

Veep

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October 2010

Draft 2a

EXT. WASHINGTON STREETS - DAY

The Vice-Presidential motorcade screams through traffic.

CUT TO:

INT. VP CAR - CONTINUOUS

Inside are the VP - SELINA, mid 40s - her 32-year-old Chief of Staff ANNA and Selina's bodyman GARY, 36. Anna is on the phone. Gary has Selina's big bag perched on his lap and is looking at pieces of disposable cutlery. He hands a disposable fork to Selina.

GARY

That's a fork, Madam Vice President.

SELINA

Thanks for the debrief, Gary.

ANNA

(on phone)

...and the VP also needs to meet with Senator Hallows. Ten minutes, preferably 20, and you might want to make that happen in the next five minutes, preferably two.

(ends call)

GARY

I meant it's one of the new cornstarch forks. I was differentiating it from the spork...

(produces a spork)

The hybrid spoon-fork.

ANNA

I'm just wondering if your imminent meeting on Senate vote reform might be more important than a spoon-fork?

SELINA

Sure, but you know how slowly that stuff goes. Like fucking stop-motion animation: eliminate anonymous holds here, sliding scales for cloture there - just a whole bunch of procedural clit-diddling.

(she bends the fork)

But this is classic - are you listening...?

ANNA

I am. I'm one huge ear, tuned only to the frequency of your voice.

Selina tries to bend the fork back into shape. She can't.

SELINA

This is classic Clean Jobs Commission stuff - biodegradable cornstarch utensils in most government buildings by the fall. Real stuff..

(looks at bent fork)

...shit, do these not bend back?

GARY

They've not perfected that yet, Ma'am.

SELINA

Great. There's my first speech as Chair of the Clean Jobs Commission: we've come up with a way for people to eat round corners.

Anna's Blackberry starts beeping. She checks it.

ANNA

Okay...

SELINA

What's wrong. You used 'okay' like a swearword.

ANNA

Brett Kagan's blog. He's picked up on a cutlery tweet from our Twitter guys.

SELINA

Is this chopsticks, are he saying we're anti-Asian...?

Anna's getting a lot of messages on her Blackberry.

ANNA

A tweet yesterday said "76 percent of government buildings now have cornstarch utensils! Let's make it 100! Let's make plastic utensils extinct!"

SELINA

Oh, fuck a duck.

ANNA

Kagan's publicized it, plastics industry are already going crazy, they want meetings and statements today.

SELINA

Of course they do. Which Club Class jerkoff tweeted that?

ANNA

Well, officially, you. It was written by a staffer, but as Selina Meyer.

SELINA

There are seven of me in that office,
which me wrote it? Glasses me? Tall me?
Gay bald me?

ANNA

I think it was gluten-intolerant me.

SELINA

Ryan? Well, let's fire gluten-intolerant
me. Get smelly me to do it.

ANNA

And I'll set up a meeting with the
Plastics & Cellulose Association. Okay?

SELINA

Sure. I'm living the dream. Only it's
that dream where I'm meeting men who work
in plastics.

ANNA

They're pretty powerful men.

SELINA

No. They work for powerful companies. The
men themselves look like Pee Wee Herman.

Gary holds up a knife.

GARY

Do you want to see the cornstarch knife?

ANNA

Fuck the knife Gary.

SELINA

Yes, on balance Gary, fuck the knife.

Selina holds her temples, closes her eyes. Gary reaches
into the big bag and brings out two packs of pills.

GARY

Codeine or Ibuprofen?

SELINA

Codeine.

Gary hands her two tablets with a bottle of water.

GARY

Would you like them to switch off the
sirens?

Selina nods. Gary whispers to the driver, sirens go off.

CUT OUTSIDE the car. The motorcade instantly slows down
and stops at traffic signals.

SELINA (O.S.)
No, no, put them back on.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAPITOL BUILDING - DAY

Establisher.

CUT TO:

INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY

A large Senate meeting room. There are about 15 SENATORS gathered there. Drinks are being handed round by SERVING STAFF. Selina, Anna and Gary are approaching from the outside corridor, checking Blackberrys.

SELINA
I mean when these guys were kids, were they like, "I want to work with plastic. Screw being an astronaut, or Donny Osmond, or Kissinger - my ambition is to make the least interesting part of a cotton bud. And maybe hound the Vice President."

They enter the room.

SELINA (CONT'D)
(to room)
Hello Senators.

GARY
(whispering)
Okay, over there is Senator Alice Dorsey. Husband died two years ago and daughter Emily just graduated Harvard.

SELINA
Which one is she again?

GARY
Two o'clock.

SELINA
I'm not a frigging sniper, Gary.

GARY
Red dress. Slight mustache. Tiny lips.

SELINA
Okay, thank you.

She beams and approaches SENATOR DORSEY.

SELINA (CONT'D)
 (looking at Dorsey's upper
 lip)

Alice! Hi! So glad you could make it!
 How's Emily?

SENATOR DORSEY
 She's good, thank you.

Gary throws a victory punch in the air behind her.

ANNA
 (To Gary)

Is this cutlery thing making the Veep
 toxic? There are more serving staff here
 than Senators.

SENATOR DORSEY
 I see cutlery is getting some serious
 traction. Not worried by the plastic
 people?

SELINA
 Plastic people? Makes them sound like GI
 Joe dolls, with no genitals.

SENATOR DORSEY
 I wouldn't know, I grew up with sisters.
 These are good people Selina. They've
 given the party a lot of funding,
 genitals or no.

SELINA
 And I don't have a problem with that.
 After all, in Ancient Rome the wealth was
 controlled by the eunuchs, right?
 (notices an already thin
 crowd getting thinner)
 Where is everyone? Weren't we discussing
 one-filibuster-per-bill today?

SENATOR DORSEY
 We're all excited by your 'Re-energizing
 Floor Procedure' agenda. It's just -
 there's a vote coming up, and...

SELINA
 No, sure. Why should my meeting about the
 need to have more votes get in the way of
 having a vote?

SENATOR DORSEY
 I'm guessing you're posing a rhetorical
 question.

SELINA
 Why wouldn't I?

Senator Dorsey politely moves away, and Selina gestures to Anna and Gary. They crowd round her and whisper.

SELINA (CONT'D)

I don't want to be here. Make me not be here.

ANNA

We picked a bad time. It's the vote.

SELINA

It's not the vote, it's the cutlery. This is plastic money.

GARY

Credit cards?

