

THE WEST WING  
METAMORPHOSIS

by X. Dean Lim

Address  
Phone Number

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

**EXT./EST. THE WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT**

Superimposed over screen:

9:30PM

**INT WHITE HOUSE - TOBY'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

TOBY is rummaging through the bottom drawer of his desk. There is a very large CUT ALONG HIS LIP. He pulls out a fat, FROSTED BOTTLE of clear alcohol. Asian characters are written on the outside. He smiles but then grimaces when it hurts.

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT THE WHITE HOUSE - THE OVAL OFFICE - EARLIER EVENING**

BARTLET is already bothered. There's a knock on the door.

BARTLET

Yes!

Toby enters.

TOBY

Mr. President...

BARTLET

Goddamnit Toby!

TOBY

--Sir.

BARTLET

Toby, I am used to being maneuvered by the Republicans! I am used to being maneuvered by my constituents! Congress! The Justice Department! My own party! Hell, even my own wife!

TOBY

Sir--

BARTLET

But Damn it, Toby, not my senior staff. It's like the last bastion of people I can actually bully!

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT - THE WHITE HOUSE - TOBY'S OFFICE - NIGHT (INTERCUT BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN THE OVAL OFFICE).**

Toby drops ice into a martini shaker. He pours a deep shot, takes a moment then pours a double.

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT THE WHITE HOUSE - THE OVAL OFFICE - EARLIER EVENING**

BARTLET

-- these weren't issues I had to worry about; totally off the radar. Except you - not Congress, not the Senate, not even the damned Supreme Court - made it into something I had to wake up to after my morning oatmeal!

TOBY

You don't like oatmeal, sir. And I think if this administration --

BARTLET

Toby, I think it's abundantly clear that I really don't give a rat's ass what you think of this administration.

**INT - THE WHITE HOUSE - TOBY'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Toby is all bottoms-up.

**INT THE WHITE HOUSE - THE OVAL OFFICE - EARLIER EVENING**

BARTLET

My god Toby, you really are the problem child. Why can't you be more like Sam, Josh, and CJ - the good kids in the family.

TOBY

If this administration didn't have  
it's head up it's ass!

BARTLET

Are you saying you think that this  
administration has it's head up  
it's ass or I, the President of  
these United States, has his head  
up his ass? Because there is very  
little distinction in what you're  
saying here Toby!

**INT - THE WHITE HOUSE - TOBY'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Toby pours another.

**INT THE WHITE HOUSE - THE OVAL OFFICE - EARLIER EVENING**

Bartlet and Toby are nose to nose.

BARTLET

-- you picked a hell of a time to  
become reactionary Toby!

TOBY

-- it beats the bleachers!

BARTLET

You know I have half a mind right  
now to knock you on your whining,  
self-absorbed ass.

**INT - THE WHITE HOUSE - TOBY'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

As Toby shakes the Martini tin, SAM bursts in.

SAM

What the hell were you thinking?

TOBY

Come on in Sam, the door's open.  
(then)  
You just missed Josh. You two  
could've given your condolences at  
the same time.

SAM

That was so damn...  
(sees Toby's lip)  
Yikes! Does that hurt?

Toby eyes him.

SAM (CONT'D)  
I can't believe he did that.

TOBY  
Yup.  
(holds up the bottle)  
Want one?

SAM  
Toby, what the hell...?

TOBY  
Sam! Do you want one?

SAM  
What is it?

TOBY  
Japanese Rice Vodka. It's really  
nice stuff.

SAM  
Are you serious?

TOBY  
It's kinda' like Sake, but with a  
lot more punch. Kicks the crap out  
of bourbon.

SAM  
You don't think I'll have one, do  
you?

TOBY  
Sam, I really don't --

SAM  
-- Sure. Yeah. I'll have one. Why  
not? It's not everyday you get to  
drink to a friend's self-  
destruction.

Toby pours another with a wry smile. He shakes the martini  
tin then puts it against his split lip.

TOBY  
Yeah.

FADE OUT.

END OF COLD OPEN

Full script available upon request.