THE WEST WING

"Pilot"

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FINAL DRAFT

February 6, 1998
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THE WEST WING

"Pilot"

SETS

INTERIORS:

FOUR SEASON HOTEL
(GEORGETOWN)

LEO JACOBI'S DINING ROOM

LAURIE'S APARTMENT
Bedroom

WHITE HOUSE
Northwest Executive Entrance
Oval Office
Leo's Office
Press Briefing Room
Josh's Office
Roosevelt Room
Press Office
Press Secretary's Office
White House Mess
West Wings Hallway
Outer Office
Sam's Office
Corridor
Main Hall
Map Room

INT. GLASS OFFICE BUILDING
Office Corridor
Mandy's Office

RESTAURANT

EXTERNALS:

AFFLUENT STREET IN
CHEVY CHASE

GEORGETOWN

WHITE HOUSE

GLASS OFFICE BUILDING
(CONNECTICUT AVENUE)

UPSSCALE RESTAURANT
THE WEST WING

"Pilot"

CAST

SAM

BILLY

LEO

MRS. JACOBI

C.J.

MARTY

LAURIE

SECURITY OFFICER

DONNA

JOSH

MRS. LANDINGHAM

BONNIE

MARGARET

TOBY

STAFFER

REPORTER #1

ECONOMIST #1 (FRED)

ECONOMIST #2 (LUTHER)

MANDY

DAISY

MOVING MAN

RECEPTIONIST

CHRIS

STAFFER #1

STAFFER #2

CATHY

STUDENT #1

STUDENT #2

MALLORY

CALDWELL

VAN DYKE

MARY MARSH

BARTLET

WOMAN
INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL (GEORGETOWN) - NIGHT

The well-dressed and powerful are having after-dinner drinks in the hotel bar. SAM SEABORN, 31, is at a table having a conversation with a REPORTER he'd rather not be having. What Sam would rather be doing is talking to one of the two women at the bar, particularly the one who seems to be checking him out.

SAM
I don't think we're gonna run the table, if that's what you're asking.

REPORTER (BILLY)
It's not what I'm asking.

SAM
I know.

BILLY
Deep background. I'm not gonna come close to using your name.

SAM
You're not gonna come close to getting a quote, either.

BILLY
Why are we sitting here?

SAM
You sat down.

BILLY
Is Lyman on his way out?

SAM
I'm not talking about this, Billy.

BILLY
Who do I call? C'mon, just tell me who to talk to.

SAM
Well you could dial 1-800 BITE ME.

SAM --

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

SAM
Joshua Lyman's not going anywhere,
Billy, it's a non-story.

BILLY
You're lying now, aren't you.

SAM
Gee, Billy, that hurts. Why would
I lie to a reporter of all people?
Is that woman looking at me?

BILLY
Where?

SAM
Be cool. At the bar.
Billy turns 180 degrees in his seat and looks at her.

BILLY
Yeah. I think she was for a
second.

SAM
And I wanna thank you for the
casual way you did that just now.
She probably didn't notice that.

CUT TO:

EXT. AFFLUENT STREET IN CHEVY CHASE - DAWN

The sun is just beginning to rise over a large tudor.

INT. LEO JACOBI'S DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

LEO JACOBI, 55 and professorial is eating cereal and
working on the crossword. His coffee cup is re-filled by
a maid.

LEO
Seventeen across is wrong. It's
just wrong, you believe that?

MRS. JACOBI steps in from the kitchen.

MRS. JACOBI
Telephone, Leo.

LEO
I'm in the shower.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

MRS. JACOBI

It's Potus.

Leo puts down the crossword and goes into the kitchen as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. GEORGETOWN - DAWN

C.J. CREGG is jogging down the sidewalk past the empty stores in the village. She's 38, compact and athletic and as she passes TWO MEN opening up a Starbucks, her BEEPER GOES OFF.

MAN #1 (MARTY)
Hey, C.J., how's it goin' this morning?

C.J.
(consulting beeper)
Not too bad, Marty. Listen, could I possibly use your phone?

MARTY
Sure.

CUT TO:

INT. LAURIE'S BEDROOM - LATER

LAURIE, the woman at the hotel bar, is sitting up in bed and smoking a joint. Sam steps out of the bathroom having just taken a shower.

SAM
The water pressure in there is really impressive.

LAURIE
I know.

SAM
You could run hydraulics in there.

LAURIE
(re: pot)
You want some?

SAM
I'm fine.

(CONTINUED)
LAURIE
I’m wasted.

SAM
And probably free of cataracts.

LAURIE
I get that. That’s funny.

SAM
Thank you.

LAURIE
(remembering)
Oh God. Oh wait. I’m sorry --
your message -- your pager went
off when you were in the shower.
I thought it was mine so I hit the
button.

Sam takes a look at the message --

LAURIE
’Potus in a bicycle accident.
Come to the office.’

Sam starts getting dressed.

LAURIE
I memorized it in case I erased it
by accident. Like I said, I’m
completely baked and -- though I
want you to know it’s not like I’m
a drug person. I just love pot.

SAM
Listen, Laurie, I gotta go.

LAURIE
It’s -- you’re kidding. It’s 5:30
in the morning.

Sam is throwing on his shirt and jacket.

SAM
I know this doesn’t look good --

LAURIE
Not that good, no.

SAM
I really like you and if you give
me your number, I’d like to call
you.

(CONTINUED)
LAURIE
Stay right here and you save yourself a call.

SAM
And it's not that I don't see the logic, but I gotta go.

LAURIE
'Cause Potus was in a bicycle accident?

SAM
Yes.

Laurie picks up the pad and pen from the night table and scratches out her number. She stands up and places it in Sam's breast pocket as she plants a kiss on him.

LAURIE
Tell your friend Potus that he's got a funny name.

SAM
I would, but he's not my friend, he's my boss. And it's not his name, it's his title.

LAURIE
'Potus'?

SAM
President of the United States. (grabbing his coat) I'll call you.

SMASH CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES.

END OF TEASER
ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. WHITE HOUSE/NORTHWEST EXECUTIVE ENTRANCE - MORNING

Leo passes the metal detector.

SECURITY OFFICER

It's a nice morning, Mr. Jacobi.

LEO

Well we'll take care of that in a hurry, won't we, Mike?

SECURITY OFFICER

Yes sir.

Leo starts walking through the corridors of the West Wing toward his office. Office doors are open along the hallways and staffers walk in and out. CNN and C-SPAN are on monitors.

