination.

(widens her hands a bit)
But she's black.

(stretches her arms)
And a woman.

BETSEY

Who do you think we'll see in the Oval Office first? A black man or a white woman?

HILLARY

A woman. Definitely a woman.

BETSEY

Good. Let's go.

Betsey knocks on a door. Without waiting, she opens it to--

THE CONTROL ROOM

A think-tank of who's who of the Feminist movement. GLORIA STEINEM, BETTY FRIEDAN, BELLA ABZUG, and MYRLIE EVERS. They stop their strategy discussion and look toward the door. To an awestruck Hillary, they are Elvis and the Beatles.

BETSEY

Hillary, meet everyone. Everyone, meet Hillary Rodham.

(MORE)

BETSEY (CONT'D)
The first student commencement
speaker ever at Wellesley.

Betsey holds up a LIFE magazine with Hillary in it. (While this may not seem much now, it was a huge deal back then.)

BETSEY
The first Yale law student featured
in Life magazine. And...

Sara pops open the Phonemate Answering Machine and replaces the message tape from the one in her pocket. Hillary gasps.

HILLARY
Sara! That's private.

JOHN DOAR (ON TAPE)
You're my top choice for a position
that I'd rather discuss directly...
before I move down my list of
candidates.

GLORIA STEINEM
Ms. Ehrman, what is this?

SARA
Miss Rodham is not only the
youngest of the 44 lawyers
chosen for the House
Judiciary Committee to
impeach Richard Nixon but...

JOHN DOAR (ON TAPE)
Please call me at 202-555-
8273. Miss Rodham, you're the
first person I've contacted.

SARA
But one of only three women.

Now it's the feminists who look at Hillary as if she's the rockstar. Hillary feels overwhelmed yet flattered.

GLORIA STEINEM
Is this true, Ms. Rodham?

HILLARY
Sort of. Um, maybe.

GLORIA STEINEM
It's a yes or a no.

HILLARY
I haven't decided yet, Ms. Steinem.

GLORIA STEINEM
Yes or no?

HILLARY

Yes.
 (reassuring herself)
 Yes. YES!

BETTY FRIEDAN

Good. Nixon's an asshole.

Betsey places her arm around Hillary, partly because she's proud. Mostly because she wants others to know their bond.

BETSEY

Hillary Rodham will be a U.S.
 Senator someday.
 (dramatic)
 And our first Female President.

Off Hillary's forced smile from their adulating looks...

INT. DULLES AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

By baggage claim, family and friends greet each other with hugs and kisses. By ticket counters, others exchange bittersweet farewells. All around, unapologetic displays of love and affection except...

BILL

You're going to listen to Gloria
 Steinem and Betty Friedan over me?
 They're using you for their
 feminist agenda, nothing more.

...Bill and Hillary in a heated argument as he heads toward his gate. He walks faster than her to avoid her face.

HILLARY

No, Bill. I don't need anyone's
 permission to do what I want. It
 was my decision. It's my life.

BILL

I thought you weren't going to take
 Doar's offer. You said you didn't
 want the impeachment inquiry job.

He catches himself shouting. He lowers his voice and temper.

HILLARY

No. I didn't want to be the
 consolation prize. To you.

BILL

I think you're making a
 terrible mistake.
 (off her anger)
 Forget it.

Bill walks off in disgust. She catches up and grabs him.

BILL
Go ahead. Plan your entire life
without me... Christ!

HILLARY
What, Bill? I need your permission
to live my life? Is that it? But
you can run for Congress without
consulting me, your girlfriend?

She tests his patience. Yet he forces himself calm.

HILLARY
That's the kind of life-changing
decision we should've talked about.
You said we were a team. That was
your promise to me when we started.

BILL
That's not why I came up here.

HILLARY
Then why did you?

BILL
I came to see you!!

Others notice them. Some pull down their newspapers with
headlines of "Agnew Pleads No Contest" and "Nixon Nominates
Gerald Ford for Vacant VP." Bill pulls her to a corner.

HILLARY
Let go! Don't touch me.

BILL
I love you but you drive me up the
wall sometimes.

HILLARY
What the hell does that mean?

He shakes his head in defeat. But then she softens a
little... until he can talk to her again.

BILL
I meant what I said at the
restaurant. And I meant it when I
asked you at Lake Ennerdale. You
treat it like a joke but I meant it
every time I said it.

HILLARY

Meant what? The marriage?

BILL

Yeah! I came up this weekend because I want to marry you. I'm running for Congress because I want to be with you. Everything I do, I do because I love you.

HILLARY

You're so full of shit, Bill. You'll say anything to put the blame on me.

That does it. He whips out a ring box from his pocket and forces it on her. Hurry up and open it, dammit!

She opens the box and sees a modest ring. Yet it's the most beautiful thing she ever laid her eyes on. She's stunned.

BILL

Do you believe me now?
(she musters a nod)
This isn't how I wanted to do it
but you leave me no choice.

He holds her hand. Behind them, the passengers start to board their flight.

BILL

Every holiday weekend, every dime I make, every free moment, I spend trying to be with you. But...
(shakes his head)
But you have your whole life planned. You know exactly what you want to do and how to do it. And that's why you're so incredible and why I love you. But...

Only when he lifts the ring out of the box does Hillary finally look him in the eyes.

BILL

But where do I fit in your plans?

It's all so sudden. She didn't prepare for this. A beat.

BILL

Do you love me?

HILLARY

Yes, I think so. Yes, yes.
(convinces herself)
Yes, I love you more than I thought
I was ever capable of.

BILL

Then marry me.

He holds the ring an inch away from her finger. Her fingers clench. Yet she is afraid to withdraw her hand from him.

BILL

Don't you want to marry me?

HILLARY

I, I don't know.

Bill deflates in defeat. He pulls the ring away.

BILL

I have a plane to catch.

He grabs his bag. But she clings to his arm.

HILLARY

Don't go. Let's talk this over.
Please, Bill. Don't go.

BILL

Then give me the one answer to make
me stay. Please say yes. I love
you, Hillary. Say you'll marry me.

She shakes, unable to speak. Her world crumbles in the most wonderful yet devastating way. Her heart wants to say yes. But her mind calculates the ramifications. She doesn't know.

BILL

I'm not going to ask again.
(off her silence)
Good-bye, Hillary.

He frees his arm, grabs the bag, and walks to his gate.

She stares at him, hoping... praying he'll turn around. But he doesn't. He wants to. But how can he when she doesn't feel the same way about him?

No, he can't. He's making the right decision. He hands the ticket to a flight attendant and boards his flight.

And just like that, Bill is gone from her life.

We hold on her. She's trying to hold it together, aware that others witnessed all of this. On her conflicted face...

EXT. RODHAM HOUSE IN CHICAGO - DAY

We stand in front of "The Rodhams" sign on the door before it swings open. HUGH RODHAM, early 60s, notices us.

HUGH RODHAM
Hillary! What are you doing here?

HILLARY
Hello, Daddy.

Hillary smiles. She gives her daddy a hug. Judging by how they do it, this is not normal for either of them.

HUGH RODHAM
Well, come in, come in.
(shouts upstairs)
Dottie! Hillary's home.

DOROTHY RODHAM, mid-50s, comes out of her room. Upon seeing Hillary, her face lights up. She hurries down the stairs.

DOROTHY RODHAM
Hillary! Oh my baby!

Dorothy embraces Hillary. Warmer, more natural. Hugh takes Hillary's bag upstairs.

DOROTHY RODHAM
Oh look at you, honey... You must
be tired and hungry.

Hillary nods, holding her smile as she watches her father climb up the steps. Then she looks at her mother.

Her mother's smile fades. She knows something's wrong.

Yet Hillary keeps up her smile. Holding it until Hugh carries her bag into her old room and disappears.

DOROTHY RODHAM
What's wrong, dear?

Hillary struggles to keep the facade of a strong woman. But it's her mom. And moms always know.

Dorothy's eyes water, hurting for her daughter.

Hillary weeps. She promised herself she wouldn't. But she can't help it.

DOROTHY RODHAM

Oh Hillary.

Dorothy pulls Hillary into her embrace, holding her daughter as she has always done. Hillary sobs shamelessly as Dorothy holds her baby girl.

We pull away from the Rodham house to find American flags on neighborhood lawns and yellow ribbons tied around oak trees to honor their loved ones in Vietnam. And on that...

CUE "Tie A Yellow Ribbon Round The Ole Oak Tree" as...

A SERIES OF IMAGES AND NEWS FOOTAGES

- US Air Force unleash bombs in North Vietnam.
- Yet another soldier coming home in a coffin.
- Led by nuns, Vietnam War protestors stage a kneel-in in front of the White House.
- Aerial and ground attacks in the Middle East. As American troops help the Israeli forces...
- Newspaper headlines of OPEC Arab Nations passing an oil embargo against the U.S.
- Long lines at the gas pumps. Gas over 60 cents per gallon. Odd number license plates fill up on odd days. Even number plates on even days. No fill ups on Sundays.
- Gloria Steinem and Betty Friedan rallying supporters for Equal Rights Amendment.
- Dan Rather reporting on Watergate for CBS News before cutting away to Walter Cronkite.
- Secretary of State Henry Kissinger taking over foreign policy decisions of Vietnam and Middle East.

And as political unrest escalates, the song fades away.

INT. CHILDREN'S DEFENSE FUND - DAY

MARIAN (O.S.)

How comfortable are you with the fund-raising process?

FEMALE INTERVIEWEE (O.S.)

I organized a campaign dinner for Senator Muskie last year. Five hundred dollars a plate.

Hillary approaches Marian's open office. She takes a deep breath to work up the courage...

MARIAN (O.S.)

Five hundred?! And how do you feel about raising money for children?

FEMALE INTERVIEWEE (O.S.)

I serve on the education boards of my daughters' school.

Hillary KNOCKS and enters, interrupting Marian's interview with a 36 year-old woman who has the air of calmness and self-assurance without a hint of arrogance or entitlement.

FEMALE INTERVIEWEE

You must be the woman whose job I'm hoping to taking over.

Confused and a bit surprised, Hillary turn to Marian.

MARIAN

John Doar called me yesterday.
(forcing a smile)
Congratulations. It's a great honor... I'm sorry. This is Dr. Madeleine Albright. Dr. Albright--

DR. MADELEINE ALBRIGHT extends her hand toward Hillary.

DR. ALBRIGHT

Hillary Rodham, right? I was at Wellesley for your Class of '69 commencement speech.
(shaking hands)
My class reunion. Class of '59.

HILLARY

It's a pleasure to meet you, Dr. Albright.

MARIAN

I assumed you would take Doar's offer so I made a few calls.

HILLARY

I, I don't know. I wasn't Doar's first choice.

Marian and Albright exchange a look. Then a subtle nod.

MARIAN

Do you think I am anyone's first choice?

DR. ALBRIGHT
 Life's not about being the first
 choice. Prove to him and everyone
 else that you are the best choice.

Dr. Albright's conviction forces Hillary to nod. She doesn't even realize it at first. But then Hillary fully agrees.

Marian slides Hillary's church mug into view. She then puts it in her top drawer.

MARIAN
 As long as your mug's here, you'll
 always have a job at the Children's
 Defense Fund.

HILLARY
 Thank you, Marian.

Marian extends her hand for a good-bye. But that doesn't feel adequate. So she gets up and gives Hillary a hug.

MARIAN
 Make us proud. And never lose sight
 of why you came to Washington.

Hillary nods as Marian's words slowly sink in.

EXT. UNITED STATES CAPITOL - DAY

The Capital police guard THE CONGRESSIONAL HOTEL within the campus that holds the House Office Buildings.

INT. CONGRESSIONAL HOTEL - DAY

The police and the FBI have overtaken the entire lobby. They check everyone entering and leaving the hotel.

BERNARD NUSSBAUM, late 30s, enters one of two checkpoints where an FBI AGENT gesture him to open his bags.

FBI AGENT
 Do you have any cameras or
 recording devices?

BERNARD NUSSBAUM
 No. Do you?

Unamused, the FBI agent yanks the newspaper tucked under Nussbaum's arm. As the agent flips through the pages...

BERNARD NUSSBAUM
It's just a newspaper.

FBI AGENT
I'll be the judge of that.

...we linger on the headline of "SATURDAY NIGHT MASSACRE:
Nixon fires independent prosecutor Cox; Atty General
Richardson and his deputy resign in protest."

BERNARD NUSSBAUM
I can keep my clothes on, right?

The FBI Agent shoots him a look before returning his
belongings. Nussbaum enters the elevator lobby as...

...Hillary enters the checkpoint. The FBI Agent blocks her
path because she must be at the wrong place.

FBI AGENT
Miss, this is a restricted area.

HILLARY
I should hope so.

Hillary hands over a purse to a policeman. But he doesn't
bother to check it because she's clearly in the wrong place.

FBI AGENT
Who are you here to see?

HILLARY
John Doar. I'm on his legal
committee. Hillary Diane Rodham.

The FBI Agent looks at his list of names. A beat before he
gestures the policeman to check her purse.

FBI AGENT
Can I see some identification?

She pulls out her Illinois driver license. The woman in the
photo is hidden behind a hideous hair style and coke-bottle
glasses. The FBI Agent doesn't see the resemblance yet.

FBI AGENT
Um, do you have another form of ID?

Frustrated, Hillary grabs her purse from a policeman and
pulls out her hideous glasses. She puts it on and then
ruffles her hair to turn into that awkward woman once again.

FBI AGENT
 (stifling a smirk)
 Have a nice day, Miss Rodham.

The FBI agent allows her through. More lawyers, all male and older than Hillary, enter the building for their new job.

