

MAID IN AMERICA

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FADE IN:

INT. WASHINGTON DC - PISTOL SHOOTING RANGE - NIGHT

ALBREDA JACKSON, 38, a sassy, soul sister who thinks on her feet when cornered, is rigged out in eye and ear protection.

She pulls back the hammer on a .38 special revolver. Opens fire.

Doesn't bat an eyelash, in the light of rapid fire discharge.

The paper target's chest is decimated in seconds.

Albreda lowers the revolver. Engages the hammer.

Removes ear protection.

NATE, 68, night safety officer, rips the target off the zip line.

The obliterated chest ignites his world-weary eyes.

NATE

You sure know how to light things up around here, Al.

ALBREDA

You macin' on me, Nate?

NATE

How many times I gotta tell ya huh, you're in the wrong line of work.

ALBREDA

So, ya reckon I can do better.

NATE

Lemme tell ya. Forty years on the beat and I ain't never seen a snub-nose in more capable hands.

She scoffs at the remark, removes the safety glasses.

Doubling as a masseur, Nate punches a series of light fists to Albreda's upper back.

NATE

But you're still packin' knots.

Nate rolls-up a stack of targets. Snaps a rubber band over them.

NATE

Same time tomorrow?

Albreda slips into a fake fur coat.

Stuffs the targets into an oversized, imitation Prada handbag.

ALBREDA
(winks)
If you mind your Ps and Qs.

EXT. WASHINGTON DC - DAY

The sun rises on early COMMUTERS... ahead of rush hour.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - SECURITY CHECK - DAY

SECRET SERVICE AGENTS, built like G.I. Joes, fall into line.

CHATTERING HOUSEMAIDS fall-in behind them. A heavily pregnant HOUSEMAID is unsteady on her feet.

She looks over her shoulder to the back of the line, as if expecting somebody.

At a flashing green light, a SECRET SERVICE AGENT approaches an elliptical tunnel that houses a security scanner.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A modified, early model Dodge reverses out of a suburban driveway.

Knocks over a couple of trash cans on the far side of the street.

CRASH. BANG.

The Dodge accelerates down the street. Overtakes UPS van.

INT. DODGE (MOVING) - DAY

Decked in fur, Albreda pumps gum to the tune of blaring HIP HOP. Manicured fingers DRUM the leopard print steering wheel.

She tucks a stray hair into a tightly coiled bun.

Glances at the pistol shooting target print-outs strewn on the bench seat, beside her.

Each one boasts the target's head or chest obliterated by bulls-eyes.

With one eye on the road, Albreda shoves a scratched 'SECRET SERVICE FOR DUMMIES' CD into the CD player.

Turns up the VOLUME.

An authoritative MALE pitches 'Secret Service speak'.

MALE (FILTERED)
Be wary of potential threats.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

ROSA VELASQUEZ, 54, head housekeeper, is strictly by-the-book.

She scrutinizes her appearance in an antique mirror.

Runs a smoothing hand over her hair... her apron.

The Latina practices a warm smile that doesn't sit well on her.

INT. STAFF ROOM - DAY

MARCELLA PEREZ, 30s, with faint, red streaks dyed through her black hair, is on door watch.

At the sound of SQUEAKY SHOES, she lets out a shrill WHISTLE.

MARCELLA
Chihuahua... incoming.

The maids go into damage control.

AMICA RODRIQUEZ, 30, an athlete in a maid's uniform hauls heavily pregnant LILIANA FERNANDEZ, 24, to her feet.

Liliana teeters. Marcella races to her side, to steady her.

Between Amica and Marcella, Liliana is cushioned like meat in a sandwich.

Rosa darkens the doorway. Clipboard in hand.

INT. DODGE (MOVING) - DAY

At an imminent red traffic light, Albreda jumps on the brakes. The print-outs slide to the floor.

ALBREDA
Shoot.

She bends around the steering wheel, to retrieve the papers.

A late model, open-top corvette pulls up alongside.

On her way up, Albreda KNOCKS her head on the steering wheel.

ALBREDA
Damn.

Infuriated, she slams the printouts on the seat.

Looks across at a LOVED-UP COUPLE, who are oblivious to anyone or anything.

Albreda rolls down her window... stares at the DRIVER in disbelief.

Feeling eyes boring into him, the driver turns around.

Albreda recognizes her ex-husband, GOOCH, 35, the embodiment of African American male bait.

Bulging muscles. White singlet. Gold bling.

INT. CORVETTE - CONTINUOUS

Gooch's GIRLFRIEND, 20s, is catwalk gorgeous.

She immediately plays up to Gooch, flashes a perfect smile.

GIRLFRIEND
Who's that, Goochie?

GOOCH
(shoves her away)
Nobody.

GIRLFRIEND
Come on baby, keep it real.

ALBREDA
Yeah baby, show your shortie what's really hidin' under your hood.

GOOCH
It ain't yo damn game, no more.

ALBREDA
I'm makin' it my game. The way I see it Gooch, we got unfinished business.

GOOCH
You and me... got nothin'.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - STAFF ROOM - DAY

Rosa walks up and down the line-up... conducts a military style roll-call.

Stops in front of Amica. Gives her the once-over.

ROSA
(ticks clipboard)
Amica...

She moves onto Lilitiana. Her stare doesn't move from Lilitiana's face. Doesn't acknowledge the huge baby bump.

ROSA
(ticks)
Lilitiana...

Moves onto Marcella. Rosa's keen eye picks-up her dyed hair.

ROSA
(marks a cross)
Marcella... protocol breach.

Moves onto Carmel.

CARMEL MENDEZ, 42, the eldest maid, glares at Rosa through eyes that have seen one too many mile-long carpet runners.

ROSA
Carmina --

CARMEL
For the millionth time, it's
Carmel.

ROSA
(pen hovers over her name)
Silencio Carmina or you'll soon be
joining Lilitiana, collecting
government handouts.

CARMEL
I thought we was already on
government handouts.

Over the top of her clipboard, Rosa eyes the wall clock. It ticks over 7am.

She looks past the maids, to the doorway. Dark brows knit in vexation.

ROSA
Has anyone seen any sign of the
replacement?

The maids remain tight-lipped.

Rosa writes FTA (failure to appear) against Albreda's name.

ROSA
Time for complaints. Anyone?

LILIANA
I got me a big one.

ROSA
Let's hear it.

LILIANA
I want this thing out of my
vajayjay.

The housemaids GIGGLE, while Rosa's cheeks flush red with anger.

ROSA
The rules. Again.

HOUSEMAIDS
(break into modus operandi)
Only protocol is acceptable. And if the First Lady hollers, get Rosa even if she's sitting on the...
(correct themselves)
... occupying the rest room.

ROSA
We've wasted enough time. Back to work...
(to Liliana)
... you, light duties.

INT. DODGE (MOVING) - DAY

Albreda shifts gears. Taps the accelerator.

ALBREDA
Hope you got some onboard barf bags for Jemima.

With one eye on Albreda, Gooch does likewise.

GOOCH
You ain't got da bombs --

Suddenly, Albreda's CD kicks into life.

MALE (FILTERED)
Your assignment must remain unnoticeable to the public.

EXT. WASHINGTON STREET - CONTINUOUS

Traffic lights flash green.

INT. DODGE (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Like a woman possessed, Albreda drops the clutch. The engine HOWLS AT FULL THROTTLE.

Gooch red-lines the accelerator... comes up alongside.

Albreda snaps through the gears.

Like an unleashed beast, the Dodge leaps into Gooch's lane.

SMOKING tires shroud his convertible in smoke.

MALE (FILTERED)
 Remain vigilant. You have signed
 on at the risk of personal
 danger... danger.

Suddenly, Albreda's print-outs are sucked out of the Dodge's open window.

Through the rear-vision mirror, she watches as...

CORVETTE

A print-out vacuum-seals itself to Gooch's face.

The girlfriend SCREAMS.

Albreda slams the accelerator... abandons the loved-up pair.

ALBREDA
 Shoot... now I'm late.

INT. DODGE (MOVING) - LATER

A sign whips past the driver's window... WHITE HOUSE EXIT.

Albreda notices it out of the corner of her eye.

Wrenches the hand brake.

The tutorial CD continues spitting directives.

MALE (FILTERED)
 Allow no room for mi...st...akes --

She buries the throttle. Turns the wheel. A pro street racer.

ALBREDA
 I, Albreda Jackson, hereby solemnly
 swear that I'm done with gangstas,
 douche-bags and ass-holes --

Amid SMOKIN' WHEELS, the Dodge DRIFTS into the off ramp...

... in a high speed exit.

ALBREDA
 SO HELP ME GOD!

INT. WHITE HOUSE - SECURITY CHECK - DAY

Garbed in fur, Albreda has all the hallmarks of an upmarket shopper.

She eyes the scanner with trepidation.

Secret Service Agent GREGG BROWN, 36, who could easily pass for a quarterback, notes her hesitation.

GREGG

Trust me, you don't wanna go
messin' with that baby. If you're
packin' hardware, it'll rip the
membrane from your eardrums.

Albreda can't tell if he's joking.

ALBREDA

Nah, I'm cool.

GREGG

First day, huh?

He glances at her fur coat with mild suspicion.

GREGG

(removes gun holster)
Nothin' to it.

Another agent, EDWARD HOUSTON, 32, whispers in Albreda's ear.

EDWARD

Watch and learn, trainin' bra.

Gregg lightly grazes his nose... a secret gesture reserved for trained eyes.

Gregg hoists himself onto the driving belt like a gymnast.

Drops effortlessly onto his back and is drawn into an elliptical tunnel that houses a security scanner.

Albreda inches forward, in readiness.

EDWARD

Not so fast, ma'am.

In a defensive reaction, Albreda pulls her coat more tightly around herself.

In seconds, she's surrounded by agents.

ALBREDA

Lay one finger on me and I'll slap
an A & B --

Gregg breaks through the scrum.

Albreda hears the CLICK of revolver in her ear.

Gregg rips open Albreda's coat... runs an admiring eye over Albreda's close-fitting housemaid's uniform.

ALBREDA
You fa real?

GREGG
(reads name tag)
Ease up, Jackson. I'm only doin'
my job.

Gregg holsters the revolver.

EDWARD
You're slippin' Gregg. She ain't
packin' heat.

Agents CHUCKLE at Gregg's expense.

GREGG
(off Albreda's look)
Had to be sure the fur didn't come
with teeth.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Albreda pumps gum.

Smooths her bun in the reflective shiny elevator doors.

ALBREDA
So much for the welcomin'
committee.

TING! The doors GLIDE OPEN. Albreda steps into...

SERVICE ELEVATOR

... to an odd sight. SANKARAN KARUNAKARAN, 65, a closet vigilante, sits crossed-legged atop a custom-made janitor cart. Armed with a mop.

Albreda squeezes herself into the confined space. Still seated, Sankaran jabs the CLOSE button with the mop handle.

Amid the elevator HUM, Albreda and Sankaran size-up one other.

Her eyes drift to his arthritic hands. Hands that have scrubbed a thousand floors.

Sankaran's stare drift from her coat to her rubber soled shoes. The shoes of a housemaid. Goodness gracious me, she's one of 'us'.

Finding a new lease on life, Sankaran slips down from the cart to a towering Albreda.

He flashes a curry-stained smile. Extends his hand.

SANKARAN

Sankaran Karunakaran... welcome to lepers' colony.

ALBREDA

(shakes hands)

Albreda Jackson.

Albreda fidgets with the uniform's tight armpits.

ALBREDA

So, can you gimme a heads-up?

The term goes straight over Sankaran's head.

SANKARAN

As housemaid, you have extremely important agenda.

ALBREDA

If you call wielding a mop --

SANKARAN

You are all highly-trained in national security, ready to infiltrate enemy lines.

Sankaran TAPS the upturned mop on the floor.

SANKARAN

Do not underestimate your position. You are camouflaged and ready for battle.

ALBREDA

Yeah, you won't even know I'm here. You got cataracts or somethin'?

SANKARAN

If you are willing to cross line, there is much to spy on.

ALBREDA

(drops voice)

You call that a heads-up?

SANKARAN
 (misconstrues)
 Oh no, one must keep head down if
 wanting to remain in employment.
 Why you think I have this rickety
 back?

INT. SERVICE ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

TING! The doors GLIDE OPEN.

ALBREDA
 It seems, you know this crib a
 little *too* well --

SANKARAN
 Crib?

He SNAPS open an antique watch. It's 7.30am.
 Cocks his head... listens.

SANKARAN
 (jabs 'up' button)
 One lifetime too long. I see them
 coming. I see them going. I only
 pray some of them go, never to
 return.

The sound of Rosa's SQUEAKY SHOES bear down.

Immediately, Sankaran pounces on the 'second floor' button.

ROSA (O.S.)
 Hold the elevator.

Sankaran THUMPS his mop on the floor, in triumph.

SANKARAN
 Let battle begin.

INT. STATE FLOOR - DAY

Liliana leans into a cart... lifts a pile of sheets.

Suddenly, she CRIES OUT.

The sheets tumble out of her hands, as she clutches her
 unborn baby.

LILIANA
 AHHHHH! Dios Mio!

Amica rips-out a walkie-talkie from her apron pocket.

AMICA
 (into walkie)
 Heads-up, chachimbas. Liliana's
 about to crack the baby...
 (listens to response)
 ... what do you think? Call the
 medico. And bring diapers...
 (listens to response)
 ... how do I know? Just get 'em.

INT. SERVICE ELEVATOR/STATE FLOOR - DAY

Sankaran switches off a CRACKLING walkie-talkie.

The doors GLIDE open. Albreda freezes, caught in two minds.

ALBREDA
 Don't I need clearance to be up
 here?

Liliana's WAILS reach their ears.

Sankaran hauls Albreda's cart out of the elevator.

SANKARAN
 This is your clearance. Commit to
 memory...
 (taps his head)
 ... keeping head down, keeping
 hands occupied. Now, get your
 fatfati out of sight before the
 chihuahua finds you sitting on
 them.

ALBREDA
 I got a bad feelin' 'bout this.

He prods her out the door with his mop.

SANKARAN
 Bhaagna!

ALBREDA
 Who you hollerin' at Gandhi?

SANKARAN
 I give you ancient Panjabi proverb.