Leo pops his head into an outer office and calls to the back --

LEO

(calling)

Josh!

DONNATELLA MOSS, Josh's assistant, walks in the door behind Leo. 25 and sexy without trying too hard, DONNA is devoted to Josh.

DONNA

'Morning, Leo.

LEO

Hey, Donna, is he in yet?

DONNA

Yeah.

LEO

(beat)

Can you get him?

DONNA

(shouting)

Josh!

LEO

Thanks.

(CONTINUED)
JOSHUA LYMAN shows himself in his office doorway and indicates that he’s on the phone and he’ll be just a second. A youthful 38, Josh is Deputy Chief of Staff and a highly regarded brain.

DONNA
What’s the deal with the President?

LERO
They think it’s just a sprain. He should be back later today.

DONNA
What happened?

LERO
He was swerving to avoid a tree.

DONNA
And what happened?

LERO
He was unsuccessful.

JOSH
Hey.

LERO
How may Cubans exactly have crammed themselves into these fishing boats?

JOSH
It’s important to understand, Leo, that by and large, they’re not fishing boats. You say fishing boats and you conjure an image of, well, a boat, first of all. What the Cubans are on would charitably be described as rafts. Okay? They’re making the hop from Havana to Miami in fruit baskets basically, let’s just be clear on that.

LERO
We are, and I think we all know where you stand.

JOSH
Donna’s desk, if it could float, would look good to them right now.

(Continued)
LEO
I get it. How many are there?

JOSH
We don’t know.

LEO
What time exactly did they leave?

JOSH
We don’t know.

LEO
Do we know when they get here?

JOSH
No.

LEO
True or false: If I were to stand on high ground in Key West with a good pair of binoculars, I’d be as informed as I am right now.

JOSH
That’s true.

LEO
The Intelligence budget’s money well spent, isn’t it?

JOSH
Send the Coast Guard, Leo, come on.

LEO
The Coast Guard --

JOSH
I understand, but they’re never gonna make it to our territorial waters.

LEO
(quieter)
How’re you doing?

JOSH
I’m hanging in. Did he say anything?

LEO
Did he say anything?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (3)

LEO (CONT'D)
The President's pissed as hell at you, Josh, and so am I.

JOSH
I know.

LEO
We gotta work with these people, where the hell do you get off struttin' your --

JOSH
I know.

Leo takes a breath.

LEO
Al Caldwell's a good man.

JOSH
Al Caldwell wasn't there.

LEO
I'm saying you take everyone on the religious right, dump 'em into one big pile and label 'em stupid. When you piss off Mary Marsh, you piss off Al Caldwell and Caldwell is Mrs. Bartlet's man on teen pregnancy.

JOSH
It was stupid.

LEO
Yeah.

(beat)
Anyway. Hang in there.

Leo takes off down the hallway --

JOSH
I was right, though.

LEO
(over his shoulder)
Like I don't know that.

CUT TO:
Leo steps into the outer office where the President’s private secretary, MRS. LANDINGHAM is at work with two young aides.

MRS. LANDINGHAM
Oh, Mr. Jacobi, have they done an X-ray?

LEO
Yeah.

MRS. LANDINGHAM
Is anything broken?

LEO
A $4,000 state of the art Lynex titanium touring bike that I swore I’d never lend anyone.

MRS. LANDINGHAM
I don’t understand. Did he --

LEO
The President’s a clutz, Mrs. Landingham, he’s a spaz.

MRS. LANDINGHAM
Mr. Jacobi, you know how I feel about that kind of talk in the oval office.

LEO
Yes, and I’m --

MRS. LANDINGHAM
Just in this room, is all I’m asking.

LEO
Yes. Bonnie --

BONNIE, one of the aides, follows Leo with a notepad through the Oval Office and the adjoining offices.

LEO
Could you call O.E.O.B. and tell them I can brief the Vice-President on the President’s condition, and let’s coordinate with Katey Simons office on the appointments, maybe we can hand some off to senior staff.

(CONTINUED)
BONNIE
Should I get everybody in?

LEO
Yeah.
(to his secretary)
Margaret, call the editor of the
New York Times crossword and tell
him that ‘Khaddafi’ is spelled
with an ‘H’ and two ‘D’‘s and
isn’t a seven letter word for
anything.

MARGARET
Is this for real or is this just
funny?

LEO
Apparently it’s neither.

CUT TO:

INT. LEO’S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS ACTION

The White House Chief of Staff gets a nice office with a
patio facing the South Lawn. A platter of pastry and
coffee is on the table as the senior staff members start
to filter in for their morning meeting.

8 or 10 staffers sit around the room with a few aides
standing nearby. From time to time a secretary will slip
in and hand someone a written message to be glanced over.

C.J. Cregg, the pretty, athletic jogger we met earlier,
is the White House Press Secretary and enters in a
business suit. She’s with TOBY ZIEGLER, 40′s, a rumpled
and sleepless Communications Director. They join Sam,
the Deputy Communications Director.

This is a close, if sometimes acrimonious group with Leo
a leader much respected.

C.J.
Is there anything I can say other
than the President rode his
bicycle into a tree?

LEO
He hopes never to do it again.

Josh enters with Donna.

(CONTINUED)
C.J.
Seriously, they’re laughing pretty hard down there.

LEO
He rode a bicycle into a tree
C.J., what do you want me to --
'The President, while riding a bicycle on his vacation in Jackson Hole, came to an arboreal stop' -- what do you want from me? Sam, what do we know about the Cubans?

SAM
I don’t know any more than Josh. Somewhere between 1200 and 2000 Cubans began embarking from a fishing village about 30 miles down the coast from Havana.

STAFFER
Where are they headed?

JOSH
Atlantic City.

SAM
Miami, though it’s not clear how sophisticated their navigational equipment --

JOSH
Navigational equipment -- 'That way’s north' is pretty much what we’re --

TOBY
Forget the voyage, okay, the journey is not our problem.

C.J.
What’s our problem?

TOBY
What to do when the Nina, the Pinta and the Get-Me-the-Hell-Outa-Here hit Miami.

LEO
Sam?

(CONTINUED)
SAM
We can cross our fingers and hope they have a valid passport, work visa and driver’s license.

LEO
Sam --

SAM
We can’t send ’em back. They’ll go to jail if they’re lucky.

TOBY
We’ll be lynched in -- what -- at least --

SAM
-- probably three Congressional districts.

TOBY
No way do we take the seats we want in Florida.

JOSH
To say nothing of the fact that it’s wrong.

