

The original documents are located in Box 40, folder “Ford, John - American Broadcasting Corp. (2)” of the Sheila Weidenfeld Files at the Gerald R. Ford Presidential Library.

Copyright Notice

The copyright law of the United States (Title 17, United States Code) governs the making of photocopies or other reproductions of copyrighted material. Gerald Ford donated to the United States of America his copyrights in all of his unpublished writings in National Archives collections. Works prepared by U.S. Government employees as part of their official duties are in the public domain. The copyrights to materials written by other individuals or organizations are presumed to remain with them. If you think any of the information displayed in the PDF is subject to a valid copyright claim, please contact the Gerald R. Ford Presidential Library.

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

TO : SHEILA

FROM: Judy Muhlberg

I believe that Jack
left this in Dave
Gergen's office during
a meeting.

7/27

Jack + Shika -

Attached is the 1st
draft outline for

"P.J. and The President's Son"
Which we will discuss
Wednesday with writer
Tom Baum.

Look forward to seeing
you again.

SD

Wed. (tomorrow)
at 4:00 P.M.
Don't forget.
Shika



P.J. AND THE PRESIDENT'S SON

outline by Thomas Baum

TEASE

We see a boy in the back seat of a limousine. A close-up. He is PRESTON, son of the President of the United States, but we don't know this yet. Nor do we know it's a limousine. Just a boy, dressed up. We hear his father's voice and his mother's voice off-screen.

Preston: "But why can't I go along?"

"Next time, maybe. Anyway, somebody has to hold the fort."

"You mean fortress."

Our impression is of a disgruntled 14-year-old. (His accent is distinctive, perhaps a touch overbred--to contrast with P.J.'s, later.)

The limo stops at Dulles airport. A flurry of activity as reporters approach the President--we learn now that Preston is the President's son. The President is asked about the rumor that he is about to veto a minimum-wage bill. (We are on Preston throughout this--the President and First Lady are silhouettes)

Preston watches Air Force One take off.

Preston then jumps in the front seat with NOLAN, the Secret Service driver. As the limo heads back to the White House, we learn, briefly, how fed up Preston is with being the President's son--how he can't have friends over because they "get too impressed."

And now suddenly a bike shoots out of the driveway of a small supermarket. The limo has to swerve to avoid the bike, which spills a load of groceries.

The delivery boy--P.J. McNULTY--doesn't see the boy staring out the window of the limousine.

But Preston has seen P.J. And as ~~Preston yells at Nolan~~ stops the car, we see, with Preston, that P.J. is his double.

at a traffic light

P.J. staring
at the limo
rides his bike
into a telephone
pole

Nolan

ACT I

This should be the spot where the Pres. kid jumps out... says "are you alright" ... and they look at each other. The Pres kid hastily asks P.J.'s ~~name~~ Name + phone

~~Preston is pleading with Nolan to stop the limo. Nolan doesn't--his orders are to take Preston straight back to the White House.~~

~~The limo speeds away. But not before Preston notes the name of the supermarket where his double works: LIPSCOMB'S SUPERETTE.~~

P.J. is left to pick up the groceries.

LIPSCOMB, the store owner, comes out and berates P.J., tells him the breakage is coming out of his salary.

"What salary?" mutters P.J.

Lipscomb is the local gouger--he overcharges old people who can't shop anywhere else. (He's to P.J. what Picky Piccard, Chief of Protocol, is to Preston--the thorn in his side.)

P.J. returns home--a blue-collar neighborhood. He chains his bike to the fence outside.

A group of younger kids is sitting on the stoop of P.J.'s building. They can tell P.J.'s had a bad day.

P.J. goes inside. His Grandma is listening to the chronically broken TV. We learn that P.J.'s parents are away visiting relatives; and that Grandma's eyesight is poor. She asks P.J. to mop the kitchen floor for her--go over the spots she missed. P.J. is in no mood. Grandma sees this, asks what's wrong.

P.J.: "Grandma, don't you wish we were rich?"

At the White House, we see an equally dissatisfied Preston. We meet a second Secret Service man, DWYER, and see how the Secret Service constantly hovers over Preston.

We also meet THUNDER--Preston's very large dog.

Just as P.J. idealizes the life of privilege and luxury, Preston idealizes the down-to-earth life of "real people."

We see how Preston can't even make himself a sandwich in the White House kitchen without having servants swoop down to make it for him. We see him watching a movie, alone, in

a White House screening room--when he'd much rather be able to go to a regular theater. We see him reprimanded by Picky Piccard for tacking things up on the wall of his room--"a perfectly marvelous 18th Century environment that took years to do."

We see Preston pretending to make a call on the hot-line phone: "Help, comrade, I am a prisoner in the White House." And then he gets an idea. He goes to another phone...

At Lipscomb's Superette, P.J. is slaving away. His girlfriend, TINA, is following him around the store. Tina is an earnest, somewhat overeager activist. She is organizing a boycott of Lipscomb's Superette, and is pointing out why--outdated goods on shelves, unfair prices, etc. She's trying to get P.J. to join the boycott--"I mean look at the salary he pays you--not even the minimum wage." P.J. has to keep shutting her up to keep Lipscomb from hearing. He has no objection to the boycott--"so long as I'm not around."

Disappointed at her boyfriend's lack of activism, Tina leaves, just as P.J. gets a phonecall.

It's Preston, and we see both sides of the conversation. Preston invites P.J. to come for a visit to the White House.

P.J.: "What is this, a phony phone call?"

Preston: "If you don't believe me, call this number, ask for Preston."

With Lipscomb glaring from across the store, P.J. calls back and finds out the call is legitimate.

P.J.: "Why me?"

Preston improvises: "Oh, it's a new program--get to know people from the city, that sort of thing--"

The date is set. P.J. is mystified. ~~As yet, of course, he doesn't know he's going to meet his double.~~

The day of the meeting, P.J. sets out on his bike. The only person he's told is Grandma, who's excited for him: "Remember, if you see the President, tell him I voted for him."

P.J. arrives at the White House, chains his bike across the street, puts the key in his pocket, approaches the gate--not

Bring
Some
ID.



Show his ID.

knowing what to do, half-expecting to be ~~thrown out.~~

Instead, the gateman treats him with incredible deference, waves him right through.

Dwyer, the Secret Service man, spots P.J., and radios to his fellow Secret Service man, Nolan, that the President's son is entering the White House.

Nolan radios back that Dwyer better have his eyes examined; he just saw Preston on the third floor.

P.J. continues to get bewildering hellos from various staff people.

And then he sees why. Coming toward him is Preston, his double.

ACT II

Preston quickly spirits P.J. to his room.

They hit it off right away.

P.J.: "I never dreamed I looked like the son of the President..."

Preston: "Well, they try to keep my face out of the papers-- they don't want me getting into any celebrity trips. How did you get here?"

P.J.: "By bike."

Preston (wistful): "It's a long time since I rode a bike."

Each is impressed by the other. They admire each other's clothes, and P.J. asks to try on Preston's blazer.

Preston: "Try on everything."

They switch clothes.

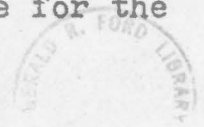
Outside, in the hall, Piccard approaches.

Preston hears him. "It's Picky!" He ducks into the bathroom, motioning for P.J. to follow. But P.J. doesn't know what's happening. He hesitates--and it's too late.

In comes Piccard. He sees P.J., and naturally mistakes him for Preston. "What's wrong with you? We're late for the ceremony."

And he takes P.J. in tow...

...Preston now sees his chance. He comes out of the bathroom,



sneaks out of his room, out of the White House--in P.J.'s clothes.

Dwyer, the Secret Service man, spots him, radios Nolan:
"The President's kid is heading toward the gate."

Nolan: "Dwyer, will you get with it? Preston is right beside me. We're heading for the West Wing."

By which time Preston is out the gate. He spots a bike, fishes in the pocket of P.J.'s jacket, finds a key, tries it. And pedals away gleefully...

...as P.J. is ushered into the ceremony--awards for Boy Scouts.

Also present is Preston's dog, Thunder.

Thunder growls at P.J. He's the only one who's aware of the switch. He growls and barks, very nearly disrupting the ceremony.

P.J. manages to get through it. As soon as the ceremony is over, he rushes back to Preston's room. And, of course, Preston is gone.

P.J. starts looking frantically for Preston. It's dawning on him what's happened.

At a bend in the corridor, girl tourists surround him:
"Isn't he cute! Can we have your autograph?"

P.J.'s face gives his reaction: Maybe this isn't such a bad deal after all.

Preston, meanwhile, has arrived in P.J.'s neighborhood and is looking up his address in a phone book.

He goes to P.J.'s building, parks the bike--but forgets to lock it.

He goes inside. There's Grandma.

Grandma: "How was it?"

Preston: "The White House? It's a nice place to visit, but I wouldn't want to live there."

He tries to adjust the TV, not realizing it's broken. Grandma announces she's about to make dinner. Preston's ears perk up. A chance to be in a kitchen--a real kitchen--without servants doing everything for you.

Preston makes himself--and Grandma--a huge triple-decker



sandwich. Just the kind of sandwich the White House kitchen staff never let him make.

Grandma is a little puzzled. A giant sandwich isn't exactly the meal she had in mind. But Preston is in seventh heaven...

...as, outside the building, P.J.'s friends--the group of younger kids we saw earlier--come upon P.J.'s bike, unlocked. They know he went someplace today, and they figure he didn't take his bike.

"We'd better ride this around for him. Otherwise, somebody'll come along and rip it off."

So, helpfully, they leave with P.J.'s bike.

At the White House, P.J. is in Preston's room, pacing, talking to Thunder, who stares at him, growling from time to time.

"This could be a lot of fun, but it could also get me in a lot of trouble. So. What I'm gonna do is this. I'm gonna get out of these clothes, and I'm gonna put on regular clothes, and some dark glasses, right, dark glasses, and get out of here. Right? Right. Just quit growling at me, okay? I've never undressed in front of a dog."

He strips down to his shorts--as into the room come the ladies of the White House Restoration Society, led by Piccard. Piccard doesn't see P.J. in his shorts right away--the ladies do, and react accordingly. Then Piccard sees, hurries the ladies' out.

"You knew the tour was today. Now get dressed. Go on. The appropriate attire."

P.J.: "Appropriate for what?"

Piccard: "What is the matter with this child! Don't you read your calendar or what? You have a date tonight--with the daughter of the Khurmese Ambassador!"

ACT III

Dulles airport. P.J. is in a new get-up, standing at rigid attention as vaguely Arabic dignitaries arrive.

He's in great discomfort--holding a bouquet of flowers and trying



not to sneeze.

The Ambassador's daughter is making eyes at him.

The Ambassador steps to the microphone to acknowledge the welcoming speech.

P.J. can't hold back the sneeze any longer. He makes a last-ditch attempt--grabs his nose.

An eagle-eyed photographer sees this, and snaps a picture of P.J. holding his nose.

Piccard chews on his fist.

Preston, meanwhile, is sound asleep in P.J.'s bed. Grandma is trying to wake him up.

Preston: "Picky, please let me sleep a little more..."

Grandma: "Who're you calling picky? You'll be late for work!"

Preston leaps up, realizes where he is. But he can't quite remember where "work" is.

He goes outside, and discovers the bike is gone. He looks in his pocket, finds the key, and realizes he left it outside, overnight, unlocked.

Accustomed to having law officers at his beck and call, Preston flags down a prowl car and rather imperiously orders the cop to find his bike.

The cop isn't having any. "Where you been all your life, kid? Sounds to me like you can kiss that bike goodbye."

Tina, P.J.'s girlfriend, has come up during this. Naturally, Preston doesn't recognize her.

Tina: "Yes, well I don't blame you for being angry. But I can't blame the kids who took it, either. How are kids expected to learn right from wrong when adults are always trying to rip each other off?"

Preston (bemused): "Yes. Right. Couldn't agree more."

Tina: "You agree? Then how come you won't join our protest?"

Preston, of course, hasn't the faintest idea what protest Tina means. But he likes the sound of this. "But I will join it!"

Tina: "Then come on!"

More kids have come up, and everybody heads around the



corner. Tina gives Preston a placard to hold, and they start walking in a circle in front of a store. "Pass it by!"

It's Lipscomb's Superette--out comes Lipscomb.

And now Preston realizes he's joined a boycott against the store where P.J. works.

Lipscomb, seeing Preston, explodes--and fires Preston on the spot.

At the White House, that evening, a reception for the Khurmese dignitaries is in progress.

P.J. is in still another suit. As directed, he's with the Ambassador's daughter, who's rather a snob. P.J. struggles through a waltz, and is relieved when the band plays a decorous version of the Hustle.

The band takes a break, and P.J. and the Ambassador's daughter talk.

She tells him how disappointed she is in the meagerness of the White House--"so unlike the palace back home."

P.J.: "That's just the point. America gave up kings and queens 200 years ago. The White House isn't supposed to be like a palace."

The Ambassador's daughter pooh-poohs this: "Oh, that's just talk. Everyone knows the American rich rule the American poor. Your unemployment is legendary. And your own President, I'm told, is about to veto a bill for the poor..."

P.J. can't let this pass: "What do you know about it anyway? Yeah, we have problems here, but at least we try to solve them. And who says he's gonna veto the bill?"

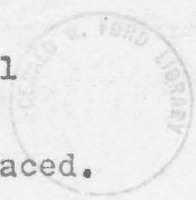
By this time, the rest of the room has fallen silent; everybody else is listening. The Ambassador's daughter lodges her complaint: "This boy is being rude to me..."

A correspondent swoops down on P.J. "Is it true your father isn't going to veto the bill after all? Did he tell you that?"

Piccard yanks P.J. away from the imbroglio. He's red-faced. "Well, at least I don't have to deal with this. We'll let your father handle this one."

P.J. gulps: "My father?"

Piccard: "Well, don't tell me you didn't hear. He's coming



home early--tomorrow morning!"

ACT IV

P.J. is frantically trying to call Preston. He reaches Grandma, disguises his voice. But Grandma doesn't know where Preston is.

At Lipscomb's Superette, the boycott is still on. Tina is telling Preston how proud she is of him for standing up to Lipscomb. She gives him a kiss.

It's consolation of a sort--but mainly, Preston is upset at having screwed things up for his double.

Suddenly, Preston sees something--P.J.'s bike. It's P.J.'s friends, who took his bike for safekeeping--but of course Preston doesn't know this.

He marches up to them and delivers an impassioned speech about how he knows it isn't their fault, they've been ripped off all their lives, he can understand their feelings and motivations, but he must absolutely insist on having his bike back.

The kids stare at him as though he's a Martian.

Preston realizes he's goofed again--and then his eye falls on the newspapers one of the kids is delivering from P.J.'s bike.

There's a big picture on page one: P.J. holding his nose. The Khurmesse Ambassador is in the shot. The caption: PRESIDENT'S SON GIVES OPINION OF MONARCHY.

Then he sees the story in the next column: CONFERENCE A SUCCESS, PRESIDENT BACK TODAY.

Preston jumps on P.J.'s bike, pedals furiously in the direction of the White House.

At the White House, P.J. is in the middle of an escape attempt. Nolan catches him and delivers him to Piccard, who reads him out: "In all my years, I've never met anyone so irresponsible....Well, you'll get it now. Your father's back and waiting to see you."



P.J.'s clothes are muddy from the escape attempt. Piccard orders him into his room to change.

P.J. goes in--and there's Preston.

They both start talking at once, and it's the same news: "You'll never forgive me! I messed up everything!"

Piccard comes back to fetch the President's son. There's no time for further explanation. The two boys duck into the bathroom, silently change clothes.

Preston comes out of the bathroom, goes with Piccard.

P.J., meanwhile, makes his exit--again, to the confusion of Dwyer, who learns that the President's son is on his way in to see the President...

...which, indeed, he is. And Preston is very scared indeed.

We see the President, as before, in silhouette, his back to us.

He congratulates Preston.

Preston is amazed.

"I'm proud of how you acted," says the President. "I would've said the same things, under the circumstances...Makes me realize you should be given more latitude--maybe you can campaign for me next time out--next trip, you go along for sure....But--how you figured out I wasn't going to veto that bill, I'll never know."

CLOSE

P.J. pedals home on his bike. He sees the commotion at Lipscomb's Superette.

Tina rushes over to him, jumping for joy. They've won! The boycott has succeeded. Lipscomb has given in. He's going to lower his prices, give senior citizens' discounts, everything. Lipscomb tells P.J. he can have his job back.

To P.J., it's news he lost his job. But he makes the most of this opportunity: "At the legal wage?"

With a sigh, Lipscomb gives in to this final bargaining point. Cheers.

Epilog
w/
credits
over



Grandma is a Lipscomb too. She winks;

Back at P.J.'s apartment, Grandma is helping everybody celebrate the victory over Lipscomb. (Even Lipscomb is celebrating.)

The phone rings. It's Preston.

"What did you do? I'm a hero around here!"

"So am I!"

"Even Picky Piccard is eating out of my hand."

"Same with Lipscomb."

"I guess it wasn't such a bad idea after all. I mean, you have a pretty nice life there. But so do I."

"We'll do it again sometime?"

"You know where to find me, P.J."

Preston hangs up, turns to Piccard. "Picky, I'd like to go to the movies. Ever been to a drive-in?"

P.J. goes back to the party.

The kids ask, "Who was that?"

"Oh, just a friend of mine."

We go in on Grandma. There's a funny smile on her face.

She knew all the time.



P.J. AND THE PRESIDENT'S SON

outline by Thomas Baum

TEASE

We see a boy in the back seat of a limousine. A close-up. He is PRESTON, son of the President of the United States, but we don't know this yet. Nor do we know it's a limousine. Just a boy, dressed up. We hear his father's voice and his mother's voice off-screen.

Preston: "But why can't I go along?"

"Next time, maybe. Anyway, somebody has to hold the fort."

"You mean fortress."

Our impression is of a disgruntled 14-year-old. (His accent is distinctive, perhaps a touch overbred--to contrast with P.J.'s, later.)

The limo stops at Dulles airport. A flurry of activity as reporters approach the President--we learn now that Preston is the President's son. The President is asked about the rumor that he is about to veto a minimum-wage bill. (We are on Preston throughout this--the President and First Lady are silhouettes)

Preston watches Air Force One take off.

Preston then jumps in the front seat with NOLAN, the Secret Service driver. As the limo heads back to the White House, we learn, briefly, how fed up Preston is with being the President's son--how he can't have friends over because they "get too impressed."

And now suddenly a bike shoots out of the driveway of a small supermarket.

The limo has to swerve to avoid the bike, which spills a load of groceries.

The delivery boy--P.J. McNULTY--doesn't see the boy staring out the window of the limousine.

But Preston has seen P.J. And as ~~Preston yells at Nolan~~ stops the car, we see, with Preston, that P.J. is his double.

at a traffic light

P.J. staring
at the limo
rides his bike
into a telephone
pole

FORD LIBRARY

ACT I

This should be the spot where the Pres. kid jumps out... says "are you alright" ... and they look at each other. The Pres. kid hastily asks P.J.'s ~~name~~ Name + phone

~~Preston is pleading with Nolan to stop the limo. Nolan doesn't--his orders are to take Preston straight back to the White House.~~

~~The limo speeds away. But not before Preston notes the name of the supermarket where his double works: LIPSCOMB'S SUPERETTE.~~

P.J. is left to pick up the groceries.

