

FLOTUS

"PILOT"

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ACT ONE

INT. THE WEST WING -- DAY

Classical music plays as a BUTLER (70s) in white gloves dusts portraits of George Washington, Millard Fillmore, & Jimmy Carter.

A MAID (60s) polishes silver in a cabinet.

BLANCHE AND GERT (30s), creepy twins who look like blonde Fox News replicants, organize the President's Desk.

At the main entrance to the White House, the entire HOUSE STAFF awaits the arrival of the new President in silence. The Butler peeks out of the window.

BUTLER

He is arriving.

A moment of stillness for this magnificent and historical moment.

The Butler officiously opens the door.

BLANCHE AND GERT

(simultaneous)

May we present, the Presiden--

BOOM, the door bursts open, knocking The Butler down. A fur-clad LORI-OPRAH LEE (37 if asked, but 44 on license), drags in her son, TOMMY (12) who is bleeding from the nose. In her other hand, as always, is her CELL PHONE, to which her eyes are glued.

LORI-O

(to Tommy)

It's okay sweetie, you'll be just fine. Oh, Logan Paul sends wishes.

Behind them, her husband, PRESIDENT GUS LEE (60s) a graying billionaire with movie-star looks. He's trailed by several SECRET SERVICE AGENTS.

PRESIDENT LEE

I can just see the headline now:
First Lady commits child abuse at
Inauguration!

LORI-O

I was waving to my followers, the people I *told* to vote for you!

PRESIDENT LEE

This was supposed to be my moment.

LORI-O

Being the most powerful man in the world has really gone to your head.

They dash through the hallway, followed by an entourage of SECRET SERVICE AGENTS.

The House Staff stand around, confused as to what just happened... The Butler stands and dusts himself off.

BUTLER

No matter what happens, I will not huff glue today.

INT. OVAL OFFICE -- SAME

The First Family flows into the Oval. Lori-O sets Tommy on the President's Desk.

LORI- O

(taking a selfie)

Don't wipe your face yet, this is a very relatable moment. Hashtag: First Lady Problems.

CLICK! She gets the shot and wipes Tommy's face.

PRESIDENT LEE

(sarcastic)

Glad I won the Presidency so you could get more content.

TOMMY

I'm feeling dizzy, Mom. Do you have any food?

She looks in her purse.

LORI-O

(sarcastic)

You want some Nicorette until I can figure out room service?

In walks VICE PRESIDENT MARTHA O'RILEY (50), obnoxiously midwestern perfect and her husband, ANTHONY O'RILEY (50), a square-jawed former NFL player.

VP O'RILEY
That's all you have for the first boy?

TOMMY
"First Son" is fine.

LORI-O
Ah, Mrs. Vice President, I do have some weed gummies left. He's usually cool if it's indica.

Lori-O picks up the phone on the presidential desk and hits a random button.

LORI-O (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hello... oh, Konnichiwa to you too. Is this like a Japanese thing? Do you guys do ramen? ... Okay, is Shinzo Abe a type of fish?

CLICK. President Lee ends the call and glares at Lori.

VP O'RILEY
(pulling a muffin from her purse)
Here ya go, handsome.

LORI-O
He can't vote yet, Martha.

VP O'Riley hands the muffin over to Tommy.

VP O'RILEY
My Momma always told me the first step to winning a man's heart is through homemade baked goods.

ANTHONY O'RILEY
It's true, that's how she got me, my little Sugar Momma Gumdrop.

They kiss. A weird, chaste, Mike Pence kiss. People squirm. Lori-O takes a picture of them.

VP O'RILEY
Can you put that daggone phone away for just one second?

LORI-O

Sorry, that kiss was like a car accident... in that it made me want to call the police.

Lori-O starts fiddling with her phone again.

VP O'RILEY

Sweetie, I know you're the high-shootin' California influencer, but Washington doesn't run on livestreamed yoga classes. We have a detailed communications strategy for this administration's agenda.

LORI-O

Oh, do we? Annnnd... post.

PRESIDENT LEE

She's right Lori-O, things can't be as freewheeling as they were on the campaign. Now we have an image to protect.

LORI-O

No, you said after the campaign, I would get my old life back.

VP O'Riley clutches the President softly on the bicep to get his attention. Lori-O looks up from the phone and clocks it.

VP O'RILEY

(to President Lee)

Do we think she's capable of handling the Family Night Initiative?

PRESIDENT LEE

I was waiting to bring that up.

LORI-O

Did I hear "initiative"? That sounds like a fancy word for "job I don't get paid for".

PRESIDENT LEE

Every first lady has a cause.

LORI-O

No, no, no, no. I am stretched thin as it is.

VP O'RILEY

Is that a side effect from your
stripperobics classes?

Lori-O lunges at her, but Secret Service holds her back.

