

INAUGURATION DAY

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FADE IN:

EARTH AS SEEN FROM SPACE

SILENCE.

A DARKENED OBJECT rotates 12,500 miles above. As it pivots, sunlight reveals a SATELLITE made of thin copper and solar panels. This is USA-251, one of 32 satellites in the GLOBAL POSITIONING SYSTEM that make the world go around.

A LIGHT blinks in the heart of USA-251. Suddenly, it DARKENS.

There, USA-251 orbits lifelessly.

The camera descends, rushing back to EARTH. Other satellites periodically enter frame. We pass RADIO STATIC and BROADCAST WAVES like a car stereo in the desert. The signal clarifies.

NORAH O'DONNELL (O.S.)

After the most combative
Presidential campaign in decades,
today marks a new chapter in
American politics.

CBS News transmits from AMC-4, a telecom sat passing overhead. Faint broadcast sounds of NORAH O'DONNELL reporting the day's news drip into the vacuum of space.

NORAH O'DONNELL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

At noon today, Speaker of the
House Owen Everett, will be sworn
in as the 46th President of the
United States. This turns the page
on the embattled presidency of
Juliet Garcia.

We sink through the stratosphere as BLUE SKY replaces BLACK SPACE, finding ourselves inside---

A U-2 COCKPIT. The spy plane glides 70,000 feet over the Syrian Desert.

An INSTRUMENT PANEL reflects on the PILOT'S VISOR. The digital gauges flicker. Resetting. The pilot cocks his head.

PILOT

Night Eagle to Incirlik.

RADIO

Go for Incirlik, Night Eagle.

PILOT

I've got a navigation SNAFU. Has
Schriever AFB reported any GPS issues?

CUT TO:

SCHRIEVER AIR FORCE BASE, COLORADO SPRINGS

A GPS Master Control Station. An AIR FORCE TECH slumps at his desk, bleary-eyed amid the glow from a bank of monitors.

He sips a Red Bull. On his monitor, we see a GRAPHIC CHARTING THE ORBITAL PATTERNS of all 32 SATELLITES, with operational satellites identified by GREEN DOTS. A single RED DOT circles the globe.

AIR FORCE TECH
Affirmative. I'll just get USA-251
back online.

The Tech types furiously. Stops. Types again. Flummoxed. The RED DOT persists.

AIR FORCE TECH (CONT'D)
Standby.
(pauses)
This is...
(pauses)
What the hell is going on here?

TITLE CARD:

INAUGURATION DAY

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. Every American's dream address.

We hear a KNOCK-KNOCK.

SECRET SERVICEMAN (O.S.)
Madam President.

No response.

INT. THE PRESIDENTIAL BEDROOM, 2ND FLOOR - NIGHT

3:15 AM glows from an alarm clock. It faintly illuminates a hardened WOMAN of 46, hair back in a ponytail, dressed in exercise gear. She is laser focused on

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT, lit up like a middle finger to his Presidential successors.

Pensive, she steps into the light spilling in from the White House Lawn. This is JULIET GARCIA, the 45th President of the United States. A focus group's answer to the feminine ideal, her mocha eyes bear the ravages of waging a losing battle with the world's most difficult job.

Arms crossed, President Garcia turns to her bed. One side is messed. The other is empty. Still getting used to that.

Another KNOCK. The door creaks open.

SECRET SERVICEMAN

Madam Pres-

He's taken aback by Garcia so clear eyed in the wee hours.

SECRET SERVICEMAN (CONT'D)

You're already up?

PRESIDENT GARCIA

I only have the place until noon.
Why waste a minute?

CUT TO:

AN HOUR LATER

Dawn's early light better illuminates the Presidential Master Bedroom. Moving boxes line the corner.

The Secret Serviceman nods as he holds open a door for a post-workout President Garcia. Sweating, she strides into---

THE LIVING ROOM

The closet is bare save for one outfit. The PRESIDENTIAL UNIFORM: a NAVY BLUE PANTSUIT with a RED SCARF, an American flag LAPEL PIN and WHITE HEELS.

At an adjacent desk, waits her Chief of Staff, BEN ADELSTEIN, 61, a world-weary Washington lifer, phone pressed to his ear.

PRESIDENT GARCIA

You already have Karelin on the line?

