

PRESIDENT CRAWFORD

Written by

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Based on *Behind the Glass* by Kassandra Heit

INT. EVAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A large wooden desk powers over the massive room off to the right of the double doors. A steady, constant TAP comes from the Newton's cradle sitting on the end of it.

A TV hangs from the wall above a large table surrounded by chairs opposite the doors. A couch and two armchairs sit around a coffee table near the doors.

EVAN LARKIN, 56, button up and tie, sits at his desk reading a large packet of papers. His glasses sit on the end of his nose before --

KNOCK, KNOCK.

EVAN

Come in.

The door MOANS as it opens. JAKE CRAWFORD, 28, secret service agent, emerges from behind the door before it closes with a THUD.

JAKE

You wanted to see me, sir.

EVAN

Yes.

(tosses glasses onto desk)
Please, sit.

Jake sits down across from Evan.

Evan gazes at Jake as he leans back in his chair.

EVAN

. . .I was looking at your file the other day. Served our country in the Air Force. Came to D.C. to protect the President.

JAKE

I'll do anything to protect my country, sir.

EVAN

Have you ever thought of serving your country in a different way?

JAKE

How do you mean?

Evan stands up and casually walks around his desk --

EVAN

What about running for political office? Help change the future.

JAKE

I guess I never thought about it.

EVAN

You should. I could take you under my wing.

Evan drops his hands to the back of Jake's chair.

EVAN

I could get you into the White House if you wanted.

Jake springs from his chair and faces Evan.

JAKE

Sir, it's not that I don't appreciate the opportunity, but I'm quite happy with where I am.

EVAN

Is that enough to make someone else happy? Someone you might want to share a life with?

Evan stands up straight.

EVAN

I saw the way you looked at my daughter the other day.

JAKE

She's a beautiful girl.

EVAN

She is, but you weren't just eyeing her like every other boy who wants to date her.

JAKE

How was I looking at her?

EVAN

The same way I look at my wife. The woman I'd go to hell and back for. That's how you looked at her.

Evan loosens his tie and pulls it off his neck, tossing it on the couch a few feet away.

JAKE

What does she have to do with any of this?

EVAN

You want to date my daughter, don't you?

Jake nods.

EVAN

Then, you will work with me. I'll become your mentor. When you run for President, you have my consent.

JAKE

Your consent?

EVAN

Yes. Hailee knows what my disapproval means.

JAKE

She can't make her own decisions?

Evan walks back around his desk.

EVAN

My whole family is in the public eye. Every decision we make is reported and televised.

JAKE

This isn't about an education bill. This is about who she wants to be with, who she wants to date.

EVAN

Your point?

JAKE

You'd sell out your daughter to have an in inside the White House.

Evan's slams his fist against his desk. He lifts up hand and points at Jake.

EVAN

I love my daughter. But, she knows this life. My whole family does.

JAKE

That's absurd.

EVAN

Take it or leave it. Just know you
won't ever have a chance with
Hailee.

Jake gapes as Evan grabs a bottle of scotch from behind him
and pours himself a glass.

JAKE

(sarcastic)

You might as well just give me her
hand in marriage if you want me in
the White House.

EVAN

That can be arranged.

Evan downs his drink.

EVAN

If I see one ounce of any violence,
I'm backing out. I won't force
Hailee into that.

JAKE

This is crazy.

Jake drops back into the chair in disbelief.

JAKE

I can't believe this is why you
called me in.

EVAN

Well, I'd like to go home here
soon. Do you want to answer now, or
do you need a few days?

JAKE

You're joking, right?

Evan grabs his jacket from the back of his chair and slips it
on. He gathers up some of the papers on his desk and places
them in his briefcase --

EVAN

I can assure you. I don't waste my
time here by joking around.

Evan closes his briefcase.

EVAN

I'll give you twenty-four hours.

Evan walks towards his door when --

JAKE

I'd really get to be with Hailee?

EVAN

If you can make the country believe
in President Crawford, I'll give
you your First Lady.

Evan opens his office door with a MOAN and slips out.

Jake remains in the chair while Newton's Cradle still TAPS in
a steady rhythm on the desk in front of him.