

THE RESIDENCE

"The Fall of the House of Usher"

Written by

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Second Revised Draft

January 10, 2022

List of Characters

A.B. WYNTER	Chief Usher
MARVELLA	Executive Chef
DIDIER GOTTHARD	Executive Pastry Chef
JASMINE HANEY	Assistant Usher
ELSYIE CHAYLE	Housekeeper
BRUCE GELLER	Engineer
SHEILA CANNON	Butler
LILLY SCHUMACHER	Social Secretary
CORDELIA CUPP	Consulting Detective, MPD
EDWIN PARK	Special Agent, FBI
PERRY MORGAN	The President of the United States
ELLIOT MORGAN	The First Gentleman
NAN COX	The First Mother-in-Law
TRIPP MORGAN	The First Brother
HARRY HOLLINGER	Presidential Advisor
PATRICK DOUMBE	The Third Man
ROSALIND CHACE	White House Curator
GEORGE MCCUTCHEON	Doorman
GEORGE MCCUTCHEON	Plumber
GEORGE MCCUTCHEON	Houseman
SYLVIA BANKS	Head of the Storeroom
ROLLIE BRIDGEWATER	Head Butler
DARYL ARMOGEDA	Operations Supervisor
CHRISTY VAIL	Head of Housekeeping
ANGIE HUGGINS	Painter
EMILY MACKIL	Gardener

JEFFREY HEWES Florist
MASON JAMES Clockwinder
EDDIE GOMEZ Carpenter
DUANE LADAGE Electrician
CHUY ORNEALES Valet
NICK SIMMS Deputy Calligrapher
DANA HAMMOND Chief of Staff to President Morgan
ALICE MORGAN The First Daughter
WALLY GLICK Director of the FBI
LARRY DOKES Chief of Police, MPD
MARGERY BAY BIX United States Senator
OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN Musical Performer
HUGH JACKMAN Actor
WALPOLE BING Industrialist
RACHEL MIDDLEKAUFF Media Tycoon
LIZ HOLLENBECK Washington Post Reporter
STEPHEN ROOS Prime Minister of Australia
MELODY ROOS First Lady of Australia
ALDEN TAMRIDGE.....Australian Ambassador
DAVID RYLANCE.....Australian Foreign Minister
VALENTINA MOTTA Socialite
LORENZO MOTTA Socialite
IRV SAMUELSON Director, National Park Police
COLIN TRASK Secret Service Agent
SENATOR AARON FILKINS United States Senator

THE RESIDENCE

"The Fall of the House of Usher"

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

A brilliant Washington day. Sunny. Bright. Cloudless. We're staring straight ahead at The White House -- the view from Pennsylvania Avenue -- and it's a lovely place to be. There's MUSIC playing -- Sousa's *Washington Post March* -- and birds chirping and no one is standing in Lafayette Square holding a bible upside down. It feels like a dream.

Time passes. Not a traditional time-lapse, but something like that. Something our creative director will figure out. (I have a lot for her to do.) But it's moving. Clouds roll in. So do some cars, and, then, increasingly, many of them. To the North Portico. There's an event here today, at The White House, and things are getting busier and busier. Folks arriving in a steady stream. In and out. In and out. Clouds swirl. The sun shifts. All movement. The camera does not move.

The music continues, but more and more we hear other sounds; like the dial being spun on an old radio. Overlapping dialogue and ambient noise and music. Car doors closing. Heels on marble. The sounds become more vivid -- at once more distinctive and more muddled, more *layered*. Everything is clipped. Disjointed.

VOICES (O.S.)

Ambassador...you need to take it
out NOW...So nice to see you...I'm
not sure what room...*What are you
doing in here?*...

Now laughing. The sounds of plates being stacked. Silverware swept up. Elevator doors opening. Panting. Running. More laughter. We're still outside. Still sitting in the exact same frame, but the sky is dark now. Not just night, but the clouds have come in. *Dark*. The lights are all on downstairs. Upstairs, it's more intermittent. A light here, a light there. On and off. On and off. Mainly on the second floor. On the third floor, it's ALL darkness.

VOICES (CONT'D)

You need to leave...no, I'll tell
him...*Ladies and Gentlemen, the
President of the United
States*...that's NOT what I
said...go home...

Several people run out of the front door, down the driveway, then back into the house. Secret Service PACE back and forth along the roof. A red light FLASHES briefly on the 3rd floor. So fast you might not even notice it.

VOICES (CONT'D)

I'm bleeding...Miss Olivia Newton-John!!!...hey, HEY, STOP...

There's clapping. A loud BANG. Someone yelling. The faint sound of a dog BARKING. Olivia Newton-John is singing "Xanadu", but the dream has become a nightmare. It has started to rain. It is a dark and stormy night. A wall of sound. Getting louder and louder and louder and LOUDER.

VOICES (CONT'D)

Shh...no...

It's strangely quiet now, and then, suddenly, after a beat, we hear A VERY, VERY LOUD SCREAM. An epic scream. Do you remember that scream at the beginning of TO CATCH A THIEF? It should sound like *that*. Only longer, and bigger. And right on the first note of this scream, we should PUSH IN quickly - and by quickly, I mean *QUICKLY* - into the North Portico, and through the front door, and into the Reception Hall and around the corner into the East Room, which is crowded, and then swiftly up the Grand Staircase, and onto the Second Floor, and down a deserted hallway, and then up the staircase at the end of the hallway to the Third Floor and then across the Third Floor, until we rest on the face of an elderly WOMAN, standing in her nightgown in the doorway of the Game Room, still SCREAMING. And then we reverse to REVEAL a man, DEAD on the ground, covered in blood. And we now PULL OUT through the window, into the night, out, out, out, wider and wider, as the sky darkens, rain begins to fall even more strongly, and a shot of lightning FLASHES overhead.

TITLE CARD:

THE RESIDENCE

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

Another brilliant Washington day. Sunny. Bright. Cloudless. But, now, instead of The White House, we're looking at the U.S. Capitol. It's a few months later, which we know because it says so, right there, on the screen:

CHYRON: "A few months later."

SENATOR FILKINS (PRELAP)
Can you please state your name for
the record?

INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM - DAY

The voice belongs to SENATOR AARON FILKINS, the avuncular senior Senator from the great state of Washington, who is perched up high on the second of two rows of SENATORS and AIDES in a very large, very ornate, and ridiculously crowded hearing room. If you've ever seen THE GODFATHER PART TWO or SUCCESSION or Brett Kavanaugh professing his love of beer, you know what this scene looks like.

Alone at the small witness table in the center of the room is JASMINE HANEY. She leans in, reluctantly. Doesn't want to be here. That's obvious.

JASMINE
Jasmine Haney.

SENATOR FILKINS
And what is your current
occupation, Ms. Haney?

JASMINE
I am the Chief Usher of the White
House.

SENATOR FILKINS
Have you ever testified before a
congressional committee, Ms. Haney?

JASMINE
No, sir. Senator. Never.

SENATOR FILKINS
Little nervous?

JASMINE
Yes, sir.

SENATOR FILKINS
Well, I want to assure you that we
are going to make this as easy as
possible for you. Okay? And for
ALL the witnesses who appear before
this committee. This is NOT an
adversarial proceeding. You are
not under suspicion for *anything*.

(MORE)

SENATOR FILKINS (CONT'D)

We simply want to understand what *happened* at The White House on the night of October 11th and in the investigation that followed. That's why we're here. Because there has been a lot of... misinformation and speculation and *confusion* about these events.

Filkins lets these last words hang in the air, as we now slide the camera over to clock the junior Senator from Minnesota, MARGERY BAY BIX, sitting six seats down from Filkins. Filkins himself doesn't specifically address Bix, but you can feel his energy directed that way. Like, maybe *she's* the reason there's been some...*confusion and misinformation*? We don't know. We just know she's someone to keep an eye on. Filkins continues with Jasmine --

SENATOR FILKINS (CONT'D)

Okay? So that's it. We just want to get all the *facts* out. For the public. Clear it all up.

JASMINE

Thank you, Senator.

SENATOR FILKINS

You have *nothing* to worry about.

Jasmine takes a deep breath, exhales slowly. Okay.

SENATOR FILKINS (CONT'D)

Now, you indicated you are the Chief Usher.

JASMINE

Yes, sir.

SENATOR FILKINS

For those who aren't familiar with The White House, what is the "Chief Usher"? What do you *do*?

JASMINE

The Chief Usher is responsible for overseeing all operations of the Executive Residence of The White House.

SENATOR FILKINS

And when you say "Executive Residence" that's the part of The White House where the President and his family actually *live*?

JASMINE

Correct.

SENATOR FILKINS

Not the West Wing, not the East Wing.

JASMINE

That's right.

SENATOR FILKINS

You're not a political appointee.

JASMINE

No, sir. The work of the White House residence staff is not political in any way.

SENATOR FILKINS

Same with this committee, Ms. Haney. Same with this committee.

The room ERUPTS in laughter. It's the kind of good-natured banter Filkins is practiced at and it works. Jasmine seems more at ease. Stretches her fingers. Rolls her shoulders. Smiles, even.

