

OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

Quinn: I don't know how you take it, cream or sugar, so I brought both.

Amanda: I don't take it. Do they always do this?

Quinn: Yeah. They do that.

Amanda: Good. God. I was starting to think it was me or something.

Quinn: It is you. They're talking about you, Amanda. Everyone's gonna be talking about you.

Stephen: No. No way.

Abby: Are you kidding?

Stephen: What if she's lying?

Abby: What if she's not? I vote yes.

Olivia: We're not voting.

Stephen: It's Monica all over again, except without the blue dress, without any kind of proof.

Abby: Who needs proof? The girl said she slept with the president.

Stephen: Liv worked at the white house. That alone makes it a giant conflict of interest.

Abby: Oh, please call me when you grow a pair.

Olivia: We're not voting.

Huck: She seems scared. I'd vote yes if we were voting.

Harrison: It's Sandra Harding. Her son didn't make it to court. Day one can you believe it? Who are we voting on?

Olivia: We're not voting. She's ours. We're keeping her. It's done.

Olivia: Sandra, we'll find him.

Stephen: I'll go to court and help the defense stall.

Olivia: You're gonna have to get creative. Harrison, you're with me. Huck, find Gideon Wallace at the "D.C. Sun" I want to talk to him today. Abby, take Amanda home, pack up her things, make sure -

Abby: No one no one is following her and set her up at your apartment. Got it.

COURTHOUSE:

Judge: I'm losing my patience, Mr. Cole.

Mr. Cole: Uh, I'm told he'll be here very soon, your honor. A Presidential motorcade is blocking Massachusetts Avenue.

Judge: Ah. Yet, here we are.

Attorney: Perhaps the defendant should take one of his helicopters, your honor.

Stephen: We're running out of time, Liv.

HOTEL:

Olivia: Well, keep stalling.

Harrison: Room service. We've got your breakfast.

Girl: I don't think we ordered any.

Harrison: I love my job.

Olivia: You might want to put on some clothes for this. Excuse me.

Olivia: Up and at 'em, Trav!

Travis: Oh-ho-ho! Livvie! How the hell are ya?

Olivia: I'm fine. You're late.

Travis: Hey, do you know who this is?! This is the Olivia Pope. She's amazing. She works for the...Who do you work for now, the White House, CIA, FBI?

Olivia: Today? Your mother.

Travis: Oh, crap.

Olivia: She's not too thrilled about the fact that you were late for court on your first day of trial.

Olivia: Is this what you're looking for?

Travis: Just give me, like, two minutes. All right? Where are my pants?

Harrison: Whoa. Why don't we why don't we rinse the booze off first? Judge will appreciate that.

Travis: I know I've been hitting it pretty hard lately, going out. I've just been so stressed out.

Olivia: A rape charge does it to the best of us.

Travis: I didn't do it. I no-

Olivia: I know. I believe you. Now let's go work on that judge and jury.

Olivia: You. May I ask a favor?

COURTHOUSE:

Judge: Court's adjourned. Back here at 2:00 with your defendant, or I'll lock him up for the rest of the trial.

Mr. Cole: Thank you, your honor.

Stephen: How are you holding up, Sandra?

Sandra: I can't lose him, Stephen. I won't lose him.

Stephen: I know. I know.

HOTEL:

Harrison: Get my good side, gentlemen.

HOTEL - UNDERGROUND:

Travis: Is there anything you didn't take care of, Liv?

Olivia: Your hotel bell. It's a doozy.

Travis: Whoo-hoo-hoo-hoo!

OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

Sandra: He really did forget what time the trial started.

Olivia: Sandra.

Sandra: You're right. He screwed up.

Olivia: He's lucky the judge didn't throw him back in jail. This isn't a parking ticket. He's on trial for rape.

Sandra: He didn't do it. He didn't rape that girl.

Olivia: I believe you, but if I'm the jury, I'm already resenting him for wasting my time.

Sandra: Which is why I would like you on this thing. You can guide our defense team, keep Travis in line.

Olivia: Unh-unh. No way. Today was just a favor.

Sandra: Liv.

Olivia: Sandra, I love you. I love your son. But I am on retainer for your company, not your family. I help with mergers and P.R. I don't babysit 27 year olds.

Sandra: I know that Travis is irresponsible. I know that. I try to tell him that he has to step up, fix his own mistakes. Part of it is on me. After Hal died, he went through a very rough time, and I didn't always have the time to help him sort through all of that stuff. And these girls see the son of a rich C.E.O., and they get dollar signs in their eyes. That girl is not the victim here. Travis is. Please. You've handled difficult clients before.