LIPSCOMB, the store owner, comes out and berates P.J., tells him the breakage is coming out of his salary.

"What salary?" mutters P.J.

Lipscomb is the local gouger--he overcharges old people who can't shop anywhere else. (He's to P.J. what Picky Piccard, Chief of Protocol, is to Preston--the thorn in his side.)

P.J. returns home--a blue-collar neighborhood. He chains his bike to the fence outside.

A group of younger kids is sitting on the stoop of P.J.'s building. They can tell P.J.'s had a bad day.

P.J. goes inside. His Grandma is listening to the chronically broken TV. We learn that P.J.'s parents are away visiting relatives; and that Grandma's eyesight is poor. She asks P.J. to mop the kitchen floor for her--go over the spots she missed. P.J. is in no mood. Grandma sees this, asks what's wrong.

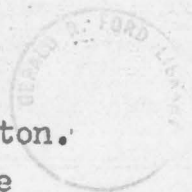
P.J.: "Grandma, don't you wish we were rich?"

At the White House, we see an equally dissatisfied Preston. We meet a second Secret Service man, DWYER, and see how the Secret Service constantly hovers over Preston.

We also meet THUNDER--Preston's very large dog.

Just as P.J. idealizes the life of privilege and luxury, Preston idealizes the down-to-earth life of "real people."

We see how Preston can't even make himself a sandwich in the White House kitchen without having servants swoop down to make it for him. We see him watching a movie, alone, in



a White House screening room--when he'd much rather be able to go to a regular theater. We see him reprimanded by Picky Piccard for tacking things up on the wall of his room--"a perfectly marvelous 18th Century environment that took years to do."

We see Preston pretending to make a call on the hot-line phone: "Help, comrade, I am a prisoner in the White House." And then he gets an idea. He goes to another phone...

At Lipscomb's Superette, P.J. is slaving away.

His girlfriend, TINA, is following him around the store.

Tina is an earnest, somewhat overeager activist. She is organizing a boycott of Lipscomb's Superette, and is pointing out why--outdated goods on shelves, unfair prices, etc.

She's trying to get P.J. to join the boycott--"I mean look at the salary he pays you--not even the minimum wage."

P.J. has to keep shutting her up to keep Lipscomb from hearing. He has no objection to the boycott--"so long as I'm not around."

Disappointed at her boyfriend's lack of activism, Tina leaves, just as P.J. gets a phonecall.

It's Preston, and we see both sides of the conversation.

Preston invites P.J. to come for a visit to the White House.

P.J.: "What is this, a phony phone call?"

Preston: "If you don't believe me, call this number, ask for Preston."

With Lipscomb glaring from across the store, P.J. calls back and finds out the call is legitimate.

P.J.: "Why me?"

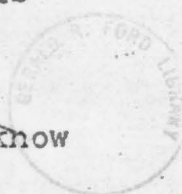
Preston improvises: "Oh, it's a new program--get to know people from the city, that sort of thing--"

The date is set. P.J. is mystified. ~~As yet, of course, he doesn't know he's going to meet his double.~~

The day of the meeting, P.J. sets out on his bike. The only person he's told is Grandma, who's excited for him: "Remember, if you see the President, tell him I voted for him."

P.J. arrives at the White House, chains his bike across the street, puts the key in his pocket, approaches the gate--not

Bring
Some
ID.



Show his ID.

knowing what to do, half-expecting to ~~be thrown out.~~

Instead, the gateman treats him with incredible deference, waves him right through.

Dwyer, the Secret Service man, spots P.J., and radios to his fellow Secret Service man, Nolan, that the President's son is entering the White House.

Nolan radios back that Dwyer better have his eyes examined; he just saw Preston on the third floor.

P.J. continues to get bewildering hellos from various staff people.

And then he sees why. Coming toward him is Preston, his double.

ACT II

Preston quickly spirits P.J. to his room.

They hit it off right away.

P.J.: "I never dreamed I looked like the son of the President..."

Preston: "Well, they try to keep my face out of the papers-- they don't want me getting into any celebrity trips. How did you get here?"

P.J.: "By bike."

Preston (wistful): "It's a long time since I rode a bike."

Each is impressed by the other. They admire each other's clothes, and P.J. asks to try on Preston's blazer.

Preston: "Try on everything."

They switch clothes.

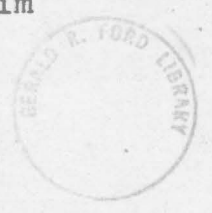
Outside, in the hall, Piccard approaches.

Preston hears him. "It's Picky!" He ducks into the bathroom, motioning for P.J. to follow. But P.J. doesn't know what's happening. He hesitates--and it's too late.

In comes Piccard. He sees P.J., and naturally mistakes him for Preston. "What's wrong with you? We're late for the ceremony."

And he takes P.J. in tow...

...Preston now sees his chance. He comes out of the bathroom,



sneaks out of his room, out of the White House--in P.J.'s clothes.

Dwyer, the Secret Service man, spots him, radios Nolan:
"The President's kid is heading toward the gate."

Nolan: "Dwyer, will you get with it? Preston is right beside me. We're heading for the West Wing."

By which time Preston is out the gate. He spots a bike, fishes in the pocket of P.J.'s jacket, finds a key, tries it. And pedals away gleefully...

...as P.J. is ushered into the ceremony--awards for Boy Scouts.

Also present is Preston's dog, Thunder.

Thunder growls at P.J. He's the only one who's aware of the switch. He growls and barks, very nearly disrupting the ceremony.

P.J. manages to get through it. As soon as the ceremony is over, he rushes back to Preston's room. And, of course, Preston is gone.

P.J. starts looking frantically for Preston. It's dawning on him what's happened.

At a bend in the corridor, girl tourists surround him:
"Isn't he cute! Can we have your autograph?"

P.J.'s face gives his reaction: Maybe this isn't such a bad deal after all.

Preston, meanwhile, has arrived in P.J.'s neighborhood and is looking up his address in a phone book.

He goes to P.J.'s building, parks the bike--but forgets to lock it.

He goes inside. There's Grandma.

Grandma: "How was it?"

Preston: "The White House? It's a nice place to visit, but I wouldn't want to live there."

He tries to adjust the TV, not realizing it's broken. Grandma announces she's about to make dinner. Preston's ears perk up. A chance to be in a kitchen--a real kitchen--without servants doing everything for you.

Preston makes himself--and Grandma--a huge triple-decker

smooth



sandwich. Just the kind of sandwich the White House kitchen staff never let him make.

Grandma is a little puzzled. A giant sandwich isn't exactly the meal she had in mind. But Preston is in seventh heaven...

...as, outside the building, P.J.'s friends--the group of younger kids we saw earlier--come upon P.J.'s bike, unlocked. They know he went someplace today, and they figure he didn't take his bike.

"We'd better ride this around for him. Otherwise, somebody'll come along and rip it off."

So, helpfully, they leave with P.J.'s bike.

At the White House, P.J. is in Preston's room, pacing, talking to Thunder, who stares at him, growling from time to time.

"This could be a lot of fun, but it could also get me in a lot of trouble. So. What I'm gonna do is this. I'm gonna get out of these clothes, and I'm gonna put on regular clothes, and some dark glasses, right, dark glasses, and get out of here. Right? Right. Just quit growling at me, okay? I've never undressed in front of a dog."

He strips down to his shorts--as into the room come the ladies of the White House Restoration Society, led by Piccard. Piccard doesn't see P.J. in his shorts right away--the ladies do, and react accordingly. Then Piccard sees, hurries the ladies' out.

"You knew the tour was today. Now get dressed. Go on. The appropriate attire."

P.J.: "Appropriate for what?"

Piccard: "What is the matter with this child! Don't you read your calendar or what? You have a date tonight--with the daughter of the Khurmesse Ambassador!"

ACT III

Dulles airport. P.J. is in a new get-up, standing at rigid attention as vaguely Arabic dignitaries arrive.

He's in great discomfort--holding a bouquet of flowers and trying



not to sneeze.

The Ambassador's daughter is making eyes at him.

The Ambassador steps to the microphone to acknowledge the welcoming speech.

P.J. can't hold back the sneeze any longer. He makes a last-ditch attempt--grabs his nose.

An eagle-eyed photographer sees this, and snaps a picture of P.J. holding his nose.

Piccard chews on his fist.

Preston, meanwhile, is sound asleep in P.J.'s bed. Grandma is trying to wake him up.

Preston: "Picky, please let me sleep a little more..."

Grandma: "Who're you calling picky? You'll be late for work!"

Preston leaps up, realizes where he is. But he can't quite remember where "work" is.

He goes outside, and discovers the bike is gone. He looks in his pocket, finds the key, and realizes he left it outside, overnight, unlocked.

Accustomed to having law officers at his beck and call, Preston flags down a prowl car and rather imperiously orders the cop to find his bike.

The cop isn't having any. "Where you been all your life, kid? Sounds to me like you can kiss that bike goodbye."

Tina, P.J.'s girlfriend, has come up during this. Naturally, Preston doesn't recognize her.

Tina: "Yes, well I don't blame you for being angry. But I can't blame the kids who took it, either. How are kids expected to learn right from wrong when adults are always trying to rip each other off?"

Preston (bemused): "Yes. Right. Couldn't agree more."

Tina: "You agree? Then how come you won't join our protest?"

Preston, of course, hasn't the faintest idea what protest Tina means. But he likes the sound of this. "But I will join it!"

Tina: "Then come on!"

More kids have come up, and everybody heads around the



corner. Tina gives Preston a placard to hold, and they start walking in a circle in front of a store. "Pass it by!"

It's Lipscomb's Superette--out comes Lipscomb.

And now Preston realizes he's joined a boycott against the store where P.J. works.

Lipscomb, seeing Preston, explodes--and fires Preston on the spot.

At the White House, that evening, a reception for the Khurmese dignitaries is in progress.

P.J. is in still another suit. As directed, he's with the Ambassador's daughter, who's rather a snob. P.J. struggles through a waltz, and is relieved when the band plays a decorous version of the Hustle.

The band takes a break, and P.J. and the Ambassador's daughter talk.

She tells him how disappointed she is in the meagerness of the White House--"so unlike the palace back home."

P.J.: "That's just the point. America gave up kings and queens 200 years ago. The White House isn't supposed to be like a palace."

The Ambassador's daughter pooh-poohs this: "Oh, that's just talk. Everyone knows the American rich rule the American poor. Your unemployment is legendary. And your own President, I'm told, is about to veto a bill for the poor..."

P.J. can't let this pass: "What do you know about it anyway? Yeah, we have problems here, but at least we try to solve them. And who says he's gonna veto the bill?"

By this time, the rest of the room has fallen silent; everybody else is listening. The Ambassador's daughter lodges her complaint: "This boy is being rude to me..."

A correspondent swoops down on P.J. "Is it true your father isn't going to veto the bill after all? Did he tell you that?"

Piccard yanks P.J. away from the imbroglio. He's red-faced. "Well, at least I don't have to deal with this. We'll let your father handle this one."

P.J. gulps: "My father?"

Piccard: "Well, don't tell me you didn't hear. He's coming

home early--tomorrow morning!"

ACT IV

P.J. is frantically trying to call Preston. He reaches Grandma, disguises his voice. But Grandma doesn't know where Preston is.

At Lipscomb's Superette, the boycott is still on. Tina is telling Preston how proud she is of him for standing up to Lipscomb. She gives him a kiss.

It's consolation of a sort--but mainly, Preston is upset at having screwed things up for his double.

Suddenly, Preston sees something--P.J.'s bike. It's P.J.'s friends, who took his bike for safekeeping--but of course Preston doesn't know this.

He marches up to them and delivers an impassioned speech about how he knows it isn't their fault, they've been ripped off all their lives, he can understand their feelings and motivations, but he must absolutely insist on having his bike back.

The kids stare at him as though he's a Martian.

Preston realizes he's goofed again--and then his eye falls on the newspapers one of the kids is delivering from P.J.'s bike.

There's a big picture on page one: P.J. holding his nose. The Khurmese Ambassador is in the shot. The caption: PRESIDENT'S SON GIVES OPINION OF MONARCHY.

Then he sees the story in the next column: CONFERENCE A SUCCESS, PRESIDENT BACK TODAY.

Preston jumps on P.J.'s bike, pedals furiously in the direction of the White House.

At the White House, P.J. is in the middle of an escape attempt. Nolan catches him and delivers him to Piccard, who reads him out: "In all my years, I've never met anyone so irresponsible....Well, you'll get it now. Your father's back and waiting to see you."



P.J.'s clothes are muddy from the escape attempt. Piccard orders him into his room to change.

P.J. goes in--and there's Preston.

They both start talking at once, and it's the same news: "You'll never forgive me! I messed up everything!"

Piccard comes back to fetch the President's son. There's no time for further explanation. The two boys duck into the bathroom, silently change clothes.

Preston comes out of the bathroom, goes with Piccard.

P.J., meanwhile, makes his exit--again, to the confusion of Dwyer, who learns that the President's son is on his way in to see the President...

...which, indeed, he is. And Preston is very scared indeed.

We see the President, as before, in silhouette, his back to us.

He congratulates Preston.

Preston is amazed.

"I'm proud of how you acted," says the President. "I would've said the same things, under the circumstances...Makes me realize you should be given more latitude--maybe you can campaign for me next time out--next trip, you go along for sure....But--how you figured out I wasn't going to veto that bill, I'll never know."

Close

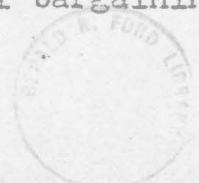
P.J. pedals home on his bike. He sees the commotion at Lipscomb's Superette.

Tina rushes over to him, jumping for joy. They've won! The boycott has succeeded. Lipscomb has given in. He's going to lower his prices, give senior citizens' discounts, everything. Lipscomb tells P.J. he can have his job back.

To P.J., it's news he lost his job. But he makes the most of this opportunity: "At the legal wage?"

With a sigh, Lipscomb gives in to this final bargaining point. Cheers.

Epilog
w/
credits
over
I



Grandma is a Lipscomb too. She winks;

Back at P.J.'s apartment, Grandma is helping everybody celebrate the victory over Lipscomb. (Even Lipscomb is celebrating.)

The phone rings. It's Preston.

"What did you do? I'm a hero around here!"

"So am I!"

"Even Picky Piccard is eating out of my hand."

"Same with Lipscomb."

"I guess it wasn't such a bad idea after all. I mean, you have a pretty nice life there. But so do I."

"We'll do it again sometime?"

"You know where to find me, P.J."

Preston hangs up, turns to Piccard. "Picky, I'd like to go to the movies. Ever been to a drive-in?"

P.J. goes back to the party.

The kids ask, "Who was that?"

"Oh, just a friend of mine."

We go in on Grandma. There's a funny smile on her face.

She knew all the time.

RECEIVED

APR 2 1976

SQUIRE D. RUSHNELL

PADDY AND THE PRESIDENT'S KID

A one-hour drama for television

written by

Dennis A McGuire

Concept based on Mark Twain's
"The Prince and the Pauper"
Suggested by Squire D. Rushnell

ABC-TV

NOTE: As you read this pre-corrected copy, please mentally substitute the Irish "PADDY" for "PATTY".

TEASE:
FADE IN:

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C.

A black, government limosine races thru the Washington streets to DULLES AIRPORT. A SECURITY OFFICER swings open an iron gate upon recognition of the WHITE HOUSE LICENSE PLATES - US 1. The BLACK LIMO screeches to a halt at the wire mesh fence on the edge of the runway. THREE SECRET SERVICE MEN jump out, followed by PETER THOMPSON, 14 year old son of PRESIDENT THOMPSON. PETER is dressed in a Prep School blazer and grey slacks. He wears glasses.

EXT. FAST TRACKING SHOT THRU LOADING AREA.

PETE runs to the gate just as AIR FORCE ONE rolls past and lifts off - the PRESIDENT HAS departed.

CUT TO:

As the plane disappears, the disappointed BOY walks back to the limosine. A FEW REPORTERS have spotted the PRESIDENTIAL LIMO and run to it - flash bulbs pop.

PETER starts to get inside the back - changes his mind - jumps in the front seat beside the DRIVER, A SECRET SERVICE MAN named TOM NOLAN. THE OTHER SECRET SERVICE MEN put Peter's luggage in the rear trunk and jump in back. PETER is obviously interested in learning to drive; even though disappointed, he watches the DRIVER shift and clutch. He imitates the movements with his feet.

SS MAN NOLAN

Sorry, Pete, we did the best we could.

PETE

I know. Stupid traffic!

NOLAN

Yes. The President....your dad would have waited if he could have. (SHRUGS) Trouble is, the summit conference wouldn't wait.

PETE

Yeah, I understand.

But he doesn't like it.



PETE

I should of stayed at school. What a vacation this is going to be - everyone in Geneva - me in the White House - alone.

NOLAN

Want to call a few school buddies? They could stay at the White House.

PETE

Naw - they get too impressed. Go ga-ga over everything. I'd rather not, thanks, Mr. Nolan.

PETE grabs the gear stick.

PETE

Let's double clutch!

NOLAN does it - PETE shifts.

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON STREETS. NEAR PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.

The playground is locked up so a basketball game on a make-shift court in the street is in progress. A GANG OF KIDS of various sizes and ages play a tough street game. One player - PATRICK ROBERTS - whom the audience will notice immediately as PETE'S DOUBLE - 14, same build, enough alike to be identical twins. PATTY takes the ball out of bounds - barks orders on fast break as the PRESIDENTIAL LIMO turns into the street. The KIDS work in for a basket and just as PATTY is breaking for a lay-up ZIPPER fouls him, knocking him into the middle of the street. ZIPPER'S TEAM takes the ball and works in for a basket.

ZIPPER

Hey, man, take a look at the dude from West VA - flat out. I thought you came up here to teach us some razzle-dazzle ball handling. Maybe you been playing with your granny too long.



PATTY gets up - starts back to the game when a MOTORCADE COP cuts him off. THE BOYS stop playing as the MOTORCADE passes - stops. PATTY stares at PETER who stares out of the limo like a puppy in a pet store window - doesn't see PATTY - but the AUDIENCE again must be struck by the boys' similarity and be expecting the confrontation. They go on past - the COP stops.

COP

You kids are obstructing traffic. Get off the street or I'll run you in.

He roars off. ZIPPER shoots a basket - it bounces at PATTY'S FEET in the middle of the street. He COP hears and stops. He turns and ALL THE GANG split and run toward the school playground. All except PATTY.

PATTY
(awestruck)

Number one - the President's plates.

TINA

(yells)

Hey, Pat, get the ball!

The COP thinks PAT is retarded - moves on. LIMO is stopped by road construction. It turns around.

CUT TO:

C.U. PETE. Reflections on glass over PETER'S FACE. LIMO backs up. We see KIDS running - except PAT. The SON OF THE PRESIDENT and PAT are identical.

COP

You better move it, son.

VOICES

Come on, Pat - come on!

ZIPPER

Don't they have limo's in West Virginia?

