

OLIVIA POPE'S APARTMENT:

Olivia: You're sure it's safe to go back to your apartment?

Jake: Rowan knows where I am. B613 always knows where I am. It doesn't matter where I go. I'm not the one who wants me to leave.

Olivia: Jake.

Jake: You're safer if I'm here.

Olivia: You and I both know I'm already being defended.

Jake: By the President? Does he know your father's command? Does he?

Olivia: No.

Jake: So how can he defend you? How can he defend you if he doesn't know who your enemy is?

Olivia: My father wouldn't hurt me, not physically.

Jake: He put me in a hole, which was bad. What was worse, every other day he had two guys haul me out of that hole, and he stood there and watched as they beat the crap out of me. They did things to me that you can't imagine. And then he had me bandaged up. Set the bones, stitched the cuts, gave me a shot of penicillin, 'cause he wanted me alive and then back in the hole. That was just for fun. Olivia, he would hurt you. Your father? He would slit your throat and drink your blood if it served the republic, and I think you know that. I think you have nightmares about that. So why are you pretending like you're daddy's little girl?

Olivia: I can't. I can't have you here. He can't know you're still here.

Jake: Liv-

Olivia: He made Huck kill. Just like that. He flipped his switch, and Huck is killing again. My father did that just so I'd know he could. He's in charge. He's in charge of everything.

Jake: Which is why we have to stop him.

Olivia: No. I can't be involved! Whatever's going on, I don't want to be a part of it. I don't want to know. I don't want to see. I don't want to help. I need to go back to doing what worked. Eyes straight ahead, no looking around corners, no peeping in shadows, no asking questions, no stepping outside the lines. I need to be a good girl, go to Sunday dinners.

Jake: Liv!

Olivia: I've never heard of B613. I've never heard of you.

Olivia: Harrison.

Harrison: We got the job.

Olivia: They said yes?
Harrison: They said yes.

OUTSIDE ABBY'S APARTMENT:

David: Can I come up?
Abby: No. Okay. No. Ugh. I don't know.
David: You don't know?
Abby: I don't know.
David: Okay, I'm gonna go.
Abby: Don't be mad.
David: I have a case to prep. Actually, it's right up your alley. The Senator who murdered the girl he was sexting? The family's like a deer in the headlights with the media. They're good people who could really use some gladiating.
Abby: Sorry. What's up?
Harrison: Electric bill's getting paid, Abby. Lights are staying on!
Abby: Well, good night.
David: Good night? Well, I was serious about the girl's family and the gladiating.
Abby: I'm sorry, David. But we already have a gig.

AA MEETING ROOM:

Huck: My name is Huck, and I'm an alcoholic.
Crowd: Hello, Huck. Hi, Huck.
Huck: So, uh, I fell off the wagon. I let my guard down, and I drank whiskey. The sad thing is that I was offered a bottle a month ago, and I didn't take it. I was strong. But this time was different. This time I didn't take the whiskey. It was put in my hand. The decision was taken away from me. And I drank and drank and drank. I wish I could say that I hated it, but I didn't. I liked it. Because whiskey is good. Whiskey feels like home. And I just- (phone ringing)
Quinn: Crap! Crap, crap, crap! What?
Harrison: The money train's arrived.
Quinn: I'll be right there.

CYRUS AND JAMES' BEDROOM:

James: Do it, Cy. Open your mouth.
Cyrus: Get that thing away from me.
James: Open your mouth, Cy, and give it to me. I know you want to.
Cyrus: Stop it!
James: One quote, Cy. One tiny quote I can take back to my editor.
Cyrus: I am not going to comment on the personal life of a Senator.
James: The personal life of a Senator? He took a picture of his wang and killed the woman he sent it to. This in a party that already has a wang problem because of your boss. So don't sit there and act like this murder trial has nothing to do with you. It has everything to do with you. Which is why you're going to put this memo down and give me a quote from the White House, who has yet to respond to repeated allegations that the party it presides over is suffering through its worst PR crisis in years. One sentence, Cy, and I promise I will leave you alone.
Cyrus: No comment.
James: Ugh! Bitch.

OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

Abby: Senator Richard Meyers by day, he represents the great state of Washington in our nation's highest legislative body. By night, he's a pervy, sexting pervy-perv who uses the handle "Redwood Johnson."
Huck: Gross.

Olivia: Say the thing again.
Abby: We need the money.
Olivia: We need the money.
Abby: We need the money.
Harrison: We need the money.
Olivia: Right. Okay. We need the money.
Abby: We've had worse clients I think. Haven't we?

