

## OLIVIA POPE'S APARTMENT

Olivia: Why are you here? You can't be here.  
Fitz: I didn't kill Amanda Tanner.  
Olivia: I know. Her baby it wasn't yours. But it could have been.  
Fitz: Really? You really want me to detail for you how and where and in what positions Amanda Tanner and I had sex? Would that help make you feel better? 'Cause I'll do it.  
Olivia: No.  
Fitz: You left me. I was unhappy. She was there. One time. I-- I made a mistake.  
Olivia: I don't want to talk about it. You cheated on your mistress with your girlfriend. Let's just leave it at that.  
Fitz: She wasn't my girlfriend. Don't you ever call yourself a mistress. We both know better.  
Olivia: Why are you here?  
Fitz: Cyrus got this in the mail a week ago. It's a sex tape. I'm on it. I need you to hear it.  
Olivia: I definitely don't want to hear you and Amanda Tanner having sex.  
Fitz: Olivia. I need you to listen to this.

## GRANT CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS

Fitz: Well, there's no way to sugarcoat it. We got our ass handed to us by Sally Langston in Iowa last night. So, anyone have any great ideas? Anyone?  
Jeannine: We have to swing farther right. We haven't said a thing about gay marriage, school prayer-  
Fitz: Oh, come on. It's not our stances on the issues. We are not getting our message out there. People don't know where I stand. The problem is--  
Olivia: Your marriage. It looks like you don't screw your wife Which would be fine, except that family values matter to Republicans. It's why they vote for who they vote for. And since Sally's got Jesus firmly on her side, that just leaves family. Marriage. And yours, whatever the truth may be from the outside, it looks cold, distant, dead. Where is your wife, by the way? People want to like who they're voting for. Voters thought Al Gore was a big stiff until he stuck his tongue down Tipper's throat. They put George W. in office because he and Laura seemed like a fun couple to have

a beer with. People have to want to invite you in for dinner; and right now, you and your wife are standing in their doorway, not looking at each other, letting in the cold air. That's why you lost Iowa. It's why you'll lose New Hampshire.

Fitz: And you are?

Olivia: Olivia. Pope.

Fitz: Fire her.

Cyrus: Ah, she's great, right? A pistol. Lives for her work, a political nun, best student I ever had.

Fitz: Fire her.

Cyrus: 'Cause she said what every staffer on your campaign was afraid to say?

Fitz: Just get rid of her.

Olivia: I'll charge my hotel room to the campaign. Don't worry. I haven't had a chance to raid the hotel minibar. Liv best of luck, Governor.

Cyrus: Let's be clear about something. I run a sausage factory.

Fitz: Which makes me ... sausage?

Cyrus: Handsome, highly qualified, smart, idealistic, and energetic sausage. The stump, the electrifying speeches, the baby kissing that's all you. The nitty-gritty, morally bankrupt, back-alley-brawling rest of the game, that's me. It's filthy and thankless, and it's my hallelujah, heroin, and reason to breathe. And you, you don't have half the stomach for it, so you go and you make nice with Olivia Pope. Get her back, or you can find another sausage maker.

Fitz: Ms.Pope? Ms. Pope, wait. I, I apologize for firing you.

Olivia: Why?

Fitz: Why do I apologize?

Olivia: Why did you fire me? I had a job, a paying job, from which I took a leave of absence to do a favor for my friend Cyrus because I am good. I am brilliant. I would eat, breathe, and live Fitzgerald Grant every minute of every day. You would be lucky to have me. Just because you don't like hearing the truth about yourself-

Fitz: I loved hearing what you had to say. I agree with every word. Very astute. And you're right. I would be lucky to have you. Look ...

Olivia: This is why you fired me ...

Fitz: Can we just...?  
Olivia: Go back in there and work.  
Fitz: Okay.  
Olivia: Okay.

## PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN PANCAKE BREAKFAST / OLIVIA POPE'S APARTMENT:

Fitz: Oh, it's perfect to meet you. Yeah, thank you for having us.  
How are you, Sally? Hi.

Olivia: Put down the butter.  
Abby: I don't know what you're talking about.  
Olivia: I can hear my mixer again, Abby. Butter won't fix it.  
Abby: So are you a rabid Republican yet? Hello? Liv?  
Olivia: He's got ... something I can work with.  
Abby: Go to it then. You don't have to check on me every day. I'm not deranged. I'm just divorced.  
Olivia: So stop feeling sorry for yourself. Get out of my kitchen. Call my friend Stephen. He's fun.  
Abby: Stop trying to get laid. Maybe I'll buy a gun.  
Olivia: Ohh-kay. Bye!