Adelstein nods, putting one finger over his mouth so as not to disturb the Russian babble on the other line. Hits mute.

PRESIDENT GARCIA (CONT'D)

What happened to 5:30?

BEN ADELSTEIN

Karelin doesn't work on others' time. Remember, keep it cordial. This is merely a goodbye call.
(stopping)
You ready?

Garcia steels herself. She nods. Adelstein unmutes the phone.

BEN ADELSTEIN (CONT'D)

The President of the United States.

President Garcia scoops up the phone.

PRESIDENT GARCIA
(confident)
Dobroye utro, President Karelin.

A deep baritone answers in Russian, quickly echoed in accented English via INTERPRETER.

ANATOLY KARELIN (O.S.)
Good morning, Juliet Garcia.

PRESIDENT GARCIA
Early morning. I was expecting your call in 40 minutes.

ANATOLY KARELIN (O.S.)
I have many pressing appointments, but wanted to wish you farewell and a pleasant future.

PRESIDENT GARCIA
Thank you, President Karelin.

ANATOLY KARELIN (O.S.)
Working with you was beneficial. It was more contentious than necessary, but I appreciate your efforts for peace.

PRESIDENT GARCIA
Likewise, Anatoly, but---

Listening in, Adelstein shoots the President a cautious glance. Shaking his head "no". Garcia considers, then---

PRESIDENT GARCIA (CONT'D)
If you truly appreciate my efforts for peace, you will honor my request to hand over those terrorists the Syrians are harboring at Latakia.

A painful silence.

ANATOLY KARELIN (O.S.)
We are not discussing that matter again. Not today.

PRESIDENT GARCIA
Mr. President, the Syrians only shelter them because you allow them to.

ANATOLY KARELIN (O.S.)
It would be more proper for me to discuss with the new President Everett.

PRESIDENT GARCIA
As a gesture of goodwill for my
legacy, please---

ANATOLY KARELIN (O.S.)
---You will be missed.

CLICK. The dial tone flatlines.

PRESIDENT GARCIA
President Karelin? Mr. President?!

The line is clear.

Adelstein grimaces at how embarrassingly this call ended.

Garcia forcefully SLAMS the phone in the base.

PRESIDENT GARCIA (CONT'D)
(under her breath)
Sonuvabitch.

EXT. BLAIR HOUSE - ROOFTOP - MORNING

From the President's Guest House adjacent to 1600 Penn, our focus shifts from the White House to the Washington Monument beyond it. Cigarette SMOKE obscures our view.

It belongs to President-Elect OWEN EVERETT, 57. Formerly Speaker of the House from Garcia's opposition, Everett is loved by everyone except those who've worked with him. A charming career politician, Everett memorizes his Inaugural address between drags.

PRESIDENT-ELECT EVERETT
...We must be a nation unafraid to
lead by example...Lest, we forget
that politics from the top down is
a dictatorship...ehh...On equal
footing with the Judicial and
Legislative, your Executive Branch
will be dedicated to leading from---

FIRST LADY BONNIE EVERETT (O.S.)
It's the 21st century and you're
using the word "lest"?

At the sound of his wife's voice, Everett deftly buries the cigarette in a snowdrift. He turns around to see the First Lady, BONNIE EVERETT, 57, his stunning wife of 36 years.

PRESIDENT-ELECT EVERETT
The speech has been thoroughly vetted, honey.

FIRST LADY BONNIE EVERETT
I'll make a deal with you. Drop the
"lest" and I won't cut your balls off
for secretly smoking.

PRESIDENT-ELECT EVERETT
You could have told me that before
I wasted the cigarette I bummed.

FIRST LADY BONNIE EVERETT
If I catch you smoking, the flags
will be flying at half mast.

PRESIDENT-ELECT EVERETT
Then, how are you supposed to live
your lifelong dream of sleeping
with the President?

FIRST LADY BONNIE EVERETT
Who's to say I haven't already?

She gently kisses him. He grins. DC Lifers, still in love by
some minor miracle. She hands over an UNOPENED LEATHER
BINDER. *It's the PRESIDENT'S DAILY BRIEFING.*

PRESIDENT-ELECT EVERETT
You shouldn't pick up classified
material that doesn't belong to you.

