VEEP

"Presidential Vacation"

Written by

Chris Thomas
INT. WHITE HOUSE KITCHEN—MORNING (D1)

SELINA and CATHERINE are eating breakfast. GARY appears, he is happily singing.

GARY
“Vacation all I ever wanted.”

Gary pours Selina a cup of coffee and hands it to her.

GARY (CONT’D)
I need two cups today. I was up all night packing for your...
(Singing again)
“Vacation. Had to get away.”

Gary hands the syrup to Catherine.

SELINA
Is that lite?

GARY
Oooh. Sorry.

Gary swaps out the regular syrup for lite syrup.

SELINA
We have to do this more often.

CATHERINE
Diminish my self esteem?

AMY and DAN Appear in a rush.

AMY
Ma’am, I hate to ruin your day before your first cup of coffee, but I had to let you know that there are new data breach rumors involving children.

DAN
Apparently a couple of eighth graders started some rumors on Facebook saying that they helped the President.

SELINA
Who else knows?
DAN
It appears to be contained to their “friends”, but this could spread faster than Gary’s Mom.

GARY
My Mom just had a double hip replacement, so your joke is baseless.

BEN urgently barrels into the kitchen and grabs the last cup of coffee. Gary sadly looks into his empty mug, and starts to brew a new pot.

BEN
Madam President, I hate to bother you this early but a couple of pizza-faced shit-heads posted some stuff on Facebook about...

SELINA
Let me guess. The data breach scandal? Amy and Dan just finished filling me in, but please, join the gangbang.

Amy is scrolling through her phone quickly.

AMY
We really need to press the proposed fair trade bill with Colombia before it grinds “Big Java” and forces them to raise bean prices.

DAN
Nice wordsmithing. Personally I would’ve used “jolt” somewhere though.

BEN
It’s already costing me three dollars for a cup of Colombian dark roast at Starbucks. It’ll be cheaper to switch back to their white cocaine.

Selina notices Gary frowning while he’s looking at his phone.

SELINA
You look like a frowny face Emoji attached itself to a strand of fettuccine. What’s your deal?

GARY
It looks like it’s going to be unseasonably cool at Camp David Ma’am.
SELINA

Can’t wait to escape to Amish Country.  
(To Amy)  
I thought there were perks to this job besides this bitter ass coffee I’m drinking?

DAN

Nice one, Madam President.

SELINA

(To Catherine)  
Maybe we can learn how to churn butter together?

DAN

Actually, Camp David is a few miles south, in Maryland—the state you represented in the Senate.

SELINA

(To Dan)  
How far south is your nose from your asshole?  
(Pointing at his mouth)  
Because I see a lot of shit spewing outta here.

BEN

What do you want to do about the rumors?

SELINA

Me? Nothing. You figure it out. I need to find a better mother-daughter vacation destination. Someplace warm. Did we move the detainees out of GITMO yet?

GARY

My friend owns a beach house in North Carolina. I can arrange the stay, Ma’am.

CATHERINE

Yeah! I’ve always loved Dad’s beach condo in the Carolina’s.

SELINA

Well, my dear. Your wish has been granted. Being that your Mom is the most powerful woman in the world, you will have your beach vacation. Gary!
Selina claps her hands quickly twice.

SELINA (CONT’D)
Book the house.

GARY
Yes, Ma’am!

AMY
According to Forbes, Oprah is the most powerful woman in the world right now. You’re number four.

SELINA
Number four?

AMY
One review of a product from Oprah can make or break it.

SELINA
One ill-timed recline from Oprah will always break it.

GARY
I’m soooo disappointed in her latest book club list.
(beat) OK, Ma’am, the beach house is all yours!

SELINA
Thank you Gary. The only person around here that get’s anything done.

GARY
(Sings again) “Vacation all I ever wanted. Vacation had to”...

SELINA
Go-Go fuck yourself Gary.

GARY
Yes Ma’am.

CUT TO:

EXT.GEORGETOWN STREETS—MORNING

MIKE pulls up to a red light while jamming Rihanna’s “Bitch Better Have My Money”. He grabs his phone to check e-mail; a car beeps because the light turned green.
MIKE
Oh, Shit.

Mike impulsively “guns” the accelerator and runs something over. Mike gets out of his car to the sound of a screaming man.

MIKE (CONT’D)
What the hell was that?

DOG WALKER
What the fuck!

Mike, flustered looks at the ground and his eyes get really wide as he puts both hands on his forehead.

MIKE
Holy shit! Please tell me that’s your fur coat I hit.

DOG WALKER
That’s my neighbor’s dog you just hit, you moron!

Mike looks down again.

MIKE
Shit! Jesus, I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean to...

DOG WALKER
Huh? You serious? I’ll be sure to relay your condolences to my neighbor.
(beat)
Hey wait, I know you.

MIKE
What? No, we don’t know each other. People say I look like a ton of actors, but...

DOG WALKER
Seriously, I’ve seen you before.

The dog walker pauses to think and then points his finger at Mike.

DOG WALKER (CONT’D)
You’re that guy who works for the President. You look the same as you do on TV, only more pale and heavier.

MIKE
What? You’re crazy.
DOG WALKER
No, I’d recognize that bright red soup strainer anywhere. That mustache of yours fucked up my girl’s tint on her TV.

MIKE
Hey, screw you man. I don’t have to listen to this. I’m outta here.

DOG WALKER
You owe me a dog. And you technically owe my girlfriend a TV, but I’ll let that slide on that.

MIKE
Hold on, let me grab my checkbook.

Mike reaches in his pocket and then pulls his hand out, giving the guy the finger.

MIKE (CONT’D)
Would this cover it?

DOG WALKER
Listen, asshole. I saw you using your phone when you ran over the dog.

The dog walker reaches in his pocket and Mike takes cover because he thinks it’s a weapon.

MIKE
Wait! Don’t shoot!

DOG WALKER
It’s my phone you puss.