JOHN DOAR (PRE-LAP)
 The last time Congress tried to impeach a sitting President was in 1868 against Andrew Johnson for his attempt to remove Secretary of State Edwin Stanton from the Cabinet.

INT. HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

JOHN DOAR, 50, tall, lean, and fit, stands next to two CONGRESSMEN in their early sixties. They face over forty lawyers, from late 20s to mid-40s. These lawyers are the brightest minds from the best schools and they know it.

JOHN DOAR
 Congress had no legal precedent for impeachment except for a poorly worded Office of the Tenure Act that Supreme Court later ruled as unconstitutional.

As Doar talks, we pan across the faces of each lawyer, ambitious and sizing up each other already.

JOHN DOAR
 (in Hillary's direction)
 What we endeavor to do is to create a formal and fair legal process.
 (re: the two Congressmen)
 Democratic Congressman Peter Rodino and Republican Congressman Edward Hutchinson of the House Judiciary Committee oversaw the formation of this assembly.

John Doar moves toward the front row where the older lawyers, including Bernard Nussbaum, are seated.

JOHN DOAR
 I have only three rules. First, check your ideology and politics at the door. I don't care if you voted for Nixon or McGovern. I don't even care if you didn't vote. We will focus only on facts and the law.
 (MORE)

JOHN DOAR (CONT'D)

(pacing the room)

Second, outside of this hotel, you will keep your mouth shut. That means no talking to reporters, friends, families, or wives.

(noticing a female lawyer)

Or husbands.

He pulls out a set of index cards and taps them on his arm.

JOHN DOAR

No document shall leave this hotel. At the end of each day, you will put your findings into these index cards. One fact per index card. No more, no less.

A few lawyers look at each other. *Is he serious?*

JOHN DOAR

Third, we will respect the office of the Presidency. Richard Nixon is our current President and will be addressed only as President Nixon, Mr. Nixon, or Mr. President. Any objections?

He walks over to a board that shows an organizational chart: Congressmen Rodino and Hutchinson are heads of the House Judiciary Committee to Impeach the President. Below them is John Doar. And below him are SIX SENIOR STAFFERS who each must manage SIX LAWYERS. In total, 43 lawyers.

JOHN DOAR

You will be paired up. One Democrat and one Republican. You will check and proof each other's work to ensure objectivity and fairness.

John Doar points to three large ovals where most of the names are placed, including Hillary's in the second oval.

JOHN DOAR

First group will conduct constitutional and legal research. Your job is not only to look back at past impeachments but also executive privilege. But executive privilege does not mean that any one man, even the President, is above the law.

Off Doar's nod, Congressman Rodino flips over the chart to reveal a new one with NIXON at the center.

Lines connect him with various individuals of CREEP (Committee to Re-Elect the President) and ODESSA (Organization Directed to Eliminate the Subversion of the Secrets of the Administration).

JOHN DOAR

The other teams will investigate the Watergate Hotel break-in and... The "plumbers." Nixon's men from CREEP and ODESSA who were hired to plug the White House leaks.

On this new chart, photos are labeled with names like CHARLES COLSON, G. GORDON LIDDY, E. HOWARD HUNT. Solid lines link them to White House staffers H.R. HALDEMAN, JOHN ERHLICHMAN, and JOHN DEAN. Dotted lines connect them to the CIA, RAND, the Pentagon, and Miami. This is impossibly complicated.

JOHN DOAR

And we'll track the emoluments. Any questions?

Hillary stares at the chart. Like others, she has a million questions. But she dares not ask. However, one of two other women in the room does.

JOHN DOAR

Yes. Sorry, I forget your name.

FEMALE LAWYER

Terry Kirkpatrick from University of Arkansas. What's an emolument?

A few men snicker and look at each other. *Of course. A woman from the backwoods state school.*

JOHN DOAR

Compensation. Pay. Stipend. Perks. We'll follow the money trail. Any other questions?

FEMALE LAWYER

Yes. Just one more. Are we supposed to use fancy Ivy League legalese all the time or can we speak in plain ole American?

The room explodes with laughter. Even the stoic John Doar exchanges a chuckle with the Congressmen. More importantly, Hillary notices how this lady won over the room with her effortless Southern charm. *Good to know.*

INT. HOTEL - DAY

Hillary walks through the hallway where mattresses and bed frames lean on the walls. She enters--

A HOTEL ROOM

Converted to an office with two desks, whiteboards, and stacks of books and files. She plops her bags on the desk with a view of the Capitol Hill. As she is about to sit...

WELD (O.S.)
I'll arm-wrestle you for it.

WILLIAM WELD, 28, enters. Golden hair, dashing good looks, and tall and muscular frame. He won the genetic lottery.

WELD
Maybe paper-scissor-rock?

He flashes his playful smile. As he extends his arm...

WELD
Hi. I'm William Weld.

...she whips out her arm with a "rock" fist when he was merely offering a handshake (which looks like "paper").

HILLARY
(embarrassed, one-upped)
I'm Hillary Rodham.

They shake hands. He sets his bags on the second desk.

KNOCK KNOCK.

Nussbaum and two policemen, each carrying boxes, enter. The policemen set theirs down and leave. Nussbaum waits until they are fully gone before relaxing a bit.

NUSSBAUM
I'm Bernard Nussbaum. Not only will I be overseeing your efforts but I also brought over a few presents.

Nussbaum pulls out a Sony TC-800B recorder from his box. Then pops a reel tape into it.

HILLARY
What is this?

NUSSBAUM
You'll see.

Nussbaum presses PLAY. The reel rolls and...

JOHN DEAN (AUDIO)
The resources that have been put
against this whole investigation to
date are really incredible.

WELD
My god? Is that White House
Counsel John Dean?

JOHN DEAN (AUDIO)
It's truly a larger
investigation than was
conducted against the after
inquiry of the JFK
assassination.

NUSSBAUM
It gets better.

H.R. HALDERMAN (AUDIO)
Isn't that ridiculous though?

JOHN DEAN (AUDIO)
What is?

HILLARY
And that's White House Chief
of Staff H.R. Haldeman.

H.R. HALDERMAN (AUDIO)
This silly ass damn thing.

Weld opens the second box. More tapes.

NUSSBAUM
Former White House Chief of Staff
Haldeman and Former White House
Counsel.

THIRD VOICE (AUDIO)
Yeah.

HILLARY
Who was that?

Nussbaum grins. It can't be... can it?

H.R. HALDERMAN (AUDIO)
That kind of resources against--

THIRD VOICE (AUDIO)
Yeah. For Christ's sake!

WELD/HILLARY
Nixon.

Weld and Hillary tear open the third box. More tapes, each
carefully marked. And a letter from Congress.

NUSSBAUM

Special Prosecutor Jaworski fought hard for these tapes. Let's hope they are worth the bloodshed.

RICHARD NIXON (AUDIO)

Goldwater put it in context, he said "Well, for Christ's sake, everybody bugs everybody else." We know that.

NUSSBAUM

Transcribe these tapes. Don't screw up. It's only the fate of the Presidency at stake.

H.R. HALDERMAN (AUDIO)

Yeah. I bugged--

RICHARD NIXON (AUDIO)

Well, it's true. It happens to be totally true.

Nussbaum stifles his wry grin and walks out.

WELD

Goddamn, we're going to bring down the President.

Hillary grabs a pen and index cards as the tape continues.

RICHARD NIXON (AUDIO)

We were bugged in '68 on the plane and bugged in '62, uh, even running for Governor. God damnedest thing you ever saw.

Weld rewinds the tape to start from the very beginning. Hillary and Weld share a look, a spark between two ambitious lawyers who are about to make history.

INT. GREASY SPOON DINER - NIGHT

Sara enters the near empty diner and spots Hillary and Betsey at the counter. Sara holds some mail and magazines, including an envelope from the D.C. Bar Association.

SARA

Here's your mail for this week.
(re: the D.C. bar one)
Congratulations, HDR. You're officially one of them now.

Betsey peeks and sees the envelope. Ho-hum, another accolade for Hillary. Sara hands over the mail and then wedges herself in Betsey's stool, forcing Betsey to slide one stool over.

...the first issue of *Ms.* of cartoon and caption of "WONDER WOMAN FOR PRESIDENT." A handwritten note of "Ms. Rodham, you are a superhero for women. - Ms. Steinem."

BETSEY
(moving down the list)
Weld. Weld. Weld.

SARA (O.S.)
Bill is a Rhodes scholar though.

BETSEY (O.S.)
Big fuckin' deal. Rhodes doesn't
accept women.

SARA (O.S.)
Neither does Harvard.

Finally, the DC Bar Association. Hillary takes a breath and tears it open. And she finds...

BETSEY (O.S.)
Fine. A tie then. Fair?
(next item)
Boston or the Ozarks. Birthplace of
the American Revolution or the
birthplace of moonshine?

...a letter informing her that she failed the D.C. bar exam. Hillary is shocked. This must be a mistake. Has to be!

Betsey tears off the sheet and hands it to Hillary who quickly buries the rejection letter and recovers.

BETSEY
The voting's unanimous. Weld would
be a much better First Lady.

Her friends have checked Weld's name on nearly everything.

HILLARY
You two are ridiculous.

Hillary folds up the list inside her bar exam rejection letter. She shoves her mail into her purse and gets up.

BETSEY
Let's hit up a few D.C. bars since
you passed the big one.

HILLARY
Sorry. I have to go back to work.

BETSEY

Oh, I see. Running off to see your new boyfriend.

SARA

Ask William Weld if he's Ryan O'Neal from *Love Story*!

Hillary shoots her a look before heading toward the exit.

EXT. HOUSE OFFICE BUILDINGS CAMPUS - DAY

Hillary and Weld, each carrying boxes, walk a few paces behind Doar, Nussbaum, and JOE WOODS as they approach the Congressional Hotel. In fact, they're far enough back from the senior lawyers to carry their own private conversation.

HILLARY

Just admit that you're Oliver Barrett in *Love Story*.

WELD

I refuse to dignify that remark.

HILLARY

Barrett Hall in Harvard Yard. Weld Hall in Harvard Yard. C'mon.
(semi-quoting the movie)
Yeah, you're the guy that owns Weld Hall.

Ahead of them, the Capital police push journalists from the curb to allow the Doar lawyers to enter the hotel.

WELD

(playing along)
I don't own Weld Hall. My great grandfather happened to give it to Harvard.

HILLARY

Let me ask you this. When they filmed *Love Story*, what building did they use for Barrett Hall?

WELD

Weld Hall.
(off her victorious grin)
Tell ya what. We'll go see it next weekend and I'll prove to you scene by scene how I'm not Ryan O'Neal.

HILLARY

Deal. My friends think your family came over on the Mayflower.

WELD

Actually, they sent the servants over on the Mayflower to get the cottage ready.

The journalists push their way to John Doar and his lawyers.

JOURNALIST ONE

Can you tell us what's on the Watergate tapes?

JOURNALIST TWO

When can we expect Nixon's impeachment?

WOODWARD (O.S.)

Mr. Doar, can you tell us more about the missing minutes on the Watergate tapes?

BOB WOODWARD pushes himself in their path, cutting in front of Hillary and Weld as if they don't exist.

DOAR

Your source is misinformed, Bob. There are no missing minutes.

Doar hurries toward the building. Woodward keeps pace, now facing Joe Woods who walks ahead of Hillary and Weld.

WOODWARD

So you buy the White House excuse that Nixon's personal secretary accidentally deleted them.

(to Joe Woods)

Isn't it a conflict of interest that you're the brother to Nixon's secretary and on this committee?

JOE WOODS

You have the wrong Joe Woods.

WOODWARD

(mutters, writes on pad)

Senior Counsel Joseph A. Woods, Jr. affirmed that he is indeed not Joe Woods of the FBI and the brother of Rose Mary Woods.

BERNARD NUSSBAUM

Fuck off, Woodward.

WOODWARD

(mutters to annoy them)
Bernard Nussbaum, who served in the
Justice Department under Kennedy,
just told this Washington Post
reporter to fuck off.

(approaches Hillary)
How does it feel to be the Jill
Wine Volner of the Impeachment
Inquiry Committee...

(a stab in the dark)
Miss Terry Kirkpatrick?
(off Hillary's grin)
Who are you then? Give me a clue.

HILLARY

Get a *Life*, Bob.

Hillary and Weld follow their bosses into the building.

INT. CONGRESSIONAL HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Sequestered from the media circus outside, Doar twitches his
lips. That's about as much display of anger he will show. He
now notices that Hillary is wearing a skirt.

JOHN DOAR

Miss Rodham, you'll wear suitpants
from now on. I will not have the
press mistake you for Miss Volner.

Doar grabs the box from Hillary's hands and walks off.

NUSSBAUM

Don't worry. You're nothing like
Jill Wine Volner.

That... was not a compliment. Hillary looks at her outfit.
From this day forward, she will always wear suitpants.

INT. HILLARY AND WELD'S OFFICE - DAY

Weld and Hillary tack index cards on the wall that serves as
a Watergate timeline from June 17, 1972, the date of the
Break-In and Arrest of five men associated with CREEP.
Meanwhile, Nixon's private recording plays in the background.

Weld tacks an index card labeled "Tape 162" above the
timeline date of 8/30/72.

HILLARY

That's not right, Will. Halderman mentions indictments against Hunt and Liddy.

WELD

Oh, you're right.

Weld re-tacks the card above "9/15/72," the indictment date of the five "WH Plumber": James W. McCord, Frank Sturgis, Bernard Barker, Eugenio Martinez and Virgilio Gonzalez.

Hillary tacks an index card of "TAPE 251" between 1/11/73 (when Howard Hunt pleads guilty) and 1/15/73 (Barker, Gonzalez, Martinez and Sturgis plead guilty).

