

THE BISCUIT

Based On A Historical Footnote

Written by

Jack Waz

John Zaozirny
Bellevue Productions

OVER WHITE

Only that's not quite true. The camera pulls out slowly, revealing the white we're seeing is part of a letter.

B.

The camera pulls out further, revealing other letters and numbers lined up on-

BLACK CARD STOCK. Eight digits, all in a row, with similar eight-digit lines above and below. On the top of that card sits the PRESIDENTIAL SEAL, as well as "1198 - AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY."

The camera pulls out more, passing through BLACK PLASTIC, which morphs into the navy blue of-

INT. SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

A SUIT JACKET, being worn by a tall, grey haired MAN. We see him from behind as he walks down a brightly lit school hallway, brimming with confidence. Various AIDES in similar navy suits surround him, each trying to get his attention.

AIDE #1

We're trailing with inner city
Latinos, so we're trying to find
one for you to hug on camera.

AIDE #2

I found you a smaller lapel pin, so
hopefully this one doesn't catch on
anyone's blouse.

AIDE #3

Your 2 PM call with Yeltsin got
moved to Wednesday.

The man GRUNTS in approval. TIM NOVAK (30), wearing glasses and a somehow even navy-ier suit, cuts through the scrum.

NOVAK

We'll be reading "The Very Hungry
Caterpillar" today.

The man HAPPILY GRUNTS. In a relaxed southern drawl-

MAN

I love that book. That caterpillar
sure can eat. Speaking of-

NOVAK
Already taken care of, sir.
Motorcade's driving us straight to
McDonalds after.

MAN
All right!

The man reaches the door, putting his hand on the knob.
Before he can turn it-

NOVAK
Mr. President?

MAN
Yeah, Tim?

NOVAK
You're gonna be great, sir.

The man opens the door, revealing-

INT. SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

A large group of STUDENTS and TEACHERS cheer as REPORTERS shout questions. A banner reading "BRUCE-MONROE ELEMENTARY WELCOMES PRESIDENT CLINTON" is strewn across the wall.

PRESIDENT WILLIAM JEFFERSON CLINTON gives the room a wave.

PRESIDENT CLINTON
How we doing, everyone?

The cheering gets somehow louder. These kids are losing their goddamn minds. A brunette woman, AMANDA DULLES (27) clad in a CLINTON/GORE '96 T-shirt, jumps up and down in excitement.

AMANDA
Oh my god! He's here! The
President's really here!

She rushes forward, taking the President's hand.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Mr. President! President Clinton!
Bill! Can I call you Bill? Oh my
god, I can't believe you're in my
classroom!

President Clinton shakes her hand as Novak leans into his ear.

NOVAK
(whispering)
Amanda Dulles, teacher, campaign
volunteer in '92 and '96.

PRESIDENT CLINTON
Ms. Dulles, thank you so much for
having me read to your class today.

AMANDA
Of course! And it's Mrs. Dulles,
unfortunately. Wait, not that. I
love my husband! We have a great
family! I mean, it's just the two
of us, but we're trying-

Clinton pats her on the shoulder, giving her a kind smile.

PRESIDENT CLINTON
There is nothing more important
than family, Amanda.

AMANDA
Uh, yes sir, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT CLINTON
Please. Call me Bill.

She swoons as Clinton departs, crossing the room. Reporters
shout questions at him.

REPORTER #1
President Clinton, is it true
you're settling Paula Jones' civil
suit?

REPORTER #2
Will you testify if called on by
the Independent Counsel in the
Whitewater case?

REPORTER #3
What's your reaction to *Seinfeld*
ending? Can the world survive
without Kramer?

PRESIDENT CLINTON
I don't know about all that. What I
do know is that I want to tell
these children a very special story
about a very hungry Caterpillar.

The children go frickin' BALLISTIC.

KINDERGARTNERS
Caterpillar!/Yay President!/Tall
man is tall!

INT. SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - MINUTES LATER

The kindergartners are seated around Clinton in a semi-circle, listening in rapt attention. Amanda's watches from the back of the room, giant smile on her face.

PRESIDENT CLINTON
(reading)
...Then he nibbled a hole in the
cocoon, pushed his way out...

AMANDA
(sotto)
What a man.

Novak crosses, hand outstretched.

NOVAK
Mrs. Dulles? Tim Novak. We spoke on
the phone earlier?

AMANDA
(shaking hands)
Pleasure to meet you.

NOVAK
I just want to thank you for
allowing us into your classroom
today.

AMANDA
Are you kidding? The pleasure's all
mine! It's not every day my
students get to meet the frickin'
President!

NOVAK
We appreciate your enthusiasm for
education. It's one of our
administration's highest
priorities, you know.

In front of them, Clinton finishes reading the book. He crosses to the bathroom while the room reverts to its primordial, kindergarten-y chaos.

NOVAK (CONT'D)
Honestly, I don't know how you do
it.

A small boy (JOSHUA) runs up and tugs on Amanda's dress. He crosses his legs - the universal sign for "I have to pee" - and jabs his finger repeatedly towards a wooden door.

AMANDA

We use words in our classroom,
Joshua.

JOSHUA

I gotta make a pee, Mrs. Dulles,
but the President got there first.

Amanda tousles his hair.

AMANDA

Well, you're just going to have to
wait for our guest to finish up,
mister.

Joshua frowns, pouts, and runs off. Novak takes in the scene.

NOVAK

Honestly, I don't know how you do
it.

A little boy pours Micro Machines into the back of a little girl's pants. The girls whirls around and SMACKS the boy.

NOVAK (CONT'D)

Seems like a hassle.

AMANDA

Oh, I love it. Getting to spend
every day with children is
incredibly rewarding. I'm sure you
feel the same way about working in
the White House.

NOVAK

Honestly? Most days, it doesn't
feel that different.

The kid with micromachines down her pants does a cartwheel, sending miniature trucks everywhere.

NOVAK (CONT'D)

Do you have any of your own?

AMANDA

No. Not yet. My husband and I are
seeing a specialist, but even if it
goes well, I have no idea how we're
going to pay for- DANG IT, NATHAN!

The camera punches in on NATHAN, a chubby boy who's double-fisting Play Doh into his hungry mouth. As DARK MUSIC PLAYS.

SATANIC CHOIR (O.S.)
Sanguis Bibimus!

Amanda darts across the room.

NOVAK
(sotto)
Huh. Weird kid.

Amanda puts her hand under Nathan's mouth.

AMANDA
Spit it out, Nathan.

He looks up at her with black, unblinking eyes, and swallows it.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
(quiet)
Come on.

FLUSH. The reporters across the room spring to life as the bathroom door opens. Clinton pulls his suit jacket off the hanger, twirling it as he puts it on.

PRESIDENT CLINTON
Thanks a million, kids! You truly
are our future.

Novak crosses, intercepting the President.

NOVAK
(to Clinton)
Great job, sir. You earned your Big
Mac today.

Clinton smiles broadly, steps out the door, and vanishes into the crowd.

CAROL (50s) sidles up next to Amanda.

CAROL
They don't call him Slick Willy for
nothing.

AMANDA
This is, honest to god, the most
exciting day of my life.

Joshua approaches the bathroom door.

JOSHUA

Finally.

As he reaches out, he's shoved out of the way by Nathan, who scurries in and SLAMS the door.

AMANDA

Nathan!

NOVAK (V.O.)

This presidency is at a crossroads.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - WEST WING - DAY

Handsome shoes slap against run-down carpeting as military attaché LIEUTENANT COLONEL SILVA rounds the corner, briefcase handcuffed to his right wrist.

CHYRON: Friday, January 16th, 1998

NOVAK (V.O.)

The Cold War's over. We're experiencing a record economic boom. Hell, we almost have a balanced budget!

A FEMALE INTERN smiles at Silva, enjoying the view.

SILVA

Ma'am.

He pushes on, grip tightening on the briefcase.

NOVAK (V.O.)

But none of that matters if people only associate the President with scandal.

Silva rounds the corner, approaching the Oval office.

NOVAK (V.O.)

White Water. Paula Jones. Gennifer Flowers. Travel Gate. File Gate. Whatever that nonsense was on the tarmac of LAX. This presidency is one scandal away from completely imploding.

Novak is lecturing bored-looking assistant speech-writer CASSIE KENT (20s).

NOVAK

And we owe it to this country to keep it from going completely off the rails.

CASSIE

It's the State Of The Union speech, Novak.

NOVAK

Exactly. So it should lay out the exact talking points-

CASSIE

How about this? You hand this draft to our boss, the President, and then I'll take his notes on it.

JAMES BRADSHAW (40s), the previously unsmiling Secret Service agent standing behind Novak, lets out a chuckle.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Thank you, Bradshaw.

Novak snatches a piece of paper from Cassie's hands, glaring at the agent.

NOVAK

We're in an election year, people. Mid-terms are ten short months away. And this speech represents POTUS' commitment to putting Democrats back in charge of things. Like it should be.

CASSIE

(rolling her eyes)

Just get Clinton's notes on it and fax it back to me, Uncle Sam.

She departs, passing the arriving Silva.

SILVA

Afternoon gentlemen.

BRADSHAW

Silva.

NOVAK

Hey Silva.

SILVA

Got the new Gold Codes from DOD. POTUS ready to swap out his Biscuit?

Silva pats his briefcase.

NOVAK

Yeah, give them here. I was just about to head in.

Silva produces a KEY and unlocks the handcuffs, handing the briefcase to Novak. Novak turns, knocking on the door.

NOVAK (CONT'D)

Sir? I have the SOTU draft for you to look at. And DOE sent over the new nuclear launch codes.

PRESIDENT CLINTON (O.S.)

(muffled)

Come in!

Novak opens the door, revealing President Clinton behind the resolute desk, Big Mac in hand. Novak shuts the door behind them, leaving Silva with Bradshaw.

SILVA

Hey, what's the name of that cute intern in Bowles' office? She totally eye-banged me on the way in here.

BRADSHAW

You gotta be more specific, man. This place feels like the Playboy mansion if the bunnies all had masters' degrees from Johns Hopkins.

From behind the closed door, we hear-

PRESIDENT CLINTON

(muffled)

Ah, shit!

Bradshaw and Silva share a look. Heavy steps approach the door as a sweaty Novak exits, closing the door quickly behind him.

SILVA

Well?

NOVAK

The president has the old nuclear codes on-hand but is in an important meeting and is unable to provide them at this time.

SILVA

Really? Because it looks to me like he's stuffing his cheeks with grade-D beef.

NOVAK

The President said he'll have them tomorrow.

SILVA

You can't be serious.

NOVAK

We're taking care of it. We'll be in touch.

Silva glares at Novak, shakes his head, and departs.

SILVA

(sotto)

This place is coming apart at the seams...

Once he's out of earshot-

BRADSHAW

What the hell happened in there?

NOVAK

There was a slight... whoopsie.

BRADSHAW

What do you mean?

NOVAK

It's not a big deal. Really.

BRADSHAW

Be straight with me, Novak. What's going on?

NOVAK

(gulping)

The president lost the Biscuit.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Amanda, purse across her body, stands on a plastic chair, taking down the banner.

AMANDA

(concentrating)

Almost...

JOSHUA (O.S.)
No fair! I want a turn!

Amanda turns towards the shouting. Joshua and Micro Machine Girl are pawing at Nathan, who stares them down.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)
Give it!

Amanda hops off the chair, crossing towards the kids.

AMANDA
Hey now, everyone. We're inside, so
we use our-

JOSHUA	MICRO MACHINE GIRL
Indoor voices.	Window choices.

AMANDA
What's the problem here?

JOSHUA
Nathan found Mister President's toy
in the bathroom and I want to play
with it but he ate it and then told
me I was adopted. What's adopted?

AMANDA
Nathan, is this true?

The camera punches in on Nathan's face. As DARK MUSIC PLAYS.

SATANIC CHOIR (O.S.)
Sanguis Bibimus!

He smiles, revealing a black plastic case in his mouth.
Amanda holds out her hand.

AMANDA
We've talked about this, mister. No
telling the other kids they're
adopted. And no more eating things
that aren't food.

Nathan GULPS, trying his hardest to swallow a plastic
rectangle to spite his teacher. It doesn't work. Eventually-
PLUH.