Albreda's all ears.

SANKARAN
 Do not be calling me Gandhi.

INT. SECOND FLOOR RESIDENCE - SAME TIME

JACK WHITMAN, 55, is a sports-mad President who's more at home in jogging gear than a three-piece suit.

Literally and metaphorically.

Surrounded by Gregg, Edward and two nameless AGENTS, the athletically inclined entourage heads for the grand staircase.

Rosa dusts a side table with gusto. She looks up... meets Jack's warm smile.

Returns a smile... reserved for higher ranks.

INT. STATE FLOOR - DAY

Amica crouches by Liliana's side. Holds her hand.

AMICA

The ambulance is on the way...

(squeezes her hand)

... amiga, please breathe...

breathe...

(looks around)

... where the freakin' hell's that replacement when you need her?

INT. STAIRCASE - SAME TIME

Liliana's CRIES permeate the whole floor.

Distracted by the COMMOTION, Jack pauses on the landing.

The entourage crowd him... curious to know who or what has aroused Jack's interest.

GREGG

Mr. President... if you delay the morning run, it will throw your whole schedule out --

JACK

Relax Gregg, we'll just have to pick up the pace.

Jack notices Amica crouched over Liliana amid a sea of sheets.

He notices an American-African housemaid hustle towards the maids... a vase of 'Movie Star' roses in her hands.

Albreda's unaware of Jack or his entourage watching her every move.

AMICA
Move your ass, ho!

ALBREDA
Don't soil your panties, chiquilla.

Gregg spots Albreda.

His eyes flash in admiration.

AMICA
Prisa. I need you to hold her head
up.

Albreda ignores her, tosses the flowers and water into one of
the nearest cart.

AMICA
In case you hadn't noticed, we have
a certain way of doing things
around here...
(over Liliana's groans)
... it's called protocol.

JACK'S POV

Gregg doesn't hear Jack's question. His gaze fixed on
Albreda.

JACK
Agent?

Caught off guard, Gregg BLURTS out.

GREGG
Excuse me, Mr. President. Our new
housemaid... Albreda Jackson.

JACK
I trust she's been warmly welcomed
into the family.

Agents exchange nervous looks.

GREGG
Yes, Mr. President. Yes, sir.

ALBREDA'S POV

Albreda shoves the empty vase in-between Liliana's legs...
just as her water breaks.

ALBREDA
Protocol, huh? Could have fooled
me.

The amniotic fluid gushes into the vase, much to Amica's surprise.

LILIANA

That's what comes from binging on jalapenos for nine months. Now I'm paying for it... ahhh.

But amid excruciating pain, Liliana is still grateful.

LILIANA

Finally, they send replacement.

ALBREDA

Why she still workin', with her use-by-date creepin' up?

Amica's lost for words.

ALBREDA

So much for civil rights.

AMICA

If you're expecting civil rights, you're in the wrong job. There's nothin' civil about workin' your fingers to the bone.

Albreda raises the vase... half-filled with amniotic fluid, like she's just milked a cow.

Sensing Jack's eyes on her, Albreda lowers the vase. Embarrassed.

She clutches it to her bosom. Maybe he won't notice me.

JACK'S POV

Jack's eyebrows rise in wonder at the vase filled with amniotic fluid.

JACK

Remarkable...

(off Gregg's look)

... our Chief of Staff has an uncanny nose for employing staff with sound judgment. I can see Albreda's rubber-soled shoes are firmly planted on the ground.

Jack is interrupted by the sight of TWO PARAMEDICS carrying a gurney.

They almost collide with TED COUSINS, 52, resident physician, who pushes past them.

JACK
 (eyes Albreda)
 I'd even go so far as saying, she
 has set a new paradigm in employee
 excellence.

LATER

The vase of 'Movie Star' roses is back on the marble
 mantle... haphazardly arranged and sucking on the bizarre
 drink.

AMICA
 (to Albreda)
 If that was your idea of domestic
 help --

Ted elbows his way through a group of curious maids.

Followed by the medics,

TED
 Let me through. Please.

He crouches by Liliana's side.

With one hand on her belly, Ted measures the frequency of her
 contractions against his watch.

TED
 Your water should have broken...
 (looks on the floor)
 ... by now.

AMICA
 Oh, it broke alright...
 (snaps head towards marble
 mantle)
 ... it's in that vase over there.

Ted's eyes widen at the vase, but remains calm for Liliana's
 sake.

The paramedics lift the mom-to-be onto a stretcher that's fit
 for a child.

Her arms and legs dangle over the ends.

TED
 (brow furrows)
 Really!

PARAMEDIC #1
 Couldn't be helped doc, we were
 forced to re-route on account of a
 multi-car pile up on the motorway.

PARAMEDIC #2
 All available gurneys were
 despatched to --

Ted notices Liliana's eyes widen in horror.

TED
 (to paramedics)
 Save it.

LILIANA
 (to housemaids)
 I'm gonna miss yous, amigas.

The maids smile through their teeth... give her a heartfelt
 send-off.

AMICA
 Adiós.

MARCELLA
 Mucama bruja.

CARMEL
 I've had a gutful of her bitch-
 fits.

LILIANA
 Aahhhh!

EXT. SOUTH LAWN - DAY

An entourage pounds a pavement that cuts through an
 immaculate lawn, beaded with dew.

With a dog chain in each hand, Jack's at the mercy of TITAN
 and ZEUS... two Rhodesian Ridgebacks on steroids.

Four agents shadow him. In their effort to keep up, they
 sweat profusely.

But if anyone violates Jack's personal space, they'll be
 dealt a Hail Mary pass.

GREGG
 They seem particularly wound up
 today, sir.

GREGG
 Hogwash, you've just got to show
 them who's boss.

Suddenly, PRINCESS, a white Persian cat, streaks across the
 lawn.

The hounds catch sight of Princess. Lift Jack off his feet.

INT. WEST SITTING HALL - DAY

Albreda's curiosity gets the better of her.

At the sound of GIGGLING and MUFFLED VOICES, she glances down the hall, before pressing her ear to the bedroom door.

At the sound of more GIGGLES.

Albreda's smile is tinged with sadness.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - DAY

The First Lady is a classic dry ice martini. More often shaken, than stirred.

Resplendent in a simple diamond necklace, PAMELA WHITMAN, 53, advertises elegance and blooms with a natural glow.

Dressed-to-thrill in a lace teddy, she straddles TOM BUCHANAN, 42, Vice President and dark horse candidate.

TOM
(grabs her wrists)
Save yourself for the *next* round.

He releases her wrists. Rolls over onto his chest.

TOM
Promise, you won't hold back?

Pamela unleashes with a SLAPPING frenzy... sending Tom wild.

His perfectly gelled hair rises in anticipation.

TOM
Yeah. Oh, yeaaaahhhh.

INT. WEST SITTING HALL - DAY

Albreda clamps hand to mouth at the sound of frenzied SLAPPING.

ALBREDA
That's some private par-tay.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - SAME TIME

All romping ceases at the SOUND OF BAYING HOUNDS.

Pamela snaps her head to the window. Her steel blue eyes flash annoyance.

PAMELA
Botheration.

She throws on a silk dressing-gown. Tightens the silk belt around her slim waist.

PAMELA
(hisses)
He's back with those salivating hounds.

TOM
Hell just froze over!

Like a man possessed, Tom grabs his clothes. Leaps out of bed... presses the clothes to his private parts.

Pamela rakes a tense hand through her hair. Notices Tom's Bluetooth on the bedside table. She snatches it.

PAMELA
Your manners.

She hurls the Bluetooth.

He catches it in one hand, before disappearing into the dressing room.

A HISS outside the window alerts Pamela to her Persian cat PRINCESS... splattered and smeared.

The prized Persian could be mistaken for a stray.

Her green eyes flash vexation. She arches her back. Bares her fangs.

Pamela SCREAMS.

INT. WEST SITTING HALL - SAME TIME

Albreda stops dusting. Stares at the door, in horror.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - SAME TIME

Despite manicured nails, Pamela hauls up the sash window.

Gathers Princess into her arms.

PAMELA
Dearest!

She peers through the window.

Eyes narrow at the entourage returning from the morning run.

PAMELA
What's bred in the bone will come out in the flesh.

INT. WEST SITTING HALL - DAY

Albreda polishes a side table like she means it.

Tom hurtles past... adjusts his tie. Nods to Secret Service agents, who patrol the floor.

Albreda is upwind of Tom. She catches a whiff of perfume.

ALBREDA
What-the-perfume?

Suddenly, she gets an epiphany.

ALBREDA
That gangsta's playin' with fire.

Her suspicious glare burns into Tom's back.

ALBREDA
That'll go down a bomb.

Albreda clamps a hand to her nose, to stifle a sneeze... turns around.

Finds Rosa next to her. Eyeball to uniform collar.

Albreda's nostrils flare with irritation... she can't hold it in any longer... SNEEZES over Rosa.

The gum she was chewing, affixes itself to Rosa's forehead.

ALBREDA
(ad-libs)
Man, the dust up here...
(grabs cloth)
... oh my bad, here let me --

Rosa whips out a handkerchief. Removes the offending gum.

ROSA
Albreda Jackson, I presume.

ALBREDA
Foshizzle.

ROSA
Code violation.

On her clipboard, Rosa marks a red cross against Albreda's name.

ROSA
We do not *cherry-pick*, here. But you would have learned that, if you'd turned up for roll-call. Failure to attend is a clear breach of trust.

ALBREDA

Are you fa real?

ROSA

(pen hovers over
clipboard)

As it's your first day, have you
anything to say in your defense?

ALBREDA

You can't trust employees'
directions.

ROSA

What's that supposed to mean?

ALBREDA

Meanin', I've been lookin' for the
staff room all morning --

ROSA

Silencio...
(drops voice)
... I know your kind.

ALBREDA

Oh yeah? What kind dat?

ROSA

The kind that shoots from the hip.

Albreda says nothing in her defense.

ROSA

For your información, I run a tight
ship and no domestica on my watch
is going to sink it. Got that?
Now, listen and listen good... dust
does not preside on this floor. If
I see one speck, I'll know you
brought it up here on your person.

Rosa glances at her watch.

ROSA

Furthermore, when you've clocked up
twenty years of trust, then and
only then will you have earned the
right to climb those stairs. For
now, I expect you to acquaint
yourself with every nook and
cranny, every pigeon hole and dusty
crevice under this roof. You got
two minutes to get your culo
downstairs.

Albreda's glare burns into Rosa's back, as she heads for the
stairs.

ALBREDA
You just can't please everyone.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - DAY

Pamela holds Princess at arm's length... her designer dressing gown, soiled.

PAMELA
Ugh. This just won't do.

Pamela stomps on the pristine white carpet in Prada heels.

Flings open the suite door.

Albreda is opposite the suite door, on her way to the staircase.

PAMELA
ROSA!!

Princess leaps from Pamela's arms...

INT. WEST SITTING HALL - CONTINUOUS

... into Albreda's.

ALBREDA
Ahh! Man.

The spitfire digs her claws into Albreda's fleshy arms. I've found me a pin-cushion.

Pamela tries to hide her surprise at seeing a large African/American woman in place of the small Latina.

PAMELA
My word. You're not Rosa.

ALBREDA
No ma'am. She got herself a bad case of the runs.

PAMELA
(eyes drift to the carpet)
God forbid she soils any...
(eyes narrow)
... and you are?

Albreda catches a whiff of Pamela's perfume.

Her nostrils flare in suspicion.

ALBREDA
Albreda Jackson, ma'am.

PAMELA
Who let you up here?

Pamela's comment stuns Albreda.

ALBREDA
Uh, I'm the new housemaid.
Liliana's --

PAMELA
Whatever.

ALBREDA
Ma'am, may I compliment you, on
your perfume. Those base notes
have a way of lingerin' all the way
down the hall.

Pamela softens, but her attention is soon back on Princess
and the tiny bead of blood seeping from Albreda's arms.

PAMELA
What's your blood type?

Princess re-adjusts herself in Albreda's arms.

ALBREDA
Uh, Type B... I think.

PAMELA
I presume you've had all your
shots?

ALBREDA
(controls herself)
Ma'am?

Pamela adopts a cautious smile.

PAMELA
You could be... interesting. We'll
have to see if Princess' tolerance
level holds.

Suddenly, a loose cat hair wafts toward Albreda's nostril.

Determined to defy gravity.

Pamela watches Albreda's every move, like a possessive
parent.

PAMELA
Don't breathe on her, she's a
blueblood.

Albreda holds her breath... to stifle an impending sneeze.

PAMELA

It took my Dearest years to de-
sensitize to the Latinas.

Albreda can't hold the SNEEZE.

Pamela turns on her heel. Strides through the bedroom door.

ALBREDA

AH-SHOOOOT!

INT. SECOND FLOOR RESIDENCE - STAIRCASE - LATER

Jack takes the remaining stairs, two at a time.

Gregg shadows him. Beaded with sweat.

GREGG

Mr. President, may I commend you on
your good form.

JACK

So, you reckon I can poll with the
Millennial Generation?

Gregg sends him a puzzled look.

INT. SECOND FLOOR RESIDENCE - LATER

Sporting bandaged arms, Albreda sets Princess down. A
manicured, alabaster white Persian once again.

Princess rubs up against the bedroom door.

ALBREDA

Go on. Get outta my grill.

Albreda reaches for the door handle to the Presidential
Suite, but is beaten to it by Jack.

JACK

(chipper)
Allow me.

Jack opens the door wide enough to allow Princess through.
Closes it softly behind her.

JACK

(whispers)
Just between you and me, she's high
maintenance.

Albreda stares at him with a 'who do you mean' look.

They hear Pamela unashamedly COOING to her cat.

PAMELA (O.S.)
Come to Mommie, Dearest.

Gregg snaps to attention at the sight of Albreda, who returns an impassive glare.

His eyes fall to Albreda's bandages.

JACK
Cat got your tongue, Gregg?

GREGG
Apologies sir. May I introduce our newest staff member --

Jack sends Gregg a look, before extending his hand in greeting.

JACK
I know, it's Albreda. Jack Whitman... welcome to the family...
(glances at her bandages)
... I see you've hit the ground running, so to speak.

She shakes his hand. He clamps another hand over hers.

