

Scandal Episode 404 "Like Father, Like Daughter"

[Camera shutter clicking] [Dog barking in distance] [Car alarm chirps]

[Camera shutter clicking] - Hi.

- Hi.

You're late.

Sorry.

Car trouble.

I thought we could have some dinner and talk about how our days went.

That sounds very normal.

I'll start.

Catherine Winslow was taken into custody [Muffled] So we're gonna try and get her out of I will be the one standing over you when you die.

Olivia: Get her out on bail.

So, how was your day? [Chuckles] Uh, about that.

We need to talk.

Just let me get this.

[Cellphone ringing] This is Olivia.

Don't do anything.

Don't go anywhere! I'll be right there.

I'm so sorry.

I have to go.

We can talk later? - Sure.

- Okay.

Where the hell are they? Who? Olivia, who are we looking for? We're gonna go in and out very fast.

Stay with me.

Okay, but it would help if I knew who we were looking for.

Jello shots! [All cheering] [Dance music playing] [Vomits, coughs] Olivia, please don't tell my parents.

We came for some spoiled rich kid? Look at my contacts.

Find Cyrus Beene.

Call his cell Not the one marked private, the one marked black.

It's an encrypted number, so it will take a minute to go through.

Olivia, why am I calling Cyrus Beene? To tell him we've got the president's daughter.

[Coughs] It's official.

You're ruining me.

I'm sorry? Well, the lack of sleep, for one.

And then there's the fact that all I find myself thinking about in my briefings
In my lunches and meetings and strategy sessions is This.

You mind? No.

Not at all.

[Cellphone ringing] [Sighs] [Sighs] Cyrus Beene.

Where the hell was secret service? She slipped her security detail.

We need an extraction plan.

We can't go out the front door.

There's about a hundred kids here with smartphones.

God.

The room keeps spinning.

- 15 minutes.

- We'll be here.

[Cellphone ringing] Liv.

I need you to shut down the cell service at this address How many phones?

Probably over 100.

Can you do it? I can try to exploit the "kill switch" code - cell manufacturers
have embedded in the - Easy, Huck.

Is that a yes? On it.

Fire escape.

Other side of the building.

So, 100 feet across the loft? Karen, we're gonna leave.

When we walk out that door, I need you to do your best to look and act as
sober as possible.

- Okay.

- Okay.

Except I can't really walk.

Do I believe in God? Do I believe in me? Controversy, controversy,
controversy Dude, doesn't that look like the grant kid? Google her.

Crap.

My phone's dead.

Try yours.

Do I believe in God? Do I believe in me? Some people wanna die so they
can be free Go.

Mingle.

Make new friends.

Olivia: Quinn, window! Watch your step.

I'll be right behind you.

Okay.

Wait.

What are we doing? Getting you into college! [Helicopter blades whirring]

Yeah, yeah, yeah controversy controversy [camera shutter clicks] When we land, the secret service will take you inside.

Wait, what? You're not coming in with me? But I don't understand.

I thought that was your job To cover for people? Kind of hard to cover up a chopper on the white house lawn.

Karen, this isn't a job.

This is a favor.

I got you out of that party and back home without a thousand YouTube videos of the president's drunk daughter all over the news.

Favor complete.

I go back to my warm bed.

You have a job.

Your job is to explain to your parents why you thought slipping your secret service detail to get wasted at a party was a good idea.

I don't need a pair of suits with wires in their ears watching over me 24/7.

Those agents protect you.

They were standing right next to my brother when he died! What did they protect him from? - Karen - Whatever.

I just needed a night out.

[Cellphone chimes] Okay? To have some fun.

It's no big deal.

Karen: You guys are crazy.

Oh, crap.

What is it? Oh crap.

All right, boys.

Let's go to Paris.

Boy: You feel that? Did you get that on camera, dude? Did you get that?

Dude, tell me that was recording.

Boy 2: Yeah, got it all! [Beep] Cyrus.

You want to wake the president.

Because, Cyrus.

I said because.

I can't tell you why, Cyrus.

Believe me when I say you need to wake him.

Listen to Stop talking.

I do not care if he has the African summit in the morning.

I do not care if you have to red file him to get past the marine guard.

I do not care if you have to take America to defcon1.

I just saw the dirtiest sex tape I have ever seen in my entire life, and it stars his teenage daughter.

So you go upstairs and you get the president's ass out of bed now! A sex tape?! Karen, is this true? Perhaps we should wait for Mrs.

Grant.

- Yeah, I want to wait for mom.