Cyrus: Ooh, he's good, our boy. You'd never know he's dying to rip Langston's throat out.  
Olivia: If only he were that good at faking it with his wife we wouldn't be losing.  
Amanda: Schedule of events?  
Olivia: Thanks.  
Cyrus: What's your name?  
Amanda: Amanda.  
Cyrus: Thanks, Amanda. I don't care which campaign you're volunteering for, I want to thank you for coming out today.

## US ATTORNEY'S OFFICE:

David: Alissa, cancel your plans. We're working late tonight.

## GIDEON WALLACE'S APARTMENT:

Quinn: Mm. This is really good.

Gideon: I know.

Quinn: No, I mean like award-winning good, like you should quit your job. 'Cause let's face it, you're kind of a crap reporter.

Gideon: Mm-hmm.

Quinn: Go out on the road in your car and sell this grilled cheese. Wait. You have a car, right? 'Cause I can't date you if you don't have a car.

Gideon: I have a car. I also ... I have ... A deadline tomorrow.

Quinn: Oh. Yeah, I sh- I'm sorry. I should go.

Gideon: No. No. I didn't mean that. You shouldn't go. You should stay. I just have to work for a couple of hours, but you should stay here, naked. And beautiful. And here, in my bed. Stay here. Please.

## US ATTORNEY'S OFFICE:

David: Ah, did you get moo shu chicken? No wonder it took you so long. How do you even walk in those?

Alissa: I got whatever you ordered. And these shoes aren't made for walking. They are made for getting me laid, specifically, they are for the very hot bartender at the Black Cat, where I would be having a drink right now if I didn't happen to work for an obsessive-compulsive slave driver who makes me fetch him dinner at 10:30 on a Thursday night.

David: You know, if you spent less time at the Black Cat and more time studying for the bar exam, you wouldn't be fetching your boss anything because at law firms, they have assistants for that.

Alissa: Lots of lawyers fail the bar.

David: All lawyers pass the bar. That's what makes them lawyers. Alissa, eat something. We have a murder to solve.

Alissa: No, we don't. Coroner says it's a suicide, and the police agree with her, which is why I went home two hours ago, because work was over.

David: Amanda Tanner. 27. Single. 13 weeks pregnant. Worked as an aide at the Grant White House till just a couple weeks ago when she abruptly resigned and botched a suicide attempt.

Then she becomes a client of Olivia Pope's, and we pull her dead body out of the river. Don't you find that interesting? Well, pretend you do, for me. Now if you did happen to find any of this remotely fascinating, incongruous, intriguing, worthy of our time, what's the first question you might ask about Amanda Tanner?

Alissa: Well, um, who in the White House would want her dead?

PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN STOP:

Mellie: You canceled all our events for the next two days? Yes.

Fitz: The primary's in less than a week. We can't miss two days of campaigning.

Cyrus: New Hampshire's a small state.

Mellie: I have a literacy fund-raiser in Nashua tomorrow. I can't possibly cancel that.

Olivia: That's why I canceled it for you.

Mellie: Maybe I'm dense, but I have to confess, I don't really know what you want from us.

Olivia: First off, I'd like you to actually talk to each other.

Mellie: We talk all the time, Ms. Pope. Not to each other, you don't. House parties, town hall meetings, baseball games you barely look at each other.

Mellie: Fine. We will add a couple of events to the schedule where we are together.

Olivia: That won't do it. You two need to be a couple. A believable, loving, dedicated couple. Or you might as we throw it in right now. Why don't we give you two a moment?

Fitz: Why are you fighting this? It's what you wanted. It's what you've always wanted.

Mellie: What I wanted? You are the one running for President.

Fitz: Oh, please, like you're not running for First Lady? You're dying to get into that White House. You're practically redecorating already.

Mellie: Okay, there it is. I am the ambitious monster. I'm the Iron Lady. I have done everything for you! I have sacrificed my career for you. I have had kids for you. There is not a single thing in my life I have not given up so that you could be President!

Fitz: I never asked you for any of that.