ALBRED A
No sir... yes sir, Mr. President.

JACK
See the doc about a tetanus injection. You never know where she's been.

INT. SERVICE ELEVATOR - DAY

Sankaran eyes Albreda's bandaged arms, in shock and disbelief.

SANKARAN
Tsk. Tsk. This is how you make first impression?

ALBRED A
I guess my fatigues ain't that camouflaged after all...
(re bandages)
... I earned me some unwanted claw couture.

SANKARAN
Claws. Ahh, this is good news.

Sankaran is impressed.

ALBREDA

For who?

SANKARAN

Goodness gracious me, you have moved to front line in earnest.

ALBREDA

No thanks to you.

SANKARAN

Believe me, if you have dealings with Presidential feline... you make speedy progress.

He jabs the OPEN button. The doors GLIDE OPEN.

EXT. WASHINGTON DC - NIGHT

An official government car, with tinted windows, is parked opposite Albreda's house.

INT. CAR (PARKED) - NIGHT

Through the car window, Gregg watches Albreda insert the key into the lock.

Ignoring a gift-wrapped box, she walks through the open door.

Disappears inside.

Dejected, Gregg rolls-away from the curb...

... shoots an admiring glance at Albreda's Dodge, parked in the driveway.

INT. ALBREDA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Albreda tosses her Prada bag by a neglected pot-plant.

LATER

Albreda grabs a tazer under the coffee table.

Opens the front door, picks up the parcel.

EXT. BACK PORCH - LATER

Albreda tosses the parcel on the lawn. It lands with a quiet THUD.

Tazer ready, she approaches the parcel with caution.

Fires. Two probes sink into the box.

The current pops the lid. A Nike jogger sails through the air.

INT. LOUNGE - LATER

Albreda shuts the front door. Slides five 'a girl-can't-be-too-careful' dead-bolts in place.

She shuffles to a worn sofa with what's left of the Nike shoe box in her hands.

Albreda flops on the sofa.

ALBRED A
So, who's the mystery giver?

Finds a card inside the box.

ALBRED A
(reads)
Dress: Comfortable. Location:
South Lawn. Time: Dawn.

She tosses it on the coffee table.

ALBRED A
Damn. I was so hangin' out for a
black tie blowout.

Albreda tugs at her hair elastic. Releases her hair.

She's about to ease back, when a photo on the mantle catches her eye.

She GROANS to her feet. Shuffles to a desk.

Picks-up a black and white photo of herself. A happy bride on her wedding day.

Albreda unclips the frame... slides out the photo. Hidden behind it, is the other half. The GROOM.

Typical Gooch... plays up to the camera.

ALBRED A
Double-crossin', double-dippin'
gangsta.

She RIPS the photo of Gooch into small pieces.

ALBRED A
Yo'all the same.

She sets the photo down.

ALBREDA

It may too late for me in the marriage stakes, but it ain't too late for you, Prezley.

Albreda stretches out on the sofa.

ALBREDA

(yawns)

But I'm gonna need more than sneakers.

She dozes off. Her head flops to one side.

ALBREDA

(mumbles)

The First Couple unhitched? Shoot, it just ain't...

(yawns)

... constitutional.

Out like a light, Albreda SNORES LIKE AN EXPRESS TRAIN.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - SOUTH LAWN - DAY

Jack admires pristine lawns, beaded with morning dew.

JACK

(inhales)

Ah, the best part of the day.

Albreda lets out a vapor-laden YAWN.

ALBREDA

Yes... sir.

Decked out in jogging gear, Albreda's new Nikes stand out a mile away.

ALBREDA

(stares at building)

Uh, Mr. President do I need to sign an affidavit or somethin' --

JACK

(glances at her shoes)

Standard-issue Nikes will hold you in good stead.

Jack's comment prompts Albreda to realize that he didn't send them.

ALBREDA

Uh sir, what about steppin' on toes?

JACK

If anyone protests, send them to me...

(off Albreda's look)

... don't worry, we'll be all done and dusted in an hour.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Pamela and Tom are in the throes of passion, among floor to ceiling shoe racks.

As ardor escalates, shoes of every color are knocked from their perch... litter the floor.

INT. STAFF ROOM - SAME TIME

Provoked by Albreda's no-show, Rosa takes out her frustration on the maids.

ROSA

(re uniform)

If I see those creases there tomorrow --

AMICA

You won't.

Marker-in-hand, Rosa glares at Carmel's brand new shoes.

CARMEL

I only bought them last night. It took me six weeks to save the money.

ROSA

I expect them worn-in by the end of the day.

Carmel's mouth drops at the ridiculous request.

EXT. SOUTH LAWN - DAY

The entourage waits for the hounds to drink their fill from huge water bowls.

JACK

(to Albreda)

I, for one, am a stickler for playing it by-the-book, but as you've brought your multi-tasking skills to the fore, I'm delighted to have you join us. I hope you get a lot out of this morning's run.

Jack WHISTLES to his dogs.

Secret Service agents SNICKER at Albreda's snow-white Nikes.

Jack is quick to notice Albreda's discomfort.

JACK

We'll soon beat those Nikes into submission. But first, some important introductions.

The slobbering hounds charge... drag two agents along for the ride.

JACK

This is Titan...

Titan raises a back leg. Marks his territory over one of Albreda's Nikes.

JACK

... and Zeus.

Zeus marks his territory over the other one.

GREGG

Ma'am, I believe you've been officially sworn-in.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Carmel boots Princess out an exit door.

MEEEEOWWRR!!

Slams the door behind the Persian.

CARMEL

Take your pompous attitude...
(shoves marshmallows into pocket)
... and shove it up the dogs' asses.

Powers-up the vacuum cleaner. Vigorously glides the vacuum head over stubborn cat hair.

Suddenly, Pamela appears by her side. Carmel almost chokes on her marshmallow.

Amid the DRONE of the vacuum, she reads Pamela's lips.

PAMELA

Turn off that wretched contraption.

Carmel jabs the power button.

CARMEL
My apologies ma'am.

PAMELA
Have you seen my Dearest?

Carmel SNAPS open the clip on the vacuum barrel. Thoroughly checks the interior.

CARMEL
Can't say I have, ma'am.

EXT. SOUTH LAWN - DAY

The sight of Princess sprinting across the lawn, sends the dogs into a lather.

Titan yanks his chain, forcing Jack into a sprint.

Zeus drags a slow-footed Albreda. Gregg drops back to a fast walk to match Albreda's stride.

GREGG
Come on, get those sneakers into gear.

ALBREDA
(puffs)
You a big help.

Shadowed by Secret Service agents, Jack and Albreda are at the mercy of their respective hounds.

Suddenly, the hounds yank their chains out their handlers' grasp.

Adrenalized, they tear-up tulip beds, rose gardens and 'Pamela Whitman petunias' along the way.

The dogs come to a stop at the foot of a silver maple.

BAY at Princess, who cowers on the highest limb.

Secret Service agents scatter.

YELL into their Bluetooths.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - DAY

Pamela's ears prick-up at BAYING HOUNDS.

A bottle of bright red nail polish slips out her hand, onto the pristine white carpet.

She races to the window. In near meltdown.

PAMELA
Get those flea bags away from
royalty.

Forgetting about her wet nails, she hastily picks up her
Bluetooth.

Clips it to her ear.

In the process, she smears red nail polish over her cheek.

PAMELA
(spits into Bluetooth)
I want you now!

Pamela rips-off her Bluetooth. It joins the bottle of nail
polish on the carpet.

CONTINUOUS

Tom tears-out of the dressing room... wearing only red briefs
and a Bluetooth attached to his ear.

TOM
Always ready and willing.

His gaze falls to the lace bra visible under Pamela's
unbuttoned blouse.

PAMELA
What took you so long?

Red nail polish smeared over the carpet, arouses him even
more.

TOM
It appears we have a state of
pressing urgency...
(aroused)
... I'll go so far as saying, the
situation's about to boil over.

PAMELA
Splendid, we're on the same page.

Pamela rips off her blouse... to reveal matching red lace bra
and panties.

PAMELA
It's payback time.

TOM
(misreads her intentions)
Yes, please.

Pamela pushes him onto the bed. Mounts him... a dominatrix.

PAMELA

I want you to see to some budget changes.

She SLAPS his thighs.

TOM

Kitten, you know you only have to...

(freezes)

... what budget changes?

Pamela smiles seductively, but it doesn't help.

TOM

I wouldn't be performing financial maneuvers this close to the budget. The President has already signed-off on the proposed congressional agenda.

She initiates a slapping frenzy... to turn him on.

TOM

(grabs her wrists)

What did you have in mind?

Pamela reaches for a belt.

Immediately, Tom to rolls over.

TOM

As much as I agree with your political stance, there's absolutely no fiscal policy available for adjustments in this round.

PAMELA

Nonsense. I want you to open a portfolio for \$250 million to aid NCPS.

She unleashes the belt on his red briefs.

TOM

You can't be serious. Wait, what in the heck is NCPS?

PAMELA

National Cat Protection Society.

Pamela grips the belt in both hands.

TOM

Isn't that a non profit organization --

PAMELA

That merits recognition.

TOM

If I don't deliver on health care
and deal out some goodies to shut
up the seniors, it'll be my --

She SNAPS the belt in warning.

PAMELA

See that it's given top priority.

INT. SERVICE ELEVATOR - DAY

Sankaran clamps a pewter cup to the metal doors.

He leans into them... listens.

Suddenly, he breaks into a grin. Punches the OPEN button.

The doors GLIDE OPEN.

Albreda stands on the threshold... stares down Sankaran.

Sankaran takes one look at her... her expression speaks
volumes.

He urgently motions her inside.

SANKARAN

Stepping into office.

Pounces on the EMERGENCY CLOSE button.

SANKARAN

Did I not tell you. Hmm?

ALBREDA

Oh, you told me, a'right.

SANKARAN

Ha. Did you see dirty muck swept
under mat?

ALBREDA

I *may* have heard...

(recalls)

... even smelled somethin', but I
sure-as-hell plan to keep my nose
out of --

SANKARAN

Too late, you have crossed line.

ALBREDA

Yeah, I crossed me a line.

Sankaran is dying of curiosity.

SANKARAN
Care to repeat sensitive
information?

ALBREDA
You kiddin'? I got me a 'date from
hell' with a chandelier. And you-
know-who breathin' down my neck --

SANKARAN
You are in deep pickle.

She reaches for the OPEN button, but Sankaran intercepts.
SLAPS her hand.

SANKARAN
(drops voice)
Always, listen.

He presses the pewter cup to the doors.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Rosa jabs the DOWN button. It doesn't light up.

ROSA
Your time is running out, Mucama...

She walks off, vents in Spanish.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

LORI DAVIES, 40s, African-American HEAD OF STATE, strides
along the hall at a rapid clip.

Briefcase in hand, Lori is the epitome of decorum.

LORI
(into Bluetooth)
I'm on my way. Yes, would you
bring the car around?

Rosa can't help but notice Lori bearing down.

Here's her chance. She hides rising nerves behind a Cheshire
cat grin.

Lori returns the smile.

ROSA
Uh, señora?

LORI
Yes, Rosa?

ROSA
The new housemaid --

LORI
Oh yes... I meant to have a chat to you about her before I left. But with so many loose ends to tie up before the summit. My apologies, Rosa.

ROSA
Think nothing of it, señora.

Rosa's eyebrows creep north in anticipation.

LORI
I wanted to inform you --

ROSA
Si, señora?

LORI
Whatever you're doing with Albreda, keep it up.

Rosa grins... but clenches her fists behind her back.

ROSA
Believe me, señora... I have not done a thing.

LORI
Even better. She must be one of those natural team players.

Lori smiles... vindicated by her choice of employee.

LORI
The President has become a keen advocate of her outside-the-box thinking and...
(drops voice)
... I've just come from a meeting with him. Between you and I, he thinks she's a breath of fresh air.

INT. SERVICE ELEVATOR - LATER

Sankaran indicates to Albreda... the coast is clear.

SANKARAN
You never know who is listening. I have observed the great unwashed for thirty years.

ALBREDA

Shoot. You're about ready to bust your bladder.

Having found a willing listener, Sankaran unleashes thirty years of frustration.

SANKARAN

Hierarchy corrupt. Too many chiefs with too many agendas.

ALBREDA

Uh, oh. Here comes the laundry list.

SANKARAN

(misinterprets)

You think because this is White House, that it is squeaky clean?

ALBREDA

I'll take a wild guess, you're not talkin' about lint --

He SLAMS his mop handle on the floor.

SANKARAN

Selfish agendas must be stopped.

ALBREDA

Down homie... I ain't gettin' involved in no office politics.

SANKARAN

Forgetting politics. You are in position to immerse yourself fully in vigilantism.

Sankaran's eyes light up with hope.

ALBREDA

I gotta tell ya though... if sensitive intel dare get under my skin, it's gonna give me one hell of an itch.

SANKARAN

I am of the opinion you have the samosas to scatter agendas like ten-pins.

She reaches over, jabs the OPEN button.

ALBREDA

I am of the opinion you have the samosas to not only scratch agendas, but scatter them like ten-pins.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

With a thick pile of documents under his arm, Tom steps into...

OVAL OFFICE

... side-steps an airborne letter opener.

THUD.

A stately, but pock-marked portrait of RICHARD NIXON graces the opposite wall.

Tom pries out the opener from Dick's nostril.

TOM

Your pitching arm's improving by the day, Mr. President.

He eases the documents on Jack's desk.

Places the letter opener onto the stack... a paper weight.

JACK

Tom, you *have* been burning the midnight oil. With Lori away, our Chief of Staff down with gastro, you know I appreciate everything that you do.

TOM

I get all my work done at night, sir.

JACK

(leans back, smiles)

Your recent appointment as VP is well deserved. I'm grateful that I took Pamela's advice. She has an uncanny sense for identifying hidden talent in our staff. You can commend her for plugging your virtues.

Tom balks at Jack's odd line of thinking. CLEARS HIS THROAT.

TOM

I've set the schedule in order of priority for the next congressional meeting.

JACK

Defense, welfare and seniors?

TOM

All here, Mr. President.

Jack picks-up the letter opener. Contemplates the stars and stripes on the wall, behind him.