PATTY
(to himself)

Wow! The White House car.



A 14 year old GIRL is the only one of the GANG who returns for PATTY.

TINA

(calls)

Pat, come on, that cop
will run you in.

She crosses to him and pulls him by the arm.

TINA

Pat, you hear me?

The ball bounces into the traffic. TINA gets the ball.

PATTY

Did you see that, Tina?
That's the President's car!
Chauffeur and all. Boy
would I like to ride in
that car! Wait til I write
home and tell everybody I
saw.....(TRAILS OFF).....

TINA holds onto him and lets the cars pass.

TINA

(interrupts-louder)

Come on, Patty!

PATTY watches the LIMC disappear. PETER looks out the back window like a prisoner on his way to the pen. He wants to play a game in the street - be free.

FADE OUT:



INT. WHITE HOUSE GYM.

A Karate class is in progress. PETER looks thru a small glass window as AGENTS work out. He doesn't join them.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITE HOUSE PARKING AREA. BASKETBALL COURT SET UP.

PETER is alone shooting baskets. It is a lonely scene. PETE bounces the ball - all alone.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE.

PETER enters his room in his sweatsuit, munching an apple and starts to undress. SOUND: Door lock - key inserted - turned. PICCARD, the senior protocol officer, enters with a group of WOMEN and the WHITE HOUSE RESTORATION COMMITTEE. PETER races to the bathroom and locks the door.

PICCARD

Although President Harrison had ten children, none of them ever lived in the White House - old Tippecanoe died one month after he took office. Vice-President Tyler moved in with his 14 children and this room was -

PETER

(on bathroom phone)

Security! Mr. Nolan, please! Nollie, Picky Piccard broke into my room again. Came again without any warning!

C.U. NOLAN on intercom phone in Secret Service Quarters down the hall from Peter's room.

NOLAN

(to Peter)

Okay, Pete, I'll talk to Mr. Piccard.

PETER

(unhappy)

Please, Nolan, can't you keep Piccard outta here? He's everywhere!



NOLAN

Okay, I'll try, Pete, but sooner or later you're going to have to accept the fact that the President's son has certain obligations and duties that other kids don't have. Lack of privacy is one of them. Sorry, understand? You're not just any kid - not until your dad's term of office is over - and even then, it won't end.

PETE

I dig. It goes with the turf. White House turf. I'll play along.

NOLAN

Thanks, that's more like it.

INT. HALL. NOLAN steps into the hall and sees the LADIES TOUR being ushered out of Peter's room - led by PICCARD.

PETE

(shouting)

Please do come back - next week when I'm at school!

PICCARD leads the WOMEN down the hall.

NOLAN

Piccard, one moment, please.

PICCARD

(conducting tour)

Where were we? Not now, Mr. Nolan. LadyBird Johnson added a personal touch...

NOLAN grabs him by the arm and pulls him aside.

NOLAN

Pete, the President's kid, said you busted in on him in his room. Knock it off, hear?

PICCARD

(shakes loose)

Mister Nolan, the tour of the private quarters for the White House Restoration Committee was



PICCARD (CONT'D)

approved by the President a month ago. It was posted on the official White House Calendar. The President's son should keep posted.

PICCARD walks away. NOLAN is angry. PETER should have respected it.

PICCARD

(continues speech)

Young David Eisenhower and the Nixon girls.....

NOLAN walks to PETER who is forcing a smile.

PETER

Let's get outta here. How about a driving lesson?

NOLAN

What's the hurry - you can't get a license til you're 16.

PETER

Please.

NOLAN

Oh, all right, meet me at the South Portico.

EXT. L.S. WHITE HOUSE.

PATTY and TINA are walking their bikes past the White House.

PATTY

My grandma was a suffraget - campaigned for women's voting rights and stuff. She used to tell me stories about the Presidents instead of ghost stories and fairy tales. She's a real nut on American History.



4
TINA

Dullsville.

PATTY

(gazing at White House)

No. Did you know kids used
to race bikes in the halls?

TINA is bored.

and Abe Lincoln's ghost was
seen in the Oval Office?

TINA

You made that up.

PATTY

(laughs)

Yea, I did. (SUDDENLY
SERIOUS) Wouldn't it be
something to live there.

His eyes are fixed on the White House.

TINA

Let's go play ball.

PATTY

(snaps out of dream)

Can't. Got to deliver for
Mr. Bernsteins's market.
See ya!

EXT. WHITE HOUSE. EXT. MED. SHOT. ANOTHER P.O.V.

NOLAN goes to bring the car around to the front.

INT. OVAL OFFICE.

PETER walks past desk. He waits, watching thru the win-
dow. PETER looks at the red HOT-LINE PHONE - is tempted
to pick it up - does. CLICK - GARBLE - A RUSSIAN
VOICE says:

VOICE

Soviet Defense Headquarters.



PETER puts his finger on the buttons and says into the dead phone:

PETER

Help, Comrade, I am a prisoner in the White House.

He hangs up and walks thru the office and thru the formal ball room. He hears the TOUR LADIES coming and hides behind a drape. A GROUP OF WOMEN walk past. A SMALL WOMAN feels the drapes to check the quality - sees PETER - smiles as if hiding behind drapes in the White House were normal. PETER makes an awful face.

CUT TO:

EXT. PETER AT GATE OUTSIDE OF WHITE HOUSE.

A GANG OF BOYS pass- laugh and joke - they are carefree and happy.

MED. SHOT. REV. P.O.V.

We see PETER thru the jail-like bars of the iron gate. NOLAN drives up behind and picks PETER up in the limo and they drive thru the iron gate.

CUT TO:

EXT. PATTY AT GROCERY STORE.

MR. BERNSTEIN

Patrick, get these deliveries to the right houses and this time come back quickly. Hear me? No daydreaming - just peddling. Hurry, boy.

PATTY loads the big wire basket on the front of his bike with groceries and pedals off.

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON. DUSK.

The LIMO arrives on a deserted street. There are no cars or pedestrians in sight. It looks safe except for PATTY. He looks at a sign that says: "ONE WAY - NO ENTRY". He ignores it when he sees the Presidential LIMO pass. Again he is star-struck and he follows it to the top of the hill.

CUT TO:

EXT. NOLAN'S LIMO.

NOLAN turns around, stops and moves over from the driver's seat and PETER takes over.

CUT TO:

EXT. HILL.

PATTY heads down a steep hill past the "NO ENTRY" sign where he saw the LIMO go. It is getting dark. There are no lights on his bike. PATTY can't stop speeding. He tries to slow up - his old brakes grind and screech.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIMO.

PETER drives on the empty street coming up the hill.

INT. LIMO.

NOLAN watches PETER. He is nervous. He points to the one-way street "ENTER" sign. PETER turns on to it and heads up the hill.

CUT TO:

PATTY sees ^{LICENSE PLATE} US-1 coming at him.

CUT TO:

C.U. PETE smiles a hot-shot "look at me smile" at NOLAN. His smile turns to horror.

INT. THRU WINDSHIELD.

PAT'S BIKE hits the car head-on. Groceries fly - eggs and tomatoes smash onto the windshield. PETER'S GLASSES break. PAT'S FACE slides across the pavement. The CAR knocks over a lamp post and some garbage cans, then stops.

CUT TO:

MED. SHOT.

NOLAN helps both boys into the back seat of the limo and wipes their faces off.

NOLAN

You guys okay?

PETE

My nose hurts.

PATTY

Mine too.

They hold handkerchiefs to their bloody noses - covering their faces. There is more blood than injury.

CUT TO:

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM.

EVERYONE moves in confusion.

NOLAN

(upset)

Let's keep it low, key, Doc.
The President's son is okay
and so is the other boy.
We don't want the President
to worry for nothing.

A NOSEY PATIENT is in the hall as they pass. He moves in closer to eavesdrop - doors swing shut in his face.

CUT TO:

PETER AND PATRICK are X-rayed. Their faces are the same in front of the X-ray except PAT has a mole on his cheek. Their clothes are taken away and hospital garments are furnished. All this happens very quickly. They are separated. One is taken thru a door marked "RESTRICTED" and into a suite of rooms. One is taken outside to the hallway to wait for the X-rays. Here they are switched. But they can't explain because of the ice packs.

The NOSEY PATIENT tries to pry - can't get through maximum security. He sits down and talks to the BOY who has been seated in the waiting room....by mistake. He is groggy - in shock.

PATIENT

(whispers-confidential
tone)

They're making a lot of fuss
for him. Who is he? What
you in for?



PETER
(groggy-ice pack on face)
Some jerk kid ran into the
President's limosine ---
(PAUSE) hit the windshield...

PATIENT

What was he driving?

PETER
(groggy)
Driving? Nothing. He was on
a bike...the bike was ruined...

PICCARD swirls by - cuts the PATIENT off.

PICCARD
(to Peter)
Son, you all right? (ANGRY)
If the President's son is hurt,
you're going to be in trouble.
You need a light on your bike
at night! Don't you know the
laws?

PETER nods "yes" - doesn't speak.

A NURSE enters and takes PETER by the arm, leads him away.

NURSE
(to Peter)
This way, please.

PICCARD glares at the NOSEY PATIENTS.

PICCARD

Go away!

THE NURSE takes PETER into X-ray. Again the swinging
doors almost cut the NOSEY PATIENT'S nose off.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL. PRIVATE ROOM.

A GROGGY PATTY is in a special security suite listening
to his GRANDMA on the phone. PATTY tries to interrupt,
but his split lip hurts too much. PATTY doesn't know
he is in the wrong room.

PATTY

(in pain)

Yes, Grandma. The President's son - (PAUSE)...real nice. Yes, I'll call Mom and Dad. Wait til the kids hear about this! Nothing like this ever happened to me in Wheeling.

L.S. PETER in X-ray room sittin g in chair. Waiting.

PATTY

(V.O.)

You should see the room. TV and everything. They offered to bring me home in the White House limosine. Yes (PAUSE) Red velvet and silk p.j.'s. Yes.

INT. HOSPITAL. HOURS LATER. AFTER PETE'S NOSE IS FIXED.

PETER is sitting in a wheel chair in PATTY'S bedroom with PAT. PATTY is wearing PETER'S expensive red velvet bathrobe. PETER wears a green hospital gown. They have already been introduced, etc.

L.S. INT. HALL OF HOSPITAL. PICCARD AND NOLAN in foreground - Boys in

PICCARD

The kid wants a bike.

NOLAN

Give it to him.

PICCARD

Little blackmailer.

NOLAN

Where is he?

NURSE

In with the other boy. They are getting acquainted.

NCLAN

Good. That will take the edge off it.



PICCARD

(torments Nolan)

I certainly wouldn't want
to be in your shoes, Mr.
Nolan. If this kid creates
a fuss - you've had it.

NOLAN

Thanks, Piccard, you're
great to have around in a
crisis.

INT. BEDROOM. PAT AND PETER.

PATTY

(apologetically)

Then, they gave me your room
by mistake.

PETER

(a little sedated)

Yea, I've been sitting on that
bench out there in the hall
for hours.

PATTY

(hopes to make it up)

There's a shortage of rooms.
(PAUSE) I saw you once before.

PETER studies PATTY'S FACE. Both have ice packs on
their jaws and tape on their noses.

PETER

(smiles)

They mixed us up - thought I
was you. Real dumb.

He likes the joke. PATTY rubs the sleeve of the red
velvet robe, remembers it belongs to the President's son.
He's embarrassed to be wearing the robe.

PETER

Keep it - I have another one.

PATTY

(in awe of TV, room, etc)

Boy! Is this something....



PETER

(smiles)

You think I've got it made,
right?

PATTY re-ties the sash of the robe.

PATTY

(lightly)

Does a camel have humps?
What you got is velvet, mun.

PETER

(stronger)

But you got fixed up first,
by the best surgeon in Wash-
ington. Wait til Dad hears
about this---

PATTY

(subdued-head down)

The President! Oh, no! It
was an accident - I couldn't
help it! Aren't you too
young to drive?

PETER

(bossy-attacks)

Yea, but it was your fault!
You hit us!

PATTY

(afraid)

Gee, who's going to pay for
all this?

PETER

Aw, don't worry. It'll be
taken care of.

PATTY

I guess we'd better switch
back before there's trouble.

PETER is confident there isn't going to be any trouble.

PETER

Yea, I guess we'd better.



PATTY pushes aside a color TV that hangs over his bed and gets off the bed. PETER gets in. He keeps on the stiffly starched hospital robe. PATTY rubs the dark red velvet sleeve. PETER covers an impish smile. He's done something PATTY doesn't know about.

PETER

Hey, I have a little joke to tell you. That nervous protocol officer, Picky Piccard, thought I was you. Guess what? I told him to give me - you - a new bike or I'd make trouble.

PATTY

Oh, no! Now I'm really in trouble!

PETER laughs - waves his hand as if to say, "don't worry". He enjoys giving the White House staff trouble. Still scared, PATTY timidly joins in the joke. His jaw hurts too.

PETER

(adds)

Naw - a ten-speed Peugeot deluxe. With lights and a wheel lock.

PATTY'S EYES beam.

PATTY

Hey, thanks. How 'bout a basket?

PETER likes the idea - laughs.

PETER

Sure-why not? Ouch! Don't make me laugh! I can't get over it - you really do look like me - sorta.

They look at each other more closely. Bandages cover parts of their bruised faces. PETER looks PATTY over as if he were hiring a servant. PATTY steps back.

PETER

I can see a vague resemblance. Of course, my posture is better.



PATTY STANDS straighter.

PETER

And your shoulders are smaller -
less developed.

PATTY throws his shoulders back.

PATTY

Oh, ya?

PETER

And my teeth are whiter and
straighter.

PATTY covers his.

PETER

My biceps are bigger.

PATTY FLEXES - it hurts when he does. PETER looks at
his face in the hospital mirror.

PETER

Do you have many zits?

PATTY

(wins one)

No, not yet. Just this
mole.

PETER picks at the tape on his nose.

PETER

Not me either.

PATTY

Hey, can I really keep the bike?

PETER

Sure - keep it. Would you
like to come visit me at
the White House?

PATTY

White House!?! Wow! You
kiddin'!?! Anytime!

↑
smiles
his
mole



The door opens. NEWSMEN try to enter. There is a scuffle. NOLAN pushes them out. PICCARD opens the door again.

NOLAN

Well, boys, Doc says you can both go home.

NOLAN walks from bed to bed - tries to peek behind the bandages. *Does a slightly bewildered double-take,*

NOLAN

Patrick, we'll drop you off. I know your family must be worried.

PATTY

Thanks.

PETER

Patty wants to visit us at the White House.

NOLAN starts to object, then smiles.

NOLAN

Sure, why not. Good idea! I'll bring the car around and I'll drive. Okay?

PETER looks at PATTY - the glint in his eye means he's up to something.

FADE OUT:



EXT. L.S. LIMC. OVERHEAD SHOT. NIGHT.

NOLAN drives up to PATTY'S APT. in a poor section of Washington. He gets out, says goodbye. PETER sees PATTY surrounded by a bunch of KIDS led by TINA. They drive off - past a GANG OF KIDS crowding around PATTY. *PETER WANTS TO*

EXT. L.S. They pull up at the White House. SECRET SERVICE MEN come out - open doors. NOLAN issues a few quiet orders. *OUT
NOLA
won*

They pass thru a security office and into the Main Hall. PETER spots some members of the press and steps in behind NOLAN. NOLAN instinctively pats his hip. *let f.
Wo.
Secur
reme
CU*

PETER

Let's avoid that.

REPORTERS break from the group with cameras and press pads in hand. PETER and NOLAN duck inside the PRESIDENT'S OVAL OFFICE And step into a private elevator.

NOLAN

Nice move, Pete. (looks at Pete) Hey, I'm sorry, but you can't run on the streets at night with that gang. Look, why don't I see if I can get clearance to take you to the Lakers game tomorrow?

PETER

And be surrounded by Secret Service Agents? "Clear all the seats", "Stand up and let's hear it for the President's kid".

The elevator stops and they step into the hall. They walk down a long hall. PETER stops at his room.

PETER

No, thanks, Mr. Nolan. It was a bad enough time when we tried to go to the Army-Navy game.

NOLAN

I'm going to bed. See you in the morning.



NCLAN walks back down the hall and closes the door.
SCOUND: A BOLT slips home, locking the door. PETER
looks at the door for a second - then shuts his door.

FADE CUT:

~~INT~~
EXT. PATTY'S APT. BUILDING.

GRANDMA
(V.O.)
Patrick, that you? You
okay? I was so worried.

INT. APT. PATTY AND GRANDMA.

PATTY
Sure, Grandma. I'm ok.
Just a bruise on the
nose. Boy, what a day!
They're gonna give me a
new bike.

GRANDMA looks at his face and peeks under the bandages.

GRANDMA
Let me look at you.


PATTY
Ouch! I'm okay, really!

GRANDMA
Your mother would never for-
give me if anything happened
while you were here visiting *your*
old grandma. Now, tell me
all about it. Was he nice?

PATTY
Who?

GRANDMA
President Thompson.

PATTY
It was his son - the Presi-
dent is away on business.



*Study up
w/ my image*

GRANDMA -

Well then, is the President's son nice?

PATTY

Yes, Okay. Kinda stuck up maybe. But he said he wants me to come to the White House for a visit. (PAUSE - into mirror) But I bet he won't call.

GRANDMA

He's the son of the President of the United States and if he said it, he meant it! *That's why I voted for him.*

PATTY

Gee, I hope so.

~~CUT TO:~~ FACE OUT

INT. WHITE HOUSE. PETER'S ROOM. MORNING.

PETER'S linen is brought in by the WHITE HOUSE CLEANING STAFF. ANTON PICCARD directs the maids. PETER wants to avoid them so he goes into the bathroom. PICCARD knocks on the bathroom door. PETER ignores the knock. PICCARD enters the bath suite - PETER locks the inner door. PICCARD moves thru the room opening PETER'S suitcases. He orders Peter's athletic equipment; jock socks, sweatsuit and old sneakers taken away. The room is organized to his specifications. Pete's private stuff is either put away or cleaned, polished and pressed. His personal belongings and privacy are trampled by PICCARD.

EXT. STREET. WASHINGTON SLUM DISTRICT.

PATTY brings his lopsided basketball up three flights of stairs to a tenement house. It is a dark hallway. He unlocks the door of his apartment.

INT. PATTY'S APARTMENT.

PATTY closes the door, puts on three locks, tosses the ball into a corner and searches the cupboard for food - then the icebox.



PATTY

Any calls from the White House?

GRANDMA

(O.C.)

Patrick?

PATTY

Yeah, Grandma.

GRANDMA

Did you get the mail?

PATTY

Yeah, only one from Mom. You sure there weren't any calls?

GRANDMA

I'm sure. What's your mama say?

PATTY opens the cabinet - closes the door and then sees some potatoes on the stove in a black iron frying pan.

PATTY

(complains)

There's never anything to eat around here.

GRANDMA

Lunch will be ready in a little while. Did you straighten everything out at the market?

PATTY

Yeah. I saw Mr. Bernstein. He said I can keep the job. I JUST HAVE TO TAKE THE SHIT OUT OF GROCERIES BUTTA MY PITY.

