

FIRST GENTLEMAN

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FADE IN:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT

A single desk lamp illuminates the regal features of JACK WARNER, 49. He gazes across the shadowy room from his seat in the world's most powerful chair.

He gets back to the letter before him, slips it into an envelope, addresses it "Madam President."

He stands. Lingers at the President's desk. Traces a finger along it's edge.

He drops and busts out some clap-pushups, power suit and all.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - VARIOUS - DAWN

Early light on the Washington Monument.

TV REPORTER #1 (V.O.)
Despite last midterm's crushing losses in both the House and Senate, Democrats celebrate today with the inauguration of the first ever female President-elect.

The Capitol building dressed up for yet another inauguration.

TV REPORTER #2 (V.O.)
Hard-line Republican opposition has the country questioning the new President's odds against a hostile congress.

A new day for the mansion at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

TV REPORTER #3 (V.O.)
Politics aside, the Warners have to be enjoying the win with pundits calling the election "a third term with blushes of Camelot."

INT. WHITE HOUSE - VARIOUS - CONTINUOUS

Staffers bustle as the inauguration transition is underway: furniture is swapped out, suits are replaced with gowns, places are set for a lavish banquet.

A presidential portrait of Jack is replaced with the determined visage of his wife, GRACE WARNER, 47.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - LINCOLN BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

On Grace, her determination decidedly more sexual now.

GRACE
Just right there. Yes, no, there!

Grace rides Jack, his hands lashed by ribbons to the presidential headboard.

JACK
I really should get to work...

GRACE
You don't have to...

JACK
It's my last day! I've got to-

Grace does a swerve thing.

JACK (CONT'D)
Oh god.

GRACE
Oh god. I'm going to...

Grace slides her hands along Jack's arms, slips them into the ribbon lashings.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Oh... I'm COMING!

The bedroom door swings open to reveal Jack's straight-laced Chief of Staff, CAMERON BAYWEATHER, 40.

CAMERON
Oh god!

GRACE
Oh god!

CAMERON
I thought you said come in!

Cameron spins to exit, accidentally kicking the door shut in front of him. He grabs the handle but the door won't budge.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
The autolock! Keycode!?

Grace struggles to get her hands out of the ribbons. Jack uses a knee to cover her up with little bursts of sheet.

JACK
5438771.

CAMERON
5438 what!?

JACK
771.

Cameron fumbles at the door's keypad.

CAMERON
543771?

GRACE
5438771!

Cameron bangs on the door hoping to be saved.

CAMERON
Such an unnecessary amount of
numbers!

The door flies open, throwing Cameron flat on his ass. Secret Service Agents STEVE and BILL storm in, guns drawn.

AGENT STEVE
CLEAR!

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - JOGGING TRACK - LATER THAT MORNING

Jack runs a hard pace, wears a T-shirt and shorts despite the January cold. Cameron, bundled in a heavy jacket, rolls alongside on a Segway Transporter.

CAMERON
I imagine now that you're no longer
Commander-in-chief I'll rarely
visit the Lincoln bedroom.

JACK
I'm still Commander-in-chief for
another four hours!

Jack picks up the pace. Cameron guns the Segway, the motor whining to keep up.

JACK (CONT'D)
I've decided to pull the trigger on
Goat Island.

Cameron flinches.

CAMERON

Have you cleared this with the President-elect?

JACK

This is best for her. Bennet will eat Grace alive if we don't stay on the offensive.

CAMERON

I strongly suggest we check in with the West Wing. Future West Wing, I mean.

Jack shoots Cameron a hard look.

JACK

The Admiral didn't waver at the battle of the Philippine Sea!

CAMERON

What does your father have to do with this, sir?

JACK

We can't afford to go half-mast here. Grace needs us to show her the ropes. Get it done.

Jack sprints away as the Segway motor pops a sizzle and dies.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - SITUATION ROOM - LATER THAT MORNING

Jack studies an aerial image of an industrial complex on the room's main screen. Three Joint Chiefs and two advisors watch him like hawks.

JACK

And we're sure on this?

JOINT CHIEF #1

Yes, sir. No civilian activity within the last hour, all heat signatures nominal. We are a go to bomb the hell out this sucker. Sir.

Jack rubs his face, weighs the crushing decision.

JACK

Leslie. How firm are you on this?

ADVISOR #1

We're confirmed, Mr. President. The North Koreans are transitioning the factory within the month.

JACK

But it's still currently manufacturing antibiotics for the children's hospital in Pyongyang?

ADVISOR #2

All due respect, sir, we wait for the transition and we send a weak signal.

All eyes on Jack. Moment of truth.

JACK

Those kids deserve all the medicine they can get. We wait.

The Joint Chiefs deflate.

JOINT CHIEF #2

(into red phone)

Abort, abort.

JACK

What's next?

The intelligence data on all the screens is suddenly replaced with childish celebration graphics.

STAFFERS

Surprise!

Staffers stream in wearing party hats. Cameron awkwardly carries a cake.

JACK

What's going on here?

STAFFER

That was officially your last order of business as the President of the United States!

Jack swallows hard.

STAFFER (CONT'D)

Cake?

EXT. CAPITOL STEPS - INAUGURATION PLATFORM - LATER THAT DAY

Members of the bundled up delegation shiver against the frigid air. Jack toughs it out, no overcoat. He's a little wide-eyed as he holds the bible for Grace's swearing-in.

First Daughter, EMMA, 24, looks on as Grace catches Jack's eye. He smiles, pops a wink. Grace mouths "I love you."

CHIEF JUSTICE

Repeat after me: I Grace Elizabeth Warner.

GRACE

I Grace Elizabeth Warner.

CHIEF JUSTICE

Do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States...

Jack glances over to discover the glaring gaze of BENNET DILLER, a mean 85. Bennet holds the glare as Jack refuses to look away.

Bennet mouths "I love you" with a sneer. Jack sends an "I love you" right back. Careful not to draw attention, the men break into a silent "I love you" spite-competition.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - HALLWAY - THAT NIGHT

Jack and Grace, dressed in black tie, walk toward the State Dining Room.

JACK

I'm trying to protect you!

GRACE

By using Goat Island to antagonize Bennet?

JACK

You don't know how this works.

GRACE

I know pulling a veto on your last day hurts me, Jack. I need Canada to push on clean water.

JACK

Canada doesn't stay mad. They're so nice they'll write your clean water bill for you.

Grace stops, spins to face him.

GRACE

I understand you're trying to help,
and yeah, I'm nervous- but your
pissing match with Bennet ends
here.

JACK

Well, that's crude.

GRACE

Exactly.

Jack freezes as Grace heads to the dining room doors. He catches up as she arrives at the threshold.

WHITE HOUSE ANNOUNCER

Ladies and Gentleman, The President
and First-, Gentleman-, of the
United States of America.

Grace steps out as the band strikes up Hail to the Chief. Jack plasters a smile on, follows in her footsteps.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - STATE DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jack stands in place before Grace's final position in the Presidential receiving line. Texas Governor DOROTHY DAVIS, 60, steps up to Jack.

GOVERNOR DAVIS

The room is lovely. Great job on
the flowers.

Grace becomes available and Governor Davis quickly moves on.

GOVERNOR DAVIS (CONT'D)

Madam President. Such an honor!

Jack grits his teeth and looks for a drink.

BENNET (O.S.)

Mr. First Lady!

Jack turns to discover the last thing he needs right now: Bennet, point blank.

JACK

Bennet. Smells like you've had a
couple.

BENNET

Now Jack, your father used to say
behind every great man is a greater
woman. Which one might you be?

(moving on to Grace)

Mrs. President! A sort-of fresh
start.

GRACE

It's Madam President, Mr. Speaker.
And you might be surprised.

Jack is about to get into it when a magnificent SAMURAI SWORD
catches his eye. Agent Steve carries the weapon for a
JAPANESE DIGNITARY, 65. The dignitary offers a small bow.

JAPANESE DIGNITARY

Mr. Former President-san. I come
bearing a gift.

Jack eyeballs the sword with delight, bows.

JACK

Arrigato, Oiijisan.

JAPANESE DIGNITARY

As all wise leaders know, love is
the presence of equality. May this
small token remind you of that as
you carry out your duties.

Jack readies himself to receive the sword. The dignitary
passes him a LITTLE PLATE glazed with the yin-yang symbol,
moves on to Grace.

JAPANESE DIGNATARY

Ah, Madam President-san. Truly an
honor.

The dignitary lowers his eyes, bows deeply. Agent Steve
passes the sword to Grace.

JAPANESE DIGNITARY

Please accept this ancient weapon
as a symbol of the mighty power you
now yield.

The dignitary holds his reverent bow as Jack peels away.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jack tosses the yin-yang plate onto a counter where it breaks
in two. He helps himself to a glass of Champagne.

BEATRICE (O.S.)
Thirsty work out there, I'm sure.

Jack turns to discover BEATRICE, a graceful 88.

JACK
I don't think I've got it on this
one, Beatrice.

BEATRICE
Oh, no? I thought you were looking
forward to, what did you say,
"hanging back."

JACK
Well yeah, but this...

BEATRICE
Less man behind the curtain, more
man tending to the curtains?

Jack laughs.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)
Funny enough, the Reagans used to
wonder who the star of the show
was. Once Nancy got into astrology
things balanced out nicely.

JACK
You're right. It's my first day.
Just got to lock and load, that's
all. Grace will come around.

He swigs another glass of Champagne, puffs up.

BEATRICE
Once more unto the breach, sir.

Jack exits as Beatrice notes the broken yin-yang plate.

NEWS CLIP - GOAT ISLAND - DAY

Swarming news helicopters stream live video of the small
island perched atop NIAGARA FALLS.

SUPER: BAY OF GOATS - CRISIS IN CANADA

TV REPORTER (V.O.)
 Sitting directly on the border
 between Canada and the US, Goat
 Island was scheduled to become a
 joint property as a ninety-nine
 year waiting period came to a close
 this week. Canadian authorities are
 calling former President Warner's
 last minute veto "a cold fish on a
 chilly day."

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Grace paces, phone to ear. Grace's uptight Chief of Staff
 KATHY BISHOP, 50, listens in, along with Jack and Cameron.
 Everyone has their own handset.

GRACE
 Yes, I understand Mr. Prime
 Minister.

Jack waves his hand at Grace, mouths "first name."

GRACE (CONT'D)
 Mm-hmm, yes. Listen, Jean Pierre, I
 don't think we're getting anywhere
 on this.

Jack pumps his fist, twirls his finger "keep going."

GRACE (CONT'D)
 Why don't we cut to the chase,
 here? Let's meet in person, discuss
 this along with-

Jack shakes his head, hits un-mute on his handset.

JACK
 Jean Pierre! It's Jack. I'm on with
 Cameron Bayweather.

Jack signals for Cameron to un-mute. Kathy snaps a look to
 Grace, un-mutes.

KATHY
 Kathy Bishop here as well, Mr.
 Prime Minister.

JACK
 Jean Pierre, I've got to ask, do
 you even know why it's called Goat
 island? Well, I'll tell you.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
Because there were a lot of Goats
there. How many goats, Cameron?

Cameron is caught off-guard.

CAMERON
A great deal.

JACK
There were a great deal of Goats
there, and in the winter of 1780,
all but one— *all but one*— of those
goats died on that island. American
Goats.

Cameron checks through his notes, finds what he was looking
for.

CAMERON
172. Goats.

Jean Pierre has a few things to say.

JACK
Mm-hm. Yes. Yes. All right then.

Jack looks to Grace.

GRACE
Yes, sir, Mr. Prime Minister. We'll
speak then.

Everyone hangs up. Jack gently places his handset down.

JACK
If you don't shoot you can't score.

Grace glares at Jack, picks up the "Madam President" letter
he placed the other night. She puts it in a desk drawer.

GRACE
I think that will be all, Jack.
Thank you.

Kathy and Cameron stare at Jack.

JACK
That will be all? We've got a full
schedule.

GRACE
Kathy and I can take it from here.

JACK
We've got to call the UN on the
small arms resolution!

KATHY
Gentleman? If you don't mind.

Jack snaps a look to Kathy. Cameron beelines it for the door.

CAMERON
Thank you, Madam President.

Jack watches Cameron vanish. Looks at Grace.

JACK
Okay. I see where this is going.

Jack crosses to the side table where the "Bronco Buster" sculpture sits, picks it up. It's a lot heavier than he expected.

JACK (CONT'D)
I'm sure we all have a lot of work
to do.

Jack struggles to find a comfortable way to carry the sculpture.

GRACE
I'm sure we do.

Grace sits as Kathy hands her a briefing document. Neither look up as Jack peeks back from the exit.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - FIRST GENTLEMAN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Jack and Cameron sit amid the feminine decor of the erstwhile First Lady's office. The Bronco Buster is the only masculine touch in the entire room.