She stares at the length of the timeline with lots of *Time* covers of Nixon and index cards. She shakes her head.

HILLARY

Our job would be so much easier if Woodstein told us who Deep Throat is.

WELD

If Woodstein told us who Deep Throat is, we'd be out of jobs.

Weld tacks another index card above "1/30/73" when Nixon aides Gordon Liddy and McCord are convicted of conspiracy, burglary, and wiretapping. Staring at the timeline...

WELD

It's like clockwork when a Nixon aide gets arrested, fired, or is forced to resign.

HILLARY (O.S.)

How do you mean?

WELD

Two days after Woodward and Bernstein drop a new bombshell or when Nixon makes the cover of *Time*, someone always takes the fall.

(re: names from timeline)

White House Counsels John Dean and Ehrlichman. White House Chief of Staff Haldeman. Attorney General John Mitchell. Vice President Spiro Agnew.

(re: 10/20/73)

And the Saturday Night Massacre.

He turns and notices Hillary holding index cards an inch from her face. That's how she reads without glasses.

HILLARY

We should ask Peter Rodino or Tip O'Neill to re-subpoena Nixon for the missing 18 and a half minutes.

WELD (O.S.)

We should get you glasses.

Weld has been watching her the entire time. A beat. She pulls out her glasses from her purse. She hesitates before she puts them on. He bursts into laughter.

WELD

They're hideous!

Weld approaches her, pulls the Coke-bottle glasses off her face, and puts them on his face.

WELD

How do I look?

HILLARY

Like a cross-eyed Ryan O'Neal. How do I look?

WELD

Like a Monet painting.
(pulls off the glasses)
I think I have vertigo.

They laugh, each person's chuckle filling the silence. Their laughs die but their gaze remains fixed. A tense beat.

HILLARY

(suddenly uncomfortable)
I'm going to get coffee. Want any--

WELD

No. I'm, I'm good. I should transcribe tape 472 anyway.

Weld withdraws to the box of tapes. Hillary hurries out--

INT. HOTEL - DAY

--to the hallway. She fidgets and folds her arms to stifle her sudden nervousness. She walks down the hallway until--

INT. REFRESHMENT ROOM - DAY

A hotel room converted into a kitchen. Tables laid out with donuts, fruits, and sandwiches. And Terry Kirkpatrick waits by the coffee machine that pours a fresh brew.

HILLARY

Hey, Terry. You're from University of Arkansas in Fayetteville?

TERRY KIRKPATRICK

And you're from Yale in New Haven.

Hillary forces a smile to ease her lingering nervous energy.

HILLARY

You're just the second person I've met from Arkansas.

("sudden" thought)

Maybe you know him. He's a professor there.

TERRY KIRKPATRICK

I doubt it. It's a big school.

The coffee pot is now full. Terry lays out four empty cups.

HILLARY

Bill Clinton.

TERRY KIRKPATRICK

Professor Clinton?

(smiling fondly)

Yeah, he's quite the ladies man.

HILLARY

Oh really?

Terry fills each cup with coffee and sugar. Her smile linger.

TERRY KIRKPATRICK

Of course! The first thing he tells you is Hope grows the world's biggest watermelons. Next he tells you he'll be President someday.

President? Bill never told her this.

HILLARY

Small world.

(off Terry's nod)

(MORE)

HILLARY (CONT'D)

I noticed you get *The Arkansas Traveler* and *The Democrat* delivered here. Do you mind if I look through them when you're done?

TERRY KIRKPATRICK

Oh, why?

HILLARY

I like the Razorbacks.
(changing topic)
Are you going to drink all that?

TERRY KIRKPATRICK

No but Mr. Jenner and Mr. Cates wanted coffee.

HILLARY

Making coffee's not your job.

TERRY KIRKPATRICK

I don't mind.

HILLARY

But I do.

Hillary yanks the coffee pot from Terry and puts it back. She whips out an index card and writes something. Then she sets the index card on the coffee machine. It reads:

WOMEN WERE NOT HIRED TO MAKE COFFEE!!!!

Hillary smiles proudly. But Terry shakes her head.

TERRY KIRKPATRICK

We can't all be Hillary Rodham.

HILLARY

What's that supposed to mean?

TERRY KIRKPATRICK

Not everyone appears in *Life* magazine out of college or gets mentored by Gloria Steinem and Betty Friedan.

HILLARY

You're being ridiculous.

TERRY KIRKPATRICK

Am I? You delivered the Wellesley commencement speech. I deliver coffee to the senior counsel and type up their notes.

(MORE)

TERRY KIRKPATRICK (CONT'D)
 (not jealous or bitter)
 Mr. Doar trusts you with the
 Watergate tapes. I know my place.

HILLARY
 You should never think that way.

TERRY KIRKPATRICK
 But I do. And you don't. That's why
 you're Hillary Rodham and I'm not.

Angered yet flattered, Hillary hurries out of the room.

She storms down the hallway and KNOCKS on a door.

JOHN DOAR (O.S.)
 Come in.

INT. DOAR'S OFFICE - DAY

Hillary marches in and finds John Doar looking through stacks
 of Congressional folders.

JOHN DOAR
 Done with the tapes, Miss Rodham?

HILLARY
 No. Almost.

Noticing Hillary's firm posture, Doar sets down his pen.

JOHN DOAR
 What's on your mind?

HILLARY
 When you offered Bill Clinton the
 associate counsel role, did you
 know that he called you from my
 apartment?

JOHN DOAR
 No.

HILLARY
 I know Bill was your top choice.
 But I will work harder, I will work
smarter than everyone else to prove
 to you that I was your best choice.

JOHN DOAR
 Your relationship with Bill--

HILLARY

We don't have a relationship.

John Doar takes a moment to soak all this in. A beat.

JOHN DOAR

You feel you can handle the workload, Miss Rodham?

HILLARY

I know I can.

JOHN DOAR

Good.

(re: his pile)

Go through this. And join Nussbaum, Woods, and me for coffee tomorrow at seven sharp.

Hillary stares at the stack. She wasn't prepare for this.

JOHN DOAR

Is that fair, Miss Rodham?

HILLARY

I won't make you coffee.

JOHN DOAR

That's not why I chose you.

EXT. CONGRESSIONAL HOTEL - NIGHT

As "CHELSEA MORNING" (Bill and Hillary's song) plays...

We move from window to window. All dark and empty except a ROOM where Woods and Nussbaum are in a heated discussion.

And THE NEXT ROOM where John Doar and Peter Rodino type up some memo with Congressman Rodino's letterhead. Then--

HILLARY'S OFFICE. She pores over the Congressional files. They are boring as shit, especially after midnight. She takes a break to flip through *The Arkansas Democrat* until--

A small blurb about a University of Arkansas law professor announcing a run against incumbent John Paul Hammerschmidt. The article doesn't mention the Democratic challenger's name.

She cuts the article, puts it in a box with other clippings and photos of Bill, and buries the box in her desk drawer.

EXT. CONGRESSIONAL HOTEL - MORNING

A rooftop view as the sun rises. We see all the famous landmarks from here, including the Capitol a block away.

INT. HILLARY AND WELD'S OFFICE - MORNING

Weld finds Hillary asleep on her desk, her head pressed against a newspaper. He nudges her. Then shakes her.

WELD
Wake up, Yalie.

She stirs awake. She pulls the newspaper off her face. Half of the article about Clinton is smeared on her cheek.

HILLARY
(re: a Watergate tape)
Ben Stein's voice put me to sleep.

WELD
(wiping his own face)
You got some...

HILLARY
(wiping her drool)
What time is it?

WELD
Ten minutes to seven.

HILLARY
Shit, shit, shit!

Hillary starts to unbutton her blouse. Then stops herself.

HILLARY
Turn around.

Weld turns and stares at her reflection on the room mirror until he's met by her icy glare. He shuts his eyes.

Hillary grabs a dry-cleaned suit from the closet. But as she removes her clothes, she looks up to find him grinning.

Now fully changed, she grabs the Congressional folders and heads for the door. But Weld grabs her arm.

HILLARY
I'm late for a meeting.

WELD
Hold on. Your face.

Weld licks his fingers and wipes the ink off her face. She catches her reflection in the mirror.

Hillary hurries into the bathroom, comes back out with a wet towel, and wipes her face as she runs out. Weld smiles. She's so charming in her own crazy way.

INT. DOAR'S OFFICE - DAY

Doar, Nussbaum, Woods, and Hillary sit around a coffee table. Hillary nurses her fifth coffee cup to stay alert. Doar knows how overextended she is. But he either doesn't care or wants to push her to her breaking point.

DOAR

Bernie is drafting a memo outlining the procedures for impeaching a President.

(re: Joe Woods)

And Joe is listing the standards of evidence required to trigger an impeachment.

(re: Hillary)

Gentlemen, Miss Rodham feels that we haven't given her enough work.

Nussbaum and Woods smile like drill sergeants on the first day of boot camp.

EXT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS BUILDING - DAY

Doar marches a few steps ahead of Hillary who wears heels and carries two boxes. If she hastens her pace, he does, too.

JOHN DOAR

(rapid, quizzing her)

Who was the first federal official impeached?

HILLARY

William Blount, US Senator. 1799.

JOHN DOAR

Who was the first impeached official removed from office?

HILLARY

New Hampshire Judge John Pickering.

(gasping, buying time)

Removed on March 12, 1804.

JOHN DOAR

Wear shoes next time.

John Doar climbs up the granite steps. Hillary keeps up.

HILLARY

You told me to dress more feminine.

JOHN DOAR
Feminine yes. Feminist no. Can you
handle that, Miss Rodham?

HILLARY
Yes. Can you?

Doar stops dead in his tracks. Off her smile, he finally
cracks a grin. He grabs one box from her.

HILLARY
Where are we going?

JOHN DOAR
You'll see.

INT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS CORRIDOR - DAY

Doar and Hillary walk through a claustrophobic hallway where
each room feels like a medieval jail cell.

JOHN DOAR
When was President Andrew Johnson
impeached?

HILLARY
That's a trick question. First
attempt was made on November 21,
1867. But the measure failed 57 to
108. And the second attempt--

JOHN DOAR
Okay, okay. Shut up, Rodham. You
know your impeachment history.

INT. RESEARCH ROOM - DAY

A dozen researchers, including Yale Professor VANN WOODWARD,
look up and stare at Doar and Hillary by the entrance.

HILLARY
Professor Woodward?

JOHN DOAR
Good. You know each other.
(to Vann Woodward)
Hillary Rodham was recommended by
your colleague Burke Marshall.
(to Hillary)
Vann Woodward was recommended by
Professor Burke Marshall.

WOODWARD

Nice to see you again, Hillary.

Off Hillary's confusion, Woodward looks toward Doar who nods.

WOODWARD

Mr. Rodino authorized a report that will detail the responses of all 36 presidents to charges of misconduct including accusations of high crime and misdemeanors. From George Washington to Lyndon Johnson.

JOHN DOAR

You will be the liaison between Professor Woodward and myself. Any questions, Rodham?

HILLARY

Yes. What is this for?

JOHN DOAR

We're building a case in the event of a stalemate between Congress and the White House.

(off her look)

We will take this to the Supreme Court.

Finally, she is overwhelmed by the historical weight of the impeachment. But she nods to accept the Atlas task.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

The Doar lawyers gather around a TV to watch the evening news. (An actual clip or something like below)

NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)

While President Nixon fights for his political life at home, Secretary of State Kissinger has mediated a cease-fire between the Israelis and the Arab Coalition in the Middle East...

The lawyers break into a cheer, toasting each other with beer bottles. Weld looks around for a familiar face as...

INT. HILLARY AND WELD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

...Hillary scribbles on an index card, one of hundreds that she has done. And she has several hundred more to go.

WELD (O.S.)
 Let's have a drink. Kissinger just ended the October War.

HILLARY
 You go ahead, Will. I still have some work left.

Weld pulls a flat, wrapped present from his desk drawer.

WELD
 First, you stood me up for *Love Story*. Now you're standing me up for a drink. What must a Harvard boy do to take a Wellesley girl out for a drink?
 (offering the gift)
 Happy birthday, Hillary.

HILLARY
 How'd you know it was my birthday?

WELD
 Deep Throat.

They laugh. She unwraps the present to find a vinyl record.

WELD
 It's a compilation of this year's greatest hits... of sorts.
 (off her look)
 One drink. Or else I'll tell everyone it's your birthday.

EXT. CONGRESSIONAL HOTEL ROOFTOP - NIGHT

A full moon. Hillary walks out of the stairwell and finds a record player and a bottle of wine on a table.

Weld pours wine while Hillary puts the needle on a record. A beat before Nixon's voice pours out of the speakers.

JOHN DEAN (AUDIO)
 We have a cancer within, close to the presidency, that's growing. It's growing daily. It's compounding.

WELD
 I took the best parts of the Watergate tapes. A souvenir of our time together.

HILLARY
 This is the best present a girl can ever have. Thank you, Will.

Will and Hillary toast their wine glasses. And as we hear the secret recordings of Nixon and all the President's men...

NIXON (AUDIO)

I really need a son-of-a-bitch like Huston who will work his butt off and do it dishonorably. Do you see what I mean? Who will know what he's doing and will—I want to know, too. And I'll direct him myself.

...Hillary's smile fades. She sets her glass on the ledge.

HILLARY

We're going to bring down Nixon, aren't we?

Hillary and Weld stare out toward the landmarks. The Capitol. The Washington Monument. And The White House.

WELD

We have to. Nixon is a cancer to democracy.

HILLARY

Yeah... America deserves better.
(ironic, self-pitying)
Politics is a great job if not for all the politics.

