

OLIVIA POPE'S APARTMENT:

Stephen: You know what's interesting about being engaged? Fiancées don't like it when you get out of bed at 3:00 A.M. to go see another woman. But, you called, I came, and I brought our best friend Shiraz. Liv? Hey, Liv. Hey. Hey. I got it.

Olivia: Amanda's asleep in the guest room. I don't want to wake her.

Stephen: Whatever it is, we will fix it.

Olivia: You should have seen me forcing water down her throat to make her pee. It was like something out of Abu Ghraib.

Stephen: Uh, let me get this clear. Amanda Tanner is-

Olivia: Pregnant with the President's baby, yes.

Stephen: Right. Are you sure it's his?

Olivia: I'm sure.

Stephen: Liv.

Olivia: I'm sure.

Stephen: How bad is this for you? I know you're friends with the President, with his wife. There's no shame in saying you can't handle this.

Olivia: What?

Quinn: You'd better come down to the office. There's an army here.

Olivia: An army of what? Reporters? Lawyers?

Quinn: An actual army.

Stephen: Liv.

Olivia: We gotta go in. I need to put on some decent clothes, and we'll take your car because I think I've had too much wine to drive. I'll be ready in two minutes.

Stephen: Liv.

Olivia: No, I'm fine. Really. I'm good now. I can handle anything. Two minutes.

OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

Quinn: I didn't know. They barged in. They wouldn't even say who they were.

Abby: You were alone. You did the right thing.

Quinn: I should've stopped them. I just surrendered, without a fight. I surrendered the whole office.

Olivia: Who's speaking at the O.A.S.? Who's in town?

Quinn: O.A.S.?

Harrison: Organization of American States. Annual conference this week.

Abby: Bolivia, Brazil, Haiti, Honduras

Stephen: You think it's the Cubans? They've been wooing us for months.

Huck: Would you like me to get a gun?

Quinn: You have a gun?

Abby: I have one, too.

Olivia: No guns.

Harrison: You gave them coffee?

Quinn: So they wouldn't kill me.

Olivia: (In Spanish) Good evening, gentlemen. Thank you so much for dropping in, but I'm going to need to get into my office now.

Olivia: Of course. El general.

Quinn: Who is it?

Huck: General Benicio Florez.

Abby: Otherwise known as ruthless, repressive, political freedom-hating, police brutality-loving, South American leftist dictator.

Olivia: And sworn enemy of the United States.

Benicio: My wife and my two youngest children were kidnapped. Taken from a restaurant this afternoon in Dupont Circle. My oldest son Felipe saw them being pulled away in a van.

Stephen: Is the FBI on it?

Benicio: The FBI probably did this. Look, the only reason I'm even in this country is because of this O.A.S. conference. Half of my security detail was sent away at the airport. Does that give you an idea of what kind of cooperation I'm gonna get from this government?

Huck: They've been trying to overthrow him for years.

Benicio: I know that in the eyes of your president, I'm somewhere between Castro and Gadhafi. But before I am a so-called dictator, before I am a general, I am a husband. I am a father. And I need to have my family safe. I will do anything to see them again. You are my best and my only chance.

Abby: Tell me we're not going to take on a dictator as a client.

Harrison: They're just talking.

Abby: You don't talk for that long if you're not gonna take

somebody on.

Huck: Well, you do if the elevator hasn't come.

Stephen: Exactly. She's just being polite. It doesn't mean she's gonna represent him.

Abby: That does. Welcome to Olivia Pope and Associates, El general. Your delightful death squads are now our delightful death squads.

Stephen: The man does not have death squads.

Abby: Come on. We used to vote on this stuff! And now apparently, we don't even get to speak.

Olivia: Stephen, Abby, first thing in the morning, talk to the older son. Huck, Harrison, see if you can dig up any eyewitnesses at the restaurant.

Abby: So we're taking the case? What? Your good friend the general we're taking him on as a client even though we didn't vote, even though the rest of us didn't have a say?

Stephen: We need to cut Olivia some serious slack right now. Amanda Tanner is pregnant.

CYRUS BEENE'S HOUSE:

Olivia: Hello, James. Good to see you.

James: It's Sunday. It's Sunday.

Olivia: I don't get a hug anymore?

James: Not on Sunday.

Olivia: I'll be quick.