JACK

I'd like to initiate talks on illegal immigration. The numbers are exploding and placing a strain on our domestic budget.

Behind Jack's back, Tom's eyes flick nervously to his watch.

TOM

Leave it to me, sir. I'll make sure to pull out all the stops.

JACK

(swings around)

I trust your credo. I'm confident you'll stay on top of things.

Tom loosens his tie... averts Jack's gaze.

JACK

By the way, have you noticed Gregg hasn't been himself, lately?

TOM

No, but I'd let the COS deal with it when he returns.

JACK

If I didn't know any better, I'd say he's circling Albreda.

Tom flicks through the documents, bored by idle gossip.

TOM

Who?

JACK

Our new housemaid.

JACK

In fact, I'd say, he's fallen... hook, line and sinker.

TOM

I wouldn't encourage it. The last thing you want is a scandal.

JACK

You sound like Pamela. She can get quite melodramatic at times. You two should get acquainted.

TOM

(alarm bells ring)

You... want... me... to --

JACK
Get to know Albreda.

TOM
What I know about any of the
housemaids is minimal. I prefer to
keep it that way.

Jack raises the letter opener.

A gleam in his eye.

JACK
From what I've seen, there's
nothing minimal about Albreda. She
demonstrates constitutional
foresight and resilience. I'm
delighted with Lori's selection of
a noteworthy applicant. I'm
certain she'll make a huge impact
around here.

INT. STATE DINING ROOM - DAY

Albreda balances on the topmost rung of a ladder... dusts a
chandelier, pumps gum... all at the same time.

She blows a bubble.

It grows... until it vacuum seals itself to a glass tear-
drop.

ALBREDA
(through clenched teeth)
D-th-amn.

She chomps down on the bubble. Deflates it. The gum refuses
to part from the tear-drop.

ALBREDA
Come on... you... thicker.

Albreda teeters on the top rung. Her center of gravity,
compromised.

ALBREDA
Uh, oh...

Her arms flail helplessly.

As a last ditch effort, she reaches for a tear-drop, as if
it's going to prevent her from falling.

Albreda loses her balance.

CRASH!

INT. GROUND FLOOR - SAME TIME

Rosa's sharp ears are alerted to a loud THUD. She looks up to the ceiling, in horror.

ROSA
Dios Mio! My ship.

INT. STATE DINING ROOM - LATER

Sankaran eyes the ladder on its side... and Albreda on the floor. Delirious and MUTTERING to herself.

ALBREDA
Wassup? Who dere?

Sankaran cracks open a packet of crispy poppadums. Waves the Indian snack under Albreda's nose.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sankaran snatches Marcella's cart, parked outside a guest room.

INT. GUEST ROOM - SAME TIME

With dirty bed linen piled to her chin, Marcella twirls around... caught up in a song.

MARCELLA
(sings)
*The girl from Ipanema goes walking.
And when she passes, I smile... but
she doesn't see. She just doesn't
see...*

Sankaran WHISTLES to alert housemaids. He pushes the cart like a shopper spearheading the charge at a store opening.

Oblivious, Marcella tosses the pile onto the floor where her cart was parked seconds ago.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME TIME

At one end of a mile-long hall runner, Carmel retracts a vacuum cord into a vacuum barrel.

Her ears prick-up at the warning whistle.

INT. RED ROOM - SAME TIME

Sankaran hustles past the doorway. A SHRILL WHISTLE from him, sends Amica into battle-ready action.

INT. GROUND FLOOR - SAME TIME

At the top of the stairs, Rosa turns into...

ENTRANCE HALL

Continues toward...

CROSS HALL

Rosa hustles toward the dining room. Her rubber soles SQUEAL in protest.

INT. HALLWAY/DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A cleaning cart bulges with housemaids.

Carmel's legs poke out.

Sankaran disguises them with a large cloth, before racing behind thick drapes.

Rosa appears in the doorway to the sound of TINKLING.

Albreda is on the third highest rung of the ladder... dusts the chandelier.

HUMS to herself.

ROSA

I see you're employing safety measures.

ALBREDA

The alternative ain't so hot.

Rosa's critical eyes sweeps the room.

They come to rest on the cleaning cart that brims with all manner of cleaning equipment.

ROSA

(off Albreda's look)

As you're doing such a good job, I want you to add the chandelier in the green room to this morning's roster. I'll check on you in an hour.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Sankaran and Albreda lug the heavy cleaning cart into...

GREEN ROOM

Together, they set up the ladder. Get the job done in no time. Albreda is nothing but grateful.

ALBREDA

(to maids)

You girlfriends are pimpin' --

CARMEL

Get one thing straight, I'm not your girlfriend.

AMICA

Don't sweat it, amiga...

(off Albreda's look)

... there'll come a time when Jackson will owe us big time.

Carmel notices the dented carpet. Re-plugs the vacuum.

CARMEL

How much shit can my ass hold?

INT. ALBREDA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Albreda pushes a huge box plastered with Fed-Ex stickers through the front doorway.

ALBREDA

It's time to 'up the ante'.

Exasperated, she puts her shoulder into it.

It moves a few inches before wedging in the doorway.

MOMENTS LATER

Albreda sits on the porch... her legs outstretched. Gives it everything.

Forces it through the doorway.

LOUNGE ROOM - LATER

Packing material is strewn from one end of the room to the other.

Albreda is maxed out on the couch. Her hair, a bird's nest.

She eyes a treadmill, that she's just constructed, with little interest.

LATER

Albreda works out on a treadmill that's not put together correctly. The handles are on back to front.

She increases the speed on the touch-pad. Launches into a moderate jog.

Suddenly, she trips... is catapulted back into the wall.

INT. ALBREDA'S HOUSE - MORNING

Albreda drains the last of her orange juice.

She looks over an assortment of listening bugs, Bluetooths, a digital voice recorder, CCTV cameras and a state-of-the-art hard drive.

Albreda rips the plastic off a brand new Blackberry cell phone.

Turns it over... snaps-off the casing.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - STAFF ROOM - MORNING

Bleary-eyed Secret Service agents munch on iced donuts.

Slurp mandatory coffees.

Gregg grins at their thick waistlines, as they circle Rosa.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #1
Losin' your touch, Velasquez?

ROSA
Come again?

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #1
Your newest recruit is shimmyin' up
the ladder.

Rosa almost chokes on her donut.

ROSA
What the... criada?

Rosa elbows her way through the circle.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #2
Don't sweat, we'll help take her
off your hands.

GREGG
Keep your nose out of it.

Napkin in hand, Gregg snatches up the last donut.

INT. STATE FLOOR - DAY

Princess is draped over a rose velvet antique chair. It's a cat's life.

Suddenly, elevator doors GLIDE OPEN.

SANKARAN

Next step... insurance.

With the end of a mop, Albreda glides a small poppadum towards Princess.

ALBREDA

Sounds like mission impossible, if you ask me.

Princess leaps down. Approaches the poppadum.

Her tongue RASPS the sandpaper-like surface. She takes a bite, savors the crispy snack.

ALBREDA

All this work's givin' me an appetite --

Sankaran jerks the packet away.

SANKARAN

Not for you. Poppadums, guaranteed to give you rotis.

INT. STATE FLOOR - DAY

Albreda scoops up and pockets an enticing, iced donut that's been left on a console table.

She immerses herself in dusting a portrait of Gerald Ford. A faraway look in her eyes.

GREGG

What's crackin', boo?

Shaken out of her daydream... she meets Gregg's admiring gaze. There's something genuine about it.

ALBREDA

Oh, you know... same old.

GREGG

Wait till you've clocked up ten years.

The agents head for the staircase. Gregg glances at her over his shoulder.

Sees her retrieve the donut from her apron pocket.

Unnerved by seeing Gregg, she knocks the portrait out of alignment.

CLIPS an antique vase with her elbow.

The vase rolls along the mahogany side-table. Albreda catches it just in time. BREATHES a sigh of relief.

Suddenly, she hears Prada heels CLACK along polished floorboards.

She returns to dusting the vase.

Out of the corner of her eye, she notices Pamela searching for something.

PAMELA
(looks under table)
Ooh-hoo? Dearest?

Pamela WALLS into her Bluetooth.

PAMELA
I've searched the whole floor. I
can't find my little rosebud
anywhere.

Albreda notices Tom at the far end of the hallway. He holds Princess at arms' length.

TOM
(into Bluetooth)
I've got your little rosebud and I
think she's about ready to bloom.

Pamela holds out her arms for Princess.

Tom leans into her. They stand inches apart. The temptation to kiss dangles like a carrot.

Albreda's eyes widen at the flirtatious exchange through the feather duster.

Sexual tension fills the air... until Princess BREAKS WIND.

Pamela turns away, in disgust.

PAMELA
Abhorrent behavior.

Tom holds out the cat to Pamela.

TOM
This wasn't part of the deal.

Pamela makes no move to be re-united with her cat. Princess continues to BREAK WIND.

PAMELA
What have you been eating?

Perspiration breaks-out on Tom's brow.

TOM
She's yours, isn't she?

PAMELA
(to Princess)
Really. Where are your
sensibilities?

Princess shoots Pamela a 'you're such a kill-joy' look.

PAMELA
(to Albreda)
You... over there.

Albreda feigns a grin. But inside, she could die.

Tom dumps the HISSING feline into Albreda's arms.

More GAS EMISSIONS. These are lower pitched.

Tom and Pamela stare at Albreda... dubious as to its origins.

INT. STATE FLOOR - DAY

Rosa is furious, as she straightens the crooked Gerald Ford portrait. Slides the antique vase... an inch to the right.

She stands back from the portrait, raises a thumb as a measuring tool.

ROSA
Mucama, you *will* learn to toe the
line.

INT. GROUND FLOOR - HALLWAY - DAY

Albreda SLAMS her cart into Sankaran's.

ALBREDA
(whispers)
My office. Now.

Sankaran hastily erects an OUT-OF-ORDER sign.

INT. SERVICE ELEVATOR - DAY

Sankaran depresses the EMERGENCY STOP button with a mop handle.

SANKARAN
Something sitting on your mind?

ALBREDA
(paces)
I'm gonna strip the Prada off her --

Albreda snatches Sankaran's mop. CRACKS it over her knee.

SANKARAN
Ha, worse than I thought. Give me heads-up.

Albreda deliberates.

ALBREDA
I can't trust any undesirable. It could cost me my job.

SANKARAN
What you think? I give heads-up about lepers' colony to every Pakistani? If we cannot trust one another, who can we trust?

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - DAY

Pamela paces... arms crossed.

Jack tears out of the bathroom... almost collides with her.

PAMELA
That wallpaper gives me a headache.

He glances at the subdued pattern.

JACK
There's nothing wrong with it. It does the job.

Jack sends her a friendly smile... closes the door behind him.

PAMELA
(eyes light up)
Fabulous... Pamela-gate should be a breeze.

INT. SERVICE ELEVATOR - DAY

Sankaran retrieves the broken mop... dying of curiosity.

SANKARAN
Now, put me in picture.

ALBREDA

We got us a national security matter, homie.

SANKARAN

My lips, fastened shut with curry paste.

ALBREDA

A'right, you better hang onto your curry puffs. What if I told you Lady Muck and douche-bag VP are havin' a fling.

SANKARAN

Fling?

ALBREDA

Yeah, y'know... fling.

The meaning is lost on Sankaran. He raises his voice in excitement.

SANKARAN

What is this fling? Kindly explain.

Albreda reels off 'like' words.

ALBREDA

Affair, liaison... um, entanglement, attachment, relations. Damn, how do I make you understand --

SANKARAN

Yes, indeedy. I catch on...
(drops voice)
... you must expose them. Future of Presidency is at stake.

ALBREDA

You're tellin' me. Hey, slow down for a mo...
(eyes light up with idea)
... what we need is a covert operation.

SANKARAN

You will be needing reinforcements. We have plenty of those.

ALBREDA

I need somethin' to get me through security.

SANKARAN

How soon you needing it?

INT. SECURITY CHECK - DAY

Albreda sets-off an ALARM in the scanner tunnel.

Immediately, Secret Service agents break the line-up to drag her off the belt.

Albreda is a ball thrown into a scrum.

Flat on her back, they swarm her like flies on week old meat.

Gregg stares at Albreda... a mixture of regret and dismay.

EDWARD

Check her for weapons.

Secret Service agent #1 runs a hand-held scanner along the length of Albreda's body.

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #2

The hot spot's above the waist.

ALBREDA

Go on, I dare you.

EDWARD

(backs off)

She's got us there.

Curious housemaids inch forward.

Carmel grabs the opportunity to get back at the system.

CARMEL

She's got a bomb strapped to her bra!

In a flash, Secret Service agents draw revolvers.

Housemaids SHRIEK... hit the deck.

MARCELLA

(to Amica and Carmel)

That chucha sure knows how to spice things up around here.

Gregg snaps out of his daze.

GREGG

(yells)

Clear the area.

Sankaran sits atop the scanner, legs crossed in a lotus position.

A Trojan horse, crossing the proverbial Red Sea.

Amid the mayhem, he glides along. Eyes closed.

When a green button lights up, he leaps down... collects his janitor cart. Undetected, he pushes off... HUMMING to himself.

The game's gone-on long enough.

Albreda sits up.

Immediately, Gregg trains a revolver on her.

GREGG
On your feet.

INT. DETENTION ROOM - DAY

Albreda re-buttons her maid's uniform.

Rosa holds the door open for Albreda.

ROSA
(off Albreda's look)
Now that you're earning a wage, I suggest you get your culo to Macy's and buy up high-end brassieres that comply with protocol.

INT. SERVICE ELEVATOR - DAY

Albreda sashays into the elevator... sporting the spy glasses.

The doors GLIDE shut.

Like a product placement presenter, Sankaran flings open his janitor cart.

ALBREDADA
Damn, that Trojan horse idea worked a treat.

Albreda admires her spyware... covertly transported in Sankaran's cart.

ALBREDADA
Now that's what I call chips *well spent*.

SANKARAN
(shuts doors)
You must be the change you wish to see in this world.

Albreda removes the glasses. Downcast.

SANKARAN
Why such long face?

ALBREDA
Maybe the cost of gettin' to the
truth is too high.

SANKARAN
Then you must be collecting more
shopping coupons.

ALBREDA
Ever been in love, homie?