SELINA

They all get funded by the plastics industry, some clownfish tweets about cornstarch forks and suddenly I'm like a leper with a dirty bomb in one hand and a sign in the other saying 'I Hate Plastic'. Jeez, look at it...

They all look around a rather empty room.

SELINA (CONT'D)

This is embarrassing. This room is emptier than Gary's life. No offence.

GARY

None taken.

SELINA

I meant you're life is totally devoted to me...

GARY

..so doesn't require filling. That's why I took no offence Ma'am.

SELINA

Even Hallows isn't here. And she's one of my closest political friends. Bitch. Right, I want a tunnel out of this meeting.

ANNA

Shall we do a Fax And Go?

Gary nods and Selina moves over to a group of Senators.

SELINA

Senators, I'm really sorry but something pretty major has just broken. Gary?

Gary hands Selina a piece of paper. On it is a full-page picture of a cornstarch fork, with measurements. The Senators can't see the picture.

GARY

This has just come in, and it looks big.

SELINA

Yep - something large and unusual has come up and I'm going to have to head back. I am the Vice President, so...that happens.

CUT TO:

INT. CAPITOL BUILDING CORRIDOR - DAY

Selina, Anna and Gary emerge from the room. Anna now has the piece of paper.

GARY

Do you want to go back to the office?

SELINA

They're expecting us to be gone for two hours. The press will notice.

ANNA

We could kill some time. We could walk slowly to the East Gate, that's 15 minutes. Drive back by the river.

SELINA

Okay, we walk the wrong way, but purposefully, like we're discussing important shit. You and Gary surround me.

ANNA

You want us to form a human motorcade?

They start to walk.

CUT TO:

INT. CAPITOL BUILDING CORRIDOR - DAY

All now feeling quite self-conscious trying to stride slowly yet purposefully. Anna holding the fork picture.

SELINA

(looking at Blackberry)

It says here 65,000 Americans are employed in the plastics industry and I'm like Jack The Ripper but with a cornstarch knife.

ANNA

Are you self-Googling?

SELINA

I want to know what people are saying about me.

ANNA

You don't. Really. Don't search on your name, or your nicknames. Really don't.

SELINA

My nicknames?

A beat. A glance between Gary and Anna.

ANNA

You have some nicknames that it's necessary for us to search on...

SELINA

What are they?

ANNA

Really? Okay: Grisly Madam, Meyer the Liar, The Batcave, Mammary Meyer...

SELINA

Is that the breastfeeding legislation?

GARY

It is, Ma'am.

ANNA

And then just various VP things: Vaguely Personable, Viagra Prohibitor and Visible Panties.

SELINA

I'm sorry - I prohibit Viagra? Because - what, because of my looks? Am I hideous?

GARY

It's just using those initials...

SELINA

Yes, to say that a chemical pill which guarantees to produce a strong, sustained erection in all men, whatever their age or medical history, is nullified by me. Don't searching that nickname again.

ANNA

No, of course.

CUT TO:

INT. CAPITOL BUILDING CORRIDORS - CONTINUOUS

Round a corner. Coming towards them is a group of 7 or 8 CONSTITUENTS with DAN EGAN, Director of Communications for Senator Barbara Hallows. He's good-looking, mid to late 20s, sharp-suited.

DAN

So this would be where Senator Hallows might meet lobbyists or constituents to discuss any issues they might have.

CONSTITUENT

She got rid of that emergency trailer park pretty quick. Those bastards won't be coming back.

Dan and his party come level with Anna, Selina and Gary. Dan looks at Anna. They have history. He stops, and so do his entourage of constituents.

DAN

Anna.

ANNA

Dan.

DAN

You look like you're on your way to somewhere important.

Dan looks at the piece of paper ANNA is holding. He turns to Selina.

DAN (CONT'D)

Honoured to meet you Madam Vice President. I'm Dan Egan, I'm with Senator Hallows.

SELINA

Well tell her to put on her chemical suit, because I'm coming over to see her.

(to Anna)

Anna, you want to....?

One of the constituents approaches Selina.

CONSTITUENT

Madam Vice President, great privilege to meet you. Can we talk to you about the Mexicans?

The excited crowd gathers round Selina.

SELINA

Sure.

(whispering to Gary)

Are my panties visible?

GARY

No ma'am. I haven't seen them.

Selina discretely checks her skirt. Dan takes Anna to one side.

ANNA

So, Dan, are you a tour guide now? I always knew you'd make it to the top.

DAN

How was your boss's meeting? I hear the catering was a box of a dozen donuts.

ANNA

Fuck you.

DAN

I hadn't finished..."and four of those were left over."

ANNA

I hadn't finished either..."Fuck you Dan. You dick." OK, that's the small talk done. We know Hallows is avoiding the Veep.

DAN

Of course she is. Veep?

ANNA

We're pushing Veep as her acceptable nickname.

DAN

You mean instead of She-Ra?

ANNA

We need 20 minutes with Senator Hallows.

DAN

There are a lot of people who need 20 minutes with probably the next Chair of Finance. Take ticket number 89 and..

ANNA

The Veep's thinking of offering the Senator a post on her Clean Jobs Commission.

DAN

After this plastics thing I think the Senator might prefer to attend something less contentious, like a Klan meeting.

ANNA

Come on Dan. Did what we had together mean nothing to you?

DAN

You know it didn't. It was just kissing and rubbing and dinner at Citronelle.

ANNA

You remember the restaurant.

DAN

It's my regular second-date pre-sex restaurant.

(to his entourage)

Ladies and gentlemen.

Dan starts to move off. His entourage follow him in sync. A beat. Anna calls out.

ANNA

It's the SRVA Fundraiser tonight.

Dan stops, comes back. His entourage shuffle back with him.

ANNA (CONT'D)

How would you like to stand right next to the President?

DAN

She gets 10 minutes.

CUT TO:

INT. SENATOR HALLOWES' OFFICE - DAY

Dan enters Senator Hallowses' office with Selina and Gary. SENATOR BARBARA HALLOWES - a confident woman about the same age as Selina - is on the phone.

SENATOR HALLOWES

I still support him. It was an ill-advised comment about offshore funds and, you know, Frank's Chair of the Finance Committee so he needs to watch what he says...

Dan leans over the other side of her desk and scribbles, upside down, on a notepad. She reads.

SENATOR HALLOWES (CONT'D)

But, look, we've all said dumb things in our lives and I don't think this is a resigning issue for Frank. Okay. Goodbye.

