

Veep

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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?