

"President Grant"**4/14/2022**

JULIA HAYDEN

(looking around)

Dazzled.

No, we're dazzled; Julia is just as radiant and ravishing as we remember her.

ELLA

And my girls.

WHITE

Your "little pickles." Let's see -
Carole, Cynthia, Denise, Addie Mae.

And now we know their names. The girls' bright smiles capture our hearts all over again.

WHITE

Any word on Ella's mother?

JULIA HAYDEN

I'm afraid not.

Just then, a beaming Susan Gilbert enters.

SUSAN

Mr. White, congrat--

WHITE

Excuse me.

Something vexes White's eye. He steps aside and rebukes a nearby Diplomat taking Minnie's hand.

WHITE

She's fourteen, got it? She doesn't
dance with strangers.

Minnie sighs. The Diplomat awkwardly exits. White returns to Susan.

WHITE

Kids... Well, Miss Gilbert, I hope
you enjoy the receipt--

Ella elbows White to *Stay Put*. He groans. PRESIDENT GRANT enters.

ALL

Mr. President.

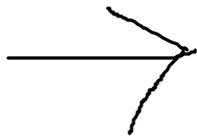
PRESIDENT GRANT

I'm thinking I'll scrap this suit for
a choir robe and get something done in
this country!

Steal Away.

Scene 1

Start



Everyone laughs.

GRANT

Friends, your presence here is an honor to the White House and the nation. The Jubilee Singers have accomplished great things against terrible odds - you're warriors if I've known warriors. Miss Sheppard, I've been singing your praises to the Chinese delegation. May I?

He extends his arm to Ella. The Cutie Pies enviously coo.

PRESIDENT GRANT

Let's make it a party.

Grant escorts the ladies away, leaving White and Susan awkwardly alone. Susan breaks the ice.

SUSAN

And for his next miracle: waterfalls in the Sahara?

END

WHITE

Try *man pushing pencil*.

SUSAN

In a new office, on a brand new campus. Not bad for a "blind stargazer."

WHITE

(genuinely touched)
Thank you.

Breaking their gaze, Cravath walks past with a flock of senators.

SUSAN

You know, losing Fisk would have shattered Cravath.

WHITE

What? Old Genghis - *feelings*?

SUSAN

Hey! Are we suggesting my boss isn't the *Sugar-Plumb Fairy*?

They chuckle. Then she gets serious.

SUSAN

No, Milo Cravath is a do-or-die general in a just and dire war; he'd march you, or *himself*, into cannon fire if it would advance the cause.