James: I am trying to keep him from dropping dead of a heart attack, a heart attack brought on by people like you.

Olivia: I just need five minutes.

James: Coming by here and thinking he's gonna work on a Sunday. No. He doesn't work on Sunday unless there's a war. Is there a war?

Olivia: Somewhere in the world, there's always a war.

James: When my husband's dead, I'm blaming you.

CYRUS BEENE'S HOUSE:

Cyrus: I'm surprised James let you in on a Sunday.

Olivia: Things are bad. He's in trouble, Cyrus. This is real. Amanda Tanner is pregnant. I need to know if he maybe

took precautions with Amanda.

Cyrus: You want to know if the president wore condoms when he slept around? I don't know. I think that's your area. Did he wear one with you? How much?

Olivia: I could probably sell \$10 million.

Cyrus: Over five years.

Olivia: Over three.

Cyrus: I'll see what I can do.

Olivia: You and I aren't friends anymore. Don't come here again.

OLIVIA POPE'S APARTMENT:

Amanda: You told Cyrus Beene that I was pregnant, and he still won't let me see the President?

Olivia: Amanda, I need you to focus. They're talking about \$10 million. That could buy you a lot. That could buy you a life.

Amanda: I just think if you could get them to reconsider, if I, if I have a chance to sit with the president for five minutes I don't understand why this is happening, why they won't let me see him. I need a moment, just a moment to talk to him. If I had a moment, if we were alone

Olivia: Amanda-

Amanda: Just five minutes alone! How hard is that? I could just they put me in a chair outside of his office, and I wait. I wait until he has a break, some kind of break in his schedule.

Olivia: Amanda, that isn't going to happen! Don't you understand that? He is the most powerful man on the planet, and you are a threat to that power. You are a threat to his government. You are never ever gonna be in the same room with the President, much less alone with him ever again. So if you don't want money, you need to decide what you do want. And I am not asking for your fairy-tale hopes and your princess dreams. The fairy tale is over, Amanda. You have a child to consider. So I need to know what you want that is real. So what do you want? Do you want to keep this baby? Do you want to have an abortion? Do you want to give it up for adoption? What do you want?

Amanda: I want to keep this baby.

Olivia: Okay.

Amanda: And I want to tell the world what he did. He told me he loved me. He told me to trust him, that he'd take care of

me, and now he won't even take five minutes to...they think I'm just gonna go away, just like that? I trusted him. I-He should burn for this.

Olivia: Amanda.

Amanda: You're asking me what I want. I want them all to burn for this.

OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

David: Olivia, you look great. Uh, new lipstick? It's working. So you know the old guy who runs the newsstand on the corner of "C" Street and Constitution? I buy my paper and coffee there every day for 11 years. This place is my ritual, my personal landmark, and these vulture developers want to knock it down, and I want you to save it by horse trading or threatening or getting it put on the National Register of Historic Newsstands or whatever it is you people do. Olivia.

Abby: Is she?

Huck: I got this.

Huck: What do you need?

Olivia: Just one minute.

WHITE HOUSE:

Cyrus: It's a good speech.

Fitz: It's the same speech every President has given at the O.A.S. for the past 40 years. I'm pretty sure things have changed since the Cuban Revolution, and I'm giving the same speech.

Cyrus: It's a great speech.

Fitz: I bet Eisenhower thought so when he wrote it, but I'd like to say something a little more original.

Cyrus: We employ the best speechwriters in the western world.

Fitz: Are there better ones in the eastern world?

Cyrus: Nobody likes a smart-ass, Mr. President.

Mary: Mr. Beene. They're ready for you, sir.

Cyrus: I'll put J.P. and Sally on writing you a new speech, okay? Now if you'll excuse me.

Fitz: Anything new on the Olivia front?

Cyrus: Nothing I can't handle, Mr. President.

Cyrus: Billy. I don't have a lot of time.

Billy: Well, let's get right to it then. Cyrus, meet Sanders Black. Sanders, Cyrus Beene.

Sanders: The President's Chief of Staff needs no introduction.

Cyrus: I know that you've signed confidentiality agreements and been briefed on the sensitive nature of this meeting, but I'm going to take a moment to remind you that I will personally make sure you never ever work again within the borders of this fine nation if you breathe a word or the edge of a word outside this room. Now I'm a busy man. Let's go.