SANKARAN
Love? Ah, one life time ago...
(off Albreda's look)
... now love/hate relationship with
lepers' colony.

She pulls out a napkin-covered donut from her pocket. Bites
into it.

ALBREDA
And then have that love grow stale
on you?

SANKARAN
You listen to me. If you are maid
in White House, maid in America.
You are somebody. Maybe small
tikkis to you, but from small
things, big things grow.

ALBREDA
Suppose you're right.

Re-inspired, Albreda takes off the spy glasses... puts them
on Sankaran.

SANKARAN
Don't suppose. When you least
expect, love can bloom...

The doors GLIDE open.

Sankaran catches Rosa's grim image projected onto mirrors
embedded in the spy glasses.

SANKARAN
... ahhh.

ROSA
(to Albreda)
I believe you are assisting Señor
President with dog walking.

ALBREDA

Yes, ma'am.

ROSA

Any reason why you can't fulfill
all of your duties in a first-class
manner?

ALBREDA

No, ma'am.

Rosa steps out of the elevator. As the doors GLIDE shut, she sends Albreda an 'I'm watching you' signal.

Albreda snatches back the spy glasses.

ALBREDA

It's time to catch me some foxes.

INT. GROUND FLOOR - HALLWAY - DAY

Rosa wrenches a pill bottle from her apron pocket.

Tips out a couple of Xanax into her hand.

INT. STATE FLOOR - DAY

Albreda waits for two agents to go down the stairs.

MONTAGE - ALBREDA PLANTS BUGS AROUND THE WHITE HOUSE.

-- Pushes a bug into a blob of gum. Presses it to bottom of a console table.

-- Affixes bug filled gum to a vase.

-- Conceals a bug among books in the library.

-- Presses one to a portrait of Bill Clinton.

ALBREDA

(winks)

Big momma's watchin'.

INT. SERVICE ELEVATOR - DAY

Albreda SNAPS off the backing to her Blackberry.

Shakes out a black oval-shaped, listening device into her hand.

Sankaran SHRIEKS. Knocks the bug out of Albreda's hands.

She scrambles for it. Too late, Sankaran strikes at it with a mop handle.

SANKARAN
Blaberus Giganteus

ALBREDA
Ber ... ass, who? Hey, stop.

SANKARAN
Giant...

He goes into a JABBING frenzy.

SANKARAN
... South American

Strikes again. He accidentally jabs the OPEN button.

SANKARAN
... cockroach.

The doors GLIDE OPEN. Sankaran scrambles for the bug.

SANKARAN
Must kill female before it infests
the kitchen.

Princess' tail twitches. She looks up at them with hungry eyes.

Sankaran tries to retrieve the bug, but it skittles into the air... serving it straight into Princess's open mouth.

They watch intently. Princess' eyes go wide, before she swallows it.

ALBREDA
Damn. There goes another one of my
big ticket items.

Albreda turns on Sankaran.

ALBREDA
I don't care how you do it, but
you're gonna haul my bug outta her
ass.

EXT. SOUTH LAWN - DAY

The end of another early morning run.

Albreda stretches her hamstrings, like an athlete serious about exercise.

JACK

Keep this up and you'll be fit to run the country, someday.

Albreda stares at him. He must be joking.

JACK

Tell me, as a street-savvy citizen, what is your general impression of downtown DC?

ALBRED A

Ya mean, other than the gang murders, drug rings and the street walkers?

JACK

(chuckles)

I'm working on those. I commend you for choosing to walk through life with your eyes wide open. Identifying a crisis, is halfway to solving the problem.

ALBRED A

Pardon me, sir... but you're the President. What does it matter what I think?

JACK

Contrary to popular belief, I take an interest in *all* my staff. From time to time, I find myself leaning on them for advice. Especially those who have something worth saying.

ALBRED A

An' risk rupturin' your appendix?

JACK

If you have concerns about anything at all, feel free to voice them.

ALBRED A

Anythin'?

Albreda's eyes drift to his old, worn out joggers.

ALBRED A

Your joggers are runnin' out of juice. I'd get me a new pair before tomorrow.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Princess sidles up to a WET FLOOR sign erected outside the elevator.

In an effort to scratch her back, she inadvertently pushes the sign away from the doors.

INT. SERVICE ELEVATOR - SAME TIME

Sankaran leans on his mop... dying of curiosity.

SANKARAN

Did you come across the shameless audacity to lean on Chief, about fling?

ALBREDA

Not yet.

SANKARAN

Lean hard. He will not be cracking.

ALBREDA

Hey, it's a sensitive issue. I can't just blurt out... oh, hey, by-the-way Prezley, did you know that your skanky wife is hot-n-heavy with your douchebag VP. You know who'll be sent to the slammer for perjury?

Albreda has a realization.

ALBREDA

I thought I'd never say this homie, but y'know... the Prez is real.

SANKARAN

Of course real, not cardboard cut-out.

ALBREDA

Heck, he ain't no male bait. But he don't need to ring his own bell. His ching's on the inside.

Albreda PUNCHES the OPEN button

ALBREDA

But we got ourselves a bigger problem.

Sankaran sends her a look of horror.

ALBREDA
The Prez needs protectin' from
himself.

The elevator doors GLIDE open.

SANKARAN
(warns)
Then you must be treading lightly.

ALBREDA
Ya think I don't know that?

Unaware of Princess' puddle, Albreda slips on the vinyl
floor.

INT. ALBREDA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Albreda tosses and turns. MUTTERS in her sleep.

ALBREDA
I'll rip your agendas to pieces.
Ya heard? Take your protocol and
shove it up...

EXT. SOUTH LAWN - DAY

Jack leads the frothing hounds to water bowls for a well-
deserved drink.

Gregg unlatches the gate to their compound, but his mind is
elsewhere.

JACK
You call that staking your
territory?

GREGG
Come again, sir?

JACK
A pair of Nikes is okay if you're a
stealth operative, but --

GREGG
There was also that iced donut.

JACK
Sure... kids' stuff. When opinion
polls swing against you... you have
to rise up and capitalize on your
finer points.

Gregg looks up with a sheepish grin.

GREGG
 Go out with all guns blazin'...
 (corrects himself)
 ... uh, go out swingin'?

JACK
 Otherwise, who would notice?

Jack punches Gregg lightly on the shoulder.

JACK
 Are you up for it?

GREGG
 (looks at dogs)
 You mean --

JACK
 I could do with another reboot.

Suddenly, Titan and Zeus stop drinking.

Catch sight of a squirrel, in the distance.

Jack is almost forced into a sprint.

With a chain in each hand, he lengthens his stride, to keep up. Gregg, hot on his heels.

Titan charges to the left, while Zeus makes a split-second decision to go right.

In that instant, Jack's joggers RIP at the seam.

JACK
 HEEL BOYS. HEEELLLL. HELL!

Gregg waves his arms... to head off the dogs.

Adrenalized, they take their own path around a willow oak tree.

Gregg's unable to prevent a looming disaster.

Jack rushes headlong into the trunk. CRACK!

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - LATER

The White House VET, 50s, retracts a thermometer from Princess' behind.

She HISSES at him, but this vet isn't easily impressed.

He holds the thermometer to the light.

VET

Hmm, her temperature's normal...
 (flicks thermometer)
 ... there's really nothing to worry
 about...
 (prods her ribs)
 ... dare I say it? She's totin' a
 pound or two.

She BREAKS WIND in his face.

PAMELA

I don't know what's got into her,
 but I assure you, I'll be
 monitoring her more closely.

Princess replies with more BREAKING WIND.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - LATER

Pamela hugs Princess to her chest.

Through the window, she notices Jack's dogs are on the loose.

Run amok.

PAMELA

Commoners.

Albreda walks in. Notices Princess squirming in Pamela's
 arms.

PAMELA

Rosa's unwell?

ALBREDA

She's surgin'.

PAMELA

Will you speak the Queen's English?

ALBREDA

She's ridin' the anxiety wave.
 Ma'am, the buzz is...
 (whispers)
 ... she's on chill pills.

PAMELA

Rosa on Xanax? Since when did...
 oh bother, I'll have to clear my
 schedule. It's time she and I had
 that talk.

Princess MEOWS... struggles in Pamela's arms.

ALBREDA

Seems to be catchin'.

PAMELA

Dearest has been dreadfully off-color, lately. A good pampering will do her the world of good.

She GASPS, as Princess jumps into Albreda's arms...

... a hungry look in her eyes.

PAMELA

You did such a fabulous job...
(mouths 'bathing her')
... last time.

ALBREDA

(off Pamela's look)
Ma'am, you won't even recognize her, when I'm done.

INT. STATE FLOOR - DAY

A beautiful flower arrangement rests on a side table.

Rosa lifts the heavy vase of decaying 'Movie Star' roses that sit in rancid, amniotic fluid.

She notices a black, oval shaped bug, encased in bubble gum.

Through the foliage of dead roses, she notices Pamela sniffing the new bouquet.

Caught off guard, Rosa drops the vase.

Pamela lifts the new bouquet into her arms.

PAMELA

Oh, aren't they just divine?

ROSA

Si, Señora Whitman.

Pamela puts down the vase, balks at the wet carpet and Rosa's arms covered in scratches.

PAMELA

When you've cleaned up this atrocity, it's time you and I had a little talk.

ROSA

Si, ma'am.

As soon as Pamela's back is turned, Rosa peels off the gum.

Pockets the bug.

Oblivious to its significance.

INT. LAUNDRY - DAY

Albreda reads the dosage on a bottle of Ex-lax.

ALBREDA
Do not use if you have a blockage
in your intestines.

She rolls the pill in her hand... glances at Princess.

ALBREDA
One of these and you could take
off.

Princess sits in the laundry trough. Covered in soap suds.

She shivers at the sight of the pill. Her eyes grow with fear.

ALBREDA
Now, don't go makin' goo-goo eyes
at me.

Princess MEOWS in her defense.

ALBREDA
What's that you're sayin'? The big
poop hurts? Trust me shortie,
you're gonna feel a whole lot
better when you've pushed the head
out. The rest will follow like
lemmings.

Albreda rinses Princess with a hand-held hose.

ALBREDA
I know. The First Lady's too
refined for male-bait. I promise
you, that douche-bag's gettin'
everythin' that's comin' to him.

Suddenly, Albreda picks-up the bottle of Ex-lax.

ALBREDA
Wait.

She scoops up a towel.

ALBREDA
What we need is an informant.
Yeah. No-one's gonna suspect a
thing.

INT. SERVICE ELEVATOR - DAY

A newly washed Princess looks up at them with a tortured expression.

SANKARAN
 (to Albreda)
 Now, you are BFF? Yes?

ALBREDA
 (sarcastic)
 Practically blood sisters.

He offers the cat a poppadum.

Princess HISSES... swipes at it with her paw.

ALBREDA
 Change in battle plan, homie.

SANKARAN
 Change for common good?

ALBREDA
 We gotta keep her blocked up as
 long as possible.

SANKARAN
 I would advise against it.

Suddenly, Princess' gut GURGLES.

SANKARAN
 I see in mind's eye... stinky lava
 domes sticking fast to Persian
 rugs.

She emits GAS EMISSIONS. Suddenly, the doors GLIDE open.

It's Rosa and she's in no mood for small talk.

ROSA
 Hand over the cat.

LATER

Sankaran runs a small battery-operated fan to clear the air.

SANKARAN
 Now what? We sit on our hands?

ALBREDA
 (off his lost look)
 We're not done yet, homie. As long
 as our comrade's towin' that bug,
 we're in the zone.

INT. ALBREDA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A small gift-wrapped box sits on the coffee table. Unopened
 and surrounded by oodles of spyware.

Albreda leans into her new laptop computer. TAPS a button... launches CCTV.

The hard-disk plays back recordings of the White House library... via Albreda's hidden camera.

ALBREDA
Come on Agent 99, show me some...

In a four-way split, the monitor reveals blurred movement in the corner of Channel 2.

ALBREDA
... obstruction of justice.

Albreda depresses PAUSE. Rips-off her narrow, dark-framed glasses. Leans into the screen.

Pamela and Tom are caught getting down and dirty by bookshelves lined with the third and fourth amendment.

ALBREDA
Now, *that's* what I'm talkin' about.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - DAY

Tom bursts out of the dressing room.

Waves a document in Pamela's face.

TOM
It's done.

PAMELA
Exquisite.

TOM
But how the heck am I going to get him to sign it?

PAMELA
I'm sure you have at least one other creative bone in your body.

EXT. SOUTH LAWN - DAY

Dragged by the hounds, Gregg charges Albreda.

For the first time, Albreda notices his impressive arm and leg muscles.

Gregg yanks the steroidal house... slows them to a walk.

Albreda stares at him in wide-eyed alarm. The buzz is true.

ALBREDA
Say it ain't so?

GREGG
'Fraid so. Thanks to these two,
he's laid up in the infirmary.

ALBREDA
Serious?

GREGG
Put it this way, he won't be
pullin' on the joggers just yet.

Gregg notices Albreda's taugt calf muscles.

GREGG
You been workin' out?

ALBREDA
Maybe.

GREGG
Looks like you're gettin' bang for
your buck.

ALBREDA
You macin' on me, gangsta?

GREGG
(raises hands in defense)
Listen boo, if I'm barkin' up the
wrong tree --

ALBREDA
(smiles)
No, it's tight. Been stung, but
workin' on the... you know... small
tikkis.

GREGG
Huh?

ALBREDA
Nothin'.

The hounds are keen to go, but Gregg restrains them.

GREGG
The Prez sends his apologies *and* a
message. And I quote - 'that he
has every confidence in you'.

ALBREDA
(eyes dogs)
You mean --

GREGG

Yo. But if you want my --

ALBREDA

I'm cool. But why me?

GREGG

I'll tell you why. Your inquirin' mind... your 'quick on the uptake' MO. Off da hook street savvy.

ALBREDA

(revels in the attention)
He's not just droppin' it like it's hot?

GREGG

Straight up. And the Prez is of the same opinion.

The impatient dogs stretch their chains to breaking point.

GREGG

The way I see it, most peeps settle for plain vanilla. But there are those who strive for great things. When one with mad skills comes along and rocks da House --

Albreda's eyes drift to her Nikes. She puts two and two together.