SAM
Plus that.

JOSH
What about Texas?

SAM
I hear ya but I wouldn’t worry about it.

LEO
Sam, I want you to stay on this throughout the day. Keep Josh in the loop.

SAM
The thing is, my day’s a little tight right now --

TOBY
Deal with it.

SAM
And I’m happy to, but isn’t this -- (CONTINUED)
LEO

Sam --

SAM
No, I'm just saying isn't this more of a military area?

TOBY
Military?

SAM
Yeah.

TOBY
You think the United States is under attack from 1200 Cubans in row boats?

SAM
I'm not saying I don't like our chances.

TOBY
It's mind-boggling to me that we ever won an election.

LEO
Pat Thomas doesn't know whether to call up the Guard. We're gonna set up a conference call in a half-hour.

JOSH
He shouldn't.

SAM
They're not gonna be strong enough to cause trouble.

C.J.
You send in the Guard and you create a panic situation.

TOBY
I agree with Josh and I agree with Sam and I agree with C.J. and you know how that makes me crazy.

LEO
Yeah I do.

(CONTINUED)
Toby
They're running for their lives.
You don't have to start a game of 'Red Rover, Red Rover' with Castro, but you don't send the National Guard. You send food. And you send doctors.

Leo
Sam, see that I.N.S. is working with the Red Cross and the Centers for Disease Control.

Sam
Our point guy from C.D.C.'s on the phone right now, I can --

Leo
Go talk to him.

Sam
(over)
-- talk to him.

Sam exits down the hallway --

Leo
Moving on...

CUT TO:

Int. Press Briefing Room - Day

A dozen or so Reporters are standing and sitting about, mostly talking to each other. A few are in the back on lap tops and telephones.

Billy is holding court with three Reporters.

Reporter #1
I think you're wrong.

Billy
I had drinks with Sam Seaborn last night.

Reporter #1
Seaborn said Lyman's getting fired?

Billy
That's not what I said.

(Continued)
C.J. steps up to the podium with some papers --

C.J.
(calling them to sit)
Folks.

Two aides begin passing out press packets --

REPORTER #1
The President'll take him behind the woodshed, but he's not gonna fire him.

C.J.
Good morning. Dr. Ronald Haymen, H-A-Y-M-E-N, Chief of Obstetrics at Case Western Hospital, has diagnosed the President with a mild sprain in his left ankle, sustained while cycling into a large tree. The details can be found in the copies of the pool report that Linda and Suzanne are distributing, along with pool photographs of President Bartlet resisting the help of a Secret Service agent, then falling down again. By all means, enjoy yourselves. Item 2:

REPORTER
C.J. --

C.J.
It's a light day, Chris, let's just get through this then I'll take a couple of questions.

CUT TO:

INT. JOSH'S OFFICE - DAY

Josh is at his desk, playing a videotape back and forth on a television monitor. The tape is of his previous night's appearance on Meet the Press. He appears opposite a well-groomed, middle-aged woman named MARY MARSH.

MARY MARSH (V.O.)
(on TV)
Not any God I pray to, Mr. Lyman.
Not any God I pray to.

(CONTINUED)
JOSH (V.O.)
(on TV)
Lady, the God you pray to is too
busy getting indicted for tax
fraud.

And just as Mary Marsh starts to have a cow, Josh stops
the tape, re-winds it, and starts to play it again.

Josh looks up. Donna's standing in the doorway with a
mug of coffee. Josh stops the tape.

DONNA
You shouldn't have worn that tie
on television. It bleeds.

JOSH
I don't think the tie was what got
me in trouble.

DONNA
Yeah, but I've told you a zillion
times.

JOSH
What's that?

DONNA
It's coffee.

JOSH
I thought so.

DONNA
I brought you some coffee.

JOSH
What's going on, Donna?

DONNA
Nothing's going --

JOSH
Donna --

DONNA
I brought you some coffee.

JOSH
Close the door.

Donna closes the inner office door,
JOSH
Donatella Moss. When did you start working for me?

DONNA
During the campaign.

JOSH
And how long have you been my assistant?

DONNA
Two and a half years.

JOSH
And when was the last time you brought me a cup of coffee?

Donna thinks...

JOSH
It was never, you've never brought me a cup of coffee.

DONNA
(picking up mug)
If you're gonna make a big deal out of --

JOSH
Donna. If I get fired I get fired.

There's a knock at the door.

TOBY
It's Toby.

DONNA
(quietly)
You won that election for him. You and Leo and C.J. and Sam.

TOBY (O.S.)
Open the damn door.

DONNA
(nodding at door)
And him.

Donna opens the door.

JOSH
Thanks for the coffee.
DONNA
You’re welcome.

She goes to her desk.

TOBY
Donna brought you coffee?

DONNA
(over her shoulder)
Shut up.

Toby steps into the office.

JOSH
What’s up?

TOBY
What’d I say before you went on the air yesterday?

JOSH
Don’t get cute with Mary Marsh.

TOBY
I said don’t get cute with Mary Marsh. I said Al Caldwell’s not to be treated like a revival tent clown.

JOSH
Al Caldwell wasn’t there.

TOBY
He was sure as hell watching.

JOSH
Toby, I already took Leo’s morning beating, what do you want from me?

TOBY
I want you to keep your job.

JOSH
How?

TOBY
I’m gonna make a suggestion that I think might help you out. But I don’t want this gesture to be mistaken for an indication that I like you.
JOSH
I understand.

TOBY
(carefully)
In preparation for a Sunday morning radio address on family values, my office --

JOSH
When did that get on the schedule?

TOBY
Listen to me --

JOSH
When did it get on the schedule?

TOBY
It’s the regular Sunday morning --

JOSH
Yeah, but when did we schedule family values?

TOBY
We scheduled it, Josh, after you gave your smug, taunting, you know, calamitous performance on ‘Meet the Press.’
(beat)
America for Better Families, the AAF and Al Caldwell, Mary Marsh, I invited them for a coffee this afternoon with a couple of the speech writers to talk about --

JOSH
What they want to hear.

TOBY
Yes.

JOSH
Ssh. If you listen carefully you can hear two centuries of presidents rolling over in their --

TOBY
Come to the meeting.

JOSH
No. (CONTINUED)
TOBY
Come to the meeting and be nice.

JOSH
Why?

TOBY
So C.J. can put it in the papers.
(beat)
I'm in charge of the message
around here. It's my job to tell
the President that the smartest
thing he can do from a P.R.
standpoint is show you the door.
(beat)
Come to the meeting. Be nice.
Keep your job.