Sanders: Good. Got it. Okay then. When I'm investigating someone, I leave no stone unturned. I want to know where they come from. I want to know what they've done. Where do they go? Who did they see? Have they made mistakes? Do they have debts? Enemies? Do they drink, smoke, snort, shoot? If any one of them has so much as even a parking ticket, I will find out about it. This group here, hiding a lot more than just parking tickets. Let's start with Olivia Pope.

OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

Abby: Carolina Florez Cuban-born, Boston-raised. She was a waitress at a Harvard bar when she met a cute undergrad named Benicio, or as I like to call him, the butcher of San Miguel.

Stephen: Abby.

Abby: They fell in love, got married. He brought her back with him to his home country. They have three kids, lived happily ever after in their little dictatorship, until last night, when according to their oldest son Felipe

Felipe: They were in the bathroom a long time. I went to check and then saw them out the back. The men they pushed them in a van. And I ran inside for help.

Stephen: Restaurant bathroom window was smashed. Glass everywhere. Signs of a struggle.

Abby: But then we went out back.

OUTSIDE RESTAURANT:

Abby: Unless they had the world's smallest van...
Stephen: There's no way out of there.

OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

Olivia: At least not how the kid says he saw it. What about other witnesses?

RESTAURANT:

Waitress: I didn't hear anything. All I know is they were gone, and the older kid was still here, freaked out.
Harrison: Anything strange happen at the table?
Waitress: Mm just a normal lunch. She had a lot of iced tea. The little boy cute, maybe 7? He played with one of those electronic game thingies.
Huck: What kind? What model? What year?
Harrison: Focus, fanboy.
Waitress: I don't know. It was white?

OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

Harrison: So yeah, basically we have nothing.
Olivia: This doesn't add up. We need to keep digging. Look for a motive. Political opposition, maybe or-
Huck: I got a signal.
Harrison: What?
Huck: The kid's Gen 9 S.D. is Wi-Fi-enabled. Fanboy here tracked the I.P. address to the dynamic host configuration protocol assigned to the ARM9 processor and was then able to ping the server's geo-location vector.
Olivia: English, Huck.
Huck: I found the toy, which means I found them.
Olivia: Go now. Get her. Call David. See if he can get D.C. Metro to send backup. Don't go in alone.

CHURCH:

David: Good thing you called. Wouldn't want you to have to deal with all this on your own. I'll take the two nuns on the left. You guys get the one with the baby.

Abby: You think Huck got it wrong?

Stephen: Huck never gets it wrong.

Abby: Then she wasn't kidnapped.

Stephen: She ran.

WHITE HOUSE:

Cyrus: What about this Huck character? Is this really all there is?

Sanders: Well, Huck is obviously not his real name. CIA denies knowing him, but they also sent three agents over to my office to encourage me to stop checking into his background. So clearly he's one of theirs. Other than that, he is a mystery.

Billy: Do you have a guess?

Sanders: My guess is that if you meet this guy in a dark alley, you're done.

Billy: Oh.

CHURCH:

Carolina: I knew it. I knew he would send someone. I was so stupid. I wasn't thinking. I took Paola and Manuel to the bathroom, and I saw the back door, and I just started thinking, this is it. My security men are at the bar. This is my chance. So I took it.

Stephen: Did he hurt you?

Carolina: No.

Abby: Then why run?

Carolina: I don't love him anymore. 15 years ago I married a good man, a kind man. A man who looked at his country and dreamed of ways to make it better. But now Benicio thinks everyone's out to get him. You disagree with him, you disappear. You don't tell a man like that you're unhappy. You don't ask a man like that for a divorce. You don't leave a man like that.

WHITE HOUSE:

Sanders: Abigail Whelan married for four years to Charles Putney, the youngest son of former Virginia governor James Putney. She left him when he allegedly beat her in a drunken rage. Divorce proceedings are full of ugly details. It's all in your files.

CHURCH:

Abby: Your oldest son he said you were kidnapped.
Carolina: When I was in the bathroom wondering if I could do it, he came to look for me. And when he saw me, he knew.
Abby: He wouldn't come with you.
Carolina: He loves his father, and I couldn't ask him to choose. I don't know, it just all happened so quickly. I guess you have to take me back to my husband.
Abby: No. We don't.