Olivia: Not ones who didn't show up in court. And I already got Travis one of the best defense lawyers in Washington. He doesn't need me.

Sandra: I need you. I spend all day listening to people who tell me what they think I want to hear. You are the only one who will give it to me straight. He could be in a lot of trouble here, Liv. I need someone on our side who I can trust.

Olivia: People don't say no to you very often, do they?

Sandra: Probably about as often as they say no to you.

WHITE HOUSE - PRIVATE RESIDENCE:

Fitz: What's happening?  
Mellie: Morning, honey.  
Fitz: What's happening?  
Mellie: I called Mrs. Hanley and I canceled your morning schedule.  
Fitz: Uh. Oh, for the love of-  
Mellie: You haven't been sleeping. You paced until 4:00 A.M. I wanted you to get some sleep.  
Fitz: I had a video conference on hunger in the developing world. Mandela got outta bed. Mandela was waiting for me.  
Mellie: People die if they don't get enough sleep.  
Fitz: The chairman of the joint chiefs and I had a meeting, I was sitting with the economic advisors.  
Mellie: You needed one chance to sleep in.  
Fitz: I am the leader of the free world! I do not sleep in!  
Mellie: Why aren't you sleeping?  
Fitz: Mel...  
Mellie: I just want you to have what you need. You know that. I'm doing a tour of D.C. homeless shelters this afternoon. I have to give a speech. Wish me luck.

OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

Gideon: Hey.  
Quinn: What are you doing here? You're not supposed to be here. You have to stop showing up here.  
Gideon: Are you always this high-strung?  
Quinn: No. I'm just new.  
Gideon: It's kind of charming. Relax. I have a meeting with your boss.  
Quinn: Um, Olivia, I  
Gideon: Hey, where are you going? We have a meeting.  
Olivia: No, we don't.  
Gideon: You called me. Your guy said that you wanted to talk to me about-  
Olivia: Why would I want to do that?  
Gideon: I don't know. I imagine so you can try to kill my story about Amanda Tanner, which there is no way in hell I am gonna let you do.  
Olivia: I don't have to kill your story, Gideon. You're going to kill it yourself. As soon as you publish even anything remotely interesting about my client, all of the real reporters at your paper are going to snatch it right out of your cub-

reporter hands. By the way, great piece yesterday about how the cherry blossoms are so late to bloom this year. I do hope they come soon. This is how this works. You're gonna leave Amanda alone and keep her name out of your paper for the next 72 hours. You do that, and I will give you some background on her. And if you're lucky, a quote.

Gideon: That sounds fair. Okay. Good meeting.

Olivia: There was no meeting.

OLIVIA POPE'S APARTMENT:

Amanda: You bring a lot of clients to your home?

Olivia: Just the ones that need to be kept out of the public eye.

Amanda: So, what happens next?

Olivia: Next we talk about things.

Amanda: Okay.

Olivia: Not bad things. Just things that will help me. For instance, I need to know if you have any proof of what went on with you and the President.

Amanda: Why do you need that?

Olivia: Because if it ever came down to his word against yours, we'll need proof of what happened, because even though I believe you, others won't.

Amanda: I have something, yeah. I'm not ready to tell you what it is.

Olivia: Amanda.

Amanda: My terms. You said we could do this on my terms. I'm not telling you until I'm ready.

Olivia: Okay. Hopefully, it won't come to that. Hopefully, we'll figure this out, which brings me to the second thing I need. What's the end game?

Amanda: The end game?

Olivia: A question I ask every client what they want. What's your best outcome? Do you want money? Do you want to stay in Washington? Do you want your job back? You have options.

Amanda: I want to see the President.

Olivia: Excuse me?

Amanda: I want to see the President. I want one meeting with him, alone, face-to-face.

## RESTAURANT:

Cyrus: No. No, it was the caucus. We were in Des Moines debating, and the moderator raises the question.

Billy: Mm-hmm.

Cyrus: And Fitz just looked ... Olivia.

Olivia: Oh, please. Billy, can you give us a minute?

Billy: Um, I'm, uh, eating shrimp scampi, so, no.

Olivia: Billy.

Billy: Liv, I'm eating, and he's paying. Do you know how rare that is? Look, you used to be the work wife, but word on the street is, your spots open, so you really think I'm leaving this table?