Nathan spits it out into Amanda's hand. Joshua tries to grab
it, but Amanda raises it up to her face.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
What is this thing?

She inspects the plastic case. There's a crack in the side, exposing what looks like-

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Is that an eagle?

Her eyes shift focus from the case to the banner on the wall in front of her. There's an identical eagle. On the Presidential Seal.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
What in the world-

TODD (O.S.)
Surprise!

Amanda WHIPS around, facing a wall of BRIGHT COLORS.

AMANDA
(screaming)
Aaaah!

She PUNCHES forward, fist easily traveling through the bouquet of flowers. WHAM. Fist connects with nose.

TODD (O.S.)
Son of a-

AMANDA
Todd! Oh my God, I'm so sorry!

Reveal TODD DULLES (28), crammed into a cheap suit half a size too small for his body. Blood trickles down from his nose into his neatly trimmed mustache.

TODD
(weakly)
Hi, sweetie.

He hands her the shattered bouquet. Amanda hugs him, giving him a kiss on the cheek.

TODD (CONT'D)
Careful there. Awful lot of blood coming out of my nose.

AMANDA
One sec.

Amanda opens her purse, absentmindedly dropping the plastic case inside as she searches for a tissue.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
 (re: flowers)
 How did I manage to find the
 sweetest guy in the universe to be
 my husband?

He gives her a gentle smile. All is forgiven.

TODD
 Did you get to meet the president?

Amanda can barely contain her excitement.

AMANDA
 It was amazing! He shook my hand
 and told me to call him Bill and
 read to the kids and oh my God it
 was amazing!

Carol looks over at the commotion.

CAROL
 Todd? Jesus, what happened to your
 face?

TODD
 Just a little friendly fire.

AMANDA
 Carol, thank you so much for
 covering for me this afternoon. It
 means the world to us.

CAROL
 Oh don't mention it. You're
 starting a family! That's well
 worth missing an afternoon of
 watching these little...
 "miracles."

Micro Machine Girl uses finger paint to scrawl the word
 "PINUS" on Joshua's forehead.

AMANDA
 We'll be back before school lets
 out. I promise.

JOSHUA
 Mrs. Dulles? What's "Pinus?"

PRE-LAP:

BRADSHAW (O.S.)
It's a God damned disaster is what
it is!

INT. WHITE HOUSE - ROOSEVELT ROOM - DAY

Bradshaw paces the empty room, eyes bulging.

BRADSHAW
I mean, how could he lose the
Biscuit? They're the nuclear codes,
not the Iowa caucuses. How is POTUS
simultaneously a Rhodes scholar AND
the biggest dumb-ass in the White
House?

NOVAK
Careful. That's our commander-in-
chief you're talking about

BRADSHAW
(ignoring him)
I've been in this building,
protecting the world's most
powerful men for twenty years! And
this is the thanks my government
gives me four months before
retirement?

NOVAK
You're telling me Bush never
misplaced anything?

BRADSHAW
Oh, he did. Pens, hard candies,
that bag of crack he had seized
from in front of the White House.
But not THE MOST IMPORTANT PIECE OF
CARDBOARD IN HUMAN HISTORY!

NOVAK
Relax. It's not the end of the
world.

BRADSHAW
It LITERALLY might be.

NOVAK
Silva gave us updated codes. Even
if someone were to find them, the
missing Biscuit is outdated. The
only thing getting nuked would be
Clinton's reputation.

BRADSHAW

Who gives a shit about his reputation?

NOVAK

I do, for one. And so should you. If it gets out that the Biscuit is missing, the leader of the free world gets the political scandal of a lifetime. We're talking hearings. Congressional humiliation. Impeachment.

BRADSHAW

Rush Limbaugh will cream his Dockers in excitement. Jesus, I thought we were finished dodging bullets when Newsweek killed that intern story.

NOVAK

So we make sure this *doesn't* become a scandal.

BRADSHAW

How? You said it yourself. One more scandal, and this administration is done.

NOVAK

We find the Biscuit.

BRADSHAW

Be serious.

NOVAK

I am.

BRADSHAW

It could be literally anywhere in the country. Or on Air Force One. He was in Bosnia three weeks ago. Maybe it's there?

NOVAK

It's not in Bosnia. I placed it in his suit jacket last night when his dry cleaning came in. Which means they disappeared in the past 24 hours.

BRADSHAW

Great. So you just need to look everywhere he's been today. Count me out.

NOVAK

You're a secret service agent. Isn't it your job to protect the president at all costs?

BRADSHAW

Yeah, but from assassins and terrorists, not his own lack of object permanence.

NOVAK

So let's protect him. We'll start in the White House. Odds are, the Biscuit is still in the building. Come on, Bradshaw. We owe the country that much.

Bradshaw rubs him temples.

BRADSHAW

Fine. Let's save this presidency from itself.

INT. FERTILITY CLINIC - DAY

Amanda and Todd sit in sterile wooden chairs facing a smiling DOCTOR GUTIERREZ.

DOCTOR GUTIERREZ

Mr. Dulles, it says here you served in Desert Storm?

TODD

Yes sir. With the 5th special forces group.

DOCTOR GUTIERREZ

Oh, wow. Did you see combat?

TODD

Negative, sir. I was a tactical subsistence specialist.

DOCTOR GUTIERREZ

A what?

AMANDA

A cook.

DOCTOR GUTIERREZ
Oh. When I heard Special Forces...

TODD
I was over there providing the
required nutrition that kept our
boys in the fight. It was one of
the greatest honors of my life.

AMANDA
I'm so proud of my little army man.

The doctor looks puzzled.

DOCTOR GUTIERREZ
Hmm. So you never spent any time on
the front lines?

TODD
No sir.

DOCTOR GUTIERREZ
Any exposure to radiation?

TODD
Not that I know of.

DOCTOR GUTIERREZ
Let me rephrase that. Were you
exposed to any depleted uranium
shells?

A light-bulb goes off in Todd's head.

TODD
Oh, that? Of course.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. IRAQI DESERT - DAY - MONTAGE

As "Good Vibrations" by Marky Mark and the Funky Bunch
plays...

CHYRON: IRAQ, 1991

-Todd, 7 years younger and decked out in a military chef's
outfit, takes a nap on top of a crate labeled "DEPLETED
URANIUM SABOT 25MM.

-Todd wipes his brow under the blistering sun, taking a sip
of water from an EMPTY TANK SHELL.

-A naked Todd, now wearing an empty shell as a jock strap, dances in front of a burning oil well. His fellow soldiers cheer him on.

SMASH CUT TO:

TODD

They had piles of 'em laying around everywhere. We used 'em for everything. Water bottles, hammocks, girlfriends...

DOCTOR GUTIERREZ

That explains it.

TODD

Excuse me?

DOCTOR GUTIERREZ

I'm sorry to say it, Mr. Dulles, but due to the prolonged presence of radioactive material so close to your reproductive glands, you've been rendered nearly sterile.

The doctor pauses for a moment, letting this wash over Todd and Amanda.

TODD

(quiet)

Sterile?

DOCTOR GUTIERREZ

Nearly sterile. The amount of radiation you've been exposed to has retarded the motility of your reproductive material.

TODD

My sperm's retarded?

AMANDA

What does that mean, doctor?

DOCTOR GUTIERREZ

It means that having a child the traditional way isn't a viable option. However, there are alternatives. I would suggest In Vitro Fertilization.

TODD

What's that?

DOCTOR GUTIERREZ
I believe the common term is a
"test tube baby."

TODD
But what happens when the baby gets
too big for the test tube? Does it
break?

AMANDA
(ignoring Todd)
So...I'd be able to have a baby?

DOCTOR GUTIERREZ
Yes. But I must warn you, it's not
cheap. You're looking at fifty
thousand dollars. And that's just
to start.

Amanda's eyes well up with tears.

AMANDA
But it's not fair! My sister didn't
want kids, and she can't stop
having them! But I can't even
afford one?

DOCTOR GUTIERREZ
I don't- I'm sorry.

AMANDA
She didn't even come up with a new
name for her sixth kid. She just
called him Tyler II!

Todd takes Amanda's hand.

TODD
I promise you, we'll find a way to
have a Tyler II of our very own.
I'm not quite sure how, but we'll
find a way.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - WEST WING - DAY

Bradshaw stands outside the door of the oval office. CLICK.
The door opens a smidge, Novak scurrying out.

BRADSHAW
Took you long enough.

NOVAK
Relax. I got it all taken care of.

Novak holds up a PIECE OF PAPER as they begin walking.

NOVAK (CONT'D)
America's salvation in the palm of
my- Hey!

Bradshaw snatches it out of Novak's hands, reading. He looks up, confused.

BRADSHAW
Wait, this is the state of the
union address.

NOVAK
Exactly. I'm pretty sure there's
still going to be a government in
four days, Bradshaw. Got to make
sure Clinton signs off on it.

BRADSHAW
But what about...

Novak taps his breast pocket.

NOVAK
(whispering)
You think I'd be stupid enough to
walk around with signed, classified
presidential memo outlining the
loss of America's nuclear deterrent
in my hand?

BRADSHAW
Yes.

NOVAK
Dick.

The round a corner, entering-

INT. WHITE HOUSE - NOVAK'S OFFICE - DAY

Novak crosses to his desk, Bradshaw closing the door.

BRADSHAW
Can I see it?

Novak opens his blazer, pulling out a firm, white DOCUMENT.

NOVAK
Keep it clean. Need to fax it over
to the AG to cover our asses.

Bradshaw unfolds it.

BRADSHAW
(reading)
"From: William Jefferson Clinton.
Subject: Timothy Novak and..."

Bradshaw pauses.

NOVAK
What?

BRADSHAW
Holy shit, do you not know my first name?

NOVAK
What? No. Of course I do... Jamal?

BRADSHAW
James.

NOVAK
Close enough.

BRADSHAW
(crossing out the name)
"...Agent JAMES Bradshaw are granted full authority to investigate the location of the nuclear launch Gold Codes. Thank you for your cooperation and compliance with this memorandum."
(to Novak)
What good does this do us?

NOVAK
This legally allows us to drop everything we're doing in order to concentrate figuring this whole thing out. Also, when we DO find the Biscuit, this will remind POTUS just how above and beyond we went.

He crosses to the fax machine.

NOVAK (CONT'D)
Let's see... 202-555-4465.

Novak punches send, sighing in relief.

BRADSHAW
69.

NOVAK

I'm sorry?

BRADSHAW

The AG's fax number. It's 4469. I know that, because POTUS laughs like a horny teenager whenever faxes something to Janet Reno.

NOVAK

Oh. Uh...

BRADSHAW

What?

Realization spreads across Bradshaw's face.

BRADSHAW (CONT'D)

Oh, no. No no no!

Bradshaw leaps across the room, grabbing for the paper in the fax machine. It's no use - the fax machine is surprisingly strong, yanking the paper out of Bradshaw's hands and into the ether.

NOVAK

I could have sworn it was 65...

BRADSHAW

Who did you send it to?

Novak scans an address sheet next to the printer.

NOVAK

Shit.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - STREET - DAY

Novak and Bradshaw sprint out of the security gate, shoving low-level flunkies out of the way.

NOVAK

National security emergency! Let us through!

BRADSHAW

I can't believe you sent it to the God damn speech writers!

NOVAK

Hey, at least it's just across the street. It's not like I sent it to-

WHAM. Novak collides with the roof of a sedan, toppling forward.

BRADSHAW

Novak?

NOVAK

(popping up)

I'm good! Get across the-

WHAM. Novak's arm is smacked by a passing pickup's mirror.

NOVAK (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch!

BRADSHAW

Look where you're going, numb nuts!

NOVAK

Yeah, fu-

RING RING. SMACK. A bike messenger slams into Novak, sending him sprawling.

NOVAK (CONT'D)

Damn it!

BRADSHAW

(yelling after the rider)

It's too cold for bikes!

Bradshaw grabs Novak, hustling him to the opposite sidewalk and into-

INT. THE OLD EXECUTIVE OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

They enter a palatial building, stuffed to the brim with busy staffers.

BRADSHAW

This way.

He rushes to the elevator bay, scanning the directory.

BRADSHAW (CONT'D)

Gore... Shalala... There, Waldman,
Suite 113.