GRANDMA

What does your mother say?

PATTY puts some catsup on the potatoes and eats them out of the frying pan. He rips open the letter and reads:

PATTY
(reads-eating)
Dear Grandma and Patrick,
Pat, why don't you answer my letters? We miss you. We hope your summer with Grandma will be fun as well as educational. Remember to obey...

He puts the letter down beside GRANDMA. She stares at the TV screen - no picture - listens to game show.

PAT
When you going to get that TV fixed?

GRANDMA
I was raised on radio. I don't need the picture. Besides, I can't afford it.

PACKO goes into the bedroom and grabs a book, "STONEWALL JACKSON".

GRANDMA
I'm going to the store. Remember what Mr. Bernstein said. You better be on time.

PATTY rolls over - keeps reading. GRANDMA turns off the scrambled-screen TV set and pulls on her coat...and leaves. PATTY gets up and opens the big, old-fashioned cabinet, Inside the cabinet is a case - inside the case is an \$8.50 watch and a card that says:

"Thanks for helping me all summer - Love, Grandma."

PATTY
(under breath)
\$8.50 - big deal!

PATTY puts the case back and closes the cabinet door.

SOUND: The hall telephone rings. He runs ^{out into HALL} ~~to it~~ and answers it.

PATTY
Hello. No, she went shopping.

He hangs up.

INT. WHITE HOUSE. AFTERNOON.

TOURISTS are everywhere. PETER ducks them as he walks thru the splendid rooms greeting the famous personages in each room. Paintings of Washington, Lincoln, etc.

TOUR GUIDE

(distant V.O.)

....where President Lincoln's son used to play hide and seek in the rooms of the White House with his children.....

PETE

(to portrait-bored)

Hello, Abe. Still honest?

C.U. STUART'S WASHINGTON.

PETE

(low, confidential tone)

Hi, George, any cavities?

At a portrait of ANDREW JACKSON, he draws from his hip and shoots - blows smoke off his imaginary pistol. He goes to the window and looks out. He is very alone. In the distance, the sounds of the STAFF laughing only makes him feel more alone.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE DINING ROOM.

PETER sits at the end of a very long table eating lunch alone. A huge uneaten meal sits before him. He takes a nearby telephone, lifts the receiver.

NOLAN

(V.O.)

Security, Nolan.

PETER

(into phone)

Nellie, let's go find Patrick and ask him over for a visit. Okay?

NOLAN

Okay. ^{But} And I do all the driving.



EXT. LIMO SPEEDS THRU STREETS OF WASHINGTON.

INT. LIMO.

PATTY tries all the seats - window, TV set, phones, etc. NOLAN watches, smiles. PATTY'S presence has brightened up PETER'S SPIRITS. Pete's smile says, "I've found my stand-in."

EXT. WHITE HOUSE.

LIMO pulls up - both BOYS get out. PATTY is in awe. He wanders up steps thru the White House behind Peter and NOLAN, staring at everything. PATTY is dressed in levis, Adidas, and a studded shirt and sunglasses.

INT. WHITE HOUSE.

PETER takes him up to his room. PETER locks the door. and then puts a chair against it. They still have small bandages on.

PATTY

Hey, man, you get robbed here, too?

PETER

No, it's not that. It's for privacy. Cld Picky Piccard, our protocol man lurks everywhere - like the shadow do -

They laugh. PETER looks in the bathroom and the closet. He tosses some BROOKS BROTHERS CLOTHES TO PATTY.

PETER

(commands)

Here, put these on.

PATTY touches his clothes.

PATTY

(hurt)

Why? What's the matter with these?



PETER

(impatient)

Patrick, if you wore those in the dining room, Picky would really blow his ol' protocol stack. (CONNING) Put 'em on. After all, you are in the White House.

He laughs. PETER looks at PATTY mischievously and waits for his orders to be carried out. PATTY obeys his host - after all, he is the son of the President of the United States. PATTY quickly undresses and then puts on Peter's clothes. MIRROR: PATTY stands looking at himself, PETER stands behind him and smiles at his creation. The clothes really make them alike. PETER pulls and tugs at him - makes the suit collar sit just right. PATTY can't tie his tie.

PETER

(to mirror image)

Here, watch me.

PATTY watches his double tie the tie - imitates him.

PETER

It's really incredible how much we look alike. Are you sure we're not related?

PATTY

Nope. I've never been to Washington before. (into mirror as he turns around) Yep, we look the same, except you shoulders are much smaller - and more zits...

They shove each other and laugh. PETER goes to the bathroom mirror *to look at his zits - shuts the door.*

PETER

(O.C. thru door)

Why don't you take a look around?

PATTY talks to the bathroom door.

PATTY

Okay, man. But what if I get lost?



PETER

(O.C.)

Oh, just ask the Operator
for my room - Extension 56.
I'll come and get you.

PATTY leaves - walks down the bedroom hall, goes into the Press Room, goes past two MARINES, they salute. He salutes back. He sees a TOUR OF PEOPLE. He joins it. THE GIRL SUMMER TOUR GUIDE gets confused, distracted, when she thinks she sees the President's son.

GIRL

President Kennedy was the youngest
president ever elected...

She looks at PATRICK and her mouth drops open.

TOURIST (corrects her)

I thought Teddy Roosevelt was the youngest
president...

The people in the tour turn around to see what the girl is gapping at and they see what they think is the PRESIDENT'S SON. The girl keeps faltering in her tour speech-

TOURIST (cute, but snide)

Maybe the President's son knows something
about it. How about it Mr. Thompson, who
is right?

PATRICK

Sure...well you both are right.
President Kennedy was the youngest
electd President

Everyone hangs on his every word.

But president Roosevelt was the youngest
president. But he wasnt electd, he took
office after PPresident ~~McKinley~~ died.

McKinley was assassinated



The TCUR applauds.

GUIDE

Mr. Thompson, could you give us your autograph?

PATTY

Oh...well...what do you want me to write?

GUIDE

Best wishes from the President's son, Peter Thompson.

PATTY smiles - signs the book, "Peter Thompson, best wishes". DOZENS OF CUTE SCHOOLGIRLS, his age, and BOYS crowd around. MR. PICCARD pushes in...pulls PATTY down the hall.

PICCARD

Peter, the Vice-President is out and we need a member of the White House family. Can you help us?

PATTY is led away by PICCARD.

PATTY

Okay...I'll help, but I'm not....

Door in Oval Office pops open. PATTY is ushered inside by PICCARD and suddenly is face-to-face with BILL RUSSELL. REPORTERS surround them. PICCARD arranges them for photos. TV lights blind him. CAMERAS push in. PATTY is handed a plaque and card.

PICCARD

(whispers-aside)

Go on - read it!



PATTY

(as Peter)

On behalf of the President of the United States, I want to present you with this award for outstanding citizenship. (APPLAUSE) - (THEN AS PATTY) I think you're the greatest, Bill!

They slap hands. Lights pop. PICCARD smiles. BILL t turns and picks up an autographed basketball - he flips it to PATTY.

RUSSELL

For you, my good man, I hear you're pretty good with a ball yourself.

They do a little razzle-dazzle-ball-bit, then stop. More applause. PICCARD signals lights off - interview is over as far as he is concerned.

REPORTER

(pushes in)

Mr. Thompason. ...

PICCARD holds his breath.

REPORTER

Is it true that the Secret Service has been warned to watch out for your practical jokes?

PATTY

Yes - er, sure. In fact, I'm not-----

He stops and smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. PETER'S BEDROOM.

PETE is watching the closed-circuit TV. He claps his hands. He loves the hoax on PICCARD.

PETE

(to TV)

Too much! Picky, it's not me! Patty's fooling them!



PATTY
(on TV as Pete)
In fact, I want to give this
basketball to Pat, a very
dear friend - I'm sure Mr.
Russell understands.

PETER
(to TV) SON OF A SUN,
You sneaky ~~tert~~, syou want
to play the game, huh? I'll
show you!

PETER starts to undress. Picks up PATTY'S clothes.

CUT TO:

INT. PRESS. ROOM. AS BEFORE.

PICCARD clears the room...ushers everyone out. BILL
RUSSELL holds out his hands - PAT hooks him a pass. They
start dribbling - BAM! BAM! BAM! They dribble and pass
thru the Oval Office.

INT. ROOM. ANOTHER P.O.V.

SECRET SERVICE AGENTS bust open doors - duns drawn -
horseplay stops. They laugh, slap handshakes, say good-
bye.

FADE OUT:

INT. HALL OUTSIDE PETE'S ROOM.

PATTY knocks on Pete's bedroom door. SECRET SERVICE MEN
WATCH - puzzled.

SS MAN
(to another)
Why is he knocking on his
own door?

PETER
(O.C. thru door)
Who is it? The President's
generous son who gives
away basketballs?

PATTY
Come on, quit foolin'!
Open up, it's me!



The chair is slipped aside - the door is thrown open followed by a basketball. PETER catches the ball, tosses it back. PETER is wearing PAT'S clothes. PETER is very hip in PAT'S nail-studded jacket, levis and sunglasses.

PATTY

They thought I was you -
I couldn't tell them.
Wow! You really do look
like me! Big shoulders
and all.

PETER

(laughs)

Yeah. I saw you on closed
circuit TV. That's my
ball you gave away.

PETER takes the ball, sits on the bed with PATTY.

PATTY

I felt bad....

PETER

Why is it bad being taken
for the son of the President
of the United States?

PATTY

Not that--bad for foolin' *Big*
Bill Russell. He's my hero!
Boy, are you a lucky stiff!

PETER

(interrupts)

Let's swap for a few days.

Patty

What! You crazy?

PETER

But we fooled them! If you
think I got it so "velvet",
try it! Take my place.
(ALMOST A GOMMAND)



PATTY
(unsure-afraid)
Grandma will know-----

PETE
(into mirror)
Maybe not. We'll keep the
bandages on. You can brief -
clue me in. ~~So what if she~~
~~does.~~

He hunches his shoulders spy-ish.

If she suspects anything,
I'll tell her it's secret
government business. OK?

PATTY

What about my job at the
market? Mr. Bernstein's
sharp! You don't know
how to---

PETE

I'll know if you tell me.
Now, where do you live?
Tell me about your grandma.
Where's-----

The SCUND fades with the picture on the briefing of PATTY
and PETER --leaving to the imagination the possibility
that each has received the necessary information on their *respective*
worlds.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. WHITE HOUSE. NEXT DAY.

Inside the tall windows, the TWO BOYS are peeking out
at the world - ready to launch a dangerous prank. PATTY
is scared.

PATTY
(last minute jitters)
Oh, yes, remember - Tina's
pretty sharp. So don't
talk too much. I met her
when I came to Washington
for the summer.



PETER

Do you ever...ever....
kiss her or....make out..
you know....

PATTY

No! We're just friends!

PETER goes to check the door. He is thrilled at the chance of freedom. NOLAN waits at a distance with the limo to drive PATTY (PETE) home. He starts to load-up PATRICK'S BIKE.

PETE

(whispers)

Pat - tell him you - me,
Patty - would rather ride
the bike home.

PATTY

(remembers)

Oh,...ok, Pete...Pat.

They go to the door and PETER opens it.

PATTY

(half behind door)

Mr.....aaaahhh...

PETE

(whispers)

Mr. Nolan!

PATTY

Mr. Nolan! Never mind the
car! Patty wants to ride
~~his new bike~~ home.

Loading up the bike

NOLAN takes the bike back out of the trunk.

PETE

(whispers)

I'll call you every day.
And remember, the staff doesn't
know you - and watch out for
Picky Piccard. Do what he
says or he'll get Dad on the
hot-line.



PATTY
(panicky)
The President! But he'll
know my voice!

PETE
(interrupts-firm)
Calm down! Don't worry!
Just don't talk to him....
make some excuse.

PETER is so firm that PATTY is afraid to object.

PETE
(aside-smiles)
Have fun. Get real spoiled..
velvet - remember?

PAT, unsure, nods in agreement. PETE punches him on the shoulder. PATTY breaks into a smile - then a giggle.

L.S. WHITE HOUSE.

PETER rides out on PATTY'S new bike - leaving him stranded in his own prank...The BIKE - a 10 speed Peugeot with basketball in the new basket. His ride down Pennsylvania Avenue is an ode to freedom on a bicycle.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE

PAT (AS PETER) timidly strolls thru the WHITE HOUSE - lost. The Oval Office is silent - all doors are open to him as he approaches. MARINES salute him, STAFF steps aside. He enters the Press Secretary's Office. PICCARD stops working the second he notices PATTY - walks over to him. Everyone watches...(FISHEYE LENS FEELING)

PICCARD
(suspicious-looks close)
Well, well, Peter, what a nice surprise. Your interview was very nice. You handled Mr. Basketball very well. Also (mimics applause) giving that ball to that boy that was very diplomatic.

PATTY doesn't smile or say thank you. PICCARD drops his smile....now convinced it is PETER - who dislikes him.



PAT
(curt-cutting)
Anything else, Mr. Piccard?

PICCARD

No. Your father may be
calling via satellite
later if you wish to speak
to him---

PATTY
(surprised-scared)
No! Well, ah, yeah, sure...

Now PATTY is in a hurry to escape. He takes the wrong door. It's a closet. He takes the next door - enters the Oval Office. Shuts door. RED RUSSIAN HOT-LINE PHONE. DOME LIGHT BLINKS. He stares at it - backs away from it.

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON. PETE ON BIKE WITH NEW BASKETBALL.

He pedals thru DC past the WASHINGTON MONUMENT, LINCOLN MEMORIAL, along the Potomac. It is a glorious view of Washington with all the exhilaration of a ten-speed - super bike. He's free! Streets zip past. PETER bikes thru the poorer neighborhoods to Patty's apartment.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF PATTY'S APARTMENT BUILDING.

PETER forgets Pat's warning about theft. He leans the bike against the railing - enters - climbs stairs. He unlocks the door with Patty's key. Inside, he sees Pat's world. GRANDMA wakes from a snooze in her recliner chair.

GRANDMA
(wakes)
That you, Patrick? I was
just dreaming about the
garden we had back in Ireland.

She shakes out of her dream.

(when I was a girl)

GRANDMA
You have a nice visit? Come
tell me all about the White
House. What did they feed
you? Were they nice?

PETE
(mumbles)
Yes, Grandma - they...were
very nice----



GRANDMA

Let me see you closer. Come here. (SHE STUDIES HIS FACE)
You okay? See, he's not stuck up. Tell me all about him and the White House. You sure you're all right?

PETER turns - stays out of her way. She peers at him thru her smudged glasses.

PETER

Well, ah, later, okay, Grandmother...Grandma...I'm kinda tired.

He tries to adjust the picture on the TV set.

GRANDMA

What are you doing, Patrick?
You know the tube's burned out .

PETER

Oh, yeah. I forgot.

PETER goes into the bedroom. She puts on her hat - looks at the clock. PETER watches her....stiff and tired movements. He feels for her.

PETER

Where are you going?

GRANDMA

To the store.

PETER

Let me go!

She is surprised - taken back by his police consideration. She hands him the food stamps and the grocery list.

PETER

What are these?



GRANDMA

(puzzled)

Food stamps. Are you all
right? How's your head?

She takes the money out of her purse and gives it to
him - she is pleased.

PETER

(reads list-mutters)

Yes, sure. Is this all?
...Grandma?

GRANDMA

(pleased)

Yes, that's all - and check
the mailbox on your way back.

PETER

Okay. I'll be back soon.

GRANDMA sits down in the recliner.

GRANDMA

Patrick
~~Peter~~, thank you. That bump
on the head did wonders. I
hate those stairs.

PETER goes out.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE.

PATTY walks toward Peter's room. PICCARD is waiting with
the staff. NOLAN stops him in the hall.

NOLAN

See you after lunch. (ASIDE)
Peter, you okay? (STUDIES HIM)
You don't have to do every-
thing Piccky tells you. You
can refuse.

He tries to study PATTY more closely, but PATTY keeps
turning away.

PATTY

Yes. Well, with the President..
er, Dad...gone, somebody has to
help.



NOLAN

Yes, I guess you're right.

PATTY

Actually, it's a lot of fun.

NOLAN studies PAT'S face. He's very curious of him. PATTY ducks into the bedroom, shuts the door - breathes a sigh of relief. PICCARD stands behind him.

PICCARD

Time for your fitting and briefing for Thursday's ball.

PATTY

What! I....don't....

TAILORS swoop down on him - he is undressed and fitted-redressed, pulled at, tied and untied.

PICCARD

(over activity)

Now, when you meet the Ambassador, you say, Mr. Ambassador, it is my pleasure, on behalf of my father, the President of the United States, to welcome you. However, when greeting the Arab Ministers, be very careful not to touch them with your left hand.

PATTY goes to the full-length mirror and looks at himself. In white ties and tails. The suit has a few pins in it and is tight in the seat of the pants. PATTY pulls at the seat and crotch. PICCARD sees and almost faints. He steers PATTY aside.

PICCARD

(exhasperated)

Peter, Peter, Peter. What is wrong? You know you can't tug at your trousers like that - a dozen photographers will snap it and have it in the newspapers and on TV in an hour! Look what happened when Susan Ford felt drowsy at the Chinese dinner - it made Time and Newsweek. Or when Prince Charles was caught looking at a young ladie's cleavage. Please. You can't drop your guard for a second.



PATTY

It's not fair! Everyone
else can...

PICCARD

Yes, but they aren't in the
spotlight - you are! Let's
get back to business. Where
was I? Ambassador's aides
are addressed....

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT HOUSE.

PETER comes out - breathes a sigh of relief - looks
back at the apartment. GRANDMA is still watching him.
He wonders if she suspects anything. He sees ZIPPER'S
GANG with his bike. PETER chases them to an empty
warehouse - then he finds a POLICEMAN.

PETER

(with authority)

Officer, my bike was taken.
The thieves have it in here.
I want you to arrest them.

COP

Where? You sure?

PETER leads the COP to the warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE.

A GNAG surrounds the bike.

PETER

There! That's it!

ZIPPER

What's up, Officer? That
boy lost again?

COP

He says that's his bike.

PETER

(commands)

Arrest them!



COP

Hod on, son. Is this his
bike?

ZIPPER

(smart-ass)

No. It's my mother's 'n
she's got proof. Ask him
for the serial number.

PETER

I don't know it.

ZIPPER

(cool)

This is my bike. You got
proof, hillbilly?

PETER

No. It's not in my name.
But I can get it, of course.

COP

Then get it and then make
charges. Sorry, son, it's
your word against theirs.

PETER

But ^{it's} ~~isn't~~ a gift from-----

He stops. He realizes how incredible it will sound if
he says, "from the President's son". The COP leaves.

ZIPPER

Nice try, West Virginny.

PETER is furious.

PETER

(out of control)

Do you know who you're talking
to?

ZIPPER

(sneers)

No. But here's my calling
card. Pushover.



ZIPPER swings. PETER steps back. ZIPPER swings again-
this time PETER fakes and flips him over. Completely
surprised, ZIPPER quits. The GANG backs up, splits.
PETER takes the bike.

ZIPPER
(yells)
I'll get you for this later!

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE. PETER'S ROOM.