They obviously don't have anything to do.

JACK
Why wasn't this office redecorated?

CAMERON
You said it was "unessential."

JACK
When?

CAMERON
Several times, sir.

JACK
Well we should have that done.

CAMERON
I agree, sir.

The two sit in silence a moment. Jack clocks the room.

JACK
It's weird because I think of
offices as round now.

First Daughter Emma pokes her head in.

EMMA
Hey guys. Is this a good time?

Cameron jumps up.

CAMERON
Emma, great to see you!
(to Jack)
I'll get out of your hair, sir.

Cameron beelines for the door. Jack stands.

EMMA
Yeah, good to see you too...
(Cameron's gone)
What was that?

Jack shrugs.

JACK
It's a weird day...

They stand in silence a moment. Emma smirks.

EMMA
You want to get lunch?

JACK
Yeah, I'm starved.

EMMA
I'll say.

Jack squints as he follows Emma out.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - FAMILY RESIDENCE - TV ROOM - THAT NIGHT

Jack slugs a beer as he watches an episode of "The West Wing." He recites Josiah Bartlett lines in-sync with the on-screen Martin Sheen performance.

"GEORGE ROLLIE" (ON SCREEN)
Mr. President...

JACK/"JOSIAH BARTLETT"
Three hundred thousand troops? I can't move my motorcade from K street to Connecticut without it showing up on a weather satellite.

"GEORGE ROLLIE" (ON SREEN)
We dropped the ball, sir.

JACK/JOSIAH BARTLETT
Pick it up again, would you please?

Grace enters. Jack mutes the TV. It's a standoff.

JACK
Did Emma tell you we had lunch today? She made assistant to the undersecretary.

GRACE
A week ago...

JACK
Well, assistant today, congress tomorrow.

GRACE
We need to talk.

Jack puts his beer down.

JACK
That's a relief. You don't have to apologize, but someone should let Kathy Bishop know you didn't kick me out of the Oval today. Didn't look great, Grace.

GRACE
I need you to be strong. I need your help to do this.

JACK

I know! Goat Island just killed Bennet's Tar Sands deal, we'll leverage anti-fracking points, and Cameron's working a clean energy angle. I've got it under control, baby.

GRACE

I'm not talking about politics.

JACK

Oh my god Grace, I'm fine.

Jack picks up his beer, drains it.

GRACE

You're the only man I've ever loved.

JACK

What the hell is that supposed to mean?

GRACE

I have no idea how to do this.

JACK

That's why I'm taking care of you!

Grace takes the empty beer bottle from Jack, puts it down.

GRACE

I'm sorry your father's best friend stole the midterms from you, but I need my husband back. Let the Bennet thing go.

JACK

I'm right here.

GRACE

No, you're not. I didn't marry some swinging-dick political operative. And as long as that's who's showing up, I need some space.

JACK

We live in a fifty-five thousand square foot mansion.

GRACE

I need a break.

Jack studies the lines of her face.

JACK
Can we still have sex?

INT. WHITE HOUSE - BOWLING ALLEY - DAY

Jack and Cameron watch Bennet in a media scrum on the room's giant screen TV.

BENNET (ON SCREEN)
Goat Island simply demonstrates the willy-nilly nature of the Warner regime. They were in cahoots on a surprise veto, or the left hand doesn't know what the right is doing. Either way, this just underscores the desperation of this beauty-contest administration.

JACK
Enough.

Cameron flips off the TV. Jack bowls a strike, moves to the second lane.

CAMERON
It's normal to need a decompression period after holding the highest office in the land. Jimmy Carter is still recovering.

JACK
I carried Grace across my back the entire campaign. We let up now and she'll be working in the Republican mail room.

Jack bowls another strike.

CAMERON
At least back off on Airwave Hydroelectric. Goat Island isn't going anywhere and no one has any idea what Fluorspar is.

JACK
I need a big win here, Cameron. This is my marriage I'm talking about.

Jack moves back to the first lane, lines up his throw.

CAMERON

Can I make a suggestion?

JACK

Lay it on me.

CAMERON

Give the First Lady thing a try.

Jack throws a gutter ball.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - FIRST GENTLEMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack seated, Cameron standing behind him. Staffers fan out in front of them, at the ready.

JACK

I want you all to know that there's a strong international call for me to be out there, meeting on issues, reaching across nations. But my place is here. This is the work that we are meant to do- *that we must do*. Together.

A room full of impressed faces. Jack rubs his hands together.

JACK (CONT'D)

So, what do we got?

Cameron scans his clipboard for a name.

CAMERON

Okay, scheduling... Kate Queen?

Dangerously alluring KATE QUEEN, 28, steps forward.

KATE

Near term, we need to sync with the calligrapher on the Middle East dinner, preservation needs direction on the revised wainscotting and afternoon tea is way backed up. Further out, kindergarten literacy is back on the board and we're shooting for an organic gardening photo-op. That's the next 24, can we talk planning?

Jack darts a look to Cameron.

JACK

Set up the Airwave Hydro thing.

EXT. REYKJAVIK ICELAND - AIRSTRIP - DAY

Jack steps off a propeller plane onto questionable looking airplane stairs. An overweight, sweaty DIPLOMATIC AIDE, 45, greets him.

DIPLOMATIC AIDE

Mr. Former President Sir! Welcome to Reykjavik and the 2nd Annual New Thought Global Warming Symposium.

Jack scans for a camera.

JACK

Where's the press?

DIPLOMATIC AIDE

Ha-ha! Very good.
(clearly disorganized)
Um, do you have any bags?

INT. REYKJAVIK HOTEL - MEETING HALL - DAY

A scientist lectures as an image of flowing water plays across the screen behind him. A smattering of politicians dot the second-rate room. A lot of sleeping going on.

SCIENTIST

Airwave Hydroelectric is still largely cost prohibitive due to the large amount of Fluorspar required to maintain the frictionless coating crucial to generating power from large bodies of flowing water...

Jack sits next to the diplomatic aide, watching him dab a handkerchief at his sweating brow. The handkerchief isn't really helping the overall moisture level.

JACK

Maybe you'd be more comfortable if you took your jacket off.

DIPLOMATIC AIDE

Oh, ha ha! Yes, I'll just throw decorum right out the window!

The aide gets back to his dabbing. Jack stands, makes a show of checking his watch.

JACK

I've got a meeting. Let's go ahead
and get the Airwave package
buttoned up.

DIPLOMATIC AIDE

Yes sir.

(beat)

Do I ask someone for that?

Jack recoils, drifts to the nearest exit.

INT. REYKJAVIK HOTEL - BAR - CONTINUOUS

Jack enters just in time to see a frumpy former Chancellor
pocket a handful of mini-bar bottles.

Rugged Australian PETE SANDERS, 55, gallops up.

PETE

Mr. President! How are you, mate?

JACK

Mr. Prime Minister! Reykjavik, huh?

PETE

Ah, yeah, mate. Reckon we're both
doomed to spend our golden years on
the roving diplomat circuit.

JACK

Oh no no, I'm just here on a recon
mission. Making a big clean energy
play.

Pete looks at Jack sideways.

PETE

You can't make plays! You're not in
office anymore.

Jack quickly gestures to the bar.

JACK

What are you drinking, Pete?

PETE

What am I not drinking?
(brandishes his drink)
Thursdays are vodka.

They cozy up to the bartender. Jack points for two more of
what Pete's having.

JACK
How's Janice?

PETE
Left me for a junior finance
minister. Said it was her fiscal
responsibility to protect on
depreciating assets.

Pete slugs his vodka back, picks up the fresh one.

PETE (CONT'D)
Cheers!

Jack does that hard swallow thing he's so good at.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Jack sits at a side chair next to the President's desk. Grace
nods along.

JACK
My place is by your side. We've
drifted during the campaign, but
we've seen it through to our
original goal and we can't lose
sight of that.

GRACE
Cut the rhetoric, Jack.

JACK
This place isn't just the White
House. It's a house. And a house is
a home.

GRACE
Do you even speak English anymore?

JACK
Wait for it. You'll see.

GRACE
I won't allow politics to stop me
from speaking from the heart.

Grace realizes she's thumb-gesturing like she's on the
campaign trail, stops it.

JACK
You were right. The midterms hurt
me more than I could admit. Bennet
was family.

GRACE

A lot changed when your father died. You should have nipped this in the bud.

JACK

I just kept seeing the Admiral looking down at me, hearing his voice... "Honor son. Honor first, last and always."

GRACE

And that justifies a hundred-year war?

JACK

You're right. It's done. Grace, I-

Kathy strides into the room.

KATHY

Madam President, the Egyptian ambassador is here.

(to Jack)

Mr. Warner.

(back to Grace)

We've briefed him on the revised aid package but he's coming in hot on the terms-

JACK

You can't step-finance Cairo! Even the Russians stopped payments after-

Grace and Kathy stare at Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)

Right. No. I'll just, uh...

Jack backs away.

NEWS CLIP - EXT. CAPITOL HILL - DAY

SUPER: IS THE HONEYMOON OVER?

TV REPORTER (V.O.)

House and Senate republicans held closed door meetings today amid speculation impeachment proceedings have been discussed by high-ranking officials.

(MORE)

TV REPORTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Worries over President Warner's
perceived lack of confidence have
pundits wondering at the
disappearance of the bold candidate
seen during her campaign.

Bennet approaches the press scrum microphones.

BENNET
Now I think we've all been patient
with trying out a lady in the White
House, and perhaps the country is a
little disappointed, but the
central issue is this
administration's inability to
assure the public of our nation's
security. I hate to be blunt, but
we need to know our nuclear launch
codes aren't out getting their
nails done.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - WEST WING - NIGHT

Jack roams the hallway, ice clinking in his tumbler of
scotch. He comes across a security guard, BAKER, 72.

JACK
Evening, Baker.

BAKER
Evening, Sir.

Jack carries on until he arrives at the entrance to the Oval
Office. He looks both ways, steps in.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jack glances around at the updated decor. Runs a finger along
the President's desk. He sits behind it, relishes the view.
Leans in.

JACK
You listen here, it's a good idea
and I want to move on it. Cameron,
get me Berlin.

Jack discovers Beatrice standing in the doorway, a vase of
Daphne flowers in her hands.

BEATRICE
Excuse me, sir.

JACK

Beatrice, no, please come in. Just play acting. Gestalt.

BEATRICE

Yes, I'm sure.

Beatrice places the vase, arranges the flowers.

JACK

Little late to be working, isn't it?

BEATRICE

Quite the contrary, sir.

JACK

Oh?

BEATRICE

Evening is the finest time for arranging. There is a certain stillness the flowers prefer to settle in.

JACK

Sounds a little woo-woo.

Jack looks over the bouquet.

JACK (CONT'D)

Those the fancy winter flowers Grace planted?

She nods.

BEATRICE

Beautiful, aren't they?

JACK

Grace loves tending to the Rose Garden. Doesn't look like she's getting much of a chance these days.

BEATRICE

Yes, well, it's never far. I'm told Mrs. Wilson planted it in view of the Oval to help Mr. Wilson keep a peaceful mind. Something about balancing the masculinity of the Oval with the femininity of nature.

JACK
Woodrow Wilson took the US into
World War I.

BEATRICE
Well, you can't blame a lady for
trying, now can you?

Jack gazes into his tumbler, ice clinking in the still quiet
as Beatrice slips away.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - FIRST FAMILY RESIDENCE - MOMENTS LATER

Jack approaches the door to the Lincoln Bedroom. Agent Steve
stands guard.

JACK
Steve.

AGENT STEVE
Evening, Mr. Warner.

Jack indicates the door.

JACK
You mind?

AGENT STEVE
Excuse me sir, but haven't you been
sleeping in the Queen's bedroom?

JACK
Did the President specifically
order you not to admit me to the
Lincoln Bedroom?

AGENT STEVE
No, not exactly, sir.

JACK
Well then?

INT. WHITE HOUSE - LINCOLN BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack quietly closes the door behind him. Grace, fully
clothed, sleeps on her side on the President's bed. Briefing
documents everywhere.

Jack moves to get a closer look, his face softening as he
takes in his wife's slender silhouette. Despite the obvious
signs of an impossible workload, Grace glows with a radiant
beauty.

JACK
(whispering)
Grace. I love you. I love you so
much.

Grace stirs but does not wake, a sweet little sound escaping from her lips. She rolls over.

Jack reacts to a document stuck to some drool on her cheek. He tries to pry it off, but he's squeamish about the spit.

JACK (CONT'D)
You just- you got a little-

Grace rolls back, looking radiant again. Jack sighs relief.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - FIRST GENTLEMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

The space is now a replica of the Oval Office, right down to the freshly installed curved corner pieces.