She rings off.

DAN

Now all that guy will take from the call will be the words 'dumb' and 'resigning'.

SENATOR HALLOWES

Thanks Dan.

(she sees the VP)

Selina!

(horrified glance at Dan)

SELINA

Hi Barbara. You're not returning my calls. You been seeing another VP behind my back?

DAN

The Senator has been very busy with extremely important legislative business.

SENATOR HALLOWES

You must remember what that was like, Selina, from when you were a Senator?

Dan leaves. Selina and Gary sit down.

Senator Hallows is drinking a coffee. Selina waits a beat, nothing is offered.

SELINA

You shafting Frank to get Chair of Finance? I remember that from my Senate days.

SENATOR HALLOWES

Yep. Officially supporting him, unofficially positioning to take over after his sure-fire resignation tomorrow afternoon.

SELINA

The usual dance. Gary, could you get me a coffee from the machine?

Gary goes to leave.

GARY

Oh, I've managed to get a fresh batch of those European sweeteners you like so much. The French sweeteners?

SELINA

Thanks Gary. You're phenomenal. They're great, great sweeteners.

Gary exits.

SELINA (CONT'D)

(explaining)

I don't like them especially, they taste just like any other sweetener. Sweet.

(MORE)

SELINA (CONT'D)

It's not like wine, you don't say, mmm, sweetener - I'm getting oak, maybe a hint of raspberries and, my, is that fennel? No, it's just a harsh chemical sweetener, but Gary puts so much effort into getting them I don't have the heart to tell the poor bastard.

A long beat.

SENATOR HALLOWES

So, I love what you're doing with the whole cutlery thing.

CUT TO:

INT. DAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Dan with Anna in his office next to the Senator's.

DAN

You got Google alerts on all the VP's nicknames? Mrs Doubtmeyer, you got that?

ANNA

(No)

Yes.

DAN

That's a clever one, because it implies she's both nannying and confused.

ANNA

So Hallows is going to get the Chair of the Finance Committee from Frank?

DAN

Probably. She wont be very good at it though. They'll want Frank back.

ANNA

Okay. Indiscreet?

DAN

She wouldn't believe you over me so I can be honest. Senator Hallows is mediocre. If they did greetings cards that said "You're basically adequate", that's what people would send her.

CUT TO:

INT. SENATOR HALLOWES' OFFICE - DAY

Back with Selina and Senator Hallows.

SELINA

Dan seems good.

SENATOR HALLOWES

He's great. Very loyal.

Gary comes back in with a takeout coffee.

SENATOR HALLOWES (CONT'D)

Got him from an Ohio Congresswoman. She was clearly going nowhere. You know he's dating my daughter?

SELINA

Janet?

SENATOR HALLOWES

No.

Gary writes something on the sleeve of the coffee cup.

SELINA

Sorry, of course not. I meant...
(glances at coffee sleeve)
Carol. Carol Hollowes.

GARY

I got you a double sleeve. Always err on the side of caution. And two sweeteners.

Gary exits.

SELINA

So - you saw my letter inviting you on to the Clean Jobs Commission? It's going to be big - my stamp on this administration.

SENATOR HALLOWES

Yes, I saw the letter. Anna forges your signature brilliantly.

SELINA

She does it so well sometimes I think I use her version of my signature when I sign my own name. Which I did. So why are you avoiding me?

SENATOR HALLOWES

Isn't it obvious?

SELINA

You seriously think plastics will pull funding over this?

SENATOR HALLOWES

What is plastic made of, Selina? You piss off plastic, you piss off oil.

(MORE)

SENATOR HALLOWES (CONT'D)

And I do not want to fuck with those guys. Because they fuck in a very unpleasant fashion.

SELINA

Jesus, does everything in this town have to come down to money? Why can't we go back to the old days, when we just swapped land for beads?

SENATOR HALLOWES

Because, now we'd be controlled by the bead industry. I need to get going.

CUT TO:

INT. DAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Gary joins Anna and Dan. He is carrying his big bag.

DAN

Nice bag Gary.

ANNA

He calls it 'The Leviathan'.

DAN

You got the nuclear codes in there?

GARY

Ha, yes, you see, what I have in here may seem trivial but it is far from trivial.

He takes out two small tins.

GARY (CONT'D)

See? Two types of lip salve - one is ordinary, everyday, regular salve. But if the Veep is in too many air-conditioned rooms her lips get radically dry, and she needs the heavy-duty stuff. Without it, she can't talk. Literally, it's too painful for her to speak words.

DAN

And I guess if she can't talk that could result in anything. Maybe war?

GARY

Very funny, Dan, but not so very far from the truth. I do a serious job.

DAN

And those guys who say you're just an old man holding a lady's purse - screw them?

ANNA

Dan - play nice.

DAN

Would you take a bullet for the VP?

GARY

Well, that's the security guys. My job would be to help her when she's down. Staunch the bleeding, get her painkillers and, you know...

DAN

Lip salve, right. In case she gets shot in the lips.

ANNA

Dan. Give me the ball.

DAN

But you're the one constantly by her side, so if someone were to shoot at her...you know...

GARY

Okay...

DAN

You ready for that? Hot, fast metal ripping your internal organs apart. It ain't Shiatsu.

Off Gary's worried look we...

CUT TO:

INT. CAPITOL BUILDING CORRIDOR - DAY

Selina, Hallows, Dan, Anna and Gary outside Hallows' office. They're about to go their separate ways.

SENATOR HALLOWES

Oh, you know Senator Reeves died?

SELINA

Retard Reeves? He must have been...91?

SENATOR HALLOWES

96.

SELINA

He was the first Senator to welcome me to the Capitol. He was old even then.

ANNA

Was he full of wisdom?

SELINA

He was full of Bourbon and he touched my left boob.

ANNA

God rest his soul.

SENATOR HALLOWES

Did you fire your tweeting guy? Because he is a weapons-grade retard. I think you might have been 'hoist by your own retard' there!

Selina laughs. Senator Hallowes marches off. Dan lingers a bit.

DAN

By the way, I really admired your campaign, sorry you didn't get the nomination.

Anna mimes vomiting behind Dan.

SELINA

Thank you. I agree, I think we fought a good campaign.

DAN

Two things I would have done differently, but you've probably been over those with Anna.

SELINA

Two things? What were they?

DAN

Shouldn't have spent so much time in New Hampshire, that was in the bag, and attack ads in Oregon were four days too early, it looked like you were mean before you had to be. But look, I'm teaching my grandmother to suck eggs here.