FIRST LADY BONNIE EVERETT
You shouldn't leave the Daily
Briefing on the nightstand.
Tell me you actually read it.

EVERETT'S PHONE - RING, RING, RINGS...

PRESIDENT-ELECT EVERETT
Sorry, Bonnie.

Everett gives her a quick peck as she drapes his coat over
her shoulders. He answers.

PRESIDENT-ELECT EVERETT (CONT'D)
Everett.

His Chief of Staff, MARGARET NORTON, is on the line. The RFK
to his JFK, Norton is Everett's kid sister and most trusted
confidant.

MARGARET NORTON (O.S.)
Garcia needs us at the White House
a half hour early for tea.

PRESIDENT-ELECT EVERETT
Bullshit. 15 minutes early. Tops.

MARGARET NORTON (O.S.)
I was going to say 5 minutes late, but
that's why Dad made you the candidate.

The mention of "Dad" stops Everett cold. He swallows hard.

MARGARET NORTON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
God, wouldn't he have loved today?

PRESIDENT-ELECT EVERETT
Just like Charlie.

A pause. Everett winces, immediately regretting his words.

PRESIDENT-ELECT EVERETT (CONT'D)
I'm not going to let one more
mother go through---

MARGARET NORTON
You're off the campaign trail. No need
to wear my son's name out anymore. Now,
hurry up so we can get to work fixing
this fucking mess we call America.

PRESIDENT-ELECT EVERETT
Yes, Chief.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - FAMILY DINING ROOM - DAY

The First Family gathers around a lavishly decorated round
table munching on their final breakfast in the White House.

Fox News wafts in from a SMARTPHONE SPEAKER. MARTHA MACCALLUM
and SHEPARD SMITH broadcast remotely from Capitol Hill.

MARTHA MACCALLUM (O.S.)
*...ongoing conflict in Syria. President
Garcia leaves office with an albatross
around her neck, Garcia came into office
as a true outsider.*

President Garcia dines with her children: AMELIA, 7, a tomboy
dolled up for the occasion, SOFIA, 11, a pre-teen princess
and DYLAN, 14, physically adult, but emotionally millennial.

Fox News talking heads banter on Dylan's phone. Amelia
harvests the marshmallows from a cereal bowl.

PRESIDENT GARCIA
Your last meal with a full kitchen
staff and you chose Lucky Charms?

AMELIA
That's what I wanted.

Garcia laughs, eating a health-conscious breakfast of Greek yogurt, berries and cold-pressed kale juice.

The news from Dylan's phone disrupts breakfast.

PRESIDENT GARCIA
No news at the table, Dylan.

Dylan's eyes remain glued to the phone. The volume increases.

SHEPARD SMITH (O.S.)
Like any outsider, Washington immediately put her to the test. After all, she's a presidential anomaly; a billionaire tech entrepreneur who rode a wave of populist support as a moderate isolationist.

SOFIA
I wish you'd won again. I was going to have my quinceañera here.

PRESIDENT GARCIA
I think America would have freaked if we hosted a quinceañera in *La Casa Blanca*.

The Garcia girls laugh. Dylan munches on pancakes. Upping the volume to drown out his family. The lull in conversation makes a bed for the news to lie in.

MARTHA MACCALLUM (O.S.)
That's right. She vowed to scale back US military presence in the Middle East and the world beyond. In fact, she was on the path to peace and then---

SHEPHERD SMITH (O.S.)
Wrigleyville happened.

MARTHA MACCALLUM (O.S.)
Once Intelligence indicated Syria was harboring the terrorist masterminds behind the bombing, she changed her tune, ordering the mili-

Visibly frustrated, Garcia yanks the phone from Dylan. She powers it down, SLAMMING it flat on the table.

DYLAN
Mom!

PRESIDENT GARCIA

I'd like to get through one day without having my failures rubbed in my nose. Unplug for once and spend some time with your family.

DYLAN

Really? I haven't seen you without a phone in your hand since I was, like, eight. You don't even turn it off for Church.

PRESIDENT GARCIA

You think I'm Snapchatting? This is our last breakfast as the First Family and I'd like all of us to be present.

Dylan tightens at the word "family." He sulks, eating his pancakes in defeat. The mood is heavy.