LORI-O

Well, what is this stupid thing
anyway?

PRESIDENT LEE

The Family Night Initiative. Once a
week every family puts their phones
away, eats a home cooked meal, and
plays a board game together.

LORI-O

And then they churn butter and sing
hymns so that Joe Joe's cholera
won't return? What century is this?

VP O'RILEY

We'll give every household in
America a limited edition of the
classic game "Empire: The Dark
Continent".

LORI-O

Children hate that game, and also
it's pretty racist.

PRESIDENT LEE

I thought this was something you
would enjoy. You're a wonderful
Mother, and America needs your
example.

LORI-O

You mean it?

PRESIDENT LEE

Of course.

TOMMY

You'd be great at it, Mom!

Tommy sneezes blood all over The Butler's shirt. The Butler
exhales a long, meaningful exhale.

LORI-O

I have always wanted to get into
the Mommy-blogging space...
GWENYTH!

PRESIDENT LEE
This isn't about Gwenyth.

LORI-O
(curt)
Everything's about Gwenyth.

VP O'RILEY
This is for America's Families. So
we really need as much focus as you
have left.

LORI-O
(sarcastic)
Oh, THANKS Martha! You're right, I
really should lay off that dumb
bitch juice!

Lori-O grabs the remote control from the coffee table and un-
mutes the Cable News Program on the TV as she STORMS out of
the room.

NEWS ANCHOR
(O.S.)
The first iconic image of President
Lee's administration has arrived.

The selfie of Lori-O wiping Tommy's bloody nose is shown on
the News.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)
Our new, unconventional First Lady
uploaded the picture just moments
ago, where it has already racked up
more than three million likes and
shares.

NEWS ANCHOR 2
She just puts you at ease, doesn't
she. She's just a regular Mom,
trying to do her best.

NEWS ANCHOR
You can't help but relate to her.
In other news, Japanese Prime
Minister Shinzo Abe was the subject
of a crank call...

INT. EAST WING KITCHEN -- DAY

Lori-O pours batter into a muffin tray as her personal
assistant, GRANT (20s), snaps photos of her.

GRANT
 Amazing. Incredible. You are
 literally America's Hot Mom.

LORI-O
 (looking at phone)
 These will be good to launch my
 first lady rebrand... "Jackie O...
 No-she-didn't!"

GRANT
 We can workshop that.

Grant takes a bite out of one of the muffins.

GRANT (CONT'D)
 (spitting it out)
 Ew... barfpastry! Um. Sorry.

LORI-O
 They look good, that's what
 matters. One more for the story...

Lori-O lifts her phone for a selfie and see Blanche and Gert
 standing directly behind her.

LORI-O (CONT'D)
 Ah! Ghosts! I mean, hello, ladies.

Blanche and Gert curtsy.

BLANCHE AND GERT
 Blanche and Gert, official White
 House Aides to the First Lady, at
 your service.

LORI-O
 (under her breath)
 Grant, you see them, right?

GRANT
 I'm holding a knife.

LORI-O
 Ladies, thank you so much for your
 service, but as you can tell, I
 already have an aide.

GRANT
 (extending his hand)
 Personal lifestyle coach and
 celebrity mood diffuser, Grant Q.
 Devereaux.

LORI-O

So, maybe you two can report back to the hotel from The Shining and get a new assignment.

Blanche and Gert slowly approach.

BLANCHE

We are the formal governmental liaison for the East Wing.

GERT

Though you have no official government role, there are certain security protocols we must enforce.

LORI-O

Protocols? Like what?

BLANCHE AND GERT

Private cell phone use.

A beat. Blanche and Gert both grab Lori-O's cell phone. The three women struggle over it for a good ten seconds. Finally, Blanche and Gert rip it away.

BLANCHE

Of course, you have been assigned a secure phone.

Blanche hands Lori-O a 2002 Motorola Razr.

LORI-O

Is this a RAZR? I wish it was an actual razor so I could slit my freaking wrists.

GRANT

(producing a crystal)
Namaste. Serenity. Mercury is out of retrograde

LORI-O

Sorry, that was dramatic. But am I supposed to access my social media accounts from this actual shoebox?

GERT

As the first lady, you adopt the official @FLOTUS handle across all platforms.

LORI-O
 (undeterred)
 I've changed handles before.

GERT
 And since your primary income comes
 from social media, when it becomes
 an official government account,
 that becomes a conflict of
 interest.

LORI-O
 What becomes a conflict of
 interest?

BLANCHE
 Your previously accrued clients,
 or, followers.

GRANT
 Ohmygod.

LORI-O
 What are you saying, exactly?

Grant, hand shaking, shows Lori-O his phone. Her Instagram:
 @FLOTUS. 8,908 posts. Following 73.
 Followers: ZERO.