SENATOR FILKINS (CONT'D)

And how long have you been in this position, Ms. Haney? Of Chief Usher?

And then, just like *that*, her face tightens. Body stiffens. She takes a LONG beat.

SENATOR FILKINS (CONT'D)

Ms. Haney...?

Jasmine stares off, as we CUT TO:

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - BLUE ROOM - NIGHT

Jasmine. Somewhere. (Okay, yes, you know where from the slug line, but watching this, you won't. So play along please). It's just Jasmine, looking as lost as when we left her in the hearing room. And then, slowly, as we pull out, and the sound fades in -- it's loud in here now -- we realize we're in The White House. At a party. *THE* party. The State Dinner. And this is a FLASHBACK. And Jasmine is sitting alone in the corner of the Blue Room, just off the Crosshall that connects the State Dining Room and the East Room.

Behind her, through an open door, we can see a parade of White House staff coming and going down the hallway -- busy, busy, busy -- and soon enough, we notice that someone out there has doubled back and entered the room.

ROLLIE

Eleven years, I don't think I've ever seen you sit down.

Jasmine turns to face veteran butler ROLLIE BRIDGEWATER, who is holding a tray of drinks.

ROLLIE (CONT'D)

And in here? Tonight?

WTF? Jasmine doesn't explain. Doesn't say *anything*. Just grabs a drink off his tray and SLUGS it down.

ROLLIE (CONT'D)

Okay. Have not seen that either.
(then)
You talked to him?

JASMINE

It wasn't much of a talk.

ROLLIE

Maybe tonight isn't the best night.

JASMINE

Tonight is definitely NOT the best night.

For so many reasons. Another slug. Rollie retrieves the glass, finishes it off, then spins away, back to the State Dining room to reload, as Jasmine drops her head down --

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Ms. Haney.

But only for a second. Jasmine now looks up to see a SECRET SERVICE AGENT standing in front of her. Weird. He says something she can't quite hear. Neither can we. It's LOUD. He leans down, whispers. She jumps to her feet, alarmed --

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jasmine flies off the elevator and rounds the corner, where she is now blocked by *another* AGENT. HARRY HOLLINGER -- presidential adviser, confidante, and (political?) assassin -- is here, directing traffic. Further down the hall, Jasmine sees a disheveled looking MAN in pajamas standing in a doorway.

This is TRIPP MORGAN, the President's brother, but we obviously don't know that yet. Don't worry. You're going to meet a lot of people today you don't know. I'll introduce you when the time is right. Tripp slips back inside the room and closes the door. Next to *that* door, is *another* door, which is open, but we can't see inside, even though it feels like we want to. Don't worry about this either. In fact, embrace it. The White House is a house of many, many doors -- and many people -- and that's why we're here. Would you rather have a murder mystery in a house with no doors?

JASMINE

What the hell is going on?

Hollinger pulls Jasmine past the agent and she now stands in the hallway with Hollinger and COLIN TRASK, the head of the Presidential Detail for the Secret Service.

HOLLINGER

There's been an incident.

JASMINE

An *incident*?

HOLLINGER

Yes.

JASMINE

What kind of incident?

HOLLINGER

An *incident*. I don't want anyone up here for the rest of the night. Okay. *Nobody*. Get the message out *NOW*. Second and third floors are OFF LIMITS.

JASMINE

Because of the incident?

HOLLINGER

Yes. But don't tell them about the incident.

JASMINE

Don't tell them about the thing I don't know about?

HOLLINGER

Correct.

JASMINE

What about Olivia Newton-John?

HOLLINGER
What about her?

TRASK
Oh my God, I love Olivia Newton-John...

JASMINE
She's staying in the Lincoln Bedroom tonight.

Agent Trask looks like he's going to faint.

HOLLINGER
WHAT? Fuck! No. *Why?*

JASMINE
That was the deal for getting her to sing last minute.

HOLLINGER
Okay. If I'm not downstairs before she finishes, you tell her, too. Deal's off.

Jasmine thinks on this for a beat.

JASMINE
No.

HOLLINGER
What?

JASMINE
No. Why me?

HOLLINGER
Because you're the Chief Usher.

Jasmine stares at him, now radiating heat. Cocktail possibly kicking in, too.

JASMINE
No, I am NOT the Chief Usher. *Do you even know who I am, Mr. Hollinger?* I am an *assistant* Usher and I have been an *assistant* Usher for eleven years and yes I *want* to be Chief Usher and I thought I was *going* to be Chief Usher but it was made VERY clear to me *TONIGHT* that I am not going to be Chief Usher anytime soon.

(MORE)

JASMINE (CONT'D)

So if you want someone to tell
Olivia Newton-John she doesn't have
a place to sleep...

Trask slowly raises his hand...

JASMINE (CONT'D)

Talk to the Chief Usher. That
would be A.B. Wynter. The *Chief*
Usher. Where is A.B?

Hollinger takes a beat, then slowly steps back so that
Jasmine can now see the DEAD BODY on the floor in the room
behind him. Jasmine stares in horror. There's A.B.

INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM - DAY

Back at the table. Jasmine leans into the microphone.

JASMINE

I have been Chief Usher since
October 11th. The day the last
Chief Usher was killed.

A long beat as everyone takes that in.

SENATOR BIX (O.S.)

Killed?

WHIP to Senator Bix. Uh oh.

JASMINE

Excuse me?

SENATOR BIX

You said "*killed.*"

SENATOR FILKINS

The Senator from Minnesota...

JASMINE

I didn't...I didn't mean anything
by it.

SENATOR BIX

You didn't mean you thought he was
killed?

Filkins brings down the GAVEL.

SENATOR FILKINS

The Senator from Minnesota will
refrain from asking questions when
it is not her time. *Thank you.*

Senator Bix calmly switches off her mic, then slides back in her chair. Warning shot fired. Filkins returns to a rattled Jasmine.

SENATOR FILKINS (CONT'D)

After you left the Third Floor,
what did you do?

JASMINE

I...I did what Mr. Hollinger asked
me to do...

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Jasmine is riding down in the elevator. Alone. Preparing herself. Breathing deeply. The elevator STOPS. Door opens, and she's now face to face with...

A.B. Wynter.

Who appears *very much* alive, if a bit...grim. Wynter gets on the elevator, punches the button for the 2nd floor. As the door closes, we pan to Jasmine standing next to him, and it's clear we're now in a *different* FLASHBACK, earlier in the night --

JASMINE

Did you talk to Sylvia?

WYNTER

The least of my problems.

JASMINE

Well, I spoke to Hewes about the
bottlebrush and he said he can
remove it from the arrangements.
So. Maybe now *that's* the least of
your problems?

Jasmine smiles. Big smile. How about it? That's good, right? But Wynter doesn't bite. Still intractably glum. Jasmine shifts gears...

JASMINE (CONT'D)

Hey. In a few weeks, you'll be stumbling around Hay-on-Wye, a pint in one hand, a first edition of The Ambassadors in the other, the happiest, *drunkest*, most retired bibliophile...

WYNTER

I'm not leaving.

Jasmine's smile fades.

JASMINE

What?

WYNTER

I'm not leaving. I'm not *retiring*. For at least a couple of years. I can't leave the house like this. Not after tonight.

He looks at her, her anguished face. He wants to say sorry, or at least he feels like that's something one *should* say, but he doesn't say anything. He just turns back to the elevator door. Which now OPENS. He gets off and disappears around the corner. Jasmine stands still. The door CLOSES and then she swings at it. Let's loose a FEROCIOUS amount of energy. Eleven years of energy. Give or take. Pounding the door. As the elevator descends, she looks at the buttons and starts frantically hitting 2. 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2. She's going back. She's going to confront him...when suddenly the doors OPEN again and she's face to face with...

A BUTLER. A woman named SHEILA CANNON, who is presently (and unsteadily) holding a tray with a bottle of whiskey on it. We reverse to Jasmine and realize we're now back in real time. (Well, we're still in a FLASHBACK from the congressional hearing, but you know what I mean).

JASMINE

Where are you going?

SHEILA

Upstairs.
(then, re: the bottle)
Ms. Cox.

JASMINE

You're not going upstairs. There's been an incident.

SHEILA

An *incident*?

JASMINE

Yes. Put that away. And stay off
the second and third floors.

Jasmine slips past her as we now see QUICK CUTS of Jasmine --

-- sticking her head in the crowded BUTLER'S PANTRY, making
an announcement;

-- standing in a STAIRWELL, where she talks to housekeeper
ELSYIE CHAYLE; (You don't know who she is yet...don't
worry!)

-- on the steps of the North Portico, where she talks to
Doorman GEORGE MCCUTCHEON. (Same!)

And then finally...

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT

Where Jasmine again stands with Rollie Bridgewater --

ROLLIE

An *incident*?

JASMINE

Yes.

ROLLIE

What *happened*?

JASMINE

I don't know.

ROLLIE

You can tell me.

JASMINE

I can't right now.

ROLLIE

Where's A.B?