(off Selina's look)

Mother...big sister to suck eggs.

SELINA

Interesting. Good to meet you Dan.

Selina and Gary head off.

DAN

(to Anna)

See you at the fundraiser.

ANNA
(giving Dan the middle
finger)
Yup, don't forget your 'plus one'.

DAN
(giving her the finger back)
Yup, plus one.

CUT TO:

INT. VP MOTORCADE - DAY

Selina, Anna and Gary. There is a long silence, Selina deep in thought.

ANNA
(knowing this will go
nowhere)
So, did the Senator take the Clean Jobs
post?

SELINA
(ignoring the question)
What do you think of Dan?

ANNA
Dan is a shit.

SELINA
Okay, want to expand on that?

ANNA
He's a massive and total shit. When you
first meet him, you think, surely to God
this man can't be as big a shit as he
seems. But he is.

SELINA
See, I...

ANNA
It's like, if you were to see a book with
covers made of shit, you'd think, that's
intriguing. I wonder what's in this book
that they saw fit to give it covers made
of pure shit. Then you open it and -
shit.

SELINA
I think he's OK. I think we could use him
for...let's just say, I think Senator
Hallowes has made herself a very powerful
enemy.

ANNA
Who?

SELINA

Me!

ANNA

Yes, you. Of course.

GARY

Absolutely, you.

SELINA

I'm the powerful enemy.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

The VP's motorcade draws up to the White House. It doesn't go in but veers right to the Eisenhower Building.

INT. SELINA'S OFFICES - DAY

Selina, Anna and Gary on their way to the VP's office. In the corridor they catch up with MIKE MCLINTOCK, the VP's Press Spokesman. He's mid- to late-40s, portly, looks like he could deck you.

ANNA

Hey Mike - off to give the 3:30?

MIKE

Yeah. I heard about the cutleryfuck at the Capitol. Thanks everyone.

ANNA

Yeah, go polish that turd, Mike.

MIKE

And the plastic guy - what do you plan to say to him?

SELINA

Okay, well I guess my main...

MIKE

Actually, don't tell me. If I genuinely don't know, the bastards can't make me tell them. You know my motto: "I Don't Want To Know And Anyway What Motto, I Have No Motto."

On the far side of the office is JONAH, 24, the liaison between White House and VP. Drinks and smokes too much, wispy beard, dandruff, crumpled suit. He's standing at the window.

It's one that opens only a few inches and Jonah is smoking out of the small gap, - he leans in to take a puff, exhales through the gap from the side of his mouth.

SELINA

Jonah.

JONAH

Madam Vice President.

ANNA

I know you only do that to look cool and get the girls.

MIKE

You look like the guy from My Left Foot.

Selina goes through into her private office.

JONAH

The President lets me smoke out of the White House briefing room window, and that opens the whole way.

GARY

That one's an anti-suicide window.

JONAH

They only put it in when you joined, right Gary?

GARY

No.

Jonah flicks his cigarette butt out the window.

ANNA

How many times have you spoken to the President today, Jonah? You need to remember so you can put it up on your star chart on the refrigerator.

JONAH

Four times. In the briefing room, in the hallway, NSC meeting, in the hallway again.

MIKE

Is that as he was trying to throw you out of the NSC meeting?

JONAH

The President knows my name Mike. I doubt he remembers yours.

ANNA

You know he attaches an image to a name to make it easier to remember?

(MORE)

ANNA (CONT'D)

So for you - Jonah - he'd think of a whale, because you're called Jonah and you look like a whale.

Jonah moves over to where Anna has sat down.

JONAH

So, Anna, good new Italian place opened downtown. You like Italian?

ANNA

I love Italian Jonah. But still, unfortunately, really dislike you.

JONAH

Hey, I'm not asking you out. That wasn't a knockback because I didn't ask you out.

Selina has come out into the open-plane office again, checking her Blackberry.

ANNA

Jonah, you know I will never go out with you. I would rather go out with Gary than go out with you and I would never in a million years go out with Gary. Isn't that right, Gary?

GARY

Right. You've said this many a time.

Selina looks up from her Blackberry.

SELINA

Jonah, you are, I know, a very busy and important 24-year-old. So why have you come to see us?

JONAH

The White House would like you to go to tonight's SRVA fundraiser instead of the President.

SELINA

Why?

JONAH

He'd rather not be open to questioning tonight. Frank's remarks about off-shore accounts and curbing business tax breaks were obviously absolutely correct, but he will be resigning tomorrow. Pharmaceuticals and the Roundtable are flapping, we need to throw them a cuttlefish.

SELINA

Apt food metaphor, given there's no backbone involved. Sorry, Jonah, I'd love to go up there and publicly contradict my beliefs, but I have my own agenda space to tend to.

JONAH

The President is very keen that your going to the fundraiser should be, fundamentally, the sequence of events that does actually take place this evening.

Selina has no option.

SELINA

Let me make a call.

She goes back into her office, closes the door.

JONAH

You need to be there too Mike, so no going home to walk the dog. Make sure the VP doesn't mention cornstarch, plastics, fossil fuels or any type of organic or inorganic compound whatsoever.

MIKE

Don't tell me what to do, Doogie fucking Howzer.

JONAH

I don't know what that means. Or the left-foot thing. And I can fucking tell you what to do because one of us backed the winning candidate in the Presidential nominations.

(Jonah starts fiddling with his Blackberry.)

Let me text you the name of that someone who does now work for the President...

(he clicks send)

...and not for the candidate who lost.

Mike's Blackberry beeps. He looks at it.

MIKE

'Jungle'.

JONAH

Jonah. It's predictive text. You know what I wrote. I wrote my name.

MIKE

Okay Jungle.

Selina comes back out.

SELINA

Right, I've cancelled my date. Anna, we should get a speech and some jokes together.

JONAH

Jokes?

SELINA

Just some gags to liven things up. Anna will come up with some.

ANNA

Maybe not jokes as such. Maybe more a light touch. Like Ugly Betty - it's not technically a comedy, but it has a light touch.

JONAH

No, no jokes. These are not humorous times for America.

Jonah leaves.

SELINA

You know, I'm wondering just how hard I'll weep when that guy gets his embolism.

ANNA

Okay, let's turn this - use tonight's speech for your 'Re-energizing Floor Procedure' agenda.

SELINA

Right. Let's float my idea about cloture change needing 41 to prevent instead of 60 to invoke.

