

THE BISCUIT

Based On A Historical Footnote

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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 girl 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. Ginnifer 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-

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.)  
*Sanquis 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  
Yes? AMANDA  
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.

RIIIING.

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

NOVAK

Tough.

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 IMMEDIATELY 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.

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

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  
I'm sorry- NOVAK  
-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 ATTACHE.

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

NOVAK  
Oh yeah?

IRAQI ATTACHE

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 ATTACHE

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 ATTACHE

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

Scantly-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  
Swagnanamous? 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?  
Kalashnakov? 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 whoopee 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

SPLASH. 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-

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 truck and looking inside.

What the- TODD (CONT'D)

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 too 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.