

# WALKER

## SCENE 1

### ACT I

EST. HAWTHORNE CLUB - DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

A stately private social club in an historic building.

INT. HAWTHORNE CLUB - LOBBY - NIGHT

Dignified lobby. A few ELITES check in at the host desk, others head upstairs (or down a hall). We find JACK nervously checking himself in an artsy mirror, in his best suit. He heads to the HOSTS at the desk, TURNS ON THE CHARM.

JACK MAYHAN  
Hi! Jack Mayhan. I'm here to meet --

Start

WALKER (O.S.)  
There he is!

MR. WALKER is entering.

WALKER (CONT'D)  
Look at you -- finer than a frog  
hair split four ways.

JACK MAYHAN  
Thank you sir! Really appreciate  
the invite.

WALKER  
(to desk hosts)  
You may see more of this man in the  
future.

Jack's enthused to hear that -- really? Walker haughtily leads him up the GRAND STAIRCASE (or down an ELEGANT HALL).

~~INT. HAWTHORNE CLUB - GRAND STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS~~

WALKER  
First time in the Hawthorne?

JACK MAYHAN  
No, I was here once in high school,  
for athletic all-stars.  
(off Walker's unimpressed nod)  
I know the waitlist is years long.  
If you don't mind my asking, you  
being new in town, how did you...?

WALKER  
(irritated)  
I mind your asking.

# WALKER

2.

Jack pauses -- uh-oh. Walker CHORTLES.

WALKER (CONT'D)  
Ha! I just cinched your saddle.  
(then, sotto to Jack)  
There's no secrets to how the world  
works, Jack. Money. Power.  
Connections. And I'm like an  
octopus.

Jack's confused. Walker WAVES HIS ARMS a little.

WALKER (CONT'D)  
Got my tentacles all over the place.

They're in a busier area now. Various well-dressed members  
mill about with DRINKS. Walker corners Jack, straightforward.

WALKER (CONT'D)  
Which is why you're here now. I  
make investments, Jack. In people.  
I've watched you at Haylee's  
school, how you handle folks -- not  
bad. Ever think about runnin' for  
office?

JACK MAYHAN  
I don't wanna brag, but yes.

WALKER  
Perhaps we can get you there.

Jack NODS with a GULP. A BUTLER rings a handheld BELL, and  
members start making their way to A LARGE SET OF DOORS.

WALKER (CONT'D)  
It all starts through those doors.  
(sensing Jack's nervousness)  
Maybe you wanna drain the gila  
monster first.

JACK MAYHAN  
Thank you sir.

End

Walker nods and smiles as Jack hurries off.

~~INT. ELEGANT MEN'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER~~

~~Jack enters, celebrating his good fortune with a FIST PUMP.  
Hurries to a bank of MEN'S ROOMS. Starts doing his thing.~~

~~PHONE: BZZZ. Jack carefully checks his CELL: SUPERINTENDENT.  
He answers, tucking the phone into the pocket of his coat.~~