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
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
Ooooh, I'm good.