RESTAURANT:

Quinn: This is not a date.
Gideon: On the rocks, with salt.
Quinn: I cannot date you. I work for Olivia Pope.

WHITE HOUSE:

Cyrus: And the new girl?
Sanders: Quinn Perkins started less than four weeks ago. Left a cushy associates gig at O'Malley and Lee.
Billy: Why is there nothing in her file?
Sanders: That's a good question. Uh, we're still working on it.
Cyrus: What's the problem?
Sanders: Well, as far as we know, Quinn Perkins didn't exist until 2008.

RESTAURANT:

Gideon: Quinn, I won't ask you about Amanda Tanner. I won't use you for my story. I don't need to. I like you. Okay? So relax. Drink your margarita.

Quinn: Wait. Why?

Gideon: Why what? Why don't you need to use me for a story about Amanda Tanner?

Gideon: Because I have another source.

WHITE HOUSE:

Cyrus: Harrison Wright.

Sanders: Harrison Wright. Grew up right here in D.C. He somehow managed to go from selling luxury cars in Takoma Park to working for Adnan Salif. Made a mountain of money and managed to only get six months when Salif went down for insider trading.

Cyrus: How'd he pull it off:

Sanders: Great lawyer. Olivia Pope defended him pro bono.

HOTEL:

Abby: Hi. My sister and her kids need a room for the night. Do you have something with two double beds?

Worker: Yes, we do.

Stephen: This is insane. We need to tell Olivia we have her.

Abby: We will tell her. We just won't tell her until tomorrow or the next day at the latest as soon as we get her asylum. She's fried, Stephen. She's not wearing a white hat anymore.

Stephen: I'm not lying.

Abby: Olivia? Hey, it's me. Stephen's putting gas in the car. Yeah, she was at a shelter. Pretty clear she wasn't kidnapped. We tried to talk to her, but they've closed their doors for the night. Nobody can come or go. We'll pick her up tomorrow. Yeah. Good night.

Abby: There. Done and done.

WHITE HOUSE:

Sanders: Stephen Finch Scottish-born. Became a U.S. citizen in

1995, shortly after graduating first in his class from Yale law. Was the top litigator at Chase & Howard. A real hotshot, but suffered a nervous breakdown in the middle of defending the class action suit against Bromquest.

Billy: The chemical manufacturer that poisoned all those kids in West Virginia?

Sanders: Exactly. Spent two months recovering in a facility in Florida before quitting the firm.

LAFAYETTE PARK:

Billy: Olivia Pope, what did you do?

Olivia: What are you talking about, Billy?

Billy: Cyrus has called in Sanders Black on you.

Olivia: Sanders Black is a short, short man.

Billy: So was Napoleon, but he still did a lot of damage.

Olivia: Why are you telling me this, Billy?

Billy: If you can just tell me what's going on, I might be able to help you. I don't want to feel like I'm betraying my own, but sooner or later, I have to fall in line.

Olivia: Olivia Pope for Cyrus Beene.

Olivia: You want to play hardball? Forget the money. We booked "20/20" instead. We're sitting down with Diane Sawyer.

Olivia: You take care, Billy.

WHITE HOUSE:

Cyrus: These people Liv fixed 'em. That makes them loyal. They'll die for her. I need more, something I can work with. Do better.

Billy: They did find one thing. Olivia Pope had an affair with someone on the campaign. Yeah, we don't have a name yet. We will. Give me a day or two.

Cyrus: That's not useful to us.

Billy: Uh, excuse me. It's a potential gold mine, because other than that, Olivia Pope is purer than Mother Teresa.

Cyrus: Gentlemen, I have a country to run. I'm not gonna stand around and debate with you. It's not useful to us. Move on.

Billy: Move on.

OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

Harrison: Shut it down.
Quinn: I'm sorry?
Harrison: I saw you on your date last night.
Quinn: I don't know what you're talking about.
Harrison: You're lying, which isn't the problem. The problem is you suck at it. Every time you do it, you look like you're about to cry. You look like you're about to cry right now.
Quinn: I'm not going to.
Harrison: Now you can keep seeing this guy, but there's gonna come a time when you're gonna have to lie to him to protect a client, and we don't lie to reporters, because once you do, there's no going back. You've killed the one thing you protect at all costs, your credibility and not just your credibility, my credibility, this firm's credibility. And that's not gonna happen. So save yourself the trouble and shut it down.

WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE:

Fitz: Cyrus! I know J.P. and Sally are probably crying in the hall, but I'm writing my own speech now. It's good. It's great. I'll show it to you when I'm done.
Cyrus: Amanda Tanner is pregnant.
Fitz: What?
Cyrus: The good news is Amanda doesn't want your money. She wants publicity. Also good you don't have to worry about that sex tape, because who needs a sex tape when you've got a fetus full of presidential D.N.A.? It's a win-win.
Fitz: That's not my baby.
Cyrus: You just keep practicing that line. You're gonna be saying it a lot.
Fitz: Okay, what do we do? Next step? How do we? How do we fix this?
Cyrus: I don't know.
Fitz: Cyrus, I know you're upset, but we have to game plan this.
Cyrus: What's next? What's next? Okay, here's what happens next you resign from office now. Or Amanda goes on TV, tells her sad, sordid tale, there are hearings, you're impeached, and you're forced to resign from office. Your

Vice President a moronic, right-wing nut job who thinks the Tea Party was founded to lower the yacht tax and who also seems to not quite understand that evolution isn't an idea but an actual fact, but who cares? We won the scary states in the election. They'll have a party now that their grand wizard is President. I'm pretty sure I'll never see a legal marriage and women will lose their right to choose, but hey, whatever. We're all Republicans, even if the new President will give Republicans a bad name. You'll leave in disgrace, go home to California, keep a low profile for a while, and then some fancy publishing house will pay you a fortune for a book, which you'll write, only it won't talk about what everyone really wants to know about it won't talk about your sordid affair with a White House aide. It'll talk about policy and your thoughts on the economy, and it won't sell because no one cares about your thoughts on policy and the economy anymore because you're not the president anymore. What you are now is a joke on "Letterman." Mellie, a lovely woman, ambitious and strong, and, well, quite wealthy in her own right she's not gonna be circa 1998 Hillary on this. No, sirree. This is the 21st century. She's gonna leave you and she's gonna take your children with her, and everyone will applaud her, from the religious right to the women's groups, because you're a philandering pig who had a child out of wedlock, and we all know it's true because we heard the tape. You'll be alone in your house in Santa Barbara, listening to old records and telling the same story over and over again to the poor sap not smart enough to get out of being assigned to your secret service detail. Then one day, about, oh, three or four years from now, you'll step into your bathroom, take out that revolver your father gave you when you were elected governor, you'll put it in your mouth and you'll blow the back of your skull off. Oprah's retired now, so I guess I have to do a post-funeral interview with Barbara Walters. She's nice. But, you know you just go back to writing your own speech. That's important. That matters.

OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

Stephen: We'll be filing a petition to determine the paternity of your child in D.C. superior court, after which there will

be a hearing and a D.N.A. test. The petition is public, which is going to set things in motion.

Olivia: That same day you'll be taping an interview with Diane Sawyer for "20/20."

Amanda: Diane Sawyer?

Olivia: Don't worry. We'll be doing mock interviews to prepare you for the kinds of questions you will be asked. We don't want any surprises.

Stephen: And if you're properly prepared, you've got nothing to be afraid of.

Olivia: You need to call your parents and all your friends. Warn them about what's going to happen. Your parents will want to check into a hotel when the interview airs because their street will be chock-full of reporters, and they won't be well-behaved. I know this seems scary, I know it's overwhelming, but we are talking about the President of the United States. You want to burn down his house, you're gonna have to burn down your own as well.

Huck: Livvie.

OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

David: Clearly, you were busy before. It was obviously not the right time to ask for a favor, but I do have a favor to ask, and keep in mind, you owe me big-time sort of how I owe six cops from E.R.T. double overtime for showing up at a church, ready to blow holes in 30 nuns. And one way in which I'd like to cash in on what's becoming a truly massive favor deficit between us is for you to help out an old friend of mine.

Olivia: David?

David: Yes?

Olivia: I did not answer you when you asked me about this earlier. That was rude. This time, I will be more clear I have far, far more important things to worry about right now than the fate of the crappy newsstand you buy your morning coffee at, and I do not have time for this or for you. Bill me for the police overtime.