GRANT
 They changed your handle and
 DELETED your followers.

Lori-O blinks. She drops the Razr. She stumbles forward,
 twitching.

LORI-O
 If that's what my husband needs,
 that is fine. I am fine.

GRANT
 Babe? Are you okay?

LORI-O
 Grant, please draw a bath of
 chardonnay.

INT. EAST WING OF WHITE HOUSE -- LATER

President Lee approaches the bathroom door. Inside, Lori-O is
 heard whimpering loudly. Gus knocks.

PRESIDENT LEE

Lori-O?

LORI-O

I don't even know who that is anymore!

PRESIDENT LEE

Aren't you being a little dramatic?

LORI-O

I am not being dramatic!

He opens the door. Lori-O is in a black gown, black mascara streaking down her face, sitting in a bathtub full of yellow liquid.

PRESIDENT LEE

Did you have an accident in there?

Lori-O takes a wine glass and scoops it into the tub.

LORI-O

It's 2014 Cakebread. I'm not a weirdo.

She drinks out of the glass.

PRESIDENT LEE

They told me about the followers.

LORI-O

If a tree falls in the woods, and nobody posts about it, does it even happen?

PRESIDENT LEE

You want to build awareness about habitat destruction?

LORI-O

(sobbing)

I'm the tree!

Gus kneels and kisses her head.

PRESIDENT LEE

I know how hard you worked to build your empire. Remember your first sponsored post?

LORI-O
Hawaiian Tropic Skin Browner.

CUT TO:

FREEZE FRAME OF AN INSTAGRAM POST:

A bikini-clad Lori-O holds a bottle of Hawaiian Tropic, as she sexily lays on an ancient stone altar.

The image goes live as we pull out to reveal Gus, on his stomach, snapping photos of his wife.

GUS
Let's do a duck face just for fun.

From the jungle behind Gus, a TRIBE OF ANGRY LOCALS come running and yelling towards them, a la Indiana Jones.

GUS (CONT'D)
Run!

CUT BACK:

INT. BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

LORI-O
We've come a long way.

PRESIDENT LEE
And we can go a long way again.
Don't think of it as losing your
followers, think of it as a fresh
start.

LORI-O
(warming to the idea)
A ... cleanse?

PRESIDENT LEE
You always said you wanted to use
your influence to bring awareness
to things other than contouring.

LORI-O
You mean your Amish Parenting
Institute.

PRESIDENT LEE
The Family Night Initiative, sure.

LORI-O
But that's so not me.

PRESIDENT LEE
You've raised money for good causes
in the past. Remember that Bloody
Mary Fundraiser?

LORI-O
The Grey Goose-sponsored blood
drive?

PRESIDENT LEE
No, the Drag Queen boxing night.
But each one raised millions!

LORI-O
You're right. Because at the end of
the day, it's about content. And
people don't care about the brand.
They care about authenticity. About
heart, dammit! Give me my phone.

Gus hands her the Razr. SEVERAL CABINET MEMBERS ENTER.

CABINET MEMBER
Mr. President, The Japanese are on
the line.

He gets up and leaves the room. Lori-O doesn't notice, she's
on a roll.

LORI-O
And sure, I may not be a perfect
Mom, and we may not be a perfect
family, but we stick together, and
that's what American fam.... Gus?
Oh whatever.

She flips open the phone and starts recording a video.

LORI-O (CONT'D)
(into phone)
So... real talk, I'm having kind of
a bad day.

ACT TWO

INT. WHITE HOUSE HALLWAY -- DAY

Tommy sulks down an empty hallway in an ill-fitting suit,
kicking a deflated soccer ball. At the far end of the
hallway, he sees another KID about his size, also in a suit.

TOMMY

Hey! Does your Dad work here too?
Wanna play?

Tommy runs over to The Kid.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Hey, kid!

The Kid turns around, revealing himself to be DICK PARSONS (60's), a very small older man with Tommy's haircut, chomping on a cigar. Tommy is terrified.

DICK PARSONS

Heyya Bucko, you must be Tommy.

TOMMY

Uh... yea?

DICK PARSONS

(extending hand)

Dick Parsons, your body double. So if somebody tries to shoot you, or kidnap you, or fire a bazooka at your family, I'll be the one to take the hit! Not bad work for a washed up old jockey, huh?

TOMMY

Oh. Thank you.

DICK PARSONS

(lifting cigar)

Can we smoke in here? I found this on the ground outside.

TOMMY

Hah. I don't know...

Tommy slowly backs away.

INT. EAST WING -- NIGHT

Lori-O, martini in hand, is trying on her gown for the Inaugural Ball. Grant holds a mirror up to her.

GRANT

I love it. It's very Ursula from Little Mermaid meets a Minnesota 4th of July parade.