Mike stands up straight, tugging on his sport coat. The guy points his phone at Mike. He then snaps a picture of Mike with the flash going off in Mike’s eyes, practically blinding him.

MIKE
Ahhh! What the hell? It’s day time, man.

DOG WALKER
I’m blasting this story, along with your ugly mug all over social media. Texting while driving. Killing innocent puppies. You’re a goddamned monster.
MIKE
Wait! Let’s not get hasty. I’ll fix this. Just give me one day. Please.

DOG WALKER
How do you intend on “fixing” a dead dog?

MIKE
With the power of the Federal Government behind me, anything’s possible. Twenty-four hours. Trust me.

Mike bends down to scoop up the dog.

MIKE (CONT’D)
Uh...I’ll need this.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE OFFICES—MORNING

KENT approaches JONAH who is scrolling through his phone.

KENT
Research shows that many kids are visual learners, so as distracting as your gauntly appearance may be, we’re on a time crunch. We will need you to represent the President at a local school.

Jonah, excited that he will be the Presidents representation looks up from his phone.

Jonah
Really!? Represent the President?

KENT
This is a big assignment considering the President’s support among the teachers union is at an all time low.

JONAH
I won’t let this administration down.

RICHARD enters, eating a king sized “Nestle Crunch”.

RICHARD
Mmmm. That crackle, though. There’s an active shooter in my mouth, and it’s delicious.
KENT
(To Jonah)
You can take adult onset Urkel with you. With Miss America in attendance that covers most races, genders, and disabilities.

JONAH
Wait. Miss America is going to be there?

KENT
Affirmative. You will actually be teaching kids about nutrition, so let’s leave the candy at the office.

RICHARD
Will I have time to prepare a covered dish? I make a mean veggie lasagna.

KENT
It’s the “Healthy Kids Campaign”, not a cooking segment on the “Today” show. Just be on time, please.

Ben calls Kent into his office. Jonah and Richard stay behind. Jonah is very excited to meet Miss America.

JONAH
Yes! Usually these beauty pageant winners look like overly made up tranny’s to me. But this year, Miss America is hot.

RICHARD
This is so exciting. We’re on the verge of becoming childhood obesity ambassadors.

Jonah asks for a piece of Richard’s candy. Richard breaks off a piece for Jonah, who inhales the treat. Richard finishes the “Nestle Crunch” in one absurdly large bite.

CUT TO:

INT. BEN CAPPERTY’S OFFICE—MORNING

Ken is sitting across for Ben who is pounding coffee from his thermos.
KENT
That much caffeine is not healthy for you, assuming you posses a normal sized heart that’s still fully functional.

BEN
We have a problem, Doctor Zaius.

Ben turns his computer around to show Kent. Facebook is on the screen.

KENT
I know a man of your seasoning shouldn’t have too many friends on social media, but eight people? Geez, Ben. You can friend request me if...
(Ben cuts Kent off)

BEN
That’s not what I’m talking about.

Ben types something on the keyboard.

BEN (CONT’D)
Look.

KENT
Why are you Facebook stalking a pre-teen boys?

BEN
This little geek and his friends are all over Facebook saying that they helped the President with the data breach. He must have posted about it a dozen times.

KENT
I can have the NSA remove this in two seconds. I’ll make the call now.

BEN
With our luck in this arena lately? What if there was a Freedom of Information Act dump? The whole world would know we're spying on grade-schoolers.

Dan knocks on the door three times quickly to let Ben and Kent know he’s there.
BEN (CONT’D)
What the hell do you want? Shouldn’t you be traveling the beltway with your bag of elixir, swindling the elderly or something?

DAN
Well that depends on if you’re buying, Ben?

BEN
Alright Ted Bundy, whatta ya got?

DAN
I couldn’t help but overhear what was going on since I was intentionally listening.

Kent and Ben are starring at Dan arms up with that “just spit it out” look in their eyes.

DAN (CONT’D)
This is simple to fix, and can be done without any data imprint whatsoever.

BEN
If it involves any hint of false flag terrorism, forgot it. I’m done with that racket.

DAN
What? No. It’s very simple. Kidnap the little bastards, steal their phones, and delete their posts.

KENT
I’d have to run a quick risk analysis, but I think that may be our best bet.

DAN
Easiest sale of my career.

CUT TO:

INT. PRESIDENTIAL MOTORCADE—AFTERNOON

Selina and Catherine are in route to the airport. Gary is along for the ride to ensure Selina has all of the details about his friend's beach house.

GARY
I promise you’re going to love it.
SELINA
I don’t know Gary. Jiffsburg, North Carolina?

GARY
Trust me. I’ve been there, it’s sooo relaxing. Check this out Ma’am.

Gary shows Selina a picture on his phone.

GARY (CONT’D)
(Scrolling through the pictures)
Open concept. Oversized deck. Beach access. Ooooh, and an outdoor shower!

SELINA
That’s supposed to get me excited? Japanese internment camps had outdoor showers.

GARY
I’m guessing you don’t want to see the privacy fence then?

CATHERINE
It seems really nice. Is it close to any shopping?

SELINA
Mother daughter shopping. Oh, that would be so nice. We would be making up for lost time since you never let me buy you anything stylish growing up.

(To Gary)
Are there any boutique stores nearby?

GARY
Well aren’t you a lucky duck. This home has a very high walkability score.

SELINA
What the hell is a walkability score? I want to know about shopping, not enroll in a fucking “Tough Mudder”.

GARY
Well that’s what it measures Ma’am.

SELINA
What “it”? Can you please just tell me where are the nearest shops?
GARY  
The walkability score...  
(Selina cuts off)  

SELINA  
Say walkability one more time and 
you’ll be street walking to make rent.  

GARY  
Yes Ma’am.  

CATHERINE  
Hey Mom. My old roommate lives near 
the house. Is it OK if she stops by 
when we’re there? I haven’t seen her 
in ages. It would mean a lot...  

SELINA  
No. It’s too much of a hassle with 
security, and arranging 
transportation.  

CATHERINE  
I think she’s within walking distance.  