Harrison: Pics of his junk aren't the problem. It's the welcome recipient a Miss Desiree Oaks. She saved them all, tried

to use them to blackmail the Senator - and ended up murdered.

Quinn: Bludgeoned to death. The weapon was never recovered, but the Senator's prints were found all over Desiree's apartment.

Olivia: What were you doing at her apartment, Senator?

Richard: Well, I went to talk to her, try and get some those photos back, resolve this mess. Was I upset? Sure. But I did not so much as lay one finger on that girl.

Olivia: Were there any other women you engaged in this sort of relationship with?

Richard: No, it was just one stupid little trifle. That's it.

Lawyer: And as the record shows, he was home at the time of the murder.

Olivia: And you'd be the one to testify to that, Mrs. Meyers?

Shelley: Yes. Absolutely.

Abby: Shelley Meyers, the Senator's alibi.

Olivia: She's a doting mother, partner at a law firm, all-around upstanding citizen. If she's still supporting him - after everything he's put her through...

Quinn: He must not be guilty.

Olivia: That's the message we're sending.

Lawyer: Jury always reads and watches news stories about the trial, despite orders by the judge to the contrary. So while I argue your case, Olivia's gonna work on your perception, both in the courtroom and in the media.

Richard: Well, I appreciate that, miss Pope. I'm about to mount a re-election campaign, and I'm bleeding approval ratings.

Olivia: We'll do what we can, Senator.

Lawyer: Thanks very much, Liv.

Olivia: Yeah. Your daughter?

Shelley: Uh, she's in Bethesda with my sister. I thought it best to keep her as far away from all this as possible. Luckily, she has a history report to keep her busy. Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

Olivia: Oh, worthy subject.

Shelley: Mm. Um, look, um I know you think my husband... that what he did was creepy, and it was. There's no doubt about it. But the man who sent those pictures... That was a different Richard. And we have been through marriage counseling,

we've talked endlessly, and he's a better person now. And, in case you've forgotten, innocent. So I won't let the world hang him for something he didn't do. You of all people should know how wrong that is. He made one mistake, Miss Pope. One. And-

Olivia: We all deserve a second chance.

Shelley: Exactly.

COURTHOUSE STEPS:

Reporter: Is it true that the Senator is a sex addict?

Reporter: Senator, did you have sexual relations with miss Oaks before you killed her?

Reporter: Senator, are you and Mrs. Meyers getting a divorce?

Olivia: We're very sad about what happened to Desiree Oaks, but my client isn't a murderer. He didn't kill Miss Oaks. The only thing he's guilty of is bad judgment. He texted a girl. One girl. He made one mistake.

COURTROOM:

David: And, Kelly, can you read the text messages you received from the defendant to the court, please?

Kelly: "I thought about you so many times today. I want to shave you, put you on my lap. Make you my little..."

Girl #2: "Butterfly. That's what he used to call me. "Spread your wings, butterfly. Spread 'em wide and tell me how-"

Girl #3: "I can be your daddy. You wanna feel my paddle, baby girl?"

Kelly: "Just beat me up. Make me your..."

Girl #2: "... Toilet." He wanted to take pictures of me on the toilet.

Kelly: "Lick 'em."

Girl #3: "Grab 'em."

Girl #4: "Squeeze 'em until they hit you in the face." I don't even know what that means.

David: No further questions.

Abby: It still doesn't mean he murdered her.

Olivia: Tell that to the jury.

WHITE HOUSE:

TV (Reporter): While Reston was the clear winner on the issues of last night's Democratic debate, the best moment of the night belonged to Congresswoman Josephine Marcus of Montana.

TV (Josie): I don't think it is a matter of the President showing leadership on the issue. At this point, I'm more interested in him not showing certain things. I think it's high time the man tame his cobra and keep the lid on the basket so our country can focus on education, keeping jobs here at home, I mean, honestly ...

Mellie: Are you watching this hack?

Fitz: Tame my cobra? Not bad.

Cyrus: It's good. Catchy.

Mellie: Good? I don't know who's hurting us more, - the pervert or this one.

Cyrus: Let the Dems take all the free shots they want now during the primary. That way, if they try these jokes in the election, they'll be beating a dead horse.

Mellie: Well, regardless, we need to keep Fitz above the fray. Focus on national security; pick a fight with Russia, something.

Cyrus: G8 summit's coming up.