LORI-O

Is it too much?

GRANT
No, it's perfect. It says...
"democracy, bitch."

LORI-O
Somebody needs to show Washington
how to have fun.

GRANT
I met this pharmaceutical lobby-boy
or whatever who said he can get us
industrial grade molly?

LORI-O
No, tonight is about Gus. We've got
to be on our best behavior.

GRANT
Yeah. You have had quite a day.

LORI-O
But I feel much better after
venting to my fans. How many
followers do I have now?

Grant opens his phone.

GRANT
Huh.

LORI-O
What's "huh"?

GRANT
You have... six followers. Mostly
bots.

LORI-O
Six? I poured my HEART out in that
livestream.

GRANT
Looks like it was deleted.

LORI-O
Deleted?!

Blanche and Gert are somehow standing right behind Lori-O.

BLANCHE AND GERT
Your content was not approved.

LORI-O

You can take away my handle. You can take away my followers. But you CANNOT take away my right to produce content!

She storms out of the room.

INT. OVAL OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

President Lee, VP O'Riley, and some AIDES struggle to get President Lee's bow tie tied.

VP O'RILEY

No, it's over, under around and through, meet Mr. Bunny and you get two.

AIDE

On Youtube, "Dudeskills49" says it's the opposite.

THWAP! Lori-O slams open the door.

LORI-O

They've taken away my family, they've taken away my followers, and now they won't even let me post my most private moments to the internet!

PRESIDENT LEE

Is that the dress we're going with?

LORI-O

My content is not being approved by your administration. I'm BLACKLISTED!

PRESIDENT LEE

I told you there would be a transitional period.

LORI-O

I don't want a transition. I don't want a period. I want to live my own life again back home to Laguna Beach!

PRESIDENT LEE

(to Aides)

Uh, give us a minute.

The Aides leave the room.

PRESIDENT LEE (CONT'D)
 You have to realize that this is a chance for me to create a real legacy, Lor. I don't want to be just another handsome billionaire.

LORI-O
 Well do you realize this is the first time we've been alone in a room for two months?

Tommy, in the corner, shows himself out.

LORI-O (CONT'D)
 Heaven forbid you go down in history as a good father and a loving husband.

PRESIDENT LEE
 I can talk to Martha about the protocols, but what did you think this would be like?

LORI-O
 Wait, wait, wait... Martha?

PRESIDENT LEE
 (clears throat)
 Umm... we figured that the VP could spearhead the, uh, media strategy.

LORI-O
 I shook hands, I waved, I ate at a *diner* in *Iowa*! I dedicated a half-year's worth of content to your campaign. And this is what I get?

PRESIDENT LEE
 Lor...

LORI-O
 I thought after Election Day, we'd go back to normal and you would get this politics thing out of your system.

PRESIDENT LEE
 You didn't think I'd win?

LORI-O
 You don't exactly have the common touch, now do ya, Gus.

PRESIDENT LEE
I can't believe you.

He puts on a top hat and walks out.

INT. BALLROOM -- NIGHT

A crowded ballroom decked out with patriotic flair for President Lee's Inauguration. The DC ELITE eat shrimp and sip champagne in their finest attire. From a small stage, DJ WACKY KATZ(40s), a bar mitzvah DJ in a too-small sequenced tuxedo spins music.

DJ WACKY KATZ
(on the mic)
Hey, hey, hey party people this is
DJ Wacky Katz ...
(he plays a HORN sound fx)
...filling in tonight due to fiscal
austerity measures...

He plays a 3 second sample of "Whoop There It Is". Crickets.

DJ WACKY KATZ (CONT'D)
They go crazy for that at bar
mitzvahs. My second announcement is
that I am honored to introduce, the
President and First Lady of the
United States, Gus and Lori-Oprah
Lee.

He plays "America, The Beautiful" as the crowd applauds. Gus and Lori-O walk towards the center of the room with big bright fake smiles.

LORI-O
(under her breath)
You're lucky you paid for all my
acting classes because this smile
does not reflect my actual feelings
toward you right now.

PRESIDENT LEE
(also smiling)
I could send you to a CIA black
site prison in Kurdistan by
midnight.

LORI-O
Oh please, I escaped a childhood in
North Florida.

The music stops.

DJ WACKY KATZ

And now, it's time for the first
dance as a man. I mean, as a
President man.

LORI-O

I can't believe I have to do this.

PRESIDENT LEE

Just behave yourself for the next
three hours.

DJ Wacky Katz plays "The Best is Yet To Come" by Sinatra as
Gus and Lori-O begin to dance.

PRESIDENT LEE (CONT'D)

I need to help people. People not
named Lori-Oprah Lee.

LORI-O

And what about my career?

PRESIDENT LEE

Since when is posting pictures of
your butt a career?