Weld nods. They stare at the full moon over the White House.

WELD

Jack, Bobby, Dr. King... They left us with Richard Fuckin' Nixon.
(beat, in JFK accent)
We choose to go to the moon in this decade and do the other things, not because they are easy, but because they are hard.

They don't see Terry Kirkpatrick approaching them.

WELD/HILLARY

Because that goal will serve to organize and measure the best of our energies and skills, because that challenge is one that we are willing to accept...

They draw closer to each other for that inevitable kiss. He wants to. She expects it.

WELD

One we are unwilling to postpone,
and one which we intend to win--

TERRY KIRKPATRICK

Hillary! You got a call.

Terry realizes she interrupted a moment. Hurries to leave.

TERRY KIRKPATRICK

I'll just take a message.

HILLARY

Who is it? Who called?

TERRY KIRKPATRICK

Bill Clinton...

(hesitant)

He called to wish you a happy
birthday.

Off Weld's look, Hillary freezes. Weld or Clinton? The
present or the past? Right here, right now or...

WELD

Who's Bill Clinton?

Hillary avoids his look and walks toward the stairwell. He
looks at Terry who doesn't reply. But he knows the answer.

INT. TERRY KIRKPATRICK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Hillary walks in and spots the phone receiver resting on the
desk. She grabs it and is about to talk...

YOUNG WOMAN (ON PHONE)

It's Friday night, Bill. Let's get
a drink at the Gas Lite.

ANOTHER WOMAN (ON PHONE)

C'mon, Professor. Let's go!

BILL (ON PHONE)

Hold on, hold on!

BILL (ON PHONE)

I have to wish a special lady
friend a happy birthday. I'll catch
up with you later.

YOUNG WOMAN (ON PHONE)

You have girls in every city.

Hillary cups the receiver. Noticing Terry at the door, she
waves Terry away. Off Hillary's conflicted look...

BILL (ON PHONE)
But she's the only girl I ever want
to marry.

ANOTHER WOMAN (ON PHONE)
I don't see you settling down.

BILL (ON PHONE)
For her I would.
(hint of sadness)
It doesn't matter. She said no.

Hillary doesn't know if Bill meant it or he's playing the sympathy card for his two companions. Hillary sets the phone down, walks out to the hallway, and shouts toward the room.

HILLARY
Terry, I can't talk for long. I
have a meeting with Mr. Doar in
five minutes.

She makes plenty of noise as she approaches the phone again.

HILLARY
Hello?

BILL
Hello, Hillary...
(off her cold silence)
I wanted to wish you a happy
birthday before the day was over.

HILLARY BILL
It's 10 minutes to midnight. Hold on, don't hang up.

From the other line, a saxophone plays "Happy Birthday."

HILLARY
Bill, BILL! I have work to do.

Bill improvises the tune that morphs into "Hail to the Chief." She giggles and hates herself for it. But she's also genuinely touched by the gesture. He has that effect.

BILL
Did ya like it, Madam President?
(off her non-response)
How you doing?

HILLARY
I have to get back to work.

BILL
 Right. Of course. I, I...
 (beat)
 Nevermind. Happy birthday, darling.
 For what it's worth, I think you
 made the right decision.

She senses defeat in his voice. This makes her feel awful.

HILLARY
 How's your campaign coming along?

BILL
 Terrific. I moved up from non-
 existent to irrelevant in the
 polls. Why just last week, I got
 booed off-stage at Fort Chaffee.

HILLARY
 I read about that in *The Democrat*.

BILL
 You did?

HILLARY
 Who schedules a draft dodger at a
 military base when the incumbent
 earned a Distinguished Flying Cross
 in World War Two? Your campaign
 manager is a fuckin' bastard.

BILL
 How would you run my campaign?

HILLARY
 I wouldn't convince voters why
 you're as good as John Paul
 Hammerschmidt. I would show them
 why you are different.

Hillary sits down and writes on a pad, biting the bait of
 political strategy that Bill cast in her direction. We stare
 at the wall clock that moves closer to midnight...

HILLARY (O.S.)
 Your supporters are the Kennedy
 Democrats. Those of us who grew up
 on Camelot and the New Frontier.
 Don't you have a picture of you
 with JFK in the Rose Garden?

BILL
 The Boys Nation one?

HILLARY (O.S.)
 Yeah. Get Paul Fray to leak it to
 the press. Make voters see that
 you're the next John Fuckin'
 Kennedy.

...and now the clock moves ahead several hours.

BILL
 Darling, I love it when you add
 tobasco to your language.

The clock moves ahead a bit more. Hillary has an entire
 speech written out on the notepad. SHE LOVES THIS.

HILLARY
 Hammerschmidt's one of the few
 Republicans still defending Richard
 Motherfuckin' Nixon. You have to
 attack your opponent on Watergate.

BILL
 But I know nothing about Watergate.

HILLARY
 I've forgotten more about Watergate
 than you'll ever know... Can I
 trust you to keep this between us?

BILL
 Of course. Doesn't this remind you
 of the McGovern campaign?

HILLARY
 No. He was a loser. You're not...
 (re: her notepad)
 From now on, don't improvise your
 speeches. This isn't law school.
 I'll send you a new one tomorrow--
 (looks at the clock)
 Today. Memorize it for the labor
 rally in Bentonville on Thursday.

BILL
 You know my schedule better than I
 do. Thank you, darling. Thank you.

The clock moves ahead again. They moved to Hillary's work.

BILL
 Have you looked at the other three
 House resolutions to impeach Nixon?
 Ones by Leo Ryan and John Conyers?

HILLARY

No. God, I forgot. How could I have been so stupid?

BILL

You aren't stupid. Hillary, you're the most brilliant person I know.
(he means it)
You just have been overworked.

Hillary nods, trying to settle her weary, tired nerves.

HILLARY

I wish you were here to proof my work like you used to.

BILL

I wish I was with you like we used to. I miss you.

Her eyes tear. The more she fights it, the worse it becomes.

BILL

We don't have to get married. But can we give us another chance?

HILLARY

I can't, Bill. I have so much work. And the House Judiciary Committee needs me and Mr. Doar--

BILL

I need you, Hillary. I don't want to lose you.

Hillary nods. She wipes her eyes and her nose.

BILL

I love you. I always have...
(pleading)
Don't you love me, Hillary?

HILLARY

I don't know. We're so different.
(over Bill)
I don't think we'll work.

BILL

I forced the marriage thing on you. It's my fault.

BILL

Listen. I'm going to count to a hundred. If you're certain you don't love me, hang up any time before I reach a hundred. Okay?

HILLARY

Okay.

BILL

Okay. One. Two. Three.

Hillary closes her eyes, just listening to his voice.

BILL

Four. Five... If you're certain you don't want to marry me, hang up any time before I reach two hundred.

HILLARY

Hang up before a hundred if I'm certain I don't love you, before two hundred if I'm certain I don't want to marry you?

BILL

Yeah. That's right. Got it?

HILLARY

I got it.

As Bill counts...

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - MORNING

The sun rises over the Potomac. The count reaches 99. A long beat before Bill counts 100. He continues counting as protestors gather in front of the White House.

EXT. CAPITOL HILL - MORNING

The count continues. The Doar lawyers file into the Congressional Hotel except Hillary who stayed up all night.

BILL (O.S.)

198. 199... 200... 201. Are you still there?

HILLARY (O.S.)

Yeah. Get some sleep.

BILL (O.S.)

Listen, darling. I'm going to count to three hundred. And if you are--

CLICK. She hangs up before he can coerce another concession.

INT. CONGRESSIONAL HOTEL BASEMENT GARAGE - DAY

Nussbaum steps in his car and unlocks the passenger door for Doar and the backseat for Hillary. But Doar approaches a LAWYER putting boxes into the trunk of a nearby car.

DOAR

What are you doing, Mr. Dixon?

LAWYER

My wife's in labor. I have to go.

DOAR

(pulls out a box)

And what is this?

LAWYER

Grand jury testimonies and Senate Watergate Committee transcripts.

(he's already so late)

I promise I'll get them summarized and filed by Wednesday.

DOAR

My god, what would happen if you were killed in a car accident? These documents will be leaked to the press.

LAWYER

But I'm a very careful driver.

Doar removes the boxes from the trunk as the lawyer's eyes plead to Nussbaum and Hillary.

LAWYER

Please, Mr. Doar...

DOAR

("you're fired")

I'm assigning your work to someone else. Go. Your wife's in labor.

Doar carries a box to Nussbaum's car. Nussbaum and Hillary avoid the lawyer's eye contact as they grab the other boxes.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

As Nussbaum drives the car toward the guarded gate, Hillary stares out, locking eyes with protestors, mostly there for Watergate and Vietnam. A few for Women's Rights. They all agree on one thing: Richard Nixon must resign.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

A White House aide (his nametag reads HENRY PAULSON) leads Doar and Nussbaum through the hallway. Hillary lags behind to admire the West Wing.

NUSSBAUM

First time in the White House?

HILLARY

Yeah.

(mutters)

I'll be back. I'll be back.

INT. ROOSEVELT ROOM - DAY

Hillary, Nussbaum, and Doar enter and find three White House staffers seated on one side of the table. They each have identical folders in front of them.

The first man is DONALD RUMSFELD (41), Counselor to the President. His role in Nixon's administration is vague yet so ubiquitous that Nixon gave him Cabinet status.

DOAR

Where's President Nixon?

DONALD RUMSFELD

He's finalizing the Middle East cease-fire with Dr. Kissinger.

(smirks at Hillary)

Nice to see you again, Miss Rodham.

She studies his face but has no idea who he is.

DONALD RUMSFELD

Donald Rumsfeld. We met when you interned for Gerald Ford in '68.

(to Doar, Nussbaum)

She didn't tell you she was the president of Wellesley College Young Republicans? Miss Rodham even worked Nelson Rockefeller's GOP campaign in '68.

HILLARY

That was a long time ago.

DONALD RUMSFELD

To a young lady, five years must seem like a lifetime. Nice to see you back in Washington, Hillary.

DOAR

Tip O'Neill assured us we'd be speaking with the President.

JAMES ST. CLAIR

We speak for the President.

The middle man is JAMES ST. CLAIR (53), the latest in the revolving door that is the White House Counsel.

NUSSBAUM

And who the hell are you?

JAMES ST. CLAIR

I'm James St. Clair, the White House Counsel to the President.

NUSSBAUM

Oh, that's right. Your last two predecessors are serving time. If I were you, I'd resign before taking the fall for this President.

JAMES ST. CLAIR

I believe my client to be a fair and a moral man. And he will be cleared of any wrongdoing.

NUSSBAUM

Maybe you'll get lucky and only get disbarred when this is all over.

The next man is ALEXANDER HAIG (50), in military uniform with four stars and ridiculous amounts of medals and decorations.

NUSSBAUM

And you must be the most decorated White House Chief of Staff in history, General Haig.

ALEXANDER HAIG

The White House wages many wars. At home and abroad.

Haig opens his folder. Rumsfeld and St. Clair follow suit.

HAIG

We looked through your committee report. And we need to separate the truths from these terminological inexactitudes before we can agree upon the impeachable offense you are seeking.

DOAR
Terminological inexactitudes?

HAIG
Yes, your calculated ambiguities.

ST. CLAIR
Lies.

DOAR
That's outrageous. What we have is
a pattern of flagrant abuse by the
White House.

Hillary pulls out a dossier and slides it over to Haig. It
includes transcripts of Nixon's Watergate tapes.

NUSSBAUM
Watergate is just the tip of the
iceberg. Wire-tapping, obstruction
of justice, concealments, misuse
and abuse of the executive power--

HAIG
(skims the document)
Do you have any proof that ties
your accusations directly to the
President?
(he knows they don't)
Our predecessors turned over every
document requested by the House
Judiciary Committee.

ST. CLAIR
And every recorded conversation by
my client from the Oval Office. And
you don't have enough to pursue
impeachment--

HAIG
(cuts St. Clair off)
What's your angle, Doar?

DOAR
I have no angle.

HAIG
Sure you do. You were a big man on
campus when Kennedy was President.
You miss that, don't you? You want
to be remembered as the man who
brought down Richard Nixon.

DOAR

And you want to run the White House
while Nixon hides from Watergate.

HAIG

At least we're being honest with
each other.

Rumsfeld leans forward to intermeditate between Haig and Doar.

RUMSFELD

The last thing any of us wants is a
drawn-out Congressional hearing
where we force our President to the
stand and exacerbate the public
perception of our government.

Rumsfeld slides the dossier back to Doar and Nussbaum.

RUMSFELD

Especially when America has such a
precarious position in the Middle
East, Vietnam, and China. We need
our President to be strong when
he's dealing with the Soviets.

DOAR

(slides the folder back)
We have enough evidence to prove
that Mr. Nixon committed an
impeachable offense.

Off Nussbaum's nod, Hillary writes "Discussion points of WH
meeting" on her notepad.

ST. CLAIR

Alright, Mr. Doar. Let's waste
everyone's time and tax dollars
then.

(to Hillary)

There's no need to take notes. We
will send you a recording.

HILLARY

We're being recorded?

ST. CLAIR

We record every meeting in the
Roosevelt Room.

INT. HILLARY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Hillary sits on the couch, talks on the phone, and has a checkbook out with a blank check to "William J. Clinton."

BILL (ON PHONE)

...so if you wouldn't mind sending five hundred, I'll pay you back as soon as the semester's over.

HILLARY

Uh-huh, okay. Listen to this.

(raises volume)

Every single one of Nixon staffers was afraid of us. Not me, of course. But John Doar definitely. And Bernie Nussbaum, too.