HOTEL:

Abby: Hi. Excuse me. I checked someone in yesterday my sister and her two young children, room 402?
Worker: Okay, uh, let's see. Room 402 is vacant.

OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

Harrison: You in trouble.
Olivia: We will. We will. Oh, Abby, good. I was just telling the general that it was you and Stephen that found Señora Florez.
Benicio: I cannot thank you enough. There were moments when I thought I would never see them again. Thank you.
Abby: You're welcome.
Olivia: We think the kidnappers may have been allied with the general's political enemies possibly the exile community. Anyway, thank goodness whoever it was lost their nerve, dropped Carolina and the children off at that shelter, and now here they are, safe and sound.
Abby: Safe and sound.

Olivia: You had no right to do what you did.
Abby: No right? No right?!
Olivia: That woman was not our client.
Abby: She had one shot, and you took it away.
Olivia: She chose to marry that man. She chose to have children with him!
Abby: Oh, and that makes it your call to decide whether or not-
Olivia: And now, 20 years later, she wakes up and realizes she's sleeping next to a monster and she wants out?
Abby: Are you kidding me? That's what you did for me.
Olivia: She fell in love with the wrong man.
Abby: No, you made the wrong call. When I wanted to leave Charles-
Olivia: She put herself in an impossible position.
Abby: When I wanted to leave Charles
Olivia: I did what I had to do for my client. I made a tough call. You don't like it, Abby? Too bad! It is my name on that door, not yours!
Abby: When I wanted to leave Charles! Don't talk to me about tough calls and names on the door. That woman needs us.

And I don't know what's going on with you or what's happened to you, but I know that you have your stuff that you don't talk about. I know that. But something's going on with you, and I'm sorry about that. I am, but that doesn't mean that you get to stop being Olivia Pope. When Charles fractured three of my ribs and broke my jaw and threw me out into the snow in my nightgown, Olivia Pope took a tire iron and broke his kneecap and then Olivia got me the best divorce attorney in the state and got me out of that marriage. That's what Olivia does. That's who you are. You are the gladiator. I would gladly follow you over a cliff. But you gotta show up. You gotta be a warrior. You don't get to pick and choose when the real Olivia Pope walks through that door. You made the wrong call.

OLIVIA POPE'S APARTMENT:

Quinn: Saltines, ginger ale, every trashy magazine on the rack
Let me know if you need anything else. I gotta get back to the office.

Amanda: Dirt floors and mud walls.

Quinn: I'm sorry?

Amanda: My senior year of college, I saw this picture in a magazine. This little school in India or Nepal, maybe dirt floors and mud walls and sad little wood benches instead of desks. It was the saddest thing I'd ever seen, but what was even sadder there were no girls in the picture, just boys, because girls weren't allowed to go to school. That's why I came to Washington, not to get knocked up. Just so you don't think I'm some dumb bimbo slut who. There are places in the world where girls don't get educated, simply because they are girls.

Quinn: You can still do it. Whatever you came here to do. This doesn't have to be your story.

O.A.S. CONFERENCE - BACKSTAGE:

Benicio: We have withstood lies spread by powerful media outlets and the permanent threat of this capitalist empire. We have withstood the very naked disrespect for the

sovereignty of our nation.

Olivia: If you still want asylum, we can get it for you. I have a car downstairs waiting, ready to take you and your family to homeland security, but if you want to go, we have to leave right now, this minute. Do you still want asylum?

Carolina: My husband's security men are down the hall. They won't let me leave the building.

Huck: We've got it covered.

HALLWAY:

Harrison: If she wants to go, you can't stop her. Now we can talk I.N.A. Code 101 section A-42. You guys familiar with that? Okay, let me break it down for you asylum given for foreign-born spouses subject to persecution. Or well-founded fear of persecution on account of race, religion, nationality, membership in a particular social group, or as pertains to our case here political opinion. So you can object, petition, protest, make yourself a nuisance all you want, but in case you haven't noticed, she's on American soil, otherwise known as you have no jurisdiction here.

O.A.S. CONFERENCE - BACKSTAGE:

Abby: Liv, we need to move now.

Olivia: Okay, Huck, baby.

Carolina: Thank you. Manuel, wake up. Manuel, we have to go. Come on.

Olivia: Huck!