JOSH
(pause)
Yeah, I'll be there.

Toby turns to leave --

TOBY
Oh look at this.

Toby takes out a small newspaper clipping --

JOSH
What's that?

TOBY
One of the kids in the news office
clipped it from the Journal.
Guess who left Lennox/Chase to
start consulting in town?

Josh looks over the article...

TOBY
She's leasing office space at the
D.N.C., she's just moving in
today.

JOSH
Who's she working for?

TOBY
I'm checking it out.

Josh looks at it a moment longer... smiles...

JOSH
It's a good picture of her.

END OF ACT ONE

FADE OUT.
ACT TWO

FADE IN:

11 EXT. WHITE HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - DAY

CUT TO:

12 INT. ROOSEVELT ROOM - DAY

A meeting between Leo and some economic advisors is just breaking up.

LEO
The President's gonna read this W.B.O. revenue analysis and say that his Council of Economic Advisors were put on the planet to make astrologers look good.

Josh slips into the room --

ECONOMIST #1
Talk to the man at Treasury.

LEO
Luther. Ball park. One year from today. Where's the Dow?

ECONOMIST #2 (LUTHER)
Tremendous. Up a thousand points.

LEO
Fred. One year from today.

ECONOMIST #1 (FRED)
Not good. Down a thousand.

LEO
A year from now, one of you is gonna look pretty stupid.

LUTHER
No doubt about that.

LEO
(ushering them out the door)
Get out. Go.

The Economists say their good-byes and leave as Sam slips in...

(CONTINUED)
SAM
(to Josh)
There’s a storm system moving into
the South Florida area.

LEO
See, with any luck the Cubans’ll
turn around and live to defect
another day.

JOSH
Yeah, ’cause they’re probably all
tuned to the National Weather
Service, but that’s not what I’m
here for.

LEO
What’s on your mind?

JOSH
We gotta look at the whole field
for just a second ’cause I think
there’s a chance we’re about to
get tagged.

LEO
With regard to what?

JOSH
Re-election. Don’t let Lloyd
Russell push the President over to
the right.

LEO
Lloyd Russell?

JOSH
Yeah.

LEO
You take him seriously?

SAM
His numbers are starting to get
impressive.

JOSH
Hollywood likes him. He can raise
money.

LEO
It’s too early for him to run.
He’ll wait out another term in the
Senate.

(CONTINUED)
JOSH
30 second hypothetical. You're Lloyd Russell, newly-crowned prince of the white suburban woman, upper middle-class black man and the environmental lobby. You're young, professorial, telegenic and connected, and you're no friend of the sitting President. What do you think?

LEO
Think about running for president, but --

JOSH
And if you're thinking about it, who do you call?

LEO
You.

JOSH
I've got a job.

LEO
For the moment.

JOSH
Who do you get?

LEO
Well I'd never get her 'cause she's making 650,000 dollars a year at Lennox/Chase, but I'd get Mandy Hampton.

JOSH
You'd be smart.

LEO
I should give her a call, we lost touch after the campaign.

JOSH
You're in luck.

LEO
Is she in Washington?

JOSH
She just got here today.
LEO
What's she doing?

JOSH
Working for Lloyd Russell.

It takes Leo about two seconds to take this in... he opens the door and calls across the hall.

LEO
Margaret, get Senator Russell's office on the phone.

Josh and Sam start down the hall together...

SAM
How you doin'?

JOSH
I wish everybody'd stop asking me that.

SAM
I'm not everybody.

JOSH
I'm fine.

SAM
(smiling)
Mandy's in town.

JOSH
Yeah.

SAM
I wouldn't worry about it. She's probably just here 'cause she wants your job.

Sam goes into his office as we --

CUT TO:

EXT. GLASS OFFICE BUILDING (CONN. AVE.) - DAY

as we ESTABLISH the Washington business district.

CUT TO:
as a MOVING MAN pushes a dolly loaded with cartons past a RECEPTIONIST and down the hall. He stops when he gets to Suite 1401, where a workman is putting the finishing touches on the office door stencil reading: MADELINE HAMPTON CONSULTING.

The office is smaller than what Mandy’s grown used to, and at the moment, nearly every square foot of it is covered by moving cartons. Stacks of them. Everywhere.

In the middle of it stands MANDY HAMPTON, a fine-looking, instantly-likable woman in her mid-to-late-30s. With her is her assistant, DAISY REESE, a chain-smoking 25-year-old super-brain.

Daisy is looking at her boss and mentor, waiting to hear her take on the office space dilemma. Mandy looks around one last time before rendering her analysis.

MANDY
This is daunting.

The Moving Man has been waiting patiently.

MOVING MAN
This is the last load.

DAISY
Hey look, Mandy, the cartons finally got here.

MOVING MAN
Where would you like these?

DAISY
A corner office in the Chrysler Building.

MANDY
You can leave them right there.

The Moving Man unloads the cartons and hands Daisy the receipt over the following:

MANDY
We had a plan. Didn’t we have a plan?

DAISY
Yes.

(CONTINUED)
MANDY
Tell me the plan.

DAISY
Mark each carton with a letter of the alphabet. Note that letter on a list that corresponded to a description of the carton's contents.

MANDY
Right. Perfect. Yes, and that way we separate the materials we need right away from the stuff we can put in storage.

DAISY
Excellent.

MANDY
Yes.

DAISY
So here's my question for you: Where did you put the list?

MANDY
(pause)
Boy, the devil's in the details, ain't it?

DAISY
Oh, man, Mandy, please try and remember where you put it. This list can save me enormous --

MANDY
I know where I put it, that's not the problem.

DAISY
Where did you put it?

MANDY
In one of these cartons.

DAISY
I quit.

MANDY
It's not gonna be that hard, it's just gonna take a few extra man hours.

(Continued)
DAISY
I'm gonna be kneeling on the floor, sorting through flow charts and tracking polls for...
(calculates)
... *ever*. Okay? I'm gonna be opening boxes forever. So it's a good thing I went to school for 18 years.

MANDY
The plan looked promising on paper.

DAISY
Start with the cartons on your side, we can work our way toward the middle.

Mandy is glancing at a newspaper...

MANDY
Did you know there's a town in Iowa with 841 residents, each and every one of whom are named 'Miller'?

DAISY
(pause)
Mandy, I'm like *this* close to setting you on fire.

MANDY
How do you suppose they get their mail delivered?

DAISY
Who gives a damn!

The RECEPTIONIST appears in the doorway.