PATTY has the closed-circuit TV monitor on and is watching
the White House activity. SOUND: a knock on the door.

PICCARD
(O.C.)
Peter, the President is on
the phone.

PATTY is struck with panic. He runs to the shower and
turns it on. He gets in - clothes and all as PICCARD
opens the bathroom door.

PICCARD
Peter, your father can't
wait.

PATTY
(quips)
I'm in the shower - all
soapy.

He holds out a soapy hand. PICCARD leaves. PAT steps
out of the shower stall...soaking wet...and starts to
undress.

CUT TO:

INT. OVAL OFFICE.

PICCARD
(on phone)
I'm sorry, Mr. President,
he's in the shower - all
soapy. Yes. Yes. I won't
mention it to him.

PICCARD hangs up.

*We don't want to get his legs
up for nothing, yes. Thank you
Mr. President.*



PICCARD

(to Nolan)

That's a pleasant surprise.
There's a good chance the
President is coming home
early.

NOLAN

Boy, will Peter be pleased!

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET.

PETER has two bags of groceries in his bike basket.

INT. PATTY'S APARTMENT BUILDING.

PETER enters the hall with the bike and the groceries.
The dark hall and staircase is filled with moving
shadows. PETER struggles to the second set of stairs
with the loaded bike - then he is jumped - the bike is
pushed down the stairs. The groceries are spilled or
trampled on. PAT'S apartment door opens. The GANG runs.
It was a cowardly sneak attack.

GRANDMA

Is that you, Patrick? Did
you-----

She sees the mess - helps PETER up. Together they pick
up the broken eggs, squashed bread and split cartons
of powdered milk. They take them inside. PETER goes
downstairs for the bike.

INT. APARTMENT.

GRANDMA puts the food away. PETER goes into PATTY'S
bedroom and lies down.

PETER

Boy, what a way to live.
How can you stand it, Gram?

GRANDMA

Sometimes we don't have
any choice.



But there must be a lot of homes-places that are safer.

Peter GRANDMA

I suppose so, ~~Pat~~. The grass always seems greener on the other side of the fence... But I believe in making my own grass greener... Its what I know and have here that is mine and it is real. It's what I have worked for all my life. Maybe that's what's wrong with the world today- people keep moving around no roots, no homes, always moving and wanting ~~some distant piece of land that nature or another man has made greener~~ -instead of staying home ~~put~~ and fighting to make his own piece of the world the best...the greenest.

PETER is MOVED BY GRANDMA's little speech, he feels like applauding, but instead he hugs her.

CUT TO:

NEXT DAY. INT. WHITE HOUSE. MORNING.

C.U. ALARM CLOCK. Six-thirty. PATTY is sound asleep. Loud knocking wakes him.

PICCARD

(V.O. thru door)

Peter, it's time to get up.
We're due at the airport
in 20 minutes.

PATTY sits up.

PATTY

Aiurport! Oh, no!

PICCARD

Please wear the appropriate attire.

PATTY

Appropriate attire! What the heck is-----

PATTY runs to the bathroom...splashes water on his face, grabs a toothbrush - brushes as he searches the room. PATTY throws open a door of a huge closet - clothes, suits, do zens of neatly pressed suits for every occasion. The PHONE rings. KNCKING on door resumes.



NOLAN
(thru door)
Peter, good morning. It's
Agent Nolan.

PATTY opens drawers - looks at clothes.

NOLAN
(O.C.)
I thought maybe I could
help. We're a bit late.

PATTY
(yells)
Come in! Late for what?

NOLAN enters.

NOLAN

Today's Calendar Sheet.
Haven't you read the
schedule of today's
activities?

PATTY

No. Can we try Patty's
house on the way?

NOLAN

We won't have time.

PATTY takes clothes as NOLAN hands them out.

NOLAN

Now, about this morning.
Four high-ranking biggies
are arriving. The Vice-
President thought it would
be nice if you viewed the
parade ceremony with him and
his family in the Presidential
box.

The PHONE rings. NOLAN answers it.



NOLAN

Hello. Yes. It's your friend, Patrick. I'll brief you in the car.

He hands the phone to PAT.

NOLAN

If you weren't standing there, I'd swear it was you.

PAT

(on phone)

But I am here...P....

He watches ^{do} NOLAN go out the door.

It's Peter here.

NOLAN reluctantly shuts the door.

PETER

(formal tone)

Why didn't you call?
It's been two days.

PAT checks the door to see if NOLAN has gone. He has.

PAT

(desperate)

Yes...I gotta see you today. Yes, please - this morning. I'm going to a Presidential Parade and review. (LONG PAUSE AS PETER ASKS A QUESTION)

Yes..yes...yes...Grandma...

yes, go with her. Why?

Because she's getting her Welfare check and they'll rip her off. Oh, you met Zipper already? You did good. Now what about the Vice-President?

Should I know

He listens while

~~Now~~ PETER tells him, ~~what to do.~~

PAT

(desperate)

Okay, okay, but...there isn't. I don't know them like you do... You gotta come back!



CLICK. PETER has hung up. PAT hangs up. KNOCKING resumes.

NOLAN

Peter, hurry up!

PAT

(yells)

I'll be there in a minute.
(to himself) The Vice-
President's family -
they'll know. I can't do
it.

He holds the door shut. KNOCKING resumes.

NOLAN

(louder)

Peter, please! Get a move
on! We're late! I'll be
in the car!

NOLAN leaves.

PAT

Okay! Okay!

CUT TO:

PAT is really scared of being found out. He slips down the stairs and waits for a chance to sneak out. After long elaborate maneuvers, he manages to get outside into the Rose Garden. He slips thru the bushes and jumps over the guard rail and slips thru the iron fence that surrounds the White House - and runs - straight into the arms of NOLAN.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPEEDING LIMO. MOTORCYCLE ESCCRT.

PAT

(V.C.)

How'd you know----

NOLAN

Picky warned me. Here's
the background on the dig-
nitaries just in case your
memory is foggy. His ex-
cellence the----

CUT TO:



INT. PAT'S APARTMENT. PAT'S ROOM.

PETER looks around Pat's room. He sees photos of Ali, Namath and Bill Russell, plus Pat's home in West Virginia, his small school, his mother and father and sisters, a photo of a high school basketball team. Next to that is a small pile of books on Washington, D.C., the White House, Senate, etc. PETER looks out the window at the street - he is thinking about Pat's call.

PETER

(to himself)

Now he'll see how much velvet it is...wait til he sees the Vice-President's daughter...what a d-o-g!

He hears a window opening. GRANDMA is ready to leave - out the window!

GRANDMA

Come, Patrick. If we get there early, there won't be a line.

PETER

Where you going?

GRANDMA

Let's take the fire escape. It's safer.

PETER hurries to help her. They climb down the rickety fire escape.

CUT TO:

EXT. DULLES AIRPORT. PRESIDENT'S VIEWING STAND.

HONOR GUARD PARADE. Limosines and escort vehicles move into position. C.U. PAT'S FACE in window. Limo is waiting to get in line. NOLAN looks over at PAT'S face. PAT'S EYES stare out at the pomp and circumstance. NOLAN is still suspicious about the voice on the phone. PAT remembers Peter's voice. E.C.U. PAT'S FACE.

PETER

(V.C.)

It is customary for you to shake hands with all the officials. Try to remember their titles - if not, mumble. The Vice-President's daughter knows what to do so watch her. We're caught - we can't change back now. Good luck. CUT TO:



PATTY'S limo pulls up - stops - he faces a CROWD of STATE DEPARTMENT OFFICIALS AND THE VICE-PRESIDENT AND HIS FAMILY. They smile at him.

FADE OUT:

EXT. ALLEY BELOW FIRE ESCAPE. JUNKIES LOITERING.

DUKE

(Calypso sings the violent threat)

Hey, Grandma's Welfare check's in today-o and the Duke wants a little div-a-dend-o.

PETER shoves him away.

PETER

Leave her alone!

DUKE slams PETER up against the wall. PETER shoves him back.

DUKE

(singing violence)

Watch it, boy - we'll give you some more bumps 'n bandages.

He laughs, gives a karate grunt and chops the air with his hand.

CUT BACK TO:

AIRPORT REVIEWING PLATFORM. EXT.

PAT steps out of the limo - walks toward the VICE-PRESIDENT and his DAUGHTER.

VP

Hello, Peter.

He shakes his hand - stares at him with a scrutinizing gaze.

VP'S WIFE

Peter, you look more like your father every day.

She kisses him on the cheek.



DAUGHTER
(about 15 yrs old)
Nice to see you, Petey.

She tries to kiss him soo - he side-steps her.

DAUGHTER

I'm glad you're sitting
with us during the ceremony.
(GIGGLE)

They stand at attention. She takes his hand, squeezes it.

DAUGHTER

(obvious crush on Pete)
See you at the dance.

SOUND: MARINE BAND plays foreign anthem. The VICE-PRES-
IDENT waits for the music to stop, then steps forward
to give the welcoming speech.

VP

Your majesty, Mr. Ambassador,
I take great pleasure in ex-
tending to you----

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET.

PETER AND GRANDMA at the bus stop. They are waiting
for a bus. GRANDMA looks very tired. PETER goes to a
pay phone to call a taxi - it is out of order - doesn't
return his dime. He steps into a tobacco store.
GRANDMA waits on the street.

PETER

What's the local taxi
number, Mister?

BLACK OWNER

You kiddin', man? Only
gypsy cabs come down here.

PETER looks in the directory and finds a number. He
dials.



PETER
(on phone)
Blue Taxi Company? We want
a cab sent to 38th and H -
to go to the Welfare Office.

TAXI DISPATCHER laughs and hangs up.

BLACK OWNER
(laughs)
Man, that's something.
White boy takin' a cab to
the Welfare Office. No
wonder this country's goin'
bankrupt.

PETER goes outside with GRANDMA to wait for the bus or
cab. Nothing happens. They wait on a nearby bench.
Finally a bus comes - they hurry to the bus stop - too
slow - the BUS DRIVER drives off in a cloud of diesel
fumes.

CUT TO:

DULLES AIRPORT. AS. BEFORE. REVIEWING STAND.

PAT tugs at the stiff collar - he has been standing at
rigid attention for an hour. C.U. PAT'S EYES are blurred.
He turns his head. PICCARD glares. Drums roarl - the
parade passes slowly. PAT drips with sweat. We see the
PARADE thru PAT'S EYES. It goes out of focus. He is
going to faint - suddenly they focus.

DAUGHTER
(giggles)
Don't faint. They'll say
you're pregnant.

PAT AND DAUGHTER get the giggles - fight them.

CUT TO:

PETER & GRANDMA are still waiting for the bus. PETER
sees an empty cab. GRANDMA is very tired, but she ob-
jects to spending money for a cab. He waves at the
taxi - it looks at them - drives on. It picks up a MAN
in an expensive suit. PETER helps GRANDMA to the bench
and goes out for another cab - this time he walks in
front of one. It screeches to a halt - almost kills
him.

CUT TO:



EXT. WASHINGTON. HOURS LATER. AIRFIELD RECEPTION.

The parade is over. PATTY gets in the limosine beside NOLAN. PICCARD leans in the window - reads from the schedule.

PICCARD

Very well done, Peter.
Let's see, what is next?

PAT

(tired-to Nolan)

I'd like to stop off and
visit my friend P...Patrick.
It's important.

PICCARD

(interrupts)

I'm afraid that is im-
possible. You are sched-
uled to attend a *White House*
dinner-dance at the French
~~Embassy~~ tonight. There is
~~la lot to do.~~

PATTY doesn't want to go. He feels ill. NOLAN looks
at him - nudges him in the ribs - shakes his head "no".

PAT

(gets idea)

Mr. Piccard, this is my
vacation and I think it's
about time I choose what
I want to do and when I
want to do it.

PICCARD

But, Mr.....

NOLAN

You heard him.

NOLAN drives away.

PICCARD

(calls to Nolan) *definitely*

But the President is coming
home early!....

PICCARD is left standing alone in the street.

CUT TO:



INT. WELFARE OFFICE. PAETER AND GRANDMA IN LINE.

The taxi delay has made them last in line. PETER can't get a chair so they stand and wait. GRANDMA is very tired.

PETER

Let's come back tomorrow.
The line is too long. *There are too many people here.*

PETER goes along the line asking everyone if they will let them in. MEN stare at him with blank expressions. His anger mounts. Finally he explodes.

PETER

(angry)

Can't you see she's tired?
Does she have to fall over
before anyone will help her?

PAUSE. Slowly the line moves back to let her in. PETER helps her to a desk. GRANDMA looks at PETER.

GRANDMA

What has come over you,
Patrick? You're so different.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIMO. STREET IN FRONT OF PAT'S APARTMENT.

NOLAN and PAT are looking for PETER. NOLAN *(points out to go)* goes into the apartment building first. PAT starts to follow. NOLAN stops him.

NOLAN (firm)

You stay in the car!
Security first, 'n Lock up!

PAT locks the limo, *rolls down window*

PAT

Oh, Mr. Nolan, better watch
out - it's welfare day.

NOLAN

So?

PAT

Never mind.



PAT hits button and heavy glass window slides up. RADIO PHONE RINGS.

PAT

Hello.

PICCARD

(V.O.)

Peter?

PAT

Yes.

PICCARD

Peter, tell Mr. Nolan to go to the airport. ^{you'll have to} The ^{immediately} President's plane is about to land ^{any time now.}

PATRICK: financial situation.

CUT TO:

INT. WELFARE OFFICE. DESK.

OFFICIOUS CLERK, haughty and rude, looks over their records and hands them back.

PETER

(So what if) But she doesn't have ^{the number of} a bank account to mail the check to. ^{is that you call and get it} She wants ~~what is that you call and get it~~ ~~she has a right to have~~ under the law.

GRANDMA

I've paid taxes for 45 years, young man, and that gives me the right to some service ^{and courtesy}.

OTHER OLDER WOMEN gather around them. The CLERK hands the forms back.

CLERK

(interrupts)

Get your records together and ~~open an~~ account and then come back. We're wasting time. Next case, please.

The number of the



PETER

We'll stay here until you
send her check to a bank.

CLERK gestures to OFFICE GUARDS. ^{The}

CLERK

If you don't leave ---

They sit on his desk.

You are creating a dis-
turbance! Get off! Guard,
arrest them!

CUT TO:

STAIRWAY PAT'S APT. BUILDING. AS BEFORE.

NOLAN enters the dark hallway. NOLAN is unaware of any
danger. He knocks, no answer. A couple of MUGGERS
jump the ex-football player.

JUNKIE

(karate grunt)

HaaaaaaaaTaaaaaaa-----

He makes a chop. NOLAN takes the chop without flinching
and blocks a kick with his hand. The TWO MUGGERS are
creamed. NOLAN steps over the BODIES.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION.

PETER

I have the right to make
a phone call.

DESK SGT.

Oh, yes, they all do!

PETER

It's my constitutional
right-----

The SGT shoves the phone toward him.

PETER

Operator, give me the White
House Mobile Unit 433-----

CUT TO:

EXT. LIMO ON PAT'S STREET.

NOLAN unlocks limo door and gets in when the car phone rings. NOLAN grabs it.

NOLAN

Pete, it's for you.

PAT takes the phone - listens ^{HANGS UP} turns to NOLAN who is starting the car.

PAT

MR. NOLAN

~~Mike~~, Patrick is in jail
and----

NOLAN

And?

PAT

The President - Dad - is
landing any minute. Piccard
called.

LIMO screeches to a halt - starts to make a U-turn.

NOLAN

Why didn't you say so -
we'll have to hurry!

PAT

No - we got to see Patrick.
Please! The police station
is only a couple of blocks
away.

NOLAN

But your father is due to
land any minute! Patrick
can wait!

PAT

No, he can't!

PAT unlocks the door and jumps out. He runs down an alley taking a short cut.



NOLAN
(out window)
Pete - come back!

NOLAN steps on gas - burns rubber after him.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF JAIL.

PATRICK runs up steps and into Police station. He
Slips past the DESK SGT and goes ~~straight~~ ^{finds} to the cell
where PETER is locked up. *INT-Police Sta*

PAT
(excited)
Boy, am I glad to see you!
Your dad is back!

PETER
Really? Terrific!

He remembers.

PETER
(objects)
But your grandma is in jail!
And she's too old to be in
jail! I'm staying with her
until somebody listens to
out case.

PAT
But I - you can't. Didn't
you hear me? The President's
back!

PETER doesn't care - he is caught up in Grandma's problem.

PETER
(schemes)
Yes, I heard - Pat if you
go in there as Pat nothing
will happen. But if the
President's son joined the
sit-in----come on, Pat,
let's do it!

PAT
Me! But the President's son
isn't supposed to get invol-
ved. Remember what Mr. Piccard
said about publicity and policy?
You do it - not me.



PETER

Okay, I will - as the son of
the President.

They change clothes - passing them thru the bars.

PETER

Pat, you've got to do it
with me.

PETER takes off his pants and PAT takes them. They
quickly switch, while NOLAN is arguing with the police.

Sound o.c. from NEXT ROOM

FADE OUT:

INT. JAIL BLOCK.

The door opens and the POLICE AND NOLAN come in.

DESK SGT.

(sarcastic)

Who's that? His teen-age
lawyer?

NOLAN

Congratulation. You've
~~just~~ locked up the President's
son.

The DESK SGT pales.

DESK SGT

How did he get in there?

NOLAN

Never mind. You're keeping
the President waiting. Every-
thing is taken care of. *fellas* Let's
go!

~~GRANDMA, PETE, PAT AND NOLAN~~ hurry to the limo. *Grandma is do
come -*

CUT TO:

EXT. DULLES AIRPORT. AIR FORCE ONE LANDS.

Nolan's limo is waiting. L.S. PRESIDENT gets welcome.
He gets into the car with PETE and NOLAN. They drive
off.



PRESIDENT

(V.O.)

Your mother will be home tomorrow, Peter.

L.S. LIMO.

PETER

Dad, I'd like you to meet my friend Patrick. He and I had an accident....

PRESIDENT

I heard all about it. It's a pleasure to meet you, Patrick. My, has anyone ever told you boys you resemble each other very much?

PAT

Yes, sort of ---

PRESIDENT

Well now, tell me all about the accident and what you've been up to--and I don't care ^{what} to hear how boring it's been.

PETER

(smiles)

Boring? No, it hasn't been boring exactly.

PAT

No, sir.

PRESIDENT

Nolan, has Peter been behaving himself?

NOLAN

(looks thru rear-view mirror)

I'm not sure, Mr. President. I think he has.....



PRESIDENT

You don't sound very definite.

PETER AND PAT laugh.

FADE OUT:

INT. WHITE HOUSE. PETER'S ROOM. ~~TV NEWSCAST~~.

PETER is watching with PAT as he sorts out his things and packs his over night bag.

PICCARD enters with Peter's tux. PAT picks his bag up. PICCARD starts laying out Peter's things for the formal dance. Peter walks PAT out to the limo - a last beautiful look at the White House.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT OF WHITE HOUSE.

NOLAN waits at the wheel of the limo. PETER & PAT walk toward the car.

PETER

We'll keep in touch.

PAT

It was great meeting your dad.

PETER

I'll write you.