They sprint down the hall, reaching-

NOVAK

Bingo.

INT. THE OLD EXECUTIVE OFFICE BUILDING - ROOM 113 - DAY

The door blasts open, Novak and Bradshaw pushing past each other to get inside. Novak scans the room.

NOVAK
Back left corner.

A fax machine beeps, paper laying face-down in the tray. Bradshaw crosses, picking it up. He lets out a huge SIGH of relief.

BRADSHAW
Got it.

Novak CHEERS, hugging Bradshaw.

NOVAK
You beautiful son of a bitch!

CASSIE (O.S.)
I'm sorry, what are the two of you
doing in my office?

They turn to find Cassie, holding a stack of papers and looking peeved.

NOVAK
Oh, uh, just wanted to run POTUS'
State of the Union notes over to
you.

BRADSHAW
You told him you wanted Clinton's
notes, remember?

CASSIE
Sure...

Novak reaches in his back pocket, handing cassie a folded piece of paper.

NOVAK
We'll just be on our way, then.

CASSIE
Oh, could you bring something over
there for me?

NOVAK
Sure, what?

Cassie holds up-

OH SHIT IT'S THE MEMO.

CASSIE

Pretty sure the AG's gonna want to take a look at this.

NOVAK

How did-

CASSIE

I made a copy the second I saw what it was. You two dummies screwed up. Real bad.

Bradshaw calmly walks to the hallway door, closing it.

BRADSHAW

Ok. Let's talk.

CASSIE

Yeah. Let's. Did POTUS really lose the frickin' nuclear codes?

BRADSHAW

Yes ma'am.

CASSIE

Oh my God. Are we going to die? Is America going to blow up? I mean, I wouldn't mind never having to pay back my student loans, but that seems like the only silver lining.

NOVAK

Relax. No, the nukes are safe. The only thing at stake is the reputation of a man who all our careers are tied to.

CASSIE

Huh. Good. I guess. But that means that Clinton's Biscuit is just floating around somewhere?

NOVAK

More or less.

CASSIE

Great.

(beat)

I want in.

NOVAK

I'm sorry?

CASSIE
I want to help you find it.

BRADSHAW
No way. The search party's already crowded as-is.

CASSIE
Screw that. Take me with you.

NOVAK
Why would you want any part of this?

CASSIE
Because, when I find it, I'm going to make sure I get an office in the West Wing. Do you know how humiliating it is having to come to work in the OEOB every day, only to see you two dullards strolling into the White House like you own the place?

NOVAK
You want a better office?

CASSIE
No. I want a better career. And I'll get that by finding out where The Man From Hope put the cornerstone to our country's nuclear deterrent.

Novak and Bradshaw share a look.

BRADSHAW
Should we-

NOVAK
We don't have a choice.

They turn to her, Bradshaw sticking out his hand.

BRADSHAW
Welcome aboard, Ms. Kent.

She looks down at her copy of the memo, takes out a pen, and adds "+ Cassie :)" to the text in red.

INT. LONG JOHN'S HOUSE OF PAWN - DAY

THUD. Todd lowers his TV SET onto the counter of a dimly-lit pawn shop. The OWNER (LONG JONATHAN) gives it a disinterested glance.

TODD

That there is a genuine 13 inch Proscan TV, with a built-in VCR. We sure would hate to part with it unless the price were right, Long John.

LONG JONATHAN

It's actually Long Jonathan. And I'll give you thirty bucks for it.

TODD

I paid \$200 for this last year. Can't you come up a little bit?

LONG JONATHAN

Probably. But I won't.

TODD

Fifty.

LONG JONATHAN

Forty five.

Todd looks to Amanda.

AMANDA

That's forty five dollars closer to our baby.

Todd nods. Long Jonathan takes cash out of the register, sliding it across the counter.

LONG JONATHAN

Pleasure doing business.

Todd grimaces as Long Jonathan places the TV under the counter.

AMANDA

I might have something else.

LONG JONATHAN

Oh really.

AMANDA

I don't want to sell it, but...

She reaches into her purse, pulling out a small, dark purple stuffed bear.

HOLY SHIT IT'S A PRINCESS DIANA BEANIE BABY.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

How much would you be able to give
us for this?

The room goes silent. Long Jonathan's eyes bulge - is that what he thinks it is?

LONG JONATHAN

No shit...

TODD

Amanda, no!

AMANDA

It's the only way, Todd.

TODD

That's the most valuable thing we
own!

Long Jonathan's nearly salivating.

LONG JONATHAN

I'll give you a thousand dollars.
Here-

He reaches into the register, pulling out a wad of cash.

TODD

Amanda, that might be worth a
thousand dollars now, but it could
be worth a hundred times that one
day! We might be able to pay for
our baby's college with it!

AMANDA

That doesn't matter if we can't
have a baby in the first place,
sweetie.

TODD

We can't.

LONG JONATHAN

Two grand. Cash. Final offer.

He reaches his hand out to shake. Amanda looks at Todd - his eyes are pleading "no."

TODD

There's got to be another way.

Amanda gulps, resolute.

AMANDA

I'm doing this for us.

She hands the Beanie Baby over. Long Jonathan smiles a huge smile.

LONG JONATHAN

A pleasure doing business with-

He pauses, opening his hand. A few small, plastic PELLETS fall through his fingers onto the glass below, landing with thuds as loud as gunshots.

He holds up the stuffed bear - there's a small tear on it's side.

AMANDA

Oh my God! No!

LONG JONATHAN

I'm sorry. I can't buy this, as it's not in mint condition.

TODD

What happened?

Amanda looks in her purse. A small amount of white pellets lay at the bottom, next to-

AMANDA

-My keys must have caught on her fabric. Oh my God! Oh my God I ruined our nest egg! It's completely worthless.

LONG JONATHAN

If there's nothing else I can help you with, would you please excuse me? I'm a very busy man.

Amanda looks around the empty pawn shop, eyes landing on a FOUNTAIN PEN with the presidential seal on it.

AMANDA

What's that?

LONG JONATHAN

Looking to buy? That's the pen
Reagan used to stab John Hinkley to
death.

TODD

I'm pretty sure John Hinkley's
still alive.

LONG JONATHAN

What do I look like, the History
channel?

AMANDA

So you deal government memorabilia?

LONG JONATHAN

Depends on what you've got.

Amanda opens her purse, pulling out the black plastic
rectangle.

AMANDA

How much for this?

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - DAY

SLAM. Bradshaw shuts a drawer in frustration. The office has
been turned upside-down - papers and fast food wrappers
litter the ground.

BRADSHAW

I don't know why they want me to
take a bullet for this guy. Heart
disease will get him long before an
assassin does.

Novak sorts through a pile of Hustler magazines, disgust on
his face.

NOVAK

I thought the Bush era ended six
years ago...

Cassie crosses to the resolute desk, clocking Novak's stack
of Hustlers.

CASSIE

Think POTUS left nuclear secrets in
one of his girly mags?
(off the magazine)
Jesus, it looks like she has Savion
Glover in a leg lock.

BRADSHAW

Cassie, if you're not going to take this seriously, then why don't you leave this investigation to the professionals.

CASSIE

No need to be a grouch. This is kind of fun! We're solving a national security mystery.

BRADSHAW

Great. You can add "Official White House Detective" to your resumé.

CASSIE

(bad British accent)

It's elementary, my dear Watson.

Something CLICKS in Novak's brain.

NOVAK

What was that?

CASSIE

Sorry, my Sherlock Holmes impression ain't great. I blame cuts to Arts funding for, ironically, elementary education.

NOVAK

Exactly. Elementary...

Light bulb.

NOVAK (CONT'D)

Holy shit! The school!

CASSIE

Come again?

NOVAK

We were at the school this morning. Clinton used the bathroom-

CASSIE

-Gross-

NOVAK

-And took off his suit jacket. Oh my God, I know where the Biscuit is!

INT. LONG JOHN'S HOUSE OF PAWN - DAY

Long Jonathan peers through a pair of bifocals, using gloved hands to examine the black plastic case.

LONG JONATHAN
Strange... You say you found this
at work?

AMANDA
Yes sir. One of my students was
using it as a chew toy. Says he
found it after Bill- Sorry,
President Clinton used the rest
room.

Long Jonathan runs his finger along the edge, concentrating.

LONG JONATHAN
Interesting...

He spots the crack in the case, carefully bending it back to reveal-

THE PRESIDENTIAL SEAL. And a set of NUMBERS. His eyes bulge.

LONG JONATHAN (CONT'D)
No way.

TODD
What is it?

LONG JONATHAN
How familiar are you two with
America's nuclear launch
authorization process?

TODD
Not very.

AMANDA
America's what?

LONG JONATHAN
Because, and I can't believe I'm
about to say this, you two stumbled
on something... extraordinary.

AMANDA
Mr. Jonathan? Can you just tell us
what it is?

OVER BLACK

CHORUS (O.S.)

*As your body grows bigger/ your
mind must flower/ it's great to
learn/ 'cause knowledge is power!
It's Schoolhouse Rocky/ the chip
off the block/ of your favorite
schoolhouse/ Schoolhouse Rock!*

INT. CARTOON WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Goofy, deformed caricatures of a PRESIDENT and his CABINET talk to each other in grave-sounding GIBBERISH. We push in to a GENERAL holding a BLACK SUITCASE attached to his wrist via handcuffs. A MOUTH AND EYES appear on the suitcase, as it begins SINGING.

CARTOON SUITCASE

*When presidents have to launch all
our nukes/ the chain of command
can't afford a rebuke/ 'Cause
America's enemies, they won't wait
at all/ and that's why I'm here,
I'm the nuclear football.*

A CARTOON CHILD wanders into frame, wide-eyed.

CARTOON CHILD

Wow! The nuclear football! How do
you work?

CARTOON SUITCASE

I'm glad you asked, kid.

A caricature of a RUSSIAN PRIME MINISTER appears next to the suitcase. He screams nonsense Russian as a wall of TANKS roll towards a sign reading "Berlin - 10 km."

CARTOON SUITCASE (CONT'D)

*When Ivan is thinking about ending
our lives/ the nuclear football is
our country's surprise/ See when
the President orders our missiles
to fly/ he gives coded numbers to
his top Airforce guy.*

The Cartoon President pulls a BLACK PLASTIC CARD out of his coat pocket, breaking it open and reading off a coded sequence.

CARTOON PRESIDENT

Alpha. Zulu. Four. Quebec. Niner.

A cartoon AIR FORCE GENERAL gives the president a big smile and thumbs up.

CARTOON CHILD

What's that thing the president pulled out of his pocket?

CARTOON SUITCASE

In order to stop someone with fewer qualms/ from calling the Airforce and launching our bombs/ the President reads numbers from a small ticket/ This vital piece of cardboard is called the Biscuit.

CARTOON CHILD

So the Biscuit proves the president's identity in the event of a nuclear launch, preventing the accidental end of our world through atomic hellfire?

CARTOON SUITCASE

Now you're getting it!

The cartoon president and cabinet members stand at the oval office windows, watching missiles tear into the sky.

CARTOON PRESIDENT

May God help us all.

CARTOON SUITCASE

And if it ever did happen that the Biscuit was lost/ we would have to find it, no matter the cost/ It would be more than a case of very bad luck/ Because without the Biscuit we are pretty much fucked.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL Todd and Amanda watching a VHS tape of their former television. Todd's mouth is gaping, Amanda's eyes wide.

TODD

I don't remember this episode of Schoolhouse Rock from growing up.

LONG JONATHAN

Yeah, they got kind of dark in their later years.

AMANDA

So this thing, it's a "Biscuit?"

LONG JONATHAN
Looks like it.

AMANDA
Oh my God...

She looks down at the plastic case in wonder.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
How did... I pulled it out of a
kid's mouth!

Amanda nervously scans the store.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
If it really is missing government
property, we should probably return
it. Right?

LONG JONATHAN
I'd think real long and hard about
that, lady. You're in possession of
something that could potentially be
worth millions to the right buyer.

Todd and Amanda's ears perk up at "millions."

AMANDA
I don't know...

LONG JONATHAN
Also, you really think those jack-
booted G men are just going to let
you hand it back to them and then
go about your business?