Olivia: Billy, leave the table.

Cyrus: Billy, leave the table.

Cyrus: Work wife. I suppose that's true.

Olivia: It is true. Was true.

Cyrus: He's not sleeping.

Olivia: Not my problem.

Cyrus: So what does my ex-work wife want?

Olivia: Amanda Tanner wants a sit-down. Fifteen minutes with him.

Cyrus: You and I both know-

Olivia: And then she goes away, for good. This is legit, Cyrus.

Cyrus: And then this goes away?

Olivia: Then you'll buy scampi only for me.

Cyrus: We made a President together.

Olivia: We did.

Cyrus: I miss you.

Olivia: Yeah. Me, too.

Cyrus: He's not sleeping.

Olivia: Cyrus, neither am I.

## OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

Mr. Cole: The woman's name is Helen Fisher. She went home with Travis willingly. Claims that things got out of hand, he wouldn't take no for an answer.

Stephen: How are you explaining the bruises?

Mr. Cole: Self-inflicted. After the fact. Travis is innocent.

Abby: Aren't they all?

Mr. Cole: No. Hell, no. But Travis is. I have tried millions of these cases. It's a classic he said, she said. It'll all come down to-

Olivia: Perception. These cases always do. And you're how do I say this? You're being perceived by the public, and more importantly, by the jury, as an entitled rich boy who thinks he can get away with anything. To change that, you play by my rules. Harrison's your babysitter. You do not drink. You don't go out. No more blondes, as charming as she was.

Travis: Whatever you say, Liv.

## OUTSIDE DAVID ROSEN'S APARTMENT:

David: You're obsessed. Do I need a restraining order?

Olivia: A restraining order? For a friend who brings you free coffee?

David: We're not friends, and that coffee is not free. What do you want?

Olivia: Jane Powell she's prosecuting the Harding rape case. You got any-

David: Dirt? Dirt on Jane Powell, my friend and colleague? So you can threaten or intimidate her?

Olivia: Oh, please, you hate Jane Powell. Jane Powell is gunning for your job. You're so touchy pre-coffee.

David: Beat it, stalker.

Olivia: That's no way to treat a friend.

David: We're not friends.

## OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

Olivia: No luck with the U.S. attorney. I got nothing on the prosecution. Where's the jury?

Stephen: Uh, these ten are voting guilty.

Quinn: But the trial's not even over. How can you say that for sure?

Stephen: Demographics, body language, sociological, and psychological factors. We've ruled out all but two as potential non-guilty votes uh, juror 4 freelance graphic designer, bartender, voted for Nader.

Olivia: He's independent, contrarian. Good.

Stephen: And juror 6, uh, N.R.A. member, retired marine, winces every time the prosecution speaks.

Olivia: So he's an Alpha male with a grudge against the female prosecutor. Great. Love it. Huck, what'd you get?

DRY CLEANERS:

Juror: I can't discuss it. That's final. When the guy is in jail, you can ask me anything you want.

LAUNDROMAT:

Juror: No, man. He is a total date raper.

OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

Huck: Jury's set to hang him high.  
Stephen: Day three of trial, and we've lost them already.  
Olivia: Abby, what do we have on Helen?  
Abby: I went to her work.

NONPROFIT CHILDREN'S ORGANIZATION:

Woman: Thursdays at Tony's. Helen and I had a longstanding weekly drinks date.  
Abby: Oh, I know the drill. I used to be so hungover on Fridays during law school.  
Woman: It wasn't like that. Helen would have one, maybe two drinks. She never wanted to be hungover around the kids. Plus, working here, for a nonprofit? It's all she could afford. Excuse me.

OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

Abby: The bad? Helen's a Saint. Special ED advocate. Head of the American University Alumni Club for D.C. A saint. Which I might add, you have to be to win a he said, she said case without coming out looking like a regretful slut who was asking for it.  
Olivia: You're killing me. What's the good?



Abby: The good is she's broke. I checked her credit reports. She's over 250 grand between student loans and credit cards, and financially, the girl's drowning.

OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

Sandra: You want me to settle? Olivia, that's out of the question.

Olivia: Helen is an airtight witness. We need to stop her from cooperating with the prosecution any further, and we've already lost the jury.

Sandra: He is innocent. The evidence is paper-thin.

Olivia: Photographs of bruises on a pretty girl prove to be very effective. In a case like this, perception is more important than evidence. The truth doesn't matter. He looks guilty. He is guilty.

