

OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

TV: Tomorrow is expected to be a defining moment for the Grant administration, as tenth Circuit Chief Justice Patrick Keating is considered the front-runner to be named as the president's first Supreme Court judicial nominee. Keating's nomination would not come without controversy, as the more conservative members of President Grant's own party have voiced concerns over Keating's past rulings on right-to-privacy statutes.

Sharon: You did a nice job with him, the president getting him elected, I mean.

Olivia: The American people did that.

Sharon: Oh, honey. I followed that election. He was a diamond in the rough before you started working for him. You were responsible for that photo op with the little girl with cancer, where he played the piano.

Olivia: The guitar.

Sharon: You made him. Why did you leave the White House? No one leaves a job in the west wing without a good reason.

Harrison: Liv, we're ready. Line two.

Olivia: Stephen, you in?

Stephen: We're in.

Quinn: Ohh. I'm sorry. I'm here. Where is everybody?

Harrison: On the job. We have a client.

Quinn: What's going on?

Harrison: We're fixers. We're fixing.

INTERIOR SHARON MARQUETTE'S HOUSE / OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

Abby: I am open-minded. I'm an open-minded person. I don't judge. I just want to say that I think you're being a pig. You're engaged. You have a fiancée!

Stephen: You almost done or not?

Abby: I'm almost done. People have standards, Stephen, morals. I'm disappointed is all I'm saying. You think you know someone.

Stephen: You can lecture me later. Now we're working.

Abby: You work.

Stephen: They're almost out.

Sharon: Did they get the photo albums?

Olivia: Stephen, the photo albums.

Stephen: Did you get the photo albums?

Abby: No. No, not yet.
Sharon: Please get the photo albums. They're important.
Stephen: Guys, better hurry it up. Looks like we're not alone.
Abby: Got 'em.
Stephen: You'd better use the back door.
Stephen: Liv, he spotted me, which means you've got ten minutes.
Olivia: Harrison, we've got incoming!

OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

Quinn: I know I'm new here. I know that, but it would be so helpful if someone could tell me what's going on.
Olivia: How long's it been?
Quinn: Since I started working here?
Harrison: Eleven minutes. Maybe he's not gonna show.
Olivia: He'll be here. Just wait.
Quinn: Who? Who are we waiting for?
David: You know what I love about my job? I'm the good guy. The law is on my side. I am the law. The law is me. I work for justice. I uphold the constitution of these United States. I am a knight for the people. I wear the white hat, and you, Olivia Carolyn Pope, you are a pain in my ass. I had a search warrant for that house, but by the time I got to use it, there was nothing there, because your people took whatever there was to find.
Olivia: Hello, David. Good to see you. Did you get a haircut? It's nice.
David: Where is it, Olivia?
Olivia: Where's what?
David: The list, Olivia. I'm talking about the list and anything else in connection with the illegal business activities of that woman right there.
Olivia: I don't have any list. No one in this office does.
David: I can arrest her, you know? I have enough to arrest her right here, right now.
Olivia: You could, but being an upholder of the constitution, you'd need an arrest warrant, wouldn't you? Do you have one of those? My white hat's bigger than your white hat.
David: Can you at least pretend you aren't enjoying this?
Quinn: Harrison, who exactly is the lady in the conference room?

OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

Olivia: You get it all?
Stephen: All of it.
Sharon: Th-the photo albums?
Abby: All of it.
Stephen: Didn't I tell you we'd take good care of you?
Quinn: I'm Quinn.
Sharon: Oh. Sharon Marquette. Nice to meet you.
Quinn: Can I get you anything? More tea?
Sharon: That's very sweet of you. Stevie, you didn't tell me you worked with so many sweet girls.
Quinn: You know Stephen?
Abby: Ha.
Stephen: Uh, we're old friends.
Abby: That's a nice word for it, "friends".
Olivia: Abby.
Abby: Sorry. No offense. To you.
Sharon: Oh, none taken.
Quinn: I'm sorry. I don't. I'm new here. How do you two know each other?
Olivia: Quinn.
Abby: She provides whores for him.
Sharon: I'm D.C.'s finest madam, dear.