	TODD	AMANDA
Yes?		Probably?

LONG JONATHAN
Didn't you learn anything from Ruby
Ridge or Waco? Your ass would get
Vince Fostered so fast your head
would spin. And then explode, what
with the bullet in it.

TODD
Oh Jeez.

AMANDA
I think this is a bad idea. If the
world ended because of me, I'd be
really sad about it.

LONG JONATHAN

Odds are, the Feds swapped in new codes the second these went missing. What you have is proof of criminal incompetence at the highest levels of government. And that kind of blackmail would sell for a pretty penny. To the right buyer.

TODD

Oh, well in that case...

AMANDA

I really don't know about all this, Mr. Jonathan. It seems so... unpatriotic.

The pawnbroker pulls out a card, sliding it towards Amanda.

LONG JONATHAN

When you come to your senses, Mrs. Dulles, I can help point you in the right direction.

AMANDA

Wait, you don't want to buy it?

LONG JONATHAN

Oh, God no. I'm what we call a "person of interest" in an "active federal investigation." You sell ONE undercover agent a shipping container full of grenade launchers and all of a sudden you're the bad guy.

TODD

Been there.

LONG JONATHAN

But if YOU want to get rich, I'd be more than happy to help. Trust me. You two just found your lottery ticket.

Amanda pockets the card, conflicted.

INT. BUS - DAY

The Dulleses sit quietly, holding hands and lost in thought. Finally-

TODD

(quiet)

What are we going to do? It's not like we have fifty thousand dollars lying around.

Todd glances at his crotch.

TODD (CONT'D)

Lousy retarded sperm.

AMANDA

Do you think Long Jonathan was telling the truth? A million dollars, just for a piece of cardboard? I mean, for a Beanie Baby, sure, I get that. But a *card*?

Amanda glances at her purse.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

I don't feel right having it.

TODD

I know.

AMANDA

I mean, I'm not a traitor! I love the President! I vote in every election. Even the local ones! I voted for the school board, for Pete's sake.

TODD

Jephunneh Chavous ran a great campaign.

AMANDA

I don't know to do, sweetie.

Todd takes his wife's hand.

TODD

I don't either. But, whatever we wind up doing, we'll do it together.

She kisses him on the cheek.

BUS DRIVER (O.S.)

Georgia and Park.

Amanda stands, grabbing her purse.

AMANDA

I know I married you for a reason.

She smiles at her husband, departing the bus.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

The chaos of earlier is dying down. Kids are tired, grumpy - it's the end of the day. Carol hands a juice box to Micro Machine Girl as Amanda enters.

AMANDA

(to Carol)

Thank you so much for covering for me.

She crosses to her desk, putting her purse down.

CAROL

No problem at all. Although there's something really wrong with that Nathan kid.

The camera punches in on Nathan, who's busy taping a severed Barbie's head to a stuffed bear's torso.

SATANIC CHOIR (O.S.)

Sanguis Bibimus!

His head snaps up, black eyes trained on Amanda's purse.

CAROL

So how did it go?

AMANDA

Not great. There's no chance of me conceiving naturally, and the other options are going to cost more than Todd and I make in a year.

A tear rolls down her cheek. Carol hugs her.

CAROL

I know it might seem insurmountable right now, but I'm sure you two will find a way. I genuinely can't think of someone more suited to being a mother.

AMANDA

Oh, stop.

CAROL
I'm serious! You're kind, patient,
are a heck of a finger painter...

AMANDA
(wiping away tear)
I guess.

CAROL
And, more importantly, you'll do
whatever it takes. That's
motherhood 101.

Amanda watches the children playing in front of her. They're smiling, happy, almost angelic. Feeling a TUG on her skirt, she looks down and finds Nathan, "PINUS" still scrawled on his forehead.

JOSHUA
Mrs. Dulles? I made you a card.

He holds up a piece of paper to her. It's a crude drawing of Amanda surrounded by kids. A cartoon Nathan is in the back, scowling. The tears come back to Amanda. Hard.

AMANDA
Well isn't this just the sweetest
thing, Joshua. Thank you.

Amanda looks down at him. Damn it, she DOES want one of these for her very own.

RIIIIIING.

The school bell goes off, kids grabbing their tiny backpacks as they head for the door. Amanda dabs her eyes, game face on. She looks down to-

NATHAN'S RIGHT BESIDE HER.

SATANIC CHOIR (O.S.)
Sanguis Bibimus!

AMANDA
Nathan! Go home!

Nathan scampers away, hands in his pockets, smiling. Amanda straightens her blouse and heads for the door. She's looking down at Joshua's card, exiting obliviously as NOVAK, BRADSHAW AND CASSIE ENTER THE ROOM.

CAROL
Uh, can I help you?

NOVAK
(ignoring her)
There! Bathroom!

They cross to the bathroom, Novak trying the handle. It's locked.

NOVAK (CONT'D)
Secret Service!

BRADSHAW
(quiet)
Technically, I'm the only one
allowed to say-

NOVAK
Open the God damn door!

CREAK. The door opens, revealing a terrified CHUBBY KID eating a Milky Way bar.

CHUBBY KID
Please don't arrest me Mr. Police
Man!

BRADSHAW
Jeez, Novak. You scared the poor
kid.

Novak doesn't listen, scanning the bathroom floor.

NOVAK
Damn it. Nothing.

CAROL (O.S.)
Excuse me!

Novak wheels around, finding a furious Carol.

CAROL (CONT'D)
What the hell are you people doing
in my classroom?

Her eyes narrow.

CAROL (CONT'D)
Weren't you here earlier?

NOVAK
Yeah, I was. Timothy Novak, from
the White House.

He reaches his hand out. Carol pointedly doesn't take it.

BRADSHAW

Ma'am, the president might have dropped a personal item in the rest room. It'd be about three inches by five, black plastic. It's, uh...

CASSIE

His pager. The president lost his pager.

CAROL

The president has a pager? Wow. Welcome to 1998, I guess. Wish I had one of those.

BRADSHAW

As you can imagine, it's very important that we find it as quickly as possible.

CAROL

Haven't seen anything like it. Sorry.

NOVAK

(thinking)

Wasn't there another teacher here today? I remember her yelling at that weird kid.

CAROL

Oh, Amanda!

NOVAK

(eyes lighting up)

Yes! Mrs. Dulles. Would we be able to ask her a few questions?

CAROL

I'm afraid you just missed her.

NOVAK

Could you kindly give us her address?

CAROL

Of course.

Carol grabs a piece of construction paper and a marker, writing it down. Behind her, the Chubby Kid, tears still in his eyes, opens another Milky Way.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

CLICK. Amanda's finger hits "play" on a flashing answering machine.

DOCTOR GUTIERREZ (O.S.)
Hey Mr. And Mrs. Dulles, it's
Doctor G. We ran some further tests
on your sample, and it looks like
the IVF is our best bet. Please
give me a call back and we can
discuss payment options.

BEEP. The message ends. The Dulleses look shell-shocked.

AMANDA
Come on...

TODD
Who has that kind of money to spend
on a kid?

AMANDA
What about the VA? Have you heard
anything back about them being able
to help us?

TODD
I asked, but they told me that
radiation exposure "don't count."

He hangs his head. Amanda takes his hand.

AMANDA
What are we going to do?

TODD
Maybe... Maybe we take Long
Jonathan up on his offer.

AMANDA
I don't know, sweetie.

TODD
I wish we had other options,
Amanda, but I don't see another way
for us to get that much money.

AMANDA
(gulping)
It just doesn't feel right doing
that to the President.

TODD
It's all going to be OK. It's not
like the government has CIA super
agents out hunting for it right
now.

KNOCK KNOCK.

TODD (CONT'D)
The Government! They know!

AMANDA
Relax. I ordered some Spice Girls
tapes from Columbia House. It's
probably the delivery guy.

Amanda crosses to the door, opening it to reveal-
Novak, Bradshaw and Cassie.

BRADSHAW
Amanda Dulles?

AMANDA
At your service.

BRADSHAW
I'm Agent Bradshaw from the United
States Secret Service.

She completely freezes.

BRADSHAW (CONT'D)
You know, the government?

She stays completely still.

BRADSHAW (CONT'D)
Where your taxes go.

AMANDA
Oh. Yeah. You guys.

BRADSHAW
Would you mind if we ask you a few
questions?

Amanda turns to Todd, pale as a ghost.

AMANDA
(clipped)
Todd, we have guests. From the
Secret Service.

She stares at her purse, then back at Todd.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
(clipped)
Maybe we should clean up. Before
our guests come in.

Todd stares at her blankly.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
(mouthing)
Purse.

Todd nods in agreement, then picks up her purse, holding it out in front of him like a newborn lion king.

NOVAK
(stepping forward)
Amanda? Tim Novak. We met earlier.

AMANDA
Oh, yeah. Nice to see you again.

NOVAK
If you wouldn't mind, we just need
to ask you a couple of quick
questions. That OK?

INT. APARTMENT - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Todd sits on a dilapidated arm chair across from the Feds.
Amanda hands Cassie a mug of tea.

TODD
What can we do for you?

BRADSHAW
Well, we're in the process of an
investigation-

NOVAK
It's very preliminary. Just a
routine thing.

Bradshaw shoots him a look that says "Stay out of my way."

BRADSHAW
How long have you been a teacher?

AMANDA
Five years, now. I finished school
right around the time Todd was
discharged after Desert Storm.

BRADSHAW
You served?

TODD
Yes sir. 5th special forces. Did you?

BRADSHAW
No, I was too busy protecting Bush from a second term.

TODD
(at ease)
How about you two?

CASSIE
I was in middle school.

NOVAK
Don't ask.

BRADSHAW
Mrs. Dulles, we're afraid that the President has misplaced his pager. It's three by five inches, black plastic. You didn't happen to find anything like that in your classroom after the President left, did you?

AMANDA
(nervous)
No. Of course not.

NOVAK
Maybe one of the children found it?

AMANDA
(nervous)
Could be, but I doubt it. We keep a close eye on our kids. Are you sure the President lost it this morning? Maybe he left it in the White House.

BRADSHAW
(sotto)
I wish.

AMANDA
I'm sorry, but I can't help you.

CASSIE
(clocking Amanda's purse)
Oh my God, I LOVE your bag.

AMANDA

Oh, that old thing? Found it at factory store. Technically, it's a "Kate Spad."

CASSIE

Do you mind if I take a look?

Amanda's sweating, glancing at Todd.

AMANDA

I'm not sure if-

Too late. Cassie has her hands on it.

CASSIE

This is amazing! You can barely tell it's missing the "E."

AMANDA

If that's all, my husband and I are very busy and we-

Cassie peeks inside the purse.

CASSIE

Oh my God!

Amanda and Todd FREEZE, eyes locked on each other. They're boned.

AMANDA

It's not what it looks like.

CASSIE

Really?

She pulls the PRINCESS DI BEANIE BABY out of the purse.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Because it look like the Princess Di Beanie Baby! How did you get one of these?

Amanda smiles, relieved but confused.

AMANDA

Todd got it for me as a Christmas gift.

TODD

There's only three per store. It's a collector's item!

CASSIE

That's so cool! I have a Lefty the donkey signed by Joe Biden, but I would KILL for a Princess Di bear.

AMANDA

Yeah. We're selling it. We're trying to start a family, and, well, you know how expensive that can be.

CASSIE

I get it.

AMANDA

Honestly, I wish I could help you, but I didn't see anything at school. I promise you, if I find the president's pager, you'll be the first to know about it.

Novak frowns. Bradshaw sticks out his hand.

BRADSHAW

Well, thank you for your honesty Mrs. Dulles.

AMANDA

Of course!

The Feds dislodge themselves from the couch, headed for the door.

BRADSHAW

Take care, folks.

They exit, Todd locking the door after them.

TODD

Now the president's pager is missing? Can they keep track of anything at the White House?

AMANDA

I think that was a cover, sweetie.

TODD

Oh. Well, then we just lied to the Secret Service! That's got to be a crime!

AMANDA

(looking in her purse)
Not exactly.

TODD
What do you mean?

She flips her purse over, emptying it. There's no black case.

TODD (CONT'D)
What the...

Todd scrambles over, going through the pile.

TODD (CONT'D)
Where the heck is it?