Jasmine takes a long beat. Staring at Rollie.

SENATOR FILKINS (PRELAP)

Did you return to the Third Floor?

INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM - DAY

Back at the hearings...

JASMINE

Yes.

SENATOR FILKINS

And who was there at that point?

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jasmine has rejoined Hollinger on the third floor. There are other people here now. Men, mostly. IRV SAMUELSON. WALLY GLICK. Another MAN. But, let's have Jasmine explain...

JASMINE (V.O.)

A lot of people. Hollinger...

SENATOR FILKINS (V.O.)

That's President Morgan's friend and advisor Harry Hollinger?

ANGLE ON Harry Hollinger, whom we've met before, but now we have a name to the face. Which hopefully looks like Daniel Day-Lewis.

JASMINE (V.O.)

Right. Correct. Agent Trask. Secret Service Agent Colin Trask. I recognized Wally Glick. The Director of the FBI. And Irv Samuelson. The Head of the National Park Police. They were arguing. And then another man showed up, who I didn't recognize.

We PUSH IN on a distinguished older man in a police uniform.

SENATOR FILKINS (PRELAP)

Can you state your name for the record?

INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM - DAY

Where this man, LARRY DOKES, is now sitting in the chair that Jasmine was previously in. New witness.

DOKES

Lawrence Dokes. Larry.

SENATOR FILKINS

And you are the Chief of Police for the Washington D.C. Metropolitan Police Department, Mr. Dokes?

DOKES

Yes sir.

SENATOR FILKINS

How did the Metropolitan Police Department come to be involved in the investigation into Mr. Wynter's death?

DOKES

(amused)

How did the MPD "*come to be involved*"? It's our jurisdiction, Senator! ANY death in the District. Even the White House.

SENATOR FILKINS

Is that true?

DOKES

Do you think they would have let me in there that night if it *wasn't*?

Laughter in the gallery.

SENATOR FILKINS

You're saying they weren't happy about the MPD being the lead investigative agency?

DOKES

Well, I don't want to speak for anyone, but that *was* my impression.

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

HOLLINGER

The FUCK? *Really*? The FUCKING MPD? Not the FBI? Not the Secret Service? Not the CIA? The entire national security apparatus of the United States Government at our disposal and we get stuck with some fucking beat cops from the FUCKING MPD? I WOULDN'T CALL THE MPD TO HELP ME FIND MY *DICK*!

Samuelson awkwardly gestures to Dokes.

SAMUELSON

This is Chief Dokes of the MPD.

A long stare between Hollinger and Dokes.

DOKES
You can't find your *dick*?

HOLLINGER
Fuck you.

GLICK
Okay, Chief. What are you going to do here?

DOKES
What am I going to do? I'm going to leave that in the hands of my detective.

They look around.

HOLLINGER
What detective?

DOKES
She's here.

GLICK
Where?

DOKES
She's onsite.

HOLLINGER
What the FUCK does that mean? *Onsite?* This is the site. THIS is the fucking site. Where is she?

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - SOLARIUM - NIGHT

Dokes, Hollinger, Glick, Trask and Samuelson stand looking out the window onto the South Lawn, where a small figure can be seen standing in the middle of the grass, looking up at the trees. This is Detective CORDELIA CUPP.

DOKES
She'll be up soon.

INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM - DAY

SENATOR FILKINS
How long was she out there?

DOKES
 About 5 minutes.
 (then, conceding)
 It felt longer.

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - SOLARIUM - NIGHT

Dokes, Hollinger, Glick, Trask and Samuelson stand in silence. Glick and Hollinger are seething.

GLICK
 What is she *doing*?

DOKES
 She's birding.

Dokes tosses this out casually, which reflects both the fact that he is an unusually calm and relaxed spirit AND that he clearly has been through this before with Cupp. Birders gonna bird. Why fight it.

HOLLINGER
BIRDING!!!???

SAMUELSON
 (allow me to explain...)
 Birding is a very popular hobby, in which...

HOLLINGER
 I know what FUCKING birding is!!!!

GLICK
 Why are we waiting for her?

DOKES
 You're waiting for her because she is the best detective in the world.

HOLLINGER
 You know how I KNOW that's a lie? Because the best detective in the world -- whoever the FUCK that is -- does NOT work for the FUCKING MPD!!

DOKES
 Well, first of all, very rude. Second of all, Cordelia Cupp doesn't work for the MPD. She's a consulting detective.

GLICK
 (oh shit)
 That's *Cordelia Cupp*?

HOLLINGER
 (full of shit)
 Who is *Cordelia Cupp*?

TRASK
 (holy shit!)
 She solved the *Ratzenberger* case --

SAMUELSON
 (to Hollinger, confused)
 You know who *Cordelia Cupp* is. You
 said in the elevator you hoped they
 weren't bringing in *Cordelia Cupp* --

HOLLINGER
What?

TRASK
 -- *Ratzenberger*. The one in
 Georgetown. Where everybody
 thought the *wife* did it, but it was
 the *daughter* who had trained their
 Corgi to fire a gun...

HOLLINGER
 I DON'T CARE!

INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM - DAY

SENATOR FILKINS
 He was upset?

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - SOLARIUM - NIGHT

HOLLINGER
 (screaming)
 I don't care if she's Miss Fucking
 Marple or Sherlock Motherfucking
 Motherfucker Holmes or whoever the
 FUCK Daniel Craig was in that
 FUCKING movie --

TRASK
 Benoit --

HOLLINGER
 Fuck YOU!!! I want her in here
 NOW.

INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM - DAY

DOKES

I think upset is a fair word.

SENATOR FILKINS

And what did Ms. Cupp do when she finally came upstairs?

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

We pick up Cordelia exiting the elevator on the 3rd floor.
On the walk with Dokes --

CUPP

...Teddy Roosevelt was already known as a prominent birder *before* he became President. After his first summer at Harvard, he published The Summer Birds of the Adirondacks. I have a copy if you ever want to borrow it. But what's really exciting is that when he got to The White House, he kept a journal with EVERY bird he saw on the grounds --

DOKES (V.O.)

Mainly she talked about birds.

CUPP

-- 126 birds, including 3 woodpeckers, 5 sparrows and 19 warblers.

She flashes the LIST.

DOKES

So many warblers. Cordelia --

CUPP

I wondered if I'd see any --

DOKES

Cordelia --

CUPP

And I did!

Cupp and Dokes round the corner where Glick, Hollinger, Samuelson and Trask are impatiently waiting for her.

CUPP (CONT'D)

Not a warbler but a Screech Owl AND
a Purple Grackle.

(then, noticing)

Wow. It's A LOT of dudes. Where
is the body? Oh! I see feet.

Cupp spots the soles of Wynter's shoes inside the door of the Game Room next door and, without ever breaking stride, speeds off in that direction. Bye dudes.

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - GAME ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The White House Game Room is a relatively compact room, with a large billiards table in the center, and a few small card tables along the north and west walls. Wynter's body is on the south side of the room, between the billiards table and the door to the hallway.

Cupp enters the room slowly. Taking it all in. She's not really even looking at Wynter at this point. Just the room. She notes A CUBE OF BLUE BILLIARDS CHALK on the ground by the pool table, a DUST OF CHALK splashed out on the carpet next to the cube. A LONE CRYSTAL LOWBALL GLASS on the windowsill. A small, almost imperceptible LEAF that looks like a pine needle, tucked between the leg of the pool table and the carpet. She runs her hand along the felt of the billiards table, then, noticing something, rubs her fingers together. MOISTURE. She points to a DOOR on the southwest wall. Trask, who has followed Cupp into the room, along with Hollinger, Glick, Samuelson and Dokes, steps forward --

TRASK

Locked. From the other side.

CUPP

And these windows?

TRASK

Sealed.

HOLLINGER

We believe it's a suicide.

It would be impossible to overstate Cupp's lack of interest in this observation.

CUPP

Okay. Cool. Has anyone moved
ANYTHING in this room?

AGENT TRASK

Not since I arrived.

HOLLINGER

Do you want to know why we think
it's a suicide?

CUPP

No. Who found the body?

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - NAN COX'S ROOM - NIGHT

Cupp sits across from NAN COX, who we recognize as the woman
screaming in the opening. Nan is still in her nightgown.

COX

I was watching TV. Well, a movie.
I don't like TV. I like A TV, but
not "TV."

CUPP

I understand.

COX

Do you?

CUPP

I think I do. Yes. You weren't at
the dinner?

COX

Oh, God no. I don't like getting
dressed. Or talking to people.
Especiallly my son's husband.

CUPP

You mean the President of the
United States.

Cox looks like she's going to vomit.

COX

The *worst*. Anyway, I ordered some
whiskey, but it never came. I
called a few times.

CUPP

Called who?

COX

It wasn't a porno.

CUPP

What wasn't a porno?

COX

When I said I was watching a movie,
it wasn't a porno. I know you were
probably thinking it was a porno.

CUPP

I wasn't thinking that. No.

COX

Anyway, that's when I heard a loud
thump.

CUPP

A *thump*?