SELINA  
NO!  

CUT TO:  

INT.WHIT HOUSE OFFICES—AFTERNOON  

Amy and Dan are in the office when Jonah and Richard walk by.  

AMY  
(Pointing at Jonah and 
Richard)  
Long aide and round aide are going to 
be escorting Miss America today.  

DAN  
Guess it will be nice for her not to 
be the one doing the escorting.  

JONAH  
She’s smokin’ hot. People like her. 
And Jonah will be in her royal panties 
by sundown. I’ll take what make’s Amy 
jealous for two-hundred, Alex.
AMY
You could be wrapped in cotton with a piece of fucking twine in your mouth, and you still wouldn’t be able to get inside that cavernous twat if she were having a heavy flow day. Richard would have a better shot getting lucky.

RICHARD
When I'm romancing a lady, it's my policy to give her a promise ring prior to us being intimate.

AMY
Aww. You’re so old fashioned and creepy. How many rings have you given out so far?

RICHARD
A gentleman never tells.

DAN
That means zero. She’s a DC 6 at best. I could take you to the “Olive Garden”, toss a stale bread stick and hit a chick that would be hotter and smarter.

Mike arrives disheveled, in a panic, and out of breath.

MIKE
As much as I hate to ask this group of vultures. I need help.

AMY
What the hell happened?

MIKE
I ran over a dog on the way to work.

AMY
Oh my God. That poor thing. Where is she?

MIKE
He is in a trash bag in my trunk.

AMY
Gross!

MIKE
What? Should I bury it?
AMY
That might be nice.

MIKE
Now the guy is going to blast the story all over social media if I don’t fix it!

Mike in a panic runs out into the hall and Dan follows him.

DAN
Wait.

MIKE
Fuck off Dan, if I want to hear smug bullshit, I’ll seek out the advice of a British Psychic.

DAN
Trust me, I’ve been in a similar bind. Plus, I have a breeder connect that owes me a favor.

MIKE
So you traffic animals too?

DAN
Suit yourself.

MIKE
I see. So how does this transaction work, exactly? You get me a dog, and you get my soul?

DAN
Do you want to fix this or not?

MIKE
What do you want from me?

DAN
I’m not sure yet.

CUT TO:

INT.WHITEHOUSE OFFICES—MOMENTS LATER

Ben approaches Jonah and Richard who look very happy.

BEN
We need to talk in Kent’s office now.

JONAH
So glad to be a part of this, Ben.
As Ben, Jonah, and Richard walk towards Kent’s office, Ben turns to Amy.

**BEN**
Congrats. Just sent you the e-mail about your much needed “girls day” with Miss America.

**AMY**
Are you high Ben?

**JONAH**
What?!

Jonah who is visibly annoyed, follows Ben into Kent’s office, as Richard follows.

CUT TO:

**INT. KENT DAVISON’S OFFICE—MOMENTS LATER**

**KENT**
Gentlemen, have a seat.

**JONAH**
What the hell is going on?

**BEN**
Change of plans.

**JONAH**
But we have this shit planned, Ben!

**BEN (Pointing at Jonah)**
Give me that tone again “Gumby”.

Ben closes the door and sits in the corner.

**BEN (CONT’D)**
We need you two to take part in a surprise e-responsibility mentorship with several unaware children.

**JONAH**
What does that mean?

**KENT**
It’s not rocket science guys.

**RICHARD**
That’s a shame. I was the regional paper airplane champ in high school.
KENT
No big deal. Take a few boys on a mandatory field trip. Simple.

JONAH
For what?

BEN
To revoke their social media privileges.

RICHARD
(To Jonah)
I tutored children in pre-algebra. I found that having a protege can be quite rewarding.

JONAH
Wait. You're suggesting that we lure and kidnap children?

BEN
(Hand rubbing forehead, and getting frustrated with dancing around the subject)
No! A forced mentorship program.

Jonah looks at Kent.

KENT
Yes, that's what we're suggesting.

CUT TO:

INT.BEACH HOUSE-LATE MORNING (D2)

Selina enters the kitchen, Catherine is making breakfast.

CATHERINE
I made bacon. Want some?

SELINA
I would love to, but I’ve worked too hard to get bikini ready. You can eat mine.

CATHERINE
So you’re saying I’m too skinny?

SELINA
Sure I was.

Catherine throws away the remaining bacon.
SELINA (CONT’D)
I could really go for an aspirin and coffee, though.

CATHERINE
I think there’s a convenience store on the island?

SELINA
Oh. OK. I’ll arrange a car.

CATHERINE
I don’t think it’s a far walk?

SELINA
Perfect. I like to see you get exercise. Hopefully we can blend in with the commoners.
(Pointing at Catherine’s shirt)
That outfit is perfect.

Catherine gets up and walks out of the kitchen.

SELINA (CONT’D)
Where are you going?

CATHERINE
To change my shirt.

INT.BEACH STORE—MOMENTS LATER

Catherine and Selina, along with a gaggle of SECRET SERVICE AGENTS enter the shop. Selina is wearing a scarf and sunglasses in an attempt to “blend in”. The door has a very loud makeshift door bell that rings as they open the door, and again when Catherine closes it. Selina looks up in anger because she feels her cover is now blown.

SELINA
(In a loud whisper)
Catherine!

The Secret service stabilize the situation by yanking the bell off the door.

CATHERINE
(In a loud whisper)
Yeah, we wouldn’t want to make a scene.

SELINA
Let’s get our coffee and get out of here.
They are immediately spotted by “redneck” customers who notice Selina and Catherine. They’ve officially created a “buzz” and people start taking pictures of them with their phones. Selina and Catherine make their way to the coffee station.

SELINA (CONT’D)
Can you pass me the hazelnut?

CATHERINE
Which one is that?

SELINA
The one that doesn’t have the dead fly in it.

BEACH SHOP LADY (O.S.)
Is that fair trade coffee Miss President?

An older woman approaches them.

OLD REDNECK LADY
Miss President, you look stunning as usual.