ANNA

You don't seriously expect me to come up with jokes about that?

Mike heads out.

MIKE

I'll go and check if the press room's ready for the fireball about to hit them.

SELINA

Mike - what were my two big campaign mistakes, would you say?

MIKE

You looked tired a lot of the time? And that hat?

SELINA

You don't think one of them was that we went too soon with attack ads in Oregon?

MIKE

Who knows about that shit? Anyway, we got here in the end.

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON ROOF TERRACE - EVENING

The SRVA fundraiser is busy. Large free bar, waiters with canapes. Selina, Anna, Gary and Mike are there. Anna and Mike scan the room. Gary does too, but also nervously looks up, and across at other roofs, for snipers.

ANNA

Okay, Senator Clements is here, you should definitely talk to her. And Bill Knight from the Speaker's office.

MIKE

Ooh, little burgers. Great. Four of those make a normal one.

Mike takes four burgers from a waiter's tray.

ANNA

I assume you're taking some of those home for your dog?

SELINA

What utensils do they have here? I can't be seen using cornstarch over plastic. Or plastic over cornstarch.

MIKE

(eating)

You could use celery as a kind of shovel?

SELINA

Bring me some lentil salad, I'll go in the corner and eat it with my fingers.

CUT TO:

Gary next to WOMAN AT DESK, who is letting people in.

GARY

I expect this is a fairly low-risk event, yeah? All-ticket affair?

WOMAN

Pretty much. There's usually one or two unknowns.

GARY

Unknowns?

Three people - one female (KATE), two male - are coming in. The WOMAN on the desk knows the female guest. She addresses the guys.

WOMAN

You guys with Kate?

The men nod.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Okay.

(jokily)

You're not terrorists are you, 'cos Kate knows a lot of terrorists!

They all laugh. Gary looks very worried, shuffles off.

CUT TO:

Mike chatting to a YOUNG WOMAN, stares a little too hard at her. He holds his left arm out, on which he has balanced five small spring rolls and two mini burgers.

MIKE

They deliberately don't give you a plate at these things to discourage you from getting a free dinner. But I always say - the forearm is nature's plate.

He takes a spring roll off his arm and eats it.

MIKE (CONT'D)

By the way, I'm Mike.

He goes to shake her hand with his greasy fingers. She doesn't respond.

CUT TO:

Selina is with Anna, ready to make her speech. Selina wiping lentil salad from her hands.

SELINA

Do you have my notes Anna?

ANNA

Gary has them.

Selina speaks quietly over her shoulder.

SELINA

Notes please Gary.

He isn't there. He's about two yards away.

SELINA (CONT'D)

Gary?

GARY

Sorry ma'am - do you need me?

SELINA

I need my notes. Why are you over there?

Gary brings the notes, but stands behind one of the PA speakers and leans across to Selina to hand them over.

A LITTLE GIRL is on the rostrum, playing with the microphone. Mike approaches her and whispers.

MIKE

Take a hike kid.

LITTLE GIRL

I'm sorry sir?

MIKE

Take a hike. Defcon one.

Slightly desultory applause as Selina steps onto the podium. People aren't paying attention. There's lots of talking, ordering of drinks.

SELINA

Distinguished ladies and gentlemen...
 (she looks at a party
 official)
 ...and Tom!

A beat. She expects a laugh. There's nothing.

SELINA (CONT'D)

Aaahm. These are serious times. And in serious times we require an effective legislature. I'm reminded tonight of the late Senator David Reeves...

She steps back from the microphone a little, waits for warm applause. Zilch. Selina starts getting flustered.

SELINA (CONT'D)

He died. He's dead now. And I remember him talking to me about the absurdity of allowing multiple filibusters on a single bill. In his words...

The noise of the crowd gets louder. More people drift away to get drinks.

CUT TO:

Anna is with Jonah and Dan, watching Selina's speech.

JONAH

This isn't quite the Gettysburg Address.

DAN

It's more a recreation of the tragic events that led to it.

ANNA

Could you two shut your mouths?

(to Jonah)

It's that red and yellow hole you use when you sieve carbohydrates through your pubey 15-year-old's beard.

JONAH

I'm sorry. Are you having difficulty hearing the other 200 people talking over your boss?

Jonah looks over at a very attractive woman a few feet away - CAROL HALLOWES.

JONAH (CONT'D)

That your date?

DAN

That's the woman I'm with tonight, yes.

JONAH

She's nice. An eight. Definite eight. I used to get sixes, now I'm in the White House I get eights.

DAN

I've never seen you with an eight.

JONAH

Oh, I get eights, believe me. I'm up to my neatly trimmed nuts in eights...

Jonah scrolls through his Blackberry. Dan is keen to see his Contacts. After a long silence, Dan can't help himself.

DAN

So, who do you know?

Jonah, uncomfortable, heads off to the bar. Anna looks across at Carol.

ANNA

Carol Hallowses? How do you even say that? Carol Hallowses. "Hallo Carol Hallowses!"

DAN

You know I did promise her she'd be three feet away from the President tonight.

ANNA

What a shame - she's going to have to be content with being, what?
 (cock-measuring gesture)
 ...three and a half inches away from you later?

DAN

That doesn't work. As a joke. The penis, whatever size, is inserted into the vagina. So she would be the same distance from me if my penis were small or huge.

Carol joins them.

ANNA

Hallo Carol Hallowes!

CUT TO:

Selina's still speaking.

SELINA

With a Senate logjam like we currently have, hundreds of bills are getting stalled, which means millions...

Anna gives the 'lighten it up' signal - pushing the corners of her mouth up with her fingers to make a smile.

JONAH

What are you doing?

ANNA

I'm giving her the signal to make a joke.

JONAH

Don't, she's in enough trouble.

Anna again does the pushing her mouth thing. Jonah puts his hand on her face, squashing her cheeks together.

ANNA

Get your hand off me you freak!

Jonah does.

ANNA (CONT'D)

And don't tell people you got to first base with me, because that wasn't first base. That was assault.

Selina has seen Anna.

SELINA

So, I'll let you all get back to enjoying yourselves.

(MORE)

SELINA (CONT'D)

Actually talking of enjoyment, and leisure, I just booked a holiday in Florida. Wonder if that makes me the Miami Vice President!? Or...

Nothing. If there was such a thing as a negative laugh, she just got it. Deathly.

SELINA (CONT'D)

Okay, thank you for listening and...

A HECKLER calls out.