WHITE HOUSE - LAWN:

Fitz: They ready for me?
Cyrus: In a minute. Mr. President...
Fitz: Big day, Cyrus. A great day for the American people.
Cyrus: We need to talk about this.
Fitz: I am nominating a man to the Supreme Court today. One of the finest constitutional scholars in the country. He's gonna change the face of american law. Did you know Keating also has a PhD? He wrote his dissertation on the nature of revolutions? Revolutions, Cyrus!
Cyrus: And he likes sunsets and long walks on the beach. He's perfect, sir. It is a great day, but we need to talk about Olivia.
Fitz: We can do this another time.
Cyrus: We're doing this now.
Fitz: Look, you misunderstood what you saw.

Cyrus: I did not misunderstand. It may be a long while since I had an angry lover on my hands, but I do remember what it looks like. You're having an affair with Olivia Pope.

Fitz: I am not having an affair

Cyrus: Having, had, don't Clinton me with words. Something happened between you and Olivia, and something happened between you and Amanda Tanner. I need to know how much trouble we're in.

Fitz: This is not a discussion we are going to have.

Cyrus: Olivia is representing her. Amanda Tanner. She's now Olivia Pope's client. I'm on your side. Do you understand? I'm on your side.

Fitz: Cy This is a great day for the American people. Don't ruin it.

OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

Abby: Sharon Marquette D.C.'s one-stop shop for high-priced hookers. Yesterday one of Sharon's newest working girls Ginger Bell. Seriously, her real name is Ginger Bell, like her parents didn't want her to go to college, like they planned for their kid to be a hooker Ginger Bell got herself arrested in the lobby of the Hay-Adams. This is her booking photo. Pretty girl. You ever sleep with Ginger Bell, Stevie?

Olivia: Abby.

Abby: Moving on, Ginger Bell sang like a little bird, a bird who has sex for money, the second they locked her in a cell.

Sharon: I don't blame Ginger. Really, I don't. It was her first night. The first night's always the hardest for a girl, you know? It's the night she learns whether or not she has what it takes. She has to put on her face and go out into the world, sit in the bar or the lobby or wherever it is they've decided to meet, and then she has to look him in the eye and know that they're both in agreement that her body is worth a certain amount of money. Of course, it's a lot of money, but it's still a transaction, and then she has to come back and show me what she made, so I know she can go out again the next night and the night after that.

Huck: I wiped her home computer, and I just searched the copy I made, and there's nothing there no names, no dates, no tax returns.

Olivia: David thinks there is a client list, and if there is one, we need it. We may need not to use it, but we need to know who's on it. We can't do anything for Sharon until we know the landscape, and the landscape starts with that list.

Huck: Well, there were no records I could see. There was nothing encrypted.

Quinn: Does someone like Sharon even keep records?

OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

Sharon: And that's Mason And that's Aiden in the frog costume. Aren't they adorable? And my daughter says they're testing well above grade level.

Harrison: Okay, ma'am, I'm sure your grandkids are great and all, but, um sorry.

Sharon: No, you're right. I enjoy showing them off, but what you really want to see is back here. I have them going all the way back to 1986.

Olivia: A girl's first name, a date, an amount, and a number.

Harrison: No Johns?

Stephen: Ten digits. Telephone numbers?

Huck: You're good.

Sharon: I try.

OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

Huck: Phone numbers are perfect. Put 'em in a public records database, and it's as good as a name, maybe better. Type in a number And I get every man who purchased one of Sharon's girls. His name, his photo, his address, how much he weighs, and if he's an organ donor.

Abby: I'm being thorough.

Olivia: Amanda Tanner I want you to go check on her in the hospital.

Quinn: I can help with the madam case. I know I'm new here, and you maybe don't think I'm ready, but I want to be useful.

Olivia: You are being useful, checking on Amanda Tanner.

Quinn: Well, I just I mean, you said yourself, she's just a girl telling lies about the president, and she's not going to anymore. She's not going to talk to anybody. You put a stop to that, so why is she so important? Look, I'm just saying, I'm a lawyer, too, and I can do more than get coffee and babysit Amanda Tanner.

Olivia: Don't ask questions. Just go.

Abby: This is why I don't date.
Harrison: This is why I don't trust politicians.
Stephen: Yeah, it's a "who's who" of Washington.
Olivia: No wonder the U.S. attorney wants to get his hands on this list.
Olivia: Damn it.
Stephen: Liv?
Olivia: I gotta go.
Harrison: Who's Patrick Keating?
Stephen: Well, right now he's no one, but in about ten minutes, he's gonna be the President's first Supreme Court nominee.

