ROD

What?

ALLEN

Yours is bigger.

(Of his lock)

A woman can tell these things.

INT. ALLEN RESIDENCE. NIGHT

Horace and Helen sit with their mom. They are at the dinner table. Allen is chewing on an apple.

HORACE

What are you going to do?

ALLEN

I dunno.

HORACE

Well, do you want to be President?

Allen gives this some thought.

ALLEN

I don’t know that either.

(to Helen)

I think I know your opinion.

HELEN

Mom, I know how it works, okay? You want this, I’ll be dutiful.

ALLEN

You know what, Helen? I don’t want you to be ‘dutiful’. Okay? I’ve said that to you ever since you were able to form a political opinion-

HELEN

Jesus, mom, I’m trying to be, like, supportive here...

Here comes a silence between them. One that tells us there is a typical friction between a teen girl and her mom.

ALLEN

I will not consider myself a successful parent if I’ve raised a hypocrite.
HELEN
(annoyed)
Whatever, I---- Never mind.

ALLEN
Helen, if you don’t say what you want to say, you’ll (regret it).

HELEN
I just think that the people voted for, you know, what President Bridges believes in and--- and if you can’t deliver on that then maybe you should step aside. Those guys are right.
(beat)
I mean, there’s a vacancy in the Supreme Court--- are you going to appoint the same judge that President Bridges would?

ALLEN
It really hasn’t crossed my mind.

Helen shrugs--- she feels she’s made her point. Allen senses the stalemate here. She turns to somebody else in the room.

ALLEN (CONT’D)
Okay. What do you think?

And now we see a little girl of six years, sitting in an oversized chair. This is AMY, her other daughter.

AMY
Will they put your face on money?

ALLEN
No, baby, I don’t think so.

Amy looks seriously disappointed. “Oh”

HORACE
That’s because they have faces on all the money already.

AMY
Can they make a new kind of money? Like a fifteen dollar bill?

ALLEN
I suppose it’s possible.

Amy seems satisfied with this answer.