AMANDA
They were in my purse when we left
the pawn shop, and I haven't opened
it since...

It dawns on her.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Nathan!

INT. WHITE HOUSE - WEST WING - DAY

A line of STAFFERS is queued up outside a white door. They all look impatient, agitated, and the slightest bit guilty.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - ROOSEVELT ROOM - DAY

Novak, Bradshaw and Cassie sit at one side of a large oak table, facing forward.

NOVAK
Thank you so much for coming in
today. We just have a few questions
to ask you, if you don't mind.

We see the opposite - a nervous looking TALL MALE STAFFER sits across from them, uncomfortable.

TALL MALE STAFFER
Yeah. Go ahead.

BRADSHAW
We're not pointing any fingers, but-

MONTAGE

TALL MALE STAFFER

-How was I supposed to know she was illegal? Granted, she didn't speak a word of English, and she-

FEMALE STAFFER IN GLASSES

-Had these suitcases full of cash. All from Indian gambling! But it wasn't technically *illegal*-

CASSIE

That's not what-

MALE STAFFER IN HAT

-Because they were just handing out free Shrimp, left and right, like they we're friggin' Saudi Kings! Which, technically, they were-

HEAVYSET MALE STAFFER

-Asking too many questions. Bingo bango she gets shipped off to defense, and we all have one less problem to worry about.

NOVAK

We actually wanted to ask you something about the president.

HEAVYSET MALE STAFFER

Oh, Clinton? Well-

MILITARY FEMALE STAFFER

-He's damn near the most charming man I've ever met, and I've met-

MALE STAFFER IN HAT

-An actual Saudi Prince! Doesn't hand out as much free seafood, though. Because-

TALL MALE STAFFER

-He sends me the funniest emails. You know that old Coppertone ad? He found one where the girl's-

BRADSHAW

I'm going to stop you there. The President lost his pager. Have you seen it?

All the staffers appear in split-screen.

STAFFERS

No/Nope/Can't help you/Saudi
Prince!

BRADSHAW

Well, thank you for your time.

The Tall Male Staffer stands up, adjusting his coat.

TALL MALE STAFFER

No problem. Good luck. You know how
Clinton is.

He exits the room, leaving Bradshaw, Novak and Cassie
exhausted and demoralized.

BRADSHAW

Jesus Christ. How does this place
even function?

NOVAK

It's a surprisingly well-oiled
machine.

CASSIE

Yeah, if by oil you mean staggering
corruption and complimentary
shrimp.

KNOCK KNOCK.

BRADSHAW

(confused)

I thought that was everyone?

NOVAK

It was.

CASSIE

(to the door)

Come in!

Lieutenant Colonel Silva opens the door, concern on his face.

BRADSHAW

What are you doing up here, Silva?

SILVA

Looking for you idiots. Do you know
how much shit I'm catching for not
bringing back the old Biscuit?

BRADSHAW

We're taking care of it, Silva.

SILVA

My superiors are asking questions, gentlemen. And when my superiors ask questions, I'd sure as shit better have an answer for them.

CASSIE

Wait, how does he know the codes are missing?

Bradshaw and Novak go ghost white.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Oh. Whoops.

SILVA

I knew it! Jesus Christ. You people really screwed the pooch on this one.

CASSIE

Technically, it's the President screwing said pooch.

SILVA

I've got one task here: handing the Biscuit to my superiors before 0800 hours tomorrow, thus demonstrating a baseline competence sorely lacking in this administration.

BRADSHAW

Tough.

NOVAK

Accurate.

SILVA

And if I don't have said codes to hand over? I'm selling you out to the Joint Chiefs. So unless you want to spend the rest of your lives in front of an unending Senate hearing, I'd get searching.

SLAM. He's gone.

CASSIE

Ah, shit.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Nathan sits alone on a swing, rocking back and forth. He glances at his distracted NANNY, reaches into his pocket, takes out the Biscuit, and pops it into his mouth.

He kicks his legs back, trying to build up momentum. The swing rocks forward, but comes to a sudden stop. As Nathan looks up-

SATANIC CHOIR (O.S.)
Sanguis Bibimus!

The camera punches in on Amanda's angry face. Todd stands next to her, nervous.

TODD
You sure we should be doing this at
a playground?

AMANDA
(ignoring Todd)
You stole from me, Nathan, and
you're going to give it back right
this instant.

Nathan stares back at her, his black eyes unblinking.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
And you're not going to do it ever
again! You understand me, little
guy?

Nathan POPS the Biscuit out of his mouth into his hand, glaring up at her.

NATHAN
(unnaturally deep)
No.

He goes to pop it back in his mouth, but Amanda swipes for it. In SLOW MOTION, the Biscuit goes FLYING IN THE AIR. Nathan LUNGES FOR IT, but Todd's hand intercepts, grabbing the plastic case.

In REGULAR MOTION-

TODD
I got it! I got the
OHMYGODWHATTHEHELL!

Nathan is BITING TODD'S LEFT ARM. Little bastard's really in there, too.

AMANDA
Holy crap!

Todd gives his arm a mighty SHAKE, sending Nathan tumbling into the mulch. His Nanny looks up, shocked.

TODD
Jesus Christ!

Amanda yanks him towards the park's exit.

AMANDA
We're getting out of here. Right
now.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Todd and Amanda sprint around the corner, coming to a rest in front of a convenience store.

AMANDA
Oh my God, I can't believe he bit
you!

Todd looks at his arm - Nathan drew blood.

TODD
Little punk really didn't want to
give these back. I think he might
actually be the devil.

Amanda gives him a hug.

AMANDA
You're a brave man.

TODD
Oh, it was nothing. Really.
Anything to start our family,
right?

They stare at each other for a moment, then BURST INTO
LAUGHTER.

AMANDA
We got the friggin' nuclear codes!

TODD
And all we had to do was lie to
Federal agents and shake down a
toddler!

Amanda hugs Todd, burying her face in his shoulder.

TODD (CONT'D)
Are we really doing this?

AMANDA
You know, I got some really good
advice today.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Amanda's back in the classroom, Clinton in front of her.
Except now she's in a ball gown, there's no kids, and Clinton
is slightly less pudgy.

PRESIDENT CLINTON
There is nothing more important
than family, Amanda.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Back to reality.

AMANDA
So in a way, President Clinton was
giving us permission.

TODD
Oh. Well, when you say it like
that...

A beat.

AMANDA
Let's have a frickin' baby.

TODD (CONT'D)
Let's have a baby!

INT. LONG JOHN'S PAWN - DAY

Amanda stands at the counter, more confident than we've ever
seen her. Todd's behind her, proud.

AMANDA
Now listen here, Mr. Jonathan.
Here's how it's going to go down.
We're going to sell these nuclear
codes, but we're doing it for a
good reason. So I don't want any
guff from you about it.

LONG JONATHAN
I wasn't going to-

AMANDA

I'm not doing this to humiliate Bi-President Clinton, or encourage America's enemies. Or degrade the flag my husband served under.

LONG JONATHAN

You want my help or not?

Amanda looks back at Todd, searching for any reason to say no. He looks ahead, determined.

AMANDA

Yes we do.

Long Jonathan pulls out his wallet, removing a business card and handing it to Amanda.

LONG JONATHAN

I got this buddy from my days working at the GSA. Knows people who know people who would be interested to buy what you're selling.

AMANDA

What is he? Some kind of gun runner?

TODD

Drug dealer?

AMANDA

Criminal kingpin?

LONG JONATHAN

Kind of.

AMANDA

Where do we even find a guy like that?

INT. BABIES-R-US - DAY

Harried parents rush past Amanda and Todd, arguing over car seats and pointing at cribs. Amanda's focused, but Todd's taking in all the baby stuff around them.

AMANDA

Long Jonathan said his contact would meet us by the strollers.

TODD

Look at that, Amanda! A car seat in the shape of Winnie the Pooh! The harness is red like his shirt!

They approach a CLERK (30s) talking to an eclectically dressed WOMAN.

CLERK

So I tell them, "Listen up numbnuts. You're in my house. You play by my rules. And my rules say no returns if the toy is half-eaten."

The woman LAUGHS. Amanda clears her throat. The clerk IMMEDITATELY code-switches.

CLERK (CONT'D)

Can I help you, ma'am?

AMANDA

We're looking for someone who works here. I think his name is Mr...

Amanda looks down at a sheet of paper.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Swag-nan-a-mous?

The clerk's face lights up.

SWAGNANAMOUS

Oh shit, Long Jonathan send you? What's good?

He gives Amanda a hug.

AMANDA

I'm Amanda. And this is my husband Todd

SWAGNANAMOUS

Pleased to meet you. I'm Swagnanamous. This' my bitch Tina. Say hi, Tina.

TINA

Hi y'all.

SWAGNANAMOUS

What can I do for your good people today? A little yayo? Crystal? DMT?
(MORE)

SWAGNANAMOUS (CONT'D)

Don't TELL me you're trying to buy
PCP. Man, you people watch one guy
get beat up by the cops, now every
white person wants to try it out.

AMANDA

DMT?

TODD

No sir-

SWAGNANAMOUS

Looking for a little company then?
Tina here got her bachelors in Hand
Jobs at University of Maryland.

TINA

It was a double major with
hospitality management.

TODD

No thank you!

AMANDA

We were actually looking to sell
something, and Mr. Jonathan said
you might be able to help us.

SWAGNANAMOUS

What is it, exactly?

Amanda looks around nervously, then leans forward and
WHISPERS in Swagnanamous' ear. After a moment, the clerk's
eyes BULGE.

SWAGNANAMOUS (CONT'D)

You serious?

AMANDA

Yes sir we are.

SWAGNANAMOUS

Didn't expect to hear this when I
rolled out of futon this morning.
Wow. That's a major Goddamn deal.

AMANDA

It IS a major Goddamn deal!

SWAGNANAMOUS

I'd ask you not to swear in front
of the bitch.

AMANDA

Sorry.

SWAGNANAMOUS

My boy Tran's gonna wanna meet you.
And Akeem. And Ruslan's gonna
definitely want to meet your asses.

AMANDA

Sounds great. Could we have their
numbers?

SWAGNANAMOUS

Not so fast. See, I'm providing you
with a service, and I'd appreciate
some compensation before we go any
further.

AMANDA

What were you thinking?

SWAGNANAMOUS

I can help you sell the nuclear
codes for... fifty dollars. Cash.

A beat.

AMANDA

Seriously?

SWAGNANAMOUS

Look, you wanna get Ted Turner rich
or you wanna stay in the minors?

AMANDA

Ted Turner rich.

TODD

Tina Turner rich.

SWAGNANAMOUS

Then all it's gonna cost you is
fifty dollars.

Todd looks to Amanda. She opens her purse, taking out the
cash.

AMANDA

This had better work.

Swagnanamous grabs it out of her hand.

SWAGNANAMOUS

Oh, you'd better believe it will.
Tina, mind giving these two nice
whites a ride over to embassy row?

TINA

Sure. I've got a 2 pm with the
Finish ambassador. Come on, y'all.
Let's get you paid.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - PRESIDENTIAL RESIDENCE - DAY

WHAM. A copy of "Between Hope and History" smacks into the
wall, narrowly missing Novak's head.

NOVAK

Hey, watch it!

Bradshaw turns from the bookcase he's combing through.

BRADSHAW

Sorry.

Cassie drops the mattress, frowning.

CASSIE

Don't really wanna say it, guys,
but it feels like we're grasping at
straws here.

NOVAK

Not the right attitude.

CASSIE

Face it, Novak. This administration
is on a crash-course with scandal.
And, in the increasingly likely
situation that we DON'T find the
Biscuit and Silva rats us out, we
WON'T be here to prevent it.

NOVAK

(manic)

Stop it! You don't know what you're
talking about! You're just some
stupid-

He stops himself, regaining his composure.

CASSIE

Jesus, Novak. It's a job. We can
all get new ones.

Bradshaw clocks a BLACK FRAME wedged between the bookcase and
the wall.

BRADSHAW

Cool it, you two.

CASSIE

Really, Novak. What's your deal?
I've met honest to God Cabinet
Members who aren't a tenth the
amount of devoted to Clinton that
you are.

NOVAK

Don't ask-

Bradshaw loosens the frame - it's a picture.