Mellie: G8?! No one pays attention to the G8. Half of America can't even spell G8. No. We need a war. We need to liberate some people.

OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

Olivia: You can't take the stand right now. David Rosen will rip you to shreds. He's made this case all about you, Senator. Your failings, your flaws, how someone like you could have murdered Desiree Oaks.

Shelley: Is this still going on?

Richard: The texting? No. Of course not. This all happened before I was arrested.

Shelley: So, what do we do now?

Harrison: We make it about the girl.

Olivia: We need to find other reasons she might have been killed. You had other women, maybe she had other men.

Quinn: Are we really going to-

Abby: Slut-shame dead girl? All aboard.

WASHINGTON D.C. COURTROOM:

David: Mr. Granville, would you please describe your relationship with the victim?

Mr. Granville: Like a mentor. She would come to me with work questions, problems, sometimes just to vent.

David: Did she ever mention the defendant, Senator Meyers?

Mr. Granville: She said she received threatening texts from him.

David: And when did she tell you this?

Mr. Granville: The night before she died. We were at dinner, and she said that she was afraid for her life, that Senator Meyers had told her he would kill her.

David: Your witness.

Lawyer: Mr. Granville, would you say that you and Desiree had dinner together often?

Mr. Granville: No more than any mentor occasionally checking in on his protégé.

Lawyer: So once a week, according to these receipts?

Mr. Granville: I suppose.

Lawyer: And at these dinners with your protégé, did you present her with gifts of high-end jewelry, handbags, and at one time, a blackglama mink jacket, which your waitress said, and I quote, "I would kill my own mother for"? Well, you're quote a mentor, Mr. Granville. Maybe a better term would be "sugar daddy."

David: Objection!

COURTHOUSE STEPS / COURTHOUSE / TV (alternating):

Reporter: Coming to light in the Senator Meyers scandal is that the victim, Desiree Oaks, had multiple suitors supporting her lavish lifestyle.

David: Objection.

TV: Rent.

David: Objection.

TV: Car payments.

David: Objection!

TV: Even her gym membership was paid for by-

Olivia: Men who enjoy supporting a young woman financially in exchange for her company.

Reporter: But isn't that essentially prostitution by another name?

Olivia: Whatever you choose to call it, I think it's fair to say there's more than one man out there who could have been jealous enough to commit the crime of passion that sadly ended Desiree Oaks' life.

David: I object to all of this!

Judge: Mr. Rosen, on what grounds?

THE WHITE HOUSE:

Mellie: And Congresswoman Dandridge has assured me that she's going to push her colleagues to follow her example so that facilities such as the Adams Irving medical center become the rule in this country and not the exception. Thank you, Samantha. And thanks, everyone. Thank you.

Samantha: Yeah. This way?

Reporter: Madame First Lady, what'd you think of Josephine Marcus' performance at the Democratic debate last night?

Mellie: I think it's great anytime a new female talent enters politics.

Reporter: Even if she's a Democrat?

Mellie: Doesn't matter what party you're from. All of us women have to break through the same glass ceiling.

Mellie: Blah, blah, blah. Give any piece of trailer trash a push-up bra and a microphone, and those stupid flyovers will eat it up like fried twinkies.

Samantha: Mellie! My mic's still on.

OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

TV (Mr. Oaks): Our daughter was a kind, generous person. Every day she made us proud to be her parents. She's dead. The things these people are saying ... They should be ashamed.

Olivia: Turn it off. Tomorrow's all about prepping the Senator's wife. This entire case hangs on whether the jury believes her alibi. I don't want any surprises up on the stand.

Abby: We're on it.

Quinn: Huck. I was worried about you, okay?

Huck: Why?

Quinn: What?

Huck: Why are you worried about me? I come to work. I do my job. I go home. I have appropriate emotional responses, and I'm taking social cues for behavior. I am being normal. Why are you worried?

Quinn: You're not ... You're not talking to me, not like you used to. We're not... Look, I wanted to know what was up.

Huck: So you followed me.

Quinn: Yeah.

Huck: Friends don't follow friends. I'm not a client, Quinn. You don't fix me.

Quinn: But those meetings do?

Huck: Those meetings are supposed to be anonymous.

Quinn: They're also supposed to be for alcoholics. Huck, wait. Who did you...? You said you drank the whiskey. That's a person, right? You killed someone and it felt good? Like a high?

OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES GARAGE:

Jake: What do you want?

Huck: To talk.

Huck: So talk.

Jake: Who did Command have you kill?

Huck: I don't know what you're talking about.