Mellie: And all I get in turn is this perpetual resentment!  
Fitz: So what would you prefer? That I ignore you? That we don't talk at all? 'Cause that's pretty much how it's been the past few years, and that's worked okay.

Mellie: Now you're just being juvenile.

Fitz: Look, we BOTH know...

Cyrus: This is why they don't talk to each other.

Fitz: No ... 'Cause you're afraid it would get out and kill us politically.

Mellie: If they found out, we'd be dead in the water!

Fitz: Fine! Then if living on Pennsylvania Avenue is that important to you, we better suck it up and start acting like this isn't a dead marriage!

#### OUTSIDE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN STOP:

James: Governor, you're 5 points down in New Hampshire. Taking time out from the primary for a parent-teacher conference isn't that a little risky?

Fitz: If it's a choice between losing touch with your family and losing a primary. That's not really a choice, is it?

#### PRESIDENTIAL PRIMARY PREPARATION:

Olivia: You can't wear this tie on morning TV.

Fitz: What?

Olivia: It's too distracting. Take it off. Give me your tie, please. Give me your tie. Take it off. Off, off, off, off. Thank you. Okay.

Fitz: You decide who you're voting for?

Olivia: I'm apolitical.

Fitz: You don't sleep, you rip ties off innocent bystanders for me, you're killing yourself 24/7 to get me elected, and I don't even have your vote.

Olivia: Well, you're gonna need to earn it, like any other candidate.

## INTERVIEW WITH FITZ &amp; MELLIE:

Reporter: If my research is right, you were first in your class at Harvard Law.  
Mellie: That's right. Oh, and uh, Fitz did fine, too.  
Cyrus: Not bad.  
Olivia: They're still not touching.

## GRANT CAMPAIGN ICE CREAM SOCIAL:

Fitz: One more. There you go. One more.  
Mellie: Very good job.  
Olivia: That's great.  
Mellie: It's your turn. It's your turn, Fitz.  
Fitz: Okay, it's my turn. Mm-hmm. Delicious!  
Olivia: Oh, wipe it off ... Wipe it off.  
Cyrus: Wipe it off.  
Olivia: Wipe it. Wipe it off. Wipe it off, Mellie. Come on.  
Cyrus: Come on.  
Fitz: Oh. Thank you.  
Olivia: Perfect.  
Mellie: Ice cream, anyone?

## LANGSTON CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS:

Sally: Ugh! Who in the holy hell is running that campaign?  
Billy: As far as I know, they haven't made any official changes.  
Sally: Oh, yeah? That is a big, old pile of dung, Billy Chambers, and you know it. That is not the Fitzgerald Grant I ran against in Iowa. That is a candidate, Billy. A down-home, charming, red-blooded candidate who's stealing my votes. Hell, I'm halfway to voting for him. Now I want to find out who's responsible so we can see what we're dealing with

here.

Billy: I'm on it.

Sally: Billy, it is not in God's plan that I lose New Hampshire.

Billy: Senator, I promise you, we will not lose New Hampshire.

GRANT CAMPAIGN STOP (NEW HAMPSHIRE):

Fitz: I'm a little superstitious, so we're not gonna have any victory speeches until tomorrow night, after everyone's voted. But for now, I just really want to say thank you. Okay? Thanks. It's all you guys.

Fitz: Olivia Pope I don't know how you do it.

Olivia: Oh, if we're passing out credit, Governor, you and Mellie deserve most of it. You two seem to be doing much better.

Fitz: I think you underestimate how good a politician I am.

Cyrus: We're not gonna win New Hampshire.

Fitz: What are you talking about? The polls have us up by-

Cyrus: Story's coming out in the morning paper, 6:00 A.M. They'll be reading about it over their damn coffee, right before they vote.

Olivia: What story? What's coming out?

Cyrus: Mellie's having an affair.

RESTAURANT BAR:

TV: Senator Sally Langston won the New Hampshire Republican primary Tuesday, with 98% of the precincts reporting. Most attribute the voters' change of heart to new allegations that Governor Grant's wife is involved in an extramarital affair.

Billy: Now you can't blame this one on me. You did a hell of a job with those two. The thing is, this isn't a story that goes away. You know, you can't spin a dead marriage. Sally and Doug, on the other hand ... they're like a couple of teenagers who can't keep their hands off each other. It's kinda gross, actually.

Olivia: Billy Chambers.

Billy: Thanks for meeting me, Olivia.