ALBREDA

It was *you*.

They exchange a look that has all the signs of a bright future.

Without another word, Gregg hands over the walk-deprived dogs.

GREGG

Remember, wear them out or he'll know. Sure you don't need my --

ALBREDA

No, I'm cool. It's in the bag.

Albreda's yanked into a stumbling sprint. A novice, at the mercy of slobbering veterans.

Gregg follows her... eyes tinged with hope.

EXT. SOUTH LAWN - LATER

The threesome weave around dark, gnarly willows, whose majestic boughs softly sweep a dew-laden lawn.

The hounds spot a bounding squirrel. Go into overdrive.

The squirrel leaps up the trunk of a large oak. Finds refuge in its thick foliage.

ALBREDA

Aaahhh.....

MONTAGE - ALBREDA WALKS THE DOGS.

-- Charge through autumn leaves. Sending them air-bound.

-- The hounds upset a bee hive attached to a log. The bees swarm them.

-- Albreda is hauled into a lake.

INT. STAFF ROOM - DAY

The wall clock ticks over 6.55am.

Housemaids sit around the dining table. Pour out their frustrations over tea and coffee.

AMICA

She's late for her own roll-call.

CARMEL

(eyes clock)

She's not the only one.

MARCELLA

Jackson's one off-beat chick.

AMICA

How come she's the 'go to' person all of sudden?

Albreda shuffles in... in a convincing rendition of THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON.

Facing the doorway, Carmel's the first to notice Albreda. Her glasses slide down her nose.

CARMEL

Honestly, I'd hate to be in her shoes.

ALBREDA

Wassup?

A hush descends. The maids stare at Albreda. Mouths agape.

A coffee cup slips out of Amica's hands. Falls to the floor.

CLINK.

Albreda's hair is encrusted with black mud and twigs. Her face is covered in bee stings.

Thick, black mud oozes to the vinyl floor.

Suddenly, Albreda's shoulder twitches.

She squirms, launches into a krump dance.

A crayfish makes an appearance on Albreda's shoulder. It gives them a wave.

The maids SCREAM.

ALBRED A
AAHHHHH. Get it off.

Hysteria ensues.

Amica, grabs a broom, swipes at the crawfish.

It sails through the air. Makes landfall at Sankaran's feet.

He stops twirling his tea bag. Looks skyward, in gratitude.

SANKARAN
Most exalted one. Before I even
ask you provide.

Elated, Sankaran plonks the wriggling crawfish in the sink.

Marcella WHISTLES a warning.

SANKARAN
Bad karma.

Sankaran abandons the crawfish, makes a quick exit.

Amica and Marcella shove Albreda into a broom closet.

Sankaran and the maids scatter into...

HALLWAY

... move their carts into high gear.

Rosa does a mental head count, before shoving past them.

AMICA
(to the maids)
Jackson can keep her damn
promotion.

CARMEL
 (Hick drawl)
 I hate to say it but them crawfish
 can be particularly crabby this
 time of year.

The maids hear Rosa's muffled SCREAM from the staff room.

ROSA (O.S.)
 AAHHHHH.

INT. LAUNDRY - LATER

Rosa shuts the door of a commercial washing machine.
 Sets the wash cycle to 'colors'.
 Switches it ON. A wicked grin spreads over her face.

INT. INFIRMARY - DAY

Jack is a train wreck. A leg, set in plaster, is elevated on a hoist.

He also sports a broken arm and his chest is tightly swathed in bandages.

The sterile environment sends shivers up Pamela's spine.

She rubs her arms.

Paces around the room. A safe distance from Jack's bed.

He breaks the icy-cold silence.

JACK
 For goodness sake Pamela, spare me
 the mollycoddling.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Rosa carries something wrapped in a towel.

She removes the towel.

Princess' trademark white fur is now fluorescent pink.

Secret Service agent #1, who guards the door to the infirmary, balks at Princess' new color.

ROSA
 I found her cowering in the
 laundry. Who could do such a thing
 to a poor defenseless creature?

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #1
I'd hate to be in the offender's
shoes when the proverbial hits the
fan.

ROSA
(feigns fury)
Some things are best left unsaid.

She opens the door a crack. Shoves Princess in.

Rosa and the agent listen by the door. Daring to breathe.

PAMELA (O.S.)
Aahhh.

They hear a THUD.

INT. INFIRMARY - CONTINUOUS

Pamela's Prada veneer threatens to crack. She clutches the
bed.

Princess leaps onto Jack's bed, strolls over his cracked
ribs.

Jack recoils, his face masked in agony. Princess returns the
favor with a green-eyed glower.

But the image of Princess is too comical for Jack to bear.
He clutches his ribs... trying hard not to laugh.

PAMELA
Those flea-bitten savages have
reduced her to this.

JACK
(between gasps)
They were never meant to be... lap
dogs. But you know as well as I,
they had nothing to do with it.

Princess carves-up Jack's plaster. I found me a scratching
post.

PAMELA
Simpletons...
(sniffs)
... and to think I was going to
breed from her.

Pamela crosses her arms, paces around the room.

Her irony is not lost on Jack.

JACK
There's no need for melodrama.

PAMELA

I've decided to re-wallpaper. The Presidential suite is stuffy and stately and frankly it bores me to tears.

Jack remains quiet, knows that she'll go ahead with it anyway.

Princess squats over Jack's leg plaster. Pees.

PAMELA

Oh, how sweet, she's the first to sign your cast.

A LIGHT KNOCK on the door. Secret Service agent #1 opens the door a crack.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #1

Excuse me, Mr. President, but she insists that you permitted --

JACK

(lights up)

Send her in.

Albreda stands in the doorway, horrified by Jack's state. She clutches a soft Rhodesian Ridgeback toy.

Pamela's caustic glare slices Albreda from top-to-toe, but Albreda doesn't notice.

ALBREDA

You showed 'em who's boss. Right, Mr. President?

PAMELA

How dare you make light of the President's condition. Are you responsible for this --

JACK

(interjects)

Feather duster.

Pamela ignores his retort. Albreda's eyes pop at Princess' sorry state.

ALBREDA

Ma'am. I'd never --

PAMELA

I entrusted her in your care.

ALBREDA

We had some teethin' issues, but now we're tight --

Pamela's frosty stare unsettles Albreda. She accidentally squeezes the toy dog's belly.

The toy dog BARKS. Sets off Princess.

Before Albreda can recover, Princess leaps onto her shoulder to get to the toy.

SPITS and HISSES.

ALBREDA

Ugh. Aah.

PAMELA

Do something!

Desperate to keep Princess from tearing the toy to pieces, Albreda flicks Princess off her shoulder.

The feline takes a short trip through the air. Drops anchor on Jack's intravenous drip.

Her claws pierce the saline bag, squirting liquid all over the floor.

Albreda sets the toy Rhodesian onto Jack's bedside table, next to a Blackberry Torch cell phone.

JACK

(chuckles)

You had better watch your back in the next DC marathon.

ALBREDA

(touched)

Shoot... Mr. President.

Pamela's quick to notice a developing friendship between Albreda and Jack.

Her anger is briefly snuffed out by Tom's appearance. He enters, armed with a document.

JACK

Sorry to bother you sir, but this one's red hot.

Albreda fluffs Jack's pillows, but is quick to notice the flirtatious glance between Pamela and Tom.

PAMELA

Shouldn't you be scrubbing a toilet bowl somewhere?

JACK

I've organized Albreda to help with my recovery...

(winks at Albreda)

... besides, she's a whizz with bandages.

Princess stops lapping the saline... to claw at Tom's leg.

Pamela scoops up the pink abomination.

PAMELA
(to Albreda)
Ensure the room is returned to a sterile state, won't you?

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Tom quickens his step to catch up to Pamela, who hugs Princess tight to her chest.

PAMELA
Your window of opportunity remains open. I suggest you make full use of it.

TOM
(whispers)
All he had to do was sign the damn paper and seal the deal. If Plan B fails, I'm screwed.

PAMELA
You will be, if you mention my involvement.

INT. INFIRMARY - DAY

Albreda fluffs Jack's pillows.

Despite his injuries, Jack uses a light-hearted approach to get Albreda to open up.

JACK
That wasn't very democratic of Pamela.

ALBREDA
My skin's growin' thicker by the day.

Jack is relaxed... and in a joking mood.

JACK
Did you see her face? That was almost worth cracking another rib. I could've sworn the Persian had every intention of taking-over congress.

ALBREDA
 (under her breath)
 She'll have to wait in line.

JACK
 What's that?

ALBREDA
 C'mon now, ya gotta marinate here.
 You know how stress can elevate
 your blood pressure.

Jack's the first to break metaphoric bread.

JACK
 I've been concerned about my wife
 for some time now.

Albreda's look of horror goes unnoticed.

ALBREDA
 Mr. President?

JACK
 She's spending way too much time
 with that cat. It can't be
 healthy.

Albreda's eyes pop... look who's talkin'?

ALBREDA
 That's an easy one...
 (in slang)
 ... she lonely.

JACK
 Lonely, my foot. She has a 'to-do'
 list...
 (knocks broken arm into
 broken leg)
 ... longer than my arm --

ALBREDA
 And she ain't even runnin' the
 country.

Jack CHUCKLES... but his eyes betray him.

JACK
 Marriage is no bed of roses.

ALBREDA
 Amen, to that brother.

JACK

Oh, you too. There comes a time when you have to pick yourself up and dust yourself off... so to speak.

He adjusts himself to avoid bed sores.

JACK

I find running great for relieving tension.

ALBREDA

Different strokes for different folks.

JACK

What does it for you?

ALBREDA

Pistol shootin'...
(off Jack's look)
... amazin' what a bulls-eye can do for your soul.

She realizes she's said too much. Changes the subject.

ALBREDA

In the end I had to take a stand against cheatin' --

JACK

You owe it to those around you to stand up for what you believe in.

ALBREDA

Ain't that the truth?

JACK

That's my opinion, for what it's worth. You would be surprised how often I get roped in by my own spin doctors.

ALBREDA

(softly)
That ain't democratic.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - DAY

Rosa plays with the bug in her apron pocket.

PAMELA

Rosa, it's been brought to my attention, you haven't been yourself lately.

ROSA

Oh no, ma'am. Everything is rosy.

PAMELA

I've known you long enough to know that you're a bad liar. Now, before you have a hissy-fit, hear me out. Due to your long-standing loyalty, I'd like to offer you something to enhance your overall well-being. A course of de-stressing therapy right here under this roof.

Bursting with pride, Rosa smooths her apron.

ROSA

Oh gracias, ma'am.

PAMELA

I want you to forget about *everything*. Relax and fully embrace the experience.

ROSA

Ma'am. You know I would bend over backwards --

PAMELA

There's no need for that kind of language.

Pamela lifts a large gift-wrapped box from an ottoman.

With a grin on her face, Rosa accepts it with grace.

Pamela opens the door. Gestures to Rosa... inhale, exhale.

PAMELA

Remember to breathe.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Rosa drops a sack in front of Carmel's vacuum cleaner.

Carmel takes one look at the squirming sack. She turns OFF the vacuum.

Princess SPITS and HISSES inside the sack.

ROSA

(turns on her heel)

Call it a favor between old friends.

Carmel's glare burns into Rosa's back.

ROSA
You got *one hour*.

INT. THE CABINET ROOM - DAY

CABINET MEMBERS sit around a huge, mahogany table.

They send Tom bewildered looks, as he passes out printed posters.

TOM
As you all know, the President has asked me to stand-in on his behalf.

Cabinet members study a poster that depicts stray cats searching for food in dump bins.

TOM
He wants you to consider an exciting agenda that's been swept under the mat for too long.

They glance at it and then at one another. Dumbfounded.

FINANCE SECRETARY
Is this a sick joke Tom?

TOM
Let me finish. Each one of these statistics points to failure by this government --

DEFENSE SECRETARY
Why would he fund something like this? We all know he's ape about dogs.

Tom is inundated with please explain looks.

TOM
Because DC is overrun with 500,000 stray and feral cats in need of food and shelter.

Tom stares down the cabinet members... whose faces are set in stone.

DEFENSE SECRETARY
(hard-lined)
So?

SENIOR ADVISOR
(flicks through documents)
There's no mention of this in today's brief. Where are you going with this?

TOM

I'll give it to you straight. We have a national crisis on our hands --

DEFENSE SECRETARY

Let's see if I understand you. The President has discovered a Robin Hood side to his personality and is hell-bent on saving the world...

(off Tom's look)

... on what? Charity hand-outs?

TOM

He's asking for a \$250 million launch.

FINANCE SECRETARY

\$250... what?

SENIOR ADVISOR

We'll be shooting ourselves in the foot --

TOM

It's a simple matter of logistics.

DEFENSE SECRETARY

Logistics? It's a matter of political suicide.

FINANCE SECRETARY

Our budgets are already stretched tighter than Mickey Rourke.

TOM

If we borrow a little here and there...

(sheepish)

... pinch a little from health --

SENIOR ADVISOR

He proposes to rip \$250 million from health...

(slaps table)

... to set up welfare for animals...

(slaps table)

... it's outrageous.

Tom looks across at the sea of cheeks, flushed with rising blood pressure.

SENIOR ADVISOR

(rips-up poster)

He's flippin' mad. I thought Jack broke his leg, not cracked his skull.

DEFENSE SECRETARY
 Weren't we supposed to discuss
 defense contracts? Terrorism,
 North Korea and the Chinese arms
 build-up?

Tom paces... COUGHS nervously.

FINANCE SECRETARY
 Not to mention illegal immigrants,
 the homeless, unemployment --

It's time to pull out his trump card.

TOM
 (into Bluetooth)
 Bring it in.

Suddenly, the door swings open.

A FEMALE OFFICIAL, 20s, carries something white and fluffy in
 her hands. She carefully hands it to Tom.

TOM
 Gentlemen, may I present you with
 one such statistic.

Tom sets a six week-old white Persian kitten in the center of
 the huge mahogany table.

PERSIAN KITTEN
 (barely audible)
 MEOWW.

The tiny kitten takes a few wobbly steps towards the defense
 secretary.

Looks-up at his stony face with baby-blue eyes.

TOM
 Gentlemen, I challenge you to
 embrace your inner voice.