Jack sits with his feet up on his desk. Cameron stares at Kate Queen.

JACK
It's two birds with one stone.
Hell, it's a bush full of birds.

CAMERON
When did you and Ms. Queen get a
chance to discuss all this?

JACK
Cameron, this is the magic bullet.
I stay away from tea parties and
napkin folding, we clean up Grace's
image. Who's better on the campaign
trail than me?

KATE
If I've overstepped my bounds in
anyway...

JACK
You've done a great job, Kate.
Let's move with what you've got.

KATE
Yes, sir. I'll pull the trigger.

Cameron snaps a look to Jack. Kate bows out.

JACK

I like her. Let's make her your number two.

Cameron holds a poker face.

CAMERON

I'm a little confused, sir. Are we still working on Goat Island?

JACK

No, you were right. The whole Airwave Hydro thing can wait. What we've got to do is really get behind the President here. This is her time. And I really need to get laid.

CAMERON

Okay...

Jack pops up, claps his hands.

JACK

First Gentleman. Let's do this!

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY

Jack holds a press conference surrounded by a group of overweight kids, elderly vets, farmers, and ethnically diverse handicapped people.

JACK

Grace Warner has been learning the ropes, just like I did. But here's the fact: *politics and people aren't the same thing*. The Office of the First Gentleman is here to make sure people come first, and that's how the President wants it. Let's make a fresh start.

A banner unfurls behind him. It reads "A Time for Us."

JACK (CONT'D)

Together, we can take care of what's most important: each other.

Jack shakes hands with the collection of people behind him, mugs for the cameras.

JACK (CONT'D)

Thank you! God Bless America!

Agent Bill shuttles Jack toward his waiting car.

INT. FGOTUS LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS

Jack steps in, followed by Kate. He can't help but notice Kate's short skirt as she settles into her seat.

JACK
I need a podium. My hands were just swimming out there.

KATE
I'll take care of that, sir.

JACK
Good.

Jack picks up a waiting sandwich, takes a bite.

JACK (CONT'D)
So how was I?

KATE
Vague.

JACK
(almost choking)
Excuse me?

KATE
I'm sorry sir, but I was wrong.

JACK
But that was great. I'm pumped!

KATE
This all things to all people routine is too dilute. We've got to hit our demographics one at a time-

JACK
That's an easy tweak-

KATE
And I've got something better.

Kate makes him wait for it.

KATE (CONT'D)
I think it's obvious that this is about more than just cleaning up the President's PR.

JACK

What are you getting at here?

KATE

You want to impress the Commander in Chief? Let's do something that really matters to her. Sir.

NEWS CLIP - WOOD PANELLED ROOM - DAY

Jack sells a press conference from behind his shiny new FGOTUS podium. He's surrounded by a group of happy kids.

JACK

Water is the common bond between us all: Republican and Democrat, man and woman, American and everybody else. President Warner has been called out for being soft on international terrorism, but what about the terrorist attacks on our very life blood...

Jack squints as his Teleprompter goes on the fritz.

JACK (CONT'D)

...of water. Water being our life blood...

Jack gives up on the Teleprompter, goes off book.

Water blood runs deep. It's in all of us. President Warner isn't going to stand idly by as our water is attacked by pollution, and industrial runoff, and- *runoff from pollution*. No she won't! And I hope you won't either. For the children.

Jack takes the hands of the kids on either side of him.

JACK (CONT'D)

Clean Water. Let's do this!

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Grace sits at the President's desk. Jack stands.

GRACE

The kids were a nice touch. Feels like the East Wing is finally starting to gel-

JACK
Does this mean we can have sex
again?

GRACE
Jack. This isn't the time.

JACK
But it could be the place. Remember
the Parkinson Filibuster?

Grace cracks a smile.

GRACE
Oh my god, he went on for ten
hours.

JACK
That's what I'm talking about.

Kathy pops her head in. Grace nods. Jack squints.

Bennet enters.

BENNET
Madam President. Jacky boy.

Grace shoots Jack a look. He bites his tongue.

GRACE
That's the First Gentleman you're
speaking to, Mr. Speaker.

Bennet chuckles, looks Jack over.

BENNET
Yes, it is.

Bennet helps himself to a seat on one of the couches.

GRACE
We can't go on like this.

BENNET
Can't we? I do believe the people
gave me that imperative.
(to Jack)
You know, with the midterms.

JACK
I could have exposed you before the
voting machines were destroyed.

BENNET
So why didn't you?

JACK
Something called loyalty!

BENNET
How dare you sully the word!

Grace stands, crosses to the front of the desk.

GRACE
Gentlemen! What's done is done.
Jack?

Jack stares at Grace. She stares back. Jack turns to Bennet.

JACK
Mr. Speaker. I'm very sorry I
manipulated Canada into killing
your comprehensive plan to acquire
abundant cheap oil for the
foreseeable future. It won't happen
again.

Bennet smiles. He stands.

BENNET
Well, that is so gracious. Is this
why you asked me to come?

GRACE
This is my administration, Bennet.
I'm extending the olive branch.

BENNET
Then you're even stupider than you
look playing President, Gracey.

Jack clenches a fist. Grace puts her hand over it.

BENNET (CONT'D)
I accepted that olive branch the
first time you offered it. And then
little Jack here took my fracking
away. It's clear I can't trust
either of you, therefore, I'll have
to tear this administration to the
goddamn ground.

Bennet catches himself, makes the sign of the cross.

BENNET (CONT'D)
I'll let myself out.

He exits. Grace lets go of Jack's hand.

JACK
I'm probably not moving back into
the Lincoln bedroom tonight, am I?

INT. FIRST GENTLEMAN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Jack enters to find Cameron seated. Cameron stands.

CAMERON
Sir.

JACK
I'm never getting laid again.

CAMERON
I resign, sir.

JACK
Jesus Christ, Cameron!

CAMERON
I'm sorry, sir. I wasn't sure how
to broach the matter.

JACK
Well your bedside manner sure as
hell could use some work. What do I
have to say to change your mind?

CAMERON
I was White House Chief of Staff
for eight years.

JACK
Eight good years.

Cameron stares.

JACK (CONT'D)
Like six good years.

Kate enters.

KATE
Mr. Warner. How was the meeting?

Cameron glances at Kate, back to Jack.

CAMERON

I just don't see how I fit into this scenario any further, sir. I'm sorry.

Cameron exits. Kate stares at Jack.

JACK

Cameron just resigned.

Kate cocks a hip. Jack notices.

KATE

I guess that makes this a time for us.

NEWS CLIP - EXT. TOUR BUS - DAY

"A Time for Us" is emblazoned across the side of the bus. A phalanx of black SUV's lead the way as the convoy cruises down the Great American Open Road.

SUPER: BY THE PEOPLE, FOR THE PEOPLE

NEW ANCHOR (V.O.)

Jack Warner's lightning twenty-four state tour continues this week as his office continues to solicit invitations for local events. While President Warner's approval rating continues its slow rise, critics are accusing the administration of "populist pandering."

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - DAY

Jack barely breaks a sweat as he leads an exhausted group of teens in a Zumba workout. Press everywhere.

JACK

A time for us has always been now!
We can't let special interest groups tear us apart!

One of the students collapses behind him.

EXT. COUNTY FAIR - NIGHT

Jack competes with a row of obese Truckers in a rabid rib-eating contest. He clears his plate.

JACK

As long as we're together, we're
always gonna be just fine.

Jack grabs an opponent's plate, gets to clearing it too.

INT. KINDERGARTEN CLASSROOM - DAY

Jack perches on a small chair, tossing candies to a swirl of
sugar-frenzied children.

JACK

Where we've come from isn't
anything compared to where we're
going!

One of the kids dive bombs Jack. He deftly maneuvers away.

INT. ELDERLY HOME - DAY

Jack grabs the prosthetic arm of a decorated WW2 veteran,
raises it in a victory salute.

JACK

We all know my father was a war
hero, but together, we're all-the-
time heroes!

Jack lets go and the Veteran lowers his arm. The prosthetic
falls to the floor.

EXT. FARMER'S FIELD - DAY

Jack pulls up a carrot, nods in approval.

JACK

We've done the work, now it's time
for us to harvest... *this Time for
Us.*

Jack takes a bite, the farmer's eyes go wide. He points to
the Crop Duster finishing up spraying the field in chemicals.

INT. TOUR BUS - NIGHT

Jack, Kate, and staffers watch CNN.

NEWS ANCHOR (ON SCREEN)

Despite concerns over President Warner's delays in promised legislation, polling shows overall Democratic approvals breaking new ground for the first time since their devastating mid-term losses.

The staffers high-five in celebration. Jack and Kate come together in a hug, linger for a second. Jack brushes it off.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Jack stands before Grace's seated secretary, DORIS, 55. She looks over the schedule on her desk.

DORIS

Tomorrow's not good either, but I can see about Thursday. It looks like I've got five minutes at either 6:10AM or 9:20PM.

The door to the Oval opens as a sorority-type INTERN, 22, steps out. Jack glimpses Grace swarmed by top-level officials as the intern shuts the door behind her.

INTERN

Oh, hey Mr. Warner. Did you get that email on the "Pets for Policy" photo-op?

INT. FIRST GENTLEMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack peers out from his FGOTUS podium at a collection of colorful clothing. A team of wardrobe consultants look to Kate.

KATE

Okay. Give us the room.

The consultants file out. Jack steps over to a bright shirt set on a mannequin.

JACK

Pink? I don't think so...

KATE

It's coral. And a First Ladies' colors have always off-set the serious tones of the Commander in Chief.

JACK

But we're winning. If it ain't broke-

Kate holds up a sky-blue Kurta-type shirt.

KATE

The President needs to look stronger. Every time you show up wearing a power suit, it's not helping. You have to look softer.

JACK

I could grow my hair out. I had a mean flow in college.

KATE

Too long.

JACK

My hair?

KATE

How long that would take. We need you swishy asap.

Kate hands him the Kurta.

KATE (CONT'D)

It's time to shine, Mr. President.

Jack squints. Kate nods.

Jack pops his shirt off, revealing his cut physique. Kate notices. He slips the Kurta on, glances at the fitting mirror.

JACK

You mean more than usual.

Kate smooths the fabric on Jack's chest.

KATE

That's exactly what I mean.

She breaks away, crosses to pick up a folio of documents.

KATE (CONT'D)

By the way, I took a deeper look at Clean Water. I put together a little something I thought might score you some brownie points.

Kate hands the documents over. Jack flips through.

JACK
 Since when have you been into
 drafting legislative language?

KATE
 Ex-boyfriend at the EPA owed me.

JACK
 (still perusing)
 This is extremely nuanced.

Kate bites her lip.

KATE
 He owed me... big time.

Jack uses a hand to check if his forehead is sweating.

NEWS CLIP - EXT. CAMP DAVID - DAY

Marine One lands with aplomb. Grace steps out looking
 presidential, followed by Emma in business casual.

Jack pops out clad in the sky-blue Kurta atop linen slacks
 and kung-fu slippers.

SUPER: THE FRENCH CONNECTION

TV REPORTER (V.O.)
 President Warner meets with French
 Prime Minister Marc Cloutier at
 Camp David today, amidst
 speculation Warner is seeking
 assistance reviving her struggling
 clean water legislation. Sources
 say Mrs. Warner is hopeful she'll
 be able to tap Cloutier's recent
 wins implementing popular water
 policies across the EU.

INT. CAMP DAVID - MAIN LODGE - NIGHT

Grace and dashing MARC CLOUTIER, 40, drink wine and converse
 in french, oblivious to everything except each other.

Jack stares from across the room, sitting in front of a
 fireplace with Emma and Marc's wife, JULIE CLOUTIER, 32.
 They all have wine too.

Marc touches Grace's arm and she erupts into warm laughter.
 Jack squints at Marc. Emma watches Julie stare into the fire.

JULIE
We were in love.

Emma looks to Jack, he shrugs.

EMMA
You and the Prime Minister?

Julie gasps. She's a little drunk.

JULIE
How did you know?

EMMA
I just thought...

Jack watches Grace playfully touch Marc's chest.

JACK
Aren't you still?

JULIE
We are. Oh we are, it's just that
what does it matter if we don't
believe it?

Jack pours himself more wine.

JACK
Here's to believin'.

Jack swigs. Julie looks over to Marc and Grace.

JULIE
All he does is work. It's like he's
only half a person, like his work
half isn't a half anymore.

Jack stares into the fire.

JACK
Like his work half is a whole half.

EMMA
A lot like what's going on with you
and the President, actually.

Jack snaps a look to Emma. Julie snaps a look to him.