DYLAN

(derisive)

All of us.

AMELIA

Is Papa coming today?

President Garcia sips her juice to avoid answering. Dylan notices, reassuring his sister.

DYLAN

Not today, Amelia. He had other things to do.

AMELIA

But today's Mama's going away party?

This kills the President, but she puts on her bravest face.

PRESIDENT GARCIA

That's right. Today's a party. So let's not dwell on who's missing out.

EXT. H STREET - DAY

A MOTORCADE shuttles the President-Elect and his First Lady to their new home. Cameras chart their every move. Throngs of dedicated citizens celebrate behind barricades.

FIRST LADY BONNIE EVERETT (O.S.)

Well, this tea shouldn't be uncomfortable in the least.

INT. TOWN CAR - DAY

President-Elect Everett rides alongside Bonnie in the back of a Town Car. Reading his speech, he looks up from his iPad.

PRESIDENT-ELECT EVERETT
C'mon, Bonnie. It's tradition. We just have to get through a half hour so keep the mood light. Don't worry about the estranged First Gentleman.

FIRST LADY BONNIE EVERETT
Don't you dare call him "gentleman." Not after what he did. 24 years of congressional bullshit and there's no spouse to chat up? What am I supposed to do?

PRESIDENT-ELECT EVERETT
Engage her kids. Squash any talk of politics. Keep it civil.

FIRST LADY BONNIE EVERETT
So that's my job? I'm America's Grandma?

PRESIDENT-ELECT EVERETT
No. You're America's sexy mama.

Everett coaxes a smile from Bonnie, disarming her.

FIRST LADY BONNIE EVERETT
Ever consider a career in politics?

PRELAP

LESTER HOLT (O.S.)
When Syria refused to hand over terrorists claiming responsibility for the attack, Garcia deployed troops to Incirlik Air Force Base in preparation for an invasion...

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Morning light shines over the Resolute Desk. Garcia presides, silhouetted in the hot seat for the last time.

LESTER HOLT headlines NBC's Inauguration Day coverage on A FLATSCREEN above the ROAR RISING from the Mall.

LESTER HOLT
...Russia, claiming US intelligence was faulty, placed their forces at the Syria-Turkey border to block the invasion.

RAP-RAP. A knock on the door breaks Garcia's concentration. Ben Adelstein enters like a trainer to the paddock.

BEN ADELSTEIN
Madam President, you are far too wonderful
to spend your last minutes in office
listening to that vile horseshit.

LESTER HOLT
*Congress, led by then-Speaker Owen
Everett challenged President
Garcia's Executive Order, halting
US action in Syria.*

Archival footage of then-Speaker Everett filibustering on the House floor loops on TV. It's quickly followed by footage of the State of the Union address. Garcia offers to shake Everett's hand. He refuses.

At the desk, Garcia chews the polish off a manicured thumbnail as she watches a highlight reel of her undoing.

LESTER HOLT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
*The geopolitical staring contest remains
as President Garcia's legacy.*

Adelstein mercifully turns off the TV.

BEN ADELSTEIN
(paternal)
Jules, I know how much it kills you
to leave office without resolving
Syria, but we agreed a customary
farewell call to the Russian Head
of State was not the proper forum
to discuss it.

PRESIDENT GARCIA
(ignoring his comment)
"You will be missed." What did
Karelin mean by that?

BEN ADELSTEIN
He would miss pissing you off.
What do you expect from an
authoritarian asshole?

Garcia reflects on Karelin's slight. Not convinced.

PRESIDENT GARCIA
Perhaps...
(snapping out of it)
What's the latest on Russia's activity
in Syria?

BEN ADELSTEIN

I thought we agreed to leave that mess
for your successor to clean up?

PRESIDENT GARCIA

Where the hell is Everett?

BEN ADELSTEIN

Probably circling the block. Getting
in one last rabbit punch before the
bell. Standard Inauguration Day
Operating Procedure.

PRESIDENT GARCIA

He's already five minutes late.

BEN ADELSTEIN

Well, Everett's been a prick since
we were at Annapolis. Getting
elected President has only made him
feel like it's warranted.

Adelstein's phone rings. He answers. Listens.

BEN ADELSTEIN (CONT'D)

(to Juliet)

It's about that time.