Suddenly, every cabinet member stumble over one another, to
 be the first to reach the kitten.

In a preemptive strike, the defense secretary scoops the
 kitten across the shiny table, to his chest.

He shoots them a 'don't touch it or I'll kill you' glare.

Tom smirks, as the room full of grown men, GURGLE and COO
 like babies.

INT. STAFF ROOM - LATER

Housemaids CHATTER at the top of one another.

Rosa stands by the sink. Scrutinizes the bug through narrow dark-framed glasses.

Carmel passes around liquorice humbugs.

Rosa is so engrossed in the bug, she doesn't notice Carmel until she elbows her.

CARMEL

Humbug?

The bug slips out of Rosa's hands... onto the floor.

ROSA

Bah!

In her haste to recover the bug, Rosa knocks the candy from Carmel's hand.

Rosa scrambles for the bug. Humbugs skittle everywhere.

Cheeks stuffed with humbugs, Amica and Marcella join in the search.

Finally, Amica plucks-out the bug, amid a sea of candy.

AMICA

I got it...
(studies it)
... what is it?

ROSA

If you knew where it's been... you
wouldn't touch it.

Amica GASPS.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - DAY

Ted removes the stethoscope from his ears.

JACK

Thanks for all your trouble, doc.

Albreda weaves a tea trolley through the doorway.

Undetected, Princess is curled-up on the lower shelf.

Restored to her original white, she occupies herself with licking the marmalade off Jack's toast.

Albreda accidentally BANGS the trolley into Jack's bed.

Princess slides off the trolley.

In turn, Jack KNOCKS his elevated leg on the horizontal steel support that knocks the thermometer out of Ted's hand.

TED
 (to Albreda)
 Would you please more careful?

JACK
 Ease up doc, it's the only exercise
 I'm getting.

Ted retrieves the thermometer, hands it to Albreda.

TED
 I need this re-sterilized.

Ted CLICKS shut his medical bag.

TED
 Do me a favor Jack. Discipline
 your dogs, before they any ideas of
 taking over the White House.

Jack silently pleads with Albreda. Help me out, here.

ALBREDA
 With all due respect Prezley, those
 dogs gotta know who's boss. Payin'
 them lip service ain't gonna cut
 it.

TED
 See Jack, it's black and white.

A loud HISS from under the bed, expedites Ted's departure.

He comes face to face with Pamela in the doorway.

TED
 Ma'am.

Relieved at seeing Princess' color restored, Pamela scoops
 her into her arms.

PAMELA
 Dearest, that's no way to treat
 family.

She makes a big deal of the restored cat.

PAMELA
 Oh, how sublime! Rosa's done a
 fabulous job.

Unnerved, Albreda fiddles with the thermometer in her hand.

Suddenly, it flicks out of her hand... bounces off Pamela's
 forehead. PING!

PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - NIGHT

Pamela is asleep, fully clothed, next to Jack.

A rough bandage plastered to her forehead.

With his leg elevated in a sling, Jack looks at her with the concern of a loving husband.

Notices the Rhodesian Ridgeback toy on the bedside is shredded beyond recognition.

INT. ALBREDA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Albreda leans into her laptop. She studies CCTV footage recorded on the hard drive.

One channel reveals footage of a maid's shoes. A hand comes into view. A close-up of rose thorns.

Then a close-up of a hand flicking gum into the trash.

ALBREDA

Nothin' incriminatin' here.

Suddenly, the picture goes black.

Albreda forwards the footage until the contents of a trash can fills the screen.

A close-up of the hand. A close-up of Sankaran's face.

Suddenly, the screen is filled with an image of his shoe. The view changes to a wall. Then a door.

A desk comes-into-view. Princess' flickering tail appears in the corner of the screen.

FLASHBACK

INT. VICE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - DAY

The front page of the Washington Post boasts a photo of Tom showing off his best side.

Princess turns around, sniffs a computer keyboard.

Curious, she TAPS it with her paw.

Suddenly, a computer flickers to life. Documents are splashed over the screen.

END FLASHBACK

INT. ALBREDA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Albreda spots documents in the corner of her screen.

She rewinds and replays the footage.

PUNCHES the PAUSE button on the hard-disk recorder.

Zooms in... until a document comes into focus.

ALBREDA

(reads)

Border security - \$10 billion.

Defense - \$100 billion. Figures...

(reads on)

... Felines - \$250 million.

Felines - \$250 million?

Realization dawns.

She rips-off her dark-framed glasses.

ALBREDA

There's only one thug in the White House who's got an interest in that game.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - VICE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - MORNING

Pamela frowns at her reflection, while Tom massages her shoulders.

She tries to cover her bandaged forehead with strands of hair.

TOM

Signed...

Tom lightly kisses her neck.

TOM

Sealed...

He holds up a copy of the Washington Post.

TOM

Delivered.

Pamela snatches the paper. Devours the headlines.

WHITE HOUSE OPENS ITS HEART AND PURSE STRINGS TO STRAY CATS TO THE TUNE OF \$250 MILLION.

PAMELA

Okay, good. Tick that agenda --

Tom peeks over the newspaper.

TOM

Thanks to me, the constitution is
looking in better shape.

PAMELA

(shuts paper)

I trust this is the only copy
circulating in the White House.

INT. HALLWAY/PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - LATER

A light KNOCK.

Jack calls out, before Albreda can get the door.

JACK

Come in.

Albreda spots Rosa with a current copy of the Washington Post
in her hand.

Alarm bells ring.

She pins Rosa with a glare... don't give him the paper.

ALBREDADA

The President needs his rest --

Rosa strides towards the bed... unfolds the paper.

ROSA

Señor President, I thought you
might appreciate today's paper.

JACK

Muchas gracias, Rosa. I need to
know what shape the country is in.

Albreda intercepts Rosa... snatches one end of the paper.

They engage in a brief tug of war.

ALBREDADA

Not enough is being done to stop
illegal aliens. Don't ya think Mr.
President? Every law abidin'
citizen has the right to know if
someone's five times removed cousin
is slippin' under the wire. The
government owes it to hard-workin'
tax payers.

ROSA

Perdón, Señor President, but I have
much work to do.

Rosa makes a quick exit. A smirk plastered to her face.

JACK
Exemplary work ethic.

ALBREDA
Definitely a goal worth
attainin'...
(hands meds to Jack)
... we need to get you and the
country back on its feet.

JACK
And get back to allowing my
subordinates to make decisions that
will affect the nation?

ALBREDA
I'm serious now.

Jack swallows the meds. Raises the empty cup.

JACK
Here's to problems bigger than the
both of us.

INT. CENTER HALL - DAY

Rosa passes Gregg and Edward in a hurry to catch Pamela.

ROSA
Excusa, ma'am.

Pamela's in mood for small talk.

PAMELA
What *is* it, Rosa?

Rosa whips the bug out of her pocket.

ROSA
(whispers)
I suspect a spy has penetrated the
inner sanctórum.

PAMELA
(laughs)
Spy? Don't be absurd. The place
is crawling with Secret Service.

Rosa opens her hand. Instantly Pamela recognizes it.

PAMELA
Where did you get this?

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - DAY

While Jack sleeps, Albreda absconds with his Blackberry Torch cell and hides in the...

DRESSING ROOM

... among pressed suits and floor to ceiling shoe racks. She powers-up his cell, to a screen-saver of Titan and Zeus.

Albreda scrolls through picture files, until she finds a smiling Pamela.

Princess joins her in the closet, looks up at Albreda with a pained look.

ALBRED A

(whispers)

Why did you have to go and poop the bug right into her hand?

Princess MEOWS.

ALBRED A

You a big help. Now, shut up while I think.

Flicks through Jack's address book. Locates Pamela's number.

INT. STAFF ROOM - DAY

Housemaids CHATTER carries into the hallway.

Albreda stands in the doorway, pins Rosa with a 'I mean business' glare.

ALBRED A

Hey Veslasquez, you got somethin' that belongs to me?

The maids look up. In a second, the air is thick with tension.

ROSA

You listen to me, criada --

ALBRED A

I don't think so. The time for listenin's over.

AMICA

Place your bets, girls.

ALBREDA
 (to maids)
 Empty Mata Hari's pockets. Look
 for a buggin' device.

AMICA
 This is how you repay us --

CARMEL
 You seem to be doing fine on your
 own.

MARCELLA
 Yeah, Ms. Promotion.

SANKARAN
 (interrupts)
 Stick to plan.

ROSA
 What in Fidel Castro's name are you
 talking about? What plan?

ALBREDA
 The plan to bring down the White
 House.

SANKARAN
 My buddy stumbled across a fling.

The maids stare at him, blankly.

CARMEL
 Who? What? Back-up a tad. What
 fling? Who's havin' a fling?

SANKARAN
 Democratic system.

AMICA
 Does the President know about it,
 or... is he somehow involved?

MARCELLA
 OMG. Jackson and the President?

ALBREDA
 What? Shoot... no.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

A bookshelf threatens to tip, as Pamela and Tom climb the
 zenith of passion.

They collapse on the carpet. Out of breath.

TOM
Another portfolio?

PAMELA
I have developed a penchant for taxes.

TOM
No, you don't. *Taxes* are too volatile.

PAMELA
Perfect, I'll take it...
(rises, buttons up blouse)
... I'll call you with the details in thirty minutes.

INT. STAFF ROOM - DAY

Rosa relents, gives the floor to Albreda.

ROSA
You got five minutes to explain yourself, before I hand you over to... to... is the Chief of Staff back from sick leave?

ALBREDA
A'right, listen up. We got us a black horse candidate, who's not only schmoozin' his way up the corporate ladder, but is doin' some major double dippin' along the way.

AMICA
It wouldn't be the VP?

SANKARAN
Bingo.

MARCELLA
Shut up...
(realization dawns)
... hey, I ain't goin' to prison for nobody.

ALBREDA
Nobody's goin' to the big house, if I got somethin' to say 'bout it.

CARMEL
(out of the blue)
Count me in.

Rosa shoots daggers at her. Before she can protest... the other maids join Albreda's cause.

AMICA

Me too.

SANKARAN

To truth, justice and American way.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - DAY

Jack convulses in bed. Disturbed by a dream.

JACK'S DREAM

The sound of SCRAPING CUTLERY, as DELEGATES tuck into dinner.

A TINKLE distracts Jack. He glances up at a chandelier.

A motley crew of cats, hang off it. Thin and wasted, they drool at the scrumptious banquet below.

Jack EXCUSES himself. Leaves the table. A Secret Service agent shadows him.

Jack peers into the dark shadows of the hallway, where 100 pairs of feline eyes glower.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

(whispers in Jack's ear)

Should I call in the exterminators,
Mr. President?

Suddenly, Jack's face explodes with agonizing pain.

A hideous alley cat uses his leg as a scratching post.

JACK

Now!

END OF DREAM

INT. SERVICE ELEVATOR - DAY

Albreda PUNCHES a number on her cell.

ALBREDA

Get ready for some action, fly.

INT. VICE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Tom peers at Pamela's number flashing on his cell.

TOM

(all charm)

Are we getting warm, yet?

INT. SECOND FLOOR RESIDENCE - SAME TIME

Pamela gets an engaged signal.

SLAMS down the phone.

INT. SERVICE ELEVATOR - SAME TIME

Albreda presses PLAY on the digital recorder. Presses cell against audio play-back of Pamela's voice.

PAMELA (FILTERED)

I should be in my office in fifteen minutes.

INT. VICE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Tom reaches in his desk drawer for some breath freshener.

INT. SERVICE ELEVATOR - LATER

Sankaran and Rosa ride the elevator to the second floor. United in a single cause.

SANKARAN

Now you believe?

ROSA

(impressed)

If she's willing to put her own culo on the line --

Carmel responds from inside the cart.

CARMEL (O.S.)

Hey Velasquez, told you that hoochie's got some Eisenhowers on her.

INT. SERVICE ELEVATOR/SECOND FLOOR RESIDENCE - LATER

Rosa and Sankaran struggle with the heavy cart.

Together, they push it down the hallway.

INT. SECOND FLOOR RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

Sankaran fiddles with a key in the lock. His tongue roves on the outside of his mouth.

Amica and Marcella help Carmel climb out of the cart.

ALBREDA

Let's bounce, homefry. He'll be here any minute.

SANKARAN

You want to hear another ancient Panjabi proverb?

Finally, the lock CLICKS OPEN.

INT. ALBREDA'S HOUSE - DAY

Gregg rolls the bug in his hand... admires the black and white wedding photo of Albreda.

He SIGHS. Places it back on the desk.

Suddenly, his CELL CHIRPS. He responds... listens to the recipient.

With regret, he looks over the damaged plasterboard wall near the treadmill.

The laptop computer, CCTV hard-drive, assorted spy-ware littering the room.

GREGG

(into cell)

Yeah... send in the Ninjas.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Balancing on crutches, Jack eyes the Washington Post on his desk.

He shakes his head in disbelief.

JACK

God knows what wouldn't happened if I'd fallen into a coma.

He reaches for the phone receiver.

INT. PAMELA'S OFFICE - DAY

Armed with a mini digital recorder, Albreda hunkers down in Pamela's high-back chair.

Spins it around... faces the wall.

The maids are nowhere to be seen.

ALBREDA

Ya ready to rumble?

ROSA AND HOUSEMAIDS (O.S.)

Check.

The sound of an opening door.

TOM (O.S.)

You called, my little fox?

Albreda's eyes pop at the sound of Tom's voice.

Tom eyes the leather chair.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - SAME TIME

Pamela paces the room. Tense.

Suddenly, her cell CHIRPS.

PAMELA

Gregg. Give me the details.

INT. PAMELA'S OFFICE - DAY

Tom rips off his shirt. Flirtatious.

TOM

Details can wait.

He flings it away. It lands by the curtains where Sankaran hides.

Tom looks at the chair. No reaction. He unzips his trousers.

ALBREDA'S POV

Albreda's eyes pop open, at the sound of UNZIPPING.

TOM (O.S.)

Can't keep your hands off me, huh?

She depresses the PLAY button on the digital recorder.

PAMELA (FILTERED)

Ughh... don't be so... uh churlish.

TOM (O.S.)

That's what you love about me.
Right, Pammie?

PAMELA (FILTERED)

Don't make crass statements. You
never know who's listening.