JULIE
Really?

JACK

Well, she's busier than I ever was,
that's for sure.

JULIE

Are you sure it doesn't just look
that way from the outside?

Jack blinks. Julie stares back into the fire.

JULIE (CONT'D)

No one can know these things.

Jack looks at Marc sideways, drains his glass. Emma sips her wine as she studies Jack.

INT. FIRST GENTLEMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack strolls in to find Kate working at his desk. He gets behind his FGOTUS podium.

JACK

Sitting at the boss's desk, huh?

KATE

How was the clean water party?

JACK

Cloutier's people loved the draft
language.

KATE

You didn't let him take the credit
for it!

JACK

Hell, no. I made sure everyone knew
I was bringing it hot. Any
inclusions will point right back to
the East Wing.

(re: Kate at desk)

If I was still President you'd be
in trouble.

Kate makes a show of getting out of Jack's chair.

KATE

And I'm sure I would have to make
it all better.

Kate swings her hips, crosses to an oversized wall calendar.

KATE (CONT'D)

We've got three shoots over the next two days.

JACK

I think I've done what I needed to with the press. I've been thinking about ramping up my Presidential library-

KATE

We got Rolling Stone.

JACK

We got Rolling Stone?

KATE

10 pages on gender equalization and the new power.

JACK

I'm the new power!

KATE

Damn right you are. We're calling it meta-binary.

JACK

Isn't that a little clunky?

KATE

It reads well.

Jack crosses to sit at his desk, puts his feet up.

JACK

We need to tighten up. Time, Newsweek. We should find some PBS coverage.

KATE

Works for me, but I want some daytime estrogen too.

JACK

We'll play it both ways, drive it hard.

Kate steps to Jack's desk, levels a look.

KATE

I'm good with driving it hard both ways.

INT. "ROLLING STONE" PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - DAY

Rolling Stone covers are plastered across one of the walls. Jack poses as Washington crossing the Delaware, the river staged with polar bears standing on shrunken ice-floes.

A reporter takes notes.

REPORTER

Several sources allege Goat Island was more than a parks issue, saying you purposefully undermined the Alberta fracking deal.

JACK

The Republicans have milked that cow for every magic bean it has. But if they want to give me credit for avoiding more carbon emissions, I'll take it.

INT. "CHARLIE ROSE" TV STUDIO - NIGHT

Jack wears another Kurta-type ensemble as Charlie interrogates him.

CHARLIE

You've been hamming it up, haven't you? Certainly switching a lot of gears.

JACK

Charlie, I was an elected official. Now I'm a volunteer.

CHARLIE

What's the difference?

JACK

Not having to keep two feet on the ground.

INT. TV STUDIO - "THE VIEW" - DAY

Jack is radiant in a colorful outfit.

WHOOPI

The new look ain't business as usual!

ROSIE

I'd work that nine to five.

The audience "ooohs." Jack pops a wink.

JACK

Gotta be me. I'm just showing up.

NICOLE

Man of the people and newly minted social czar. You're everywhere these days. How are you holding up?

JACK

You know, it kind of takes care of itself. I love my family and I love my country. You get what you put into it.

WHOOPI

What does Mrs. Warner have to say about the new Jack we're all seeing?

JACK

Oh, she's loving it. Of course she's a little busy these days, but we're closer than ever.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - QUEEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

On Grace.

GRACE

I'm not really feeling it.

Jack stands wearing both a mud mask and seaweed body wrap. Magazines with "Jack" cover shots fill the bed beside him.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Besides, it doesn't look like there's room for two on the bed.

Jack cleans up the spread of magazines. A flap of seaweed flops and hangs from his torso.

JACK

You could have given me a heads up.

GRACE

I just wanted to say hi.

Jack chucks the stack of magazines onto the floor behind him.

JACK
I'm done with this Queen's bedroom
bullshit. You're my wife. What the
hell is our problem?

GRACE
Beside's screwing me-

JACK
I wish.

GRACE
-with Bennet?

JACK
Now who's holding the hundred year
war?

GRACE
Wow, pressured to have sex. What is
this, Prom night in Nantucket?

Grace moves to exit.

GRACE (CONT'D)
I just came to say hi.

JACK
Grace! I need you!

Grace turns back. A very small smile.

JACK (CONT'D)
I'm serious... I've got women all
over me these days and I-

Exit Grace's smile.

GRACE
You've got women all over you...?

JACK
No, I mean... you don't know what
it's like to be out there everyday,
face to face with the public,
coveted and desired-

GRACE
I don't know what it's like to be
desired?

Jack slaps his hands to face, remembers the mud mask too
late. He looks for somewhere to rub the goop off his hands.

GRACE (CONT'D)
 Maybe this will up my desirability.

She leaves. Another piece of Jack's seaweed flops loose.

EXT. "CHARLIE PALMER" ROOFTOP PATIO - DAY

Jack and Emma eat amidst the DC power-lunch crowd. Their table looks out over the Capitol and National Mall.

JACK
 I'm not saying we're over, just
 that it might be time for your
 mother and I to expand our
 horizons, other people-wise.

EMMA
 Dad. If you're talking about what I
 think you're talking about, A that
 is totally gross, and B it's
 completely inappropriate to talk to
 me about. God, I'm eating.

JACK
 No! I mean... I don't know.

EMMA
 No, it doesn't seem you do.

Jack puts his fork down.

JACK
 First of all, if your mother would
 have let me play my Bennet strategy
 out everything would be fine-

EMMA
 You promised you'd back her up. She
 was super clear some kind of puppet
 thing wasn't going to work-

JACK
 I was setting her up-

EMMA
 Yeah, I know!

JACK
 No, for the best possible stance
 going into- forget it...

EMMA

Right. This is some top level strategy we're talking about. I wouldn't get it. You know, because I'm a girl.

JACK

Are you kidding me?

EMMA

Not really.

Jack picks at a few \$15 fries. Emma squints. Makes a decision.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Well, it probably doesn't matter now anyway.

JACK

What doesn't?

EMMA

You know, whatever. I guess Mom agrees with you on the whole other people horizon thing...

Jack almost chokes on a fry.

JACK

What are you talking about?

EMMA

You don't know she's in Paris?

JACK

Why would she be in Paris? Cloutier wrapped out on the Clean Water package.

EMMA

Maybe he had some revised input...?

INT. PARIS LA TREMOILLE HOTEL - HALLWAY - DAY

Jack is led to the Presidential Suite by Agent Bill and AGENT CARL. Grace's agents, Steve and DAVE, are posted at the door.

AGENT STEVE

Evening, Mr. Warner.

JACK

Steve.

AGENT DAVE
Mr. Warner.

JACK
Dave.

AGENT BILL
Steve. Dave.

AGENT DAVE
Bill. Carl.

AGENT STEVE
Carl. Bill.

AGENT CARL
Steve. Dave.

JACK
Busy in there, Steve?

AGENT STEVE
Perhaps a delicate moment, sir.

Jack isn't buying it.

JACK
Bill.

Agent Bill gestures to Agent Dave to open the door.

AGENT BILL
Dave.

INT. LA TREMOILLE HOTEL - PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Jack barges in to discover Grace seated at a makeshift conference table with Kathy, Marc Cloutier, and three QUEBECOIS POLITICIANS.

Everyone stares at Jack for a moment. One of the Quebecois breaks into a smile, elbows his colleague.

QUEBECOIS #1
Calisse de tabernak!

Grace stands.

GRACE
Gentlemen, apologies.

MARC CLOUTIER
 Se il vous plaît excuser
 l'interruption.

The Quebecois carry on poking each other with elbows.

QUEBECOIS #2
 Ce est l'homme de dame!

QUEBECOIS #3
 Il est tellement plus joli en
 personne!

Jack can't help noticing the twinkling amusement shared by
 the francophones in the room.

EXT. LA TREMOILLE HOTEL - BALCONY - MOMENTS LATER

A magnificent view as the sun sets on Paris.

JACK
 I heard "dame" and "joli." I'm
 fairly sure that means something
 like pretty lady.

GRACE
 What can I say? Quebecers like to
 have a good time.

JACK
 Well it's my fault for barging in.
 Smart leveraging Cloutier to get to
 Quebec. I'm sure you won't have any
 problems sweet talking Jean Pierre
 with those guys in your pocket.

Grace makes a little girl face.

GRACE
 Oh, you think its smart? Thanks! I
 didn't understand what was going
 on!

JACK
 I always said you wouldn't have a
 problem landing Canada on Clean
 Water.

GRACE
 Yeah, because Canada is a push
 over.

JACK

No. Because you're brilliant, and you know it.

Grace takes in her husband's face.

GRACE

It's good to see you without your mud mask on.

JACK

I'd like you to see me with a lot less on that.

GRACE

You know, I'd kind of like that too-

Kathy pops out from inside the suite.

KATHY

Madam President? I'm sorry-

GRACE

I'll be right there.

(to Jack)

Stay in Paris. We'll have a midnight dinner on Airforce One.

JACK

Like old times.

GRACE

Or maybe we can make some new times.

Grace grabs his face, kisses him deeply, spins away.

Jack watches her step off to lead the free world, the last fire-reds of the sunset blazing out behind her.

INT. FGOTUS LIMOUSINE - MOMENTS LATER

Kate pours a tumbler of scotch. She produces a tiny silver vial, carefully adds a little white powder from it into the glass. She checks to make sure it's completely dissolved.

The door opens and Jack steps inside. Kate hands him the scotch.

JACK

What's this?

KATE

We set up a culture meet and greet.
I need you warm.

Jack's not so sure, checks his watch.

JACK

Maybe we take the night off.

KATE

We're both on the clock, Mr. First
Gentleman. The West Wing approved
it.

JACK

Well if it's official business.

Jack takes a slug on the scotch, gets his game face on.

JACK (CONT'D)

Let's get it done.

EXT. CHAMPS ELYSEES TERRACE - LATER

Paris glitterati overflow the elegant outdoor space. Jack
works the beautiful crowd.

JACK

France was America's first ally.
Sure, we've had our ups and downs,
but you're still our oldest friend.
And we know there will always be
more we can learn from each other.

Jack raises a glass. The crowd enthusiastically joins him.

JACK (CONT'D)

To the liberty, equality and
fraternity of our two great
nations!

The crowd cheers as Jack steps back, checks his watch. A
group of haute French models swarm around him.

MODELS

Monsieur President! Nous vous
aimons! Que faites-vous ce soir?

Kate joins him as agents lead them to a VIP area. Jack downs
his drink. He's definitely high on drugs.

JACK

France really works for me!

A server places a fresh drink in Jack's hand, gives one to Kate.

JACK (CONT'D)
I thought you didn't drink.

Kate takes a sip.

KATE
I don't. Cheers.

INT. TERRACE VIP AREA - LATER

Jack is flying high as he dances with the group of models. Beautiful people gaze on approvingly.

Kate sneaks up behind Jack, hugs him. He spins around, Kate presses into him harder. The models work their mini-skirts.

KATE
You like what I do for you?

JACK
Heck yeah, Kate. You know how to play the game.

KATE
What if I'm sick of playing?

Kate does a sexy move thing, grabs Jack's hands. He doesn't resist.

JACK
I love my wife, Kate.

KATE
So do I. I voted for her.

She moves a little closer, runs his left hand along her cheek, lips parting. Jack lets it happen...

A flash of light reflects off his wedding ring. He instantly checks his watch.

JACK
Oh shit!

Jack tries to bolt, Kate stops him.

KATE
I need you to kiss me!

JACK
Kate, thanks so much, really, but I
have to-

KATE
Mr. President!

Jack pauses. Looks between Kate and the writhing models.
He regroupes, exits. Kate glares after him.

EXT. PARIS CITY STREETS - FGOTUS CONVOY - MOMENTS LATER
The convoy barrels down the avenue, all sirens and lights.

INT. FGOTUS LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS
Jack leans into the car phone.

JACK
Kathy, it ran late.

KATHY (O.S.)
We had it at two hours. Simple meet
and greet.

JACK
I'm minutes away.

KATHY (O.S.)
I don't know what to tell you. I'm
the one on the phone with you.

JACK
Do not let that plane take off!

KATHY (O.S.)
I'm sorry, sir. I don't have any
say in the matter.

Jack throws the phone, smashing it against the car window.

EXT. PARIS ORLY AIRPORT - PRIVATE RUNWAY - MOMENTS LATER
Jack stands beside the FGOTUS limousine. Airforce One
thunders off into the night sky.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE CORRIDOR - DAY

Jack steps up to Doris. There's something odd about the suit he's wearing, as if the shirt and jacket are attached.

JACK
Is she...?