Sandra: We'll win on appeal.

Olivia: That'll take two years, minimum. In the meantime, Travis will be in prison. We've got an opportunity here. The girl needs money. You have a lot of money. You only have one son. Settle.

Sandra: Do whatever you have to do.

COURTROOM:

Olivia: That's \$8 million in three installments.

Mr. Cole: In a way which makes it clear. The attorney representing Mr. Harding was totally unaware.

Stephen: The gag order and confidentiality clause are standard. As Charles here's hopefully explained, It means you stop cooperating as a witness.

Mr. Cole: I am not here. I was in the building on another case. I just-

Stephen: Which will force the prosecution to drop the case.

Olivia: They've offered to throw in an extra \$500,000 to the special education charity of your choice if we leave here with an agreement.

Lawyer: Ten.

Mr. Cole: Ten? That is preposterous! You must-I'm sorry. Ignore me. I'm not here.

Lawyer: Ten. Up front, one payment.

Olivia: I can sell 9. No more.

Lawyer: Done.

Helen: No.  
Lawyer: Helen, we're not going to get a better offer.  
Helen: I said no.  
Olivia: You're angry, Helen. I understand that. But the quickest way to put this behind you is to settle this now or you're looking at years of appeals, years of unfinished anger-  
Helen: How much would you take, Ms. Pope?  
Olivia: I'm sorry?  
Helen: If you were me, how much would it take you to be able to forget? To forget you'd been strangled, had your clothes ripped off, had some guy pin you down while he forced his fist inside your mouth so hard, you could taste your own blood? How much would it take you to be able to forget all that? To be able to even think of having sex with somebody again? To wake up every morning and not want to kill yourself when you realize it wasn't just a dream, it actually happened? How much would it take you to forget all that? \$10 million? 20? How much would you be worth? Hmm? How much?  
Olivia: Let's go.

WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE:

Fitz: Thank you for your service.  
Military: Thank you, Mr. President.  
Fitz: Thank you. Thank you for your service.  
Military: It's an honor, Mr. President.  
Fitz: Gentlemen, thank you all.  
Cyrus: Thank you.  
Fitz: Did you see that?  
Cyrus: Hmm?  
Fitz: They had prosthetic hands. That man saluted me with his left hand because his right hand was blown off by an I.E.D. while he was busy keeping us safe. This country. Its heart.  
Cyrus: I wish you were a cynic. Being President is easier for a cynic. Olivia wants a meeting. One sit-down with Amanda Tanner, and it all goes away. I think, I think it's worth it. We do it casually, discreet, somewhere off the grounds. You hear her out, and then it's done. We're free. This is a chance to put Amanda Tanner behind you.  
Fitz: Olivia will be there?  
Cyrus: Like I said, your life would be so much easier if you were a cynic.

## OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

Harrison: Three days out, we let this go to jury and we're screwed.  
Stephen: Well, it's going to because she won't settle.  
Quinn: So we lost? I mean what happens when we lose? We're just done?  
Olivia: We're never done. If we lose this round, we prep him for appeal. If we lose that, we prep him for a second appeal, because whatever happens, there's always another move. Whatever happens, we do not give up. It is my name on that door, and I do not give up.  
Abby: It's not personal.  
Olivia: She really doesn't like the word "lose".

## HARDING HOUSE:

Travis: It feels kinda cheap.  
Harrison: It is. Juries have a natural bias against the exceedingly rich.  
Travis: Well, I have a natural bias against rayon. But hey, if it'll help me look as innocent as I am, I love it. Hey, man, be straight with me. What's the point of all this? I mean, if she won't settle, I'm going to prison, aren't I?  
Harrison: No more yellow ties. Blue. You can trust a man in blue.  
Travis: But maybe we didn't go high enough. Maybe we should try again. I mean, they always take the money in the end.

## OLIVIA'S APARTMENT:

Amanda: Okay, I can't talk. Not now. You have to stop calling me.  
Olivia: Who are you talking to?  
Amanda: That reporter from the "Sun". He keeps calling me.  
Olivia: Look, I'm not gonna take your phone away, but I cannot stress the importance that you only take calls from your parents and my staff. You cannot answer your phone, not even to tell someone to go away. Damn it. He knows something. He's chomping at the bit. He must have something.  
Quinn: He likes me.  
Olivia: What?  
Quinn: The reporter. Gideon. I think he likes me. Maybe I could talk to him, find out what he knows?  
Olivia: Harrison?