LORI-O

Since *my followers* got you elected.

PRESIDENT LEE

You only have those followers
because of the lifestyle I gave to
you.

He dips her.

LORI-O

I love you, Gus, but I signed up
for a partnership, not a
dictatorship.

He brings her back up.

PRESIDENT LEE

Well the woman I married didn't
have an IV of chardonnay.

LORI-O

There are plenty of doucheholes on
the internet with Maseratis and
private jets. People followed me
because I was fun and spontaneous.
Because their lives are boring, not
ours.

PRESIDENT LEE
Times change, babe.

A beat. She sneers at him. The sneer slowly turns into a smile. Gus raises an eyebrow at her as she grabs his ass and squeezes. Some "Oohs" from the audience.

In the crowd, VP O'Riley drains her champagne.

VP O'RILEY
Like school in summer. No class.

Grant, behind the VP, makes a face.

PRESIDENT LEE
What are you doing?

LORI-O
Remember our wedding dance?

PRESIDENT LEE
That was 15 years ago.

LORI-O
We used to get *freaky* on the dance floor.

PRESIDENT LEE
I used to not be the President.

LORI-O
I never asked for that, Gus. All I asked for was you.

He spins her. Rather than coming back, she twirls over to DJ Wacky Katz and starts whispering to him.

President Lee looks on, nervously.

VP O'RILEY
(to her husband)
Hold this, I may have to step in.

GRANT
(holding her back)
It's not your family reunion, Martha, you can't just dance with any cute guy you see.

Her husband Anthony chuckles a little bit.

DJ WACKY KATZ
Okay people, we have the first request of the night.
(MORE)

DJ WACKY KATZ (CONT'D)

And this one goes out to the man of
the hour, President "Tango Toes".

President Lee smiles good-naturedly. DMX's "PARTY UP (UP IN
HERE)" begins to blast. Lori-O does a lap around the circle
to get the audience going. She's dancing like she's in an
80's music video, she is FEELIN herself.

President Lee looks on, tapping his toes, trying not to seem
uptight.

Lori-O grabs a shot of tequila off of a tray and downs it.
The crowd roars.

TOMMY

Welp, there goes the night.

President Lee claps to the beat, still nervous as hell.

Lori-O puts her eyes to him, he glares at her and subtly
shakes his head "No" like a pitcher to his catcher. He looks
around at the cameras, politicians, his staff.

Lori-O strips off her shawl and twirls it above her head and
launches it into a crowd. An OLD SENATOR(70s) in a cowboy hat
catches it and sniffs it as his OLD WIFE(70s) smacks him.

Lori-O raises her eyebrow at Gus, and launches into a dead
SPRINT right at him. He's sweating, nervous. As she's about
to reach him, she LEAPS into the air. Gus catches her, and
twirls her above his head, "Dirty Dancing" style. The crowd
erupts!

He puts her down as the chorus begins and they bust into a
ridiculous choreographed dance routine -- the kind you see on
viral wedding videos.

PRESIDENT LEE

(between dance moves)

I can't believe I'm doing this.

LORI-O

Don't behave yourself for the next
three minutes.

As the audience starts to clap, Gus begins to get into the
dance more and more. He's smiling, sweating, cutting a rug
with his wife like they used to do.

CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM -- LATER ON

Lori-O and Grant are drunk, wearing the oversized novelty glasses that idiots wear on New Years Eve or in wedding photo booths. They're tottering around to different tables, speaking in British accents.

GRANT

The First Lady approaches.

LORI-O

Oh, thank you, dear subject.

They pass by a MAN (60s), eating steak. She grabs HIS PHONE and starts recording a video with it.

MAN

Great moves out there, Mrs. Lee.

LORI-O

(extending her hand to be
kissed)

The First Lady wishes to know
whomst is complementing her.

MAN

I'm Jim Stackhouse... the Surgeon
General.

LORI-O

(into phone)

Dr. Stackhouse, in your opinion, is
government censorship good for
people?

Across the room President Lee, The VP, and a cabal of
ADVISORS eye Lori-O.

VP O'RILEY

Somebody needs to dart her in the
neck and drag her away.

PRESIDENT LEE

I thought the dance made me seem
relatable?

VP O'RILEY

I'm sure Kim Jong Un got a warm
fuzzy feeling knowing that his
sworn enemy can do the worm.

CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM -- LATER ON

FIVE ARMY GENERALS play flip cup against FOUR NAVY ADMIRALS. An ARMY PRIVATE films it all on his phone. A crowd is cheering. Lori-O drains her cup for the Navy win and spikes it on the ground.

LORI-O
Suck on that Ground Pounders!

NAVY ADMIRAL
(pouring shots)
OK, five shots for the losers.

LORI-O
I heard it takes an Army man five shots to hit *anything*.