SELINA
Thank you so much! So do you!

OLD REDNECK LADY
(To Catherine)
Awe, you certainly have your Father's strong features, don’t you. Bless your heart.

SELINA
What do you say when you get a compliment, sweetie?

Catherine just looks at Selina.

OLD REDNECK LADY
Reckon cat’s got her tongue?

SELINA
Well I certainly reckon. Catherine, mind your manners, sugar.

CATHERINE
Thanks.

SELINA
Thanks, what?
CATHERINE
A million?

SELINA
No. Thanks, Ma’am. Haven’t I taught you anything?

CATHERINE
But we don’t say that.

A family of rednecks pushes Catherine out of the way and crowds next to Selina wearing confederate flag clothing.

REDNECK GUY
Whatta you think of this Miss President?
(Pointing to a very large tattoo on his arm of an eagle wrapped in an American flag)

SELINA
How many root beers did you drink to get that? Ha!

No one seems to get the “joke” and there’s an awkward pause.

SELINA (CONT’D)
So who wants a picture with the President?

The family crowds around Selina, who holds up her hand to keep the secret service from pouncing on the family.

SELINA (CONT’D)
No, that’s OK gentlemen.

It looks like a Nazi salute. The picture is taken.

CUT TO:

INT. JONAH’S CAR—AFTERNOON

Jonah and Richard are trying to decide how they’re going to lure a couple of 8th grade boys into their car.

RICHARD
Stow-N-Go seating would be clutch right now.

JONAH
What?
RICHARD
Stow-N-Gow. It allows multiple children to get into a vehicle with ease.

JONAH
Oh shit! I forgot to pack orange slices and Capri Sun’s.

RICHARD
(Looking in the back seat.) Dammit. There’s no third belt.

JONAH
We’re not going on a family vacation.

RICHARD
Just saying. The Dodge Caravan has the safety features we need.

JONAH
For what? We’re kidnapping a couple of punks, not expanding our same-sex family.

RICHARD
So no van?

JONAH
Are you kidding? A van is so quintessential abductor.

RICHARD
I have some “Andes” mints. Kids like chocolate.

JONAH
I would love to see what your weekends are like?

RICHARD
Listen Jonah. I like you. But my weekends are an escape from this place. Including you. Sorry.

JONAH
I don’t want to hang out with you. By the way, “Andes” suck. They’re teenage boys, not some elderly women with bad breath.

CUT TO:
INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM—AFTERNOON

Amy has nothing prepared, except for a power point slide that an aide created for her about the dangers of Trans Fat. KIM (MISS AMERICA) is on-stage doing a fruits and vegetables puppet show and she's killing it. The kids love her.

KIM
It’s OK to leave the crisper, Mr. Tomato. Join our bowl next to Mr. Peach.

The kids cheer. Amy is backstage rolling her eyes. Miss America finishes and walks backstage.

KIM (CONT’D)
You nervous, Aim?

AMY
Only about what I’ll do if you keep calling me Aim.

KIM
I have that weird feeling that only women get.

AMY
The urge to continue speaking when no one is listening?

KIM
No. Intuition.

AMY
I’m sorry did you say something?

Kim grabs Amy’s hand and places a bottle of bubbles in it.

AMY (CONT’D)
Please tell me this is alcohol.

KIM
It’s bubbles silly. Kids love bubbles with everything. Even during boring old slide shows.

AMY
Thanks, but I’ll be just fine.

KIM
If you get into a pickle, all you have to do is blow.
AMY
We're still talking about bubbles, right?

PRINCIPAL (O.S.)
Now a round of applause for our next guest, Amy Brookheimer.

Kim tries to give Amy a good luck hug, as Amy awkwardly stiffens, and tries to pull away.

CUT TO:

INT. DAN'S CAR-AFTERNOON

Dan and Mike drive past animal rights activists. Mike is eating a "Slim Jim".

MIKE
This may be the best Slim Jim I've ever had.

DAN
Congratulations on being the world's foremost white trash food critic.

MIKE
The perfect distribution of spices and grease.

DAN
Any other meat by-products you would like to recommend, Guy Fieri?

Mike notices the protesters.

MIKE
Are you kidding me? This is a puppy mill.

Dan parks and turns off the car.

DAN
Just keep your head down and follow my lead.

MIKE
Got it. Head down. Walk like I have a broom stick up my ass. Choose an over-bred dog. Die. Burn in hell for all eternity. Check.
DAN
Participate in animal cruelty, and no one finds out? Or get accused of animal cruelty by the whole world? You choose.

MIKE
Let’s just get this over with.

EXT.PUPPY MILL-MOMENTS LATER
Dan and Mike are surrounded by overcrowded dog pens.

MIKE
These over here look like the dead one.

Bystanders look at each other in horror.

DAN
I feel like I’m watching the live performance of “Oliver Twist starring Air Bud”.

Dan snatches the “Slim Jim” out of Mike’s hand.

MIKE
Hey!

Dan leans down and sticks the jerky into the cage. A dog runs up to it and starts eating it.

DAN
What can I say. I know what a bitch wants.

Mike leans down and picks up the dog, and then he and Mike walk towards what looks like a snowball stand window.

MIKE
(Pointing at Dan)
I'll take a tutti frutti for him and this dog please.

CUT TO:

INT.JONAH’S CAR-AFTERNOON
Jonah and Richard are sitting in the car, deflated, and out of ideas. Richard gets a text from Amy.

RICHARD
Amy just sent me a pic.
JONAH
Unless it’s a nude selfie, I could care less.

RICHARD
Couldn’t care less.

JONAH
Huh?

RICHARD
I think you meant to say couldn’t care less. If you could care less, then maybe you would be interested in the Miss America pic Amy sent?

JONAH
Let me see.

Richard holds up his phone to show Jonah.

JONAH (CONT’D)
That’s it! You big, beautiful, four-eyed bastard. Let’s roll.