Huck: I dropped the pacifier.

Carolina: Take your toy. Thank you. Come on. Felipe. Cariño.

Olivia: General Florez. What a wonderful speech. I was just coming by to congratulate you.

Carolina: No. Benicio, she was helping me to leave you. There was no kidnapping. There were no men. There was no van. I left on my own. I left you because I wanted to leave you. I left you because I don't love you anymore.

Benicio: Fine. Then leave. But you're not taking the children. They're coming home with me.

Carolina: Benicio...

Benicio: No, Carolina, mira. (In Spanish) You're not going to condemn my children. To live in this country without me doing anything about it. This game is over. Now give me my daughter.

Benicio: Come here. Come here.

Carolina: No. No. No. No. No! No!

PRESIDENTIAL LIMO:

Mellie: The kids and I were thinking we could all go to Santa Barbara for the long weekend. They really want to see their friends, and we haven't been home since the inauguration. What's that, 14, 15 months? Fitz?

Fitz: Would it be so bad if all this ended?

Mellie: What?

Fitz: I wanted to help people. That was the point. I got in this job to help people, not for the job. I could find better ways to affect change.

Mellie: What's going on? What happened?

Fitz: Would it be so bad? If this ended?

Mellie: Yes, it would be so bad if this ended. It would be catastrophic. Now pull yourself together, damn it. You've got a speech to give. We'll go to Santa Barbara later in the year, or maybe for Christmas.

OLIVIA POPE'S APARTMENT:

Amanda: It's me. I'm done. I can't do this anymore. I can't lie anymore. I'm out. I'm gonna tell them the truth.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY:

Fitz: Today, I say to say to all citizens of the Americas, democracy is your destiny. I call upon my fellow leaders to stand together and to speak with one voice, loud, clear, and strong so General Florez, President Chavez, and President Castro all those who would seek to squash individual rights and freedoms, may hear us. Your time

has passed.

WHITE HOUSE - CYRUS' OFFICE:

Fitz: The way I see it, all roads lead back to Amanda Tanner. She's saying we had an affair. She's saying she's carrying my child.

Cyrus: Without her, there's nothing but that tape.

Fitz: Without her, that tape is just a guy who sounds vaguely like me. There's no proof. Nobody even takes that tape seriously without it being vouched for, which means our problem is Amanda Tanner, and she's not our problem. She's a kid. Our real problem is Olivia Pope.

Cyrus: You realize-

Fitz: I got into this job to help people, to change this country for the better.

Fitz: I am the President of the United States of America. It's time I acted like it. Thank you Mr. President.

OUTSIDE O.A.S. CONFERENCE:

Olivia: General Florez. General Florez, you need to reconsider.

Benicio: You know that the Hague Convention guarantees that custody must be decided by the parents' home country, right? Right?

Olivia: Yes.

Benicio: Yes.

Olivia: I know. I know she's your wife, I know she's the mother of your children, and I know she seems weak now, but she is smart, she is powerful, and smart, powerful women like Carolina they don't curl up and hide when they've been wounded. They strike back by writing memoirs and appearing on talk shows and at benefits and on red carpets, talking about women's rights in the developing world and how babies were ripped from her arms by a ruthless dictator who can't run a family, much less a country. And then one day, out of nowhere, she's not just the mother of your children anymore. She's a hero. And people everywhere here, in your country people love a hero, general. People rise up and fight for a hero. And I will make it my personal mission that the rest of the

world is behind them when they do, so you need to tread very carefully here, because what you do today may determine your political survival. This woman can either be the mother of your children or the face of your opposition now which would you prefer?

HOTEL:

Benicio: We'll go fishing this summer. Just the two of us.

WASHINGTON D.C. BAR:

Gideon: Okay, just one question.

Quinn: What happened to no lines would be crossed here, no one will be harmed in the making of this date?

Gideon: Oh, so this is a date?

Quinn: Okay. One question.

Gideon: Was Amanda Tanner sleeping with the President?

Quinn: Don't you wish. Now that would be a story.

DAVID ROSEN'S OFFICE:

David: Hello.