DORIS
She's expecting you, sir.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jack crosses the Oval, exits through the opposite door.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - PRESIDENT'S WORKING OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The office that the President actually works in, totally swamped with documents and files. Grace glances up from her seat, keeps working.

JACK
Busy, huh?

GRACE
You know it.

Jack waits a moment, realizes Grace isn't going to look up anytime soon.

JACK
Thanks for seeing me.

Nothing.

JACK (CONT'D)
I like your blouse.

No response.

JACK (CONT'D)
It's cool about Clean Water.

Grace drops her pen.

GRACE
I'm on a bit of a timetable here.

JACK
I'm sorry about Paris.

GRACE
Are we really doing this now?

JACK
I've been lost without you.

Grace rubs her eyes, softens a little.

JACK (CONT'D)
You've just been so busy.

Exit Grace's softness.

GRACE
Unbelievable. Our African peace keepers just got their asses handed to them, Tehran wants a sleep-over, Bennet Diller is leading the biggest impeachment witch-hunt since Bill Clinton got his junk cleaned-

JACK
Jesus, Grace-

GRACE
And you're standing here blaming me for not giving you enough TLC. Un-fucking-believable.

JACK
You just used the f-word.

GRACE
Drone warfare will do that to a girl.

Jack crosses his arms like he's trying to hide his clothes.

JACK
The friendly fire in Pakistan this morning... that was us?

GRACE
Classified.

JACK
Shit, I'm sorry.

Jack backs away. Grace notices something.

GRACE
Is that the-?

JACK

No.

GRACE

You're wearing the...

JACK

Nope.

Jack backs away more. Grace stands. Steps over to him.

GRACE

You thought you were going to come
in here and...?

JACK

No no. Nope.

Grace tugs on one of Jack's suit jacket shoulders: it's a
stripper pull-away suit. She flings it aside to reveal the
red velvet bannana-hammock Jack is wearing underneath.

GRACE

You're sorry about Paris?

JACK

Definitely. Mm-hmm.

GRACE

And you think I should give the
slightest shit about that in any
way, at all? I know you thought
this was going to be your third
term, your big chance to carve out
your face on Mt. Rushmore, but no,
Jack. This is my turn.

Grace gets in his face.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Your time is over. You're finished,
that's done. And now I'm trying to
actually do something here. And you
think I have time to deal with your
entitlement syndrome?

Jack starts to cry.

GRACE (CONT'D)

You come in here, *after Paris*,
gunning to mow me down. Is that it?

JACK

No no.

GRACE
 Oh, no? Laundry day? Oh I'm sorry,
 I misunderstood.

Jack's really sobbing now.

GRACE (CONT'D)
 Go ahead and cry, but you better
 find some cucumbers for your eyes
 because when we announce Clean
 Water next week you better damn
 well be ready to look good while
 you smile your ass off.

Grace sits, gets back to work.

GRACE (CONT'D)
 We're done here.

Jack, wide-eyed, wipes at his tears and backs away.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Jack staggers along with a bottle of scotch. He's drunk and crying. Baker the security guard steps up.

BAKER
 Evening, sir. Can I help you with
 anything?

JACK
 What do you got?

BAKER
 Sorry, sir?

JACK
 Me too.

Baker slowly backs away, exits. Jack steps up to an oil portrait of JFK and Jackie O.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Look at you two, so in love. I'm
 going to overlook the affairs and
 what not, you lucky bastard, but
 the two of you together... so
 beautiful...

Jack traces the line of Jackie O's hat with the neck of his Scotch bottle.

JACK (CONT'D)
Just a class act, huh Jackie O? You kept it all together.

Jack's eyes go wide.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - BEATRICE'S QUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER

Loud banging. Beatrice ties her robe as she approaches the door to her quarters.

BEATRICE
Yes, yes. I'm very sure the banging isn't necessary.

Beatrice opens the door to reveal Jack.

JACK
Make me a lady.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - SOUTH LAWN - DAY

Grace addresses the press, Emma and Jack behind her.

GRACE
It was said electing a Democratic President with an overwhelming Republican majority wasn't going to happen. That the election of a woman was a moment who's time had yet not come. That if either came to pass, nothing of value could be accomplished.

Grace looks out regally at the cameras flashing before her.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Today, we as a nation quiet those voices. Republican and Democrat alike, together we sign this administration's first bill into law. The North American Clean Water Act ensures we safeguard our natural water resources, not just in our time, but for generations to come.

Grace gestures for her family to join her, makes sure Emma is between her and Jack. They pose in the perfect image of a noble First Family.

GRACE (CONT'D)
 God Bless America. Thank you.

Grace leads them back toward the White House as photographers shoot away...

TIME-LAPSE TRANSITION: SPRING CROSSFADES INTO WINTER.

NEWS CLIP - EXT. WHITE HOUSE - SPRING/WINTER MATCH CUT

The snow-covered south lawn spreads out before a White House bedecked with Christmas decorations.

SUPER: WHITE HOUSE DOWN

TV REPORTER (V.O.)
 As several prominent Super PACs continue a relentless media assault on President Warner's character, questions over her troubled implementation of the Clean Water Act continue to strengthen Republican concerns. House Speaker Bennet Diller has been named chair of the congressional committee conducting the upcoming administrative review of the struggling Warner White House.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - MAIN FOYER - DAY

Emma grins as Jack enthusiastically frets over the large-scale Christmas tree. He shouts instructions to the bustling staffers.

JACK
 Let's get the braided tendrils more drapey, the wispy ones are fine.

EMMA
 I'm liking commerce, but I am feeling a house run come on.

JACK
 Which district?

EMMA
 Seventh.

JACK
 I put you three years out.

EMMA

Agreed.

Jack offers his hand. They shake.

JACK

You'll have my vote.

EMMA

I appreciate it.

Jack picks up a braided decoration, shows it to a staffer.

JACK

Sasha, come on. The holly-garlanding is pretty but I'm going for gorgeous!

EMMA

So how is Mom?

JACK

You don't know?

EMMA

She's pretty busy...

JACK

Yeah. She's all right, I think...

(to staffers)

Let's go with a lot of the Tiffany spheres. A lot a lot, like half the top a lot.

(back to Emma)

I don't know, actually.

EMMA

You guys will work it out. You always have.

JACK

Have we? Maybe we just pushed it down the road...

Emma manages a smile.

EMMA

I think that might be above my security clearance.

All head, no heart SCOTT DIRKENBEINER, 39, rushes in.

SCOTT
Sir, we have a situation.
(to Emma)
Excuse me.

EMMA
Working on it.

Scott registers the dig, focusses on Jack.

SCOTT
American Crossroads just released a
new attack ad. It's pretty vicious.

Jack and Emma lock eyes. Scott stands at the ready.

JACK
Sorry, Emma. I should-

EMMM
No, yeah, I'll see what I can find
on my side.

Emma pecks Jack on the cheek, exits.

JACK
(to Scott)
Let's go.

They head out. Jack doubles back.

JACK (CONT'D)
(to staffers)
Let's really get that tinsel
filling in throughout.

He rejoins Scott.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - LINCOLN BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT

Grace brushes out her hair in front of the mirror. A knock at the door.

GRACE
Come.

Jack tentatively pops his head in.

JACK
Hey.

Grace meets his gaze, looks back to the mirror.

GRACE

Chronic stress exposure in lab mice alters the expression of genes associated with depression and PTSD. Everything is telling my body to fight harder, or flee harder, and I can't do either.

JACK

At least no one's dosing your cheese with corticosterone.

Grace turns to him.

GRACE

Did you see it?

JACK

It's pretty rough.

Grace stands, motions for Jack to join her on the bedroom's matching lounge chairs.

GRACE

I can't go before the committee. I think it's time to start closed door meetings.

JACK

You knew Bennet would double down after Clean Water.

GRACE

I don't mean tactics. I mean supporting a Republican agenda.

Jack's sputters a little.

JACK

You can't support Bennet! Take the administrative review head-on, show them what you're made of-

GRACE

Despite the relentless attacks and the insane obstacles, I'm finally finding my voice here. I have something to offer-

JACK

And nothing to hide!

GRACE

You know I wouldn't last two minutes being interrogated before committee-

JACK

We could prep you. You could bring in Cameron, we could fight this-

GRACE

I don't want to fight anymore. That's not my Presidency.

JACK

I don't understand.

GRACE

I'm talking about supporting Congress. Shaping initiatives, making what I can out of what I've got. Being a woman about this.

Jack gazes into Grace's calm eyes. He takes her hands.

JACK

How can I help?

Grace cocks her head. Almost a small smile.

GRACE

Do you remember when we got lost in Glasgow?

Jack grins.

JACK

Those little windmills.

GRACE

You trusted me. I need to do this my way, Jack. I need to lead.

Jack lets that in. Nods softly.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Just make me one promise. No matter what happens, you won't deal with Bennet.

JACK

Okay.

GRACE

He's like a yeast and we need to starve him from sugar, one hundred percent. Even the smallest taste and we're right back to square one.

JACK

Okay. Am I the sugar?

GRACE

Competition is the sugar.

JACK

Shouldn't competition be like acid or something?

GRACE

Yeast doesn't feed on acid.

JACK

The sugar rhetoric is too lightweight, we need more punch-

GRACE

Just don't deal with Bennet.

JACK

Okay.

GRACE

No. Jack. Promise me.

Jack blinks a little. Straightens up.

JACK

I promise I won't deal with Bennet.

Grace leans in and kisses Jack softly. He touches her cheek. They pull back, staring into each others eyes.

They slam into each other, sovereign nations finding renewed accord, hungry hands tearing clothes from heaving shoulders.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - STORAGE ROOM - DAY

Ground level windows angle shafts of sunlight into the basement space. Jack moves along a shelf, pulls down a box.

He opens it, rummages through press clippings and photographs, finds the "TIME" cover he was looking for.

He studies the image from his first inauguration: his sad, careworn face, Grace's strength, a supportive hand on his back.

Jack notices a shadow whisk by, stows the box. He peers around the shelf, discovers Beatrice.

BEATRICE
(without looking)
Good afternoon, sir.

JACK
Afternoon, Beatrice.

Beatrice unwraps a finely carved leg next to the chair it's missing from.

BEATRICE
Hope I didn't disturb you.

JACK
Not at all. Nice leg.

BEATRICE
The last Bellangé fauteuils ordered by President Monroe. I understand he loved this particular chair most of all, actually.

JACK
What happened to it?

BEATRICE
The King of Spain used it to change a light bulb.

JACK
Ah, I remember that. High drama.

BEATRICE
There was teetering, I recall.

They chuckle as Beatrice reunites leg and chair.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)
How's the guest list coming?

JACK
Oh, it's going to be lovely. Luyuan Pyangxi can make it now.

BEATRICE
How fortunate!

JACK
I'm a little nervous.

BEATRICE
Just remember to-

JACK
Fully be present, seek to
understand before being understood,
think from my heart and feel from
my mind. Boom.

Beatrice waits.

JACK (CONT'D)
Did I just...?

BEATRICE
Remember to listen, and you'll be
fine.

Jack nods. He picks up the freshly assembled chair.

JACK
Lilacs or purple calla lilies? Such
a tough call.

INT. DC PUBLIC SCHOOL - DAY

An obviously underfunded school. Jack reads "Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban" to a grade three class. Scott frowns beside him.

JACK
"You think the dead we loved ever
truly leave us? You think that we
don't recall them more clearly than
ever in times of great trouble?"

Scott looks from the adoring teachers to the rapt students.

SCOTT
(under his breath)
This is the money shot. Let's get
the photographers in here, wrap
this up.

Jack waves Scott off.

JACK
"Your father is alive in you,
Harry, and shows himself plainly
when you have need of him."

INT. WHITE HOUSE - FIRST GENTLEMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack's office has changed. The oval corners are still there, but softer, more feminine furniture has been swapped in.

Scott works on a cross-word as Jack flits about with female staffers.

JACK

I want the Sinclair sisters sitting together, or they simply don't need to attend. We've got enough going on without having to worry about their latest spat.

Jack swooshes over to a pile of programs, plucks one up and studies the embossing.

JACK (CONT'D)

If we're going with the Pierpont china, we're going all the way! The brass trio needs to rotate out for strings as soon as dinner is announced, and not a minute later.

STAFFER #1

Are we okay going with escarole if we can't clear the latest supplier?

JACK

This dinner has been on the books for a month and I'm not losing my radicchio for red-tape! If the food is safe, it's safe!

Jack pounces on the guest list, flips pages.

JACK (CONT'D)

I'm serious about parallel entries. If we don't hit 150 by 7, I'm not responsible.

STAFFER #2

We'll get it done.

JACK

Nothing says amateur like a clumsy line.

Jack surveys the roomful of preparations, wrings his hands.