CUT TO:

EXT.BEACH-AFTERNOON

Selina and Catherine are relaxing on the beach. The phone rings.

SELINA
Fuck me.

INT.WHITEHOUSE OFFICES-SAME TIME

KENT
Madam President, we have a slight PR problem.

INTERCUT: Selina

SELINA
This better be good. I’m working on my first even tan in 15 years. I’m way too white.

BEN
That’s the problem.

KENT
Did you pose for some questionable pictures today, Ma’am?
SELINA (O.S.)
You sound like a father confronting his daughter about her Playboy spread.

BEN
There’s photos of you posing like a “Nazi” next to “racists” circulating all over social media.

KENT
I’ll e-mail you the picture now so you can see, Madam President.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH—MOMENTS LATER
Selina looks at the picture on her phone.

SELINA
Fucking Rednecks!

BEN (O.S.)
Yeah, that hashtag is really gaining steam.

KENT (O.S.)
We need to squash this immediately.

SELINA
What do you recommend?

BEN (O.S.)
I’m sorry. What was that? All I hear is wind. Hello?

SELINA
(To Catherine)
If I disappeared I could finally relax. But the world would spin off it’s axis if I ran.

KENT (O.S.)
I’m sorry Madam President. We can’t hear you. Are you near a flock of seagulls?

BEN (O.S.)
What about Iran?

Selina decides to walk to beach house so she can stratigize.
INT. BEACH HOUSE—MOMENTS LATER

Selina enters the beach house where it’s quiet.

SELINA
OK. Kent. What do you think we should do?

KENT (O.S.)
We need you to kiss the “mother of all black babies”, Ma’am.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITEHOUSE OFFICES—MOMENTS LATER

BEN
(Quietly, to Kent.)
Now that’s a picture I’d like to see.

KENT
We are going to organize an NAACP party for tonight, at your beach house. We will take care of everything. I just need an up to date list of your black friends, Ma’am.

(beat)

SUE joins Ben and Kent.

SUE
Guys, Selina just broke the internet again. Take a look at...

Kent looks at the phone to warn Sue that Selina is on the phone.

SUE (CONT’D)
How’s the beach Ma’am?

CUT TO:

INT. BEACH HOUSE—MOMENTS LATER

Selina lights up when she hears Sue’s voice.

SELINA
Hi Sue! The beach is great, but I miss my bestie!

SUE (O.S.)
Are you asking me to be your black friend, ma'am?
SELINA
No, I enjoy your company! C'mon, let's get down and partaay, girlfriend!

SUE (O.S.)
Serve as my white boss' faux black friend to help her dodge accusations of bigotry? My grandmother would be so proud.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM—AFTERNOON

Amy is in the midst of bombing during her slide show.

AMY
This is why you really shouldn't be eating pre-packaged snacks, kids. You don't want to lose a foot one day, do you?

The kids are getting restless and teachers are yawning. Amy loses her place during her presentation.

AMY (CONT’D)
Ummm...where was I?

The kids start to laugh.

In a panic, Amy looks to the side of the stage where she sees Kim.

KIM
(In a loud whisper)
Aim! Aim!

Kim then mimes someone blowing bubbles. Confused at first, Amy finally understands what Kim is telling her to do. Amy quickly reaches in her pocket and pulls out the bubbles.

AMY
Who likes bubbles?!

The kids and teachers cheer in excitement. Amy starts blowing bubbles and soon is killing.

CUT TO:

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT—AFTERNOON

Jonah and Richard approach the KIDS who are responsible for the new data breach rumors.
JONAH
It’s them right?

Richard is scrolling through his phone.

RICHARD
Yep. According to their last post, they are at this park right now. The pictures seem to match, but all white kids look the same to me.

JONAH
Let me see that.

Jonah grabs the phone from Richard and looks at the picture.

JONAH (CONT’D)
That’s definitely them.

They walk closer, Richard has his hands raised.

RICHARD
Everyone who likes hot chicks, raise your hands!

The boys just look at each other.

JONAH
Who wants to meet the real, smokin’ hot, Miss America?

KID 1
Who are you?

KID 2
(To the other kids)
Hey, I think my Mom is calling us. Let’s get out of here.

Jonah raises his phone with a picture of Miss America. The kids are impressed.

KID 3
No way. You know her.

JONAH
She’s my girlfriend. And if you want to see her in real life, you need to come with us. Unless of course you’re homos?

KID 1
Fuck you. We want to see her, right guys?
KID 2
Who are you?

JONAH
We’re youth mentors with a proposition.

The boys give each other a confused look.

CUT TO:

INT.BEACH HOUSE—INT.WHITE HOUSE OFFICES—AFTERNOON

Catherine enters the house while Selina is still on the NAACP planning call.

SELINA
Catherine. I think you should invite your friend over.

CATHERINE
Really? Thanks Mom!

SELINA
I love to see my girl smile.

Catherine walks out of the room.

SELINA (O.S.) (CONT’D)
Catherine’s friend is going to be here too...

Catherine walks back in the room.

CATHERINE
Seriously?

SELINA
What?

BEN (O.S.)
Hi Catherine. So where is your friend originally from?

CATHERINE
Barbados. Why?

KENT (O.S.)
How does your friend react when people keep comparing her to Whoopi Goldberg?

CATHERINE
What?
KENT (O.S.)
I’m sorry. Which celebrity did you say she looks like again?

CATHERINE
What are you talking about?

SELINA
Rihanna. Kent. I said she kind of resembles Rihanna.

BEN (O.S.)
That works.

Catherine leaves the room.

INT. DAN’S CAR—LATE AFTERNOON

The new dog is on Mike’s lap, eating a “Slim Jim”. All of the sudden Mike hears barking.

MIKE
Geez. I can’t get this dead dog’s bark out of my head. I’m going insane.

DAN
Sssshhh...I hear it too. Did you train that dog to throw his bark?

MIKE
Did they give us an extra dog? Check the receipt.

DAN
Quiet Jeff Dunham. I’m trying to listen.

