

04 Whitaker, Baxter

SCENE FOUR - CAMPAIGNS, INC. - SEPTEMBER 1934

Lights up on a room covered in stacks of books and papers. There's a desk. Maybe a long table. BAXTER and WHITAKER have been here a LONG time. An upbeat tune streams from the radio...

WHITAKER

Hey, can I sponge one?

BAXTER

What?

WHITAKER

Can I sponge a smoke? I'm out.

BAXTER

That's not a saying.

WHITAKER

What's not a saying?

BAXTER

Can you 'sponge' a smoke? No.
That's not something people say.
It sounds disgusting.

WHITAKER

I say it all the time.

BAXTER

And that tells you right there
that there's something inherently
wrong with it. Here...

BAXTER checks her cigarette case.

BAXTER

Ooh. Last one. We've been here
awhile, I guess. You can 'sponge'
it.

WHITAKER

Ah, don't worry about it. I can
hold off.

BAXTER

Better idea. Let's split it.

BAXTER lights up the cigarette, takes a long relaxing drag. She moves over to WHITAKER and sits next to him.

BAXTER

Go ahead. Don't be shy.

WHITAKER

Thanks.

WHITAKER takes a drag, smiles at BAXTER.

BAXTER

You bet, kid. (She shuts off the radio) One of us has to support the other one.

WHITAKER

...You must be a revolver, because that comment was loaded.

BAXTER

It's nothing, Clem.

WHITAKER

No, go ahead and blow your nose, Baxter. Sounds like you got something stuck up there.

BAXTER

I'm just licked is all.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

WHITAKER

You know, Baxter. If you ever need to talk about your husband, I'm here for you.

BAXTER

I appreciate that, Clem. He gave me a few good years and my last name. That's all I can really say about it right now.

WHITAKER

Losing anyone you care about can be really hard.

BAXTER

Yeah. Thanks, Clem. How about you? How's the homefront?

WHITAKER

The wife's certainly not thrilled I ditched the ad business to start...whatever this is we have started.

BAXTER

I didn't realize she wasn't on board.

WHITAKER

Let's just say I'm really getting to know the couch these days. What can ya do?

BAXTER

That's a question for the ages, my friend. So...what are you feeling right now?

WHITAKER looks at BAXTER. Is she asking what he thinks she is? He pivots.

WHITAKER

We're being paid to think, Baxter. Not feel. Our job is to outsmart the voters and tell them how to feel. The way I see it, It's our job to not feel while tricking others into feeling very specific...feelings.

BAXTER

Not brilliantly put, but I agree.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]