BRADSHAW

-Do tell.

NOVAK

Excuse me?

Bradshaw turns the photo around. It's a candid of a smiling
GEORGE BUSH walking in the Capitol building with Newt
Gingrich, various aides, and in the corner-

CASSIE

Novak? You were a Republican?

NOVAK

Still am. Well, a registered one,
anyway. But you'd better believe
I've voted D since '92.

BRADSHAW

Explain.

Novak's head drops, as he lets in a huge SIGH.

NOVAK

I've wanted to work in politics
since I was a kid. I did everything
right - Undergrad at Brown, JD from
Georgetown. And, because of who my
parents were, a wide support
network in the Republican party.

CASSIE

This doesn't compute.

NOVAK

I just wanted to make the world a
better place in my own way. But I'm
also- I have certain...

His eyes dart nervously around the room.

NOVAK (CONT'D)

I made certain lifestyle choices that weren't compatible with the party line. And when you're hiding a secret like that... People find a way to use it against you.

A beat.

BRADSHAW

I don't get it.

CASSIE

You're gay?

Novak's eyes bulge at the word.

NOVAK

I prefer what I prefer. And so, I was forcefully escorted out of Republican politics. Forever.

CASSIE

Jeez, man.

NOVAK

So I defected. And you know what? Clinton opened doors for me that I thought had been slammed shut forever. On election night, he took my hand, looked me directly in the eye, and said "Thank you." Which is more than I ever heard from Gingrich. So that, Cassie and Bradshaw, is why I'm doing everything in my Goddamn power to keep this presidency going.

The room's silent as his compatriots take it all in.

CASSIE

That's beautiful.

BRADSHAW

You're a *Republican*?

EXT. EMBASSY ROW - DAY

Todd and Amanda stare down a row of ornate houses - Embassy row.

TODD

Sure is pretty.

AMANDA

These look like the kind of houses Frasier would live in!

TINA (O.S.)
 Y'all know where you're going?
 Because that Finish dude ain't
 gonna blow himself. That's more of
 an Estonian thing.

They look over to Tina, sitting in her idling car.

AMANDA
 We're doing it!

INT. EMBASSIES - DAY - MONTAGE

Todd and Amanda sit with a RUSSIAN ATTACHÉ.

AMANDA
 Greetings, comrade.

Now they're with an IRAQI ATTACHÉ.

TODD
 Death to America, right buddy?

And now with a VIETNAMESE ATTACHÉ.

AMANDA
 Me so excited to offer you a chance
 to ruin America.

TODD
 We're here today to offer you the
 biggest opportunity of your life-

AMANDA
 And a chance to stick it to Uncle
 Sam.

RUSSIAN ATTACHÉ
 I'm not sure I follow.

IRAQI ATTACHÉ
 You're saying you have what?

VIETNAMESE ATTACHÉ
 (in Vietnamese)
 I'm sorry, but my translator is
 running 5 minutes late. Is this
 regarding agricultural tariffs?

TODD
 We managed to get our hands on some
 sensitive information.

AMANDA

And we know how much you guys hate America. I mean, think of all the terrible stuff we've done!

TODD

Agent orange.

AMANDA

The gulf war.

TODD

Sending David Hasselhoff to tear down the Berlin Wall.

AMANDA

If I were you, I'd want revenge.

TODD

And what better way than by exposing the President as one of the most incompetent men on planet Earth?

AMANDA

So for the low, low price of fifty thousand American dollars...

TODD

We can sell you the President's nuclear authentication codes.

The Russian Attaché looks shocked.

RUSSIAN ATTACHÉ

You're not serious.

TODD

You'd better believe we are.

The moment lingers, all air sucked out of the room. Until-

RUSSIAN ATTACHÉ

(laughing)

Get a load of this guy, eh?

IRAQI ATTACHÉ

Why would Iraq want to do anything to harm America? America is number one big man, like Ronald McDonald. We love Ronald McDonald!

RUSSIAN ATTACHÉ

Our countries are closer now than they've ever been in recorded history. Even if you DID have what you say you do, why would we want to risk that relationship?

VIETNAMESE ATTACHÉ

(in Vietnamese)

Again, I'm very sorry that our translator is running late. His cat has lupus.

Todd and Amanda share the same look in each embassy.

TODD

So what are you saying?

ATTACHÉS

Not interested.

The Dulleses sit, shocked.

AMANDA

Oh. Well, thank you for your time.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Todd sits slumped down in a booth while Amanda forlornly stirs a creamer into a cup of coffee.

TODD

How does this country not have enemies anymore?

AMANDA

Everyone used to hate us. Now? We're the most popular country on Earth. It just isn't fair.

A WAITRESS comes over, filling Todd's coffee cup. He picks up discarded copy of TIME Magazine from the booth next to them, flipping through it.

TODD

Face it. America's the world's best friend, and that's never going to change.

Amanda spots a small article in the magazine.

AMANDA

I wouldn't be so sure about that.

She leans in, reading.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
What the heck's a Kosovo?

EXT. MCDONALDS - SUNSET

Bradshaw holds the door as Novak and Cassie exit the restaurant onto the busy Washington street. They walk away, heads hanging low.

NOVAK
Damn it. That's the last non-White House location we were at today.

CASSIE
We're screwed.

BRADSHAW
Jesus. The last time this happened, we recovered the Biscuit in, like, three hours.

CASSIE	NOVAK
I'm sorry-	-Last time this happened?

NOVAK (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ, can he keep track of anything?

CASSIE
Isn't this information you think might have been HELPFUL before?

BRADSHAW
It wasn't Clinton. And it's actually happened twice before.

CASSIE
How do you know-

BRADSHAW
I've been on this job for twenty years. I've seen some wild shit.

NOVAK
When did this happen? And where the hell did they find the codes?

EXT. WASHINGTON HILTON HOTEL - DAY

It's 1981. President RONALD REAGAN waves to an assembled crowd as would-be assassin JOHN HINKLEY JR steps out, firing a quick shot into Reagan's torso.

BRADSHAW (V.O.)

The second time was when Reagan was shot. He got rushed to GW Hospital, and the nurses cut him out of his suit.

Despite what Long Jonathan said earlier, Reagan most definitely does NOT stab Hinkley to death with a pen. He just falls to the ground, limp.

INT. GEORGE WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL - DAY

A pair of bloody men's dress shoes sit outside a hospital room, a black piece of plastic inside.

BRADSHAW (V.O.)

They found the Biscuit in his shoes. Orderly put them out in the hallway. Thank God no one took them.

INT. DRY CLEANERS - DAY

Now it's 1979. A CLERK hangs up a wide-lapeled SUIT on a rack, ready to be cleaned.

BRADSHAW (V.O.)

The first time was when Jimmy Carter left them in a suit that got sent to the dry cleaners. It was a half hour before that peanut-farming simpleton realized what happened.

EXT. MCDONALDS - SUNSET

We're back in the present (well, 1998).

CASSIE

Somehow, that actually makes me feel better. Every president is terrible in their own special way.

BRADSHAW

I dunno, this administration seems
to take the cake in incompetence.
You heard our coworkers.

NOVAK

That's the great thing about our
country. Now matter how bad we try
to screw it up, it finds a way to
keep carrying on.

CASSIE

God bless America.

INT. BABIES-R-US - NIGHT

Todd and Amanda plow through the store, on the warpath. They
approach Swagnanamous, who's currently selling a car-seat to
a pair of YUPPIE PARENTS.

SWAGNANAMOUS

The important thing about the clip-
in system is-

AMANDA

None of them wanted to buy the
nuclear codes you son of a bitch!

Amanda is red with fury, squaring up against Swagnanamous.
The terrified yuppies scramble.

SWAGNANAMOUS

(annoyed)

Lady, you just screwed me out of a
twelve dollar commission! That's,
like, two meals at Sizzler!

TODD

All they did was laugh at us!

AMANDA

I've never been more simultaneously
proud and disgusted to call myself
an American!

SWAGNANAMOUS

Sorry, folks, but that's the way it
goes sometime.

AMANDA

We want our money back.

SWAGNANAMOUS

Hey, let's not say anything we can't take back. So plan A didn't work. But you know what? This is America! Plan A never works!

As patriotic strings swell-

SWAGNANAMOUS (CONT'D)

You think George Washington gave up when the Delaware river froze? You think Abraham Lincoln gave up when the South decided to succeed? You think the CIA gave up when black people started thriving in this country?

AMANDA

Uh, no?

SWAGNANAMOUS

You're damn right. They crossed that river. They fought the confederacy. They introduced crack and HIV into the inner cities. Because finding plan B is what America does best.

Swagnanamous wipes a tear from his eye.

AMANDA

We're way ahead of you.

SWAGNANAMOUS

I'm sorry?

Amanda pulls the copy of Time magazine out of her purse.

AMANDA

Do you know any Serbians?

Swagnanamous gives a long, low WHISTLE.

SWAGNANAMOUS

Now THAT'S what I'm talking about. I know the exact dude you wanna talk to. Plan B, baby!

INT. WHITE HOUSE - WEST WING - NIGHT

Novak approaches the Roosevelt room with Bradshaw and Cassie.

NOVAK

I'll be in there ten minutes. Don't go too far.

Novak places his hand on the door, about to enter. He pauses.

CASSIE

What's the hold-up?

NOVAK

Just... Thank you. Both of you. I know this is a pretty insane situation, but I like knowing that both of you are on my side.

He gives them a smile, entering-

INT. WHITE HOUSE - ROOSEVELT ROOM - NIGHT

The men in the room rise to greet Novak.

NOVAK

As-salamu alaykum, gentlemen.

The closest man extends his hand-

IT'S THE IRAQI ATTACHÉ.

IRAQI ATTACHÉ

Good to see you, Timothy.

NOVAK

(shaking hands)

Akeem, the pleasure is all mine. Mind if we keep this brief? I have a deadline I need to hit.

IRAQI ATTACHÉ

Are you OK, my friend? You look like you've had a hell of a day.

NOVAK

Funny thing is, you wouldn't believe me if I told you.

IRAQI ATTACHÉ

I know what you mean. I had the strangest thing happen to me today

NOVAK

Oh yeah?

IRAQI ATTACHÉ

A portly white man and his wife
came into my office and said they
wanted to sell me your country's
nuclear codes. Can you imagine?

Novak's face freezes.

NOVAK

I'm sorry?

IRAQI ATTACHÉ

They walk right in and tell us they
want to sell us launch codes. For
fifty thousand dollars! I have no
idea how they made it past our
secre-

Novak holds his hand up, silencing the Attaché.

NOVAK

Fat guy, around five eight, look of
total mediocrity? Wife have curly
brown hair?

IRAQI ATTACHÉ

Why, yes! Have you met them?

INT. WHITE HOUSE - WEST WING - NIGHT

An INTERN walks past the door.

NOVAK (O.S.)

SON OF A BITCH!

His shouting startles the Intern, papers flying all over the
hallway.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Scantily-clad club-goers shiver in a snaking, block-long
line. A heavy, tattooed BOUNCER works the velvet rope,
admitting a group of GW Sophomores.

BOUNCER

Enjoy night, ladies.

CLICK. The velvet rope's back up. The bouncer's eyes flick
down to his keyboard, then up at two people who definitely
aren't getting in.

BOUNCER (CONT'D)

No.

It's the Dulleses, not at all dressed for the occasion.

TODD

One admission, please.

BOUNCER

Club is at capacity. Come back
never.

AMANDA

Look, we're here to see-

Amanda pulls a CARD out of her purse, eyes squinting to make
out the writing.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Jez-di-mir Kuh-vij-ik?

The bouncer's eyes narrow. He leans in close.

BOUNCER

Why you ask for him? Who send you?

The bouncer nods at two LARGE MEN, who saunter over towards
the Dulleses.

AMANDA

Look, mister. We're here to do two
things: make money and meet Mr. Kuh-
who's-its.

TODD

Our good friend Swagnanamous sent
us here to talk to him.

BOUNCER

Swagnamamous? That son bitch?

The two large men lay hands on Todd and Amanda.

BOUNCER (CONT'D)

You know where take them.