MIKE
It’s coming from outside. Maybe we’re being chased down by this little guy’s parents?

DAN
I’m pulling over.

Mike pulls over and both Mike and Dan get out of the car and walk toward the mysterious bark, which leads them to the trunk. Mike pops it open. Mike and Dan jump up in fear.

DAN (CONT’D)
Holy shit!

MIKE
No way!
The presumed dead dog is still alive and is trying to chew out of the garbage bag. The dog then suddenly stops moving.

DAN
I think he’s officially gone.
Sometimes animals have a sudden burst of adrenaline before they die.

MIKE
Thanks for the biology lesson Dr. Kevorkian. What should we do now?

DAN
First we need to get it out of the trunk.

MIKE
And do what with it?

DAN
There’s a lake a few hundred feet away
We’ll dump him there.

MIKE
Should we tie cinder blocks around his tiny little paws first, boss?

DAN
Just help me grab the dog.

Mike and Dan pick up the dog, who comes to life again and chews threw the bag so just his head is sticking out.

DAN (CONT’D)
Shit! Find a stick. Or a rock...

MIKE
Wait. I have an idea.

Mike pulls out a “Slim Jim” from his pocket and leads the dog to the back seat. The dog hops up and jumps in.

DAN
Jesus Christ, how many meat sticks do you have in your pants?

CUT TO:

INT.MARINE ONE HELICOPTER—AFTERNOON

Sue and Gary board Marine One.

SUE
I hate flying.
GARY
Don’t worry. I know just the trick.

SUE
Anti-anxiety medication washed down with hard liquor?

GARY
No. Follow my lead.

Gary starts breathing like he’s in labor.

SUE
Are you pretending to have an asthma attack?

GARY
Just do it. It helps you relax. Trust me. I’m a certified Lamaze instructor.

SUE
Eww. Why?

GARY
Just in case.

SUE
Just in case you’re around a pregnant woman who goes into labor?

GARY
Yes.

SUE
We really need to find you a woman so you can participate in the conception part too.

Gary grabs Sue’s hand, while breathing heavily.

SUE (CONT’D)
Don’t you dare touch me bagboy.

CUT TO:

INT.SCHOOL HALLWAY-AFTERNOON

Jonah, Richard, and the kids approach Amy.

AMY
What the hell are you doing here? And are you managing a boy band?
JONAH
We’re here on official Presidential business.

KID 1
Mr. Jonah, where’s your girlfriend?

AMY
Girlfriend?

JONAH
What are you talking about?

KID 1
But you said...

JOANH
Richard, can you take the boys to the meet and greet line, please.

RICHARD
Not a problem. Come on boys. I hear she did an awesome puppet show earlier.

Richard leaves with the kids.

AMY
It’s so nice you’ve found friends with the same maturity level.

As Richard and the kids are in line, they are approached by Leon West who is there covering the event.

LEON
(To Richard)
Should I be checking Facebook for an Amber Alert?

RICHARD
I’m not sure what you’re angling at?

LEON
I just find it a tad odd, that two grown men, who work for the President, are hanging out with young boys who look exactly like the boys responsible for the new data breach rumors.

RICHARD
I’m just taking these nice kids to see Miss America. Now if you could just...
LEON
Are you a perv or a cyber terrorist? I don’t want to misrepresent.
(To Kid 1)
Hey champ, so how do you think the “Skins” are going to fare against Baltimore this Sunday?

MIDDLE SCHOOL KID 1
Football blows.

Leon, clearly not building rapport with the kids, just goes for the kill.

LEON
(To Kid 2)
So what are you doing hanging out with White House staff members? Do your parents know?

KID 2
My parents told me not to talk to strange old men.

LEON
(To Kid 3 while holding his I-Phone like a recording device)
Why are you here, kid?

CUT TO:

INT. NORTH CAROLINA BEACH HOUSE—EVENING

Sue and Gary arrive in the middle of the NAACP event and see Selina networking and making her rounds with the guests.

SELINA
(To Sue)
Hey girlfriend!

GARY
(To Selina)
Hey Girl!

Catherine approaches Sue and Gary with her friend at her side.

CATHERINE
Thank God you’re here. I’m not good at researching who these people are on the fly for my Mom. Wikipedia, really isn’t reliable.
GARY

Game on.

Gary quickly leaves to help Selina network.

CATHERINE

Sue, meet my friend Jillian.

SUE

Very nice to meet you.

Selina returns with Gary and a prominent NAACP “elder statesman”, Mr. Jackson, who happens to be blind. He is accompanied by his seeing-eye dog.

SELINA

Mr. Jackson, meet my best friend from college, Sue.

Sue stands there in silence and realizes Selina is referring to her, and extends her hand.

SUE

Oh. Yes. Mr. Jackson, it’s a pleasure.

Sue lowers her hand when she realizes the man is blind and can’t see her hand.

SELINA

(To Mr. Jackson)
I met Sue when I was the President of the university’s diversity program. We’ve been inseparable ever since.

GARY

If everyone could gather around, I’d like to snap a quick picture for the official POTUS social media account.

Selina makes sure she is surrounded by Sue, Mr. Jackson, and Jillian, leaving Catherine off to the side.

GARY (CONT’D)

Say cheese!

The picture is taken. Gary, and Selina walk into the kitchen to get some food.

SELINA

I’m so hungry, I could even eat this shit. What the hell is this stuff anyway?
GARY
I think that’s collard greens and ham hocks? That’s some goooood eatin’, right there.

SELINA
Where’s the normal food?

GARY
Kent and Ben thought this fare would be appropriate.

SELINA
And I’m the racist? Where’s the watermelon? That I’ll eat.

GARY
That’s not nice, Ma’am.

Gary hands Selina a plate of greens and ham hocks.

SELINA
This looks like dog food.

GARY
(Discreetly)
It’s rude if you don’t eat it. People are watching.

Selina takes a bite.

GARY (CONT’D)
Well?

Selina starts to choke on her food in disgust, and motions for Gary to get her a napkin. Gary looks for a napkin on the table and in his Leviathan and can’t find one.