Olivia: What do you want?

Billy: Concede before South Carolina, and we'll give you the V.P.



slot.

Olivia: I'll take my check.

Billy: Come on. You and I on the same team? We'd be unstoppable. We could play the spin machine, wrangle reporters, have nice meals on the trail. Do you like barbecue?

Olivia: Are you asking me to concede or out on a date?

Billy: Maybe a little bit of both.

Olivia: I hate barbecue.

Billy: You're awfully confident for someone who's got no cards left to play.

Olivia: Oh, I always have cards left to play.

GRANT CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS / WASHINGTON D.C. STREET:

Fitz: This is the man who's gonna save my campaign?

Olivia: Governor, if they look like weapons, they're hard to keep secret.

Huck: You're late.

Olivia: Blame this guy. Cyrus, give us a minute. Huck, are you ready to reenter the real world today?

Mellie: Is he wearing pants?

Huck: Paul Mosley. Literacy policy advisor for-

Mellie: We all know who he is. He was advising me on literacy. But that's it. End of story. I would never-

Fitz: Honey, it's not necessary. We believe you.

Huck: They were following you. Did you know that?

Mellie: What?

Huck: A guy like me, but, like, cleaner, has been following you for over seven months. Taking these photos, gathering evidence to use against you, just waiting for the chance.

Fitz: How'd you get these?

Huck: Anything digital, it's all just out there. Patterns of ones and zeros waiting to be gotten.

Cyrus: All these late night meetings it doesn't look good.

Olivia: And the story's picking up traction because Mosley's not denying it.

Cyrus: They must be paying him off.

Huck: I pulled up all his financials. His password is "literacy."

Olivia: What's he got? Swiss accounts? Cayman Islands?

Huck: Uh, just small amounts. Uh, tiny step productions. Here's another \$4. 19.

Cyrus: Hardly damning. Keep looking.

Huck: Well, small payments are interesting, too.

Fitz: Why is that?

Huck: Well, he's been getting quarterly payments from Tiny Step Productions. Tiny ones going back 30 years.

Olivia: You ready to try something new?

Abby: I was thinking of going savory, but what's up?

TINY STEP PRODUCTIONS OFFICE:

Abby: Excuse me.

Receptionist: Hello.

Abby: What do you do here?

Receptionist: We're a feature film company.

Abby: Oh? What kind of films?

Receptionist: Specialty films, ma'am.

Abby: Like educational or ...

OUTSIDE GRANT CAMPAIGN BUS:

Cyrus: No way!

James: No, no way what?

Cyrus: You lost your seat on the bus when you ran that Mosley-Mellie affair nonsense of a story without even running it by me.

James: I called for comment. You didn't pick up.

Cyrus: I expected more from you, James.

James: Don't bully me for doing my job, Cy. "Times" ran that story, too.

Cyrus: Claire, you're off the bus, too. Ask James why.

Fitz: Hey, Liv?

Olivia: Yeah.

Fitz: We on top of this, getting this guy to come clean?

Olivia: I'm on it.

Fitz: What does that mean, "you're on it"?

Olivia: I got a guy.

Fitz: You got a guy? Another guy? Hells angel? Mobster? A kind-hearted felon who owes you a favor?

Olivia: Technically, he's on probation.

## PAUL MOSLEY'S HOUSE:

TV: Don't forget the little pinkie toe. Mm! Mwah! Mm!

Harrison: Toe sucking not my thing, but I admire the technique, no matter the application. And you, Paul Mosley, a.k.a. Brock "The Mouth" Stone hahaha! You got mad skills. You commit.

Paul: Get the hell out of my house.

Harrison: No wonder they made eight sequels of "Twinkle Toes on Parade."

Paul: I'm calling the cops.

Harrison: Save your minutes. I already did. I figured they'd need a patrol or two to manage the media circus that's gonna be tearing up your front lawn in about four minutes. You see this, your toe-sucking highness, is your golden opportunity to fervently deny any remotely romantic involvement with Mellie Grant before you are a national joke and the entire literacy community that holds you in such high esteem reads all about your lengthy and decorated career as an artist of toe-rotica. Wow! Can I get an amen, Paul?

## REPUBLICAN PRESIDENTIAL DEBATE, SOUTH CAROLINA:

Sally: We have the technology. We should aerial drone the hell out of our Southern borders and protect our legal citizens. Unless, of course, governor grant wants to open up his Santa Barbara ranch for amnesty ...

