

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 Hallowses.  
Okay. Goodbye.

He rings off. Calls another number.

DAN (CONT'D)

Hi, Carol Hallowses please.

(slowly)

"Carol Hallowses". 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 Hallows 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.