Jake: I think you do. I think you wanna take him out as much as I do. We're both wearing leashes, Huck. You and me and everyone else who's ever worked for that man. He owns us, just like he owns Liv. But if we could get something on him ... Something big like murdering a guy...

Huck: No.

Jake: Why?

Huck: Because no one takes down Command.

Jake: No one's ever tried.

Huck: Stay away from Liv. Stay away from me.

CYRUS BEENE'S OFFICE:

Cyrus: "Worst Lady"! "First Catty Bares Claws"! "Mouthy Mellie"
Mellie: "First Catty"? That doesn't even rhyme.
Cyrus: What's the second rule of politics?
Mellie: I know the damn rules.
Cyrus: I'll give you a hint! The same rule applies to gun ownership. The microphone is always loaded!
Mellie: I know the rules. I took my mic off. Blame that stupid Congresswoman.
Cyrus: I'd like to, but then you had to go and break rule Number One: never insult the voters.
Mellie: It'll blow over. I will make it right.
Cyrus: You're missing the point. Josephine Marcus went from flavor of the month to legitimate Presidential candidate. You did that. You gave her legitimacy. You minted her ass!
Mellie: Even better. She's inexperienced. We should help her win in the primaries so that we can crush her in the general.
Cyrus: Ethan? Get in here!
Ethan: Madame First Lady.
Cyrus: Would you say we had a problem with female voters in this next election?
Ethan: Yes, sir.
Cyrus: What if we ran against a female candidate? Would that be fun for us?
Ethan: We'd likely get clobbered, sir.
Mellie: I will go craft an apology.
Cyrus: Run it by me first.

OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

Olivia: The prosecution's about to rest. Now it's our turn. Your testimony is crucial. You nail it, we're home free. Just remember-
Shelley: Supportive, not smug. I know.
Harrison: And make just enough eye contact with the jury. Too little, you'll seem impersonal. Too much, you'll seem like you're begging.
Richard: I appreciate it, Shel.
Abby: I have the head of BNC on the phone.
Olivia: Tell him I'll call him back.
Abby: He said it's urgent. Something about a story that's about to break. He says he wants a comment.
Olivia: What story?

TV: We met on Mixer last week. It's an app. People pretend to use it for networking, but it's really just a hookup site. He called himself "Mr. Chubbles." You know, he has a mole on his I mean, it's small, but the mole, I mean, not his... Anyway, I thought he was harmless. I didn't even know he was married, let alone a Senator, and then at 2:00 A. M. last night, I get a text, and it's like "Whoa!" Now I get the name.

Richard: She's lying. I've never seen that girl in my life. Shelley, you have to believe me. Call them up. Tell them it wasn't me. Make a statement. Whatever you have to do. I did not send that text. Did you hear what I said?

Olivia: Harrison.

Harrison: Give me your phone.

Richard: What?

Olivia: You heard him.

Richard: I don't... I left my phone in the car.

Harrison: Okay. Me and you, men's room, now. You drop trou, and we hope to God there's no mole.

Shelley: There's a mole.

Richard: I don't know why I ... I have a lot of stress. I couldn't sleep. I have a problem, Shelley. Oh, Shelley

Shelley: Do not touch me. Not now. Not... Don't touch me.

WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE:

Fitz: Honorable discharge from the Navy in '94.

SSA Tom: From what I can tell, that was the last good thing to happen to him.

Fitz: Palmetto Air?

SSA Tom: Small airline in Florida. He was fired six months in.

Fitz: Two marriages.

SSA Tom: And a lot of arrests for drunk and disorderly conduct. Had a few sales jobs along the way, but even those dried up. I'm not sure how he got by financially. He's got a sister, but she doesn't seem to have any more money than he did.

Fitz: What about the funeral arrangements?

SSA Tom: Wherever his sister can find the cheapest place to bury a pine box.

ARLINGTON CEMETERY:

Marines: Detail, halt!

Marion: I never expected all this ... all this pomp and fuss.

Marion: I'm sorry. Can I help you folks? This is a private service.

SS Agent: Ma'am.

Fitz: You must be Officer Foster's sister. Marion, is it?

Marion: Mr. President?

Fitz: I wanted to pay my respects and tell you how sorry I am for your loss.

Marion: I don't ... Mr. President ...?

Fitz: I never met your brother, but I was in the Navy at the same time. He was a good man.

Marion: I didn't even think he could be buried here at Arlington, but then Veterans Affairs called this morning, and ...? Was that you? Did you do this for my brother?