COX

Yes.

CUPP

We're not talking about the porno
anymore, are we?

COX

No. It was next door. It sounded
like something falling.

CUPP

Or someone?

COX

I opened my door there, and I heard
a door close.

CUPP

Where?

COX

I don't know.

CUPP

Do you remember what time it was?

COX

10:43.

CUPP

10:43.

COX

Yes.

CUPP

That's very precise.

COX

Well, I have a clock.

She gestures to a DIGITAL CLOCK behind Cupp with cartoonishly large numbers. Like the clock my mom has and I need.

CUPP

That is a clock. And then you went next door?

Cox nods.

CUPP (CONT'D)

Did you see anyone else?

COX

No.

CUPP

Hear anything else?

COX

No.

Cupp gets up to go.

COX (CONT'D)

I'm not normally a screamer, Ms. Cupp. But after seeing my husband dead a few years ago, it's just hard for me.

Cupp nods, sympathetically.

COX (CONT'D)

Clive died in our bed. Actually was dead *before* we went to sleep, but I didn't know that. I even tried to, you know, get something going, but he was...*unresponsive*. That wasn't unusual, though. I didn't marry the man for the sex, if you know what I mean.

CUPP

I don't know what you mean.

COX

(ignores her)

I got up, showered, had breakfast, went to work, came home, and he was still there.

(MORE)

COX (CONT'D)

That's when I realized something
was probably wrong with Clive.
It's kinda stayed with me ever
since.

A long beat as Cupp stares at her.

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Cupp stands in the hallway outside Nan's room, where she is
joined again by Hollinger, Samuelson, Trask, Glick, Dokes and
Jasmine. Cupp spins around the hallway, pointing --

CUPP

What are these other rooms?

Jasmine pivots and explains, one by one --

JASMINE

The linen room. The workout room.
The Solarium. The music room is at
the end of the hall. The kitchen.
(then, clarifying)
The mini-kitchen.

CUPP

It doesn't look mini.

JASMINE

This is The White House. That's
mini. Those two rooms on the north
east side are bedrooms. Both
empty, and one is being
refurbished. These three on the
south side are also bedrooms. And
those are offices on the other side
of the Game Room.

CUPP

Whose offices?

JASMINE

The Executive Chef. The Executive
Pastry Chef. Some aides.

CUPP

I'll need their names.

HOLLINGER

They aren't here now.

CUPP

They still have names.

HOLLINGER
It's a *suicide*.

Cupp ignores him, stays focused on Jasmine.

CUPP
You said these are bedrooms. Whose bedrooms?

JASMINE
That belongs to Tripp Morgan, the President's brother.

CUPP
And he's downstairs?

AGENT TRASK
No.

CUPP
He's IN there?

AGENT TRASK
Yes.

CUPP
Right now?

AGENT TRASK
Yes.

CUPP
Has anyone talked to him?

AGENT TRASK
He came out when Ms. Cox was screaming, but went back inside. He said he'd been asleep since 10 and didn't see anything.

Cupp waits for the end of the story. But, apparently, that was the end of the story.

CUPP
That's it? Dead body two doors down and he goes back to bed?

AGENT TRASK
Yes. Do you want to talk to him?

CUPP
I do. But not yet.

Cupp stares at the door. Fucking weird. She points at the door next to Tripp's, confirming...

CUPP (CONT'D)
Nan's room.

Jasmine nods. Correct. Cupp points to the last bedroom.

CUPP (CONT'D)
And this? Whose bedroom is this?

A beat. Jasmine looks at Hollinger, then at Cupp, then back at Hollinger. *Are you going to say something?* Apparently he's not. So.

JASMINE
Mr. Hollinger lives in the room next to Mr. Morgan.

INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM - DAY

BIX
HARRY HOLLINGER?

JASMINE
Yes.

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Cupp stares at Hollinger.

CUPP
Oh.

A long stare.

CUPP (CONT'D)
Were you going to mention that?

HOLLINGER
No, I was *not* going to mention that. Just like I wasn't going to tell you about the color of my pajamas, or the size of my slippers, or HOW LONG I BRUSH MY FUCKING TEETH!

CUPP
They recommend two minutes.

HOLLINGER

I want to set the scene for you here, Detective Cupp. Downstairs, right now, is a STATE DINNER. There are 200 people down there, including THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, and the PRIME MINISTER OF AUSTRALIA. AND the Secretary of Defense AND the Secretary of State AND the Australian Foreign Minister!

AGENT TRASK

AND Hugh Jackman.

CUPP

Really?

AGENT TRASK

Yes!

HOLLINGER

Australia didn't want this State Dinner. Okay? We had to BEG them to come. Do you know how shitty you have to be to piss off Australians? But that's what the last Administration did, time and time again, and we were trying to clean this mess up tonight. Because despite the fact that they gave us *THREE* "Crocodile Dundee" movies, Australia is IMPORTANT to the United States.

AGENT TRASK

"Crocodile Dundee in Los Angeles" was a very disappointing film.

HOLLINGER

And now there is a DEAD MAN up here! And not just ANY dead man. The man who runs The White House. That party down there ends in 45 minutes. We are on the CLOCK. If this comes out right now, in the middle of a State Dinner, that the Chief Usher is upstairs, DEAD, we are fucked. If we hide it and don't tell anyone we are fucked. So, what we need to do, AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE, is to stop talking about Purple Fucking Gackles...

CUPP
Grackles.

HOLLINGER
What?

CUPP
You said "Gackles." It's Grackle.

HOLLINGER
Gackle?

CUPP
GRACKLE!

HOLLINGER
GODDAMNIT! We need to make a determination about what happened here and then manage the roll out of that information in such a way that we are marginally less fucked than we would otherwise be. As a NATION. DO YOU UNDERSTAND, Detective Cupp?

Cupp stares at Hollinger, blankly, possibly bored, definitely unintimidated, then turns her head to the right and points.

CUPP
Who's he?

At which point we pull out to reveal ANOTHER man who is now standing with the group.

PARK (PRELAP)
Edwin Park.

INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM - DAY

EDWIN PARK is now at the witness table.

PARK
Special Agent. FBI.

SENATOR FILKINS
Can you tell us a little about your background, Agent Park?

PARK
Of course. I've been a Special Agent with the FBI for 11 years.
(MORE)

PARK (CONT'D)

I am currently the Agent in Charge of the Washington Office, Violent Crime Squad. Prior to this appointment, I served in the Critical Incidence Response Group as Green Team commander on the Bureau's Hostage Rescue Team. Prior to the CIRG, I served as director of the National Cyber Investigative Joint Task Force. I graduated from Princeton and Yale Law School and attended the University of Oxford as a Marshall Scholar.

Impressive. To everyone.

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Well...almost everyone.

CUPP

Another dude. Jesus. How many dudes do you need?

SMH. Cupp spins away, and returns to --

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - GAME ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Where she again enters *slowly*. But this time, she's *completely* focused on *Wynter*. She looks at him from all angles. Then gets down low. Starting at his feet. She lays down on the ground by his shoes and puts her face right up next to them. Very gently pivots the toe of the shoe back and forth with her now gloved hand. Then, still on the ground, she works her way up his legs. Examining the folds in his pants. His belt buckle. She jumps up, stands back by the door of the room, looks out to the hallway, then back down to his feet. *Interesting*. She kneels down again, and carefully examines his slashed wrists. *Wrists*. Both are slashed. She lifts up his head, feels around the sides, the back, then slides her hand between his neck and shirt collar. Loose. She opens his mouth and runs her fingers inside his gums, then shines a small white light into his throat. She then moves the light to his face where we can see a series of small abrasions on his forehead and cheeks. She turns off the light. There is blood on *Wynter's* arms, and some on his pants, but very little on his torso. When Cupp now unbuttons his jacket, though, there's a large sequence of blood stains on his shirt. Curious. She reaches into his pants pocket and finds some keys and a piece of red ribbon.

She slides her hand into the breast pocket of Wynter's suit and slowly removes A FOLDED PIECE OF CRUMPLED PAPER. She opens it up. We can see that there's writing on it -- handwriting -- but not what it says. But, it is a *note*.

INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM - DAY

SENATOR FILKINS
A *suicide* note?

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Cupp folds the piece of paper back up. Nods.

CUPP
That is what it appears to be.

INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM - DAY

Jasmine is back at the witness table.

SENATOR FILKINS
How did they react to this?

JASMINE
Pretty much like you'd expect --

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Hollinger points over at Cupp --

HOLLINGER
I KNEW it!

GLICK
You said it. *You* said it!

Yes, the Director of the FBI is a Hollinger hype-man.

JASMINE (V.O.)
And then they just
started...*strategizing*.

Hollinger, Glick, Trask and Samuelson are now huddled together off to the side.

HOLLINGER
We let the evening play out -

GLICK

Yes.

HOLLINGER

Keep this under wraps, everyone goes home and we report it in the morning.

GLICK

Agreed.

Samuelson is skeptical.

SAMUELSON

There are going to be questions.

HOLLINGER

Of course.