WHITE HOUSE ENTRANCE:

Olivia: No, listen, it it's gonna take at least a couple of hours for David to get that arrest warrant. Don't give up that list for any reason. Okay. I'll be back as soon as I can.
Olivia: Morning, Morris.
Morris: Sorry, Ms. Pope, but you aren't cleared.
Olivia: Wh-when have I ever not been cleared?
Morris: Never, till today. Let me see what I can...I'm supposed to take your hard pass.
Olivia: I'm denied? Morris, you know me. I?
Morris: Look, I'm sorry. You could still come in if you had an appointment, but you
Billy: Is there a problem? Because she makes 'em go away for a living, and she's very good.
Morris: Ms. Pope isn't on the list, sir.
Billy: What did you do now?
Olivia: Don't ask. Can you get me in? I need to talk to Cyrus.
Billy: She can come in with me. I'll vouch for her.
Morris: I'm sorry, but she needs an appointment, or else I can't let her in.
Billy: What's your extension, Morris?
Morris: 3838. Why?
Billy: Hang on. Okay. Answer it.
Morris: Hello.
Billy: Hi. This is Billy Chambers, the Vice President's Chief of Staff. I need a walk-on pass for Olivia Pope. Thank you, Morris.
Olivia: Thank you. Thank you.
Billy: So what's up?
Olivia: You're gonna want to hear this.

HOSPITAL:

Gideon: Don't you hate hospitals?
Quinn: Yeah, a little.
Gideon: Is that your sister?
Quinn: She's a friend.
Gideon: Gideon Wallace.
Quinn: Quinn Perkins.
Gideon: Is she gonna be okay, your friend?
Quinn: Yeah, I think so.
Gideon: That's good, really good. She tried to kill herself? I was walking by here earlier. I saw the bandages on her wrists. Her name's Amanda, right? She ever try anything like this before?
Quinn: Gideon?
Gideon: Yes?
Quinn: Which news outlet do you work for?
Gideon: The "D.C. Sun". And who do you work for?
Quinn: I don't work for anyone, and I'm not going to talk to you, and Amanda can't talk to you, because she's been knocked out on sedatives for the past day and a half, so she can't really talk to anyone, especially a reporter, so you should probably go.

WHITE HOUSE - CYRUS'S OFFICE:

Cyrus: This was our guy. You chose this guy. He was your pick. You loved this guy. The President loves this guy. He's Clarence Darrow for the 21st century. When he's not writing opinions for the tenth circuit, he herds cattle on his ranch in Wyoming. He's flawless. You know how I know? We vetted him, and we found nothing. The man is a saint, which is why the President stood in front of the press and nominated him to the highest court in the land.
Olivia: Which I could have stopped, if you hadn't cut off my access.
Cyrus: You know why I cut off your access.
Olivia: He's on the list, Cyrus.
Cyrus: How did you miss this?
Billy: I didn't. She's wrong. Keating's a boy scout.
Olivia: Oh, come on. You and the V.P. should be thrilled. Keating's always been too far left for the Republican base.
Billy: Personally, yeah, he wouldn't be my choice, but I'm a team player, Liv, and so is the V.P. The manager asks you to put a guy in, you put him in.

Olivia: You can't put Keating in. 23 years ago Patrick Keating slept with a high-end hooker.

Billy: Maybe we'll be fine.

Olivia: More than once!

Billy: Maybe we'll be fine. Confirmation hearings are in two weeks, four tops. Maybe this won't come out.

Olivia: It's a dirty little secret, and dirty little secrets always come out, don't they, Cyrus?

Cyrus: Billy, give us a minute.

Olivia: No. No, no. No need. I'm going, but you need to get yourself a backup nominee.

Billy: Since when are you two on opposite sides? Liv's one of us.

Cyrus: Fix the Keating thing. Now.

WHITE HOUSE - HALLWAY:

Staffer: Ms. Pope, the president would like a moment with you.

Olivia: Please tell the president I'm busy.

OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

Abby: Hey, I don't understand half of this. Is this some kind of code? What does "hardwood floors" mean? Stephen?

Stephen: Why would you think that I would know?