JACK (CONT'D)

Somebody tell me what I'm forgetting!

Scott crumples up his crossword puzzle.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - EAST ROOM - NIGHT

Jack is seated at the head table of the sumptuous banquet, surrounded by the G20 First Ladies. He's one of only a few men in the entire room.

FIRST LADY LUYAUN PYANGXI, 35, confides in Jack. He nods.

FIRST LADY LUYUAN
I'm just tired of feeling like
everything I do is seen through
some, how do you call, make small?
Making small?

JACK
Diminishing?

FIRST LADY LUYUAN
Yes, some sort of diminishing lens.
I have strong values. I treat my
country like my family and I don't
want a foreign view commenting on
my manner and state of suitability.
It's enraging-

JACK
And yet you handle it gracefully-

FIRST LADY LUYUAN
Yes, accepting it, but it is not
consent!

JACK
Mm-hmm. Yeah. It's not consent.

FIRST LADY LUYUAN
But they don't see that!

JACK
I know. I know they don't.

An aide taps Jack on the shoulder.

AIDE
I'm sorry, Mr. Warner. First Lady
Loringson wanted to say hello.

JACK
Luyuan, please excuse me a moment.

FIRST LADY LUYUAN
Yes, but come back, Jack!

Jack smiles graciously, follows the aide.

KATE (O.S.)
Excuse me, Mr. Warner, sir?

Jack spins to find Kate Queen point blank.

JACK
(guarded)
Ms. Queen. What are you doing here?

KATE
State has me with the Argentineans.
I'm so sorry. Could I please just
have the quickest word?

Jack considers. He nods to the aide, who steps back.

KATE (CONT'D)
I want to apologize. I was
completely inappropriate and I-

Kate grabs Jack and kisses him full-on. A PHOTOGRAPHER snaps off ten frames in the time it takes Jack to come to his senses enough to break away.

KATE (CONT'D)
Bennet Diller sends his regards.

The room suddenly erupts in applause. Jack looks over to find Grace standing in the doorway. Her expression suggests Kate's kiss didn't look great from her vantage point.

KATE (CONT'D)
Enjoy your tea party, stud.

Jack is in shock as Kate and the photographer vanish. Grace addresses the attentive guests.

GRACE
Good evening, ladies, thank you so
much for coming. Unfortunately
something's just come up and I
can't visit.

The room sounds a collective sigh of disappointment.

GRACE (CONT'D)
I'm just here to say you are all
appreciated. And believe me I know!

Approving laughter.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Please be so welcome here tonight.
God bless, thank you.

More applause. Grace waves and exits.

SCOTT (O.S.)
Mr. Warner.

Jack spins to find Scott.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
We've got an issue.

Jack develops a twitch in his left eye. Scott notices.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Should I...?

INT. WHITE HOUSE - GREEN ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jack paces, phone to ear. Scott checks his watch.

JACK
Tell the President I very urgently
need to speak with her!

KATHY (O.S.)
I've delivered your message, sir.
There's nothing more I can do.

Jack makes to throw the phone against the wall, stops himself.

JACK
Okay. Thank you, Kathy.

Jack hangs up with great restraint. Turns to Scott, eye really twitching.

JACK (CONT'D)
Clean Water is dead.

SCOTT
Not exactly, but if this gets out
the Republican's could shelve the
bill for years. Definitely hurts
the President.

Scott focuses on Jack's non-twitching eye.

JACK
What's the problem?

SCOTT
Contradictory language included in the provisioning clauses makes it illegal for the Federal government to execute certain fiduciary aspects.

JACK
How did this get missed?

SCOTT
You'd almost have to know it's there to ever see it, it's such a micro-technicality. We're lucky we got the anonymous tip.

JACK
So it's a poison pill that came from...

SCOTT
You, apparently. The language is clearly attributed to the East Wing. Before my time, obviously.

Jack's eye twitch does not look good.

JACK
Set up a meeting with the Speaker, tonight.

SCOTT
Diller? I don't think that's likely. Unless you two are in cahoots on this or something...?

JACK
You tell his people I'll be at his house in three hours whether he damn well likes it or not!

Scott checks his watch again.

SCOTT
If you're clean on this we seriously need to talk strategy.

Jack flits toward the door.

JACK

I don't know the last time you served souffle for desert, but I'm a little busy right now!

INT. WHITE HOUSE - FIRST FAMILY RESIDENCE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Jack approaches the door to the Lincoln bedroom. Agent Steve stands guard.

AGENT STEVE

I'm sorry sir, the President has asked not to be disturbed.

JACK

Come on, Steve. Really?

AGENT STEVE

I'm sorry, sir. I have my orders. Specifically.

Jack mimes going for the door handle, questioning. Agent Steve scrunches his face and cocks his head, answering.

EXT. BENNET'S KALORAMA MANSION - LATER THAT NIGHT

The neoclassical mansion looms larger than the surrounding estates, clearly old money.

A DRIVER holds the FGOTUS limo door open. Jack steps out, forces a grin.

JACK

I'll take it from here. If I'm not back in half an hour, come in after me.

DRIVER

Really?

Jack considers the imposing mansion. Drops the grin.

JACK

One hour, max.

INT. BENNET'S KALORAMA MANSION - CONTINUOUS

A very pale, very old BUTLER shuffles along, leading Jack down a long corridor. Various big game trophies line the walls, fierce glassy eyes glaring down.

They arrive at a grand door. The Butler struggles to connect a hand with the doorknob, finally gets it, painstakingly opens the door.

BUTLER
Speaker Bennet will be... just a moment...

The Butler creakily ushers Jack into the room.

INT. BENNET'S KALORAMA MANSION - OVAL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The door clicks shut as Jack takes in the space: a replica of the Oval Office, even better than Jack's version.

BENNET (O.S.)
I see you're making yourself comfortable.

Jack jumps, spins to find Bennet dressed in a luxurious smoking robe.

JACK
I've got something you'll want.

Bennet scoffs, crosses to sit behind the President's desk.

BENNET
See, that's just the problem with you wheeler-dealers. Always whistling in the wind and hoping for a gust.

BUTLER (O.S.)
Your brandy, sir.

Jack jumps again.

JACK
Jesus!

Both the Butler and Bennet stare Jack down. He makes the sign of the cross.

BENNET
Leave it now.

BUTLER
Yes, Speaker.

The Butler hands over the snifter, exits. Bennet makes a show of sipping his brandy.

JACK

You had Kate Queen set up Clean Water.

BENNET

Oh, no. I had Kate Queen help you set up Clean Water. "It's just politics, Benny." Isn't that what you said?

JACK

I had to run. The Admiral wanted to see one of us in the Oval before he died. You couldn't win.

BENNET

You can't know that.

JACK

Your primary numbers were dragging knuckles.

BENNET

There was time. And you cheated.

JACK

Oh, come on. "I cheated this great nation by lying to the voters of the United States of America!" Give it up. My national reserve service was technically valid.

BENNET

You down-played my military record. I was awarded the Medal of Honor!

JACK

You rigged voting machines and stole the US Congress!

BENNET

Well, I guess we're even. Except for the fact that you abandoned the finest man I ever knew.

JACK

I had the inauguration, I couldn't have know he was going to die that day.

BENNET

But you knew he was so sick he couldn't leave the hospital. And still you left him there.

JACK

What was I supposed to do? Resign
the presidency?

BENNET

You weren't there to see the look
on his face. To feel the wisp of
his last breath!

Tears break from Bennet's eyes.

BENNET (CONT'D)

I stood there, Jack. You didn't.

JACK

I loved my father, Bennet!

BENNET

I LOVED YOUR FATHER!

Bennet composes himself. He crosses to an old phonograph
player, puts the needle down. Old-timey music crackles out.

BENNET (CONT'D)

All those long, lonely months at
sea. Only us officers to keep each
other company... We couldn't
fraternize with the men... all
those men, packed in shoulder to
shoulder like brawny, sweating
sardines...

Bennet catches himself.

BENNET (CONT'D)

We had to keep order, discipline!
We had a war to win! We only had
each other... your father and I...
we had each other...

Jack's a little dizzy. Bennet steps closer, studies the lines
of his face.

BENNET (CONT'D)

God, you look so much like him.

Bennet goes dead calm. Jack's eye twitches.

BENNET (CONT'D)

You want your problems to go away?
Let's make a deal.

JACK

Kill the Kate Queen photo. Leave Grace alone. No more attack ads, no committees. Nothing.

BENNET

What do I get?

JACK

Credit for Goat Island Airwave Hydroelectric. Nobody knows Texas has the world's largest deposit of the mineral that makes it viable. Niagara falls is worth trillions.

BENNET

That'll work. And.

JACK

And?

BENNET

One dance. A long one.

Bennet drops his smoking robe to reveal an elegant EVENING GOWN and HIGH HEELS. Whatever Jack has to pucker, puckers.

BENNET (CONT'D)

Sit at your desk, Mr. President
Admiral Sir.

Bennet gives him a little push. Jack stumbles over to the President's desk, sits.

Bennet pulls out a tube of RED LIPSTICK, puts some on. He slinks over, takes Jack's hand.

BENNET (CONT'D)

I do believe this dance is for me.

Bennet pulls him close, leads them in an intimate cheek to cheek waltz. Bennet pulls back, studies Jack's face.

BENNET (CONT'D)

Oh god, I've missed you, Admiral.

Cheek to cheek, bodies close, Jack wide-eyed.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - QUEENS BEDROOM - DAY

Jack wakes with a start, fully dressed on top of the bed covers. He crosses to a mirror, meets his own eyes. Notices a smear of red lipstick on his collar.

He crosses, flips on the TV morning news: a reporter does a stand-up in front of the White House.

SUPER: SCANDAL AT 1600 PENNSYLVANIA AVE

TV REPORTER

The Warner administration is in shambles today as the President's signature legislation is fast-tracked for repeal and a shocking image of the First Gentleman makes its way around the internet.

The image of Kate kissing Jack comes up. It's pretty damning as Jack looks fairly pleased with Kate's tongue in his mouth.

TV REPORTER (CONT'D)

WTTG has obtained exclusive broadcast rights to the image, and we're tracking events as-

Jack flips shuts off the TV.

JACK

God damn you, Bennet!

Jack looks up, makes the sign of the cross.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Grace's media team wraps up an emergency briefing. Kathy spots something out the window behind Grace, nods to the President to take a look.

STAFFER

We leverage Queen's involvement in the EPA scandal right out of the gate, and we'll keep looking for definite links to Diller's office...

Grace see's Jack standing in the Rose Garden, looking straight at her. She nods to Kathy.

KATHY

Okay everybody, let's make it happen.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - ROSE GARDEN - MOMENTS LATER

Moody clouds drift over the Rose Garden, the threat of snow hanging in the air. Grace tends to the winter-blooming Daphne bushes.

JACK

I wasn't even tempted in Paris, and she was all rubbing up on me and there were these models writhing around in mini-skirts-

GRACE

And this is your fidelity stance?

JACK

She said "Bennet Diller sends his regards!"

Grace grimaces.

GRACE

It's always something. Every time, Jack, all the time, something just coming up, something between us...

JACK

That's out of my control!

GRACE

That's exactly what it feels like. Out of control.

JACK

Well, that's just Washington.

Grace ties off a piece of twine to support a branch.

GRACE

Everything that's wrong with Washington is wrong with us.

They stand in silence a moment.

JACK

I'm sorry, Grace. I tried. I really did.

Grace stops working on the rose bush. Stares at Jack.

GRACE

How?

Some of the blood leaves Jack's face. Most of it, really.

JACK
Emotionally.

GRACE
How did you try?

JACK
Team... player.

GRACE
You saw Bennet.

JACK
Nooo. Uh-uh.

GRACE
You turned his yeast into acid.

JACK
I thought yeast ate sugar...?

GRACE
Yeast makes acid, Jack. You cut a deal?

JACK
No way.

GRACE
Are you going to lie to the President of the United states?

JACK
No.

GRACE
To the mother of your child?

JACK
(shaking no)
Mm-mmm.

GRACE
On you father's grave?

Jack shakes his head.

GRACE (CONT'D)
On that second night of our first trip to Cancun?

Jack stares. Grace stares back.

JACK
Goat Island.

GRACE
You gave Bennet Texas Fluorspar for
Airwave Hydroelectric.

Jack blinks.

JACK
You knew about Texas-?

GRACE
I want a divorce.

Big, fluffy snow flakes start falling. Grace turns back to
the rose bush, Jack absolutely frozen in place.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - PRESS BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Jack is way drunk as he answers questions from the full room.

REPORTER #1
What evidence do you have to base
these accusations on?

JACK
He's a cock.

Jack reveals a scotch bottle, takes a swig.