TODD

Wait, we-

Todd and Amanda are YANKED forward, disappearing into the
door of the club.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Todd and Amanda enter a massive WAREHOUSE, teeming with activity, none of it legal. A slender, bald Serbian man stands on a metal walkway above, shouting directions.

SERBIAN MAN

Radic, easy with those, eh? Don't want to break merchandise.

The man spots Todd and Amanda below, smiling wide.

SERBIAN MAN (CONT'D)

You! Why you looking for Jezdimir?

AMANDA

Swagnanamous sent us.

SERBIAN MAN

Swagnanamous! He is best.

TODD

Are you Jez-di-whoosits?

The man bows. This is JEZDIMIR CVIJIC, in the flesh.

JEFF

Yes, but you call me by American name "Jeff."

He descends a metal staircase, reaching out and taking Todd's hand.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Pleased to meet you. Any friend of Swagnanamous is friend of mine.

Todd takes his hand.

TODD

I'm Todd. This is my wife, Amanda.

She sticks out her hand. Jeff bends over, kissing it.

JEFF

Very white. Is beautiful, yes?

AMANDA

Uh, yeah.

JEFF

Welcome to my home. Is good to have visitors. You just like me, living life of crime.

TODD
I wouldn't say-

Amanda elbows him.

TODD (CONT'D)
Oh, yeah. Sure do love crime. Arson
and crack and, uh, racketeering?

JEFF
You funny man, Todd. Like Frasier.
You know Frasier? He is man who
talks on radio, and father has dog?
He is fancy, and dog is not. Is
great comedy!

TODD
I love that show!

AMANDA
So, uh, what exactly do you do
here?

JEFF
I am small businessman just trying
to make it in big city. Now, what
can Jeff do for you? You buy crack?
Kalashnikov? Bean Children?

He extends his hand towards a shipping container with it's
doors open. Amanda's face lights up with excitement!

AMANDA
Oh my God! So many Beanie Babies!

There sure are. Dozens of clear plastic trash bags stuffed to
the brim with purple Princess Diana Beanie Babies.

JEFF
Yes! America love the bean
children. They are like animal, but
made of cloth. Look, I write word
song on ear.

Jeff reaches over, grabbing one of the bears. As he flips
open the tag-

JEFF (CONT'D)
"Hello. I am bear princess. I die
like pig in tunnel. Much sorrow."
You like?

AMANDA
Mmm hmm.

TODD

We're not actually here to buy, Mr. Jeff. We're here to sell.

JEFF

Interesting. What you have?

AMANDA

Well, sir, how would you feel about taking the United States of America down a peg or two?

INT. WAREHOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT

Jeff sits down behind a coke-stained desk, putting his feet on the table.

JEFF

Explain, Todd and Todd Wife.

AMANDA

Well, we're in something of a bind. We're looking to start a family, and we need a little bit of help to get there.

JEFF

Yes. Family is most important. Child is pure, full of love. Unless they Albanian. Then child full of deceit and wickedness.

AMANDA

Do you have children?

JEFF

I have son, very proud of him. He is at Hague now.

AMANDA

To cut to the chase, we need fifty thousand dollars.

Jeff whistles.

JEFF

That is lots of money, Todd Wife. What you have that worth that price?

AMANDA

We have something... sensitive. If it were to be released, the President, nay, the United States would be absolutely mortified.

JEFF

I like you, Todd Wife. You have courage. Like goat with handgun stapled to it.

AMANDA

Thank you?

JEFF

What is thing you talk about? Photo of President making blow job to himself?

TODD

It's kind oh, uh...

AMANDA

We might have accidentally gotten our hands on the United States nuclear codes.

Jeff's mouth goes slack, eyes bulging.

JEFF

You forgive me, my English is not great. When you say nuclear codes-

AMANDA

The codes the President has to say. To launch nuclear missiles. Which will kill everyone.

Jeff is completely silent. Todd and Amanda share a look - did they offend him?

AMANDA (CONT'D)

This is crazy, we never should have come. Thank you for your time, but we'll just-

JEFF

Todd Wife, every day I yell at God for two things. One is to have Serbia be cleansed of filth. Other is to make America pay for keeping me from killing filth myself.

(MORE)

JEFF (CONT'D)

Today, God listen to my screams and
give me everything I need in world.
You are family. I love you.

AMANDA

Oh. Well, in that case, we love you
too!

JEFF

Can I see codes?

TODD

We didn't bring them with us.

AMANDA

They're hidden. In a safe place. If
we can come to an agreement about
the right price, we can bring them
to you.

Jeff smiles wide.

JEFF

You are very smart man, wife.

AMANDA

Great! We'd need fifty thousand
dollars. Cash. Or I guess we could
accept a cashier's check.

JEFF

Yes. Good. I give to you.

AMANDA

Oh, OK. I guess just give us the
money, and then we'll go and get
the codes and get them back to you
in a jiffy.

JEFF

Apologize, but no, that not how
this work.

Jeff reaches into a drawer, pulling out a gold-plated PISTOL.
Todd and Amanda immediately sink in their chairs.

JEFF (CONT'D)

This is deal. Todd, you stay. I
like you. You good friend. Todd
Wife, you fetch codes and bring
back. I keep Todd as, what is word,
hostage? When Todd Wife bring
codes, then payment.

(MORE)

JEFF (CONT'D)

But if she not return, Todd maybe
gets shot in face. Deal?

Todd's as white as a sheet.

TODD

Amanda, you don't have to-

AMANDA

Yeah, I'll go get the codes. But
listen to me, mister Jeff. If you
hurt one hair on my husband's head,
you're going to be in a world of
trouble.

Jeff LAUGHS, waving the gun around.

JEFF

You spunky, like Frasier Wife, Roz.
Hurry up. We have deal to make.

EXT. TODD AND AMANDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Amanda hurries down the street, eyes blurry and ears ringing.
She's in complete shock. She makes it to the front door,
fumbling around for her keys.

AMANDA

(muttering)

Going to kill... Todd...

Behind her, we hear the telltale CLICK of a hand gun being
cocked.

BRADSHAW (O.S.)

Put your hands up!

Amanda's hands shoot up in the air, keys flying off into a
pile of slush.

AMANDA

Oh my God! Don't kill me! I'm a
teacher! I don't own anything
valuable!

Bradshaw emerges from the shadows, gun trained on Amanda.
Cassie and Novak creeps cautiously behind them.

NOVAK

You're in a lot of trouble Mrs.
Dulles.

Amanda's hands drop, tears welling up in her eyes.

AMANDA

You have no idea. Help me, please.

Tears roll down her cheeks. Novak and Bradshaw share a look, unsure about what to do.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

(quiet)

Please.

INT. TODD AND AMANDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Cassie brings a cup of coffee to a distraught Amanda as Novak and Bradshaw sit across from her.

AMANDA

I swear to God, we're not bad people. Sure, maybe we made a mistake today, but it's not like we're evil.

NOVAK

Just take it from the top, Mrs. Dulles.

AMANDA

Ok. So, when the President visited my classroom this morning, he accidentally dropped the Biscuit in our bathroom. One of my students tried to eat it but I took it from him and I didn't even know what it was! So I put it in my purse and then we went to the fertility doctor and he told Todd his sperm's retarded and it's going to be fifty thousand to have a baby and then you showed up and we were so scared but we didn't have the codes then because Nathan stole them so we stole them back from him but he bit Todd and then Long Jonathan introduced us to Swagnanamous who introduced us to Jeff who then took my husband hostage!

CASSIE

Sorry, was there a "retarded sperm" in there?

NOVAK

Sounds like you've had quite a day.

AMANDA

And now he's with that gangster,
probably being tortured all because
we want to have one lousy kid!

BRADSHAW

Mrs. Dulles, here's the facts as we
see them. You and your husband
found classified government
materials and then attempted to
sell them to America's enemies.

AMANDA

But it was for a good reason!

CASSIE

I'm sure the Rosenbergs said the
exact same thing.

AMANDA

It's OK, officer. Arrest me. I'll
go quietly.

Amanda sticks out her hands at Cassie, who looks at her
confused.

CASSIE

Uh, Bradshaw, what do I do in this
situation?

AMANDA

Aren't you with the Secret Service?

CASSIE

Well, technically I'm a speech
writer...

Amanda looks shocked.

AMANDA

Excuse me?

CASSIE

I mean, Bradshaw is totally secret
service. But Novak and I...

BRADSHAW

Mrs. Dulles, your cooperation is
essential to what happens next-

AMANDA

Hold on. Just hold on for one
frickin' second.

Amanda stands up, agitated.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
This isn't a secret service
investigation?

BRADSHAW
Not exactly.

AMANDA
I'm not under arrest.

BRADSHAW
Again, not exactly, but-

AMANDA
Because you can't arrest me,
because...

It dawns on her. A smile creeps across her face.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
...Nobody except us knows the codes
are missing.

NOVAK
Technically, you're correct.

AMANDA
Which means you need me just as
much as I need you.

NOVAK
Well-

AMANDA
Great. So you're going to help me
get my husband back.

The Feds share a look.

BRADSHAW
Your husband. Who's currently in
the process of committing treason.
Aided by you. Who's also actively
committing treason.

AMANDA
You say treason, I say opportunity.

NOVAK
Pretty sure it's treason either
way.

AMANDA

You don't want this getting out. If the press found out Clinton lost the nuclear codes...

The smile on her face widens.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Well, you'd all be out of a job, for starters.

Bradshaw curses under his breath. She's got them figured out.

BRADSHAW

Look, Mrs. Dulles, maybe we can come to an understanding...

AMANDA

Oh, I understand all right. You're going to help me rescue my husband from that Serbian lunatic, and then we're going to give you back the codes. And America's going to be just fine after all.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Amanda shivers as Novak, Bradshaw and Cassie join her in the queue.

AMANDA

This is it. The only way to save my husband.

BRADSHAW

Afraid so, Mrs. Dulles.

NOVAK

Don't worry. Get inside, make the switch, and walk out to the club. You get your husband back, we get the Biscuit, and America dodges a gigantic, scandalous bullet.

AMANDA

Ok. I can do this. I mean, I haven't been in a club since I was nineteen. I got thrown out for being too drunk. But I wasn't!

(MORE)

AMANDA (CONT'D)

I just really, really wanted to eat a stranger's chicken fingers while making whoopie with Todd in a bathroom stall. We'd just won a friggin' war!

CASSIE

I envy you and your husband. Truly.

NOVAK

It's not every wife who'd leverage the United States government to rescue her treasonous husband from a Serbian gangster.

AMANDA

I promised in our wedding vows that I'd save him from a burning building, giant dog attack or Pelican Brief. And so this seems right up our ally.

NOVAK

You're a brave woman, Mrs. Dulles.

AMANDA

You're darn right. Let's go get my husband back.

She walks away from the Feds towards the Bouncer, who escorts her past the velvet rope.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - BACK WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The bouncer leads Amanda into the cavernous space.

AMANDA

Oh, wow, this is quite impressive.

BOUNCER

Yes. Many crimes happen. You want baby? We can get you baby.

AMANDA

Tempting...

They pass the shipping container full of Beanie Babies. Amanda takes in the sight.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

They look so real!

The bouncer waits patiently as Amanda leans over the side, peering in.

BOUNCER

Yes. Very nice. I bring to Jeff
now?

Amanda sighs, leaning up and discretely palming one of the purple bears.

She follows the bouncer across the room, entering-

INT. NIGHTCLUB - JEFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jeff opens his arms, wide.

JEFF

Todd Wife! So glad you make it
back. You bring what I say, or do I
need murder husband first?

TODD

I don't think anyone's going to get
murdered today. Right, honey?

Amanda reaches into her purse, pulling out the damaged Princess Di bear.

AMANDA

Yeah, I've got it right here you...
Penis. Face.

JEFF

I not understand. You want buy Bean
Child?

She pulls the Biscuit out of the bear's slit, flashing it at Todd.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Oh. Is disguise! Like hair of
Niles!

AMANDA

My country's launch codes in the
palm of your hands.

TODD

Please, give to me.

Amanda lowers it into her purse.

AMANDA

Not so fast, buster. You owe us money. Fifty thousand dollars.

TODD

I give you something better: not having dead husband. Is good deal, yes?

TODD (CONT'D)

It's OK, Amanda. Just do what the man says and we'll walk out of here.

