BARTLET

You’re a son of a bitch! She bought her first new car and you hit her with a drunk driver. What, was that supposed to be funny? "You can't conceive, nor can I, the appalling strangeness of the mercy of God," says Graham Greene. I don't know who's ass he was kissing there 'cause I think you're just vindictive. What was Josh Lyman? A warning shot? That was my son. What did I ever do to yours except praise his glory and praise his name? There's a tropical storm that’s gaining speed and power. They say we haven't had a storm this bad since you took out the tender ship of mine last year in the North Atlantic last year... 68 crew. Do you know what a tender ship does? Fixes the other ships. Doesn't even carry guns. Floats around and fixes the other ships and delivers that mail. That's all it can do. Gratias tibi ago, domine. Yes, I lied. It was a sin. I've committed many sins. Have I displeased you, you feckless thug? 3.8 million new jobs, that wasn't good? Bailed out Mexico, increased foreign trade, 30 million new acres for conservation, put Mendoza on the bench, we're not fighting a war, I've raised three children...That's not enough to buy me out of the doghouse? Haec credam a deo pio? A deo iusto? A deo scito? Cruciatus in crucem! Tuus in terra servus nuntius fui officium perfeci. Cruciatus in crucem. Eas in crucem! You get Hoynes!

[Thunder roars. Bartlet walks to lean on his desk and places his hands among the many pictures on it. Suddenly, the wind blows the portico door wide open and rain pours in.]

BARTLET

Ah... Damn it! Mrs. Landingham!

[He turns away, realizing she won't come to his call, and then the door opens...]

MRS. LANDINGHAM

[walks in, small and resolute] I really wish you wouldn't shout, Mr. President.

BARTLET

[beat, as he looks at her in disbelief] The door keeps blowing open.

MRS. LANDINGHAM

Yes, but there's an intercom and you could use it to call me at my desk.

BARTLET

I was...

MRS. LANDINGHAM

You don't know how to use the intercom.

BARTLET

It's not that I don't know how to use it, it's just that I haven't learned yet.

She looks at him and he smiles shyly, as if he's been caught lying.

BARTLET

I have M.S., and I didn't tell anybody.

MRS. LANDINGHAM

Yeah. So, you're having a little bit of a day.

BARTLET

You're gonna make jokes?

MRS. LANDINGHAM

God doesn't make cars crash, and you know it. Stop using me as an excuse.

BARTLET

[motions her to sit and sits down] The party's not going to want me to run.

MRS. LANDINGHAM

The party'll come back. You'll get them back.

BARTLET

I've got a secret for you, Mrs. Landingham. I've never been the most popular guy in the

Democratic Party.

MRS. LANDINGHAM

[sits opposite from him] I've got a secret for you, Mr. President your father was a

prick who could never get over the fact that he wasn't as smart as his brothers. Are

you in a tough spot? Yes. Do I feel sorry for you? I do not. Why? Because there are

people way worse off than you.

BARTLET

Give me numbers.

MRS. LANDINGHAM

I don't know numbers. You give them to me.

BARTLET

How about a child born this minute has a one in five chance of being born into poverty?

MRS. LANDINGHAM

How many Americans don't have health insurance?

BARTLET

44 million.

MRS. LANDINGHAM

What's the number one cause of death for black men under 35?

BARTLET

Homicide.

MRS. LANDINGHAM

How many Americans are behind bars?

BARTLET

Three million.

MRS. LANDINGHAM

How many Americans are drug addicts?

BARTLET

Five million.

MRS. LANDINGHAM

And one of five kids in poverty?

BARTLET

That's 13 million American children.

From a shot up top, we see President Bartlet is talking, and the opposite chair is empty.

BARTLET

Three and a half million kids go to schools that are literally falling apart. We need

127 billion in school construction, and we need it today!

MRS. LANDINGHAM

To say nothing of 53 people trapped in an embassy.

BARTLET

Yes.

MRS. LANDINGHAM

You know, if you don't want to run again, I respect that. [stands up] But if you don't

run 'cause you think it's gonna be too hard or you think you're gonna lose... well, God,

Jed, I don't even want to know you.

[Mrs. Landingham walks out and gently closes the Oval Office door behind her. President

Bartlet stands, walks into the open door onto the portico and lets the wind blow on him

and the rain wash over his face. He looks up into the sky. ]