RECEPTIONIST
Excuse me.

MANDY
Hi.

RECEPTIONIST
Hi, I'm Alegra, I'm the receptionist for the floor.

MANDY
Mandy Hampton. This is my assistant, Daisy Reese.

(CONTINUED)
RECEPTIONIST
This place is awful.

DAISY
It’ll be fine once we get a few more cartons of crap in here.

RECEPTIONIST
I guess your phones aren’t turned on yet. There’s a call for you at the reception desk. Joshua Lyman from the White House.

MANDY
That didn’t take long.

CUT TO:

16 INT. PRESS OFFICE - DAY

A mid-size room with a half dozen staffers. Billy and two other REPORTERS are waiting at the door as C.J. approaches.

C.J.
Guys, I don’t have a lot of time to answer questions right now.

REPORTER (CHRIE)
C.J., has --

C.J.
But that shouldn’t stop you from asking them anyway. Chris?

CHRIS
Has the President had any reaction to Josh on the show?

C.J.
None that I’m aware of.

CHRIS
Do you know if --

C.J.
Seriously, that’s it. I’ll get you the wheels-down time when I’ve got it.

C.J. walks through the room and into her office where Toby’s waiting for her.
TOBY
They're picking up the scent?

C.J.
Billy is. The rest of 'em are picking up Billy's scent.

TOBY
Josh said he'd come to the coffee this afternoon.

C.J.
Keep him cool.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

FADE IN:

18
EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY
ESTABLISHING.

CUT TO:

19
INT. WHITE HOUSE MESS - DAY
This small, wood-paneled dining room has about a dozen
tables and is staffed by Navy stewards.
Sam is finishing up lunch with TWO congressional liaison
STAFFERS.

STAFFER #1
(to Sam)
Don’t use those stats.

STAFFER #2
The assault stats.

STAFFER #1
The assault stats are wrong.

SAM
We got them from your office.

STAFFER #2
And we got them from HUD.

SAM
And they’re wrong?

STAFFER #2
Even if they were right, don’t use ’em.

SAM
Well, A) Let’s make ’em right,
and, B) Why can’t I use ’em?

STAFFER #2
The 76-year-old grandmother.

STAFFER #1
Every time we use those assault
stats, Carr and Gilmore come back
with --

SAM
Who’s the 76 year-old --

(CONTINUED)
STAFFER #2
Everyday, 17,000 Americans defend themselves with a gun, including --

SAM
That's flatly untrue.

STAFFER #2
-- including a 76-year-old grandmother in Chicago who defended herself against an intruder in the middle of the night.

STAFFER #1
Just don't use the stat.

Sam's secretary, CATHY, a pretty Asian-American, slips in and stands behind Sam during the following...

SAM
The 76-year-old grandmother doesn't defend herself with a modified AK-47 assault rifle, Larry. Not unless she's defending herself against Turkish rebels.

CATHY
Excuse me.

SAM
You guys know my assistant, Cathy?

STAFFER #1
We talk a lot on the phone.

CATHY
Yeah, hi.
(to Sam)
I need you for just a second.

SAM
(to the Staffers)
Call me at the end of the day.

Sam and Cathy exit the dining room together --

CUT TO:

INT. WEST WING HALLWAYS - CONTINUOUS ACTION
Sam and Cathy talk on the way to Sam's office...
CATHY
Leo's wife called.

SAM
Oh God. This woman hates me. What'd I do?

CATHY
You tried to hit on her at a Democratic fund raiser.

SAM
Yes, I meant recently. Why did she call?

CATHY
She wants you to --

SAM
I didn't know who she was. How long am I gonna be crucified for that?

CATHY
Well, a little while longer anyway, 'cause --

SAM
Most women, I would think, would be flattered that --

CATHY
Yeah, I think Leo was especially touched that you --

SAM
What'd she want?

CATHY
She was supposed to give some students from her daughter's fourth grade class a tour. She can't make it. She wants you to do it.

SAM
I can't.

They walk into the offices of the White House communications staff --

CUT TO:
INT. OUTER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS ACTION

CATHY
You have to. They wrote essays.

SAM
No really, I can’t. I’m not a good tour guide. I don’t know anything about the White House.

CATHY
You wanna call Mrs. Jacobi and tell her that?

Sam’s PAGER BEEPS --

SAM
Oh God, please let this be a national emergency.

Sam picks up a phone and punches in the number on his pager... a woman picks up --

WOMAN (V.O.)
Champagne Escorts.

SAM
(beat)
Uhm, hi. You paged me?

WOMAN (V.O.)
Who is this?

SAM
This is Sam Seaborn.

WOMAN (V.O.)
I’m sorry. There’s been a mistake.

SAM
Who’s this?

WOMAN (V.O.)
Champagne Escort Service.

SAM
(a little worried)
Okey-doke.

Sam hangs up...

SAM
(to Cathy)
Page me.

(CONTINUED)
CATHY
Where are you going?

SAM
I’m standing right here. Page me and punch in my number.

Cathy does as she’s told. Sam watches his pager. Nothing.

CATHY
You switched pagers with someone.

SAM
A woman’s about to call me and she’s not gonna know why. Put her through.

Sam goes into his office and closes the door.

CUT TO:

INT. SAM’S OFFICE - DAY

Sam paces a moment before the PHONE BEEPS. He picks it up.

SAM (into phone)
Hello?

LAURIE (V.O.)
Hello? You paged me?

SAM (into phone)
Laurie?

LAURIE (V.O.)
Who is this?

SAM (into phone)
It’s Sam. Sam Seaborn.

LAURIE (V.O.)
Hiiiii. (happy)
You called me.
CONTINUED:

SAM
(enter phone)
Yeah, actually you called me. And
that’s because you have my pager.
And I have yours.

LAURIE (V.O.)
(pause)
Uh-oh.

SAM
(enter phone)
Yeah. Can I come by real quick
and see you?

CUT TO:

EXT. UPScale RESTAURANT - establishing

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

A crowded lunch spot for Washington power. At a table,
two female college students are looking at a magazine.

cover.

STUDENT #1

It’s him.

STUDENT #2

I’m going over there.

The two students grab the magazine as we follow them over
to Josh and Mandy’s table.

STUDENT #2

Excuse me.

STUDENT #1

We’re sorry to interrupt your
lunch --

STUDENT #2

We’re juniors at Florida State --

STUDENT #1

We’re with a poly-sci group
that’s --

STUDENT #2

He doesn’t care.