BILL (ON PHONE)

Even Alexander Haig?

HILLARY

Especially Alexander Haig. Listen.

She holds the phone to the Sony TC-800B recorder. (Haig: *"You just crossed the line between a legal case and a political cause, Mr. Doar. You want to bring down Nixon when I want to uphold the American Presidency. You want to take down one man when I'm trying to save the goddamn country!"*)

BILL

(as the recording plays)

It's the Western Union in Fayetteville.

HILLARY

I got it. Just listen to the tape.

(pauses the tape)

This isn't a campaign donation by the way. It's a loan. You have to pay me back by Christmas.

She plays the rest of the Haig speech and writes "-500" on her checkbook which lowers her account from \$589 to \$89.

BILL (ON PHONE)

(changing topic)

So you nailed Nixon.

HILLARY

No. We don't have any direct evidence. But they don't know that. And if they don't know that, maybe they'll make a deal.

BILL (ON PHONE)
 Maybe they do know.

HILLARY
 No, they don't.

BILL (ON PHONE)
 I think they do.

Hillary flips through her transcribed notes. Her temper rises by Bill's line of questioning.

HILLARY
 Trust me, they don't.

BILL
 Then you weren't listening.
 (off her shouting)
 No need to get mad, darling.
 I just think you--

HILLARY
 And you know this because you
 spend 120 hours a week on
 Watergate like I do, Mr.
 Rhodes Scholar?

HILLARY
 You can't balance your checkbook
 but you know all about Watergate?

BILL
 Can I explain without you cutting
 me off?... Hillary?

Hillary is beet red. She angrily scribbles out the last line of her checkbook. Then she tears the check to shreds.

BILL
 Promise not to get angry and I'll
 tell ya. Deal?

HILLARY
 Fine. Tell me.

BILL
 (still cautious)
 Rewind to the beginning. I think
 James St. Clair was trying to tell
 you something without saying it.

Grudgingly, Hillary rewinds the tape.

BILL
 St. Clair said that they turned
 over all of Nixon's tapes from the
 Oval Office.

HILLARY
 Yeah. What's your point?

BILL
He said "Oval Office." Not "The
White House."

Hillary plays the tape again.

ST. CLAIR (ON TAPE)
And every recorded conversation by
my client from the Oval Office. And
you don't have enough to pursue
impeachment--

HAIG (ON TAPE)
What's your angle, Doar?

BILL
Now fast forward a bit.

Hillary does.

BILL
Then he went out of his way
to tell you that you didn't
have to take notes of the
meeting.

HILLARY (ON TAPE)
We're being recorded?

ST. CLAIR (ON TAPE)
We record every meeting in the
Roosevelt Room.

BILL
St. Clair was trying to tell you
something without violating
attorney-client privilege.

HILLARY
Oh my god. Shit, SHIT, SHIT!!!

BILL
You have to subpoena Nixon's
recordings from the Roosevelt Room.

HILLARY
I fuckin' love you. I mean that. I
love you and I want to fuck you.

BILL
Great. Listen, I need the money by
Thursday or they'll cut off my--

HILLARY
I gotta go. Bye.

Hillary hangs up, grabs her bag, and storms out of the room.

INT. HILLARY AND WELD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Hillary bursts into the room and finds Weld at a desk with a typewriter. He smiles upon seeing her.

WELD

Well well well, if it isn't the teacher's favorite pet. Mee-ow.

HILLARY

Real funny, Ryan O'Neal.

She bumps Weld off the seat just enough that their hips press into each other. She inserts a House Judiciary Committee letterhead and types away. Weld sneaks a peek.

WELD

Oh, a subpoena. Against who?

HILLARY

Richard Motherfuckin' Nixon.

He relinquishes his seat so she can type in earnest.

WELD

Any relations to Richard Milhous Nixon?

HILLARY

One's an asshole. One's a dick.

WELD

That covers both ends of the man.
(off Hillary's smile)
Let me guess, Yalie. This is one of Doar's special projects that you can't tell me anything about.

HILLARY

Sorry, Harvard.

WELD

"Love means never having to say you're sorry."
(off her look)
You know, from the movie about my life we never saw?

HILLARY

Cute, Harvard. Real cute.

Weld picks up his jacket and bag. He lingers by the door to see if Hillary might look his way. But she doesn't.

INT. DOAR'S OFFICE - DAY

Hillary stands proudly as Doar reads her draft of the subpoena. He also holds the Roosevelt Room transcript with St. Clair's statements in highlights.

DOAR

This is brilliant. I can't believe we overlooked this.

(off her smile)

This is great work... And a load of horseshit.

Doar feeds the draft and the transcript into the shredder.

HILLARY

What are you doing??

From his top drawer, Doar pulls out phone records with "Washington, D.C. - Fayetteville, AR" calls in highlights. They were all placed in November, 1973 from 11PM to 4AM.

DOAR

Long-distance calls to Arkansas with tax-dollars. Registered mail using tax dollars.

Doar pulls out an Arkansas Gazette with the headline of "Representative Is 'Out of Step,' Clinton Charges."

DOAR

"William Clinton, a law professor at the University of Arkansas, said there was no question that an admission of making false statements to government officials and interfering with the FBI and the CIA is an impeachable offense."

Doar throws down the paper and explodes with rage.

DOAR

How the hell does he know more about this than most of my staff?

HILLARY

I, I don't know. He's very smart--

DOAR

Shut up. Just shut up!

Doar pulls out more newspaper clippings, phone records, and mail receipts to Fayetteville, Arkansas.

DOAR

I have more proof Bill Clinton is behind your work than I have of Nixon behind Watergate. Dammit, you're making me look like a fool.

She trembles, on the verge of a breakdown. Doar shakes his head in disgust. At her. At himself. At this whole situation.

HILLARY

Are you going to fire me?

DOAR

Arrest you is what I should be doing! But you're a goddamn woman. If I get rid of you, Gloria Steinem and Shirley Chisholm will shove their Feminist army up my ass.

HILLARY

I will not fail you again, sir.

DOAR

No, you certainly will not. Bill has no business in this committee. He passed up his chance.

(stares sternly)

You will keep your personal life separate from your professional one. And we will find a different way to get those tapes. Are we clear, Miss Rodham?

HILLARY

Yes, Mr. Doar. I'm sorry, sir.

DOAR

Get back to work, Rodham.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - DAY

Hillary bursts in, rushes to the faucet, and turns the hot water on full blast. She stares at her reflection before she rushes into a stall. She pukes from the stress.

INT. HILLARY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The phone rings. But Sara and Betsey lounge on the couch and watch late-night TV. Hillary comes out of the bathroom and shoves toiletry into her suitcase. She goes into her room.

After the answering machine's prompt, we hear Bill.

BILL (ON PHONE)
 Thanks for the loan, darling. But it doesn't feel right so I'll just send it back to you. If you're there, pick up...

BETSEY
 I bet William Weld never has to borrow money.

Hillary comes out of her room and shoves underwear into her suitcase. She pauses. *Should I answer the phone?*

BILL (ON PHONE)
 You must be at work. Call me later tonight so I can wire your money back. I miss you, darling.

Hillary drags her suitcase but stops in front of the TV. Blocking their view, she hands Sara a mail package.

HILLARY
 Can you drop this off at the post office tomorrow?

SARA
 What is this?

HILLARY
 Fresh socks and underwear. I just want Bill to know I care.

BETSEY
 If you really care, send him your underwear.

Hillary ignores their laughs and heads out of the apartment. The answering machine's outgoing message plays again as...

INT. HILLARY AND WELD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

BILL (V.O.)
 I won Hot Springs Teacher's Union endorsement today. And I rented a small office on Main Street.

Using scattered index cards on the desk, Hillary types a new document titled:

RESPONSES OF THE PRESIDENTS TO CHARGES OF MISCONDUCT
 An Authoritative History Requested by Counsel John Doar for the Impeachment Inquiry Staff Investigating Charges Against Richard M. Nixon.

BILL (V.O.)

I even have volunteers working the phones. Wait, they want to tell you something.

Hillary types "By C. Vann Woodward, Sterling Professor of History, Yale Uniber--"

YOUNG WOMEN (V.O.)

William Jefferson Clinton for Congress!

Irked by the women, Hillary makes a typo. Their singing of a *Bye Bye Birdie* song angers her more. She pounds the keys.

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.)

*We love you Clinton. Oh yes we do.
We love you Clinton. And will be true!*

INT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS RESEARCH ROOM - DAY

Hillary hands the typed manuscript to Vann Woodward. In return, his staffers hand her stacks of index cards. She forces a smile to feign appreciation.

INT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS MAIN READING ROOM - DAY

Hillary walks past occupied desks, mostly scholars and students immersed in academia. She finally finds a seat. She sits down and reads the index cards. We pan away...

BILL (V.O.)

I ran out of gas on my way to a fundraiser. So I used your loan to fuel my car and my tummy. But I'll send the rest back next week.

As time elapses, people around Hillary change. But she remains, focused on her task... even if she is dead tired.

BILL (V.O.)

(off machine's BEEP)

I need a new speech for the farmers co-op next week. I miss arguing with you. I've grown accustomed to your swearing...

A librarian walks past empty desks and shakes Hillary awake. Hillary is the only one left in this vast Rotunda.

LIBRARIAN
The library is now closed.

EXT. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE - DAY

A tinted sedan drives toward the main entrance where the press from the networks and newspapers wait.

DOAR (O.S.)
Enter through the garage.

INT. DOJ HALLWAY - DAY

A guide leads Doar, Woods, and Hillary to the office of "Leon Jaworski, Special Prosecutor" and "Jill Wine Volner, Assistant Prosecutor."

BILL (V.O.)
Hello, stranger. Thanks for the socks and underwear. Paul and Mary Lee Fray loved your cookies, too. I moved in with them to save some money. Every penny counts, right? I miss you terribly. Call me.

They enter and shake hands with LEON JAWORSKI, nearing 70 but still full of energy, and JILL VOLNER, 28, in a clingy business attire that reveals all her best features.

QUICK CUT TO: Hillary's answering machine that rolls tape.

BILL (ON TAPE)
I wish you were down here to have some of Ma's sweet potato pie and mashed potatoes. Happy Thanksgiving, my darling.
(pepping himself up)
Fuck Richard Nixon!

BACK TO the Impeachment committee and the Justice Department. Hillary notices how Jill Volner, only a couple years older, takes full charge of the room and has the men captivated.

JILL VOLNER
Nixon has refused every court order to release the additional tapes of his conversations by citing executive privilege.

JOE WOODS

His lawyers offered to have Senator Stennis review and transcribe the tapes in a private session.

JILL VOLNER

Everyone knows Stennis is fuckin' deaf. Nixon gives us no choice but to take this to the Supreme Court.

INT. HOUSE JUDICIARY COMMITTEE HEARING - DAY

Chairman Peter Rodino sits at the center of the panel with two dozen other Congressmen. He stares directly at...

...the White House table where PAT BUCHANAN, 36, sits between James St. Clair and Alexander Haig.

PETER RODINO

I was promised by Speaker of the House Albert and Vice President Ford that President Nixon would be present at the hearing today.

PAT BUCHANAN

We speak for the President.

PETER RODINO

And who are you?

PAT BUCHANAN

Pat Buchanan. I'm President Nixon's speechwriter. So I assure you, I do speak for the President.

Volner, Jaworski, Woods, and Doar sit at the Impeachment Committee table. Hillary is forced to sit behind them.

PETER RODINO

Then answer me this. Why does the President defy every subpoena ordering him to release all White House tapes and papers between himself and those indicted by the grand jury?

PAT BUCHANAN

Executive privilege, Congressman Rodino. It's a right guaranteed to the executive branch by the United States Constitution.

(MORE)

PAT BUCHANAN (CONT'D)

And that privilege is an absolute, unqualified Presidential privilege of immunity from judicial process under all circumstances.

Buchanan throws a disdainful look toward Doar, Jaworski, and others of the justice department and impeachment committee.

PETER RODINO

And let me assure you, Mr. Buchanan. Executive privilege is not mentioned in the Constitution.

This catches a smug Buchanan by surprise.

PETER RODINO

And executive privilege is just that. A privilege. Not a right.

JILL VOLNER

Having exhausted all legislative means, the Justice Department has no recourse but to take this matter to the Supreme Court.

(off Rodino's nod)

United States versus Richard Nixon.

HAIG

This is an outrage, Peter!

PAT BUCHANAN

Mr. Chairman, Mr. Chairman!

Amidst the chaos, Doar leans back toward Hillary.

JOHN DOAR

How's Professor Woodward's project coming along?

HILLARY

His staff recessed for winter break. And he needs another four months after that.

JOHN DOAR

Get it to me by March 15.

Off Doar's stern look, Hillary nods to accept his challenge.

INT. HILLARY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The answering machine tape rolls to take a new message.

BILL (ON TAPE)

I have to attend a New Year's Eve party at Don Tyson's house. He runs a big chicken farm down here and...

INT. CONGRESSIONAL HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

The Capital police block Sara and Betsey's path into the hotel. They hold fresh dry-cleaning and food in tupperware.

BILL (V.O.)

...and I'd look foolish going by myself and, well, I could ask one of the girls down here but...

Hillary steps out of the elevator, walks past the police. She is so happy to see her two best friends. But more importantly, she's happy for fresh clothes and food.

BILL (V.O.)

You're as pretty as any of them. But they don't know the difference between habeas corpus and Corpus Christi. What I'm saying is...

INT. HILLARY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The tape keeps rolling. Hillary enters the apartment.

BILL (ON TAPE)

I really miss you and I'm using a chicken rancher as an excuse to see you. Please, Hillary.

