

You're a son of a bitch you know that? 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 of 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 but 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 that Tender ship of mine in the North Atlantic last year – 68 crew. You know what a Tender ship does? It fixes the other ships. It doesn't even carry guns, it just goes around, fixes the other ships, and delivers the 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? Bail out Mexico, increase foreign trade, 30 million new acres of land 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 dog house?! *Haec credam a deo pio, a deo justo, a deo scito? Cruciatu in crucem! Tuus in terra servus, Nuntius fui; officium perfeci. Cruciatu in crucem!* (with dismissive wave of the hand) *Eas in crucem*.

*Bartlet walks to the center of the cathedral, lights a cigarette, takes one drag. Drops it on the ground and steps on it. walks away.*

*Gratias tibi ago, domine*. - Thank you lord

*Haec credam a deo pio, a deo justo, a deo scito?*

- Am I to believe these things from a righteous god, a just god, a wise god?

*Cruciatu in crucem!*

To hell with your punishments!

*Tuus in terra servus, Nuntius fui; officium perfeci.*

I was your servant, your messenger on the earth; I did my duty.

*Cruciatu in crucem! Eas in crucem.*

To hell with your punishments! And to hell with you!