Kendal: The next question is for you, Governor Grant. Your marriage has received a lot of attention during this primary campaign. And while allegations of infidelity have been dismissed, criticism lingers amongst voters. Why do you think that is?

Cyrus: We knew it was coming.

Fitz: I think that a lot gets lost in translation between real life and packaged news footage. You can't capture 20 years of marriage in a in a snapshot. You can't capture chemistry with a photo op. I know what some people perceive and what

the ... the whispers are, but ... The most honest thing that I can tell you about myself right now, Kendal, is that I'm a man in love with an incredible woman.

## HOTEL ELEVATOR:

Cyrus: There's the man!  
Crowd: Whoo!  
Cyrus: Congratulations!  
Crowd: Congratulations! Yeah! Uh-huh! Whoo!

## GIDEON WALLACE'S APARTMENT:

Gideon: Hi. This is Gideon Wallace from "The D.C. Sun." We spoke last week about Amanda Tanner in 3-B. Yes, I do know what time it is. Hey, I know it's late, but I- do you know who's looking after Amanda's dog? I think it's a golden retriever. Do you know who's watching it for her? Her boyfriend? Really?

## US ATTORNEY'S OFFICE:

Alissa: Look at these logs. This girl is signing into the White House at the crack of dawn and signing out in the wee hours, every day. You know what I think? I think work and play overlapped. Think about it. She never goes home, so where's she doing it? The White House, that's where. Oh, like you wouldn't.

David: So she was sleeping with someone in the White House, as apparently, any red-blooded American would.

Alissa: And plus, it's gotta be someone in the parts of the West Wing she's logging into.

David: Come on.

Alissa: That totally narrows it down.

David: To 57 employees of the male persuasion. So the question remains who's her baby daddy?

Alissa: Did you just say "baby daddy"?

## GRANT CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS:

Olivia: I need the latest poll numbers for Alabama, Arizona, Georgia, Arkansas, Oklahoma.

Woman: I'm on it.

Olivia: Super Tuesday is coming, people, and it's gonna kill us if we don't stay on top of it.

Fitz: Morning.

Olivia: Good morning, Governor Grant. Did you need something?

Fitz: No, just ... no.

Olivia: Good.

Fitz: I'm married.

Olivia: I know.

Fitz: I'm running for President.

Olivia: I know.

Fitz: I can't.

Olivia: I don't want you to.

Fitz: But just stand here with me, for one minute. Let's not go back in there or talk or think or ... For one minute, we just stand here, and I'm not the candidate and you're not the campaign fixer. We're just us. One minute, for one minute. Just ... stand here with me.

Olivia: One minute.

Mellie: Oh! Liv, there you are. You've really got to look at what they have me wearing at the town hall tonight. I really think it's too much.

## GRANT CAMPAIGN BUS:

Cyrus: Just got the tracking polls for Super Tuesday. You're still down with women. They're for Sally and they're not changing their mind.

Fitz: I crushed her in that debate. The whole country saw it.

Olivia: It's hard to win over women when there's a viable female candidate in the race. We've been waiting a long time.

Fitz: So what do we do?

Cyrus: We've got the oppo on her. Three witnesses all willing to speak on the record about snorting coke at a frat party with Sally Langston, back when she was just a Tri Delt.

Olivia: It won't work. You can't nail Sally Langston on morality. Sally found God, Cyrus. Once you find God, all is forgiven. That's kind of the point.

Cyrus: No, the point is we can't win without women.

Fitz: No. You take the opposition research and you put it in the garbage. We're playing the rest of the game above board, win or lose.

Cyrus: Okay.

## GRANT CAMPAIGN EVENT, GEORGIA:

Fitz: And that's exactly why I think deregulation is a good thing, like this pie. Do y'all really get to eat this all the time? 'Cause if you do, I'll have to spend a lot more time down here.

Mellie: I'm sorry. I just I can't do this anymore.

Fitz: Mel?

