

ELECTION

Scene 1

EXT. PARKING LOT -- DAY CLOSE ON TRACY'S EXCITED FACE

TRACY

Mr. McAllister? Mr. McAllister! Wait up
I

Jim, his tie loose and his sleeves rolled up, looks up from
unlocking
his car. Tracy runs toward him holding out a TERM PAPER FOLDER.

TRACY

I got all my signatures. One hundred
and fifty-eight -- way more than I need!

JIM

Hey, that's super

TRACY

Here they are.

JIM

You can put those in my box. I'll look
at them tomorrow.

TRACY

Could you approve them now? I'd like
to kick off my campaign right away, you
know, in the morning.

JIM

(resigned)

Right

He cursorily flips through the bound pages and offers them back to
Tracy.

JIM (CONT'D)

Looks good to me.

TRACY

Aren't you supposed to keep them?

JIM

NO, that's fine

TRACY

I thought you were supposed to keep
them.

JIM

Okay, fine. Sure

JIM throws his briefcase and Tracy's folder into the backseat.

TRACY

Thanks for everything.

JIM

You bet.

Tracy stays put as JIM climbs in, shuts the door and fastens his seat belt.

TRACY

(cheery, awkward)

I can't wait to start campaigning.

JIM

Should be easy. So far no competition.

TRACY

Hell, you know, Coca-Cola's the world's number one soft drink, but they spend more money than anybody on advertising. I guess that's how come they stay number one.

JIM

Yeah. Okay. well, good luck Tracy

They exchange a long, curious stare. There's a tone at once confrontational and vaguely sexual about this moment.

TRACY

You know, Mr. M., when I win the presidency, that means you and I are going to be spending a lot of time together next year. And I for one would like that time to be harmonious and productive. Wouldn't you?

JIM

Sure

TRACY

Okay. That's good. I just wanted to make sure.

JIM

Good luck, Tracy.

JIM pulls away and heads for the parking lot exit.