SAMUELSON

Time of death.

HOLLINGER

Yes, yes. That'll be part of the investigation.

Trask, who absolutely NO ONE is interested in hearing from, now steps up.

TRASK

I like it. I like it. Now would Olivia Newton-John finish playing downstairs in this plan, and would it make sense for me to go down there right away, if so?

They stare at him.

TRASK (CONT'D)

I'm just trying to get a sense of the timeline here.

Moving on. Samuelson presses Hollinger.

SAMUELSON

The press will want to know when YOU first learned of the death.

HOLLINGER

Uh-huh. That'll all be part of the report that nobody will give a fuck about when it comes out two years from now.

Samuelson looks worried.

SAMUELSON

I don't know...

HOLLINGER

Yeah, you don't know a lot of things. You're the fucking *Park Police*...

Which is when Cupp, who has been standing off to the side, in front of Wynter, still looking down at the body, deep in thought, suddenly, surprisingly, speaks up --

CUPP

I'm going to go downstairs.

HOLLINGER

Sorry?

CUPP

To the dinner.

HOLLINGER

Um, okay. So. First of all, no. You're not. And, second of all, no.

CUPP

(to Jasmine)

Has anyone left?

JASMINE

No.

GLICK

Go downstairs NOW? You're saying NOW?

HOLLINGER

There's a State Dinner downstairs. I think I mentioned that.

CUPP

Perfect. I haven't eaten.

JASMINE

Actually...the dinner is over. The meal. The food part...

She trails off. No one cares.

GLICK

Why do you want to go downstairs?

CUPP
To see if I see anything.

HOLLINGER
Like what?

CUPP
Like what *what?*

HOLLINGER
Like what do you want to see?

CUPP
Like I don't know. If I knew, I'd ask you to go down and get it for me and I'd go and get myself something to eat.

GLICK
He killed himself!

CUPP
It's possible.

GLICK
Isn't it *more* than possible?

CUPP
I don't know. What's "more than possible?" It's either possible or it's not.

HOLLINGER
He slit his wrists. He left a suicide note. He was depressed.

CUPP
You never told me he was depressed.

HOLLINGER
You didn't ask.

CUPP
Oh, you wanted me to ask you MORE questions? Okay. Here's one. How did he kill himself?

HOLLINGER
What do you mean? He slit his wrists.

CUPP
With what?

HOLLINGER

What?

CUPP

With. *What?*

Cupp slowly stands aside, at which point everyone now spins to look at Wynter's body. A long beat.

PARK (O.S.)

FUCK!

That was Park, off to the side. Cupp points at him.

CUPP

CORRECT.

They all look at Park. What?

PARK

There's no knife.

CUPP

Say it so they can hear you in the bleachers.

PARK

There is no KNIFE!

CUPP

There is NO knife.

And this is absolutely true. There is no knife anywhere near Wynter. Or any other sharp object, for that matter.

Glick looks around.

GLICK

Did anybody remove a knife?

No. They did not. They all stand there speechless. Can't BELIEVE they didn't see this.

CUPP

You know the amazing thing about birds? Birds have the ability to FOCUS. It's not just that they are good at hunting for food, they literally filter out things that are NOT food. You know who does NOT have that ability? All of YOU.

(MORE)

CUPP (CONT'D)

Because if you did, IF you could focus and concentrate you would notice what is wrong with this scene. And it's NOT just the knife.

Cupp walks around Wynter's body.

CUPP (CONT'D)

THAT isn't nearly enough blood for wounds like those on his wrists. Most people don't cut BOTH wrists, and the angle of those cuts do not appear to be self-inflicted. Also, there are no hesitation marks on his arms or wrists, which you almost always see with a suicide. He has cuts on his face. From the foam in his mouth and the distressed muscles in his hands, he appears to have ingested some type of poison. There is a large contusion on the back of his head. I believe he was dragged into this room, which would make sense, because this is a really odd place to commit suicide. AND that isn't his shirt AND that's not his blood on the shirt that is not his.

A beat.

CUPP (CONT'D)

So, anyway, as I was saying, I'm going to go downstairs.

She spins to Jasmine.

CUPP (CONT'D)

How long do we have?

JASMINE

30 minutes.

CUPP

Can you show me around?

JASMINE

Yes, of course.

CUPP

Gentlemen. *Dudes.*

And with that, Cupp and Jasmine are off, as we SMASH back to:

INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM - DAY

The HEARING ROOM. Where everyone sits in a stunned silence. Well, everyone except for Senator Bix, who starts to laugh and slowly clap her hands in delight. Senator Filkins gavels her down, then scratches his beard, and slowly leans into his mic. Unsure of what exactly to say. A beat.

SENATOR FILKINS

(to Jasmine)

Okay. Yes. Well. What happened next?

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Cupp and Jasmine walk quickly down the hallway, towards the elevator, when suddenly Cupp STOPS. Jasmine stops. And now we see that Edwin Park is walking along side of them, as well. HE stops. Cupp starts walking again. Jasmine starts walking again. Park starts walking again. Cupp stops again. Jasmine stops. Park stops. It's like this. Cupp finally swivels to face him.

CUPP

This is why you're here.

PARK

I'm here if you need anything.

CUPP

I don't need anything.

PARK

Well, if you do.

CUPP

What would I need?

PARK

Federal resources.

CUPP

Like a tax refund?

PARK

I'm here to help.

CUPP

No, you're the guy they put on the case to make sure I don't put my nose in things that might be uncomfortable for everyone and you're the guy who tries to undermine me when I tell them the truth. I've met a hundred guys like you and I don't remember the name of a single one.

PARK

My name is Edwin. And I'm *not* that guy. I'm really just here to help.

Cupp stares at him, then turns to the elevator.

CUPP

(to Jasmine)

What floor?

JASMINE

You want to go the party, right?

CUPP

Yes.

JASMINE

First Floor.

Cupp turns to Park --

CUPP

Can you hit "F"? That would help.

Park, annoyed, hits F, as we RETURN TO --

INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM - DAY

SENATOR FILKINS

You took her to the party?

JASMINE

Yes, sir.

SENATOR FILKINS

And what did she want to see?

JASMINE

What did she want to see?

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Cupp, Jasmine and Park enter the elevator --

JASMINE (V.O.)

She wanted to see *everything*. And so I showed her.

And now, as Cupp, Jasmine and Park descend through the house on the elevator, we pull out to some kind of cool, 3D model - or cutout - of The White House, as Jasmine narrates what we're seeing. What exactly IS this cool, 3D model, or cutout? I don't know exactly. I have a vision for it, and I could draw it for you, but obviously something our creative director, who already found a way to show time lapse in a way that wasn't a time lapse, will figure out. Or, better, we'll figure out together. But it'll be cool, and very useful and distinctive.

JASMINE (V.O.)

132 rooms, 147 windows, 28 fireplaces, 8 staircases, and 3 elevators spread across 6 floors. Two basements, the Ground Floor, the State Floor, and two floors upstairs. AND two mezzanines. The President and his family live on the 2nd and 3rd floors, although there are guest rooms on both floors, as you know. The State Floor, which contains the great ceremonial rooms -- the Green Room, the Red Room, the Blue Room -- is flanked by the State Dining Room on one side and the East Room on the other. In between is the crosshall, which is where we are NOW --

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - CROSSHALL - NIGHT

Which is true. We ZOOM back into the three of them standing in the center of the famous State Floor crosshall. Cupp spins around, taking it all in. People passing on either side. Dignitaries on their way to the restroom. Butlers carrying drinks. The music - *Physical?* - bursts from the end of the hall. All the way along, we're seeing things through Cupp's eyes. Odd and curious and sometimes creepy things. A patch of freshly vacuumed carpet. Wilted flowers. A slightly tilted mirror. A dropped knife. A candlestick out of place. The probing eyes of Nancy Reagan.

Jasmine leads them in the direction of the East Room --

CUPP
How many employees?

JASMINE
96 full-time in the house.

Cupp senses there's more --

CUPP
But?

JASMINE
But, on a night like this, there might be 40 contractors. Mainly kitchen workers and butlers.

CUPP
How many guests?

JASMINE
130 or so. But I'd need to ask Lilly for the exact number.

Cupp notices Jasmine's hands. They're shaking.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I just saw my boss dead upstairs.

Cupp takes her in. Sympathetically, but...also *NOT*. Lot of reasons those hands could be shaking.

CUPP
You said "Lilly." Who is Lilly?

And now were BACK to --

INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM - DAY

Where an exquisitely appointed YOUNG WOMAN sits at the witness table. This is --

SCHUMACHER
Lilly Schumacher.

SENATOR FILKINS
And what is your position at The White House, Ms. Schumacher?

SCHUMACHER
I am the White House Social Secretary.

SENATOR FILKINS

You're responsible for coordinating all social activity in The White House.

SCHUMACHER

That is correct.

SENATOR FILKINS

That includes State Dinners?

SCHUMACHER

Yes.

SENATOR FILKINS

And where were you on the night of October 11th, the Australian State Dinner?

SCHUMACHER

Where was I? I was *everywhere*.