Harrison: I want permission to look into Travis' finances.  
Olivia: What are you thinking?  
Harrison: He said something about settlements, how they always take the money. I think we should know if he's speaking from experience.  
Olivia: Be careful.

## OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

Harrison: In '08, he made 3 payments of \$200,000 to a woman in Arlington.  
Abby: Her name's Rachel Kline. 23 year old waitress at Darcy's in Georgetown.  
Olivia: Let's track her down, find out what the money was for.  
Abby: Can't. She's dead.  
Stephen: Committed suicide three years ago. Pills.  
Harrison: 600 grand is one hell of a tip for your favorite waitress, huh?  
Huck: All the marks of a cover-up here.  
Quinn: Covering up what?  
Stephen: Liv, I know Sandra's your friend, but-  
Olivia: If he raped that girl and paid her off, it makes it a lot more likely he raped Helen, too.

## WHITE HOUSE - CYRUS BEENE'S OFFICE:

Fitz: Looks like we're gonna get 458 pass from the Senate. A nice victory for bipartisanship. What?  
Cyrus: I thought we were good, problem solved. But this just came in my mail my personal mail.  
Fitz: What is it?  
Cyrus: It's an audiotape. Do they call them audiotapes now, what, with CDS and all? I'm old.  
Fitz: Cyrus, you're rambling. You don't ramble, so now I'm nervous.  
Cyrus: Sir, you'll want to hear this.  
Fitz: Cy...  
Cyrus: From that first day when you asked me to run your campaign, I dreamed a lot of dreams, big dreams. I knew you were going to be President, but, I never dreamed I'd be listening to a tape of you moaning with a White House aide. That's what that is, right, you with your pants down, having sex with Amanda Tanner?

Fitz: Cyrus, I  
Cyrus: You don't talk. You don't talk anymore. Someone sent this to me. You get that? Amanda Tanner is blackmailing you, which means that Olivia Pope is blackmailing you.

Fitz: This isn't Liv. Liv didn't do this. She wouldn't do this.  
Cyrus: Mr. President  
Fitz: Liv wouldn't do this.  
Cyrus: I don't want to believe it either, but  
Fitz: Liv is not behind this. She wanted a meeting. She wanted to put this to bed.  
Cyrus: You know what happens at that meeting? They ambush you. There were no demands that came with this. Just the tape. The demands come in the meeting when you're face-to-face, when they have you by the balls, when they're in control. We both know that's how Olivia Pope works. There isn't gonna be a happy ending. Liv isn't coming home.  
Fitz: Okay.  
Cyrus: She's not gonna forgive you.  
Fitz: Okay.  
Cyrus: She's going to take a knife and she's going to gut you, and she's going to walk away  
Fitz: I said okay! Oh, my God.

OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES/WASHINGTON, D.C. STREET:

Abby: I just left Rachel's parents' house.  
Harrison: The mother tell you anything?  
Abby: She wouldn't talk, but she didn't have to. She's a fourth grade teacher, and there's an S-Class in the driveway. Looks like a 2007, maybe a 2008.  
Harrison: That's an \$80,000 car that came out the year her daughter was paid off. It must have been Rachel's.  
Abby: Exactly. You want to know the best part? There's an American University sticker on it.  
Harrison: Helen went to American.  
Abby: Harrison, I'm gonna need you to get-  
Harrison: Already on it.

LAB:

Worker: You're not a cop.  
Harrison: Not even close.  
Worker: Usually, all we get down here are cops. Sometimes lawyers, but you're not a lawyer, either.  
Harrison: I'm definitely not a cop. Some days I'm a lawyer. But today I'm just a single man looking for evidence. An old rape kit from a few years ago, if you even have it. The name Rachel Kline.  
Worker: You flirting with me? 'Cause I test rape kits all day, hundreds of 'em, backlogged so bad, it'll be ten years before some of them even get opened. You know what's in a rape kit, guy who's sometimes a lawyer, but not a cop? Swabs from her lips, her cheeks, her thighs, her hair, her cervix, the panties she was wearing when he pulled 'em down, the little bits of him they combed off her body, and the comb they used to do it. So if can give you something that's gonna get some justice for one these women whose pain and shame is in these bags, just ask me. I'll do it. But if you want anything else, you've come to the wrong place.  
Harrison: The rape kit will be fine. Thank you, ma'am.  
Worker: Mm-hmm.

OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

Quinn: Hey, Gideon. Hi. It's, uh, Quinn Perkins from Olivia Pope and Associates. I was wondering if you wanted to grab a drink with me tonight if you're not busy. If you are, it's completely and totally fine. We could do it another time tomorrow, or next week, or never at all, ever. Okay. Sure. Bye.  
Quinn: What?  
Huck: You're weird.  
Quinn: I'm not weird.  
Huck: Weird is good.  
Quinn: Thank you!

OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES/WHITE HOUSE:

Stephen: Amanda settling in okay?  
Olivia: I'm sorry we didn't vote.  
Stephen: We never vote. Not really.  
Olivia: Trust me. We're on the right side of this.

Stephen: Whose side, Liv, the white house's, Amanda's? You have a conflict of interest so big in this thing, I don't even think there's a word for it.

Olivia: Mellie.

Mellie: I hope I'm not catching you at a bad time.

Olivia: No, not at all. What can I do for you?

Mellie: Well, you know we have that state dinner tonight, and I checked, and I couldn't believe it, but it looks you didn't receive an invitation. Which was an oversight, I swear.

Olivia: I'm flattered, truly, but

Mellie: Eight o'clock! See you then!

Harrison: You're gonna want to see this.

## OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

Abby: She met Travis in a bar in Adams Morgan.

Stephen: She was just out of American, working at a lobbying firm. After a night of heavy drinking, Rachel went home with Travis, and he raped her.

Harrison: She filed a police report, rape kit and all. Two days later, he made payments three payments to her account. Bought her an S-Class to sweeten the deal.

Huck: She recanted her story to the police, thought she could just move on, but she couldn't function. Had to move back in with her parents.

Abby: And then one night about a year later, she swallowed enough Seconal to end her life. She was found by a friend. Her best friend. She changed her hair from brunette to blonde, but it's still-

Olivia: Helen Fisher.

## OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

Olivia: You were right about Helen. She was after Travis, but not for the money. She was after Travis because four years ago, he raped her best friend. Her name was Rachel Kline, and you destroyed her life, Travis. But you're not guilty of raping Helen, and Rachel can never testify against you, so you'll go free.

Sandra: Is this true?

Travis: M-mom

Sandra: Answer me, honey.

Travis: I didn't want to tell you. I didn't want to disappoint you any more than I. I'm sorry. I screwed up, and I tried to fix it. I tried. You told me, you, you always said, I should fix my mistakes, so I took care of it. I handled it.

COURTROOM:

Mr. Cole: You went to Tony's on Thursdays because the defendant went there on Thursdays. Isn't that right?

Helen: No! It-

Mr. Cole: You went every Thursday for six months. Isn't that correct?

Helen: Yes, but you're

Mr. Cole: You stalked him, didn't you?

Lawyer: Objection. Argumentative.

Judge: Sustained.

Mr. Cole: You approached him as a brunette, and then, when he didn't respond, you changed your hair color so he would notice you.

Helen: No, he hurt me! He pinned me down. He-

Judge: Ms. Fisher, stick to the questions.

Mr. Cole: You were obsessed. You change your hair color, you follow Travis around. So you could seduce him. You went home with him, you had consensual sex with him, and then you set him up. Set all of us up.

COURTHOUSE:

Sandra: He's gonna get off isn't he? They're destroying that girl in there. Travis is gonna be just fine. I signed him up for everything when he was a kid. Hockey, soccer, lacrosse. I figured, if I couldn't be around, at least he'd stay busy, maybe he wouldn't notice. He was great at everything, made every all-star team. In ten years, I never made it to a single game.

Olivia: It's not your fault.

Travis: He hurt someone, Liv. He held her down and he-My son did that. He's a...What should I do? Tell me.

Olivia: There's nothing you can do. Who he is, what he is, it's not your fault.



WASHINGTON, D.C. BAR:

Bartender: Here you go.  
Huck: Hey.  
Quinn: What, what are you doing here?  
Huck: Setting you up.  
Quinn: Setting me up?  
Huck: Virgin margaritas for the lady all night, and whatever her date orders gets a 3-finger pour of booze in it. Put your hair down and take that jacket off. Flirt just enough, but not too much, and do not let him see you home.  
Quinn: I can handle myself, you know?  
Huck: Oh, I heard you on the phone. You need to be set up.