NAVY ADMIRALS
(high five-ing Lori-O)
Ohhhh! Damn!

The grumpy Generals take their shots. Lori-O addresses the Army Private, who's still recording.

LORI-O
(into phone)
Remember, hashtag: FreeLori-O.

INT. BALLROOM -- LATER ON

Lori-O, on stage, her make-up running, her hair is a mess, singing the Destiny's Child's "Independent Woman, Pt. 1" with the Old Senator wearing the cowboy hat. Everybody in the room is filming her on their cell phones.

LORI-O
(singing)
The shoes on my feet...

SENATOR
I bought it!

LORI-O
The clothes I'm wearing...

SENATOR
I bought it!

LORI-O
The Rock I'm rockin...

SENATOR
I bought it!

LORI-O
Cause I depend on me, if I want it!

Lori-O waves up a young female HISPANIC SENATOR(30s), wearing a hippie dress and thick glasses. Lori-O passes the mic to her and she begins to sing with the Old Senator.

President Lee looks on with his cabal of ADVISORS and VP O'Riley.

PRESIDENT LEE
(incredulous)
Is Senator Harding singing with
Minority Leader Rodriguez? They
freaking hate each other!

VP O'RILEY
Leave it to Lori-O to jam her hand
into a sensitive political
stalemate.

CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM -- LATER ON

Lori-O tips over a table, Real Housewives-tantrum style.

LORI-O
The electoral college is a farce!

President Lee and VP O'Riley look on in horror as VP O'Riley gets a buzz on her phone. Lori-O grabs VP O'Riley's PHONE out of her hand and runs away.

LORI-O (CONT'D)
See how you like it when someone
takes your phone, Martha!

INT. BATHROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Lori-O barricades herself in a bathroom and starts live-streaming a video to the @VP Instagram account.

LORI-O
I have been taken hostage. Okay,
not actually, but I have been put
in an literal prison of social
media. Free Lori-O! Free Lori-O!

Bangs on the bathroom door. Lori-O sends the video out.

EXT. BATHROOM -- SAME

President Lee, VP O'Riley, and Aides bang on the door.

AIDE

She's posting, people! She's
posting!

INT. BATHROOM -- SAME

Lori-O fiddles with the VP's phone.

LORI-O

(yelling)

Not so nice to lose control of your
phone, is it MARTHA?!

Lori-O scrolls through the VP's camera roll: photos of hay bales, a picture of Anthony at Disneyland, a sunset.

LORI-O (CONT'D)

These are the most boring photos
I've ever seen. Oh, what's this, a
gangbang?

A picture of Martha and several other EXECUTIVES smiling in a conference room that has a CIRCULAR LOGO behind it.

LORI-O (CONT'D)

(squinting)

Annual Board of Directors meeting.
Riveting content.

She scrolls to a picture of a man, toweling off from a shower.

LORI-O (CONT'D)

Jackpot! We have a dick! Wait..
that kind of looks like...

She scrolls to the next picture. Her jaw DROPS.

LORI-O (CONT'D)

Gus.

Lori-O drops the phone. THUMP, THUMP, THUMP! They're still knocking on the door. She looks at the door and stares. She looks behind her, at a window.

EXT. BATHROOM -- SAME

Two Secret Service Agents finally kick down the door. It flings open, revealing an empty bathroom. VP O'Riley scrambles towards her phone and looks at it.

VP O'RILEY

Oh no.

AIDE

(on his phone)

Are you seeing what I'm seeing?

GUS

What is it?

AIDE

Hashtag Free Lori-O is trending.
This is not a good look.

CUT TO:

POV: INSTAGRAM STORY

A brief montage of photos showing Lori-O drunkenly packing, riding in a limo with Grant, flying on a jet to LAX, passed out in another limo, being carried by Secret Service agents.

ACT THREE

EXT. LAGUNA BEACH MANSION -- DAY

Grant sunbathes as a MARIO (30), a buff Secret Service Agent rubs sunblock on his back.

GRANT

What are your dreams, Mario?

MARIO

Like many men of my generation, I grew up with an acute sense of longing, a call for something greater than the typical mindless existence of...

Grant's PHONE RINGS. He picks it up.

GRANT

(to Mario)

Sorry, bab.

GRANT (CONT'D)

(to phone)

Talk betch.... another Diet Coke?
 Yep. Pamplmousee, got it,
 Gatorade, Mozzarella sticks, curly
 fries, for sure. Give me five.

INT. LORI O'S BEDROOM -- SAME

A dark, cavernous bedroom, curtains are drawn. Lori-O is propped up in the middle of her king sized bed watching a reality show called "THE SLUTWIVES OF VEGAS". She is sipping a can of Diet Coke and has a cold compress on her forehead, a massive jar of Advil next to her.