PAT

If you ever get to West Virginia, look me up, we could really drive people crazy with the two of us running around.

PETER

When do you leave?

PAT

Tonight. You?



PETER

Back - two slides.

Tonight. Vacation's over. I bet it's pretty tough on your grandma, you leaving and all.

PAT

Yea. I guess so.

PETER

She's a terrific lady.

PAT

Yea, terrific. I'm going to miss her, but it will be great going home.

PETER

Yea - no place like home.

PAT

Especially when it's the White House. You're real lucky. Thanks for a little part of your world. It was great.

Peter

PETER opens the limo door.

PETER

Nolan, don't let him drive.

They laugh.

PETER

So long, Pat.

PAT

So long, Pete.

PETER & PAT shake hands. PAT gets into the limo. PETE watches as th car disappears, then enters the White House.

SOUND: Music, band warms up.

*letting me share
and tell you
grandmother the grass is greener in her world
Pat
What grass?
Pat
She'll*



PAT looks out and watches PETE waving ^{from} ~~for~~ the steps.

PICCARD comes out and hurries him in to get ready for the dance. LIMO disappears down PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.

FADE OUT:

THE END.



Squire D. Rushnell

August 27, 1976

Ms. Sheila Weidenfeld
The White House
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sheila:

Here is the final draft of P.J. AND THE
PRESIDENT'S SON. Would appreciate your
reading it as soon as possible.

Will call you early next week to talk
about it.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "SDR".

SDR/pr

Send copy up to Jack
8/30/76

P.J. AND THE PRESIDENT'S SON

teleplay by Thomas Baum

RECEIVED

AUG 20

-SQUIRE D. RUSHNELL

REVISED 8/12

REVISED 8/16

REVISED 8/24

TEASE

EXT. DAY. WHITE HOUSE.

The Presidential motorcade has just emerged from the driveway and is making its way along Pennsylvania Avenue.

Stock
DC

EXT. DAY. DULLES AIRPORT. LATER.

The Presidential limousine drives across a runway, heading in the general direction of Air Force One.

Stock
Sign-DC

INT. DAY. PRESIDENTIAL LIMOUSINE. SAME TIME.

We are CLOSE on PRESTON, the PRESIDENT's 14-year-old son. He's dressed up, The limousine is still in motion. Beside PRESTON is THUNDER, his dog.

At the wheel is NOLAN, a Secret Service man.

We hear the PRESIDENT and the FIRST LADY during what follows. We don't see their faces, now or at any time. They are off-screen, or silhouettes, or truncated figures, or backs. We stay mostly on PRESTON, cutting away as needed to NOLAN.

PRESIDENT (O.S.)

We arrive six-thirty, their time. We'll be met by the Prime Minister, we'll each make a short statement, then to the Embassy for a briefing before the reception. How's that sound?

FIRST LADY (O.S.)

I think it sounds fine, darling. Now if only Preston were coming along.

PRESIDENT (O.S.)

Sure you won't change your mind?

PRESTON

No thanks, Dad. You're President, not me. I'd feel weird just hanging around.

FIRST LADY (O.S.)

I hope it won't get lonely in the White House.

PRESTON (it will)

That's okay. I'll have Thunder to keep me company.

He smiles, trying to be a good sport. But he's not happy.



*Haiti Chief, Band,
+ Airplanes in B.G.*

EXT. DAY. LIMOUSINE. SAME TIME.

By this time, NOLAN has come around to open the door for the PRESIDENT and FIRST LADY.

In the background, we see REPORTERS--including an ACE REPORTER--waiting to pounce.

PRESIDENT (inside limo; gently)
Cheer up-- we'll be back before you know it.

FIRST LADY (inside limo)
Don't we get a hug?

INT. DAY. LIMOUSINE. SAME TIME.

We are CLOSE on PRESTON as his parents get out of the limousine. He looks very unhappy indeed.

Outside the limousine, the REPORTERS descend on the PRESIDENT.

REPORTERS (variously)
Mr. President! Just one question, Mr. President! (etc.)

EXT. DAY. LIMOUSINE. SAME TIME.

The ACE REPORTER is dogging the PRESIDENT.

ACE REPORTER
Mr. President, is it true you're planning to scuttle the Fair Shake program? Specifically, are you going to veto the minimum-wage bill?

PRESIDENT (silhouetted)
The minimum-wage bill? Let's just say it's the first thing I'll deal with when I return.

INT. DAY. LIMOUSINE. SAME TIME.

Inside, PRESTON is listening to this. He frowns briefly.

Outside, AD LIBS from REPORTERS: "One more picture!" etc.

EXT. DAY. AIRPORT. SHORTLY AFTER.

Air Force One climbs into the sky.



Stock

INT./EXT. DAY. PRESIDENTIAL LIMOUSINE. SHORTLY AFTER.

The Presidential limousine is making its way back through Washington, D.C.--a blue-collar neighborhood.

Inside, PRESTON is looking forlornly out the window.

We INTERCUT WHAT HE SEES: KIDS playing in the streets, splashing in fire hydrants, playing basketball, hanging out on corners--in short, having the kind of fun PRESTON can't.

NOLAN, the Secret Service driver, is watching PRESTON in the rear-view mirror.

NOLAN

You could have some old friends over, shoot some baskets. All you have to do is call them up.

PRESTON

I know. Twenty-four hours in advance. And it's hard to hit a jump shot with the Secret Service watching.

EXT. DAY. STREET. SAME TIME.

We see KIDS on the sidewalk, turning to look at the limousine.

Beyond, on the other side of the street, a 14-year-old BOY is coming out of the driveway of a grocery store--Bascomb's Superette. He's dressed casually, except for a grocer's apron, and he's riding a bike. There's a bag of groceries in the bike basket. The BOY is too far away for us to make out his features.

mesmerized by the motorcade,
The BOY, turns his head as the limousine flashes past-- and runs into a parked car. The groceries spill. Eggs break and roll.

EXT./INT. DAY. LIMOUSINE.

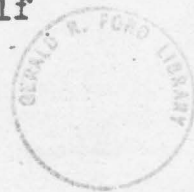
The limousine comes to a stop at a traffic light, half a block up from where the BOY derailed his bike.

Inside, NOLAN hasn't seen the BOY.

NOLAN

Pres, you gotta get used to this life-- cause so long as your Dad's in the White House, you're not gonna escape from it--

But PRESTON hasn't been listening--he's been looking out the back window of the limousine, and he's spotted the BOY.



PRESTON

I think that kid may be hurt.

PRESTON jumps out of the limousine.

EXT. DAY. STREET. SAME TIME.

PRESTON runs up to where the BOY is trying to pick up the spilled groceries. The BOY's back is to us, and to the limo.

PRESTON (crouching)

You all right? Do you need any help?

The BOY glances up briefly. We see PRESTON's eyes widen.

BOY

It's okay, man. This car went by--I think it was the President--

And he looks up again, completing a double-take.

ANOTHER ANGLE--CLOSER

PRESTON and the BOY are staring at each other.

We see the BOY's face for the first time. It's identical to PRESTON's.

He's PRESTON's double.

<u>together</u>	{	Oh, waw.	P.J.
		Oh, boy.	PRESTON

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF TEASE



ACT ONE

EXT. DAY. STREET. IMMEDIATELY AFTER.

PRESTON is helping the boy--whose name is P.J. McNULTY-- pile the groceries back in the bag. But mostly, they are still staring at each other. The only physical difference is their hair--different styles; P.J. has a cowlick.

P.J.
It's like looking in a mirror!

EXT. DAY. LIMOUSINE. SAME TIME.

NOLAN has gotten out of the limousine, starting toward PRESTON. He can't see P.J.'s face.

NOLAN
Preston! What are you doing ?

EXT. DAY. STREET. SAME TIME.

PRESTON jumps.

PRESTON
Listen, I'm awfully sorry, I can't stick around. Please: What's your name?

P.J. is still gaping and doesn't answer right away. Instead, he hears:

VOICE (O.S., distant)
McNulty!

EXT. DAY. BASCOMB'S SUPERETTE. SAME TIME.

The VOICE belongs to BASCOMB, who has come to the front door of his Superette.

BASCOMB (impatient)
McNulty!

EXT. DAY. STREET. SAME TIME.

P.J. comes to.

P.J.
McNulty! P.J. McNulty!

NOLAN (O.S., . . .)
Preston!

PRESTON (half-aloud)
P.J. McNulty...

And starts back toward the limousine, escorted by NOLAN.

EXT./INT. DAY. LIMOUSINE. SAME TIME.

PRESTON comes hurrying back., with NOLAN.

NOLAN

What are you trying to do, get me
busted to night watchman? We're
running late as it is.

He hustles PRESTON into the limousine.

Neither NOLAN nor BASCOMB has been close enough to see
the resemblance between the two boys.

As the limousine starts away, PRESTON looks out the
back window.

WHAT HE SEES

The grocery store, BASCOMB'S SUPERETTE...and BASCOMB
himself hurrying toward P.J.

EXT. DAY. STREET. SAME TIME.

As the limousine pulls away in the distance, BASCOMB comes up to P.J.

BASCOMB

You know that's coming out of your salary.

P.J.

I know. I'm sorry...Mr. Bascomb--
was that the President's car?

BASCOMB (starts back to store)

How should I know? V.I.P.s come through
here all the time.

P.J.

Then maybe I was dreaming...

BASCOMB (turns sharply)

One of these days, McNulty, you're gonna
dream yourself right out of a job.

P.J. is staring in the wake of the limousine.

EXT. DAY. WHITE HOUSE. LATER.

P.J. is on his bike outside the White House gate. He is
staring through at the White House, a look of wonder and
curiosity on his face.

He shakes his head--as though shaking himself out of a
dream--and starts off. BEGIN SLOW ZOOM on White House.



} Spock
DC.

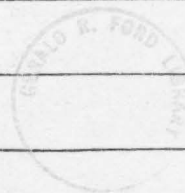
~~INT. DAY. WHITE HOUSE. SAME TIME.~~

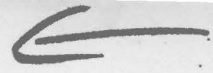
Establishing

INT. DAY. PRESTON'S ROOM. SAME TIME.

PICCARD, a busybody White House protocol officer, is briefing PRESTON on the day's events. He carries an appointment book and a pencil.

PRESTON is about to put up a poster on the wall of his





room. The poster clashes with the 19th Century decor.

PICCARD

--At three, the Future Nurses of America will be touring the private quarters. They will, of course, expect to see your shining face. At three-thirty, we have the Hungarian gymnasts...

(sees the poster)

Preston, what are you doing?

(comes over)

How often do I have to tell you--this is a 19th Century room!

PRESTON

Please, Picky? Just this one thing?

PICCARD

When you call me by that name, I don't hear you.

PRESTON

Please, Mr. Piccard?

PICCARD

No.

And takes the poster away from PRESTON.

PICCARD

At four, we have the Future Farmers of America. You can wear your overalls if you like. At five...

As PRESTON turns away in defeat.

INT. DAY. WHITE HOUSE GYM. LATER.

We are CLOSE on PRESTON, in a basketball uniform. He's dribbling the ball. We don't see his face.

PRESTON

...Twelve seconds on the 24-second clock...Preston in heavy traffic...dribbles to the head of the key...cuts left, drives for the baseline...



LONG SHOT

And now, as PRESTON goes up for the shot, we see he is all alone in the gym--except for KEVIN, the Secret Service man, and PRESTON's dog, THUNDER, waiting

on the sidelines.

The shot misses. PRESTON sighs, starts off the court.
THUNDER follows him.

NOLAN follows PRESTON and THUNDER.

INT. DAY. WHITE HOUSE KITCHEN. LATER.

A CHEF and an ASSISTANT are working in the kitchen.

PRESTON comes in, showered and spruced up, with THUNDER.
NOLAN follows at a distance.

PRESTON goes to the refrigerator--the CHEF and ASSISTANT
swoop down.

CHEF

What can we do for you, sir?

PRESTON

That's okay. We're just getting a
sandwich. Come on, Thunder.

The CHEF snaps a silent order to the ASSISTANT, who
quickly produces a knife and a loaf of bread.

CHEF

What kind of sandwich would you like?

PRESTON (peering in refrigerator)

Just peanut butter and jelly. Really, it's okay.
I can do it myself.

When PRESTON turns with the jelly, he finds everything
else ready for him. The CHEF and the ASSISTANT hover
as PRESTON starts to make the sandwich. Clearly, they
think they should be doing this for PRESTON.

CHEF

Wouldn't you rather have gooseberry?
(holds up a jar)

A gift--from the Future Farmers of
America.

PRESTON gives up.

PRESTON

Whatever you say.

Relieved, the CHEF and ASSISTANT get to work.



INT. DAY. WHITE HOUSE DINING ROOM. SHORTLY AFTER.

PRESTON is seated at the end of a long table, THUNDER beside him, NOLAN close by.

In come the CHEF and ASSISTANT. The CHEF is carrying a silver tray, on which is a peanut butter sandwich, a glass of milk, an apple, a napkin, and too much silverware.

The CHEF serves PRESTON his sandwich, waits for his reaction. PRESTON takes a bite, smiles politely.

Beaming, the CHEF and ASSISTANT watch PRESTON eat.

INT. DAY. OVAL OFFICE. LATER.

PRESTON is at the window, munching on the apple from his snack, looking out sadly.

WHAT HE SEES

Beyond the White House fence, a group of KIDS goes past, laughing.

BACK TO PRESTON

He turns, spots the red hot-line phone on the Oval Office desk.

He picks it up.

PRESTON (broadly)

The Premier of Russia, please....Mr. Kosygin?
Help, comrade--I'm a prisoner in the White House.

And now we see PRESTON's finger has been on the button; he hasn't been talking on the phone.

PRESTON (as he hangs up)

You're absolutely right. That's my problem.

A look has crossed his face--an idea?

INT. DAY. BASCOMB'S SUPERETTE. SAME TIME.

P.J. is marking prices on a box of cans.

BASCOMB is in the background, at the check-out. There is one customer in the store, an OLD LADY.

P.J.'s girlfriend, TINA, is talking to P.J.



TINA

Look at this milk--P.J.? The expiration date--it's a week old.

P.J. shooshes TINA, glancing nervously in BASCOMB's direction. BASCOMB is talking to the OLD LADY.

BASCOMB

Just what it says there on the can. Two forty-nine.

OLD LADY

Isn't that a little steep?

~~BASCOMB~~

~~If you don't like it, go someplace else.~~

~~P.J. and TINA have been listening to this.~~

BASCOMB

If you don't like it, Mrs. Vando, go someplace else.

P.J. and TINA have been listening to this.

P.J. (hushed)

He's got a point, Tina.

TINA

But Mrs. Vando's old--she can't get anyplace else. And what about the other people who shop here--my mother, your grandmother...and the people on welfare, unemployment...

(P.J. has moved away; TINA follows)

...They have rights, too! Don't they? Isn't that the whole point of this country?

TINA

If he's a ripoff artist? You don't even get the minimum wage!

P.J. glances nervously at BASCOMB again.

P.J. (hushed)

I make enough to take you to the movies.

He's scored some kind of point. TINA draws herself up.

TINA

All right. Next time I'm buying my own ticket. And we're going ahead without you!

And breezes out of the store, as the PHONE RINGS--BASCOMB answers.

~~Bascomb's surprise. What? Who?--~~

~~MR. DAY. BASCOMB'S SURPRISE. SAME TIME.~~

~~TINA comes out the door. Several KIDS are waiting for~~

P.J.
WHAT DO YOU
WANT ME TO DO,
NOT WORK FOR
him? Quit my job?



her.

TINA

He's not gonna be any help.

They start off.

INT. DAY. BASCOMB'S SUPERETTE. SAME TIME.

BASCOMB (on phone)

--Yeah, he's here...

(to P.J., who's staring
ruefully after TINA:)

It's for you, McNulty. Make it
snappy.

P.J. takes the phone.

INT. DAY. PRESTON'S ROOM/INT. DAY. BASCOMB'S SUPERETTE

PRESTON is on the other end of the line. INTERCUT.

PRESTON

Preston. The boy in the limousine,
remember?

P.J. (blinks)

Yeah...I remember.

PRESTON

I was wondering if perhaps you wanted
to come over to my house tomorrow?
That is, if you don't have anything
else to do.

P.J. (staring)

No...I don't have anything else to do.

PRESTON

Great. That's great. Um--let me give
you the address. It's 1600 Pennsylvania
Avenue. It's a...big white house....



CLOSE ON P.J.

P.J. (gulp)

I know which house you mean.

In the background, MRS. VANDO is showing BASCOMB a dented can.

BASCOMB

So it's dented. Who's asking you to eat the can?

He has spotted P.J. on the phone, and starts over.

BACK TO PRESTON

PRESTON

I'll leave your name at the gate tomorrow-- you can get here anytime. Okay? P.J.? Can I expect you?

BASCOMB has swung past P.J.

BASCOMB

Would you quit tying up the phone? It's Saturday--you got orders to fill.

P.J. (into phone)

Yeah...You can expect me...I gotta go now... Goodbye.

And hangs up, stunned.

EXT. DAY. P.J.'S BUILDING. LATER.

P.J. has just chained his bike to the fence. He starts up the steps, in a daze.



INT. DAY. P.J.'S APARTMENT. IMMEDIATELY AFTER.

An old lady--P.J.'s GRANDMA--is sitting in front of a TV. There is SOUND coming from the TV, but the picture is snow and rollover. Still, GRANDMA is concentrating intently on the program. We realize, presently, that she doesn't see too well.

P.J. comes in.

GRANDMA (peering)
Peter Joseph? That you?

There are several locks on the front door, and P.J., with an automatic gesture, is locking them all.

P.J.
Grandma, you're not gonna believe this.

GRANDMA
I can believe most anything, child, so long as it's told to me calmly. Take your coat off, and look at the card that came from your Mom and Dad...

P.J. obeys, hanging his jacket in the closet, and picking up a postcard, during:

GRANDMA
...Sounds like Cousin Richie's showing them a good time. Shame that Bascomb wouldn't let you loose--you could 've been having a good time, too.

She has seated herself in front of the TV again; she looks up to see P.J. standing excitedly before her.

GRANDMA
What are you gaping at? You know I like to listen to the TV. Your Mom and Dad get back, likely they'll want to fix it, but me, I was raised on radio--

P.J. (interrupting)
Grandma!
(GRANDMA shuts up. A beat, then:) Grandma...
I got a special invitation.

GRANDMA
Well, why didn't you say so! Sit down, child, and tell me all about it...



REVISED 8/16
REVISED 8/24

INT. DAY. P.J.'S APARTMENT. NEXT DAY.

P.J. is ready to leave for the White House. He's wearing a sport coat.

GRANDMA

Now, remember...if you see our Commander in Chief, you be sure and tell him I voted for him.

P.J.

I will, Grandma.

GRANDMA

You excited, I hope?

P.J.

Yeah.

GRANDMA

Well...me, too.

She gives him a sendoff hug. AD LIB goodbyes; P.J. goes. GRANDMA calls after him:

GRANDMA

Now mind your manners, Peter Joseph... and don't get into any mischief!

EXT. DAY. P.J.'S BUILDING. IMMEDIATELY AFTER.

P.J. starts off on his bike.