HECKLER

You going to be tweeting about this?

SELINA

Ha! If that's a reference to the rogue cutlery tweet - I'm afraid that there we were very much 'hoist by our own retard'! Thank you so much.

She gets down to sporadic applause. She crosses over to Anna and Dan, who are on their Blackberrys.

SELINA (CONT'D)

Do people not listen any more? So rude.

ANNA

Ma'am...the last remark you made...

DAN

The word 'retard'.

SELINA

It's not that bad a word, is it?

ANNA

It will be deemed offensive to anyone with learning difficulties. Yes ma'am.

DAN

This will soon be getting on the blogs.

SELINA

What? Shit - how? I just said it like a second ago. Fuck broadband.

ANNA

Ma'am, the President of AT&T is in the room.

They start to walk. Anna calls on her Blackberry. We see Mike across the room answer his phone.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Mike, put the crabcakes down, we have a situation with the Vice President.

Gary emerges from the men's room, joins Mike.

MIKE

A situation with the Vice President?

GARY

Oh God! Is she down? I should have been there!

Mike and Gary hurry after the VP, Anna and Dan as they leave the party.

CUT TO:

EXT. SRVA FUNDRAISER - CONTINUOUS

Selina on her way to the car with Anna and Dan. Mike and Gary bring up the rear. All are walking quickly, checking their Blackberrys. A sense of panic.

SELINA

This is not my fault.

DAN

I can't access Kagan's blog. Is it down?

ANNA

No, not your fault ma'am. I can't access Kagan either. Someone punch the AT&T guy.

SELINA

(to Dan)

This is your boss. She was using that word so much this morning - 'retard' this, 'retard' the other - it was like Hurricane Retard. It fixed it in my head.

DAN

There's a way to mend this. Tomorrow morning you meet with someone amenable from a mental health charity. I have a lot of contacts.

SELINA

I imagine you probably do. You're a hub. A nexus the size of Texas. Talk to Anna.

Selina gets in the car.

ANNA

Appreciate your input Dan but fuck off. She needs to call the Association of Mental Health Charities right now, not tomorrow, and apologise.

DAN

No! Calm things down. More haste, less speed.

ANNA

The way I see it, more haste, more haste. We need haste here.

Anna, Gary and Mike bundle clumsily into the car.

DAN

Larry, Moe - let Curly in first.

CUT TO:

INT. VP'S CAR - EVENING

Selina is on the phone. Anna, Mike and Gary with her

SELINA

Yes, that's right, so I was wanting to apologise over some comments that I...uh-huh, sure, I'll hold.

(to the car)

I'm holding. Actually, what if they haven't heard about it yet. What if the mental people haven't heard the retard comments?

ANNA

Well, they will hear eventually so...

SELINA

You think they'll definitely hear?

MIKE

They might not hear. What if Tom Hanks dies?

ANNA

What?

MIKE

Just a for-instance - what if Tom Hanks dies? That's all that will be on the news for like a week.

SELINA

He's right, they'll be going with the cutlery thing tomorrow. Plastics is worse than retard. I think it's worse. Is it? Fuck, I don't know any more. Should I hang up?

Selina holds her temples.

MIKE

Okay, how about - we let the retard thing blow up. It was a silly word, we apologise, but it's the main story, so we've drowned out plastics?

ANNA

Mike, the press didn't stop writing about Hiroshima just because the Nagasaki thing blew up.

GARY

(Reaching into the Leviathan)
Codeine or Ibuprofen?

SELINA

Both. Plus that stuff they use in lethal injections.

(into phone)

Yes, hi, just one second...

(hand over phone, to car)

They've de-held me, I'm loose, I've gone rogue. What do I say?

Blank looks. No-one wants to commit.

SELINA (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Yes, hi, I was mentioning to your colleague, what happened was I used the word 'retard' in a...retard, yes. In a humorous context. No, I know, that is why I'm apologising now....

ANNA

I think we're going to need you to pull an all-nighter on this Mike.

MIKE

I can't. The dog.

SELINA

(hand over phone)

Go home. Feed the dog. Walk the dog. Shoot the dog. Bury the dog. Come back in.

MIKE

Actually, maybe...the dog will be fine.

CUT TO:

INT. VP'S OFFICES - DAY

Next morning Selina is in her own private office. Outside it's very busy. Phones ringing, staffers dealing with calls. Mike is tired and unshaven.

He cradles a phone receiver under his chin as he tries to take off his shirt and put on a fresh one out of a cellophane packet.

MIKE

It was a reference to a petard. No, not Star Trek - 'petard'.

Mike now in his undershirt. Anna crosses to Gary's desk.

ANNA

Okay, set up new Google alerts for 'VP.' 'Meyer offensive', 'Meyer retard', 'Meyer resigning issue'. Then delete your History.

Jonah enters. He's carrying a very large envelope.

JONAH

Okay, why the huge retard panic? The retard thing's not as bad as cutlery.

ANNA

The Veep apologised last night about the retard thing.

JONAH

What? She put it out there? Okay, here's a couple more News Alerts for you then: try 'VP worse than the Jonestown massacre' and 'VP 9/11 point 2'.

ANNA

I haven't got time to ignore you Jonah. Gary, could you ignore Jonah for me?

GARY

I assume you're joking Anna. Hi Jonah. What do you have there?

Jonah puts the envelope on the table.

JONAH

Condolence card, for Senator Reeves' widow. The President's already signed, so if Selina could too, while she still has a job? Then I'll send it round the Hill.

Dan arrives with another man - PAUL, early 40s, smart. Anna slightly taken aback.

DAN

Anna, this is Paul Burton, Chair of the American Association of Mental Health Charities.

PAUL

Hi.

Paul smiles at Gary. Gary quickly shifts his chair to cover a card pinned up in front of his desk that says 'You Don't Have To Be Mad To Work Here But It Helps'. Selina emerges.

SELINA

Mr Burton. Why don't you come through to my office. Gary, could you fix some coffee?

GARY

Yes ma'am.

Gary does. Paul and Selina go in to her office.

JONAH

Ma'am, I have a condolence card here for Senator Reeves' widow...

As Selina closes the door she mimes a writing gesture to Anna, and makes a different, odd, gesture to Dan.

ANNA

What was that gesture? I've never seen her give that gesture.

Jonah gets closer to Anna with the card.

JONAH

Is she not going to sign this card?

ANNA

I'll sign the card. That's what her gesture was to me, to do her signature on this. What was her gesture to you Dan?