(CONTINUED)
Mandy is grinning at Josh, who’s enjoying this.

**STUDENT #1**
We just wanted to say we think you’re excellent, and could we have your autograph.

She puts down a copy of *Washington Magazine*, which has Josh’s picture on the cover above the caption: THE PRESIDENT’S MAN.

**JOSH**
Sure.

(nodding with his head as he writes)
This is Madeline Hampton. She’s excellent, too.

**STUDENT #1**
Oh yeah. Oh God, yeah, from the campaign.

**STUDENT #2**
Didn’t you guys used to be a thing?

**STUDENT #1**
(can’t believe it)
Jennifer!

**STUDENT #2**
Is that personal?

**MANDY**
Girl friend, he was the love of my life. But he done me wrong. So I sent him packing and said don’t you come back no mo’, no mo’.

The students are in over their heads...

**JOSH**
She used to steal money from me.

**STUDENT #1**
Really?

**JOSH**
Yeah. Thanks a lot for stopping by.

As they go back to their table --

(Continued)
STUDENT #1/STUDENT #2
Nice meeting you, 'by, etc.

MANDY
Listen. You called me. What do you wanna know? Is Lloyd gonna run?

JOSH
I really don't care one way or the other, he's a lightweight. I just --

MANDY
You don't like him.

JOSH
Not when I can't use him, no. I just want to know how much trouble he's gonna be on the budget.

MANDY
You should get to know him.

JOSH
I've got enough friends.

MANDY
Not these days you don't.

Suddenly this stopped being fun. Josh regards Mandy for a moment.

JOSH
Leo doesn't think --

MANDY
I'm not talking about what's good for the White House, I'm talking about what's good for you.
(beat)
You're a Fulbright Scholar, Joshua, are you honestly the one adult in America who doesn't think you're about to be fired?

JOSH
Did you just call him Lloyd?

MANDY
When?

JOSH
Just now.

(CONTINUED)
MANDY
I don't remember. What does it --

JOSH
It's unusual for you that you would call a senator by his first name to a third party.

MANDY
A third party?

JOSH
You know what I'm saying?

MANDY
No, but as long as one of us does --

JOSH
You're dating Lloyd Russell.

MANDY
(beat)
Yes.

JOSH
(pause)
Wow. That's great.

MANDY
Are you gonna freak out?

JOSH
No, not at all.
(pause)
It's just that I always thought he was gay.

MANDY
No you didn't.

JOSH
Yeah I did.

MANDY
He's not gay.

JOSH
Are you sure?

MANDY
I'm very sure.

(CONTINUED)
JOSH
He seems effeminate to me.

MANDY
He happens to be very athletic. Plenty masculine.

JOSH
I think he’s a woman.

MANDY
You lost your cool on T.V. Do what Toby’s telling you to do.

JOSH
There was one job for the two of us and the President gave it to me. I’d think you’d be the last person who’d want to see me keep it.

MANDY
The New York Times is gonna release a poll in the next few days that brings your unfavorables up to 48 percent.

JOSH
This is the first I’m hearing of it.

MANDY
That’s right.

JOSH
Who’d you get this from?

MANDY
We don’t play for the same team anymore.

JOSH
Hang on. One minute you’re giving me career advice, the next you’re --

MANDY
I’m here for a while, Josh. And I want you at your fighting weight when I start bitch-slapping you guys around the hallway.

Josh smiles and takes a bite of his food...

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (5)

JOSH
You and Lloyd Russell?

MANDY
(beat)
Yeah.

CUT TO:

INT. LAURIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

as LAURIE, in jeans and Georgetown sweatshirt, answers
the KNOCKING at the door. Sam is standing there in his
overcoat.

SAM
Hi.

LAURIE
Hello.

SAM
Can I come in?

LAURIE
Sure.

Laurie lets Sam in the door. Sam stands awkwardly for a
moment, resting a hand on the serving bar separating the
kitchen from the living room.

SAM
This is a nice apartment.

LAURIE
You saw it last night.

SAM
Yeah, and I really like it.

LAURIE
Thanks.

SAM
It makes very good use of space.
You know the way the ladle and the
other utensils are on the peg
board.

(CONTINUED)
LAURIE
Yes.
(beat)
The ladle didn’t actually come
with the apartment. It’s mine.

SAM
Sure.

LAURIE
Yeah.

SAM
So can I ask you something?

LAURIE
Am I a hooker?

SAM
No. No. What I was gonna say was
this: Is it possible, that in
addition to being a law student
and part-time bartender, that you
are what I’m certain would have to
be a very high-priced call girl.
I, by the way, make no judgements.
But the thing is, with my job...
(beat)
You see, ever since the advent of
the printing press --

LAURIE
Yeah.

SAM
Yes?

LAURIE
Yeah, I’m sorry. I shoulda told
you. I wanted you to like me.

SAM
I did. I do.

LAURIE
That’s sweet.

SAM
It’s true.

LAURIE
Stop rhyming.

Sam looks at her. He really does like her...

(CONTINUED)
SAM
I gotta go.

He waits a moment, then moves to the door...

LAURIE
Sam?

SAM
Yeah?

LAURIE
You've got my pager.

SAM
Right.

They exchange pagers...

LAURIE
Thanks.

SAM
Listen, I don't know how often or... anyway --

LAURIE
Sam. Go. You don't know who I am. I get it.

SAM
It's just that people in the media would pay a lot of money for --

LAURIE
I know. Go. It's okay.

Sam turns and goes. Laurie closes the door behind him as we --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

26 INT. NORTHWEST EXECUTIVE ENTRANCE - DAY

Cathy is waiting for Sam when he walks through the door and passes the metal detector.

CATHY
You're late.

SAM
I'm having kind of a weird day.

CATHY
Leo's daughter's class is waiting with their teacher and a couple of the parents in the Roosevelt Room.

SAM
I don't know what to say to them.

CATHY
You're supposed to tell them about the building and its history. Do you need anything?

SAM
I need someone to tell me about the building and its history.

CATHY
Just fake it.

They're outside the door to the Roosevelt Room.

SAM
Which one is Leo's daughter?

CATHY
What does it matter?

SAM
I want to make a good impression. What does she look like?

CATHY
I don't know.

SAM
Okay, I really want to thank you for your help.

CUT TO:
A dozen nine-year-olds are sitting around the large table along with two parents and young teacher, MALLORY O’BRIEN.

Sam enters --

SAM
Hi, I’m sorry to be late.

MALLORY
Mr. Seaborn, I’m Mallory O’Brien.