EXT. DAY. WASHINGTON, D.C., STREET. LATER.

P.J. speeds along on his bike.



Stock
White
House

EXT. DAY. WHITE HOUSE. LATER.

Establishing. We see a gatehouse.

EXT. DAY. WHITE HOUSE. SAME TIME.

P.J. is chaining his bike to a post outside the White House gate.

EXT. DAY. GATEHOUSE. IMMEDIATELY AFTER.

There's a guard in the gatehouse--STEBBINS.

P.J. approaches cautiously.

P.J.

Excuse me...

STEBBINS looks up, blinks.

STEBBINS

Well, what are you doing out here?
You're supposed to be inside, aren't
you?

P.J. (puzzled)

I guess so.

STEBBINS

Look, I didn't make the rules. You
better hurry on in.

P.J. obeys, heading past the gatehouse, totally bewildered.

STEBBINS shakes his head, clicks on his radio.

STEBBINS (hint of reproach)

Nolan? This is Stebbins. In case
you were wondering, the President's
son is on his way inside.

EXT. DAY. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE PRESTON'S ROOM. SAME TIME.

NOLAN is seated outside PRESTON's room. The door is
open; PRESTON is inside.

NOLAN (into radio)

You better have your eyes looked at,
Stebbins. The President's son is right
here in his room.

At this, PRESTON looks up.



EXT. DAY. GATEHOUSE. SAME TIME.

STEBBINS (into radio)

Are you sure?

INT. DAY. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE PRESTON'S ROOM. SAME TIME.

NOLAN

Sure I'm sure. Check your book there--
maybe he's got a friend coming over.

Hearing this, PRESTON starts out of the room.

EXT. DAY. GATEHOUSE. SAME TIME.

STEBBINS is very confused. He checks his book, finds a name, scratches his head.

INT. DAY. WHITE HOUSE ANTEROOM.

P.J. is wandering, disoriented. A STAFF PERSON walks by.

STAFF PERSON #1

Hello, Preston.

P.J. looks startled. But this emboldens him. He starts down a corridor. Another STAFF PERSON comes past.

STAFF PERSON #2

Hi, Preston.

P.J. smiles--he likes the idea of being mistaken for PRESTON. He continues down the corridor--then stops.

There's PRESTON.

PRESTON (significantly)

I'm glad you made it.



INT. DAY. PRESTON'S ROOM. IMMEDIATELY AFTER.

PRESTON enters, followed by a hesitant P.J.

PRESTON

Come on in!

P.J. comes in, looking around, awed. PRESTON closes the door quickly, and wedges a chair under the knob. P.J. notices.

P.J.

You got burglars here, too?

PRESTON

No. Just snoops.

P.J. has stopped in front of a mirror. PRESTON comes and stands beside him. They contemplate their twin reflections.

P.J.

Me and the President's son...How come nobody ever told me?

PRESTON

Well, they try to keep my picture out of the papers.

P.J.

They want you to lead a normal life, huh?

PRESTON (evasive)

Yes. I guess so...Ah, did you have any trouble getting here?

P.J.

Nah. I came by bike.

PRESTON

Through the city?
Boy, I'd like to try that sometime.
(a beat)

Well. What would you like to do? Go swimming? Play basketball? Go bowling? See a movie?

P.J. (disappointed)

Well...I just got here. Couldn't I see the White House first?

PRESTON

Oh, we wouldn't have to leave the White House.

P.J. (as it sinks in)

Wow. And we don't even have a TV that works...
Man...You must get everything for free--anything
you want...Wow, would I like to be in your shoes.

PRESTON

They'd probably fit. I bet we're the same
exact size.

P.J. (looking at mirror)

You think so?

PRESTON has already started to take off his jacket.

PRESTON

Let's try.

P.J. follows his lead, takes off his jacket. They switch--
then examine their reflections again.

PRESTON

Look at that. Identical. Boy, could we
fool a lot of people.

P.J.

You kidding? You and me? Everybody'd know.

PRESTON

Like who for instance?

P.J.

Like your parents.

PRESTON (considering)

Too bad they're away--we could try it out.

INT. DAY. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE PRESTON'S ROOM. SAME TIME.

PICCARD is just coming up to the door. NOLAN is seated outside
the door. PICCARD tries the door, can't open it.

INT. DAY. PRESTON'S ROOM. SAME TIME.

SOUND of DOOR RATTLING.

PICCARD (singsong)

Pres-ton!

P.J. is startled.

P.J.

Who's that?

PRESTON (hushed)

It's all right. It's only Piccard.



PICCARD (other side of door; shrill)
Preston, don't play games with me or
you'll be very very sorry!

P.J. looks terrified.

PRESTON (hushed)
It's okay! Come on, we can have some fun!

And waving P.J. toward the door, PRESTON backs out of sight
into the bathroom adjoining his room.

P.J. has no choice but to open the door. PICCARD sweeps in,
gives P.J. the once-over.

PICCARD
Wrong. Wrong. All wrong. Those pants will
not do for a White House ceremony--
(breaks off)
What's wrong with Thunder?



During the above, THUNDER has come in, with PICCARD, and sniffed P.J. Not recognizing him, he's gone over to the bathroom door.

Call your dog. PICCARD

Come, Thunder. P.J. (uncertainly)

No effect. THUNDER is pawing at the bathroom door.

PICCARD
What is going on here? What is in this bathroom.

He reaches for the bathroom doorknob, starts to open the door--

No! P.J.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE



ACT TWO

INT. DAY. PRESTON'S BATHROOM. IMMEDIATELY AFTER.

We see PRESTON standing terrified in the bathroom.

PICCARD (other side of door)
No? What do you mean no? Out of the
way, Thunder.

The bathroom door opens. PRESTON ducks out of the way, behind the door.

PICCARD comes a step into the bathroom.

PICCARD
Silly dog. There's nothing in here.

PRESTON breathes a sigh as the door closes again.

INT. DAY. PRESTON'S ROOM. SAME TIME.

PICCARD crosses to the door to the corridor.

PICCARD (to P.J.)
I'll be back in two minutes to take you
to the Girl Scout ceremony. You and
Thunder had both better be ready.

He goes out, closing the door.

PRESTON comes out of the bathroom, very excited. Re-wedges chair,
during:

PRESTON
See? I told you we could fool them!
Oh boy, this is really great.
(He sees P.J. staring, puzzled)
Well, don't you see what this means?
(P.J.'s not sure he wants to see)
You wanted to see the White House, right?
Well, now you can really see it!

P.J. (hesitant)
You mean really change places?

PRESTON
Just for a couple of days. If anything
goes wrong, we can always call each other.
Give me one reason why not!

P.J. (thinks)
What about the Girl Scout ceremony?

PRESTON (starting toward clothes closet)
That's easy. Just say: "On behalf of the
President of the United States, I want to
thank you for doing such a fine job."
(He has reached his closet and taken



PRESTON CONTD

out a pair of pants; he tosses them
to P.J.)

Here. Now: where do you live exactly?

P.J. (uneasy; still not sure he wants this)
With my parents. But they're away. My
grandmother's taking care of me.

PRESTON

Perfect.

(He has taken P.J.'s wallet out of
P.J.'s jacket, which he is wearing)

Is the address in here?

CAMERA withdraws.

P.J.

Yeah.

PRESTON

Good. Anything else I should know?....

INT. DAY. WHITE HOUSE CEREMONIAL ROOM. IMMEDIATELY AFTER.

PICCARD has ushered a group of GIRL SCOUTS into the ceremonial
room. A WHITE HOUSE PHOTOGRAPHER is on hand.

PICCARD

Just make yourselves at home, girls--
the President's son will be here directly.

The GIRL SCOUTS look at each other in anticipation.

PICCARD has exited.

INT. DAY. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE PRESTON'S ROOM. IMMEDIATELY AFTER.

PICCARD comes down the hall, knocks at the door, rattles it.

PICCARD

Pres-ton!

INT. DAY. PRESTON'S ROOM. SAME TIME.

P.J. and PRESTON have now switched clothes completely.

PICCARD (impatiently; through door)

Pres-ton!

PRESTON (hushed to P.J.)

You all set?

P.J. (gulp)

I guess so...

PRESTON heads toward the bathroom. P.J. has a last-second thought.

P.J.

...What about Thunder?



PRESTON (about to disappear)
Feed him twice a day.

And ducks into the bathroom.

By now, PICCARD is pounding furiously on the door.
P.J. goes, takes the chair away:

PICCARD comes in, gives P.J. the once-over.

PICCARD
Well, that's a little better.
(peers)
What's wrong with your hair?
(P.J. reaches up, feels his cowlick,
tries to pat it into place)
Never mind, everybody's waiting, come on!

He starts out the door, P.J. uncertainly following. THUNDER
lingers.

PRESTON opens the bathroom door, pokes his head out long
enough to shoo THUNDER out, miming the word "Go!"

THUNDER reluctantly goes.

INT. DAY. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE PRESTON'S ROOM. SAME TIME.

As PICCARD comes out, with an apprehensive P.J.,



NOLAN gets up from his chair, dutifully follows.

INT. DAY. PRESTON'S ROOM. SAME TIME.

PRESTON emerges slowly from the bathroom, eyes wide.

INT. DAY. ANOTHER WHITE HOUSE CORRIDOR. IMMEDIATELY AFTER.

PICCARD rapidly escorts P.J. into a ceremonial room off the corridor. NOLAN follows.

INT. DAY. CEREMONIAL ROOM. SAME TIME.

Waiting in the room are several GIRL SCOUTS, a White House PHOTOGRAPHER, and THUNDER.

THUNDER comes up to P.J., sniffs him. P.J. tries to pet him. THUNDER starts to growl--and continues to growl throughout the ceremony.

PICCARD (aside to P.J.)
Well, go on. The standard speech.

PICCARD
Well, of course the Girl Scouts!

P.J., with a nervous glance at THUNDER, gathers up courage. He's feeling the pressure, and has forgotten what to say.

P.J.
I've, ah, never been a member of the Girl Scouts...

The GIRL SCOUTS try to stifle giggles.

P.J.
..but I hear it's a pretty good organization.

THUNDER is growling very loudly.

NOLAN (to PICCARD)
What's the matter with Thunder?

PICCARD
What's the matter with Preston?
(prompting P.J.:)
Go on...On behalf of the President of the United States...



P.J. (remembering now) .
On behalf of the President of the
United States... I want to thank you for the fine
job you've been doing.

PICCARD holds out the award for P.J. to give to the
GIRL SCOUTS. P.J. is eying THUNDER and doesn't see.
PICCARD has to thrust the award into P.J.'s hand.
P.J. hands the award to the nearest GIRL SCOUT.

The PHOTOGRAPHER clicks away. By now, THUNDER is barking
like crazy. THUNDER starts out of the room.

P.J. turns to NOLAN and PICCARD.

P.J. (indicating THUNDER)
I don't think he ever really liked me.

And follows THUNDER.

INT. DAY. CORRIDOR LEADING TO PRESTON'S ROOM. IMMEDIATELY AFTER.

P.J. comes rapidly down the hall, following THUNDER.

INT. DAY. PRESTON'S ROOM. SAME TIME.

Following THUNDER,
P.J. comes running into the room, looking around frantically
for PRESTON, closes the door behind him.

P.J.
Preston? The deal's off!

So does THUNDER.

But there's no PRESTON. P.J. looks in the bathroom. ^ No
PRESTON there either. P.J. pales.

EXT. DAY. GATEHOUSE. SAME TIME.

PRESTON, in P.J.'s clothes, heads toward the street, hesitating
a moment before walking nonchalantly past the gatehouse.

STEBBINS looks up.

PRESTON (brightly)
Hello.

And continues on--speeding up as he spots P.J.'s bike.
He fishes in P.J.'s jacket for the key.



STEBBINS has flicked on his radio.

STEBBINS (into radio)
Nolan! The President's son just went
out the West gate!

INT. DAY. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE PRESTON'S ROOM. SAME TIME.

P.J. has just come out of PRESTON's room, starting down
the corridor in search of PRESTON.

NOLAN (into radio)
Stebbins, wake up, he's standing ten
feet in front of me! Must've been a
friend of his.

EXT. DAY. GATEHOUSE. SAME TIME.

STEBBINS checks his book, then starts out the gate,
looks around. PRESTON's gone. STEBBINS scratches his
head.

INT. DAY. WHITE HOUSE CORRIDOR. IMMEDIATELY AFTER.

P.J. is walking rapidly down the corridor, as though
trying to get away. He looks over his shoulder, sees
NOLAN on his tail. He winces, realizing he's trapped.

GIRL SCOUTS (O.S., variously)
There he is! There! I see him! We found
him!

P.J. turns, sees the GIRL SCOUTS.

GIRL SCOUT #1
Why'd you run away like that? We
didn't even get your autograph!

The GIRL SCOUTS surround P.J. GIRL SCOUT #1 thrusts
an autograph book in front of him, and a pen.

GIRL SCOUT #1
Could you make that "To Linda"?

P.J. (writing)
To Linda.

He starts to sign his own name, has to scratch it out,
sign PRESTON's. (INSERT CLOSE-UP)

GIRL SCOUT #2
He's cute!



REVISED 8/12

II-8

REVISED 8/16

P.J. hears this, and as the GIRL SCOUTS crowd closer, reacts: Maybe this isn't such a bad deal after all.

EXT. DAY. WASHINGTON, D.C., STREET. SHORTLY AFTER.

PRESTON is on P.J.'s bike, riding happily through the city--free at last.

EXT. DAY. P.J.'s STREET. SHORTLY AFTER.

PRESTON comes to a stop near P.J.'s building. He gets off the bike, takes out P.J.'s keys, P.J.'s wallet. He checks an I.D. card in the wallet, heads toward P.J.'s building.

INT. DAY. P.J.'s APARTMENT. IMMEDIATELY AFTER.

GRANDMA is watching the no-picture TV.

In comes PRESTON, fumbling with the keys. GRANDMA rises.

} Stock
shots



PRESTON looks at her. P.J. forgot to tell him about GRANDMA.

GRANDMA

Peter Joseph, that you?

PRESTON

Yes...I mean, yeah. It's me. P.J.

PRESTON has neglected to triple-lock the door--he's wondering how to deal with GRANDMA.

GRANDMA (locking door)

Look at you. You're so excited you forgot to lock the door. Well, come on, tell Grandma all about it! How was it?



PRESTON (catching on)
The White House...Oh, it's a nice place
to visit, but I wouldn't want to live
there.

GRANDMA (turning)
Well, take off your coat and stay awhile.
(P.J. takes off his coat, drapes
it on a chair; GRANDMA turns, sees)
Peter Joseph!

PRESTON (jumps)
What?

GRANDMA (pointing to jacket)
You know that belongs in the closet.

PRESTON
Oh yes. Of course.

PRESTON picks up the jacket, goes to a closet, opens it.
Unfortunately, it's a utility closet. GRANDMA stares
at him. PRESTON smiles back, uneasily, tries the next
closet. This time it's the right one.

GRANDMA
Peter Joseph McNulty, something has
unsettled you. Was it seeing the President?

PRESTON
No. No, I didn't get to see him.

GRANDMA (starting toward kitchen)
Well, I'll make us some supper and you
tell me everything you did see.



At the word "supper," PRESTON brightens.

PRESTON
Oh, that's all right! I'll make
supper!
(as GRANDMA gives him a look)
Really! I want to!

INT. DAY. P.J.'S KITCHEN. SAME TIME.

PRESTON comes in eagerly. An empty kitchen--all his to work in. He goes to the refrigerator, starts making a peanut butter and jelly sandwich.

SERIES OF QUICK SHOTS: the making of the sandwiches, PRESTON's delight in making them.

GRANDMA comes in.



PRESTON has made two peanut butter sandwiches--for himself and for GRANDMA. He has also made a mess--jelly on the counter.

GRANDMA (coming in)
You call this a proper supper? Here,
look at the mess you made.

Shaking her head, she follows PRESTON out into the living room.

INT. DAY. P.J.'S LIVING ROOM. SAME TIME.

PRESTON comes in with the peanut butter sandwiches, sets one in GRANDMA's place. He then spots the no-picture TV, and goes over and tries to adjust it.

GRANDMA
Now what are you doing? You know
that old TV's busted.



PRESTON

Oh, right. Of course. How stupid of me.

He sits down, starts gobbling his sandwich.

GRANDMA

Are you sure you're feeling all right?

The DOORBELL RINGS. PRESTON glances around.

GRANDMA

I believe it's the door.

PRESTON

Yes. Right.

He goes to the door. He has much difficulty with the unfamiliar locks. He finally gets the door open.

It's TINA.

PRESTON

Yes? Can I help you?

TINA stares back. She takes this for cold-shoulder treatment.

TINA

Okay. You're mad.
You're right--I shouldn't have yelled at you in front of Bascomb....Well? Can I come in at least?



PRESTON (stepping aside)
Yes. Please do come in.

TINA gives him a look.

TINA
You sound funny.
(looks at him)
I like your hair that way.
(PRESTON blinks, starts messing
up his hair to try to simulate
a cowlick)
Hi, Grandma McNulty.

GRANDMA sees that three's a crowd.

GRANDMA
Now you and Tina don't worry about
me. I'll just go clean up the
kitchen.

PRESTON looks at TINA, who has seated herself on the couch.
TINA smiles at PRESTON.

PRESTON smiles nervously back. He hasn't a clue what to do
next. He sits down in a chair opposite TINA, very uneasy
indeed. Long pause.

PRESTON
Read any good books lately?

TINA looks at him as though he's from outer space.

PRESTON
Neither have I.



EXT. DAY. WHITE HOUSE. SAME TIME.

Establishing.

INT. DAY. PRESTON'S ROOM. SAME TIME.

P.J. is talking to THUNDER, who growls back from time to time.

P.J.

Friends, Thunder? Friends?

(growl from THUNDER)

Not friends. Okay. That's the way it is. You're right. I could get in a lot of trouble. It could be a lot of fun...

(another growl from THUNDER)

...but no. Okay. So. What I'm gonna do is this.

(starts to take his pants off)

I'm gonna find some regular clothes, just regular everyday clothes, and I'm gonna put 'em on, and maybe some dark glasses, right, and then I'm gonna get out of here. Right? How's that sit with you?

(THUNDER stops growling, seems to approve)

Just cool it, okay? I've never undressed in front of a dog.

He's down to his shorts. The door opens. In comes PICCARD, with two LADIES from the White House Restoration Committee.

PICCARD is giving a tour and doesn't notice P.J. in his shorts at first. The LADIES do.

PICCARD (oblivious)

--Old Tippecanoe died one month after he took office, and none of his ten children ever lived in the White House. Vice President Tyler moved in with his 14 children and this room was--

Now PICCARD sees. In one swoop, he nudges the LADIES out

Stock

the door and goes out himself, closing the door.

A couple of beats, and back in comes PICCARD, alone, with a strange smile.

PICCARD

It's a practical joke. There's no other possible explanation.

P.J. is alarmed--has PICCARD figured it out?

PICCARD

The Restoration Committee tour was approved months ago. It's your job to keep posted. Now hurry up. We leave for the airport in an hour.

P.J.

The airport?

PICCARD

What is the matter with this child? Have you forgotten your date is arriving today?