AMANDA

You want it? Fine.

She reaches into her bag, grabbing the bear and tossing it across the room.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Pleasure doing business with you.

She grabs Todd, hustling him out of the office.

Jeff crosses to the bear, picking it off the ground.

JEFF

OK, bear. You and me will make America pay for she's done-

He hold up the Beanie Baby - there's no hole in the side.

JEFF (CONT'D)

What?

He looks at the tag - IT'S ONE OF HIS KNOCKOFFS.

JEFF (CONT'D)

No!

Jeff draws his gun, sprinting after Todd and Amanda.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

They burst through the door onto the crowded dance floor, sending a club-goer SPRAWLING.

TODD

I knew you'd come back for me.

She gives Todd a quick kiss, moving forward.

AMANDA

How could I leave you behind? We've got a baby to make, mister.

TODD

I just wish, you know, we didn't have to betray the country to keep me alive.

AMANDA

Oh, don't worry about that.

She reaches into her purse, pulling out the damaged Beanie Baby.

TODD

I've never been more in love with you.

JEFF (O.S.)

Stop girl with bear!

They turn around, spotting a frenzied Jeff.

AMANDA

Ah, crap.

She glances across the room, spotting Bradshaw and Novak. They try to push across, but are stuck in the swarm of bodies.

THE MACARENA comes on the speakers. The place goes absolutely nuts. Jeff is gaining on them, pushing his way through the crowd.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

This way!

Amanda grabs Todd's hand, ducking and dodging as the crowd around them breaks into dance. Jeff lunges forward, grabbing Amanda's shoulder.

JEFF

Bear. Now.

Amanda raises her hands - nothing there. Jeff spins around as Cassie, in the middle of the crowd, dances.

JEFF (CONT'D)

No!

He rushes towards Cassie, but spots the bear being passed to Bradshaw, who passes it to Novak. Novak crosses his arms and jumps. By the time his arms shoot back out, the bear is gone.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Where did-

Amanda and Todd are now on the other side of the dance floor, bear in hand.

AMANDA

Got it!

TODD

Come on, let's get out of here.

AMANDA

It's this-

CLICK.

JEFF (O.S.)

Not so fast, Todd Wife

Jeff's gun is pointed directly at Amanda's head. The Dulleses freeze.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Give me codes. Now.

Bradshaw draws his gun, aiming at Jeff.

BRADSHAW

Secret Service! Freeze!

The gangster spins Amanda around, holding her in a death grip with his gun against her temple.

JEFF

Oh no, Uncle Sam! You not stopping me.

BLAM BLAM. Jeff fires towards the ceiling, hitting a speaker. The crowd SCREAMS, turning the dance floor into complete chaos. Bradshaw, Novak and Cassie move in, pushing their way past panicked bodies.

BRADSHAW

Get him!

They finally reach the Dulleses, finding Todd, alone.

BRADSHAW (CONT'D)

Shit!

SLAM. A heavy metal door closes violently behind the bar.

TODD
This way!

INT. NIGHTCLUB - BACK WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Jeff hurries Amanda through the warehouse, panicked.

AMANDA
Let me go, you jerk!

JEFF
Quiet, Todd Wife!

He points towards two of his goons, screaming.

JEFF (CONT'D)
(in Serbian)
We're getting the hell out of here!
Get the van ready!

TODD (O.S.)
Amanda!

AMANDA
Todd!

Jeff shoves Amanda towards an idling van as his goons toss a trash bag full of Beanie Babies in the cargo area.

JEFF
Where are manners? Please, get in
car or get bullet in face.

Amanda crawls into the passenger seat and Jeff hops behind the wheel.

AMANDA
Help me!

VROOM. The engine turns over, Jeff gunning the van towards a garage door. SMASH. The van plows through, tearing off into the street.

BRADSHAW
Damn it!

NOVAK
How are we supposed to catch them
now?

Todd scans the room, eyes landing on a bright red MUSTANG.

TODD

Heck yeah.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The van sprints through dark, empty streets. It takes a corner hard, lifting on two wheels before coming back down to earth.

JEFF (O.S.)

I should have known Todd a rat.
Just like Fraiser's enemy, Maris.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Jeff's sweaty and wild-eyed, swerving the van across the median. Amanda sits next to him, terrified.

AMANDA

Why don't we just stop and give the
nice government people the nuclear
codes and everything will be OK and
we all stay alive?

JEFF

I don't think so, Todd Wife. You
have given me the key to humiliate
Serbia's second-greatest enemy
after the hated Albanians. I refuse
to let it go.

VROOM. A red BLOB approaches behind them. Amanda and Jeff look in the rear-view mirrors.

AMANDA

Todd!

JEFF (CONT'D)

American scum!

The Mustang gains on the van, grazing the back bumper.

INT. MUSTANG - NIGHT

Todd's behind the wheel. Bradshaw sits next to him, with Novak and Cassie crammed into the barely-existent back seat.

TODD

I'm coming, Amanda!

WHAM. The car slams into the back of the van, bumper catching on bumper.

BRADSHAW
Easy there, Sandra Bullock. No need
to go over 50.

NOVAK
Throttle down, Todd.

TODD
Uh, there's a problem. I can't.

BRADSHAW
What do you mean?

TODD
The cars are stuck together.

They all look forward, confirming Todd's theory.

BRADSHAW
Son of a bitch!

INT. VAN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Jeff tries to gun the gas, but it's no use.

JEFF
My friend Todd! He has betrayed me!

He YANKS the wheel to the right, disconnecting from the
chasing vehicle.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The van pulls away from the Mustang, nearly crashing into a
light poll. Jeff steers away at the last moment, missing it
by inches.

The Mustang pulls up next to the van, Todd rolling down the
window.

TODD
Amanda! Are you OK?

AMANDA
He's crazy, Todd! He's going to
kill me!

TODD
I need you to jump!

AMANDA
What? No way!

TODD
Trust me! I'll catch you!

Jeff notices the open window, pulling out his pistol.

JEFF
Die, Maris!

BLAM. The bullet sails past Amanda, splattering open one of the Mustang's tail lights.

Jeff turns the van hard left, arriving on-

EXT. ARLINGTON MEMORIAL BRIDGE - NIGHT

Todd pulls up to the van again, but Jeff side-swipes him. The Mustang's front tire blows out, the car rolling to a stop. Inside the van, Jeff looks victorious.

JEFF
Todd is defeated! Government is ruined! Serbia shall be avenged!

AMANDA
It might not be perfect, but it's my country, buster!

WHAM. Amanda slugs Jeff in the jaw. He recoils, taking his hand off the Beanie Baby. Amanda grab for it-

But she isn't quick enough.

Jeff grabs her wrist, squeezing it with all his might.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Let go! You're hurting me!

His face is contorted, a lethal combination of desperation and hate.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
(quiet)
Plan B.

JEFF
What?

Amanda reaches her right arm over, yanking the steering wheel hard. The van lunges right, colliding with cement and then floating, effortlessly, through the air.

Back at the Mustang, Todd looks on in horror.

TODD

Amanda!

The van slowly, surely, gracefully descends towards-

EXT. POTOMAC RIVER - NIGHT

SPLOOSH. The van nosedives into the river, slamming Amanda and Jeff into the windshield. It begins sinking, water flooding in through the open window.

AMANDA

Todd-

Frigid water pours into her mouth, drowning out her words.

On the bridge above, the Mustang rolls to a stop, Todd and the Feds rushing to the now-destroyed railing.

TODD

No!

He spins around to the others, terrified.

TODD (CONT'D)

She... The river... In the car.

Todd turns back to the river, making up his mind.

He gulps in a lungful of air, then JUMPS, descending into the river below. Bradshaw and Novak look at each other, deciding the right thing to do. They JUMP IN AFTER TODD.

Todd's underwater, Bradshaw and Novak plunging in after him. They swim to the sinking van, finding Amanda inside, struggling with her seat belt. Jeff's passed out next to her, head bashed open by the steering wheel.

Novak swims over, helping Todd pry open the door. Bradshaw pulls a KNIFE out of his belt it slides through the end of the seat belt, freeing Amanda's body. Her eyes are hazy - not looking good.

Todd and Novak wiggle her out of the passenger seat, hooking her around their shoulders and kicking up towards the surface as the van (and Jeff) descends into the darkness.

They break through the surface, paddling as hard as they can towards shore.

NOVAK

Cassie!

They make it to shore as Cassie rushes down, helping the guys get Amanda out of the water.

TODD
Amanda! Wake up!

He shakes his wife, but there's no response. Bradshaw lays her down on the grass as Cassie bends over, compressing Amanda's chest.

BRADSHAW
Stay with us...

Cassie pumps Amanda's chest, leaning over to give her mouth to mouth.

TODD
(crying)
Wake up, Amanda. Wake up.

BLORP. Amanda coughs water directly into Cassie's face, sitting up with a jolt.

CASSIE
Jesus Christ!

AMANDA
Where... How did... Todd?

Todd lunges forward, hugging his wife. Bradshaw and Novak look on, smiling.

NOVAK
Never thought I'd be this
emotionally invested in a couple of
traitors.

Cassie slugs him in the arm. He smiles.

AMANDA
Thank you.

TODD
It was a group effort.

BRADSHAW
Mrs. Dulles, I'm almost sorry to
ask, but what happened to the
codes?

Amanda smiles, reaching into her cleavage and pulling out-

A WATERLOGGED PRINCESS DI BEANIE BABY.

AMANDA

I believe we had a deal.

She hands the bear to Novak. His eyes light up - he's never held this much power in his hands before.

NOVAK

Your country thanks you for your service. Needless to say-

AMANDA

This never happened.

NOVAK (CONT'D)

This never happened.

NOVAK (CONT'D)

Goodbye, Mr. And Mrs. Dulles. I genuinely hope we never see each other again.

AMANDA

Us too.

And with that, the Feds depart down the street. The Dulles sit for a moment, catching their breath.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

I don't mean to be a bother, sweetie, but I'm literally freezing to death out here.

TODD

Right. Let me check the car, see if there's a blanket or something.

Todd heads to the idling Mustang, popping the trunk and looking inside.

TODD (CONT'D)

What the-

AMANDA

Everything ok?

Todd reaches into the truck, grabbing something.

ZIIIIIP.

TODD

Amanda?

AMANDA

What?

Todd pulls out a duffel bag, opening it to show Amanda.

IT'S STUFFED TO THE BRIM WITH CASH.

TODD

I think we're going to be parents
after all.

Amanda SCREAMS as Todd runs the bag of money over, embracing
her.

AMANDA

(quiet)

There is nothing more important
than family.

TODD

Thanks Bill Clinton.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - NOVAK'S OFFICE - MORNING

POP. Novak opens a bottle of champagne, taking a swig.

NOVAK

We did it! We prevented the biggest
presidential scandal of all time!

He tips the bottle towards Bradshaw.

NOVAK (CONT'D)

Celebratory "America's not boned"
drink?

BRADSHAW

Ah, screw it. We earned this.

Bradshaw grabs the bottle, taking a swig.

NOVAK

Thank you, Bradshaw. For
everything. Really.

BRADSHAW

Don't mention it. And for what it's
worth, the biggest mistake the
Republicans ever made was driving
you out of their party. You're a
good man, Novak.

He sticks out his hand. Novak takes it, shaking heartily.

BRADSHAW (CONT'D)

I can't wait to see the look on
Silva's face when we hand these
over to him.

He hands the bottle back to Novak.

NOVAK

Cassie, you want a sip? Or are you too busy measuring your new office for drapes?

Cassie sits at Novak's desk, using his computer.

CASSIE

I'll pass. Still have to make those changes to the SOTU speech, remember?

NOVAK

You're no fun.

CLICK.

CASSIE

I think it might be a little to early to celebrate.

NOVAK

What are you talking about? We found the Biscuit. We saved this administration from itself. It's a happy ending.

CASSIE

Not exactly.

Cassie spins around the computer monitor. It shows a stark, black and white web page - THE DRUDGE REPORT. A large, black-text headline reads "BLOCKBUSTER REPORT: 23-YEAR OLD, FORMER WHITE HOUSE INTERN, SEX RELATIONSHIP WITH PRESIDENT."

NOVAK (O.S.)

Ah, shit.