WHITE HOUSE - STATE DINNER:

Fitz: Lovely to see you. Here's the prime minister. Hello. It's wonderful to see you again. Hi.  
Fitz: What's Olivia doing here?  
Mellie: I invited her.  
Fitz: How are you, Bill? Good to see you. You two know each other.  
Mellie: Liv. You look lovely.  
Olivia: Oh.  
Mellie: Oh. Mm. Doesn't she look lovely?  
Fitz: Of course, yeah. I'm so happy you could come.  
Olivia: I wouldn't miss it, Mr. President.  
Olivia: Prime minister, delightful to see you. How is the new baby?  
Fitz: Good to see you. Thank you so much for coming.  
Olivia: Oh, hi. Oh. Great to see you.

Olivia: You're better than I expected.  
Billy: Oh, they had ballroom dancing at Andover. It was the only way I could get near a girl back then, so I took it twice.  
Olivia: Glad to see it's working out for you. What?  
Billy: I'm trying to figure out how I can sexually harass you and get away with it.  
Olivia: Billy.  
Billy: What? You don't work here anymore. You could date me. I'm a catch. Or is there another guy?  
Mellie: I'd like a turn with the best dancer in the west wing. No offense, Fitz.  
Fitz: None taken.  
Mellie: You mind?  
Olivia: No.

Cyrus: Keep 'em coming.  
Waiter: Yes, sir.  
Olivia: Don't look at me.  
Fitz: How come?  
Olivia: Because everyone will know.  
Fitz: I can't not look at you.  
Olivia: The song will be over in a minute.  
Fitz: This is ridiculous. Everything is ridiculous. How did it all get so ...? Damn it, just look at me. Look at me. Meet me in our spot in ten minutes.  
Olivia: No.  
Fitz: I am not spending any more time away from you.  
Olivia: Stop it. We're in public. Look away.  
Fitz: Look I know I don't have the right. I know. I know you don't trust me. I-I love you.  
Olivia: Your wife is 10 feet away.  
Fitz: I love you.  
Olivia: What about Amanda?  
Fitz: I. Love. You. Our spot, ten minutes.  
Olivia: You can't leave your own state dinner.  
Fitz: Watch me.

WASHINGTON, D.C. BAR:

Gideon: Generous bartender.  
Quinn: I know. I'm so buzzed.  
Gideon: So should we get to it?  
Quinn: I'm sorry?  
Gideon: I know why you called.  
Quinn: You do.  
Gideon: To find out what I know, dig around, find my weak spots. Let me save you some time. I have tried every drug but the needle drugs, but I'm only addicted to "SportsCenter" and my BlackBerry, I talked my way out of a D.U.I. in Lubbock, but the arrest record is still on file. Texas! And in eighth grade, I stuffed the ballot box in an attempt to rig the student council election, but I did it to get closer to Jenny Marconi, not for the power. Still lost.  
Quinn: Okay.  
Gideon: I'm not giving up this story. It's my ticket off of Metro and on to national, and don't tell me it's not a story, 'cause that would insult what little intelligence I have, and I wouldn't believe you anyway, 'cause your boss is involved, and you're a terrible liar who's not the least bit buzzed,

and I know that because you've had as much as I've had, and while I am genuinely buzzed, you are coiled like a cobra 'cause you're so freakin' tense. Now that you know everything, let's forget about work for a couple of hours, get you a real drink...

Quinn: Why did you break the deal with Olivia? What are you talking about? You called Amanda. I was there when she got the call.

Gideon: Don't get me wrong, I'm digging. I called Amanda's college roommate, I called her friends at the White House, but I absolutely, positively did not call Amanda. I'm keeping my promise. I want that quote.

WHITE HOUSE - STATE DINNER:

Olivia: Oh, Cyrus. Hello.

Cyrus: I don't know what you think you're playing at, Liv, but I don't take kindly to blackmail.

Olivia: Uh, I'm sorry. What?

Cyrus: I never took you for the "hell hath no fury" type. It's a little trashy, but so is having an affair with a married man.

Olivia: You want to be careful, Cyrus, with how you speak to me, because I might forget that we are friends. Now if you'll excuse me.

Cyrus: What happened, you danced, he said he loved you? What, are you gonna go meet him right now? He's good. He has you in the palm of his hand. You're being played. You're being played by the best politician in the world. The upside? The tell-all book that you can write when you're old "the President's whore" it's all very dirty and best seller. These very nice agents are gonna escort you off the White House grounds. And you can tell Amanda Tanner that the meeting with the President is off.