Fitz: They let me pull a few strings from time to time. Perk of the job.

Marion: But why?

Fitz: Pete Foster was an American hero, and he deserves to be buried as such.

Marine: Detail, atten-hut! Half right face! Ready! Aim! Fire! Aim! Fire! Aim! Fire!

CYRUS BEENE'S OFFICE:

James: Are you an idiot, or did you do it to spite me?

Cyrus: What the hell are you talking about?

James: This. The President throws a funeral for a down-on-his-luck Navy vet, and I have to find out about it from the gravedigger's Instagram account? Me! The chief of staff's husband, who could have been an asset to you. I could have produced a segment on the President's heart at a time when the only organ people care about is his penis. But, no, either you didn't see the potential, or or you didn't see my potential. So I ask you again: are you an idiot, or did you do it to spite me?

Cyrus: James, I had no idea this was happening.

James: Really? So the President calls Veterans Affairs and says, "Pete Foster. Let's throw him a funeral," and no one said a word to you?

Cyrus: No! Not everything I do is a scheme. You may not believe that, but it's true.

James: Okay. I'm sorry I bothered you.
Cyrus: Wait. Did you say Pete Foster?

LAFAYETTE PARK, WASHINGTON, D.C.:

Cyrus: You could have given me a heads-up.
Rowan: Not exactly my style.
Cyrus: Or, okay, I don't know, you could have not killed him.
Rowan: Calm down, Cyrus. Pete Foster killed Pete Foster.
Cyrus: Right, of course. Well, whatever the official story is, the President heard about it, because he went to the funeral today. He practically arranged the damn flowers himself.
Rowan: Pete Foster had every intention (interrupted) He had the original flight plan, Cyrus, and he was gonna use it (interrupted) on Grant. A loaded gun that I was not about to let go off. So taking care of the man? Necessary. Giving you a heads-up? Less so.

OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

TV: This day could not have gone worse for the defense. The defense, who we should point out, has Olivia Pope on its team. How do we think Ms. Pope is feeling right now, Anne? First she's accused of an affair with the President, then she gets duped by real mistress, Jeannine Locke, and now this.
TV: That's right, Tanner, and let's not forget, this is a woman who used to command a lot of respect in this town. Her name alone was enough to strike fear into people's hearts.
TV: And now it's close to becoming a punchline.
Harrison: Liv-
Olivia: If you're coming to say that we need to drop the case, don't waste your time.
Abby: He lied to us, Liv. And if he lied to us about the sexting, who's to say he's not lying about killing the girl?
Harrison: Shelley Meyers is in the wind, gone.
Abby: She's not answering her cell. She's not at home or her sister's.
Harrison: If we jump ship now, we just look smart.

Abby: If you're worried about the money, we can all work for free just for a few months.

Olivia: We're not broke yet. We're fine. I have my savings.

Harrison: You shouldn't have to use it.

Olivia: Quitting is not an option. Harrison, tomorrow morning, do whatever you have to do to stall. Buy us some time with the judge until we track Shelley down. Please. Go. Find her.

Jake: Bad time?

Olivia: You shouldn't be here.

Jake: Does the name Pete Foster mean anything to you? That's who your father had Huck kill.

Olivia: What did I tell you?

Jake: He was in possession of something dangerous, and not just to your father. To Fitz, to the White House. It was a flight plan of some kind.

Olivia: I have no idea what you're talking about, and for the last time, I do not care.

Jake: Okay. Look. Pete Foster was a pilot. He flew 86 missions, but there are only 85 listed individually on his jacket, which means that one of them is missing-

Olivia: Stop! I have told you over and over that I want nothing to do with this What the White House does, my father none of it. So take your files and your conspiracies and leave my office. Now.

(Recordings/flashback in Huck's Memory)

Cyrus: Or, okay, I don't know, you could have not killed him.

Rowan: Calm down, Cyrus.

Rowan: Pete Foster killed Pete Foster.

Rowan: Calm down, Cyrus.

Rowan: Pete Foster killed Pete Foster.

Cyrus: No!

Rowan: Pete Foster had every intention Pete Foster had every intention on Grant.

Rowan: A loaded gun that I was not about to let go off.

Cyrus: So taking care of the man?

Rowan: He had the original flight plan, Cyrus, and he was gonna use it.

Rowan: He had the original flight plan, Cyrus.

Rowan: He had the original flight plan, Cyrus.

Rowan: Pete Foster killed Pete Foster.

Rowan: Left some unfinished business for you inside.