As we now FLASH to Lilly in a hundred different places during the course of the evening --

-- Lilly warmly greeting GUESTS in the Red Room;

-- Lilly taking a drink off Rollie's tray and delivering it to a GUEST (does Rollie look annoyed? Yes he does);

-- Lilly in the kitchen, arguing with MARVELLA (the chef);

-- Lilly facing off with JEFFREY HEWES, the florist, who is dramatically pulling flowers from vases in the State Dining Room;

-- Lilly laughing with PRESIDENT MORGAN and ELLIOTT MORGAN;

-- Lilly alone, outside, hearing something and then scurrying to hide;

SENATOR FILKINS

Let me be more specific. Where were you when you first saw Ms. Cupp?

Lilly thinks for a beat.

SCHUMACHER

The Green Room.

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

Which is where we pick up Cupp, Jasmine and Park. (The Green Room connects to the East Room). Lilly approaches, looking...concerned.

SCHUMACHER

Have you seen A.B.?

For some reason - the insanity of it all, perhaps? - Jasmine hadn't actually anticipated this question. There's an uncomfortable beat.

JASMINE

Not recently.

(then, pushing on)

How many guests are here tonight?

SCHUMACHER

Why?

JASMINE

Because I want to know.

SCHUMACHER

141. Not including these two.

Park and Cupp. Schumacher studies them. Faces she doesn't recognize at an event SHE planned. Which is worrisome. (And for reasons we'll later see, she has a reason to be worried about unfamiliar faces at her State Dinner).

JASMINE

Cordelia and Edwin. Friends of Harry.

Cupp stares at Lilly for an uncomfortably long period of time -- well, uncomfortable for *Lilly*; Cupp is completely unbothered by these kinds of exchanges -- then turns and walks away, towards the door leading to the East Room.

INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM - DAY

SENATOR FILKINS

Did you find that...odd?

SCHUMACHER

I did. But, honestly, I was so concerned about finding A.B. I didn't think anything of it.

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

Possibly true. Although as we return to the Green Room and watch Lilly watching Cupp walk away, Lilly's look is NOT the look of someone who isn't thinking anything of it.

In any event, Lilly exits the Green Room at this point, as Jasmine and Park join Cupp in the door to the East Room. Cupp slips in from the side. Scans the room. All of the different faces. ALICE MORGAN. The First Daughter. Up late. MELODY ROOS. The First Lady of Australia. Looking...*sniffly*. Rollie Bridgewater. The Head Butler. Looking relaxed and attentive. OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN singing. Still has it after all these years. And on and on. Cupp notes the empty seats (there are more than a few of them and each one of them feels...*suspicious*), the people returning from the bathroom, the butlers expertly winding their way through the aisles, the two SERVERS whispering to each other conspiratorially at the far side of the room. The flowers. George Washington looking down from above the fireplace. A few folks stare at Cupp; she stares back. Someone accidentally knocks over a GLASS, startling everyone. None of this is over the top, but all of it should contribute to a feeling of unease. Cupp's. Ours.

Cupp steps back out of the room.

CUPP
How much time?

JASMINE
20 minutes?

CUPP
Did Wynter have an office?

JASMINE
Yes. On the mezzanine.

CUPP
Show me. And take the long way.

Park rolls his eyes. *Really?*

CUPP (CONT'D)
You don't have to come.

He comes. And at this point, we return to our cool visual design - our 3D Model; our cutout - and again follow along with what Jasmine is describing. This should all be VISUALLY ARRESTING and move QUICKLY --

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - LOWER BASEMENT - NIGHT

JASMINE (V.O.)

The lower basement is where we keep most of the supplies. Storage. Laundry. HVAC. Electrical switching. There's an incinerator down here.

Cupp leans back and looks at the incinerator. Huh. Our model takes us up into --

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - UPPER BASEMENT HALLWAYS - NIGHT

JASMINE (V.O.)

Upper basement. Carpenter's shop. Paint shop. Cold storage.

PARK

I saw THE SHINING. Let's keep going.

They do. Jasmine continues --

JASMINE (V.O.)

The bowling alley. Chocolate shop...

As they walk, Cupp is scanning the whole time. Processing. And there are people here. People we will come to recognize and know, but right now we're just meeting them through Cupp's POV. As objects of interest. Which is my way of reassuring you again -- but not for the last time! -- that you don't need to remember the names and specific identities of all of these people right now. They're just being introduced. You'll get to know them, in due course, with Cupp. Trust me.

So, here's SYLVIA BANKS, head of the storeroom. And DARYL ARMOGEDA, operations supervisor. And ANGIE HUGGINS, painter. Passing Cupp and Jasmine and Park. Butler Sheila Cannon, who you may recognize from the elevator scene earlier (or not!), walks by, clutching a CRYSTAL LOWBALL GLASS, just like the one in the Game Room. Cupp clocks it.

JASMINE (V.O.)

Dentist. Staff break room and dining area...

As they pass the break room, we can see carpenter EDDIE GOMEZ, electrician DUANE LADAGE, and engineer BRUCE GELLER huddled at a table. Gomez calls out to Jasmine --

GOMEZ

J. Have you seen A.B.?

Jasmine shrugs. Bruce puts his head down at the question, like he's trying to...*hide*? Cupp clocks it.

Onward.

They pass the FLORAL SHOP, where Cupp sees Florist Jeffrey Hewes (who you saw earlier, arguing with Lilly), remove a handful of beautiful fresh flowers from a vase and aggressively toss them in the trash. He looks sad. Or, possibly, mad. Noted.

They pass a HOUSEKEEPING STATION as housekeeper Elsyie Chayle, who you saw Jasmine talking to earlier, quietly tucks inside and closes the door behind her. Noted.

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT

They're now onto the east side of the Ground Floor.

CUPP

Who has access to the third floor?

JASMINE

More people than you think.

CUPP

I've never thought about it.

JASMINE

A.B., Tripp, Nan, Harry, the President and Mr. Morgan, the chefs, various aides, housekeeping, all of the butlers, all of the ushers, all of the maintenance staff. Honestly, SO many people in this house.

CUPP

What about you?

JASMINE

Me?

Jasmine's hands start shaking again.

CUPP

You.

JASMINE

Yes, I have access, too.

Noted.

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

They're now into the vast KITCHEN, where a handful of STAFF is cleaning up at the end of the night.

JASMINE
Where's Marvella?
(then, to Cupp)
White House Chef.

LINE COOK
Haven't seen her.

JASMINE
For how long?

LINE COOK
An hour?

An *hour*? Jasmine seems surprised. So does Cupp.

Noted.

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - KITCHEN - ELEVATOR BANK - NIGHT

Cupp, Park and Jasmine enter a small elevator in the back of the kitchen --

CUPP
What about security? How does that work for a State Dinner?

JASMINE
It really depends on the dinner.

CUPP
How about for *this* State Dinner? The one where someone was found dead under unusual circumstances and a consulting detective who was on her way to the airport for a long planned trip to Papua New Guinea to see a Blue-Jewel Babbler was called in to investigate?

JASMINE
Right. That one. There were five checkpoints tonight --

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - KITCHEN ELEVATOR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Jasmine continues as the three of them now RIDE the elevator to the Butler's Pantry upstairs --

JASMINE

Two pedestrian and three vehicle.
Each checkpoint is staffed by
someone from Secret Service and the
Social Secretary's office. All of
the guests have already been pre-
cleared by Secret Service. They
just need to show ID.

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - BUTLER'S PANTRY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Jasmine, Cupp and Park exit the elevator, then ascend a circular staircase to the mezzanine. As they do --

JASMINE

Once they're through the
preliminary checkpoint, there's an
additional Secret Service
checkpoint, bag searches and
magnetometer screening.

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - PASTRY KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

They're now into the Pastry Kitchen, where Executive Pastry Chef DIDIER GOTTHARD is sitting alone in the back of the long galley kitchen. Toqued and expressionless. Cupp scans the row of knives above the counter on the left. All perfectly aligned. Except for one. Slightly offline.

CUPP

Is it the same security protocols
for staff?

JASMINE

No.

Noted.

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - MEZZANINE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Park, Jasmine and Cupp exit the Pastry Kitchen and cross the mezzanine hallway. Jasmine is out front, Cupp and Park trail behind. On the walk --

PARK
How do you explain the suicide
note?

CUPP
I can't.

PARK
It is his writing, though?

CUPP
I don't know.

PARK
Maybe he slit his wrists in another
room and *then* went to the Game
Room.

CUPP
Maybe he did it at home before
coming to work.

PARK
You know, it doesn't have to be
this way. Between you and me.

CUPP
How would you like it to be?

PARK
More *respectful*.

CUPP
You want me to *respect* you?

PARK
Yes. Sure.

CUPP
Why should I respect you? For
what? I don't know you.

PARK
I don't know you, either. But I
respect *you*.

CUPP
Well, that's different.

PARK
Why?

CUPP
Because I'm Cordelia Cupp.

They stop outside a door. NAMEPLATE: "A.B. Wynter, Office of the Chief Usher." Jasmine steps aside.