Harrison: Dennis and Katherine Mahoney emigrated from County Cork, Ireland, to Washington, D.C., in the summer of 1860, just in time for the Civil War. They started with nothing, built an empire selling news in the front. And in 1973, their great-granddaughter Margaret Mahoney sold her family newsstand chain for \$25 million, but she kept one for herself, one to sell to one of her employees Kiyong Kim, who'd also been working at Mahoney News since emigrating to Washington from Busan, South Korea, also with nothing. Kiyong Kim learned English at that newsstand, he became a U.S. citizen at that newsstand, and eventually, he became the owner of that newsstand because Mahoney News is everything that makes this country great. It would be a crime against the nation to knock it down for greed and profit. Your boy Kiyong's got a news crew showing up at 2:30 tomorrow for the 5:00 news

and an 800-word human interest story in the "D.C.Weekly," which comes out Thursday.

David: Does Olivia Pope ever actually apologize to anyone?

Harrison: She just did.

OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

Olivia: Cyrus.

Cyrus: Don't get up. This won't take long. Let's see, Abby Whelan does her ex-husband know where she is because he's been looking for her? Stephen Finch he's been a bad boy. This fella Huck, his file reads like "Helter Skelter," a real page-Turner, and that's just the parts that haven't been redacted.

Olivia: Nice show, Cyrus. Very scary.

Cyrus: This is two days' work, and I'm a little worried about all the trees that I'm gonna have to kill to print out the rest of the dirt I will find.

Olivia: You want to go nuclear? I have that option, too. You should see the size of the mushroom cloud that's going to go up when the president is hit with the paternity suit for Amanda's baby. It's gonna make our "20/20" interview look like a hug. Just finishing up some paperwork. I'm going to need some blood.

Cyrus: I really thought I trained you better. You haven't even filed a paternity suit yet. I expected that days ago.

Olivia: You seem awful chipper about all this, Cyrus.

Cyrus: I am. I am. I'll tell you why. I'm a workaholic, and my sweet husband doesn't let me work on Sundays, unless there's a war, which is why I hate Sundays and I really hate to garden. So you can see why I'd be excited, because there is, in fact, a war. There's a bloody, scary war starting right now.

Olivia: You and I are going to war? That's what you want? Fine.

Cyrus: Oh. No. I'm sorry. I wasn't clear. This isn't my war. You know who sent me here? The President of the United States sent me here, to this office, to deliver these piles of dirt. I'm not the general. I'm not the bad guy. I'm just an errand boy who doesn't have to garden anymore. President Fitzgerald Thomas Grant III has declared war on you, Olivia, and he does so with the full force of the White House and the legion of men and women who work in the United States Government. May God have mercy on your

soul.

OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

Olivia: I know I've been asking a lot of you all, asking you to trust me, and I know that hasn't always been easy or fair and sometimes I am wrong. But we are about to go forward with Amanda Tanner's case. Going up against the White House is the biggest thing we've ever done. It will be hard. It will be mean. It will be personal. But you don't have to do this because I say so, not this time. You have to decide for yourselves.

OLIVIA POPE'S APARTMENT:

Fitz (on TV): It is a great honor for us to host this meeting in Washington once again. We're grateful for the reminder that this new world of ours America, North and South is more than an accident of geography.

OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

Olivia: So let's vote on it.
Stephen: We are not gonna make a dime out of this, but I still vote yes.

OLIVIA POPE'S APARTMENT:

Fitz (on TV): We, the free people of the Americas, are bound not only by a shared history (Muffled gasps) But by a common aspiration

OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

Harrison: I'm in.

OLIVIA POPE'S APARTMENT:

Fitz (on TV): Freedom Dignity Progress.

OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

Huck: Yes.

OLIVIA POPE'S APARTMENT:

Fitz (on TV): But I am sorry to tell you that our work is not finished.
For as long as some of our brothers and sisters still
live under the tyranny of dictators, we must not resign
ourselves to the status quo.

OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

Quinn: Of course.

OLIVIA POPE'S APARTMENT:

Fitz (on TV): Democracy is your destiny.

OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

Abby: Over a cliff.

OLIVIA POPE'S APARTMENT:

Fitz (on TV): I call on my fellow leaders to stand together and to
speak with one voice loud, clear, and strong.

OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES:

Olivia: All right then. We go to war.

Fitz (on TV): So General Florez, President Chavez, and President Castro all those who would seek to squash individual rights and freedoms, may hear us. Your time has passed.

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