WHITE HOUSE:

TV (Josie): Look, we all get a case of foot-in-mouth disease from time to time. Let's call it a joke that fell flat and leave it at that. First Lady apologized. Apology accepted. I will say this, though. Don't knock a fried twinkie till you've tried one.

Cyrus: A star is born. You should be so proud.

Mellie: I apologized. What more can I do?

Cyrus: You didn't just create a star. You created a movement.

Mellie: A movement? Please.

Cyrus: Her favorables are up. She's been top 10 on Twitter for the last 48 hours. And you know what else is trending? Hashtag "Mellie has a big fat mouth!"

Fitz: Leave her alone! Her apology was gracious.

Cyrus: Sir, with all due respect-

Fitz: Enough! Take a walk, Cyrus.

Mellie: Thank you.

Fitz: We all make mistakes.

Cyrus: You're going to fly out to Montana right now. Today! And you are going to walk the deserted streets of Seven Forks or Horsefly Gulch or Apache Tears or whatever the hell the name is of the hick town our Calamity Jane calls home, and you're going to talk to everyone from her second grade teacher to the first boy who put his hand under her blouse, and you are going to come back with some good old-fashioned dirt! That's how Nixon did it way back when, and it still works. Understood? Good. Now get going.

US ATTORNEY'S OFFICE:

David: No.

Abby: No, what?

David: No, I will not be a pawn in whatever stalling tactic you're about to employ. Not after I spent the entire morning at the courthouse convincing Judge Gaynes that your request to add six more addiction experts to the witness list was really just a way of hiding the fact that you've lost Shelley Meyers. Luckily, she agreed with me. If you don't produce the wife by 9:00 AM tomorrow, we're moving on to closing arguments.

Abby: Actually, I was seeing if you wanted to have lunch.

David: Oh.
Abby: Is that a yes or a no?
David: I don't know.
Abby: You don't know?
David: I don't know. Am I hungry or full? Salad or sandwich? And don't get me started on drinks and desserts I'd be lost.
Abby: Okay. I get that you're miffed.
David: Miffed? Nah. I'm done waiting for a decision. I'll make it easy for you. You won't give me a straight answer? In or out? I'll give you one. I'm out. I'm done.

OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

Olivia: Any luck finding Shelley Meyers?
Abby: We tracked credit cards, ATMs.
Quinn: I hacked into her e-mail. Nothing.
Olivia: Where would you go if you had lots of money and wanted to go away somewhere alone?
Quinn: Easy. The fanciest hotel I could find.
Abby: We looked at every hotel in the area.
Olivia: Shelley's smart. With the media attention she's getting, she'd know to use an alias.
Quinn: So what are we thinking? A movie character? Someone from a novel? What do we know about this woman?
Abby: Besides the fact that her husband's circumcised.
Olivia: Elizabeth Cady Stanton. Her daughter's writing a history report about her.
Huck: And just checked into the Grand District.

GRAND DISTRICT HOTEL ROOM:

Shelley: There was a paralegal I worked with once, a young guy, fresh out of college, who had the most amazing thighs. They said he played soccer. I'm assuming it was from that. Anyway, we were sitting in the lunchroom one day, and his shoe brushed up against mine under the table. I should have pulled my foot away, but I didn't. I kept it there, gently touching his, even though I was married and I knew it was wrong. The guilt I felt that day. Touching his shoe. You would have thought we screwed in the supply closet.
Olivia: Miss Meyers ...

Shelley: I'm done forgiving him. The sacrifices I have made for that man. The marriage I protected because I thought it actually meant something. And for what? So he could shove a camera down his pants. I'm a partner at a law firm. And he has made me look like the weakest, most backwards anti-feminist this world has ever known. And that is not the poster child I am supposed to be. I am supposed to be a role model, a woman that my daughter can look up to, someone she can admire. Oh, I should have screwed that kid, him and his beautiful thighs. I should have just brought him home and banged him in our bed!

Olivia: I can recommend a divorce lawyer, Ms. Meyers. That's a punishment that meets the crime. But sending your husband to prison- which is what's going to happen if you don't testify tomorrow- it's not right. It's not right, and you know it.

Shelley: So I'm supposed to do what, just get up on the witness stand and pretend that I'm not hurt? Pretend that I don't find him despicable? Because I'm not that good an actor, Ms. Pope. They will know I am lying.

Olivia: What if you didn't have to lie?

COURTHOUSE:

Lawyer: The coroner has testified that Ms. Oaks' time of death was between 8:00 and 10:00 PM. Where were you at that time?