SAM
Hi.

MALLORY
And these are the fourth graders at Clearlake Elementary School who wrote the best essays on why they wanted to visit the White House.

SAM
Well that’s just great, why don’t we get started.

Throughout this, the nine-year-olds will be transfixed by Sam, without understanding a word that he’s saying. Mallory and the parents will grow slightly concerned.

SAM
My name is Sam Seaborn and I’m the Deputy Communications Director. What does that mean exactly? Well, to begin with, I’m a counselor to the President, mostly on domestic matters, though generally not security-related. I work with Toby Ziegler, the Communications Director and C.J. Cregg, the Press Secretary, on crafting our message and getting it out through electronic and print media, and while my functions here are generally perceived to be politically skewed, it’s important to remember that it’s not the D.N.C., but rather your tax dollars that pay my salary.

(pause)
So I work for you whether you voted for us or not.

(CONTINUED)
MALLORY
Mr. Seaborn, maybe you could give us some history.

SAM
Sure. Well. I graduated law school seven years ago and started working for Dewey/Ballentine where I --

MALLORY
Actually, I'm sorry to interrupt, actually I meant a history of the building.

SAM
Of the White House.

MALLORY
Yes.

SAM
Sure. Well. The White House, as you know, was built several years ago. Mostly, if I'm not mistaken, out of cement. The room we're in right now is the Roosevelt Room, named for our 16th President, Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

MALLORY
Kids, sit tight for a second, I need to speak to Mr. Seaborn.

Sam follows Mallory out into the corridor --

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS ACTION

MALLORY
I'm sorry to be rude, but are you a moron?

SAM
In this particular area, yes.

MALLORY
The 16th President was Andrew Johnson and the Roosevelt Room was named for Theodore.

SAM
(beat)
Really?

(_CONTINUED)
MALLORY
There’s like a six-foot painting
on the wall of Teddy Roosevelt.

SAM
I shoulda put two and two
together. Look the thing is,
while there are really a great
many things I can speak about with
authority, I’m not very good at
talking about the White House.

MALLORY
You’re the White House Deputy
Communications Director and you’re
not good at talking about the
White House?

SAM
Ironic, isn’t it.

MALLORY
I don’t believe this --

Mallory starts to go back in --

SAM
Wait, wait. Do me a favor.
Please. Can you point out Leo
Jacobi’s daughter?

MALLORY
Why?

SAM
If I could make eye contact with
her, make her laugh, you know, see
that she has a good time, it’d go
a long way toward making my life
easier.

MALLORY
These children worked hard. All
of them. And I’m not very
inclined at the moment to make
your life easier.

SAM
Ms. O’Brien, I understand your
feelings, but please believe me
when I tell you that I’m a nice
guy who’s having a bad day.

(MORE)
SAM (CONT’D)
I just found out that the New York Times is about to publish a poll which tells us that a considerable portion of Americans believe the White House has lost focus and energy. A perception that’s not likely to be altered by the video footage of the President riding a bicycle into a tree. As we speak, the Coast Guard is fishing Cuban refugees out of the Atlantic Ocean while the Governor of Florida wants to blockade the Port of Miami, my best friend’s about to get fired ’cause he went on television and made sense, and to top it all off, it turns out I accidentally slept with a prostitute last night. Now would you please, in the name of compassion, tell me which one of those kids in there is my boss’s daughter.

MALLORY
That would be me.

SAM
(deadpan)
You.

MALLORY
Yes.

SAM
Leo’s daughter’s fourth grade class.

MALLORY
Yes.

SAM
(pause)
Well this is bad on so many levels.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE/MAIN HALL - DAY

This is the grand, red-carpeted hall, off of which are the official receiving rooms. Josh, Donna, C.J., Toby and a few aides walk briskly down the West Wing.

(CONTINUED)
C.J.
They're gonna try and bait you, Josh, you understand what I'm saying?

JOSH
Lloyd Russell. Yeah, that'll last.

C.J.
Are you listening to me?

JOSH
(repeating)
They're gonna try and bait me.

C.J.
There's some press in there. They want you to say something arrogant.

TOBY
Like he needs baiting for that.

C.J.
Hi, good afternoon.

This is said as they turn into the open doors of --

INT. MAP ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

The REVEREND AL CALDWELL along with MARY MARSH, JOHN VAN DYKE an a few other Christian family reps are seated or standing and sipping coffee. Billy and a few reporters stand at the side.

TOBY
We apologize for running a bit behind today.

CALDWELL
That's quite all right. How's the President's health?

C.J.
It's a mild sprain, he'll be fine.

CALDWELL
Good, good. You all know Mary Marsh and John Van Dyke.

C.J.
Yes.

(CONTINUED)
They all say their hellos...

TOBY
Reverend Caldwell, we’re happy that you and some of your colleagues could talk with us today. As you know, the President makes a usual Sunday morning radio address, and in a few weeks we’ve scheduled --

CALDWELL
Toby, if I may interrupt... the goals and the spirit of Christian and family oriented organizations in this country, while embraced by a great and growing number of its citizens, have been met with hostility and contempt by this administration. Yesterday morning, on the television program ‘Meet The Press,’ that contempt was given a voice and a face and a name.

(to Josh)
I’m referring of course to you, sir.

JOSH
Yes, I know, and I’m glad you brought that up, Reverend.

CALDWELL
I was surprised at you, Josh. I always counted you as a friend.

JOSH
And I’m honored by that, Reverend. First, let me say that when I spoke on that program, I wasn’t speaking for the President or this administration, that’s important to know. Second, please allow me to apologize. My remarks were smug and self-righteous. I was going for the cheap laugh, and anyone who’s willing to step forward and debate ideas deserves better than a political punchline. Mrs. Marsh, you deserved better in my hands, and I apologize.
MARY MARSH
Well... I suppose the final justice is that you'll probably lose your job.

CALDWELL
Now, Mary --

JOSH
No, sir, she's right, I probably will.

MARY MARSH
You people... that New York sense of humor, it always --

CALDWELL
Mary, there's absolutely no need --

MARY MARSH
Please, Reverend, they think it's smart -- smart talk -- but nobody else does.

JOSH
I'm actually from Connecticut.

TOBY
Yeah, but she meant Jewish.

A stunned silence. Everyone stares at Toby.

TOBY
When she said 'You people and your New York sense of humor,' she was talking about me and you, Josh.

JOSH
You know what, Toby, let's just not even go there.

CALDWELL
There's been an apology, let's move on.