She hurries to the phone and picks it up.

HILLARY

Hello, hello?
(smiling)
I missed you, too.

INT. DULLES AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

Betsey and Hillary (now plainly dressed like her Yale hippie days) drag their suitcases toward a terminal.

BETSEY

Roughing it with Howdy Doody isn't how I want to spend my Christmas.

HILLARY

Fine, I'll go all alone. But you know and I know there's a good chance I won't come back.

(fuckin' with her)

Ever.

BETSEY

Don't you dare. You're my ticket to the White House.

HILLARY

Well, that ticket's boarding a flight to Arkansas.

Betsey stands her ground and watches Hillary approach the departure gate. A beat before Betsey mutters expletives and pulls her suitcase to catch up to Hillary.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

Hillary and Betsey step out of the airport and find Bill and his friend, JIM MCDOUGAL (35) by a wood-panel station wagon.

BILL

My darling, Hillary!

Bill embraces Hillary in a hug. Then a cautious kiss since they're not quite sure of their status. But Hillary kisses him back and back and back. Like a Big Red gum commercial.

Betsey coughs to get their attention. Without breaking the kiss, Bill extends his arm and pats Betsey on the head.

JIM MCDOUGAL

Jim McDougal. You must be Betsey Wright.

(re: his station wagon)

Bill's Gremlin died coming back from Springdale.

BETSEY

Good riddance.

EXT. NORTHWEST ARKANSAS - DAY

The station wagon drives through roads that cut through the poverty-stricken bowels of America. This is also a Republican stronghold with "RE-ELECT HAMMERSCHMIDT" signs on every gas station, five and dimes, and barbershops.

Now the wagon drives by the meandering **whitewater** of the White River that cuts through the undeveloped Ozarks.

INT. STATION WAGON - DAY

Hillary leans over to the front, annoying Jim who drives. Bill skims through a folder of typewritten speeches.

BETSEY

How do you two know each other?

BILL

Jim and I ran Senator Fulbright's re-election office in Little Rock.

JIM MCDUGAL

And that's all we did.

Bill and Jim laugh until Bill catches a fierce look from Hillary. He quickly moves his gaze to the written speeches.

HILLARY

Those cover your stance on welfare, education, Vietnam, the Equal Rights Amendment, and crime.

BILL

Got it. I'm pro-crime, right?

Bill and Jim laugh. Hillary stifles her annoyance.

HILLARY

And I'll talk to Paul and Mary Lee to finalize your views on abortion and foreign policy on China, Cambodia, and the Middle East.

BILL

Darling, darling, I'm only running for Congress, not the White House.

HILLARY

But you thought about it.

BILL

Thought about what? These issues?

HILLARY

No. The White House.

BILL

Sure, maybe once or twice.

Jim eyes Betsey through the rearview mirror. They don't know each other but they know where this is headed.

JIM MCDOUGAL

What do you think of the view? It's the White River. Nice, right?

HILLARY

Yes. We never saw a river before.

JIM MCDOUGAL

That may be. But you know how much waterfront property costs up in Chicago, New York, and DC? A fortune.

BETSEY

That's because people want to live in Chicago, New York, and DC.

BILL

Jim and his fiancée plan to buy up all this land and sub-divide it into lots for vacation homes.

(smiles at Hillary)

What do you think?

BETSEY

That's the dumbest idea I've ever heard.

Hillary stares out, seeing the serene beauty of it all.

BILL

Jim and Susan will give us the best lot. I can teach Willie Junior how to fish, raft, and build a fire.

HILLARY

(still slightly annoyed)

Do you even know how to fish, raft, or build a fire?

BILL

Not yet. But you'll teach us.

Off Bill's boyish grin, Hillary smiles despite herself.

HILLARY

It's not a bad idea.

(beat)

Us, huh?

BILL
You, me, and Willie Junior.

Bill eyes her with sincerity and intensity that Hillary can't help but share his dream. Betsey shakes her head in disgust.

EXT. THE CLINTON HOUSE - DAY

A backyard party packed with Bill's friends, family, and campaign volunteers that spills to a neighboring yard. As Betsey moves through the crowd, she hurries past Jim McDougal who pitches the Whitewater project to anyone within earshot.

PAUL FRAY
I don't care who she is, Mary. That carpetbagger isn't going to tell me what to do.

MARY LEE FRAY
Relax, Paul. Relax. She'll be gone in a week. Let's cool off inside.

PAUL FRAY holds up a written document with Hillary's trademark overbearing edits. As Betsey is about to defend her best friend, a woman's hand grabs her arm.

VIRGINIA CLINTON
I could use some help with the cooking, dear.

VIRGINIA CLINTON, 50, caked in make-up and false lashes, disapproves of Betsey's butch appearance because all women should look like Donna Reed. Her contempt is obvious.

BETSEY
I'm not good around the kitchen.

VIRGINIA CLINTON
(re: Betsey's girth)
I doubt that. Where's your friend?

IN THE NEIGHBORING BACKYARD, Bill has his arm wrapped around Hillary while his two friends, VINCE FOSTER, 29, and JIM GUY TUCKER, 30, hand Hillary their business cards.

BILL
Vince is the youngest partner at the Rose Law Firm.
(re: Jim Guy)
And Jim Guy left the firm to become the youngest state attorney general in the country.
(holds Hillary's hand)
(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)

Hillary's the youngest and the prettiest commencement speaker in Wellesley College history.

HILLARY

You all grew up next to each other?

VINCE FOSTER

(re: the adjoining yards)
Right next door. Funny that.
(off Bill's slight nod)
Billy tells me you're thinking of going into private practice when Nixon is out of office.

BILL

(avoids Hillary's gaze)
She's smarter than me and Robert Reich put together.

VINCE FOSTER

We know, Bill, we know. He doesn't ever stop talking about you. Did you take the bar exam yet?

HILLARY

No, not yet. I haven't made up my mind what I want to do...

VINCE FOSTER

Just call me if you want to work at the Rose firm and I'll set that up.

HILLARY

Oh, you have offices in D.C.?

Jim Guy chortles. But Hillary wasn't joking.

VINCE FOSTER

No. We don't even have any female lawyers in our firm... yet.

BILL

You would be the first woman associate in the Arkansas office.

JIM GUY TUCKER

First woman in any Rose office. Or you could always work for me in the justice department. We could always use a feminine touch.

Virginia Clinton cuts into the middle of the conversation.

VIRGINIA CLINTON
 Hillary dear, let the boys talk
 politics while you help me in the
 kitchen.

Virginia grabs Hillary by the arm but Hillary doesn't budge.
 Virginia eyes daggers at her. Bill intervenes.

BILL
 Ma, Ma! Hillary doesn't cook.

VIRGINIA CLINTON
 A woman needs to know her way
 around the kitchen if she's going
 to feed my boy.

BILL
 Ma, she was class president at
 Wellesley. And she's bringing down
 Nixon. She doesn't have to cook.

HILLARY
 I would love to help, Virginia.

Hillary follows Virginia into the house as Bill mouths his
 thank you. And assured they are far enough away...

VIRGINIA CLINTON
 I have a few dresses you can wear.
 (looking Hillary over)
 Something prettier for a girlfriend
 of my boy.

HILLARY
 You say that as if you expect there
 to be more.

The party attendees, each a lifelong Arkansan, wave or say
 hello to Virginia as the two women head toward the house.

VIRGINIA CLINTON
 You're just a phase, darling. He'll
 grow out of it.
 (re: the party crowd)
 I don't see a good fit, do you?

INT. THE CLINTON HOUSE - DAY

Hillary, now in a blue prom dress designed to reveal the
 curves and boobs that she doesn't have, carries a tray of
 food and drinks through the hall. Though she hears noise and
 laughter from a nearby room, she steps into Bill's old room.

ROGER CLINTON (O.S.)
 (high, giggly)
 Who wins in a street fight? Joe
 Frazier or Bruce Lee?

Bill's room is exactly what you would expect. Lots of awards for leadership and diplomas. And two photos by his bedside. A fading B&W one of Virginia Clinton and William Blythe (Bill's biological father) and another of a teenaged Bill shaking hands with President Kennedy.

Hillary finds Bill's more recent photos. Of his days at Georgetown, Oxford, and Yale. Yet she's not in any of them.

ROGER CLINTON (O.S.)
 Okay, okay. Who do you think fucked
 more women? Bill or Hillary?

Between laughs, the votes for Bill and Hillary are even.

PAUL FRAY (O.S.)
 I wouldn't piss in her ear if her
 brain was on fire.

She hears the next room burst with laughter. She whips around, storms out, and heads--

INT. CONVERTED OFFICE - DAY

PAUL FRAY
 Mark my words, that woman is going
 to be Bill's Waterloo.

--into a makeshift campaign office where Paul and Mary Lee Fray and their friends stuff envelopes. They suddenly stop their gossip and hide their joints.

HILLARY
 More lemonade?

Hillary moves the tray to a coffee table where ROGER CLINTON, 18, holds a bong with marijuana smoke oozing out. Clearly unwelcome, she grabs the dirty plates and storms out.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Hillary passes wives and girlfriends who set a table, cook and fry food on the stove, and cut up vegetables. She dumps more dirty plates into the bubbly sink where Betsey cleans the dishes. Betsey winces at Hillary's dress.

BETSEY

What the hell happened? You look like a redneck Stepford wife.

HILLARY

I was kidnapped by Ozzie and Harriet. Oh golly, I feel so swell!

BETSEY

This is one small step for man, one giant tumble for womankind.

(re: the cleaning duties)

I fuckin' hate you.

Hillary pulls out a soapy dish and wipes it clean. So much so that grease and stains spill on her blue dress. Oh well.

HILLARY

At least they aren't calling you a Yankee carpetbagger hippie.

BETSEY

No. Being called a three hundred pound lesbian is much better.

(indignant)

I'm not 300 pounds.

HILLARY

Look on the bright side. They think we're lovers.

(re: stained blue dress)

Aw, look. I got soap all over me. This dress is ruined.

Hillary scrubs a plate, causing creamy dressing to splatter all over her dress. They chuckle at their humiliation until they notice Virginia across the kitchen. She heard it all.

EXT. FAYETTEVILLE, ARKANSAS - DAY

Hillary hands pamphlets to adults who enter and exit mom and pop shops with two types of signs on their display windows: NO WALMART IN FAYETTEVILLE and GO ARKANSAS RAZORBACKS!

HILLARY

Clinton for Congress. Thank you.
Vote for Bill Clinton.

ONE BLOCK AWAY, Mary Lee Fray hands campaign buttons to college coeds. Hillary gets closer enough to eavesdrop.

COED ONE

We don't care who wins.

MARY LEE FRAY

Of course you do.

(photo of candidates)

Do you want to vote for this old guy or... This young man?

COED TWO

(points to Bill's photo)

He is way, way cuter.

MARY LEE FRAY

So you want to vote for him?

COED TWO

Oh, I want to do more than that.

Other coeds nod and giggle in agreement. Hillary holds her tongue and walks past them.

MARY LEE FRAY (O.S.)

That's why you have to vote. We need more hunks in Congress.

Hillary approaches the campaign headquarters. A station wagon pulls up to the curb. Jim McDougal and Betsey step out.

BETSEY

Help us, will ya, Yankee hippie?

Betsey grabs a box from the trunk and gives it to her. Jim and Betsey unload more boxes from a local printing press.

BETSEY

This campaign's a fuckin' train wreck. It's a good thing I fuckin' love fuckin' train wrecks.

INT. CAMPAIGN OFFICE - DAY

Jim opens the boxes to reveal bundles of posters and flyers, all with the slogan of "Spreading Hope Across Arkansas."

JIM MCDUGAL

Fantastic, isn't it? Bill's from Hope and he's spreading across Arkansas. And he's also spreading hope, like optimism or a dream.

HILLARY

Jim, that's so clever!

Jim smiles in agreement, choosing to ignore her sarcasm.

PAUL FRAY (O.S.)
 Who's got Boone County? All yours,
 Patricia Kingsley!

NEARBY, Paul Fray writes "PK" on a card and tacks it on the wall map of Arkansas's Third Congressional District as volunteers raise their hands to divvy up territories.

PAUL FRAY
 Who wants Marion and Newton
 Counties? Jenny and Michelle.
 (points to the map)
 How about Crawford County?

Hillary squeezes through the crowd of volunteers until she's within arm's length of Roger Clinton. Sniff sniff. Hillary notices a joint tucked in his ear and a bong in his hand.

PAUL FRAY
 Last one. Madison County. Thank
 you, Libby.

Hillary points to two gaps on the map.

HILLARY
 Hey Paul, why isn't anyone taking
 Sebastian County?

PAUL FRAY
 That's a great question, Hillary.
 Sebastian County is Fort Smith and
 Fort Chaffee military base. So we
 would look pretty darn stupid
 campaigning there when...
 (emphatic)
 Our candidate draft dodged the
 Vietnam War!

The volunteers smirk and let out condescending chuckles. Again, she puts up with it for Bill's sake. Betsey grabs Hillary's arm to pull her away but Hillary doesn't budge.

HILLARY
 You got me there, Paul.
 (really, really trying)
 I want Bill to win as much as you,
 if not more. I'm trying to help.

PAUL FRAY
 Yeah, I got your help right here. I
 never realized that Khmer Rouge,
 Cambodia and Who Gives a Fuck trail
 were so important to our voters.

Paul holds up a typed up speech with her edits. He crumples it and tosses it in the trash. This gets smiles and cheers from all those tired of Hillary's presence. Hillary smiles away her embarrassment and takes the high road.

HILLARY

Betsey and I worked the McGovern campaign in Austin. And I know many strategists in D.C--

PAUL FRAY

Clinton ain't McGovern. And this ain't D.C.