Shelley: At home with my husband.

Lawyer: The defendant was with you that entire window of time?

Shelley: The whole evening, until we went to bed at 11:00.

Lawyer: So could your husband have possibly been at Ms. Oaks' apartment to murder her?

Shelley: He could not.

Lawyer: Your witness.

David: Mrs. Meyers, you don't want your husband to go to jail, do you?

Shelley: No.

David: I'm sorry, "No," what?

Shelley: No, I don't want him to go to jail.

David: No, I imagine not. And you'd like to help him avoid that. Isn't that right?

Shelley: Yes.

David: And so you'd say pretty much anything to get him acquitted, correct?

Lawyer: Objection, your honor.

David: Withdrawn.

David: As you know, Mrs. Meyers, in US law we have something called Marital Privilege, whereby an individual can't be compelled to testify against their spouse. It can make my Prosecutor's job harder, but I fully support that principle. Because I look at it this way: why in the world would a jury believe a wife's testimony anyway when it's clearly going to be prejudiced in her husband's favor? Don't you agree?

Lawyer: Your honor

Judge: Enough, Mr. Rosen. The jury will disregard.

David: Do you love your husband, Mrs. Meyers?

Shelley: No.

David: I'm sorry?

Shelley: You've heard the disgusting things he's been doing. He's a pig. He makes me sick.

Lawyer: What's she doing?

Olivia: Telling the truth.

David: So, you don't love your husband?

Shelley: My husband has disgraced his office and dishonored our marriage. He's a pervert and a creep, and I hate him. I would love to see him go to jail for the rest of his life, but you don't go to jail for being a cheating, lying bastard. You go to jail for being a murderer, which he's not. He didn't kill that girl.

OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

Quinn: Is that who you killed? Looks like his wrists are slashed. Is that to make it look like a suicide? I'm assuming there's a special way of doing that, ways of angling the blade so the cops can't tell it was staged.

Huck: It's not polite to sneak up on people.

Quinn: You need someone to talk to, Huck. You wouldn't go to those meetings if you didn't. With me, you don't have to call it "whiskey." Okay? You can call it what it is. Don't do this alone, Huck.

OLIVIA POPE'S APARTMENT:

Olivia: No.

Jake: I need to talk to you.

Olivia: There's nothing to talk about.
Huck: Yeah, there is.

Recording: Grant. A loaded gun that I was not about to let go off.
So-

Olivia: What does any of this mean?

Jake: There were numbers on his body. Pete Foster's body.
Tattooed. They're a Navy flight plan. For a secret mission
called Operation Remington. It was a rescue, during the
first Gulf war, on Iranian soil.

Olivia: That's why it's classified.

Jake: I was on that mission. There were five of us on the ground
and one plane flying air support.

Olivia: And the pilot on that plane was Pete Foster.

Jake: No. That pilot was the President.

Olivia: So why does this guy go get a tattoo saying he was the
pilot?

Jake: Maybe for the same reason your father wanted him dead.

WHITE HOUSE - CYRUS BEENE'S OFFICE:

Ethan: Sir, I'm sorry-

Cyrus: Cowboy boots? Are those...??

Ethan: Yes, sir. I figured it was okay. After all, we are
Republicans.

Cyrus: This isn't the Bush White House, Ethan. We don't wear
cowboy boots.

Ethan: Understood, but listen -

Cyrus: We wear shoes, real shoes.

Ethan: Sir-

Cyrus: Thinking man's shoes.

Ethan: I failed you, sir.

Cyrus: What are you-?

Ethan: I didn't do so well in Montana. Except for the boots, or
so I thought. The only thing I got was that at 15,
Josephine Marcus walked into a maternity ward pregnant.
But when she walked out, there was no baby and no birth
certificate, so no proof.

Cyrus: You didn't fail me, Ethan.

Ethan: No?

Cyrus: Not at all.

COURTHOUSE CHAMBERS:

Olivia: How long before a verdict?

Lawyer: Could be ten minutes, could be ten hours. I'll go sniff around, see what I can find out.

Olivia: You all right?

Richard: I didn't realize how much she hated me until just now. She hates me, Olivia. The way she looked at me in there My wife of 20 years hates my guts. I did this to her. I dragged her into my muck.

Olivia: She'll get through this, Senator. She's a strong woman. And maybe in time, she'll forgive you. Again.

Richard: But she won't forgive herself.

Olivia: For what?