JACK (CONT'D)
Haven't you ever watched C-span? He
looks like a weasel wearing a tube
sock baked a sausage and stuffed it
into a shitty suit.
(pointing to next
reporter)
Chris.

REPORTER #2
Personal feelings aside, are you
going on record as saying a sitting
House Speaker conspired to tamper
with Federal legislation?

JACK
Bennet did it. Just like he did my
dad.

Kathy Bishop bursts in with two White House Security Guards.
They remove Jack from the stage.

JACK (CONT'D)
No further questions!

INT. WHITE HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Jack is passed out face first in the middle of the hallway. A TOUR GROUP stands over him, staring.

LITTLE GIRL
Is he a bad person, mommy?

MOTHER
No, dear. That's just what happens
when you send a man to do a woman's
job.

The Tour Group moves on, revealing Beatrice. She kneels.

BEATRICE
Mr. Warner, sir.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jack nurses a flask. Beatrice sips tea.

JACK
I thought I loved the job, but I
was just addicted to the adrenal
fatigue. My bullshit sense of
power. I thought I was gettin' it
done, changing the world. I didn't
do jack-shit.

Jack starts laughing hysterically. He calms himself enough to take a couple gulps off his flask.

JACK (CONT'D)
Jack-Shit Warner. President Shit
Warner. Her First Lady Shittington.

Jack cracks up, takes another slug.

BEATRICE
Well, perhaps that all lead to
something, didn't it, sir?

Jack offers a little smile.

JACK

Beatrice. I love you, but I'm not feeling the whole Eliza Doolittle Jedi Mind Training thing right now. Sorry.

Jack drags himself away.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - FIRST GENTLEMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack mixes a gin and tonic from the elaborate bar he's set up on his desk. Scott paces.

SCOTT

We're in trouble here, boss. Confession/repentance has gotta be breakfast, lunch, and dinner.

JACK

I'm done.

SCOTT

I'm not, and neither is the Democratic Party! Play ball or your legacy is done for, and you take us all down with you.

Jack sips at his drink. Decides to add more gin.

JACK

I don't care about my legacy.

Scott gets in his face.

SCOTT

You're acting like a gosh-darn amateur. You played this country like a Stradivarius for two solid terms! Anyone who matters knows Diller rigged that sham of a midterms and you still got your wife into the Oval. You're Jacking Freaking Warner!

Jack puts his drink down.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

So go ahead and cry about how your marriage didn't work out, and don't worry that you're giving Bennet Diller exactly what he wants while torpedoing the Democrats for the next twenty years!

(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)
 Beacuse nobody expects anything
 from you anymore, Mr. First
 Gentleman. It's obvious you've lost
 your political fire.

Jack jumps up, sweeps the bottles from his desk.

JACK
 I HAVE NOT LOST MY POLITICAL FIRE!

INT. WHITE HOUSE - FIRESIDE CHAT SET - DAY

On Christiane Amanpour.

CHRISTIANE
 Have you lost your political fire?

Jack is hung over beyond all recognition as Christiane
 interviews him for the cameras. He smacks his cotton mouth.

JACK
 Uh, by no means, Christiane. Every
 elected official plays a role in
 the swiss watch of our nation's
 good government, and temperance is
 the key to effective-

CHRISTIANE
 But you're not actually an elected
 official at this point.

Jack freezes.

JACK
 Well, that's true, of course...

Jack stands, takes off his lapel mic.

JACK (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry. Excuse me a moment.

Jack steps away from the cameras, a slight stumble as he
 makes his way around a corner.

He pulls out his flask, tries to take a slug. It's empty.

INT. WASHINGTON W HOTEL - ROOFTOP BAR - MAGIC HOUR

The floor to ceiling windows look out onto the White House.
 Jack downs a whiskey, waves for another.

Agent Bill leads Emma over, admits her into Jack's private drinking area.

EMMA
Thanks, Bill.

AGENT DAVE
Ms. Warner.

Emma looks Jack over.

EMMA
Wow.

JACK
Emma! What are you drinking?

EMMA
Yeah, not so much.

The server arrives with Jack's whiskey, he takes a gulp.

EMMA (CONT'D)
A little weird here, no?

JACK
I'm living it up. Free man.

Emma glances around the empty section guarded by agents.

EMMA
This doesn't look good on you.

JACK
I'm on R&R. Better for your mom
this way.

Emma squints. Jack slurs.

JACK (CONT'D)
I couldn't run again. Your mother
stepped in to clean up my mess.
She's doing the job I couldn't
finish and I messed it all up even
more.

Emma sits.

EMMA
So, what? You want someone to do
your job for you now?

JACK

No, you're right. You're exactly right. But you see, there is no job. That's the secret. I've learned how to surrender into the feminine, to allow the flow of no-doing-ness. Nothing to do, nowhere to go. Just being. Be, not do! Everything is equal to everything else, and the field of harmony...

Jack smooths the air with his hands.

JACK (CONT'D)

The Great Harmony accomplishes all without accomplishing.

Emma stares at Jack. She shakes it off, grabs his whisky and takes a fortifying slug.

EMMA

Yeah, dad, I think you might want to check in with Beatrice on that one again.

(then)

When I was four, I would follow you around the Capitol all day and not say a word. Congressmen called me Senator Warner. When I was ten and fell in love with Jimmy Rockefeller and wanted to move to Murray Hill, I didn't cry when you said I couldn't, even though he had that designer tree-house built for me. I scored 2400 on my SAT when I was 16, and I still waited two years before I went to college because you said it would build character. What do you think I was doing there?

JACK

Kicking ass and taking names?

EMMA

I was playing my part. I did things. I did a hell of a lot. But I was being a part of something. I was being your daughter. And that's the be-not-do that I know about.

Emma stands, looks Jack straight in the eye.

EMMA (CONT'D)
 What's the game plan, here? You
 gonna get it done?

Jack sneers at his whisky, puts it down.

Emma throws an arm around him, leads him over to the view of
 the White House. The setting sun sparkles off the white
 sandstone walls.

EMMA (CONT'D)
 Beautiful isn't it?

Emma rests her head on his shoulder.

JACK
 Yep. It really is.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - QUEENS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jack closes the door behind him, stumbles forward.

JACK
 I'm just gonna rest for one second.

He falls face first onto the bed, out like a light.

LATER

Jack drools a little, face plastered against the bedspread.

ADMIRAL (O.S.)
 Jack. Wake up, son.

Jack wakes with a start, peels his face up to discover the
 stern ADMIRAL, 77, dressed in an EVENING GOWN and HIGH HEELS.

JACK
 Admiral?

ADMIRAL
 Look at yourself, boy.

JACK
 Look at you. Wearing women's
 clothes, just like Bennet.

ADMIRAL
 Benny dresses in ladies' wear?

On Jack, sheepishly nodding. Back to the Admiral, now dressed
 in a NAVY UNIFORM.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)

Well, that's a relief. I always preferred to be the fella, if you understand my meaning.

JACK

Why didn't you tell us, Admiral?

ADMIRAL

You're mother and I were a great team, son. I didn't want to jeopardize that. But Benny and I had that spark. You and Grace have that. Don't let that go. I wasn't brave enough to truly follow my heart-

JACK

But you were the bravest man I've ever known. Everyone says so.

ADMIRAL

(hand to heart)

Being brave in the world is a lot different than being brave in here. Don't miss your chance to do what I never could, son. I'm counting on you.

Jack lifts his chin.

JACK

I won't let you down, Admiral.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - QUEENS BEDROOM - DAY

Jack wakes with a start, peels his face from the bedspread. He springs to his feet.

INT. GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY - LECTURE HALL - DAY

Cameron lectures a well attended audience. Although he speaks with the same measured reserve, he's wearing a a polka-dot shirt and casual slacks instead of a three piece suit.

Jack looks on from the balcony.

CAMERON

The question of a legitimate third party begs to ask what are the bounds? Whigs and Tories, Montagues and Capulets, Fire and Ice.

(MORE)

CAMERON (CONT'D)
Left and right is so entrenched,
can we even see anything beyond?

INT. GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY - OFFICE - LATER THAT DAY

Cameron sits at his desk, a pile of essays waiting to be graded. Jack stands.

CAMERON
Because having advised you
otherwise, I'm a completely
disinterested third party.

JACK
Completely disinterested?

CAMERON
Political science papers are where
I'm at. I'm having something of a
second honeymoon, really. I think
I've found myself.

JACK
Cameron. I need you. Grace needs
you-

CAMERON
Don't say it-

JACK
The country needs you.

Cameron groans.

CAMERON
The drinking?

JACK
Done.

CAMERON
Narcissistic attention mania?

JACK
Scaled back.

CAMERON
Kathy Bishop?

JACK
You know she's tops, but she
doesn't have your rhetoric. They'll
be thrilled to consider you.

Cameron wrings his hands.

CAMERON

Oh my god! You haven't cleared this?

JACK

You know I'd never offer something I can't deliver.

Cameron gets back to grading essays.

CAMERON

I'm sorry, sir. I just don't think this job is for me.

Jack sits. Leans in.

JACK

This is Grace's time, Cameron. We've got to help her put this back together. We can't just let this whole thing crash... otherwise, what would you be teaching those kids out there?

Jack meets Cameron's eyes with a solid gaze.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OUTSIDE THE SITUATION ROOM - DAY

Jack stands aside as a stream of officials exit. No one's really sure what to make of him.

JOINT CHIEF

Jack.

JACK

General.

CABINET SECRETARY

Mr. Warner.

JACK

Mr. Secretary.

HIGH LEVEL AIDE #1

Sir.

JACK

Cynthia. Clark.

HIGH LEVEL AIDE #2

Mr. Warner, sir.

Exodus complete, Jack enters.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - SITUATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Grace sits marking up a document. All of the room's screens are turned off.

JACK
What's with the screens?

Grace looks up.

GRACE
Excuse me?

JACK
Everything's off.

GRACE
You don't have clearance.

JACK
I used to see this stuff all day!

Grace get backs to work.

JACK (CONT'D)
I thought I'd at least get to see
the big board.

GRACE
What do you need, Jack?

Jack's eyes dart to the powered-down big board. He recovers.

JACK
I want to help.

GRACE
With what?

JACK
State of the Union, for starters.

GRACE
I'm good.

JACK
Cameron's onboard.

Grace looks up.

GRACE

Really?

(then)

I can't trust you.

JACK

You know what they say. Keep your friends close and your enemies closer.

GRACE

Is that what you are to me? An enemy?

JACK

You know I'm not.

GRACE

Do I?

That one stings both of them. Grace gets back to work.

JACK

It looks like we mastered putting our work before our marriage. Let's put our work before our divorce.

Grace looks up.

GRACE

Our work, Jack?

JACK

You know this is bigger than both of us. Kathy will run it, Cameron will take care of the writing.

GRACE

So why do we need you?

JACK

You know what I bring.

GRACE

I know what you used to bring.

Jack holds a solid, clear gaze. Grace weighs it over.

GRACE (CONT'D)

We focus on the work, Jack. I'm just not sure how you fit into my life anymore.

JACK

That's okay, Grace. Because I am.

Jack spins on his heels. Grace stares after him.

NEWS CLIP - EXT. WHITE HOUSE NORTH PORTICO - DAY

Kathy, Cameron, and Jack greet the Presidential limousine.

Grace emerges, waves to the press. The team folds in around her as they move inside the building.

TV REPORTER (V.O.)

With just days before her historical State of the Union address, pundits across party lines debate whether the President can recover from catastrophic approval ratings and tabloid feeding frenzies. Sources close to the administration are down-playing public opinion while pointing to Mrs. Warner's recent successes reaching across the aisle.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - PRESS BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

Grace stands at the podium, making notes on index cards. Jack watches her from the back row.

Cameron and Kathy stand up-front. Kathy playfully tugs at Cameron's colorful shirt.

KATHY

(re: Cameron's shirt)
Are those little pears?

CAMERON

Guavas.

KATHY

It's really working for me.

Cameron's speech is as measured as ever.

CAMERON

I look how I feel on the inside now.

Grace looks up. Everyone snaps to attention.

GRACE

I'm good setting the long-term mandates near the outset.

Kathy makes a note.

KATHY

So the initial tone concessions roll into the phased parameters.

CAMERON

I'll punch up that language tonight, have the new section draft first thing am.

GRACE

But let's not over-engineer the feeling. It's bipartisanship 101, right?

JACK

Actually, I think what we're talking about here, and Madam President, correct me if I'm wrong, is equalization.

CAMERON

Speaking as if the precedent has already been established-

GRACE

And it's the natural context we're already working from.

Grace smiles at Jack. He holds her gaze.

GRACE (CONT'D)

That feels right.

KATHY

Okay, Ma'am. Let's take it from the top without that section.