JASMINE

I'm going to wait out here.

Cupp looks at her hands. Shaking again. Cupp opens the door and enters the office...

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - CHIEF USHER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Where she and Park are shocked to find...*Harry Hollinger*. Rifling through Wynter's desk.

CUPP

What are you doing in here?

HOLLINGER

I'm looking around.

CUPP

This is a crime scene.

HOLLINGER

It's an office.

CUPP

We're in Washington. Same thing. You need to leave.

HOLLINGER

We're concerned about sensitive "political" documents that might have been in the Usher's office.

SENATOR BIX (PRELAP)

He said that?

INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM - DAY

Where Senator Bix now EXPLODES.

SENATOR BIX

Really?

PARK

Yes.

SENATOR BIX

That's what he said?

PARK

Yes.

SENATOR BIX

Harry Hollinger. The President's best friend and closest advisor, who has NO role in the justice system and no operational authority to conduct ANY part of this or any other investigation, was rummaging through the office of the Chief Usher only minutes after his death looking for "political" documents???

PARK

Yes.

SENATOR BIX

Why would the Chief Usher have "*political documents*"?

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - CHIEF USHER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

HOLLINGER

I would hope he wouldn't. But that's why I'm here. To find out.

CUPP

Well I'm here to find out how he *died*. So, I'm going to cut in line. You need to leave.

A bit of a face off now and Hollinger finally blinks. He drops the papers in his hand back on the desk.

HOLLINGER

I know you enjoy a *formidable* reputation, Detective Cupp, and I respect that. I really do.

CUPP

Oh, thank *God*...

HOLLINGER

But you need to understand that this isn't like any other place you've ever worked -- and I say that not knowing, or caring, where you've worked. I say that because there is no place like this place on Earth. *It is bigger than you.*

And that was delivered with a spritz of menace. Which, unfortunately for Hollinger, doesn't really work with Cupp...

CUPP

Do you mean the house is literally bigger than me? Because that seems obvious. I'm *inside* the house.

Hollinger exits into --

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - MEZZANINE - NIGHT

Where he finds Jasmine waiting. There's a LONG, intense look between the two of them. Like each of them knows something incriminating about the other. Which is true. They do.

PARK (O.S.)

Ms. Haney?

Hollinger spins away, as Jasmine now enters the office --

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - CHIEF USHER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Cupp and Park are standing in front of Wynter's desk. Cupp shows Jasmine a PIECE OF PAPER from the desk --

JASMINE

That's A.B.'s handwriting. Yes.

Cupp pulls out the suicide note and compares the two. Same. She folds the suicide note back up --

CUPP

Does this all look pretty much like you remember it?

Which is to say: Did Hollinger fuck with anything in here? Jasmine scans the area around the desk -- the old silver lamp that only he and Jasmine knew belonged to Calvin Coolidge, the wall calendar from 2011 that he stubbornly refused to take down, the photos with President Reagan and George H.W. Bush and Nelson Mandela and, most prominently, a young A.B. Wynter on his bike next to a teenage boy, somewhere in the west. Wyoming, maybe? She surveys the sagging bookshelves, stuffed with what seems like a thousand books.

WYNTER (O.S.)

Is it going to work?

Jasmine turns and now, instead of Cupp and Park, it's A.B. Wynter standing next to her. A FLASHBACK. Jasmine smiles.

JASMINE

Yes. I might update the TV.

We swing to an old TV in the corner on which you might have binged-watched GUNSMOKE. In 1962.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

They have color now, I hear.

Wynter shrugs. Who needs it?

WYNTER

You make it yours. Just don't touch the books.

Jasmine looks at him, *really*?

WYNTER (CONT'D)

I'm joking. Your job, your office. I wouldn't trust you with them anyway.

Jasmine turns back to look at the books.

PARK (O.S.)

Something wrong up there?

Jasmine SNAPS back to real time. Faces Park, who is staring at her.

JASMINE

No, no. This all looks pretty much like the last time I saw it.

PARK

Nothing obvious missing?

Jasmine shakes her head. Nope.

PARK (CONT'D)

Do you want to get a forensics team in here?

That question is for Cupp, but when Park turns to ask it, he sees that Cupp isn't there anymore. Well, not at sightline, anyway. She's *on the ground*, very low, crawling towards the far end of the office, on the trail of...*something*. Park and Jasmine follow her, as she crawls around Wynter's desk and reaches into a small trashcan and removes a handkerchief. Covered in BLOOD. And on the corner of this handkerchief we can now see the distinctive monogrammed initials: A.B.

CUPP

Yes.

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - MEZZANINE - NIGHT

Cupp, Jasmine and Park. On the walk --

CUPP

I need to talk to everyone who has
access to the 3rd Floor --

PARK

That is not going to be popular --

CUPP

-- AND everyone who had contact
with A.B. Wynter this evening --

PARK

Or that.

JASMINE

He's the *Chief Usher*. *Everyone* had
contact with him.

CUPP

It's going to be a long night,
then. I once stayed up 43 hours
looking for a White-Breasted
Nuthatch --

They round the corner, as we CUT TO:

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Where Cupp, Park and Jasmine are now gathered with the dudes.
Hollinger, Samuelson, Glick, Trask, and Dokes. Adrenaline is
HIGH.

GLICK

Impossible!

HOLLINGER

There's no way!

SAMUELSON

There are hundreds of people in the
house. The show is almost over.

TRASK

(crushed)

The show is almost over?

Cupp points at Hollinger.

CUPP

You shouldn't be part of this discussion.

(then, to Dokes)

He shouldn't be part of this discussion.

Dokes stares at her. A beat. As we SMASH TO:

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - SOLARIUM - NIGHT

Dokes and Cupp. By the window overlooking the South Lawn. Just the two of them.

DOKES

We need to tread carefully here.

CUPP

Why?

DOKES

Why? This is *The White House*.

CUPP

Everybody keeps reminding me of that.

DOKES

Cordelia --

CUPP

I know what I'm doing.

Cupp removes her binoculars from her bag and trains them out the window. Dokes seems unbothered by this. Keeps going.

DOKES

I know you know what you're doing. I just don't know if you know who you're doing it *with*. This administration has been in free fall for six months. I don't even follow this shit, but *I* know enough to know they can't walk straight. Now a *dead guy* shows up at their first State Dinner. When's the last time there was a dead guy in the White House?

Rhetorical question.

CUPP

1952.

Oh.

DOKES

For real?

CUPP

Yes.

DOKES

You know that?

CUPP

Yes. Wasn't a guy. Margaret Wallace. Bess Truman's mother. Died in bed. On this floor, actually. She never liked Harry. Can you grab that list in my bag?

Cupp is still looking out the window with her binoculars. Dokes removes Teddy Roosevelt's list of birds from her bag.

CUPP (CONT'D)

There have been nine other deaths in the White House, none of them suspicious, unless you consider President Zachary Taylor dying after eating a very, very, VERY large bowl of raw cherries suspicious. Which some people do, including me. Yes!

She spins and faces Dokes.

CUPP (CONT'D)

Put a little check next to Golden-Crown Kinglet! Thank you.

(then)

The Morgans are considered "aloof" and they don't know Washington and people around here don't like them and when this gets out it'll be another scandal in the first year of an under-performing Administration --

She takes the list from Dokes then hands it back to him.

CUPP (CONT'D)

Golden-Crowned Kinglet. You put the check next to *Ruby-Crowned Kinglet*. Don't you think I'd be more excited if it was a *Ruby-Crowned Kinglet*?

DOKES

(no idea)

Yes. Of course. Anybody would.

Dokes fixes his mistake as she continues.

CUPP

Plus, U.S. - Australia relations are weirdly toxic right now and so tonight was important. I get it. Any dead body is bad. Murder is worse.

Dokes stares at her. Sees something in her eyes.

DOKES

You're into this one.

CUPP

I'm into that list.

DOKES

It's not just about the birds.

CUPP

It's always just about the birds.

Not sure if we believe this. Anyway, she takes the list and puts it in her bag, along with her binoculars.

CUPP (CONT'D)

Don't worry, Chief. I will tread carefully.

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Cupp and Dokes are back with the dudes.

CUPP

Okay. So look. I know some of you are worried about the optics of closing down the White House right now. I've tried to care about this, but I really don't. So you all help me talk to the people I need to talk to or I'm going to go downstairs, stand at the exit, thank EVERY GUEST for coming and then ask them if they know about the dead man upstairs.

She doesn't even bother to look at Dokes and he doesn't bother to look disappointed.

He probably knew this was coming. But the other dudes? They look a little...*spooked*. She wouldn't do this, would she? Then again, she did show up at The White House on the night a body was found and birdwatch on the South Lawn, so...

HOLLINGER

What are you proposing to do?

Which is when Samuelson, head of the Park Police, and an ally of Cupp at this point - if only because he has come to loathe Hollinger for disrespecting the Park Police - steps up:

SAMUELSON

Okay, I got it. I got it. First, we get Ms. Newton-John to keep playing. Another set.