Richard: Lying for me. I didn't kill that woman, Ms. Pope. But there's nobody who can prove that. Certainly not Shelley. She was out shopping that night. She came home late. She lied to give me an alibi. She's a lawyer, Olivia. She believes in the law. She's gonna carry this with her forever.

Lawyer: Here we go. Jury's back in.

Judge: The defendant and counsel will please rise. The clerk will now read and record the verdict.

Clerk: In case number 438-076, the District of Columbia versus Richard Alan Meyers, we the jury find the defendant for the charge of second-degree murder not guilty.

Judge: District of Columbia would like to thank the jurors for their service. Mr. Meyers, you have no further business with this court. You are free to go, and court is adjourned.

Olivia: You weren't his alibi.

Shelley: Excuse me?

Olivia: He was yours. You followed him over to Desiree's place, waited until he left, and killed her. You thought you could fix it. You thought there was just one.

Shelley: Well, it's like you said, Olivia. We all deserve a second chance.

Shelley: No comment.

WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE:

Cyrus: Josephine Marcus... she's not going to be a problem.
Fitz: Drugs?
Cyrus: Abandoned baby. Boy, do I love a slutty teen. We should have something to leak in a day or two.
Fitz: Anything else?
Cyrus: No, sir. Actually yes. It's about the funeral you went to.
Fitz: What about it?
Cyrus: This is an election year, sir, and I'd hate to see your conscience get in the way of your goal.
Fitz: Who told you?
Cyrus: Who is not important. What's important is keeping you in the White House. And if you keep looking backwards, dredging things up that ought to stay buried, well, then people are going to notice. And they'll pick up shovels and start digging themselves, and we know what they'll find at the bottom of that cracker Jack box. Don't we? Do you think we can leave the past in the past, sir? Good. Then that's all we'll say on this matter.

OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

Quinn: Where were you?
Huck: You have to stop asking questions.
Quinn: Look, I am worried about you.
Huck: You have to stop asking questions! You're not worried about me. You're interested. You wanna know what it feels like to do the things that I do. I see you. I see that look in your eye every time you ask me one of your questions about where I was and what I've been doing. You're interested. And maybe that's because you're able to see me, too. How my mouth has been dry for months, how I've been squirming and vibrating, and it wouldn't stop until the other night when everything just stopped, and I wasn't thirsty anymore. All these questions you're asking, they have answers, but you don't wanna know them. So stop being interested. And stop asking questions. Stop. Stop while you still can.

DAVID ROSEN'S APARTMENT:

TV: Now cleared of the murder of 24-year-old dental hygienist Desiree Oaks, Senator Meyers says he's looking forward to putting his campaign in gear and working on his marriage, in that order.

Abby: Yeah?
David: Is that a picture of your-
Abby: Yep. It's an addiction, David. I couldn't help myself.
David: I told you I don't wanna play games. I'm out.
Abby: I don't wanna play games either.
David: So?
Abby: So, I'm outside your door, and I'd like to come in.

OLIVIA POPE'S APARTMENT:

Jake: You okay?
Olivia: Yeah, sure. I'm just ... I don't know what I am.
Jake: Well, you're the daughter of the man that runs the top secret organization that made your friend kill a man for some reason having to do with your ex-boyfriend, the President. Look, uh ... Hey, hey. Come on. Don't cry.
Olivia: I'm not crying. I'm trying not to scream. I'm scared.
Jake: Okay. Put your head right here. Come on. Do it. Do it. There. You're not alone in this. I'm not going anywhere. I'm not going anywhere. (Phone rings) Don't answer it.
Olivia: Um, it could be important.
Olivia: Mr. President.
Fitz: Why so formal?
Olivia: What can I do for you?
Fitz: Do for me? Does everything have to be transactional in this town? Even with us?
Olivia: What happened? Rough day?
Fitz: You could say that.
Olivia: How are you?
Fitz: I'm fine.
Olivia: You're, uh ... Are you okay?
Fitz: I don't know how to answer that. I honestly don't.
Olivia: You sound ...
Jake: More wine?
Fitz: You have company.
Olivia: Yes.
Fitz: Explains the formality.
Olivia: Sorry, it's just...

Fitz: You should go.
Olivia: It's okay.
Fitz: You have company.
Olivia: We can talk.
Fitz: That would be rude. Good-bye, Olivia.
SS Agent: We're here, sir.

WONDERLAND, B613 OFFICES:

Rowan: What the hell is this?
Fitz: This is a reunion. One that is long overdue.