(cutting her off)

Up there, you're a small fish in a big pond. So you just roll in here and act like a big fish in a small pond. But you know what?

(re: the entire crowd)

We were here from the beginning. We built this pond. And we don't need you or your friend to tell us how to run Bill's campaign!

It takes every ounce of willpower for her to remain calm.

PAUL FRAY

You come acting like a big shot 'cause you're bringing down Nixon. But we all know you got that job because Bill didn't want it.

(crowd shouts amen)

So you want to work the campaign, fine. But get off your high horse, lady, because you gotta earn your way into this campaign. You gotta earn your stripes, Hillary.

HILLARY

You got me there, Paul.
(over Betsey's voice)
But why's no one taking
Russellville and Dardanelle?

BETSEY

It's not worth it, Hillary.

More smirks from the crowd, none louder than Roger. Betsey grabs Hillary's arm to pull her away from all this.

VOLUNTEER ONE

Because that's negro county.

HILLARY

They can vote.

VOLUNTEER TWO

If they can read.

(grins, daring her)

Knock yourself out if you want to
get raped and killed there.

HILLARY

Serious? Are you fucking serious?!

ROGER CLINTON

Hey Paul, write HR on Dardanelle!

The crowd bursts into laughter. Hillary swats Betsey's arm away, rips the bong from Roger's hand, and hurls it toward Paul. It misses but SMASHES against the wall map.

HILLARY

Where's Bill? WHERE'S BILL?!

Catching a few furtive glances, Hillary spots a backroom. She storms toward it when Jim McDougal and Paul Fray block her.

PAUL FRAY

He's in a meeting.

She pushes past them and reaches for the doorknob. But it's locked. She knocks and shakes the door violently.

HILLARY

Bill, I need to talk to you.
Open the goddamn door!

Finally, the door opens. And a SORORITY GIRL, 20, steps out with Bill. Hillary catches them grinning.

SORORITY GIRL

You made great points on education
and welfare, Professor Clinton.

BILL

Under Hammerschmidt, Arkansas is
50th in education and 50th in
living wages. Vote for me and I
promise we'll be at least 49th!

SORORITY GIRL

You're so funny, Bill.

The girl avoids Hillary's gaze, waves her cheery good-bye to the staffers who greet back, and hurries out of the place. Hillary enters Bill's office and slams the door shut.

HILLARY

Who the hell was that?

BILL

A former student of mine.
 (off her "what else" look)
 And the President of Arkansas
 College Democrats. And her uncle
 got me a meeting with Sam Walton.

She studies his face and accepts his explanation. Or at least, that's a discussion/argument for another time.

BILL

Is everything alright?

HILLARY

No. Everything is not alright. Your entire staff is a bunch of pot-smoking, racist assholes!

BILL

Darling, darling. Calm down. Paul's got everything under control.

HILLARY

Yeah? He's the ringmaster of the circus. And why did you tell him I was Doar's consolation prize? Is nothing sacred between us?

BILL

I didn't say that.

HILLARY

So John Doar just left a message on Paul Fray's answering machine?

She tosses the "Spreading Hope" button on his desk.

HILLARY

And what the hell is this Mr. Roger's Neighborhood shit?

BILL

Hey, wait a minute. Jim raised most of the campaign money. And this came out of his own pocket.

HILLARY

Then what did my fifteen hundred dollars pay for?

She wounds him and regrets it.

HILLARY

It's not your fault. I just... This trip was a mistake. I'm completely useless. I don't belong here.

(frustrated by everything)

I wish we were back in Yale. Back when we talked about how we were going to change the world.

BILL

We are, darling. You're building the most important legal case in American history. And I'm trying to change the system from within.

Bill wraps his arms around her but she pushes him away. Now it's his turn to get frustrated by her mood swings.

HILLARY

But at what cost, Bill? We're following our dream but that dream's tearing us apart.

BILL

Only until Nixon's out of office or when I win the election.

HILLARY

You're not going to win!!

That did it.

BILL

You don't think I can do it. This campaign, it's a joke to you.

BILL

This campaign's a circus and I'm Bozo the fuckin' Clown!

HILLARY

No. I didn't mean that.

BILL

Yes, you did. That's why you don't return my calls. Why you don't answer my letters.

HILLARY

That's not true. I've been so busy with all these projects--

BILL

It's goddamn true. You use Nixon's impeachment as an excuse and I'm supposed to be fine with that because he's the President?

(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)

(fed up)

I turned down Gary Hart so I could follow you to Oakland. I gave up working the South for McGovern just to be with you.

HILLARY

That's not fair. I'm down here because I'm trying, Bill. But everyone's making it so damn hard.

She loses it. But she will not cry. Not in front of Bill.

HILLARY

I can't deal with this right now.

She heads for the door when Bill stops her.

BILL

Where are you going?

HILLARY

Your mother hates me. Your brother hates me. Your staff hates me. I want to go where I'm not hated, where I'm not a consolation prize!

She grabs the doorknob but Bill won't let her open it. He reaches for her but she swats him away. Everything about him and his world repulses her right now. DON'T TOUCH ME!!!!

HILLARY

I really tried. I tried and tried. I thought I could make this work but I can't. I can't do this.

BILL

(softening)

Then don't. If you can't handle the campaign, don't.

Her heart breaks.

HILLARY

I mean us.

"You Can't Always Get What You Want" by the Rolling Stones...

INT. TAXICAB - DAY

...plays on the radio. Above it, a handwritten note of "Due to gas shortage, fare is doubled the posted amount" rests on the meter that jumps from \$5.05 to \$5.10.

The cab driver looks through the rearview mirror. A beat before he pulls the sports section from *The Chicago Tribune*. As he reads about the upcoming Super Bowl between the Minnesota Vikings and the Miami Dolphins, we linger on...

...the main section of the Tribune with the headline of "Supreme Court to hear *United States v. Nixon*" and "Illinois Rejects Equal Rights Amendment."

CAB DRIVER

What'll it be, young lady? You gonna get out or what?

In the backseat, Hillary vacantly stares out toward her childhood home around the intersection. She spots Mrs. Rodham stepping out of the house to get the mail.

What Hillary needs right now is her mother. Her hug and her love. All she has to do is open the door.

HILLARY

I'm sorry. Can you go back to O'Hare?

CAB DRIVER

(whatever)

Okay. I have to fill up first.

EXT. CHICAGO SUBURBS - DAY

The cab pulls away from the intersection. After a decade of Vietnam, political unrest, and Nixon's presidency, this once charming neighborhood drowns in pessimism and cynicism.

The Little League field is now filled with homeless vets who drink away their misery. Perhaps a few drug addicts as well.

In stores, American electronics stand alongside identical Japanese ones at half price. In dealerships, why buy a used fuel-guzzling Chevy Malibu at \$3,500 when you can purchase a brand new high mpg Toyota Corolla for \$2,200?

The Gas Station that once had cheery attendants wiping and cleaning your car at 31.5 cents per gallon is now a Mobil with a line of cars that stretches around the block.

The cab drives past a sign of "Even numbered plates only. 10 gal max" to a pump designated for commercial vehicles.

EXT. SUPREME COURT - DAY

Hillary, Doar, and Joe Woods climb up the steps toward the Supreme Court. The press spots them, runs down, and passes them and approach Leon Jaworski and Jill Wine Volner.

JILL VOLNER

The White House counsel argues that his client is as powerful a monarch as Louis the Fourteenth and is not subject to the processes of any court in the land.

The reporters have their cameras and microphones aimed at the photogenic Jill Wine Volner who points to the building.

JILL VOLNER

Let's see what this one court has to say about that.

Hillary sees the reporters fawning over Volner who smiles toward the camera before she climbs up to the Supreme Court. On the repeated CLICK CLACK sound of her heels against the marble steps, the Rolling Stones song fades. CLICK CLACK.

INT. HILLARY AND WELD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

CLICK CLACK. Hillary pulls a sheet out of a typewriter. She inserts a new one and types away. CLICK CLACK.

ON THE TYPEWRITER, these following words appear.

ARTICLES OF IMPEACHMENT.

RESOLVED, that Richard M. Nixon, President of the United States, is impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors...

And the rest of the words are SUPERIMPOSED ON SCREEN as...

(Note: throughout this typewriting sequence, a few words of the 28 specific charges against Nixon STRIKE the screen HARD as if each letter SHATTERS our image of the President as the leader of the free world, a moral guide of our freedoms, our role model and hero. *Conspiracy, Illegal Wiretaps, Conspiracy to Suppress Free Speech, Burglary, Obstruction of Justice, Perjury, Fraud, Illegal Campaign Contributions, Conspiracy to Defraud the United States, Embezzlement, Tax Evasion*)

INT. SUPREME COURT - DAY

The Doar and the Jaworski teams face a Supreme Court of eight white men and one Thurgood Marshall. As St. Clair steps up to present his side of the case...

...Hillary opens the thick manuscript by C. Vann Woodward. She slides it over to Joe Woods and points to a section. Woods tears off the page and jumps out of his seat.

JOE WOODS

Mr. St. Clair can shelter his client behind executive privilege all he wants but the truth is that 36 Presidents before Nixon have never been accused of secretly using government agencies to defame or discredit political opponents and critics, to obstruct justice...

As Joe Woods continues, Doar pats Hillary on the back. Meanwhile, Joe shows a tape recording of Richard Nixon's oath of office with Warren Burger.

JOE WOODS

Heretofore, the previous 36 Presidents have never been accused of creating secret investigative units to engage in covert and unlawful activities against private citizens and their rights.

The justices watch themselves on TV as Richard Nixon has his hand on the Bible and vows to an entire nation.

RICHARD NIXON (ON TAPE)

...will to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States.

JOE WOODS

I could not have said it better myself, your honors.

INT. HILLARY AND WELD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A second typewriter pounds away at the keys. It's William Weld. He points to a word on Hillary's typewriter.

WELD

You misspelled "surreptitious."

HILLARY

Where?

WELD

Here. You wrote "surreptitious."
 (re: an index card)
 See? Only one tit. You have two
 tits.

Weld's wordplay doesn't register on either of them.

WELD

"...surreptitious payment of
 substantial sums of money for the
 purpose of obtaining the silence or
 influencing the testimony of
 witnesses, potential witnesses, or
 individuals who participated in
 such unlawful entry and other
 illegal activities."

Hillary yanks out the paper from the typewriter and starts
 over. As the CLICK CLACK of typing continues...

WELD

"Endeavoring to misuse the Central
 Intelligence Agency, an agency of
 the United States."

LATER, Weld feeds hundreds of index cards and memos into the
 shredder. But by Hillary's desk, she feeds newspaper
 clippings of Bill's campaign into her shredder.

*SUPERIMPOSE typewritten words of: On June 17, 1972, agents
 of... the President committed unlawful entry... for the
 purpose of securing political intelligence*

The first shredding of *The Arkansas Democrat* hurts. Even the
 next one about Bill's campaign from the Yale Law Alumni
 newsletter. But subsequent ones get easier and easier.

Shredding an article about the 3rd congressional district
 Democratic primary where Bill Clinton gets 59,697 votes while
 his three main opponents split the rest.

Then she shreds the next article about the Democratic primary
 runoff where Bill Clinton gets 37,788 votes to Gene
 Rainwater's 17,011 votes.

Then more articles that show Bill's campaign taking shape.
 With Paul and Mary Fray, Jim McDougal, and Vince Foster.
 Arkansas Attorney General Jim Guy Tucker endorsing Bill.

Finally, her failed Washington Bar Exam letter and Betsey's chart comparing Weld to Clinton. She shreds it, purging the last remnants of the biggest distraction of her life.

She walks to Weld's desk to shred more documents. Then watches Weld type a new set of words.

"Richard M. Nixon, using the powers of his high office, engaged personally..."

"To conceal the existence and scope of other unlawful covert activities."

"Making or causing to be made false or misleading statements to lawfully authorized investigative officers and employees of the United States."

EXT. SUPREME COURT - DAY

Reporters stick their recorders toward Chief Justice WARREN BURGER who stands with the other justices on a united front.

WARREN BURGER

Special Prosecutor has proven a sufficient likelihood that the tapes contain conversations relevant to the indictment.

Standing behind the justices, Doar and Woods walk off. Nussbaum taps Hillary to pull her away this limelight.

NUSSBAUM

Come on, Rodham. Our work's just getting started.

WARREN BURGER

In reaching a unanimous decision, the Supreme Court rejects President Nixon's claim to an absolute, unqualified Presidential privilege of immunity from judicial process under all circumstances.

As Burger speaks, SUPERIMPOSE the typewritten words of:

Article 2: Abuse of Power.

"He misused the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the Secret Service, and other executive personnel, in violation or disregard of the constitutional rights of citizens..."

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Department of Justice vehicles roll into the compound.
Outside the gates, protestors all want Nixon's resignation.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "...acted in a manner contrary to his trust as President and subversive of constitutional government, to the great prejudice of the cause of law and justice and to the manifest injury of the people of the United States."

Alexander Haig, Pat Buchanan, and Donald Rumsfeld watch as Jaworski and the DOJ confiscate every single tape.

INT. DOAR'S OFFICE - DAY

Doar looks at a document titled "Articles of Impeachment." He finishes reading it and looks up at Hillary.

DOAR

Take out the sections on Cambodia bombings and income tax fraud.

HILLARY

But we have enough evidence.

DOAR

Let's stick to Watergate.

HILLARY

But--

Doar tears the document to shut her up.

DOAR

How we deal with Mr. Nixon will set a legal precedent for all future impeachments. Our purpose isn't to bring down President Nixon on every single charge but to uphold democracy and the Presidency.