Mellie: It's okay, honey, I just I need to say it. Um ... A few months ago, Fitz and I found out that we were pregnant with our third child. And we were so thrilled, so excited to bring a new life into our family. But campaigns can be so stressful, and I guess uh- I guess my body just couldn't handle it. And I lost our baby. Even though it was only eight weeks ... It was a baby and it was a member of our family and I have grieved for the loss of our child every day since. And I know that many of you have sensed, um, I don't know, distance between me and Fitz during the campaign, while we have struggled through this terrible experience as best we could. And I should say- Fitz wanted to quit to give us time to take care of each other, but I wouldn't let him, because I truly believe that he is the best person to be President of the United States, and I couldn't let our loss stand in the way of that.

Mellie: I think that ought to take care of it, don't you?

## GIDEON WALLACE'S APARTMENT:

Gideon: Hey, Marco. How's the night shift treating you? Cool. Did you get that coroner's report yet? Seriously? How far along?

Hi. Gideon Wallace. "D.C. Sun." Yeah, that's right. I called before. No, I didn't know you needed to be at work in an hour. Do you know Amanda's boyfriend? He's watching her dog? Works at the White House. You don't know his name? Lives in Logan Circle. All right. Thank you.

US ATTORNEY'S OFFICE:

Alissa: Old. Old. Ugly. Psycho eyes. Ugly. Old. Old.  
David: I have learned so much tonight.  
Alissa: What about this guy? Robert Sullivan. Deputy Assistant to the President for Homeland Security.  
David: Why him?  
Alissa: He's cute. But look at that smile. He could totally be a killer.  
David: You think whoever knocked her up was also the one who killed her?  
Alissa: Of course. It's always the boyfriend.  
David: Of course.

GRANT CAMPAIGN BUS:

Olivia: I was sorry to hear about your loss. Are you...? Is Mellie okay? If she needs to take a break from the campaign, I'm sure we could-  
Fitz: Mellie's fine. She flew to Alabama. She's doing twelve campaign stops in two days. She's thrilled. Nothing keeps that woman down, not even a fake miscarriage. She's a real catch, my wife. I'm a lucky man.  
Olivia: I'm sorry.  
Fitz: Oh, God. Please don't. Don't be nice to me. I'm sitting here complaining to you about my wife, which is sleazy and low and not fair to you and the oldest trick in the book. Suddenly I'm looking down at myself and I'm ... How did I get here? Why didn't I meet you sooner? What kind of a coward was I to marry her and not wait for you to show up?  
Olivia: Governor Grant ...  
Fitz: Oh, for God sake, we are so far beyond the "Governor Grant" crap. Just say my name.  
Olivia: That's crossing the line. It would be inappropriate.

Fitz: Then let's be inappropriate. Say my name.  
Olivia: Fitz.

HOTEL HALLWAY / HOTEL ROOM / UNKNOWN LOCATION:

Cyrus: This is me. How early are we starting tomorrow?  
Olivia: 6 AM pancake breakfast at the Baptist church and a prayer meeting.  
Cyrus: I can already feel the holy water burning my pagan flesh.  
Night.  
Fitz: Night.  
Olivia: Good night.

Olivia: This is me.  
Fitz: I'm down there. Just go in your room and close the door, and we'll pretend this never happened. Go in your room.

Fitz: Take off your clothes. (You're doing fine)

Man: Yeah, I think I got something. Some woman. Nah, you can't tell who it is. They're not exactly talking. Yep. I'll send it your way.

LANGSTON CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS:

Delivery Guy: This goes to your boss.

Amanda: Sorry to interrupt. This just came for you.  
Billy: Thank you. I'm sorry. What's your name again? There's so many new people around here, I keep losing track.  
Amanda: Amanda. Tanner. And please, no worries. I'm just happy to be here. I'm a huge fan of Senator Langston.  
Billy: Amanda. I won't forget this time. I promise.

OLIVIA POPE'S APARTMENT:

CD (Fitz): Take off your clothes.



Olivia: Cyrus got this? In the mail? Someone's had this for two years. Why wait? Why now?

Fitz: All they had was a tape and a voice. They needed the voice. They needed a girl.

Olivia: They needed Amanda Tanner.

US ATTORNEY'S OFFICE:

Alissa: If the baby's blood type is A, and Amanda's is B, then the father has to be either type A or type AB. We could subpoena the White House personnel files for the blood types.

David: Alissa, we don't have enough to subpoena anyone for anything.

Alissa: UGH but we are so close.

David: We're not close. We have a suicide and a hunch. Go home.

Alissa: What?

David: Get some sleep. Study for the bar. Go shoe shopping. Sorry I kept you up all night on a wild nothing.