ON THE TV:

FOUR MIDDLE AGED WOMEN in cocktail dresses sip champagne in the back of a limo. One of the women, SHAWNA G(40) who vaguely resembles VP O'Riley, but a much trashier version, talks to KRYZTYN, who vaguely resembles Lori-O. (Maybe she is played by the same actress?)

SHAWNA G

Well I just feel like your husband
 doesn't respect your interests.

KRYZTYN

He used to be so supportive, but
 now that I'm ... 38 ... he seems to
 be done with me.

Lori-O's phone BUZZES. It's Gus. She looks at the ringer ID, which is a picture of herself and Gus holding Tommy as a newborn. She is moved by it.

KRYZTYN (CONT'D)

But I've been unavailable myself.
 Shouldn't I give it one last
 chance? I owe it to him.

Lori-O stares at the picture on her phone and wipes a tear.

SHAWNA G

You need to step out of his shadow
 and live your own life, girl!

Lori-O declines the call and turns to the TV.

LORI-O

Yeah, girlfriend, screw him!

The show cuts to a "CONFESSION BOOTH" scene featuring another cast member of "SLUTWIVES", B'RITNIE, (50).

B'RITNIE

It's disgusting to see Shawna G manipulate Kryztyn. I mean it's obvious she wants Randy for herself.

LORI-O

Ooohh... Shawna G, you sneaky sneak!

Grant enters holding a tray. Lori-O pauses the show.

GRANT

How's my little human hangover doing today?

LORI-O

I never want to see another illicit substance for as long as I live.

GRANT

I totally get it. Here's some greasy food and a half bar of Zan.

LORI-O

You're a dear.

GRANT

I also printed out the homepage to this political blog in case you wanted to hate-read a little.

LORI-O

I do not but I do.

He tosses her a print-out of The Washington Post homepage. On the cover, a picture of VP O'Riley holding the board game "Empire: The Dark Continent" in one hand. In the other, she urges a plate of cookies onto President Lee and Tommy. Headline: "Family Night Gets Off to a Sweet Start".

LORI-O (CONT'D)

Oh, she's getting off alright.

GRANT

I got the Arctic Blue Gatorade Ice, that's all they had.... Lori-O?

LORI-O

Wait a second. Baked Goods.

GRANT
Krispy Kreme still won't deliver.

LORI-O
No, don't you remember? Martha said that baked goods were the *first* step in seducing a man. They haven't schtupped yet!

She points to The Post cover.

GRANT
But the dick pics?

LORI-O
I've been thinking about that. From the look of them, the diffuse lighting made me think that the camera was too far away to use flash, which means that it was shot with optical zoom.

GRANT
Okay?

LORI-O
But Martha's iPhone 8 doesn't have the second telephoto lens option.

GRANT
So?

LORI-O
So she's sexually obsessed with Gus and stalking him!

She re-winds the TV.

B'RITNIE
It's disgusting to see Shawna G manipulate Kryztyn. I mean it's obvious she wants Randy for herself.

Lori-O pauses. She looks at Grant.

GRANT
Gasp. She is taking away your social media to drive a wedge between you and Gus!

LORI-O
Exactly.

GRANT

And that board game makes people
hate each other. The gamepieces cut
your fingers.

LORI

We need to get back right away.
TOMMY! Wake up! We're going back!

GRANT

(pointing to Post)
Wait, how was Tommy in that picture
if we took him with us last night?

In walks Dick Parsons, rubbing his eye.

DICK PARSONS

Thank God, we're out of scotch.

Lori-O and Grant look at each other.

INT. EAST WING -- SAME

Tommy, dressed in a Davy Crockett costume, sits on a couch,
staring at VP O'Riley, who is playing a guitar and singing.

VP O'RILEY

(singing)
And that's why the Indians gave us
all their land!

Tommy's phone goes off. He slowly moves his hand towards it
and takes the call, his eyes not leaving VP O'Riley.

VP O'RILEY (CONT'D)

(looking at his phone)
What's that Sherriff, a tiny
magical music box?

TOMMY

(answering call)
Hello, Mom?

LORI-O

Don't move! I'll be right there!

POV INSTAGRAM STORY:

A brief montage of Grant and Lori-O packing bags, driving to
the airport, flying back to Washington.

INT. EAST WING -- NIGHT

Lori-O rushes in and hugs Tommy.

LORI-O

Tommy, Tommy, my first boy. I'm so sorry I left you. Thank God you're okay.

TOMMY

I'm fine, Mom, don't worry.

LORI-O

I will never do that to you again. Mommy was just caught up in her own bullsh-- duties. I'm going to start spending more time with you. We're going to have real conversations.

TOMMY

Is this part of the Family Night Initiative?

LORI-O

No Tommy, that's a stupid political stunt cooked up by some 35 year old thinktank virgin.