HARDING HOUSE:

Olivia: I was wrong before.

Sandra: Livvie, it's late.

Olivia: I was wrong before about it not being your fault. It is your fault.

Sandra: What?

Olivia: You love him. You do. But you can't fix everything for him. You can't. He's playing you because you let him. You give him

everything he asks for and you clean up his messes and you believe him even when he lies to you, and that is, that is not love. Love is making him face who he is. The best thing you can do for him is to do the best thing for him. It's not your fault, what he did, but letting him get away with it, that is your fault.

WHITE HOUSE - ROSE GARDEN:

Cyrus: Mr. President.  
Fitz: Cyrus. This is not a good time.  
Cyrus: Olivia's not coming.  
Fitz: What? She canceled the meeting with Amanda Tanner. She was playing you, twisting the knife. I'm sorry, sir.  
Fitz: I need to get back to the prime minister.

OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

Travis: You want me to turn myself in? That's a little drastic. Right? Mom?  
Sandra: You raped that girl, Travis. She killed herself.  
Travis: But that wasn't my fault. It wasn't.  
Sandra: Travis, please. This is hard enough.  
Travis: So I made a couple of payments? They can't put me away for that.  
Olivia: There's a rape kit. It's got your D.N.A. all over it.  
Travis: She never pressed charges. They don't even have my name. It happened once. It'll never happen again. I promise.  
Olivia: Travis-  
Travis: I'm not talking to you. I'm talking to my mother. I'll go away. How's that sound? I'll go to Europe for a couple of years. And then I'll come back and run the company. That was always the plan anyway. That's a good compromise, right?  
Sandra: That's what I thought you'd say.  
Travis: Well, good. That takes care of the problem.  
Sandra: I've already taken care of it, honey.  
Travis: You didn't. Mom? Mom, don't do this, mom! Mom! Don't do this. Mom, listen to me. Please! This is crazy.  
David: Jane Powell, my friend? Got transferred to misdemeanors.  
Olivia: Oh?  
David: Something about incompetence, didn't research the defendant well.

Olivia: How sad for you.  
David: Okay, maybe.  
Olivia: Maybe what?  
David: Maybe we can be friends. Maybe.

WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE:

Mellie: You okay?  
Fitz: Why did you invite her to the State Dinner?  
Mellie: Olivia?  
Fitz: Why would you do that?  
Mellie: Because you needed to see her. I trust that tonight, you'll sleep like a baby.

OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

Gideon: Wait. Where's Amanda?  
Olivia: Change of plan. You're not getting a quote from Amanda.  
Gideon: Screwed by Olivia Pope. Why am I not surprised?  
Olivia: You're getting something better. Something that will actually help your career. An interview with Sandra Harding. Have you heard of her?  
Gideon: H.D.X., right? Her company's worth \$300 million.  
Olivia: About an hour ago, she turned her son into the U.S. attorney for rape. Tomorrow she's going to resign. She's agreed to tell you and only you her side of the story. Not only will your byline be on the front page of your paper, but this story, your exclusive story, will be chased by every major newspaper in the country. And they'll get nothing. I know it's not cherry blossoms, but..  
Gideon: Thank you. Thank you.  
Olivia: Gideon, that was a meeting.  
Quinn: You know, I've been meaning to tell you, it's probably nothing, but Gideon said this thing at drinks about how he never called Amanda, not once, and my gut says to believe him. My gut says he's not lying.  
Olivia: Reporters lie, Quinn.  
Quinn: My gut says she's lying. I don't think Amanda's telling you everything.

OLIVIA POPE'S APARTMENT:

Amanda: He's mad at me. I get that. But if I could just have five minutes alone with him, I know that I could explain.

Olivia: I know how hard this is.

Amanda: I'm sure you do.

Olivia: You're afraid that it was nothing, that he's forgotten it already, tossed you like yesterday's paper, and moved on without another thought, and if he's forgotten, then it's almost as if it never happened, that what you had with him wasn't real, and that makes you feel completely and utterly alone. But I haven't forgotten. I know what happened. I know it was real. And whatever you decide to do here, however you want to play this thing out, I will stand beside you every step of the way. If you ask me to, I will make him remember and you will never, ever be alone in this again, but I'm gonna need everything. Every truth, every detail. If I'm gonna stand with you, Amanda, I need to hear all of it.

Amanda: I'm pregnant.