C.J.
Please.

(CONTINUED)
MARY MARSH
In my opinion, in the opinion of millions upon millions of American families, being able to walk to our corner newsstand and buy pornography for three dollars is too high a price to pay for freedom of expression. In my opinion, and in the opinion of millions upon millions of Americans, we ask you: Where is it written that a school can’t allow time for children to sit in silent prayer?

TOBY
The First Amendment.

VAN DYKE
The First Commandment?

C.J.
Amendment.

VAN DYKE
‘Cause the First Commandment is ‘Thou shalt not kill.’

CALDWELL
John --

MARY MARSH
That’s the Second Commandment. The First Commandment is ‘Honor thy father.’

TOBY
I said ‘amendment.’

VAN DYKE
‘Honor thy father’ is third or fourth.

MARY MARSH
Then what’s first?

And from the doorway, a MAN, standing with the help of a cane, speaks...

MAN
‘I am the Lord your God. Thou shalt worship no God before me.’

(continued)
And the Man, of course, is PRESIDENT JOSIAH (JED) BARTLET, democrat of New Hampshire, and a descendant of one of the original signers of the Declaration. Looking every bit the country lawyer, you wouldn’t immediately guess that he’s brilliant, which he is. While the left hand is lulling you with folksy charm, you don’t even hear the right hook coming.

To the right and two paces behind Bartlet is Charlie, holding a duffle bag and a briefcase. Nineteen-years-old, fresh-faced in a Brooks Brother suit, CHARLIE is taking a year off from Georgetown to work as the President’s personal aide.

BARTLET (MAN)  
Boy, those were the days, huh?

Everyone is standing --

CALDWELL  
Good afternoon, Mr. President.

BARTLET  
Al. What do we got here, C.J.?

C.J.  
Well, we’ve got some hot tempers, Mr. President.

MARY MARSH  
Mr. President, I’m Mary Marsh of the A.B.F. I was just posing this question: If I can get pornography for three dollars at any newsstand, isn’t that too high a price to pay for a free pass.

BARTLET  
No, it’s not.

MARY MARSH  
I see.

BARTLET  
On the other hand, I do think three dollars is too high a price to pay for pornography.

C.J.  
Why don’t we all sit down.

BARTLET  
No, let’s not. They won’t be staying that long.

(CONTINUED)
Another frightened silence while everyone waits to hear what Bartlet has to say...

BARTLET
(to Caldwell)
Al, how many times have I asked you to denounce the practices of a group calls themselves The Lambs of Christ?

CALDWELL
Sir, it's not up to me to --

BARTLET
Crap. It is up to you.

Leo and Sam, with Cathy in tow, appear in the doorway and slip quietly into the room.

BARTLET
My wife, Abbey, she never wants me to do anything while I'm upset. Twenty-eight years ago, I come home from a bad day at the State House. I tell Abbey I'm going out for a drive. I get in the station wagon, put the car in reverse, pull out of the garage full speed. 'Cept I forgot to open the garage door. Abbey didn't want me to drive while I was upset and she was right. She was right yesterday when she told me not to get on that damn bicycle when I was upset, but I did it anyway, and I was just about as furious as I've ever been in my life. Seems my granddaughter Annie had given an interview in one of those teen magazines, and in between rock stars and makeup tips, she talked about her feelings on a woman's right to choose. Now Annie, all of thirteen, has always been precocious, but she's got a hell of a head on her shoulders and I like it when she speaks her mind, so I couldn't understand it when her mother called me in tears yesterday. I said, 'Elizabeth, what's wrong?' She said, 'It's Annie.'

(MORE)
BARTLET (CONT'D)
Now I love my family and I’ve read my bible so I want you to tell me: From what part of scripture do you suppose the Lambs of Christ drew their divine inspiration when they sent my thirteen-year-old granddaughter a bloody Raggedy Ann doll with a knife stuck through its throat.

(pause)
You’ll denounce these people, Al. You’ll do it publicly. And until you do, you can all get your fat asses outa my White House.

Everyone is frozen.

BARTLET
Charlie, show these folks out, would you.

MARY MARSH
I believe we can find the door.

BARTLET
Find it now.

Mary Marsh, Van Dyke, Caldwell and the others make a slow, silent exit.

Caldwell
(quietly to Leo)
We’ll fix this.

LEO
See that you do.

They’re gone.

JOSH
Okay, can I just say that, as it turned out, I was the calmest person in the room.

TOBY
She was calling us New York Jews, Josh.

JOSH
Yes, but being from Connecticut, I didn’t mind so much. You, C.J., on the other hand, were brilliant.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
JOSH (CONT’D)
I especially liked the part where you said absolutely nothing at all.

C.J.
You mean I forgot to mention that Mandy’s sleeping with Lloyd Russell?

SAM
Really?

JOSH
Yeah, I’m gonna put an end to that.

BARTLET
‘Hi, Mr. President, how was your trip? How’s the ankle?’

DONNA
How’s Annie?

BARTLET
(beat)
Annie’s upset, Donna, thanks for asking.

During this, Margaret, Leo’s secretary, brings him a note which he’ll read over.

BARTLET
Seems to me we’ve all been taking a little break. Thinking about our personal lives or thinking about keeping our jobs. Nothing wrong with taking a break, breaks are good, and I know how hard you all work.

Leo slips Bartlet a note.

BARTLET
You know, I was thinkin’ about this time Annie came to me with a news clipping. Theologians in South America were very excited because a little girl in Chile had sliced open a tomato, and the flesh of the tomato spelled out the Lord’s Prayer.

(MORE)
BARTLET (CONT’D)
The theologians commented that they thought this was an extremely impressive girl. Annie commented that she felt this was an extremely impressive tomato. I don’t know what made me think of that.

During that story, Bartlet glanced at the note he was handed and now tells the rest of the group about it.

BARTLET
(matter-of-fact)
Naval Intelligence reports approximately 1,200 Cubans left Havana this morning. Approximately 700 turned back due to severe weather, some 350 are missing and are presumed dead, 137 have been taken into custody in Miami and are seeking asylum.

(beat)
With the clothes on their backs, they came through a storm. And the ones that didn’t die want a better life and they want it here. Talk about impressive.

(beat)
My point is this: Break’s over.

Bartlet turns to leave and stops to give Josh a paternal pat on the shoulder.

BARTLET
(smiling)
‘... Too busy getting indicted for tax fraud.’

(beat)
Don’t ever do it again.

Bartlet is gone, followed by Charlie, as we --

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END