Abby: Because you frequent whores.

Stephen: I do not frequent. Fine. You want to know what it means? It means there's no carpeting.

Abby: Oh.

Harrison: To match the, uh, drapes.

Abby: Oh. And, uh, what about, uh, "sunny day"?

Stephen: On a sunny day, you don't have to wear a raincoat.

Abby: And all of the languages these girls speak, those are all things?

Stephen: Yes, those are all things.

Abby: So all of these girls are not actually fluent in Greek?

Olivia: Where are we?

Huck: Almost done with the list of names.

Olivia: Any word from the U.S. attorney?

Stephen: Nothing. Maybe he couldn't get a warrant.

Police: Police! Open up!

Olivia: He got a warrant.

OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES/HOSPITAL:

David: Where's my madam?

Olivia: Come on, David. You're after Sharon Marquette for the publicity and for getting your name in the paper and for upping your shot at Attorney General the next time there's a democrat in office.

David: I'm after Sharon Marquette because she's a criminal. Are you seriously the patron Saint of streetwalkers now? Bring her out, or I'll go in to get her.

Huck: Do not touch her.

Olivia: Harrison! Go downstairs and make sure we don't have any press waiting to give David a photo op.

Harrison: On it.

David: The madam, Olivia. Now.

Olivia: Abby, get Sharon and Stephen.

Olivia: What? Did you get a name?

Quinn: Gideon. His name was gideon Wallace, and he writes for the "Sun".

Olivia: Hold on. Don't say anything to anyone.

Olivia: I want a private holding cell, no gen pop, and recently cleaned. Handcuffs? Because the nice grandma is so dangerous.

Olivia: Quinn, you do not leave her side. You do not eat. You do not sleep. She doesn't leave your sight. Do you understand?

Quinn: Yes. Yes, I understand. She doesn't leave my sight. She doesn't leave my sight. She doesn't leave my sight. She doesn't leave my...sight.

OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

Stephen: We'll get you out in no time.

Sharon: Thank you, dear.

Harrison: No press, but Patrick Keating and his wife are in the lobby with Billy Chambers. They're on their way up. Olivia?

Olivia: I'm thinking. Harrison, put Patrick Keating in an office far away from the board. Stephen, get Sharon out of jail. Huck, find out who the hell gideon Wallace is. Abby, you're with me. All cylinders, people! Let's go!

Olivia: No. No. Absolutely no. I gave Cyrus the heads-up because I was doing you a favor, but I don't work at the White House

anymore, and Keating is not my client. You have a problem, you fix it yourself.

- Billy: Liv, it's me. Help me out here. This is an F.O.F. favor, by the way.
- Olivia: Don't you friend-of-Fitz favor me.
- Billy: I am telling you, Keating is the real deal, and you're just gonna let him go down? Come on. You're the big guns. Fix it. How about a friend-of-Billy favor?
- Patrick: Uh, Billy here tells me, uh, there's some problem with my nomination, and you're the only one who's qualified to tell me about it.
- Abby: Mrs. Keating, perhaps you'd like to come with me and get a cup of coffee.
- Patrick: She's my wife. Anything you have to say to me, you can say to her. I don't have secrets.
- Olivia: Your honor, your name was discovered on a list of our client's customers, dating back to the early 1990s. According to her records, you visited a prostitute named Stacey a number of times in late 1991 and early 1992.
- Patrick: Is this because I'm not one of your hyper-religious whack jobs who want to overlook the constitution in favor of whatever version of the Bible is selling the most brimstone this week?
- Mrs. Keating: Patrick, don't get worked up.
- Billy: Sir, I know this is a stressful process, but we are all united in trying to get you confirmed, sir. The entire administration. You have my word on that.
- Patrick: If my name's on a list somewhere, I want to see it.
- Olivia: My client's privacy is nonnegotiable. I assure you, the list is real, judge, and your name is on it.
- Patrick: Well, this is just this is a bold-faced lie. That's what it is. Do you know what I've done to get here, what I've had to give up? My entire career my entire life has been about sitting on that bench, about the law, about following the law. I would never in...
- Olivia: Judge, that may be true, but we need to go into crisis mode now. My advice to you is that you pull your name from consideration, blame it on a medical ailment or a personal family matter, state how grateful you are to have been chosen but that you have to withdraw. Perhaps we could sit you down with Diane Sawyer.
- Patrick: No, I did not do this, and I will not lie, and I will not withdraw my name. The President called me to serve, and I will not turn my back on my duty to my country.