GARY (CONT’D)
I’m sorry, I...

Selina rips off her name tag that says “Madam President”, and spits the food into it. She tries to toss the food into the trash can but misses.

SELINA
I’ve never wanted something out of my mouth so bad. I need water.

GARY
I’m on it! I’ll get you a new name tag too.
SELINA
Please don’t. If someone doesn’t know who I am, I’m personally deporting them.

The seeing-eye dog starts to eat the name tag.

GARY
I don’t think that’s good for him?

SELINA
But you were trying to get me to eat it?

GARY
No, the name tag. He can’t eat that.

SELINA
He doesn’t realize it’s a name tag? This is the dog making sure a blind man doesn’t get hit by a bus?

A group of women walk into the kitchen.

SELINA (CONT’D)
(To the women)
Mmmmm. Mmmmm. Which one of you ladies made those collard greens? I really need to get the recipe.

CUT TO:

INT.BEACH HOUSE LIVING ROOM—MOMENTS LATER

Sue and Jillian are laughing and having a good time together, while Catherine is in the background.

SUE
I was an Alpha Kappa too. We need to exchange contact info.

JILLIAN
Awesome. That’ll give me a good excuse to visit DC.

CUT TO:

EXT.DC NEIGHBORHOOD—EVENING

Holding both dogs, Mike and Dan ring the doorbell. The dog walker answers.

MIKE
Here’s the dog.
OG WALKER
I’m shocked. Usually when the Federal Government sets a goal, they fail miserably.

MIKE
Where’s your phone. You need to delete my pic.

OG WALKER
Yeah. Sorry, my phone is dead, see.  
(Holding up his phone)

DAN
If you want this dog, prove it by pressing the power button.

MIKE
You heard the man. Press the button.

The dog walker presses the button to prove that the battery is in fact dead.

OG WALKER
The pics will be deleted as soon as it has a charge. You have my word. Now hand over the mutt.

Mike finally hands over the dog.

MIKE
You better delete that pic, or I can promise you, you’ll be audited until your six feet under!

OG WALKER
Just stay off the road pal. I’ve got an early day.

The dog walker shuts the door in Mike and Dan’s face. Mike and Dan walk back to the car.

MIKE
How long do you think that dog will be alive?

DAN
Six, Nine months?

Mike reaches into his wallet and pulls out a twenty and starts to hand it to Dan.

DAN (CONT’D)
What’s this?
MIKE
I owe you.

DAN
Twenty isn’t gonna cut it. Plus, you need it more than I do. Don’t worry, I know exactly what I need for you to do.

CUT TO:

INT. NORTH CAROLINA BEACH HOUSE KITCHEN—EVENING

The seeing-eye dog becomes ill after he chokes on the name tag.

MRS. JACKSON
Oh no! He’s choking on something!

She reaches into the dogs mouth and pulls out part of the name tag, and sees “SELI” written on it. She then looks up and sees that Selina is the only one not wearing a name tag.

MRS. JACKSON (CONT’D)
(Pointing at Selina)
Selina? Did you feed our dog your name tag?

Everyone stops and looks up at Selina.

SELINA
What? No.

MRS. JACKSON
You’re the only one not wearing a name tag. Is there food in here? Are these half-chewed greens?

The group of women from the kitchen look at each other.

WOMEN FROM KITCHEN
(In Unison)
Gasp!

MRS. JACKSON
Dogs can’t have greens. You lied to us, and almost killed our dog!
(To Mr. Jackson)
We have to get him to the vet immediately.
Mr. and Mrs. Jackson take their dog and start to walk outside.

SELINA
Sue, can you please make sure you put “pay vet bill” for Mister
(beat)
Mister... I’m terrible with names. But when I see a face it’s tattooed on my brain.

MR. JACKSON
Unfortunately, I don’t have that luxury. By the way, my name is Mr. Jackson, Miss President.

SELINA
Right. Jackson. Now that’s a strong, dignified name.
(beat)
Sue, please arrange to pay Mr. Jackson’s vet bill, and don’t let me forget.

OLD LADY
She’s not your friend. She’s your secretary!

NAACP PARTY GUESTS
(In Unison)
Gasp!

JILLIAN
(To Catherine)
Hey, it’s getting really weird here. I’m gonna go home now.

Feeling "bamboozled", the crowd leaves very disappointed.

CUT TO:

INT. PRESIDENTIAL MOTORCADE-EVENING

Selina, Catherine, Gary and Sue are sitting in the motorcade, completely fried from the evening.

SELINA
I’d call out sick, but who would I call? Myself?

GARY
All in all. What did you think of the house?
Selina gets a call from Amy before she can respond to Gary.

**INT.WHIT HOUSE OFFICES-SAME TIME**

**AMY**
Madam President. I’m sorry to be the bearer of bad news.

**INTERCUT: Selina**

**SELINA**
Why in fuck’s sake would we want to break the cycle now. What is it?

**AMY**
There’s rumors that you run a puppy mill and euthanize the dogs that don’t turn a profit.

**SELINA**
I may have poisoned a dog today, but it wasn’t because I lost money. It was an accident.

**AMY**
I’ll arrange a meeting with PETA and the poison control center.

Selina gets a call from Mike on the other line.

**SELINA**
I have to take this. Schedule it and I’ll deal with it tomorrow. (beat) What is it?

**INT. MIKE’S CAR-SAME TIME**

**MIKE**
Madam President. We have a sticky situation.

**INTERCUT: Selina**

**SELINA**
Fantastic. Haven’t had enough of those in the last five minutes. What do you need?

**MIKE**
Just this once. I need for you to pull some strings with NSA to access a sworn enemy’s phone...
SELINA
No.

MIKE
But Madam President...

SELINA
You had me until you used the words “sworn enemy”. You’re not that important and it would be wrong to give that kind of power to such a delusional man. Goodbye.

SUE
Catherine. Did you see Jillian’s post? It’s so good.