Alissa: David?

David: Yeah?

Alissa: I'm not. Good night.

David: Night.

GIDEON WALLACE'S APARTMENT:

Gideon: Hi. Uh, this is Gideon Wallace with "The D.C. Sun." I'd like to speak to Chief of Staff Chambers, please. Oh, you answer your own phone. Cool. Uh, I'm calling to get a quote for a story I'm working on.

Quinn: I'm gonna run out and grab some bagels.

Gideon: Right. Okay. Well, it's about your relationship with Amanda Tanner.

LANGSTON CAMPAIGN HQ:

Sally: Thank you, Governor. Billy.

Billy: Don't thank me until you hear it.

Sally: That was Governor Grant. I've just accepted his offer to be his V.P. Billy, we were creamed on Super Tuesday. We are out

of options.

Billy: So what? We just ... no. No! He is a philandering faux conservative who will destroy everything, every single thing that we have promised to millions of people, honest Americans. What are we gonna say to them?

Sally: Tell 'em to vote. Vote Grant-Langston.

Billy: This makes super Tuesday nothing, a blip. Just listen. All right, not for me, but for the future of our country.

Sally: Matthew 13:24. There's a parable about a group of enemies who plant bad seeds amongst the good ones to ruin the crops. The farmer notices weeds growing amongst the fruit. The servants ask the farmer if they should round up the weeds before the harvest, and what does the farmer say?

Billy: "Let them grow together."

Sally: One day, God will burn the weeds and save the fruit, Billy, but for now, let 'em grow.

#### OLIVIA POPE'S APARTMENT:

Olivia: You need to get back to the White House before the press corps comes in.

Fitz: Mm. I've imagined your place a thousand times. I like it. It's very you.

Olivia: Yeah. Living alone has its perks.

Fitz: I should go.

Olivia: You should go.

Fitz: Oh. One minute?

Olivia: Yeah. One minute.

Fitz: Good-bye, Livvie.

Olivia: Good-bye, Mr. President.

#### GIDEON WALLACE'S APARTMENT:

Gideon: Amanda Tanner worked in the West Wing with you. There's pictures of the two of you including several with her dog.

Billy: Yeah. Yeah, I can see that. Can we just get right to the point here, Gideon? What are you saying exactly?

Gideon: I think you had a relationship with Amanda. I think you were her boyfriend.

Billy: Is that it? Is that your big discovery, that we were boyfriend and girlfriend? That we held hands? Went steady?

Gideon: If I were the Vice President's Chief of Staff, that's not something that I would want people to know, especially considering that she-

Billy: Morons.

Gideon: What?

Billy: I'm surrounded by morons. Huge, clueless morons.

Gideon: I've got a story here.

Billy: Yeah, genius, you do, only it's the wrong one. I'm not the story. The President's the story. The President is the one who slept with Amanda Tanner. I was your source in the White House. I sent you the pictures of Amanda and the President and the stupid dog. I sent you the West Wing logs. She visited him practically every day. Dear God, man, I did everything except draw you a picture of their stick figures doing it! All you had to do was put two and two together. What is it with people? Why are they so freaking stupid?! You, Amanda. It was an easy script for both of you. Big letters, small words. You could- you could follow it in your sleep.

Gideon: Oh, my God. You sent her in to sleep with the President.

Billy: "Oh, my God." You call yourself a journalist? You're a joke. You could have been the next Woodward and Bernstein and the best you can do is tell everyone that I had a relationship with a crazy dead girl? Good luck with that story.

Gideon: That's not all I came up with.

Billy: You're an idiot. Whatever you say, I'll just deny it. This conversation never happened.

Gideon: According to the coroner's report, Amanda was 13 weeks pregnant. I bet it's your baby. I may be a joke, but "Dead White House Intern Was Carrying V.P. Aide's Love Child" that sure sounds like a story to me. I even have a copy of the coroner's report if you want to see it. Gotta believe they can run a DNA match between you and a fetus. This conversation might be easy to deny, but that sure as hell wouldn't be, would it? Let me just see where I put that. I'll show you. Aah! Oh!

## GRANT-LANGSTON PRESIDENTIAL PRESS CONFERENCE:

Fitz: It is my honor to have Senator Langston's conviction and

strong sense of justice by my side. And with your support, we are gonna take the White House in November and we are gonna bring America the change it's been waiting for!

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