Mrs. Keating: He didn't do this. I know he didn't. Losing the nomination it'll kill him. Please don't let that happen.

OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

Abby: What does your gut say?

Olivia: That he's not a hooker guy or a liar. If he says he's never heard of Stacey, I believe him.

Harrison: That calls the whole list into question.

Huck: It makes sense. Sharon's a smart lady. She's been doing this a long time. At the end of the day, that list is all she's got.

Harrison: You think she got a little creative with the data entry?

Huck: Would you blame her?

Olivia: I wouldn't, but I'm not willing to throw away a man's entire career over a little embellishment. Track down Stacey. Find out if Keating was really one of the Johns.

POLICE STATION:

Sharon: Well, it's not the nicest place I've ever spent the afternoon, but it's an occupational hazard, I guess.

Stephen: Well, I can get you out of here, and I can make sure you never have to come back here again, but you need to let me give them your client list.

Sharon: No.

Stephen: The U.S. attorney is gonna get his hands on it eventually, and it is the only leverage you have.

Sharon: Well, maybe, but I didn't stay out of trouble for 30 years by kissing and telling, Stevie. Nobody knows that better than you.

Stephen: Your clients are all grown men. I'm a grown man. I made a choice to do something illegal, and sometimes we have to live with the choices we make.

Sharon: I was the only single mother in my daughter's preschool class, and when she was 17 and found out what I did, what I really did for a living, she didn't talk to me for ten years. Six months ago, she calls me up and tells me I can finally meet my grandchildren, so I know a lot about living with my choices, Stevie. Believe me.

Stephen: Do you want your grandchildren to meet you in jail?

Sharon: No, but the thing is, most of the men on that list, they have grandchildren, too.

WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE:

Fitz: You blocked Liv from the White House.

Cyrus: I did, for your own protection.

Fitz: I have the secret service, the national guard, and some very scary marine sentries to protect me. I think Liv can walk through the White House without posing a danger.

Cyrus: I don't think Olivia is the danger. I think the person you need protection from is you. This went up on the "D.C. Sun's" blog today. I need to know what's going on here the details, all the details. We're not going down because you failed to keep your fly zipped.

Fitz: You work for me, not the other way around.

Cyrus: You work for the people, Mr. President. I am the people. You work for me.

Fitz: It's two sentences about a disturbed girl.

Cyrus: Watergate was two sentences about a burglary.

Mellie: Hi, Cy.

Cyrus: Mellie.

Mellie: Honey, are you ready for the chancellor and his wife? Because I think they are ready for us.

Fitz: Can't keep the chancellor waiting.

Cyrus: You can't.

Fitz: You look fantastic.

Mellie: Oh, well, thank you, kind sir.

Fitz: Mrs. Hanley, where are my remarks? I'm supposed to say something in German.

Mellie: Billy Chambers told me we've hit a snag in the Keating nomination. Is it serious?

Cyrus: We don't know yet. Could be.

Mellie: Well, you know what I always say if it's serious, get Olivia on it.

OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

Harrison: You're sure we're looking for a Stacey? 'Cause I don't think my favorite girl down at Camelot's given name is Sinnamon, if you get my drift.

Abby: Sharon had some check stubs. Not everyone who worked for her was using a pseudonym. Maybe someone kept in touch with Stacey, knows her real name.

Huck: You look like you're gonna throw up. Don't throw up in my office.

Quinn: I was doing a thing for Olivia, and I screwed it up.

Huck: You screw up, you fix it. You're a fixer. That's the job.

Quinn: I lost a person. I need you to help me track them or hunt them or whatever it is you do to find out where someone is, like, right now at this instant.

Huck: You try their house? Try their house.

Olivia: What are you doing here?

Quinn: I wasn't my fault. I went out to call you, and when I came back, she disappeared, but it's okay, because I'm going to her house right now, and I'm not letting her out of my sight once I get there.

Olivia: Once we get there, so I can fix this.

Stephen: Uh, Sharon won't give up the list.

Olivia: Good.