PRESIDENT GARCIA

Just give me one last minute alone in here.

BEN ADELSTEIN

Sure thing, Jules.

The door closes, leaving us with a ticking grandfather clock
and a broken woman.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

The motorcade pulls into the carport at the South Lawn.

INT. WEST WING - DAY

APPLAUSE and WHIRRING SHUTTERS accompany the President-
Elect's entrance. The Secret Service clears the glut of PRESS
and BYSTANDERS.

Without breaking stride, Everett glad-hands his STAFFERS.
MARGARET NORTON, 54, is there to greet him. His sister/Chief
of Staff is a headstrong, political animal.

MARGARET NORTON

Nick of time. I thought the Garcias
were going to poison your tea.

PRESIDENT-ELECT EVERETT

Thank you, Margaret.
 (changing subjects)
 Bonnie finds the word "lest" antiquated.

MARGARET NORTON

You're antiquated, but it didn't
 seem to bother the electorate.

Everett chuckles, handing his overcoat to AN AIDE. He mouths
 "Thank You."

The two walk so briskly, they rush past the OPEN DOOR to the
 FAMILY DINING ROOM where the Garcia family waits at China-
 laden tables. Adelstein glances at Garcia, who's bemused at
 her successor's horrible sense of White House geography.

MARGARET NORTON (CONT'D)

Seriously, though, I hate that your
 wife and I agree on something.

PRESIDENT-ELECT EVERETT

Cut the line, please.

THWEET. Adelstein whistles through his teeth. Norton and
 Everett turn around, pretending that they didn't just march
 past the meeting place. The siblings make an about-face.

PRESIDENT-ELECT EVERETT (CONT'D)

When did they move the Family
 Dining Room down here?

BEN ADELSTEIN

1817.
 (to Margaret)
 Nice of you to make it.

The Chiefs of Staff stare each other down, shaking hands and
 tamping down the urge to slice the other with a switch blade.

MARGARET NORTON

Nice of you to sneak in one last
 passive aggressive parting shot
 with your last min---

PRESIDENT-ELECT EVERETT

Measure dicks later. It's tea time.

The STARING CONTEST continues as we follow President-Elect
 Owen Everett into the lavish

FAMILY DINING ROOM

Ornate, TASSELED CURTAINS are drawn, allowing natural light
 while blocking the media frenzy outside.

The camera follows Everett as he enters the room with the First Lady on his arm. They marvel at Eleanor Roosevelt's delectable tea set, left askew by the fidgety Garcia kids.

President Garcia rises to greet the Everetts.

PRESIDENT GARCIA
Welcome, welcome.

First Lady Everett cordially shakes Garcia's hand.

PRESIDENT-ELECT EVERETT
Sorry we're late. Damn GPS gave us shoddy directions.

Garcia grins and forces a "Ha!" at her successor's joke. Everett reaches out to shake the President's hand.

FIRST LADY BONNIE EVERETT
Owen.
(nods to the Garcia kids)
Watch your language.

Deftly avoiding Everett's handshake, Garcia slides a chair to seat the future First Lady.

FIRST LADY BONNIE EVERETT (CONT'D)
How chivalrous, Madam President.

Ignoring the snub, President-Elect Everett lifts a porcelain teapot that once belonged to Dolley Madison.

PRESIDENT-ELECT EVERETT
Now, on to today's most critical decision:
(dramatic pause)
Earl Grey or Hot Cocoa?

Sofia and Amelia crack up, won over. Dylan scowls.

17 MINUTES LATER

Polite laughter as Bonnie delivers a PUNCHLINE, sipping her tea. Garcia observes her children's outstanding rapport with the incoming First Lady. Consults the Chopard on her wrist.

PRESIDENT GARCIA
Bonnie, if you don't mind, I would love to borrow your husband for a few minutes. Speak to him, President to President.

Bonnie glances at her husband, who quickly sips his tea---

Everett sets the antique tea cup down on a saucer, eyes burning a hole through his predecessor.

PRESIDENT-ELECT EVERETT
Rest assured, I am ready to take
over the moment my hand comes off
Lincoln's Bible.

PRESIDENT GARCIA
With all due respect, Mr. Speaker,
you're not.

