

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE, FOUR SEASONS - EARLY MORNING

A digital clock in the well-appointed office area reads 5:48 a.m. An angular woman in her late fifties, Chief of Staff EDITH ROGERS, sits on the left end of a sofa. Holding two XXL coffees, she kills one, tosses it and starts the next. Seated next to her is National Security Advisor JERRY KRAFT, a short, jowly man in his mid-forties. He surveys the room carefully as he crosses his legs and places a pillow in his lap. On the right is KAREN RODMAN, 35, an owlish, curvy woman balancing several legal pads and binders.

The trio's eyes are fixed on a silent laptop on the coffee table before them.

EDITH

No wonder he went into politics.

JERRY

Speak softly and carry --

A well-toned executive in a rumpled suit enters from a bedroom and closes the door softly. His is a very troubled, very handsome face in its early fifties with just enough gray at the temples. This is the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

POTUS

She's finally asleep. Goddamn.

Edith and Jerry lock eyes. She makes an approving face and nods her head slightly. Jerry raises his eyebrows and nods agreement, appreciation. Karen blots her forehead and throat with a tissue; several wads of Kleenex are at her feet.

POTUS (CONT'D)

My kids, my parents, my official historian -- everyone is gonna see that!

EDITH

Mr. President ...

POTUS

Over. It's OVER!

JERRY

Sir, if we permit you to be hounded from office over this video, the nation will be irreparably harmed. I know it's uncomfortable, but --

POTUS

Uncomfortable! My junk is gonna be on permanent rotation!

(MORE)

POTUS (CONT'D)
Fox, CNN, BBC, YouTube! Christ, the
first images aliens receive of
Earth will be of me fucking my
wife!

EDITH

Sir, you didn't slap her ass or
pull her hair. That was a
respectful, consensual act of love
between two people who are deeply
committed -- and people see what we
tell them to see. Right, Karen?
Karen.

Karen stares dumbly at her laptop and gently strokes her collarbone. Her neck and face are flushed bright pink.

KAREN

Uh. Sir, based on what I've seen,
you haven't broken any laws. We can
get you and your wife back-dated
doctor's referrals for the, ah,
medical marijuana. Your health
records show a history of insomnia
and back pain, and like many women,
the First Lady suffers from
menstrual cramps. That was your
house in California, right? So
we're covered.

Edith and Jerry exchange glances. Are they actually going to get through this?

POTUS walks to the window, arms folded, scowling.

EDITH

What else, Karen?

KAREN

Just a guess. I could really use
some polling right now.

Jerry snorts, Edith kicks him.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Mr. President. If I can be frank.

Karen opens a bottle of water and chugs most of it, then pats her forehead with a tissue.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Your, um -- endowment. I believe
it's an asset.

POTUS whirls and regards her with disbelief. Jerry studies his shoes.

EDITH

She's right. It's a good size, but not porn-star big. Men will want to be you, women will want to be with you. It's circumcised, and you didn't put it anyplace weird.

KAREN

I can't say how well cunnilingus plays in the Bible Belt.

Edith, Jerry and Karen look directly at POTUS' crotch for a moment. The leader of the free world snaps his fingers.

POTUS

People. I'm up here.

JERRY

Sir, some thoughts?

POTUS

Jerry, I don't think I can --

JERRY

Mr. President, I saw a leader on that video. A confident, vigorous man who takes charge and doesn't stop until the job is finished. If Bin Laden thinks you'll do him like the First Lady, the war on terror is over. Europe and South America won't care; they'll like you more. Asia and Africa will condemn you, but they'll secretly admire your... (makes a fist) fortitude. This is purely a domestic issue.

POTUS

I can't believe what I'm hearing. How can I look America in the eye?

EDITH

What, because you and your wife have sex?

Karen rubs a can of soda against the back of her neck.

KAREN

(Under her breath)
Freaky, hot sex.

POTUS

We smoked pot! On tape! I'm a president with no moral authority. A -- a horndog Nixon! JFK before he got shot!

EDITH

You can't quit! We picked Stanton for VP so he could deliver the South! The man is literally not qualified to hold your dick, let alone his own!

KAREN

Voters are likely to see you and the First Lady as victims. This recording's a violation of every American's privacy.

Jerry reaches for the laptop; Karen scoots it out of reach.

EDITH

Is that all of it?

POTUS

Pretty much. Lana and I fell asleep right after we, ah -- well, you saw. I couldn't watch more than a few minutes. A man's not meant to see some things.

EDITH

We'd never counsel you to stay if we didn't believe you could govern. Think this through, Tim.

POTUS

My family --

EDITH

-- your family has been the subject of scrutiny your entire career! Nothing's going to change for them! We've had five pretty good years, but there's more work to do. We can't stop now.

POTUS

You're serious.

KAREN

Resign now, Mr. President, and that video will be your legacy.

(MORE)

KAREN (CONT'D)
Stick around, and we'll be the ones
writing history.

POTUS
I'm still a little drunk, because
you're starting to make sense.

JERRY
Mr. President, the North Koreans
will be obsessed with your Johnson
during next month's negotiations.

KAREN
We come through this, and nothing
can touch you. You'd be better than
bulletproof, sir. I could run you
for a third term.

Jerry clicks a button on the laptop.

EDITH
Decision time, Tim. Is Karen
polishing the UN speech or drafting
a resignation letter instead?

POTUS
OK. (long sigh) I'll stay. It's
insane, but there's a logic to it.
I mean, I do have insomnia.

Jerry bolts up from his seat and points at the laptop with
alarm.

JERRY
Mr. President? Who the hell is SHE?

KAREN'S LAPTOP SCREEN - VIDEO

An obviously spent President and First Lady cuddle in a
tangle of sheets; a firm yet jiggly brunette facing away from
the camera approaches the bed and whips off a "WILLIS IS OUR
MAN" campaign T-shirt before climbing in with the First
Couple.

WOMAN
Am I too late? C'mon, wake up, you
guys!

FADE TO BLACK.