Stephen: We have a client in jail. She won't do the one thing that can get her out of jail. How is that possibly good?

Olivia: If that list gets out, Keating's ruined.

Stephen: Keating's not our client. Neither is the White House, by the way. It's not your responsibility if they look bad anymore, Liv.

Olivia: I don't want to see a man's reputation destroyed over something that is not true.

Stephen: Well, neither do I, but we've already picked sides in this, and our side is sitting in a D.C. jail.

David: Good. I won't have to walk far. Olivia Pope, you've been served. That's a subpoena for Sharon Marquette's client list. You have two hours to produce it, so I'll see you in court. Going down?

OUTSIDE - PARK:

Harrison: It's your turn.

Abby: Please, no.

Harrison: I did the last one. Who would've thought ex-hookers don't like talking about hooking?

Abby: You would never pay for sex, would you? Have you?

Harrison: Look, everyone pays for sex, at least until they're in a relationship. That's how it works. I buy you dinner. I buy you drinks. That's not out of the goodness of my heart.

Abby: Why do men do it?

Harrison: Honestly, to never have to have a conversation like the one we're having right now.

Abby: It's your turn.

Inez: I said share. You have had enough, mister.

Abby: Inez Parks? Did you ever work for Sharon Marquette back in 1991? We're not looking for you. We're looking for a woman named Stacey. You both worked for Sharon at the same time.

Inez: Take your brothers. Go and play with Jane and Andy, okay? Go ahead. Mommy will be there in just a minute.

Inez: What do you want to know?

AMANDA TANNER'S APARTMENT:

Olivia: I'll do the talking. You just stand there. Don't do anything.

Quinn: I could do my job really well if you'd just tell me what's going on.

Amanda: Do you know what you did to me the other day? Do you? You made me want to die. Literally, actually die. I sliced myself open, and now you're standing here on my doorstep, which I can only assume is because you know I was telling the truth about the President. That's why you're here. It's the only reason why you could be.

Olivia: Amanda.

Amanda: Say it.

Olivia: You don't.

Amanda: Say it.

Olivia: You were telling the truth about the president.

Amanda: Thank you. Now get the hell away from me and leave me alone.

Olivia: You want to be left alone? A blogger posted a story about you today just a couple sentences, nothing major, but someone out there is going to follow up and want you to answer some questions. Do you know what you're going to say, exactly what you're going to say, to every question, every time someone calls? Because if you don't, there's gonna be more questions from more reporters. You're going to say or do the wrong thing. You'll get flustered. You'll get upset, and you'll say something that will bring out the dogs, and what started out as two sentences on a blog nobody reads is going to turn into a full-blown tabloid scandal, and the

tabloids are gonna feel like a walk in the park once the networks pick up the story, and they will, because this story has a scent. It smells like papers sold. It smells like ratings. Your face is going to be on the front page of every newspaper in the entire world, and there will be no leaving you alone then. You will never, ever be alone again. I made you want to die, and I'm sorry about that. I am not proud of that. I'm not, but now I would like to help you. I can help you, if you let me.

Amanda: Just leave me alone.

Olivia: Write your cell phone number on here, and slide it under her door. In a few hours, she's going to call you, and you are gonna have to convince her to let us represent her.

Quinn: Wait. How do you know she's gonna call?

Olivia: Because I'm very good at my job.

OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

Olivia: You find our Stacey?

Harrison: Nope, but we found somebody that knew her. Said back in '91, she planned on moving out west with her boyfriend Montana, Wyoming, one of the flyovers.

Stephen: I'm off to court. Um, you think that Zuckerman will buy this is a fishing expedition?

Abby: As a basis for quashing the subpoena?

Olivia: She might. Zuckerman's old-school. It's the best we've got. We need to keep that list from going public. Take Harrison. He's charming.

Harrison: Mm. Hm.

Abby: Ohh. I know I shouldn't care.

Olivia: You should not care.

Abby: You're fine with the fact that he sleeps with prostitutes?

Olivia: Everybody has secrets, Abby. Most of them aren't pretty. In our line of work, I don't judge. Neither should you.

Abby: But why does a man like that, an attractive man, a man with nice clothes and a good job and wavy hair and a fiancée who loves him, why does a man like that...

Olivia: His name is Stephen.

Abby: Why does Stephen buy sex from whores? I know. I shouldn't care. Why do I care? I'm not his wife.

