

ALPHA HOUSE

11.

START

13 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, CAPITOL, WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

13

LOUIS is meeting with a family values lobbying group that advocates against gay marriage. The event is basically a photo op, staged in front of a bank of flags in a Capitol Hill conference room.

SIMON, the group's curiously effeminate executive director, is presenting LOUIS with an absurdly tall, kitschy, brass sculpture of a wedding-cake couple to honor his support for their agenda. About two dozen people have crowded into the conference room, and a PHOTOGRAPHER, a videographer, and SHELBY, a curly-haired, angelic-looking reporter from LOUIS's hometown of Reno, Nevada, are present to capture the occasion.

SIMON

Senator Laffer, on behalf of the Council for Normal Marriage -- and all the born and unborn children conceived within normal marriages -- it is my privilege to present you with our 2012 "Say No to Sodomy" Award!

LOUIS

(nervous smile)

My.

(inspecting the award)

"Say No..."

SIMON

(emphatically)

"...to Sodomy"!

PHOTOGRAPHER

Could you move in closer, gentlemen?

SIMON throws an arm around LOUIS, who visibly stiffens. As the PHOTOGRAPHER clicks away, a flustered LOUIS tries to compose himself.

LOUIS

(studying the award)

Thank you, Simon. I'm deeply honored to receive this... this recognition. But I'm not the only one saying no to unnatural unions. There are millions of normally married Americans -- the men married to the women -- who are also repulsed when they think about two men together. Or two women together, though maybe not as much...

He glances over at JULIE, his chief of staff. She's drawing a finger across her throat.

SEN. LOUIS LAFFER - SC.1

1/6

LOUIS (CONT'D)

So hats off to the Council for Normal Marriage and the important work they're doing to prevent not just state-sanctioned sodomy, but also mutual masturbation, frictation, and barebacking across this great land of ours.

JULIE drops her face into her hands. Off SIMON's gleaming eyes, we

CUT TO:

14 INT. CORRIDOR, U.S. CAPITOL, WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

14

LOUIS, cradling his bizarre new award, self-consciously makes his way through a crowded corridor back to his office. He encounters ROBERT and GIL JOHN, who's clearly in a sullen funk.

LOUIS

Hey.

ROBERT

Louis! How'd it go?

LOUIS

What's TMI mean?

ROBERT

Too much information. I've warned you about that. We're going to lunch. Wanna join us?

LOUIS looks down at his cumbersome trophy.

LOUIS

Um...

ROBERT

No worries. You can bring your friend.

CUT TO:

15 INT. SENATE DINING ROOM, WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

15

An elegant, gilt-edged dinner plate, embossed with "United States Senate" placed on a crisp, white tablecloth. We pull back to reveal ROBERT, GIL JOHN and LOUIS seated at a table for four, with LOUIS's "Say No to Sodomy" trophy propped up in the empty chair.

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LOUIS
(to Gil John)
Afghanistan? Are serious? Why?

GIL JOHN
I support the troops.

ROBERT
His wife's making him. Basically a
campaign swing.

LOUIS
But you don't campaign.

ROBERT
He does now. Taylor dropped out.
He's got a new opponent.

LOUIS
Who?

ROBERT
Digger Mancusi.

LOUIS
(eyes widening)
Digger Mancusi? The Duke coach?

GIL JOHN
How the hell do you know who Digger
Mancusi is?

LOUIS
My nephew goes to Duke. He's like a
god in North Carolina, right?

ROBERT
Right.

LOUIS
(catching himself)
I mean, you're a god, too, Gil. But
you're like a retired god. He's
active.

(a beat, then blurts
out)
Holy cow, you're fucked...

GIL JOHN
(curtly)
Thank you, Louis.

LOUIS
Sorry. Afghanistan. Good play.
(MORE)

SEN. LOUIS LAFFER - Sc. 2

3/6

LOUIS (CONT'D)
Very senatorial. Digger can't do that.

(to Robert)
You going, too.

ROBERT
Thinking about it. You ought to go, too, Louis.

LOUIS
Me? Why?

ROBERT
I dunno. Couldn't hurt for you to pose with a few Spec Ops guys in wraparounds.

LOUIS
What do you mean by that?

GIL JOHN rises suddenly.

GIL JOHN
I gotta go. Late for a meeting.

ROBERT checks his watch.

ROBERT
Me, too. Louis, could you take care of the check? We'll square up with you later.

Before he can answer, both men are gone. Pull back on the forlorn sight of LOUIS sitting at lunch alone with his trophy.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. CAPITOL BUILDING, WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

16

A time-lapse shot of the Capitol Building from day to night.

CUT TO:

17 INT. ROBERT'S OFFICE BATHROOM, SENATE OFFICE BLDG - EVENING

17

ROBERT is unzipping his garment bag in a small bathroom adjacent to his office. We hear the sound of the TV playing in his office, as we

CUT TO:

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LOUIS sits down and slumps into his chair, despondent.

LOUIS

So what am I supposed to do? Switch to lo-rises? Wear Doc Martens 1460s on the Senate floor?

His aides exchange puzzled glances.

JULIE

Sir, we think we need to consider a more aggressive communications package for the campaign. And we need to use free media. James just fielded an invitation for you from The Colbert Report, one of those "Better Know a Senator" segments...

LOUIS

Wait a minute. Nobody does those anymore. You got no control. Colbert makes you look like a horse's ass.

JAMES

Yes, sir. You gotta be pretty ballsy to do it.

LOUIS stares at him for a moment.

LOUIS

Which is your point.

JAMES

Well...

They are suddenly interrupted by ROBERT, who knocks on the doorframe.

ROBERT

Louis? Got a minute. It's important.

JULIE and JAMES take their cue, quickly leaving, closing the door behind them.

LOUIS

What's important?

ROBERT

It's not important. I just don't like to wait.

ROBERT walks over to the slot machines, pulls a few quarters out of his pocket and starts to play.

SEN. LOUIS LAFFER - Sc.3

ROBERT (CONT'D)

What do you think of Andy Guzman?

LOUIS

(shrugging)

Guzman? Okay, I guess. I worked with him on a couple reconciliations. Bit of a showboat. Why?

ROBERT

He needs a place to stay. Like right away. His wife kicked him out. His seat's safe, so you won't have to worry about turnover. You got a quarter?

LOUIS fishes into his pocket and flips ROBERT a quarter.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

So what do you say?

LOUIS

I guess it'd be all right.

ROBERT

Great. He's coming by tonight.

ROBERT suddenly hits the jackpot. A hundred quarters sluice into the tray, bells ringing.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Damn, I didn't think this thing actually paid out.

ROBERT paws at the tray, shoveling the quarters into his briefcase.

LOUIS

Neither did I.

ROBERT

Gotta go. See you back at the house.

CUT TO:

END

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

29

ROBERT walks jauntily out of LOUIS's office, flipping a coin, nearly colliding with AARON, who's been waiting for him.

ROBERT

(holding up a coin)

My lucky day.

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