Slighted, Everett chuckles bemusedly. Turns to his wife.

PRESIDENT-ELECT EVERETT
You know, Bonnie, maybe you should
take the little Garcias out for
some fresh air while Juliet and I
have a heart-to-heart.

FIRST LADY BONNIE EVERETT
Sure thing, Owen.
(to the kids)
I've always wondered where the best
secret hiding places are in this
old house. Maybe you could show me?

Happy to be dismissed, the kids slide back chairs. Garcia
halts them. Eyes fixed on Everett.

PRESIDENT GARCIA
Dylan, why don't you guys give
First Lady Everett a tour?

DYLAN
Whatever you say, Mom.

Garcia kisses her daughters. Dylan shepherds his sisters,
avoiding his Mom. They rush out the door as Bonnie trails.

As she exits, Bonnie's eyes plead: *"Go easy on her."*

The door closes. The two Presidents are alone.

PRESIDENT GARCIA
Speaking of secret hiding places,
rumor has it Obama hid a pack of
cigarettes inside one of the books
on the Oval Office shelf.

PRESIDENT-ELECT EVERETT
What a kind thing to tell an ex-smoker.

PRESIDENT GARCIA
Well, it's a helpful tidbit I could
have passed on earlier if you
hadn't spent the past two months
ducking this conversation. Like
making sure you have the full scope
of the Russian situation in Syria.

PRESIDENT-ELECT EVERETT

I do.

PRESIDENT GARCIA

You read this morning's PDB?

PRESIDENT-ELECT EVERETT

As I have since receiving clearance three days after I won the election.

PRESIDENT GARCIA

Good. Now, you may have noticed the Russian military has increased their number of exercises near American bases worldwide. Let me share one insight---

PRESIDENT-ELECT EVERETT

Save it.

Garcia stops, coldly staring Everett down.

PRESIDENT-ELECT EVERETT (CONT'D)

You had your chance to discuss strategy with me. Three years ago, remember? When you had a 70 approval rating and an itch to send this nation to war without an Authorization for Use of Military force? You wouldn't even return my calls let alone schedule a sit-down.

PRESIDENT GARCIA

The way your Congress debated, a three month action would have taken three years.

PRESIDENT-ELECT EVERETT

Actually, it only took us three whole days to decide you were wrong.

PRESIDENT GARCIA

I was practicing leadership. You were practicing politics.

PRESIDENT-ELECT EVERETT

They're one and the same. The President is not a CEO. He...or she...doesn't unilaterally make decisions and pitch a fit when an equal branch of government wants a say in the matter.

PRESIDENT GARCIA

Can I quote you on that in two years?

PRESIDENT-ELECT EVERETT
You're goddamn right.

PRESIDENT GARCIA
I know that as Speaker you've grown accustomed to leading by committee, but Commander-in-Chief is a different ballgame. You don't just pound a gavel and conduct meetings. You make decisions that impact every person from Tacoma to Timbuktu.

Everett sips his tea. Letting her speak.

PRESIDENT GARCIA (CONT'D)
At the end of the day, if one decision goes sideways, no one will blame Congress or NATO or our enemies for failing them. They'll blame you.

PRESIDENT-ELECT EVERETT
That was your problem. You never respected me enough to see I was part of the solution.

PRESIDENT GARCIA
I didn't respect you? Because you're the wizened old politician? You didn't win the election because everyone wanted you. You won because they didn't want me.

PRESIDENT-ELECT EVERETT
Seems to be a recurring problem for you.

Taking offense, Garcia narrows her eyes.

PRESIDENT GARCIA
Let's not get personal.

PRESIDENT-ELECT EVERETT
I don't know what you mean.

PRESIDENT GARCIA
Of course, you don't. That "*deficient family values*" ad just came from your super PAC. You did not "approve that message."

PRESIDENT-ELECT EVERETT
And you wondered why I've dodged this conversation. Please just speak your piece so we can run out the clock on your Presidency and start the clock on mine.

The President clenches her jaw, loading up.

PRESIDENT GARCIA
 Syria was harboring terrorists and
 we could not touch them without
 provoking Russia. You could have
 let the House make up its own mind.

PRESIDENT-ELECT EVERETT
 Had you provided Congress with some
 intel beyond a hunch, we would have
 supported your decision.