DAN

I'm not sure I noticed a gesture.

Gary takes the coffee in to Selina.

ANNA

Can you not stand so close Jonah, you stink of cigarettes.

JONAH

I smell like a man. All men used to smell like this. Spencer Tracy used to smell like this. Cary Grant. I smell like them.

DAN

Dead old men.

Gary emerges from Selina's office.

JONAH

You all smell of women, especially you Gary.

Gary points to the VP's bag, The Leviathan.

GARY

That'll be the VP's scented wipes.
Vanilla and rose.

ANNA

I know what you're doing Dan, okay?

DAN

Yes? What am I doing?

ANNA

I don't know, exactly, but I do know that
you are one sly fuck. You know Fantastic
Mr Fox? That's you, only you're worse
than a fox. You're Fantastic Mr Shit.

JONAH

Sorry to interrupt the pre-nup, but is
this card going to...?

Anna grabs the card.

ANNA

I'm signing the fucking card.

She does a quick signature. Jonah glances at the card. A
smile. He leaves as Mike comes in.

MIKE

Hit the deck, fuckers! Brett Kagan's blog
is now saying the VP was calling Senator
Reeves a retard at the fundraiser.

DAN

Well, see, that's Kagan getting things
completely wrong. We can prove the VP
didn't say that and discredit him. Which
is why I planted that story with him in
the first place.

ANNA /MIKE

What the fuck...?

DAN

It's a dumb story anyway, and we also
show it's unreliable, because it comes
from a blogger who's a news slut. He
shuts down, cutlery moves to page 10,
retard moves to page 5, and on page 1 we
have "Bloggers Eat Babies".

GARY

I don't understand. Are you meant to be
clever?

DAN

It's brilliant Gary. And it gets better. What you need to do, Mikey, at the 11:30 press call today is make it clear there were two people - the VP and Senator Hallowes - involved in Retardgate.

GARY

Can we not call it Retardgate? Can we call it the R-word F-up?

Dan turns on Gary.

DAN

I don't give a splayed fucking anus what the fuck we call it you clumsy fucking human tumour, we've got to deal with it, okay? Now get on board, or I swear I'll slice your tits off so Mike can take them home for his dog. We need a body. And we can't give them the Vice President.

MIKE

So we give them your boss? Are you doing a thing, a clever double thing, or...?

DAN

Don't worry your meaty head, Mike, just tell the press that Senator Hallowes introduced the expression 'retard' into the conversation. And she encouraged - strike - she *goaded* the VP into using it.

MIKE

You think I'm going to do what you say?

Dan gets very close to Mike.

DAN

Ask yourself - do you think I'll end up working in a position above you or below you Mike? Every shred of ambition left your body a long time ago and all you've got left for the remaining 10 years of your working life is a damp apartment, cold dwarf-burgers from a buffet, and an invisible fucking dog. Make a calculation.

Dan and Mike exit to the other office. Gary is looking through some paperwork. Hands a sheet of paper to Anna.

GARY

Oh, could you sign this customs form to confirm that Selina's French sweeteners weren't a gift? Not, if you will, a 'sweetener'.

Anna signs.

ANNA

You, Gary, are as funny as...fuck.

GARY

Why thank you.

ANNA

No. Fuck. The condolence card. I think I signed my own name. Not Selina's, mine.

GARY

How sure are you, on a scale of one to ten, where one...

ANNA

I can work out how the fucking scale will go Gary. Nine. I'm nine sure that I signed my name.

GARY

Nine. That's almost the full ten.

ANNA

Okay. Not good. The VP couldn't be bothered to sign a card for one of the most revered Senators of the last 50 years. Selina can't know about this.

GARY

No.

Gary almost immediately gets up and goes straight towards the VP's office.

ANNA

Gary...!

GARY

If she's going down, I've got to catch her.

He knocks and enters. A pause. From outside we can hear the VP's voice is raised. Gary comes out.

ANNA

Why did you tell her? You lunatic. She's going to turn into an apeshit crazy person.

At the words 'lunatic' and 'apeshit crazy person' Selina opens the door and comes out. Paul has obviously heard. She closes the door.

SELINA

SELINA (CONT'D)

This is insane. We've done Hiroshima and Nagasaki. We're doing Chernobyl as well?

ANNA

I'm so sorry. I ..

SELINA

I need every Senator on side to get reform through and you give me this? Senator's are fucking prickly people, Anna. I know. I used to be a big fucking prickly Senator.

ANNA

I'm so sorry. We'll get the card back.

SELINA

Yes you will. Now get on with it, because I'm busy in there apologising.

She goes back in.

SELINA (CONT'D)

Sorry, now where...

The door closes. Mike and Dan have come back through. Mike is still half-dressed.

ANNA

Mike, a truckload of fuck has just been unloaded all over this office.

MIKE

Man, this is too much information.

He puts his hands over his ears. Selina emerges from her office with Paul, the Mental Health guy, who stares at a man in his undershirt with his hands over his ears.

CUT TO:

INT. EISENHOWER BUILDING - DAY

Mike and Dan are heading to the Press Room.

MIKE

I need you to know I'm not happy about giving this briefing.

DAN

And I need you to know that I couldn't give a shit.

MIKE

Is this going to be like Moonlighting where we end up falling in love with each other and fucking?

DAN

No, more like The Wire, where I end up blowing your brains out. And then like Dexter, where I cut you into little pieces and incinerate you. And then like The West Wing, where I become President.

CUT TO:

INT. VP'S OFFICES - DAY

We're in the open-plan office with Selina, Gary and Anna.

GARY

I'm feeling a bit like, you know, the Watergate burglars? I mean, this is...

ANNA

Don't be a dick Gary. With Watergate they burgled party secrets, you're retrieving a greetings card. OK? They forced illegal entry, you have a pass that authorises you to enter most of the White House.

SELINA

This isn't Watergate. This is walking through a gate.

GARY

I need a long coat. To hide the card.

ANNA

You can borrow mine.

SELINA

Good luck Gary - take that bullet for me!

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Establisher.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE LIAISON OFFICE - DAY

Gary enters the office wearing a scarlet overcoat with a fur trim on the cuffs. Looks sick with nerves. Heads towards Jonah's empty desk. But suddenly there's Jonah.

JONAH

Gary.

GARY

Jesus! Jonah! Hi.

JONAH

You're in my office.

GARY

Yes.

JONAH

What do you want? In my office.

GARY

Nothing at all. Just...I needed to see...