Abby: No, you're n ...

Abby: Liv?

WHITE HOUSE - ENTRANCE:

Olivia: One dozen red velvet cupcakes extra frosting, like you like 'em.
Morris: Of course you know cupcakes would never work, Ms. Pope. I have a gun. I could shoot you, but I did get a call from Ms. Hanley.
Olivia: The president's secretary?
Morris: Apparently the President wants you back on the list.
Olivia: Thank you.
Morris: 'Course I don't know what kind of cupcakes you gave him.

WHITE HOUSE

Olivia: Stacey? You didn't even flinch when you found out your husband had slept with a prostitute because it was you. You put Patrick through law school, and you moved to Wyoming, and his dream became your dream, and you dedicated your life to making it real. You're Stacey. You're the reason he's on the list.
Mrs. Keating: It was my first night, and I was so, so scared. I was sitting at the bar waiting for my date, and he was late, and I was afraid that he wasn't coming. All the girls had told me that there were no excuses with Sharon Marquette, that you came back your first night out with your money, or you were done, and she was the best. Her girls were classy. Call girls, you know? Not whores. So I sat at the bar, and I waited, and I waited, and then Patrick came up to me. He could see that I'd been stood up and that I was pretty upset about it, and so he sat down, and he made me laugh. I had never hit it off with somebody like that right off the bat before. He didn't know, and I wasn't going to tell him. I liked him so I started seeing him. I-I told Sharon that he was a client, but I paid for all of our dates myself. You know- We didn't even have sex until our wedding night.
Olivia: And you never told him the truth.
Mrs. Keating: Patrick would never understand. I mean, we needed the money, and ... and he- he spent every night at the law school library studying, so I told him that I got a second job Working the night shift. That's what I told myself I was doing. I was "working the night shift". It's how we paid for Georgetown. It's how he got where he is today. I love that man. I just.

I can't tell him that that his whole life was built on a lie.

Olivia: You have a good life with a man who makes you happy, and no one lie can negate all that, but you have to tell him. Because if he finds out from someone who isn't you, it's going to break his heart.

COURTHOUSE:

Stephen: This subpoena is a fishing expedition, your honor, plain and simple. It's an attempt to drag the hundreds of legal escort clients Sharon Marquette has serviced into the mud.

David: Name one single prostitution case where claiming "fishing expedition" has actually worked. Just one. I'll wait.

Harrison: Uh, Williams vs. Pennsylvania, or maybe Davis vs. Florida is more your style. That was back in, uh, 1998. I can keep going, your honor.

Judge: Counsel, approach the bench, please. Are you aware you are all grown men, and that as such, it should be at least somewhat beneath you to waste my time on what seems to be no more than a pissing match?

Harrison: We are, your honor.

Judge: Well, thank God for the little things. Mr. Finch and Mr. Wright, hand over that client list by noon tomorrow, and, Mr. Rosen, that woman's bail is coming do to something that wouldn't make Donald Trump feel extravagant, and let's all get back to making the world a better place. Thank you, gentlemen.

Harrison: What do we do now?

Stephen: We gotta get Sharon the best defense attorney we can find.

WHITE HOUSE:

Mrs. Keating: I didn't say that.

Patrick: You did just now. You did!

Fitz: He's the perfect jurist methodical, analytical, nonpartisan. He lives by the letter of the law. You chose well But then you always do.

Olivia: He would have been a great supreme court justice. I couldn't stop it. It's coming out.

Fitz: I'll have to find another nominee. Any suggestions?

Olivia: I don't work for you anymore.

Fitz: You think they'll get past this?
Olivia: I don't know how they can.
Fitz: I think that those two people want to be together. I think that love, at the end of the day, is stronger than some mistake somebody made. Something they did that they regret. I think that love allows for forgiveness.
Olivia: I have to go.
Fitz: Liv.
Olivia: It's done. Everybody loses. Let it go.
Fitz: Liv, please.
Olivia: What do you imagine that there is left to say?
Fitz: Everything.
Olivia: Or nothing.
Patrick: It's not an act of love.
Mrs. Keating: Please try to understand.
Patrick: I understand. I understand that you're a liar, and that you have cost us everything that mattered in this damn world.

OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

Stephen: I'm gonna head down to the U.S. attorney's office with the list. Hey. Sometimes one gets away from us. Think of it this way the list gets out, potential clients, every one of these guys.
Olivia: Yeah. There's a lot of power up on this wall.
Olivia: Harrison!

VARIOUS LOCATIONS AROUND D.C.:

Harrison: Sunny day.
Harrison: Hardwood floors.
Harrison: Ahem. Trip to the islands?
Harrison: Do you speak Greek?

OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

Olivia: Gentlemen, thank you for coming. I realize you may not be united ideologically, but thankfully screwing around seems to be a bipartisan effort, and you all have one thing in common the services of my client, Sharon Marquette, and while the two of us don't care how you spend your free time,

your constituents might. I think we can all be in agreement that this small business owner should not be unduly harassed by the law. Am I right?

Charlie: Lady, I have no idea what you think you're talking about, but I have a dinner to get to, so if you'll excuse me.

Sharon: Oh, Charlie. She's talking about how you like to go around the world, dear twice in one night, if you take your pills.

Olivia: Glad to see we're all in agreement. And I'm gonna need just one more thing.

WASHINGTON D.C. BAR:

TV: My reversal on Judge Keating is a simple matter of reviewing the facts and my personal feeling that he's the best man for the job.

David: Just tell me who was on the list.

Olivia: You know I can't do that.

David: I mean, I can guess who was on it, given the long list of calls my boss got right before he ordered me to drop the case.

Olivia: David, you got what you wanted. Everybody wins. She's out of the business, liquidating her assets, buying a place in Florida with extra bedrooms for the grandkids. The stain on the district's moral landscape is gone.

David: Right.

Olivia: Unless you're not actually a white hat and what you were after was the high-profile fame-and-fortune thing all along.

David: You realize, don't you, that this is why we can never be friends?

WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE:

Fitz: And, lo, the day was saved by Olivia Pope, as usual. You know, there are 13 arrows in the eagle's left claw to represent the 13 states. Actually it's 13 everything. 13 clouds. 13 leaves on the olive branch. Olivia helped us. She's not against us.

Cyrus: Mm.

Fitz: Really, you're not talking to me now? The leader of the free world is standing on the presidential seal in the oval office, slightly inebriated. I think that would warrant a

lecture, at least some words from his majesty Cyrus Beene, king of me.

Cyrus: What do you want me to say? You won't tell me anything. I'm obviously not someone you trust, so you just stand there alone on your presidential seal. Have a party.

Fitz: I know I don't get to do what other men do. Above reproach, my whole life. I'm not John Edwards. I get it. Wear the crown. And that's fine. There's a price. But Liv. Is the love of my life. And she won't even talk to me. Okay? We do not talk about this tomorrow. You hate scotch.

Cyrus: I do But I don't tonight, not with you, and we won't talk about it tomorrow.

Fitz: You're on my side.

Cyrus: I'm on your side, Mr. President.

Fitz: You think Reagan did this? Hell, Roosevelt? You know Nixon and Clinton did, but Carter or Truman?

OUTSIDE THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL:

Amanda: I'm sorry I called you so late. I don't know. I just got scared, like maybe somebody was watching my place. I know that sounds crazy.

Quinn: No, that's okay.

Amanda: A reporter called my parents, asked them why I wanted to kill myself. They were having dinner. It's already happening, isn't it?

Quinn: I was in trouble once. A lot of people wanted to...I was in trouble. I was alone, and it was awful, but if I had had someone, someone who knew what I should say and what I should do, I would have given anything to have that person by my side, and Olivia Pope she wears the white hat.

OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

Amanda: I'm here, okay, but we do this on my terms.

Olivia: You'll be glad you came. I promise.

Gideon: Hello?

Gideon: Hello.

Quinn: What are you doing here?

Olivia: Quinn, who's this?

Quinn: The reporter from the hospital. Gideon.

Quinn: What are you doing here? I need a quote for my story.

Olivia: Your story. You don't have a story. You don't have anything, so go home.

Gideon: No.

Olivia: Excuse me? She tried to kill herself the day after she quit working for the President, and she lied about who she works for, and now they're both here in this office with you, and I might just be a Metro reporter for a dying newspaper, but you're Olivia Pope, so, no. No, I didn't have a story, but now, now I do.

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