Hillary nods. She finally understands.

DOAR

Do it again.

INT. HILLARY AND WELD'S OFFICE - DAY

Accompanied by federal agents, Nussbaum carries a box inside. Weld opens the box and finds a few tapes. Can this be???

NUSSBAUM

This is the tape recording between Nixon and the former White House Chief of Staff right after the Watergate break-in.

Hillary pulls out a tape marked "Roosevelt Room. 6/23/72."

NUSSBAUM

This is it. The smoking gun.

Nussbaum inserts the tape into the recorder. And as Nixon's incriminating voice is heard...

INT. DOAR'S OFFICE - DAY

Doar reads "ARTICLE 3: CONTEMPT OF CONGRESS" on the document.

HILLARY

I need another day to make it perfect.

Doar hands *The Articles of Impeachment* back to Hillary.

DOAR

No. This is great.

HILLARY

This isn't about Nixon. It's about the future of the American Presidency.

(off Doar's wry smile)

I'll give it one more pass.

INT. HILLARY AND WELD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Hillary types the latest version when Weld approaches her with a stack of index cards.

WELD

Here's the transcript of The Smoking Gun tapes. Nixon is cooked.

She types "Wherefore, Richard M. Nixon, by such conduct, warrants impeachment and trial and removal from office."

WELD

Over five hundred thousand index cards to make three articles of impeachment.

Off her nod, he shreds the last index cards.

WELD

When we turn this over to Congress, we'll all be unemployed. Have you thought about what you'll do next?

HILLARY

Maybe I'll be a lawyer.
(off Weld's laugh)
What's so funny? You don't think I can be a good lawyer?

WELD

I think you can be anything you put your mind to. But a lawyer? No.

HILLARY

Why not? How hard can it be to pass the bar exam?

WELD

Passing the bar's the easy part. The hard part is finding a wife.

HILLARY

What the heck does that mean?

WELD

You'll need a wife to take care of all your personal needs so you can focus on your career.

HILLARY

Maybe I should get a wife.

WELD

You can't get a wife. You're a woman.

HILLARY

That's not very fair.
(Weld shrugs)
What if I wasn't a woman? Think I can be a lawyer then?

WELD

If you weren't a woman, I think you'd be President.

He kisses her on the cheek. He grabs his jacket and walks toward the front door.

WELD

Remember me when you get to the White House, okay, Yalie?

She finishes typing, pulls out the sheet, and places it in the folder labeled "ARTICLE 3: CONTEMPT OF CONGRESS."

INT. DOAR'S OFFICE - DAY

Nussbaum reads from the folder of "ARTICLE 1: OBSTRUCTION OF JUSTICE." Joe Woods from "ARTICLE 2: ABUSE OF POWER." And Doar closes folder 3 and hands it back to Hillary.

NUSSBAUM

This is it. We are ready.

HILLARY

Good luck in Congress tomorrow.

NUSSBAUM

You're coming with us, Miss Rodham. You earned it.

JOE WOODS

You can even wear a mini-skirt like Jill Volner.

HILLARY

Only if you will.

The men burst into laughter. Hillary heads for the door but Doar has one last bit to say to her.

DOAR

You were the best choice for the job, Miss Rodham.

HILLARY

Thank you, sir.

INT. THE HOUSE OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

With the inner circle of the Doar team watching from the front row, Congressman Peter Rodino speaks to the House leadership, including Tip O'Neill and Carl Albert.

PETER RODINO

On Article 1: Obstruction of Justice, the House Judiciary Committee votes 27 to 11 in favor of impeachment.

Hillary catches Volner pumping her fist in triumph.

PETER RODINO

On Article 2: Abuse of Power, the House Judiciary Committee votes 28 to 10 in favor of impeachment.

Hillary seems baffled by Doar who seems overcome by sadness.

PETER RODINO

On Article 3: Contempt of Congress, the House Judiciary Committee votes 21 to 17 in favor of impeachment.

INT. CONGRESSIONAL HOTEL BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

Hillary and the entire team eat their final meal together. A somber mood fills the air as Doar gives the final speech.

JOHN DOAR

I want to tell you that this moment is a triumph for democracy. I want to convince you that we used the constitutional right of impeachment to force a man out of office but...

Overcome with emotion, he gathers himself.

JOHN DOAR

Thirty years ago, Dr. Oppenheimer led a team of the brightest scientific minds to build the hydrogen bomb because he believed that it was the only way to stop the World War. After we dropped the bomb on Hiroshima, he said...

(chokes on words)

"When you see something that is technically sweet, you go ahead and do it and you argue about what to do about it only after you have had your technical success."

Now Hillary understands Doar's sudden sadness.

JOHN DOAR

Together, we built the impeachment process to cripple a President. Let us pray that we never use or abuse this power again.

Hillary exchanges somber looks with her closest associates, each now feeling the full weight of Doar's burden.

JOHN DOAR

You are forty-three of the brightest legal minds I have ever known. You have your entire life in front of you. Please, please do not let this committee be the legacy of your time on earth.

(in Hillary's direction)

As you continue your journey, please remember what Dr. Robert Oppenheimer said...

(to everyone)

"There are children playing in the streets who could solve some of my top problems in physics, because they have modes of sensory perception that I lost long ago."

(again to Hillary)

Do not lose your sensory perception. Do not lose your moral compass. Do not lose sight of why you chose your life's path.

INT. WHITE HOUSE OVAL OFFICE - DAY

A letter for Dr. Kissinger sits at the Resolute desk. Dated August 9, 1974, it reads:

Dear Mr. Secretary,

I hereby resign the Office of President of the United States.

As the hand signs "Richard Nixon..."

INT. CHILDREN'S DEFENSE FUND - DAY

Hillary takes a sip of coffee from her old mug and sets it back down on Marian Wright Edelman's desk.

MARIAN

If I were you, I'd take the editor's job at Ms. magazine.

HILLARY

Gloria Steinem doesn't want me. She wants Wonder Woman.

MARIAN

No shit. Those feminists can be crazy bitches sometimes.

They laugh. Hillary feels comfortable, feels at home.

HILLARY

Can I get my little office back?

MARIAN

It's messy just like you left it.

Hillary stands up but Marian gestures her back down.

MARIAN

You can have any job in the world. Why do you still want to work here?

Marian is serious. Hillary really thinks about it.

HILLARY

When my grandmother Della divorced my grandfather, she abandoned my mother Dorothy when she was just four years old. For fourteen years, my mother grew up abandoned by her own mother. Then...

(recalls Dorothy's pain)

Then one day, out of the blue, Della calls her and asks her to live with her and her new husband in Chicago. Della promised my mother a new start, even offered to pay for my mother's college.

Hillary grips her mug to prevent herself from shaking. But that makes the shaking worse. She sets the mug down.

HILLARY

When my mother moved back to Chicago, she found that Della wanted her only as a housekeeper.

(tearing up)

Heartbroken, my mother moved into a small apartment and found an office job paying two dollars a day. Once I asked my mother why she went back to Chicago even if she knew... And she said. She said...

Hillary wipes her eyes, tries to collect herself.

HILLARY

She said "I had hoped so hard that my mother would love me that I had to take the chance and find out." Every abandoned child I see, I see my mother.

Off Marian's smile, Hillary manages a teary smile back.

MARIAN

Can I offer you one bit of advice? I know you can do anything your mind wants to. In fact, I expect no less. But...

(beat)

Are you strong enough to follow what your heart needs you to?

Off Marian's gaze, Hillary's eyes land on her coffee mug.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Nixon speaks as President one final time.

RICHARD NIXON

Good evening. This is the 37th time I have spoken to you from this office, where so many decisions have been made that shaped the history of this Nation.

EXT. DUPONT CIRCLE, WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

RICHARD NIXON (V.O.)

I have never been a quitter. To leave office before my term is completed is abhorrent to every instinct in my body. But as President, I must put the interest of America first.

Hillary rearranges the trunk space of a Volkswagen. Behind her, Sara holds the last box containing Hillary memento's from her CDF cubicle: her mug, the NASA rejection letter, the framed diplomas, a photo of Hillary with Gerald Ford (now President), and a photo of Bill and Hillary at Yale.

Hillary grabs the box but Sara refuses to let go.

SARA

He's just a country lawyer. Do you love him that much?

HILLARY

I don't even know if I love him. But I have to take the chance and find out.

BETSEY (O.S.)

WHAT THE FUCK!!!!

From a block away, Betsey runs toward them, not giving a shit about traffic as she jaywalks across the street.

BETSEY

Where the hell are you going?!

HILLARY

Arkansas.

BETSEY

You can't both be President!

Hillary pauses, stares at her box. Betsey is right. A beat.

HILLARY

I don't care.

Hillary shoves the box into the trunk and closes it.

BETSEY

Like hell you don't!

Betsey flings opens the passenger door and throws clothes, shoes, and plates back to the curb.

HILLARY

Betsey, what are you doing? Stop.

BETSEY

If you're going, I'm going.

HILLARY

But it's fourteen hundred miles.

BETSEY

Yeah. That's fourteen hundred miles to beat some sense into you.

(to Sara)

Why are you evicting her?!

SARA

I didn't. It wasn't my decision.

BETSEY
 But it's your car. Dammit, Sara.
 (holds out her hand)
 Gimme the keys. GIMME THE KEYS!!

INT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

NIXON
 Therefore, I shall resign the
 Presidency effective at noon
 tomorrow. Vice President Ford will
 be sworn in as President at that
 hour in this office.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

The Volkswagen drives past 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue which, as
 you can imagine, is chaotic.

INSIDE THE CAR, Hillary is cramped in the middle between
 Betsey and Sara in a packed car.

BETSEY
 Look outside. This is what you're
 giving up. The White House.

HILLARY
 I'm fine with that.
 (at peace with herself)
 Yeah. I'm fine with that.

NIXON (V.O.)
 By taking this action, I hope that
 I will have hastened the start of
 that process of healing which is so
 desperately needed in America.

EXT. THE NATIONAL MALL - DAY

The Volkswagen drives past the Congressional Hotel. Then the
 Capitol. Then heads toward the National Mall.

BETSEY (O.S.)
 How about the Senate? Don't you
 want to be a Senator?

Now the Volkswagen drives past the Supreme Court.

BETSEY (O.S.)
 Perhaps the first woman Chief
 Justice.
 (MORE)

BETSEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 You can wear anything under the
 robe. You don't even have to wear
 the Wonderbra. Or any bra.

Now the Volkswagen crosses the Potomac, leaving behind
 Washington Monument and the Lincoln Memorial.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

NIXON
 I shall leave this office with
 regret at not completing my term,
 but with gratitude for the
 privilege of serving as your
 President for the past 5 1/2 years.

EXT. THE PENTAGON - DAY

The Volkswagen passes The Pentagon as it leaves the city.

BETSEY (O.S.)
 How about the Pentagon? Maybe you
 can be Secretary of State.

HILLARY (O.S.)
 I don't want to be Secretary of
 State. Just drive, Betsey.

The Volkswagen gets on the highway, entering Virginia.

SARA (O.S.)
 How about Secretary of Energy?
 We're low of gas.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

NIXON
 To have served in this office is to
 have felt a very personal sense of
 kinship with each and every
 American. In leaving it, I do so
 with this prayer: May God's grace
 be with you.

EXT. ROUTE 29 - DAY

The Volkswagen drives through a rural highway. And while the
 entire country is under a cloud of pessimism, the day cannot
 be any brighter for Hillary.

BETSEY (O.S.)
Does he know you're coming?

HILLARY (O.S.)
No.

BETSEY (O.S.)
So what are you going to do when
you show up at the doorstep?

HILLARY (O.S.)
Maybe I'll get on my knee and ask
him to marry me.

BETSEY
Oh really now. Can he keep his last
name or will he take yours?

HILLARY
I don't care what he does. But I'm
keeping mine.

BETSEY
Miss Hillary Rodham?

HILLARY
Ms. Hillary Rodham.

The sign indicates at least 1,000 more miles to Arkansas. And
as they bicker all the way down Route 29...

FADE OUT.

Bill Clinton lost to Hammerschmidt in 1974. Clinton succeeded
Jim Guy Tucker as Arkansas Attorney General in 1976.

Betsey Wright ran Clinton's subsequent campaigns for Arkansas
Governor and served as his chief of staff. She was deputy
chair of Clinton's 1992 Presidential Campaign.

William Weld became a two-term Governor of Massachusetts. In
1997, Clinton nominated him as Ambassador to Mexico. In 2006,
Weld ran unsuccessfully for Governor of New York.

Jim Guy Tucker, Jim McDougal, and Susan McDougal served
prison terms for their involvement in the Whitewater scandal
which opened the door to impeachment of Bill Clinton.

Bernard Nussbaum became White House Counsel, overseeing
Whitewater and the investigation of Vince Foster's suicide.
He resigned after Clinton ignored his advice to not appoint
Kenneth Starr as independent counsel.

Kenneth Starr's investigations of Monica Lewinsky and Paula Jones led to the impeachment of Bill Clinton, using the legal procedure developed by Hillary Rodham in 1974.

Marian Wright Edelman continues her crusade for the rights of children. Clinton awarded her the Presidential Medal of Freedom in 2000.

Jim McDougal passed away in 1998. During his final month in office, Clinton pardoned Jim Guy Tucker and Susan McDougal for Whitewater and Roger Clinton for cocaine possession.

Hillary Rodham served on the board of the Children's Defense Fund and became the first female partner at The Rose Firm where she performed pro bono cases for child advocacy. She is the first First Lady with a graduate degree and the first First Lady who sought public office. She is the most prominent Secretary of State since Henry Kissinger.