JONAH

Are you here to steal the card, Gary?

GARY

No sir, not at all.

JONAH

This looks bad Gary. This looks real bad.
And I'm a friend of yours.

GARY

But it isn't bad. I'm not bad.

JONAH

I knew the card had been incorrectly signed. But I didn't say anything because I wanted to use this knowledge for my personal advantage.

GARY

Right.

JONAH

I will give you the card Gary. With pleasure.

GARY

Thank you. Please get to the bad bit of this because I know there'll be one and I don't like tension. I have acid reflux issues.

JONAH

I want Anna to go on a date with me tonight. We won't have sex, because she hates me. But Anna is an eight, and if the other eights I want to have sex with see I'm eight-capable, then I will have some sex with an eight before too long.

GARY

I'm sorry, but do I look like a pimp?

Jonah looks at Gary in his scarlet overcoat.

JONAH

You kind of do.

CUT TO:

INT. CAPITOL BUILDING - DAY

Dan is in the corridor we saw him in earlier. He's on the phone, standing at a snack-dispensing machine.

DAN

We've all said dumb things in our lives.
But I certainly don't think this is a
resigning issue for Senator Hallowes.
Okay. Goodbye.

He rings off. Calls another number.

DAN (CONT'D)

Hi, Carol Hallowes please.

(slowly)

"Carol Hallowes". Yes, voicemail, thanks.

(He chooses his snack.)

Carol, it's Dan. I don't really know how
to say this...

(money in the slot)

...but I don't think, right now, I'm
ready to take that next step that we need
to take as a couple ...

(picks up his chocolate bar)

...I mean, really, this is killing me,
this decision. Jesus. I'm not eating...

(starts to unwrap the candy)

...it's tearing me up.

(rings off. To himself)

Plus, you have a stupid fucking name.

CUT TO:

INT. VP'S OFFICES - DAY

Anna is working at her desk. Gary enters, sweating, in
Anna's overcoat. He holds two large envelopes. Selina
comes out of her office. At that moment Dan arrives.

DAN

Hey, big guy. Looks like Operation
Terrified Old Man went well.

GARY

Jonah caught me. I had to make a deal.
Anna's going on a date with him tonight.

ANNA

No she fucking isn't.

GARY

He doesn't want to sleep with you, just
dinner and a movie.

DAN

A date with stinky Jonah. Lucky you.
You're getting him in his prime, before
next year's heart-lung transplant.

ANNA

I'm not going out with Jonah.

SELINA

Get a grip. It's one date with no sex.
For me that was 12 years of marriage.
Okay, let me sign this thing. This has
gone from being a resigning issue, to a
're-signing' issue. That's a very clever
orthographic joke.

Gary takes the cards from their envelopes and lays them
side by side on a table. Everyone looks at them. A beat.

SELINA (CONT'D)

Shit.

ANNA

Shit.

SELINA

The President already signed. We need to
forge the President's signature as well.

GARY

Isn't that still a capital offence? Can't
you be electrocuted for that?

Dan steps forward, grabs a pen.

DAN

I'll do it. The key is to do it upside
down.

He flips the cards upside down. Squiggles, quickly, on
the blank card. Turns them the right way. A perfect copy.

SELINA

Wow. Dan - thank you. Is there anything
you can't do?

ANNA
Foreplay. Empathy.

DAN
Oh, and Senator Hallowes has let it be known that she will not be putting her name forward to replace the Chair of the Finance Committee.

SELINA
Who's the baadass? Gary?

GARY
You are, Madam Vice President.

DAN
She also added she'll be taking a less public role in future. So...

ANNA
Checking the mirror.

DAN
I guess that leaves me with a fatally injured boss.

ANNA
Signalling.

DAN
And I wondered if there might be a position in this office?

ANNA
And we're moving off. Careful, you hit a toddler.

SELINA
We should talk. I was thinking I'd like to create a Special Director of Communications role within this department.

DAN
Uh-huh? Interesting.

Dan brings out his Blackberry charger, plugs it in. Smiles at Anna. Selina heads to her office. Anna follows.

ANNA
Excuse me - you just hired him? You hired the biggest bastard in DC?

SELINA
I'm fluent in bastard. It's one of my languages. Don't worry about me.

ANNA

You? I'm worried about me. I've worked for you for nine years. I have...

SELINA

And I haven't done anything for you? You happen to be standing in the office of the Vice President of the United States young lady. I think that's pretty good.

ANNA

"Young lady"?

SELINA

I used Dan to get what I wanted.

ANNA

No, he used you to get what he wanted.

SELINA

No, I definitely used him. I'm the u-ser, he's the u-see. That's right, isn't it?

ANNA

Does he look used?

They look over at Dan. He is smiling happily as he plugs in his Blackberry and stares at Gary's desk, which is right outside the VP's office.

DAN

Nice desk, Gary.

Mike enters.

MIKE

Duck and cover, everyone. This is the front page of tomorrow's Post.

A large photo on the front shows Selina cramming lentil salad into her mouth with her fingers. It looks disgusting. The headline reads: "Veep Looking Cheap". Jonah enters the office.

JONAH

I just saw that - nice teeth. Madam Vice President, you'll be relieved to hear the President has decided to subsume the Clean Jobs Commission into the DOE...

SELINA

He's done what?!

JONAH

...thus leaving you free to apply your unique talents to other fields of interest.

SELINA

Such as?

JONAH

The Mars Project?

SELINA

Great, that sounds like something achievable in the next month. Get the fuck out of here, little boy, before I confiscate your prostate.

JONAH

Come on then Anna, shrimp linguine and a porno. I'm joking. It's chicken linguine.

Anna and Jonah leave.

ANNA

Touch me at this restaurant and you will get metal cutlery in your eyes.

SELINA

You know Mike - who'd have thought that if you Tweet about cutlery and call a dead senator a retard, it's the cutlery that comes to bite you?

MIKE

Reeves was a retard anyway.

SELINA

Yep. And, at least four times in his distinguished Senate career, a rapist.

ANNA (O.S.)

(COUGHS)

We now see Anna standing in the doorway with KEN, mid-30s, small and bland, like a young Pee Wee Herman

ANNA (CONT'D)

Sorry ma'am, forgot to brief you. This is Ken Nichol of the Plastics & Cellulose Association. I'd booked him in for a four o'clock.

Selina smiles.

SELINA

Mr Nichol.

(calling through)

Gary! Coffee! And two fucking sugars.