PRESIDENT GARCIA
 Sure you didn't feel guilty over the pain
 that voting "yes" on past "hunches" has
 inflicted on your family?

Eyes cold, Everett sets the tea cup down. The handle snaps
 off the 19th century ivory teaset, hooking around his finger.

PRESIDENT-ELECT EVERETT
 I know you only said that because you
 mistakenly believe I mocked your
 marital misfortune, but let's refrain
 from personal slights.

Garcia bites her lip, unsure if he's kidding.

PRESIDENT GARCIA
 Please. You---

PRESIDENT-ELECT EVERETT
 That vote was the worst decision of my
 career. Personally and professionally.

PRESIDENT GARCIA
 I'm well aware. It cost you a
 nephew and me a Presidency.

PRESIDENT-ELECT EVERETT
 You would equate your career with a
 soldier's life.

PRESIDENT GARCIA
 Please, let's refrain from personal slights.

PRESIDENT-ELECT EVERETT
 (smirking)
 No doubt my decision directly
 created the conditions that gave
 birth to Wrigleyville and cost the
 lives of many servicemen. I'll
 spend the rest of my life atoning
 for that. And I swore on my
 nephew's grave, I'd exhaust every
 option before doing that again.

PRESIDENT GARCIA
Then you picked the wrong job.

PRESIDENT-ELECT EVERETT
I picked the wrong job? I've been
in politics since I got out of the
Navy. Why would you ever trade
Silicon Valley for Washington?

PRESIDENT GARCIA
In the private sector, success is
measured by a job well done. In
politics, it's measured by simply
getting a job. I wanted to change that.

PRESIDENT-ELECT EVERETT
At least it didn't cost you much.

Garcia twists her wedding band. You can practically see her
silently counting to ten.

PRESIDENT GARCIA
(slowly)
I didn't want us to go down this
rabbit hole. I just wanted to tell
you that allowing Russia to dictate
US affairs in the Middle East will
be disastrous.

PRESIDENT-ELECT EVERETT
Why do you think I fought so hard
to keep us from going in there?

PRESIDENT GARCIA
Being President means making a
decision based on what's best for
the American people and not
partisan politics. If you don't
believe me, call up anybody who's
ever held the Office.

PRESIDENT-ELECT EVERETT
I did. You know the only unanimous
piece of advice I got? "*Imagine
what Juliet Garcia would do and do
the opposite.*"

An OPENING DOOR BREAKS the tension. The two Presidents
straighten up like a married couple pretending they weren't
having a row when their children walk in.

Adelstein strides in. Everett smirks at his old classmate.

PRESIDENT-ELECT EVERETT (CONT'D)
Ben.

BEN ADELSTEIN
 (curt)
 Owen.

Freezing out the President-Elect, Adelstein whispers in Garcia's ear. Her eyes flit, standing.

Everett leans forward in his chair, eavesdropping.

PRESIDENT-ELECT EVERETT
 Everything OK?

BEN ADELSTEIN
 I'd hate to cut this short, but
 President Garcia has some business
 to attend to.

Everett peers through the doorway. There stands SECRETARY OF DEFENSE DUANE SCHWINN, 60, African-American, imposing with the kind of demeanor you quickly defer to. He's the lone cabinet member to carry over from Garcia's Administration to Everett's. Schwinn pokes his head into the room.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE DUANE SCHWINN
 President-Elect Everett, you won't be
 joining us in the Situation Room?

A puzzled glance comes over the President-Elect's face.

PRESIDENT-ELECT EVERETT
 I didn't realize President Garcia's
 business was in the Situation Room. I
 guess this concludes our sacred tea.

BEN ADELSTEIN
 It's for the best. Today is your
 day and we don't want to distrac---

PRESIDENT GARCIA
 Join us.

Garcia waves, beckoning Everett. The President-Elect chugs his tea, recoiling at its piping hot temp. The hint of a smirk at the corner of Garcia's lips as Everett leaps to his feet. Together, the TWO PRESIDENTS exit.

PRESIDENT-ELECT EVERETT
 (catching his breath)
 So what's the situation?

PRESIDENT GARCIA
 Had you read this morning's PDB,
 you wouldn't be asking.