Grace takes a sip of water. Everyone settles.

GRACE

Mr. Speaker, Mr. Vice President, Members of Congress, my fellow Americans...

INT. CAPITOL BUILDING - HOUSE CHAMBER - NIGHT

Grace is on fire. Jack, Cameron, and Kathy look on from the front row.

GRACE

For too long have we been a house divided against itself. Our petty divisions and separative ideals have served only to weaken our unity. That is why, tonight, I join Speaker Diller in a new reconciliation.

Applause as Members of Congress rise to their feet.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Tonight, I pledge support for the bold new energy strategy the Speaker will announce tomorrow, and affirm our partnership moving forward. Tonight, we are united in our place of Congress, and across this great country of ours.

Grace turns to Bennet.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Mr. Speaker. Would you stand up, please?

Bennet stands to the stomping of Republican feet. Grace points at him. He points back. Thunderous applause.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Tonight, we stand together!

INT. DC FOUR SEASONS - BALLROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

The after party just getting started. Grace lectures a group of stylish Hollywood-types as Jack listens in.

GRACE

Forget Global Village. It's Global Villages. Our manufactured social economy needs to revive from the landscape of "hits" and "likes" and realign, harmonize even, with our real-world communities.

Someone taps Jack on the shoulder. He spins to discover Kathy and Cameron with serious looks on their faces.

INT. DC FOUR SEASONS - COAT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

JACK
Tar Sands?

KATHY
Diller just made fracking pipelines
a new national policy.

JACK
How did he get that Canadians back?

CAMERON
He's been busy.

JACK
Grace doesn't know?

KATHY
There's more.

She passes Jack a tablet: paused video of Jack standing in
Bennet's Oval Office replica. Jack presses play.

JACK (ON SCREEN)
I cheated this great nation by
lying to the voters of the United
States of America!

That's the clip, short and sweet.

JACK (CONT'D)
That is so out of context.

CAMERON
The two hundred thousand viewers in
the last ten minutes probably
aren't thinking about that right
now.

Jack's eye gets to twitching again.

JACK
Kathy! Give her an hour to just
enjoy herself, okay? Can we do
that?

Kathy shakes her head.

KATHY
Sorry, Jack.

INT. DC FOUR SEASONS - PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - MOMENTS LATER

Grace, Kathy, Cameron, Jack. Evening gowns and tuxedos.

JACK
We'll put it in context-

GRACE
Admitting to be a liar doesn't need
a lot of context...

A knock at the door. An aide checks in, Grace nods.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Everyone take a deep breath.
Everything is fine.

Bennet enters carrying a tumbler of brandy.

BENNET
Something smells nice. What is
that? Sweet crude?

GRACE
Mr. Speaker. How's Jean Pierre?

BENNET
Powerful. Leads a great nation, if
a little sleepy at times.

GRACE
I'm sorry to see that we won't be
announcing Goat Island tomorrow.

BENNET
Now why would we do that? You just
used your State of the Union to
endorse fracking!

JACK
She announced your bold new energy
strategy, not business as usual!

Grace glances at Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

BENNET

Well isn't this nice? I always said it's fine and dandy to keep a trotting show horse in the barn, but when she bucks up, you've got to break that filly down. Nice work Madam President.

Jack leans into Cameron, whispers.

JACK

Am I supposed to be the filly?

GRACE

That's fine. I don't mind taking all the credit for Airwave Hydroelectric. And as soon as it launches, your Tar Sands will look like a battery next to a power plant.

BENNET

That's true. Although you might want to take a look at your rare earth minerals. Goat Island sure will be hungry for supplies.

Jack shoots a look to Grace.

BENNET (CONT'D)

It's unfortunate the Chinese bought up all our Texas Fluorspar. Too bad we won't get a chance to put it to work here in the US, but at least we can take comfort in an honest to goodness down-home mining boom.

Grace smiles at Bennet.

GRACE

Yes, I suppose we can be grateful for that. I'll be here to work with you, Mr. Speaker.

Bennet looks to Jack, back to Grace, not sure how to proceed.

GRACE (CONT'D)

That will be all.

Bennet scoffs. Heads for the door.

JACK

Mr. Speaker.

Bennet stops up, smirks back to Jack

JACK (CONT'D)
You know what my father would say?

BENNET
What would that be?

JACK
Honor, Benny. Honor first, last,
and always.

Bennet blinks, wavers a little. He slips out the door.
Everyone looks to Grace.

GRACE
Okay. Now make the liar clip thing
die.

Everyone looks to Jack.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - CHINA ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Jack's still in his tux as he polishes a piece of the White House china collection. He gazes into the distance.

He finishes the piece, comes to the next: the REPAIRED YIN-YANG PLATE. He traces the mended line with a gentle finger.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - BEATRICE'S QUARTERS - DAWN

Jack and Beatrice sit knitting and drinking tea. First light reaches through the clean windows.

JACK
(re: knitting)
Easier than I thought.

BEATRICE
It does appear you have a bit of a
talent for it.

JACK
Do you think I should go for a
sweater?

BEATRICE
I might stick with the scarf, sir.

They sip their tea. Beatrice looks him over.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

When Mr. Nixon decided it was as if he dropped tens years in an instant.

Jack tenses.

JACK

A little apples and oranges, there.

BEATRICE

He was actually a rather sweet man in private. Around women, anyway. Allowed him to be more himself, I think.

Jack lets that sink in.

JACK

Did you ever want to be married, Beatrice?

She meets his gaze. Something sparkling there.

BEATRICE

I'm married to Washington, sir.

Jack sets aside his knitting, downs his tea.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - DIPLOMATIC RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Jack and Grace stand at doors leading out to the South Lawn.

GRACE

You technically don't have anything to actually resign. Technically.

JACK

I should have locked up the Fluorspar-

GRACE

Jack, I-

Jack puts a finger to Grace's lips.

JACK

This ends here. I've got to take this one on the chin.

Grace tries to talk through Jack's finger.

GRACE
 (muffled)
 Governor Davis is coming in to-

Jack presses harder.

JACK
 Shh. Don't tell me, I shouldn't
 know. You're better off without me.
 This is your time, Grace. I'll
 always love you. And that jacket
 looks amazing with your hair.

Jack spins on his heels, strides through the doors. Grace starts to follow after him, but has to stop herself before being seen on camera.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - SOUTH LAWN - DAY

Jack steps up to his FGOTUS podium, cameras and press galore. Marine One stands regally behind him.

JACK
 Good afternoon. There's not much to
 say, so I'll get right to it. I did
 cheat this nation. I cheated
 myself. Because I've been lying
 about who I really am.

A murmur ripples through the reporters.

JACK (CONT'D)
 We're all lying a lot these days,
 aren't we? Climate change, the
 international banking system, Net
 Neutrality, heck, even UFO's.
 Basically take any conspiracy
 theory out there, subtract the
 crazy, and you've pretty much got
 an accurate picture of what's going
 on. We all know that. So why do we
 lie? What are we trying to protect?

Jack gestures back toward the White House.

JACK (CONT'D)
 We have a President now who doesn't
 need to hold back the truth,
 because she doesn't have a side to
 protect. She's not a Democrat, not
 a Republican. She's not a man.
 She's not a woman. She's something
 in-between.

Reporters trade uncomfortable glances, a little unsure of Jack's choice in rhetoric.

JACK (CONT'D)

The President can't tell you she doesn't support Speaker Diller's plan to frack the Tar Sands without looking like a flip-flopper. But I can. Because I'm the one who screwed up this country's next best chance at energy independence. And it's time for me to get out of the way.

Reporters furiously scribble notes. Jack lifts his chin.

JACK (CONT'D)

It's time for you to see what Grace Warner can really do. Effective immediately, I hereby resign as First Gentleman of the United States.

Jack fades back, makes his way to Marine One, rotors already in motion. He mounts the steps, turns back, gazes out over all the cameras, the open door framing Jack in an iconic final image.

The door closes and the helicopter gracefully lifts off.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - NORTH LAWN - CONTINUOUS

Marine one soars over the White House only to touch down on the north lawn.

Jack pops out, jogging under the rotors to meet Cameron. Cameron waves a tablet displaying the live news feed.

JACK

How'd we do?

CAMERON

Door shot totally nailed it.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - FIRST GENTLEMAN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Jack glances around the room. Cameron works a laptop.

CAMERON

These first-back numbers are right on the money. The President just jumped twenty-four points.

Jack strides over to the Bronco Buster sculpture, picks it up. It's still heavy.

JACK
Hey, Cameron.

CAMERON
Yes, sir.

JACK
You take good care of her and
Kathy, you hear?

Jack shifts the Bronco Buster to his shoulder. Cameron raises his chin.

CAMERON
Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jack walks the walk from the East Wing to the West Wing. Staff give him proud looks as he passes by.

STAFFER
Give 'em hell, sir.

JACK
You too, pal.

STAFFER
Yes, sir, Mr. First Gentleman.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OUTER OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Jack rolls up to the Doris the secretary.

DORIS
Just finishing up with Governor
Davis, sir.

The door to the Oval opens. Grace steps out with Governor Dorothy Davis (last seen at Grace's inauguration ball).

GRACE
Dorothy, thanks so much.

GOVERNOR DAVIS
I've always admired you, Ma'am.

GRACE
It is mutual.

Governor Davis notices Jack.

GOVERNOR DAVIS
Speak of the devil.

JACK
Oh?

GOVERNOR DAVIS
Well done, sir. I can't say I cared
much for the drinking and cussing
and what not, but securing Niagara
falls for a pivot into clean
energy? Bravo.

GRACE
I guess we're just lucky that our
Chinese friends know a good
investment when they see one.

GOVERNOR DAVIS
Texas is proud of y'all both now.
Keep up the good work.

Grace hugs Governor Davis.

GRACE
Dorothy, we'll speak soon.

DOROTHY
Thank you, Madam President.

Grace returns to the Oval, Jack rolls in behind her.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

JACK
Fluorspar?

GRACE
US holdings, Chinese proxy.

Grace goes around to stand behind the President's desk.

JACK
You're good.

GRACE
I had a good teacher.

Jack proffers the Bronco Buster.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I think its about time things were
back in their rightful place.

Jack strides over to the side table the Bronco Buster came
from. He places it down with only some difficulty.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I got a letter. Some strong
language.

Grace picks up a letter, looks it over. Jack strolls over.

JACK

I'll bet.

GRACE

Some very strong language.

Grace smiles. Jack pops a wink.

They lean into a gentle kiss, arching over the President's
desk. Heat builds. Jack scrambles over the desk, knocking the
letter off.

The letter's pages and envelop flutter to the floor. The
envelope reads: "Madam President."

NEWS CLIP - WASHINGTON D.C. - VARIOUS - DUSK

Sunset at the Washington Monument.

TV REPORTER (V.O.)

After a landslide election, there
can be no doubt the nation has
endorsed Grace Warner's
revolutionary new brand of
politics.

The steps of the Capitol being cleaned up after yet another
inauguration.

TV REPORTER #2 (V.O.)

Equal parity in both the House and
Senate between Democrats,
Republicans and Independents have
pundits speculating we may be
seeing the roots of an a new
American three party system.

A starry night above the building at 1600 Pennsylvania
Avenue.

TV REPORTER #3 (V.O.)
Politics aside, the Warners have to
be enjoying the win with social
media proclaiming the mansion at
1600 Pennsylvania avenue "hashtag:
the house that love built."

INT. WHITE HOUSE - EAST ROOM - EVENING

Grace's second inauguration ball, more lovely than the first.
She and Jack survey the guests as the band plays a jaunty
tune.

GRACE
Second term. I think I'm getting
the swing of this.

They scan across to where Emma holds court with a group of
power suits. Emma hits a punch line and the group erupts with
impressed laughter.

JACK
Something tells me we might want to
take some notes for Emma.

GRACE
A woman in the President's Office?
That'll be the day.

Kathy and Cameron waltz by, love in their eyes.

Governor Davis dips her husband, laughing with delight.

Scott and Kate Queen grind it out with way too much tongue.

Bennet, dressed in ladies' evening wear, twirls by, dancing
with his invisible beau.

JACK
I don't know. Stranger things have
happened.

Jack spots Beatrice tending to an arrangement of Daphnes
across the room. She smiles. Jack nods.

The tune comes to an end and the band strikes up "Hail to the
Chief." All eyes turn to Grace.

GRACE
Sounds like they're playing our
number.

JACK
Would you care to dance, Madam
President?

GRACE
I would indeed, Mr. First
Gentleman.

He extends his hand, levels a grin.

JACK
Care to lead?

Grace takes his hand.

GRACE
We'll figure it out.

They sweep each other onto the dance floor.

FADE OUT.