TOMMY

What's a virgin?

LORI-O

Somebody who went to Georgetown. See, your father should be having those conversations with you. I'm calling a family meeting before this family disintegrates altogether!

She gets up and marches out the door. A beat. She sprints back in and grabs Tommy by the arm and takes him with her.

INT. OVAL OFFICE -- SAME

President Lee and VP O'Riley talk strategy with several Aides.

PRESIDENT LEE

It's day two and my approval ratings have been cut in half!

AIDE

(holding a box of Empire:
The Dark Continent)
Turns out Americans don't like the
idea of free stuff. Even if it's
good for them.

VP O'RILEY

Gus, surely you can sell the public
on it?

PRESIDENT LEE

(nervous)
People tend find me slick and
untrustworthy. Lori-O was always
the closer.

Lori-O and Tommy burst in the door. Everyone stops and looks
at her.

PRESIDENT LEE (CONT'D)

Lori-O! Thank God!

VP O'RILEY

You're supposed to be in
California.

LORI-O

Change of plans.

Lori-O snatches VP O'Riley's phone. Several Aides grab her.

PRESIDENT LEE

Whoa, whoa, whoa, Mandela. You
proved your point. We're giving
your full social media privileges
back.

LORI-O

Good, but I have one other request.

PRESIDENT LEE

Let her go.

The Aides relax their grip on Lori-O. She starts fiddling
with the VP's phone.

VP O'RILEY

What are you looking for?

LORI-O

Oh, you deleted them?

VP O'RILEY
 Haha, deleted what?

LORI-O
 Welp, thank God for the cloud.

Lori-O shows the phone to her husband and VP O'Riley.

LORI-O (CONT'D)
 Could you explain why you have
 these, Martha?

PRESIDENT LEE
 Dear Lord, my wiener!

VP O'RILEY
 Of course I can explain. I bought
 those images.

GRANT
 Bought?

VP O'RILEY
 I have a source at a tabloid. They
 tipped me off to these pictures.
 They named a price to not publish
 them. So I paid them off.

PRESIDENT LEE
 Well, look, a perfectly reasonable
 explanation. Are you satisfied now?

LORI-O
 I guess.

BLANCHE AND GERT
 Mrs. Vice President, your Family
 Night Briefing is beginning.

LORI-O
 Excuse me?

VP O'RILEY
 Well you were MIA, so I had to pick
 up the slack. You can sit this one
 out.

INT. WH PRESS ROOM -- SAME

VP O'Riley stands at the podium in front of Lori-O and
 President Lee, facing reporters. Next to her is a stack of
 Empire: The Dark Continent games.

VP O'RILEY

Because if there's one thing I value, it's family. Every night I come home, put on my slippers and join my husband at the hearth. We exchange wholesome jokes and eat a slice of apple crisp. Or two, if I'm feeling naughty.

Laughs. "Oh, she's so sweet", "How wholesome!" From crowd. Lori-O's bewilderment turns to anger.

VP O'RILEY (CONT'D)

You see, family is the center of our good Christian society. Mother, father, child, Jesus. Whole milk, baseball, handlebar mustaches, Sally Field...

She drones on and on.

CLOSE ON: Lori-O's eyes. She's staring at a box of "Empire: The Dark Continent". She looks closer and sees a CIRCULAR LOGO.

FLASHBACK:

INT. INAUGURAL BALL BATHROOM -- EARLIER

Lori-O scrolls through the VP's camera roll: photos of hay bales, a picture of Anthony at Disneyland, a sunset.

LORI-O

These are the most boring photos I've ever seen. Oh, what's this, a gangbang?

A picture of Martha and several other EXECUTIVES smiling in a conference room that has THE SAME CIRCULAR LOGO.

LORI-O (CONT'D)

(squinting)
Annual Board of Directors meeting.
Riveting content.

BACK TO WH PRESS ROOM:

PRESIDENT LEE

Lori-O? You feeling okay?

LORI-O

She's... a board member.

Lori-O walks up to the podium and elbows Martha out of the way. A beat.

LORI-O (CONT'D)
Really inspiring stuff, Martha,
thanks for the intro.

VP O'RILEY
Why, certainly...?

VP O'Riley and President Lee share a nervous look.

REPORTER
Does this mean you won't be moving
back to California?

LORI-O
Oh, no, Washington is stuck with
me. And I have a lot of big ideas
for America, and for the Family
Night Initiative. Like this game,
it sucks. Does anyone like this?

REPORTER
I haven't spoken to my brother in
nine years because of that game.

Lori-O topples the pile of boxes. Applause from the Reporters.

LORI-O
Good, it's out! I'm Lori-Oprah Lee,
and I'm here to make a change!
Follow me @FLOTUS!

The End.