Stripped down to Y fronts, Tom approaches the chair.

TOM (O.S.)
There's nobody here, but you and I.

Tom glides his hand over the back of the chair.

PAMELA (FILTERED)
Where are your manners?

He spins the chair around... faces Albreda.

ALBREDA
There is no you and I.

Tom stands frozen to the spot. In total shock.

TOM
Ah. Where the hell did... did you
come... come from?

He slaps his hands over his groin.

The housemaids materialize from behind curtains and
bookshelves. Heat-seeking-paparazzi.

The hidden camera captures Tom's look of horror, his taut
torso and even tauter briefs.

ALBREDA
Your double-dealin' days are over.

EXT/INT. ALBREDA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Albreda flicks ON the light switch.

GREGG
Not packin' heat, huh?

Drops her bag and keys in shock. Sees Gregg on her sofa.

ALBREDA
Man... an' I only just changed
those locks.

She also notices the spy-ware remains untouched.

ALBREDA
A girl's gotta protect herself.
You know this neighborhood ain't no
Capitol Hill.

GREGG
That it? That's your defense?

ALBREDA
I got my suspicions.

GREGG

You got a heck of a lot of suspicions for a housemaid.

ALBREDA

You're barkin' up the wrong tree --

Suddenly, the front door flies open.

A SWAT TEAM, armed to the back teeth, bursts in.

A SWAT member moves in to grab her. She lets fly with an uppercut to his chin.

Immediately, Gregg leaps to his feet. Combat-style.

He grapples Albreda around the waist. She spins around... unleashes an uppercut.

He dodges a flying fist. Kicks her legs out from under her.

MOMENTS LATER

Gregg offers her a hand-up, but Albreda refuses.

ALBREDA

You're arrestin' me for havin' a hobby?

GREGG

A little special ops' advice. Leave your suspicions to the pros.

EXT. ALBREDA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Gregg takes no joy in escorting Albreda to the back of the SWAT van.

Her wrists clamped with handcuffs.

GREGG

You're up for beach time, at the very least.

The doors are bolted shut.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT

Jack leans on a walking stick. Stares at the night sky.

Mulls over Albreda's words.

ALBREDA

You showed 'em who's boss. Right Mr. President?

Jack hobbles to his desk, snatches the letter opener.

ALBREDA

Well, I figured you carry a lot of juice, being the Prez and all.

He launches it at the Richard Nixon portrait. TWANG.

The letter opener nails Richard Nixon between the eyes.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - LATER

Pamela slips into the room, not to wake Jack, but he surprises her by turning on a bedside lamp.

JACK

Why can't you leave White House affairs to me?

PAMELA

You mean to you and that big, black girlfriend of yours?

JACK

Where did that come from?

She rakes a hand through her hair, while he holds her gaze.

JACK

After twenty five years, you suddenly don't trust my judgment?

Pamela tightens the belt around her waist.

JACK

You know there's a system to all we do. I don't need your help.

PAMELA

I've never trusted the system. It makes a mockery of the done thing.

JACK

To some extent, I agree.

PAMELA

What are you saying, Jack?

JACK

If a housemaid can outfox highly trained operatives on nothing more than raw street-smarts, then it's time to overhaul the system.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Abandoned cleaning carts line the hallway.

INT. STAFF ROOM - DAY

Rosa stands in the doorway... arms crossed. Maids GOSSIP in hushed tones.

Sankaran repeatedly dunks a tea bag into his cup. His mind churns, as the tea turns dark brown.

ROSA

You lot got hemorrhoids? Back to work.

AMICA

I thought you'd be contento now that Jackson's gone.

ROSA

What contento? Now, we're understaffed...

(checks watch)

... don't forget you're being paid by the hour.

CARMEL

No shit! I thought it was by the day.

Rosa opens her clipboard. Removes the cap from the marker.

ROSA

Keep them coming Carmina.

SANKARAN

Be who you are and say what you want, because those who mind don't matter and those who matter don't mind.

ROSA

You running for congress?

INT. DETENTION ROOM - DAY

Albreda sits at a table. Still handcuffed.

Jack hobbles to the table, with the aid of a walking stick.

With some discomfort, Jack eases himself into a chair opposite Albreda.

He looks at her with a mix of regret and irritation.

JACK

Do you know the single, biggest challenge I face, as President?

ALBREDA

No, sir.

JACK

Personal agendas. This place is rife with to-do lists. None of which aid the democracy.

Albreda can't look him in the eye. She finds a spot on the table and locks onto it.

JACK

I saw something different in you. Something that prompted me to put out the welcome mat. Beneath that street-savvy facade of yours, there's a heart that beats for fairness...

(searches for word)

... for goodwill, for want of a better term. Am I getting close?

ALBREDA

I've been called many things Mr. President, but you have a way of droppin' it like it's hot.

JACK

I'll ask you again, Albreda. What is your agenda?

ALBREDA

Uh, it's highly classified... sir.

Jack uncharacteristically BANGS his fist on the table.

Startles Albreda.

JACK

Then let's *de-classify* it.

ALBREDA

You want me to break protocol?

INT. LAUNDRY - DAY

A empty cat bowl, licked clean, sits near a wash trough.

SANKARAN

Apologies Kitty... strong explosives needed for difficult job.

Sankaran lifts Princess out of trough, filled with dirty water.

He places her on a clean towel. Princess MEOWS. Looks up at him with hungry eyes.

He promptly puts down a poppadum, as a reward.

INT. SERVICE ELEVATOR - DAY

The housemaids crowd Sankaran.

AMICA

Has her ass been hauled off to prison?

SANKARAN

No, no you are on wrong train, she is being detained.

CARMEL

What for? Crimes to humanity?

ROSA

It was her big mouth, wasn't it?

SANKARAN

I am afraid it was her eye. It has seen too much.

CARMEL

What can we do? We can't even plead for clemency on her behalf.

SANKARAN

You are mistaken. Together, you have loud voice. Do you not know, scrubbing floors and emptying bedpans has as much dignity as Presidency?

CARMEL

What moron came up with that one?

SANKARAN

Richard Nixon.

Sankaran reaches into her pocket. Pulls out the bug.

SANKARAN

Looky. Conclusive evidence delivered in nick of time.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Lori greets Jack with a warm smile. Re-adjusts the laptop bag strap that threatens to slip off her shoulder.

They speak in HUSHED TONES outside the interrogation room.

JACK

I appreciate you coming straight here from the summit. I wouldn't have bothered you, but we have an unprecedented situation.

LORI

Well, you better bring me up to speed.

JACK

Thanks to Pamela, we have detained a spy.

LORI

Go on.

Edward opens the door for Lori and Jack. They step into...

DETENTION ROOM

... Lori's eyebrows arch in surprise. Albreda is the last person she expected to see.

Lori takes a seat opposite Albreda. Powers-up the laptop.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Sankaran's janitor cart is positioned, in view of the door but not so close that it's noticeable.

INT. DETENTION ROOM - SAME TIME

JACK

I realize you're strictly by-the-book Lori, but I've decided to dispense with protocol on this one.

LORI

Fine with me...

(to Albreda)

... in this case, the President has permitted freedom of expression. So, Ms. Jackson, would you care to explain why you saw fit to deploy espionage tactics in the White House?

ALBREDA

It seems to me ma'am, that around here protocol's just another word for lip service.

LORI

Is that so?

Albreda's cheeks flush with rising blood pressure. There's no turning back.

ALBREDA

Everyone's got each other's back. But when sensitive intel gets to crawlin' under my skin and gets to itchin' --

LORI

You feel that it's your sole responsibility to scratch it.

A light KNOCK on the door. It's Gregg.

GREGG

(glances at Albreda)
Ms. Davies, the footage you requested.

Over Gregg's shoulder, Albreda catches sight of Sankaran.

A listening bug in his hand.

INTERCUT - HALLWAY/DETENTION ROOM - DAY

Sankaran grips a hockey stick.

Suddenly, he hears the CLACK of Prada heels. Ducks behind his cart.

DETENTION ROOM

Albreda's eyes are rooted to the door.

HALLWAY

Pamela waltzes up to the door... cradles Princess.

EDWARD

Ma'am, I wouldn't go in --

DETENTION ROOM

Suddenly, the door bursts open. Albreda uses the distraction, to MOUTH a message to Sankaran.

ALBREDA
Give it here, homie.

Ignoring Lori and Jack, Pamela glares at Albreda.

PAMELA
I should have known *interesting*
meant trouble.

HALLWAY

Sankaran can't read Albreda's lips, so he waves his arms in desperation.

DETENTION ROOM

While the door remains open, Albreda nods to Sankaran.

HALLWAY

Sankaran swings the hockey stick. Makes contact with the bug.

It skittles across the hall. Threads Pamela's legs...

DETENTION ROOM

... glides under the table, to Albreda.

Immediately, Albreda leaps up. Scrambles for the bug. Bumps into Greg, who drops the memory stick.

Albreda reaches for the bug, but it slides over the floor.

Gregg has the same trouble with the memory stick.

Suddenly, Lori whips out her revolver. Trains it on Albreda.

LORI
Freeze!

Gregg retrieves the memory stick and the bug. Places them both on the table.

Lori picks up the bug... about to insert it into a port in her laptop.

Oh no you don't. Albreda lunges at the table.

Snatches the bug. Gregg elbows her under the chin.

GREGG
Drop it like it's hot, wanna-be.

Albreda drops the bug. They both scramble for it.

GREGG

Ain't nobody's damn business, but
the President's.

Although handcuffed, Albreda manages to knee Gregg in the groin.

He falls to his knees.

GREGG

Ugh.

Albreda retrieves the bug. Noting her fierce determination, Jack lets Albreda hang onto the bug for the moment.

He turns his attention to the downloading memory stick.

Lori and Jack pour over the computer. They view footage of shoes, vases, rubbish bins.

Close shots of Rosa, Amica and Sankaran.

Suddenly, Princess leaps from Pamela's arms. Saunters over to Albreda. Rubs against her legs.

JACK

(looks up from computer)
Nothing sinister here.

ALBREDA

(holds up bug)
This one's pimpin'.

PAMELA

(to Jack)
How long are you going to put-up
with this fiasco?

ALBREDA

I may have no official stamp, but
my only agenda was to do the right
thing.

She opens her palm, offers the bug to Jack.

ALBREDA

I swear... I got nothin' to hide.

Suddenly, realization dawns on Pamela.

She lunges at Albreda. But Albreda's too quick. She dodges Pamela, tosses the bug to Jack.

PAMELA

Jack, believe me, it's nothing more
than propaganda.

JACK
 (rolls bug in his hand)
 I've observed Albreda for some time
 now and have found her to possess
 qualities I rarely see in my staff.

To everyone's horror, he places the bug in Albreda's hand.

Touched by his trust in her, Albreda is faced with a life-changing decision.

ALBREDa
 Mr. President, one thing I
 learned... trust works both ways.

Albreda drops the bug onto the table.

Pamela lunges, but Jack snatches it.

JACK
 (to Lori)
 I'd like administration to
 undertake a complete review of all
 protocol...
 (to Albreda)
 ... would you be willing to trade
 the highly stressful duties of a
 housemaid... for the harsh codes
 and practices of Secret Service
 training?

ALBREDa
 (dumbfounded)
 Mr. President?

INT. STAFF ROOM - DAY

The maids are unusually quiet. Sankaran quietly brews tea.

Suddenly, Marcella lets out a shrill WHISTLE.

Immediately, the maids adopt the mandatory line-up just as Rosa darkens the doorway.

Without a word, she walks the line-up.

Inspects the maids from top to toe. Her eyes narrow at Marcella's newly streaked red hair.

Rosa wears a thin smile, as she ticks off the attendees.

ROSA
 Make sure you maintain this high
 standard of service at all times.

Rosa winks at Sankaran. Exits. Her rubber sole shoes SQUEAK along the vinyl floor.

SANKARAN

One slap on wrist... and shoe is on
other foot.

INT. NATIONAL CAT PROTECTION SOCIETY - DAY

A CACOPHONY OF YOWLING CATS.

Pamela and Tom are barely recognizable in overalls, knee-high
rubber boots and protective eye wear.

Stripped of all dignity, Tom hoses the concrete floor.

Stripped of her Prada veneer, Pamela's face is devoid of
makeup. Her hair, a tangled mess.

This martini is well and truly shaken.

She scrubs the concrete with a steel-bristled broom.

Tom hoses off the scrubbed area.

Suddenly, he depresses the trigger nozzle. The stream of
water reduced to a trickle.

TOM

You missed a spot.

Pamela indicates she can't hear him. Tom points to a brown
stain.

SUPER: "A MONTH LATER".

INT. SERVICE ELEVATOR - DAY

Sankaran grips an upturned mop between his hands.

Assumes a military position.

The doors GLIDE open.

Albreda stands at the threshold, clad in Secret Service garb.

They size-up one other.

ALBREDA

I got me an off-da-hook agenda.

SANKARAN

Are you willing to cross line?

ALBREDA

What do you reckon?

Albreda crosses the threshold into Sankaran's office.

Sankaran SLAMS the mop to the floor. Triumphant.

SANKARAN
This uniform... much better fit.

ALBREDA
(off his confused look)
Yeah, it's tight.

SANKARAN
Tea from the inclinations of
Himalaya?

ALBREDA
Sanki, you're da bomb.

Sankaran shakes his head... reaches into his cart...
retrieves a cup of steaming hot tea.

Albreda reaches for the cup.

SANKARAN
Ah, ah, ah. Is lepers' colony back
in capable hands?

ALBREDA
(winks)
Fo-sh-iz-zle.

Sankaran holds the tea cup in a tight grip... contemplates
Albreda's meaning.

Exasperated, Albreda snatches the cup and saucer.

The tea splashes over her new uniform.

ALBREDA
Shoot --

CLOSING CREDITS

Jack downloads harmless footage of activities caught on CCTV.

Albreda huffs and puffs her way through Secret Service
Training.

Princess streaks across the lawn. Titan and Zeus, hot on her
heels. Secret Service agents in tow.

A crawfish crawls along a mile-long Persian hall-runner.

Clad in bike leather, Gregg and Albreda tear-up the coastal
road in his convertible Mustang.

Albreda's dazzling smile outshines the shimmering sea.

FADE OUT.