P.J.

My date?

PICCARD

We're turning into a little parrot! You'll have to be much quicker than that--if you hope to match wits with the Khurmese Ambassador's daughter!

PICCARD goes. P.J. stares after him. THUNDER stares at P.J.

P.J. (to THUNDER)

Who?

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO



ACT THREE

INT. DAY. PRESTON'S ROOM/INT. DAY. P.J.'S APARTMENT.

PRESTON and P.J. are talking on the phone. INTERCUT.

P.J.

Look, Girl Scouts are great, but
a tea party for whatchamacallits--

PRESTON

Dignitaries?

P.J.

Yeah, dignitaries. What do I do?
What do I say to the girl?

PRESTON

I don't know--talk about music--Elton
John, the Rolling Stones, anything.

(an idea:)

Pretend you're talking to Tina.

P.J.

Tina? How do you know about Tina?

PRESTON

Er, she just left here...

(we see P.J.'s alarm)

P.J., can I ask you something personal?

P.J.

What?

PRESTON

Do you, you know, with Tina--how close to you get to her?

P.J.

Not that close.

PRESTON

Funny. I got the feeling she wanted me to
kiss her or something. See,

I'm not really used to being alone with
girls. There's always a Secret Service
man around. I hope I didn't damage your
reputation.

P.J.

Don't worry about it.

PRESTON

Okay. And don't you worry about the



PRESTON CONTD

Ambassador's daughter. Probably all you'll have to do is serve tea.

P.J. (wry)

Great.

PRESTON

So long, P.J. I'm having a really splendid time.

P.J.

Yeah, but they're getting suspicious here...I think maybe we oughta switch back...Preston? Preston?

But PRESTON has hung up.

EXT. DAY. WHITE HOUSE GARDEN. LATER.

P.J. is in a line of OFFICIALS welcoming the KHURIESE AMBASSADOR and the AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTER.

A band is playing a welcoming tune, O.S.

Next to P.J. is PICCARD. P.J. is standing at rigid attention, very uncomfortable. He's holding a welcoming bouquet of flowers, which are making his nose itchy. He tries to put the flowers behind his back. PICCARD glares.

The AMBASSADOR and his DAUGHTER come forward to the microphone. The AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTER is attractive, aristocratic.

She sees P.J. She and her father share a look. She looks back at P.J., a little dubiously. P.J.'s nose begins to twitch in earnest.

The AMBASSADOR speaks into the microphone.

AMBASSADOR

Thank you. It's a pleasure to be here. Needless to say, my daughter and I are heartened by this generous reception, further evidence of the growing bond of friendship between our two countries.

P.J. can't hold back a sneeze any longer. He makes a last-ditch attempt--grabs his nose.

An eagle-eyed PHOTOGRAPHER sees, and snaps a picture of P.J. holding his nose.

PICCARD chews on his fist.

INT. DAY. P.J.'S ROOM.

PRESTON is asleep in P.J.'s bed, smiling.

GRANDMA is trying to rouse him.

GRANDMA

Come on now, Peter Joseph. Wake up.

PRESTON (half-asleep)

Please...just five minutes more. Have
a heart, Picky.

GRANDMA

Picky! Who you calling Picky!

PRESTON wakes abruptly, looks around, sees GRANDMA,
realizes where he is.

GRANDMA

You're already ten minutes late for
work!

PRESTON blinks.

EXT. DAY. BASCOMB'S SUPERETTE. SAME TIME.

In front of the Superette, a boycott is in progress. TINA and the KIDS seen with her earlier are carrying signs, handing out leaflets to PASSERSBY.

KIDS

Pass it by! Pass it by!

PRESTON is coming up in the distance, on P.J.'s bike.

TINA

You don't have to pay his prices! Pass it by!

A prospective SHOOPER is reading the handout. The SHOPPER starts away, javing decided to honor the boycott. BASCOMB sees this, comes out.

BASCOMB

You oughta be ashamed of yourself--listening to a bunch of kids! I been in this neighborhood fifteen years--longer than most of these hoodlums been on this earth.

And now we see MRS. VANDO, brandishing a cucumber.

MRS. VANDO

And your cucumbers look like they've been here forever!

Encouraging LAUGHTER from the KIDS.

TINA

That's right! And it's high time somebody stood up to you! Pass it by!

BASCOMB makes a move as though to grab her.

BASCOMB

Girl, you listen good--
(to MRS. VANDO)
and you too!--This here's my sidewalk.
If you're not off it before I count ten,
I'm calling a cop.

PRESTON has come up during this--BASCOMB's nasty tone galvanizes him.

PRESTON (hesitant)

That's not right. You shouldn't threaten people like that.
(to TINA and KIDS:)

Don't let him threaten you.

I mean, (to the flabbergasted BASCOMB; and slowly getting into it:)
in the first place, this isn't your sidewalk. It belongs to everybody.
In the second place, the First Amendment guarantees freedom of speech and freedom of public assembly. In the third place... if these people have legitimate complaints, you ought to give them a fair shake....

In the fourth place...
(trying to think of something else)
...in the fourth place...

BASCOMB

In the fourth place...you're fired.

BASCOMB turns on his heels, goes back inside his store.
PRESTON looks up at the sign: Bascomb's Superette.
His face falls as he realizes what's happened.

INT. DAY. WHITE HOUSE CEREMONIAL ROOM. SAME TIME.

The room where P.J. gave the GIRL SCOUTS their award



REVISED 8/16

III-5A

REVISED 8/16

REVISED 8/24

has been set up for a teatime reception.

A band plays decorous MUSIC, O.S.

The AMBASSADOR is not present.

The AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTER is sitting conspicuously alone.

P.J. is watching her, afraid to go over. PICCARD comes up.

PICCARD (hushed)

What are you standing here for? Get
the Ambassador's daughter some punch.

And what is the matter with your hair?

P.J. goes over to the punch bowl, trying to pat his cowlick
into place.

He is under pressure, and has considerable difficulty ladling
the punch into two glasses--all the while patting his cowlick.

Thinking punch cups need saucers, he balances them accordingly--
adding to his difficulty as he swerves his way toward the
AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTER. The punch slops over.

The AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTER shares.

P.J., with great difficulty, lowers himself into the chair
next to the AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTER.



AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTER

One would think this was your first reception.

P.J. gives a start.

AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTER

As if there were no difference between you--and a boy off the street. It's so ridiculous, really.

P.J.

What's ridiculous about it?

AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTER

Oh, the way you try to appear so ordinary--hoping others won't hear your secret.

P.J. (alarmed)

My secret?

AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTER
Not your secret, silly. Rich Americans
in general.

P.J.
What about rich Americans?

AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTER
Well, if they're so anxious to appear
democratic, why don't they do something
for poor people?

P.J.
Now, wait a second--

AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTER
Believe me, it's no different in my country.

P.J.
I bet it is different!

AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTER
Oh, of course. America--where a poor boy can
end up in the White House.

P.J.
Well, he can!

AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTER
And your father--is he poor?

P.J.
He's not rich!
(skeptical look from the AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTER)
Now, look--okay--maybe some Americans don't
care about poor people, or old people, or
people without jobs. Okay? And maybe they
take advantage of them. But those people still
have rights. They can fight back. People can
try to change things here. That's the whole
point of America!

During the above, the room has fallen silent--the MUSIC has
stopped. P.J. suddenly realizes people are listening--among
them the ACE REPORTER.



AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTER

Then tell me this: Why is your father about to kill the Fair Shake program--if he cares so much about the poor?

P.J.

Who says he's gonna do that?

AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTER

Well, everyone knows about that minimum-wage bill--the one he's going to veto.

P.J.

I don't believe it! I don't believe he'd ever do that!

(He looks around at the people staring at him)

I don't!

PICCARD comes up to P.J.

PICCARD

Preston, I think you've expressed yourself enough for one afternoon. You may excuse yourself now.

P.J. looks at the AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTER. He turns away.

P.J.

Excuse me.

PICCARD starts to lead P.J. away. The ACE REPORTER swoops down.

ACE REPORTER

Preston, did your father tell you he's not going to veto the minimum-wage bill? When did he tell you?

PICCARD

No questions. No questions.

PICCARD is spiriting P.J. to a corner.

PICCARD

No matter what your father told you about the veto, I'm sure it was meant to be completely confidential.

P.J.

He didn't tell me anything.

PICCARD freezes in his tracks. He looks at P.J.

PICCARD

In that case, your father will deal with you himself...the moment he returns tonight.



P.J. stiffens.

Mr. Piccard?

What.

You didn't say tonight, did you?

I said tonight.

P.J. closes his eyes.

P.J.

PICCARD

P.J.

PICCARD

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE



ACT FOUR

INT. DAY. PRESTON'S ROOM. SHORTLY AFTER.

P.J. is just finishing dialing the phone. He looks very frightened.

INT. DAY. P.J.'S APARTMENT/INT. DAY. PRESTON'S ROOM.

The PHONE in P.J.'s apartment is RINGING.

GRANDMA answers. INTERCUT.

GRANDMA

Hello?

P.J. (disguising voice)

Hello--may I please speak to P.J.? It's very very important.

GRANDMA

I'm sorry, but P.J. still isn't here.
Who is this? Hello? Hello?

INT. DAY. PRESTON'S ROOM. SAME TIME.

P.J. has hung up the phone.

He goes to the door of his room, opens it. NOLAN looks in. P.J. closes the door again.

He starts to pace, trying to think of something to do.

EXT. DAY. BASCOMB'S SUPERETTE. SAME TIME.

The boycott of Bascomb's Superette has tripled in size. ADULTS have joined the KIDS.

KIDS & ADULTS

Pass it by! Pass it by! (etc.)

Across the street, TINA proudly surveys the boycott. PRESTON sits next to her, staring at his shoes. P.J.'s bike is nearby.

TINA

Three times the people we had this morning--and all because of you!

PRESTON looks at her unhappily.



TINA (consolingly)
Look--you did what you felt you
had to do. And you had a right to
do it.

PRESTON
I had no right to lose that job.

TINA
You'll get another job.

PRESTON shakes his head.

PRESTON
You don't understand...and there's no
way I can explain it to you.

TINA
You don't have to explain anything.
I'm just proud of you, that's all.

She kisses him on the cheek. They look at each other.

But PRESTON has spotted something.

TINA
What's wrong now?

WHAT PRESTON SEES

At a nearby newsstand, the seller is putting out a new
edition of the afternoon paper.

PRESTON goes over, takes the top paper off the pile.



He stares at the front page. The picture on page one (INSERT CLOSE-UP) is of P.J. holding his nose at the airport. The AMBASSADOR and the AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTER are in the picture. P.J.'s hand and/or a shadow obscures the resemblance to PRESTON. The caption: PRESIDENT'S SON TAKES STAND ON FAIRSHAKE. HINTS FATHER WON'T VETO MINIMUM-WAGE BILL.

TINA (O.S.)

"President's son takes a stand
father won't veto minimum-wage bill..."
Hey, that's great!

But PRESTON, amazed, has turned the page. Another headline (INSERT CLOSE-UP): CONFERENCE A SUCCESS, PRESIDENT RETURNS TONIGHT.

TINA (O.S.)

"Conference a success, President returns
tonight..."

PRESTON has turned page.



REVISED 8/12
REVISED 8/16

IV-4

TINA

P.J.? What's the matter?

PRESTON turns to her. He looks at her, and then:

He kisses her--at last. TINA is taken aback. PRESTON
jumps on P.J.'s bike.

He pedals away.

TINA watches him go, puzzled as can be.

INT. DAY. PRESTON'S ROOM. SAME TIME.

P.J. has PRESTON's blazer on. The door is open.

He goes to the phone, dials.

P.J. (whisper; glancing at door)
Hello...is this the operator? Uh,
this is Preston. I think my phone is
out of order. Could you try my room?

He hangs up. A pause, and the PHONE RINGS.

P.J.

Yes. This is Preston...Could you hold
on a second, please?

He goes to the door, sticks his head around the corner.

P.J.

It's for you.

In comes NOLAN.

NOLAN:

For me?

P.J. nods; and as NOLAN comes in to pick up the phone,
P.J. darts quickly out.

NOLAN:

Hello? Who's this? Operator?
Hello? Hello?

INT. DAY. WHITE HOUSE CORRIDOR. SAME TIME.

P.J. flies down the corridor, past PICCARD, who does a
double-take.

INT. DAY. PRESTON'S ROOM. SAME TIME.

NOLAN is still on the phone.

NOLAN

No, you called me...Never mind.

He hangs up. He goes out.

INT. DAY. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE PRESTON'S ROOM. SAME TIME.

NOLAN looks down the corridor. Nobody. His charge has escaped. This registers, and he starts down the corridor.

INT. DAY. WHITE HOUSE ANTEROOM. SAME TIME.

P.J. comes flying down the stairs, heading outside.

INT. DAY. WHITE HOUSE CORRIDOR. SAME TIME.

NOLAN and PICCARD are coming down the corridor, in pursuit of P.J.

EXT. DAY. GATEHOUSE. IMMEDIATELY AFTER.

P.J. sails past STEBBINS in the gatehouse, rounds the corner, breaks into a sprint.

STEBBINS looks, shakes his head, fails to react for a moment. Then he flicks on his radio...

STEBBINS (into radio)

Nolan! The President's son just went out the West gate!

...just as NOLAN and PICCARD run past.

NOLAN (into radio)

We know.

STEBBINS jumps, stares at NOLAN and PICCARD as they go out the gate.

EXT. DAY. SIDEWALK OUTSIDE WHITE HOUSE. SAME TIME.

P.J. rounds another corner on a dead run.

Ahead, PRESTON is just coming up on P.J.'s bike.

They see each other. P.J. runs up to PRESTON.

STOCK

STOCK



together { Preston! P.J.
 { P.J.! PRESTON

together { You're gonna hate me! Everything's
 { all messed up! P.J.
 { I ruined everything! You'll never PRESTON
 { forgive me!

P.J. looks behind him.

Quick! ←P.J. (taking off blazer)

They switch jackets in a hurry.

PRESTON
 Goodbye, P.J. Good luck. (extends hand)

P.J. (shakes hands)
 You, too. We're gonna need it.



They start away from each other. Then they both stop, turn. It's probably the last time they'll ever see each other. But still they say:

<u>together</u>	{	(See ya!	P.J.
		(See ya!	PRESTON

P.J. gets on the bike.



PRESTON watches him go--as NOLAN and PICCARD come running up behind PRESTON. They don't see P.J.--he's gone.

NOLAN

What in blazes are you trying to pull?

PICCARD (quietly)

Come along, Preston. Your father is due any moment...and I just know he's going to want to see you right away.

PRESTON winces.

EXT. DAY. WASHINGTON, D.C., STREET. SHORTLY AFTER.

P.J. is pedaling along. He looks worried.

EXT. DAY. ANOTHER STREET. SHORTLY AFTER.

It's the street where Bascomb's Superette is.

P.J. comes pedaling along. We hear CROWD NOISE, O.S.

P.J. doesn't like WHAT HE SEES: TINA and a crowd of KIDS and ADULTS in front of Bascomb's Superette.



But as he gets closer and closer, the people in the CROWD start to turn and see him. They nudge each other. A CHEER starts up, and continues.

People are pounding P.J. on the back. TINA is hugging him. P.J. doesn't know what to make of it.

TINA

Where'd you go? Why'd you take off?

P.J. reacts with alarm--what does she mean? Does she know?

TINA

Don't you get it? We've won! The boycott worked--thanks to you! Bascomb promised to lower his prices, give discounts to people over 65--the works!

BASCOMB is in the doorway of the Superette. P.J. sees him. BASCOMB is scowling.

TINA

You did it, P.J.!

P.J. (blankly)

I did it.

BASCOMB

Didn't know you had it in you, McNulty.

We are CLOSE on P.J. He is remembering:

FLASHBACK: P.J. STANDING UP TO AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTER

P.J.

People can try to change things here.
That's the whole point of America!

BACK TO P.J., smiling now.

P.J.

I didn't know I had it in me, either.

BASCOMB

You want your job back, McNulty?

P.J. is taken aback--he didn't know he'd lost it.

P.J.

Do I want my job back?

BASCOMB interprets this as anger.

BASCOMB

All right. You don't have to come
back right away. I'll let you have
a vacation.

Now P.J. catches on.

P.J.

And a raise?

BASCOMB starts to do a burn. P.J. sticks to his guns.

P.J.

Yeah. That's right. I don't mind
working for you, Mr. Bascomb--but
you gotta at least pay me the minimum
wage.

TINA (with a glance at the others)

Yeah...a Fair Shake.

MURMURS from the CROWD.



BASCOMB (angry)

McNulty...

(resigned:)

...you'll get your raise.

More CHEERS. Another hug from TINA.

KIDS & ADULTS

2, 4, 6, 8, who do we appreciate?

P.J.! P.J.! P.J!

INT. NIGHT. OVAL OFFICE. SHORTLY AFTER.

The PRESIDENT is at his desk, his back to us, busy with paperwork.

The door opens, and in come PRESTON and PICCARD. PRESTON looks reluctant, scared. PICCARD urges him in, goes out. The door closes.

PRESTON approaches his father's desk warily. The PRESIDENT doesn't look up.

A pause, and then the PRESIDENT speaks:

PRESIDENT

Well. A lot's been going on around here, hasn't it?

To PRESTON, his tone sounds reproachful.

PRESTON

Yes. It has.

PRESIDENT

I saw in the papers you've been taking a more active interest in politics. That was quite a little stir you caused.

PRESTON

Yes, sir. I'm sorry if I caused you any embarrassment.

The PRESIDENT looks up fully for the first time.

PRESIDENT

The fact is, I never intended to veto that bill...The question is: How did you know that?

PRESTON gulps, looks away. The PRESIDENT has come around in front of the desk, sitting on the edge, his back to us.

PRESIDENT

You didn't know, did you?

PRESTON shakes his head.

PRESIDENT

It doesn't matter. I'm proud of you, Preston-- proud to have a son who speaks his mind.

PRESTON

Dad...maybe I'm not the one you should be proud of...

We are CLOSE on PRESTON. He remembers:

FLASHBACK: PRESTON TELLING OFF BASCOMB

PRESTON

If these people have legitimate complaints, you ought to give them a fair shake.

BACK TO PRESTON, smiling now.

PRESTON

On second thought...maybe I am.

PRESIDENT

Would you like to go along next trip?

PRESTON

Yes. Very much.



REVISED 8/12
REVISED 8/16

IV-10

PRESIDENT

And maybe campaign for me next time out?

PRESTON

Yeah!

The PRESIDENT squeezes PRESTON's shoulder. PRESTON smiles, starts for the door. At the door, he stops.

PRESTON

Thanks, Dad.

PRESIDENT

Thank you, Preston.

PRESTON goes out, smiling.

INT. NIGHT. WHITE HOUSE CORRIDOR. SAME TIME.

PRESTON comes walking down the corridor, dazed and happy.

PRESTON (to himself)

And nobody ever knew.

At which point THUNDER comes bounding toward him down the hall. He stops--starts to sniff PRESTON.

PRESTON

Right, Thunder?

He winks at him. THUNDER goes up on his hind legs, starts to lick PRESTON's face.

They go off down the hall together.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END