AGENT TRASK

(I don't know...)

She doesn't have a *huge* catalogue.
(then, off their looks)
But maybe she can do covers?

SAMUELSON

Then we line up people for Detective Cupp to talk to and we approach them one by one. Pull them out of the room. And don't reveal ANYTHING to the group about what has happened; Detective Cupp will do that when she takes their statements. We'll focus on the guests to start, and hold the staff for later. We'll move them through as quickly as possible.

It's not a GREAT plan, but given the political considerations, it's the only one anyone can really think of that addresses all of the needs.

SAMUELSON (CONT'D)

Agreed?

EVERYONE

Agreed!

They spring up, READY FOR ACTION, only to confront a harried, DESPERATE-LOOKING Lilly Schumacher blocking their path.

SCHUMACHER

Yeah, that plan isn't going to work.

CUPP

Why not?

As we now SMASH TO:

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - EAST ROOM - NIGHT

The scene is absolute CHAOS. Word has gotten out that there's a dead body in the house and people want to leave. NOW. They're standing at their tables. Packing their things. Moving towards the exits. Australian security is confronting Secret Service. An ARGUMENT breaks out between the U.S. Chief of Protocol MANUEL ORSUA and the Australian Ambassador ALDEN TAMRIDGE. It's near pandemonium. Secret Service is holding the line, but...

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

Hollinger, Cupp, Glick, Dokes, Trask, Park and Lilly stand in the doorway to the East Room, witnessing this scene.

SCHUMACHER

This is a disaster.

GLICK

Yes.

SCHUMACHER

A potentially major diplomatic incident.

HOLLINGER

Yes.

Cupp takes a beat. Thinks.

CUPP

There's only one person who can put a stop to this.

Another beat. Everyone anxiously waiting on Cupp.

AGENT TRASK

Hugh Jackman?

NO! Off their looks, we SMASH TO:

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - BLUE ROOM - NIGHT

Where Cupp, Harry, Lilly, Dokes, Glick, Trask and Park sit down with...PRESIDENT PERRY MORGAN.

PRESIDENT MORGAN

You want me to tell them they can't leave?

That was to Cupp.

CUPP

Yes, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT MORGAN

Everyone?

CUPP

Yes.

PRESIDENT MORGAN

The Prime Minister of Australia?

CUPP

Yes.

PRESIDENT MORGAN

You think Prime Minister Roos killed A.B. Wynter?

CUPP

It seems unlikely. But then finding a dead body on the 3rd Floor of The White House during a State Dinner seems unlikely, too.

PRESIDENT MORGAN

Why don't we let them all go and then you call back in the people you need to talk to?

CUPP

Because if we let them all go, I won't know who I need to call back.

(then)

Respectfully, Mr. President, this house needs to be treated like a *crime scene* and we take statements at a crime scene. The best possible advantage we have is to find out what people saw and heard when those things are freshest in their minds. Right now, we have no idea who might have been involved in this. It could be someone on the staff. It could be one of the guests. It could be *anybody*. This is for your security, as much as anything else.

(MORE)

CUPP (CONT'D)

There may be a murderer out there.
 (then, scanning the room)
 Or in here.

Odd and a little unnerving. Morgan takes a long beat. It's compelling. *She's* compelling. So this is a surprise:

PRESIDENT MORGAN

No.

CUPP

No?

PRESIDENT MORGAN

No. I can't do it. I can't keep people here. Harry says that there is considerable evidence that this was a suicide and we'll have to go with that for now. Unless something turns up later to suggest otherwise. But that won't be tonight. No.

BIX (PRELAP)

NO!

INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM - DAY

SENATOR FILKINS

Senator -- !

SENATOR BIX

No. NO. Excuse me. I've sat here long enough --

SENATOR FILKINS

You are out of order --

SENATOR BIX

I reclaim my time --

SENATOR FILKINS

You don't HAVE any time -- !

SENATOR BIX

A.B. Wynter was *killed* and the Morgan Administration shut down the investigation because they didn't want anything to come out --

SENATOR FILKINS

We are not getting into this --

SENATOR BIX

Why not? Why NOT? What are we doing here -- ?

SENATOR FILKINS

We are getting the *facts* out. We are not indulging your politically motivated *conspiracy theories*. The facts --

SENATOR BIX

The *facts*, Senator? *Really*? You want the *facts*? Okay. FACT: Detective Cupp was trying to investigate the death of A.B. Wynter and President Morgan shut it down THAT NIGHT. That's a *fact* --

DOKES

Senator --

SENATOR BIX

We just heard --

SENATOR FILKINS

No, that's not --

SENATOR BIX

You said *facts* --

DOKES

Senators. Senators. SENATORS!

And that shit was LOUD. Everyone whips to the witness table.

DOKES (CONT'D)

Yes. Excuse me. Um...if I could finish. Please. The investigation was NOT shut down that night. Not even close --

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - BLUE ROOM - NIGHT

And now we're back in The Blue Room with President Morgan, Cupp, Dokes, Hollinger, Glick, Lilly, and Trask. Dokes narrates the scene.

DOKES (V.O.)

After telling Detective Cupp he wouldn't allow her to interview anyone, President Morgan said he wanted to make a little speech in the East Room to smooth things over and then let everyone go. He started talking to Mr. Hollinger about what he was going to say, when all of a sudden Australian Prime Minister Roos, Foreign Minister David Rylance and Ambassador Tamridge burst into the room --

And here they are now. Australian Prime Minister ROOS, Ambassador Tamridge and Australian Foreign Minister DAVID RYLANCE. Standing in front of President Morgan.

DOKES (V.O.)

They looked unhappy.
(beat)
I mean, for Australians.

PRESIDENT MORGAN

Prime Minister Roos.

PRIME MINISTER ROOS

Mr. President. What the fuck is going on? Respectfully.

PRESIDENT MORGAN

Yes. Thank you for that. Respect. I was just on my way to find you. Listen. I apologize. Unfortunately we had an incident here this evening --

PRIME MINISTER ROOS

An *incident*?

PRESIDENT MORGAN

I really can't say more, but one of our staff members passed away. Which is obviously very sad, and unprecedented, so we're just trying to work our way through things. But I *am* sorry, and of course everyone is free to go and I'll go out and make that announcement now. But I did want to say, before I do that, that I truly hope...

Morgan continues on, talking about how important Australia is to America, and to him personally, and blah, blah, blah. But we don't care about any of that shit. We're not even listening. Because we're just focused on Foreign Minister Rylance, who seems to be distracted by something off to his right. He keeps looking at the President, then away, then back to the President, and then away, until finally...

RYLANCE

I'm sorry. *What is she doing?*
What are you doing?

At which point we all spin to see Detective Cupp, standing behind President Morgan, alone and off to the side, staring at Mr. Rylance *through her binoculars*. Yes.

PRESIDENT MORGAN

Detective Cupp???

Detective Cupp drops the binoculars.

CUPP

What am I doing? I'm wondering why you're wearing A.B. Wynter's shirt.

Oh. Shit.

RYLANCE

What?

CUPP

A.B. Wynter. The Chief Usher. The dead man upstairs. He's wearing *your* shirt. Which is covered in blood. And you're wearing his. So, I'm wondering: Why are you wearing a dead man's shirt?

A long beat. Rylance looks incredibly uncomfortable. Doesn't say anything. *Nobody* says anything. It's just this amazing, tense, bewildered silence.

INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM - DAY

Which is precisely how it is in here, too. Dokes is still at the witness table. The room is completely quiet. Everyone just staring in disbelief.

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - BLUE ROOM - NIGHT

And now we're back to The White House. Another beat. President Morgan looks at Rylance then at Cupp then back to Rylance, and then, suddenly and affirmatively, to no one and everyone:

PRESIDENT MORGAN
Lock it down. NOW!

And with that, our camera pulls out of the room, out of the frozen tableau of President Morgan and Cordelia facing off against the Australians, wider and wider and WIDER, until we see the full room and then out into the adjoining Crosshall -- we're in our cool model here now -- where there is an extraordinary scene of party guests milling about. Some laughing mordantly, some seething, some pacing, some looking scared, some nervous. And there are staff here too, mixed in with some of this company, some gathered together at the periphery, huddling, whispering. Rollie. Jasmine. Sheila. We go out wider still, to take in the whole house. In the basement, we can see clusters of staff again, but also solitary figures -- a man with his head in his hands, someone running through the upper basement, someone tossing something into the incinerator, someone hiding. Upstairs, on the second floor, someone moves quickly out of the Yellow Oval Room and into the Lincoln Bedroom. We can make out a body moving up one of the side staircases. A woman in the elevator. On the mezzanine, Didier Gotthard is still sitting by himself in the pastry kitchen. On the third floor, Tripp Morgan stands in the doorway to his room, staring out across the empty hallway, then closes his door. And then finally, we push into A.B. Wynter, still lying on the floor of the Game Room, still very much dead, and we pull out again, out through the window, and the sky opens up once more, and there's another brilliant flash of lightening, and then

DARK.

And that is our END of EPISODE ONE.