CATHERINE
She doesn’t post much on Facebook.

Catherine pulls out her phone to check.

CATHERINE (CONT’D)
Are you kidding?

SELINA
What’s the matter?

CATHERINE
I’m pretty sure I’ve been “unfriended”. I don’t see her post!

SELINA
You know, Mom can have the NSA look into this for you.

CATHERINE
NO!

CUT TO:

INT.WHITE HOUSE OFFICES

Mike and Dan arrive back at the office with the hurt dog.

AMY
Is that the dead dog?

DAN
I’m a miracle worker. From now on I will only answer to “Jesus”.
AMY
I’m OK with that, knowing that one day you’ll be crucified for our sins. Are you keeping the dog, Mike?

MIKE
I would totally adopt the dog, but, you know, my dog hates other dogs. So I can’t.

AMY
Actually, I have a perfect home for him.

DAN
I heard you and Miss America had fun. Any experimental lesbianism go down?

AMY
You wish.

DAN
You’re right. There’s something so erotic about seeing a hot chick with an average chick.

AMY
Fuck off. And for your information Miss America is beautiful. We’re Facebook “Friends” now.

MIKE
Sounds like you two are inseparable.

AMY
(Scrolling through her phone)
Awwe, her neighbor just found her lost dog.

CUT TO:

INT.WHILE HOUSE OFFICES-MORNING (D3)

Amy, Selina, and Gary are in the open plain office.

AMY
Madam President, we have a problem.

SELINA
Can someone please record that last statement so I can cut down my interaction with you people by eighty-percent. Gary, can you make that happen?
GARY
Consider it done, Ma’am.

AMY
This is serious, Ma’am. Leon West published a blog insinuating that our staff kidnapped children to help cover up the data breach.

Amy shows Selina the article on her phone. Selina reads excerpt out loud.

SELINA
Abduction, blackmail, and bribery—the new normal in the Meyer Administration.
(Starts to yell)
Ben!

Ben urgently enters the room.

BEN
Yes, Madam President?

SELINA
I told you to take care of this, not make it worse.

BEN
I’m very sorry, we...
(Selina cuts off while reading another excerpt aloud)

SELINA
We were told by Mr. Jonah and Mr. Richard. Mr. Jonah? Mr. Richard? Are you fucking senile, Ben? You sent two, seemingly on the spectrum boys to do a job that a big fat man should’ve done!

AMY
I’ve literally been to Area 51, and nothing is more disturbing than hearing Mister in front of Jonah.

BEN
My sincerest apologies Madam President. I will rectify this.

SELINA
Like your waistline, you’ve completely ruined your shot at saving it.
(MORE)
SELINA (CONT'D)
You need to get out of my face and focus on not stress eating for the remainder of the day.

BEN
Yes Ma’am.

Ben leaves in a huff, as Dan enters the office.

DAN
I hope you know that this would have never happened on my watch, Madam President.

SELINA
Thanks Dan. Now if you could kindly stop tonguing my ass and taint, and offer a solution, that would be wonderful.

DAN
We need to cut this story off at the knees. Today. Before the rumor mill spins off it’s axis.

SELINA
Ground breaking stuff, Dan. Thank you. Can someone please get Mike on this. Or is he too busy clubbing baby seals today?

DAN
I’m on it.

Dan leaves the room, leaving Selina, Amy, and Gary in the office.

AMY
Don’t forget, you have the meeting with “Big Java” at 10 AM Ma’am.

SELINA
Thanks Amy. I’d rather have Gary throw piping hot Java in my eyes.

CUT TO:

INT.WHITEHOUSE OFFICES–LATER THAT DAY

Dan, Amy, and Ben are watching the train wreck of a press conference. Dan is clearly amused.
MIKE (O.S.)
This administration loves all of God’s creatures.

AMY
Great, now I have to set up a meeting with the atheists.
(To Ben)
Who’s your plus one to the meeting, Ben?

BEN
I’m not an atheist. I get pissed on by God at least once a day. I know he’s around.

Selina walks in and gasps in horror.

SELINA
Someone please tell me that all of that acid I took in college has finally altered my central nervous system.

BEN
LSD doesn’t stay in your system for that long, Madam President.

SELINA
That’s funny. DC’s only relic not on display at the Smithsonian is calling me old.

BEN
I miss the days when the only women I saw around here were jumping out of goddamned cakes.

Dan is trying not to laugh at what’s on TV.

SELINA
What’s so funny Dan? Are you responsible for this?

DAN
Like all of God’s creatures, Mike has freewill. But he sold his soul and now must pay the piper.

AMY
(To Dan)
Thanks for creating more work for me.
DAN

It’s called job security, embrace it.
And you’re welcome.

Amy gives Dan the finger as he gets up and walks away to get a cup of coffee. Dan gets to the coffee pot just before Gary and gets the last cup of coffee. Gary just stands there, mouth open.

GARY

Excuse me.

DAN

C’mon, I did you a favor. You know caffeine is bad for your menstrual cramps.

Gary starts to brew a fresh pot.

BEN

Make sure it’s dark roast Gary, none of that pussy breakfast blend bullshit that you drink.

DAN

(In a loud voice to everyone in the room)
Like I said, job security.

CUT TO:

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE—MOMENTS LATER

Mike is sporting a bright red “Hitler mustache”.

MIKE

Are there any additional questions before we end the press conference?

LEON

Hi Mike, Leon West here. I have a question.

MIKE

(Visibly annoyed)
Yes Leon.

LEON

Can you tell me on a scale of 1 to 10 how much the Meyer Administration loves little boys?

CUT TO:
INT. NORTH CAROLINA RESIDENCE

Mr. Jackson is sitting in his chair, petting his “new” dog. The dog is pathetic looking, with a cast on his leg and a cone around his neck. There’s a close up of Mike on the TV screen. The man’s wife appears and puts her hand on her husband’s shoulder.

MRS. JACKSON
(Shaking her head in disgust)
Lord Jesus we need O’Brien.

End of Episode