

*Am Pres M-F
after Dinner
Her Apt*

EXT. SYDNEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The street's been temporarily closed to traffic, and SECRET SERVICE AGENTS man the sidewalk. The PRESS and ONLOOKERS form a small crowd, kept well at bay by police barricades.

INT. SYDNEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

SHEPHERD and SYDNEY are finishing up dinner.

SHEPHERD

This was delicious. Thank you. Is there any left?

SYDNEY

(taking his bowl)

Tons. I didn't think you liked it.

SHEPHERD

Are you kidding me, of course I did. But actually it's not for me. The agent who checked the food thought it was delicious, and I sort of told him I'd bring him some if there was any left.

SYDNEY

So you didn't like it.

SHEPHERD

No, I loved it.

SYDNEY

You're lying.

SHEPHERD

No, I'm not.

SYDNEY

You are. I can tell when you're holding something back. You do a thing with your face.

SYDNEY pops a bottle of port and pours two glasses.

SHEPHERD

When have you seen me do a thing with my face?

SYDNEY

Two days before I met you. You gave a speech for the Daughters of the American Revolution. I was there.

SHEPHERD

You were?

SYDNEY

You remember the speech?

SHEPHERD

Vaguely.

SYDNEY

"American can no longer afford to pretend that they live in a great society."

SHEPHERD

Ah.

SYDNEY

There was supposed to be something else after that, wasn't there?

SHEPHERD

How did you know?

SYDNEY

I told you. The face.

SYDNEY hands him a glass. They clink glasses and sip.

SHEPHERD

Wow...what's the occasion?

SYDNEY

You're looking at a lady who's two votes shy of the promised land.

SHEPHERD

Two votes?

SYDNEY

I got Pennybaker. That got me Cass and Zimmer.

SHEPHERD

(beat)

That's great, Sydney. I mean it.
That's great work.

SYDNEY

Well, I'm not there yet.

SHEPHERD

Look, no matter what happens, you have every right to be proud of yourself.

SYDNEY

I'll be proud when I see you sign the bill.