

# ROSE - ALICE

EXT. AIR FORCE ONE - NIGHT

The Marine Guards snap to attention once again as the First Lady's motorcade arrives.

ROSE MARSHALL, a self-assured woman with an aristocratic gleam, alights from her limo. She takes a few steps, then turns, tapping her foot impatiently.

ROSE

C'mon Alice, we're 20 minutes late.

Your father's gonna have a fit.

ALICE, the President's 13-year-old daughter, straggles out of the car, rolling her eyes.

ALICE

It's not like he hasn't made us wait a few times.

ROSE

Well, you aren't the President, dear.

ALICE

Yeah, no duh.

INT. MAIN DECK, AIR FORCE ONE - NIGHT

As the First Lady's entourage enters.

ROSE

Why don't you go say hi?

Again, Alice rolls her eyes.

ROSE

What is wrong with you tonight?  
Come here.

Rose pulls Alice aside.

ROSE

You don't want to say hi to your father?

ALICE

I'm sure he's busy.

ROSE

Don't you even want to ask?

Alice toes her foot into the carpet as she releases an exasperated sigh. She is, in this moment, the patron saint of know-it-all 13-year-old girls. Alice waves toward the Presidential Suite.

ALICE

If I go over there to say hi to daddy  
President, Mike's going to tell me

F/F  
START  
Mother  
Daughter

AIR FORCE ONE

disturbed.

ROSE

I'm sorry, honey.

ALICE

No, it's okay. After all, he is the President, right?

Joey the steward hands her her cocoa with a wink and a smile.

Her eyes light up at the mound of whip cream on top.

ALICE

When I write my memoirs I think I'll devote an entire chapter to the cocoa aboard Air Force One.

ROSE

Your father never means to be so...

ALICE

I know...

(beat)

But lotsa times I feel like it's me versus the world. Some kid at school teases me and the same day a plague breaks out in Bangladesh. I mean it doesn't take a genius to figure which is more important.

ROSE

Some kids were teasing you?

ALICE

That's not really the point.

A quiet pause, then...

ROSE

You're right and I'll tell you a secret. I know exactly how you feel.

ALICE

Big secret. You said the same thing to Newsweek.

The plane jolts forward as it begins to taxi.

ALICE

We're taxiing. Ready. And... five... four... three.. two... one... Cue Daddy.

Alice points. And as if on cue, Marshall exits from his office and checks his watch.

ALICE

Ooooooh, I'm good.

**FINISH**