- No.

Start talking now.

I just went to a party.

without your secret service detail?! I climbed out of my dorm window.

I hitched a ride on someone's father's jet.

Can we do this later? I'm still really wasted.

She took drugs? She was high? This video was sh Were you raped?

What? Honey, if you were, it's not your fault.

It's okay.

You just have to tell us so we can make these boys pay for what they did to you.

Dad I cut class.

I ran away from my secret service goons.

I helped some girl I barely knew Jack her father's private jet to go to a party.

I got drunk.

I smoked weed.

I-I shot up something awesome.

And yet the only way that you think that I could have sex with two guys is if I were raped? How lame are you? What What they did to me? What about what I did to them? - You little - Fitz! Okay.

The white house doctor is waiting downstairs for Karen.

She needs a pelvic exam, an STD screening, a detailed talk about unprotected sex.

Why doesn't she go do that now? Go.

And then straight to your room! I want to know how the hell she slipped her detail.

Yes, sir.

I want every agent who's ever covered her grilled, and I want heads on spikes You got that? Yes, sir.

[Sighs] [Door opens, closes] Maybe I find a convent in Switzerland, stick her in it.

That did not work when my father tried it with me.

Angry teenage grieving girl with daddy issues? I relate.

This is my daughter! Every girl is someone's daughter.

You have a problem to solve.

One of those boys has that video.

He sent it to Karen.

And he's probably just some dumb kid who doesn't know what he's sitting on.

But if he decides to put that video online, that sex tape is going to be everywhere within seconds.

I need these boys found, Liv.

Dealt with.

I need you to find that tape without making a sound.

Please.

This is my child.

I need you on this.

[Camera shutter clicking] We'll do a presser before noon and a photo op after lunch with Potus and the African leaders.

Stay here.

Um, what are you two doing here? Uh, we can't tell you.

What? We can't tell you.

See, that's where you're wrong.

We're in the white house.

This is my turf.

In this building, you are no longer a zombie army of two under the command of Olivia Pope.

So, you can either tell me what you're doing or I'm gonna get four of the biggest men you've ever seen to escort you out to Pennsylvania Avenue.

And these guys They're not just big.

They're circus big.

- Red.

- [Sighs] Leave them alone.

I'm sorry? Leave them alone.

Go ahead.

I got this.

[Both sigh] You make it hard for me to do my job.

You undermine me here with Olivia Pope at every turn.

You keep secrets from me.

You make me feel small.

Red, there are things that happen here in this big white house with this particular president that you will never, ever know about.

Some of those things, many of those things, will involve Olivia Pope.

Several of those things will make it hard for you to do your job.

But you are a patriot and you are a fighter.

And so you will soldier on.

As for feeling small, I don't do that to you.

I suspect that jealousy does that to you.

My advice on that is this You are not Olivia, you will never be Olivia, and hating Olivia for your own shortcomings will not change that fact.

Also, have you ever stopped to think what it must be like to actually be Olivia Pope? Doesn't seem like that much fun.

Man: Moments before dawn, a star appears out of nowhere over the eastern horizon.

This phenomenon, known as heliacal rising Dad? Mellie, look who turned up.

Hi, mom.

Karen? Baby! You're supposed to be at school.

What are you doing here? Is something wrong? What's wrong? - Uh - Nothing.

She just had a couple of free days, and she missed us.

- Right? - Yeah.

Right.

Oh, great! [Laughs] Do you, uh, want some cereal or Karen's gonna come down to the oval.

Spend some time with her dad.

[Sighs] [Chuckles] The video was sent through an anonymous messaging app.

The username was registered to a dummy e-mail address, and the account's been shut down.

But the good news is, it had to be one of these guys all of the fellas who were at the party.

Huck: I pulled the numbers from all the cellphones I shut down and tracked

all the similar tweets and instagrams from that night swagapalooza.

I'm concerned about our future.

Okay, Karen.

So, do any of these boys look familiar? Who did you have sex with? Um, I-I was kind of buzzed when I got there.

Um one of them had blond hair, I-I think.

I don't know.

We smoked in the bedroom.

I don't remember much after that.

These are all the I'm coming out - what about this one? - No.

I want the world to know No.

It definitely wasn't this guy.

That's not the bra I had on.

got to let it show This one's a no.

- Maybe.

- Maybe.

I'm coming out we've got a blond dude.

That's a no.

I want the world to know - this one's no.

- Okay.

got to let it show Olivia: Try to look up these four, at least.

I'm coming out does this one have a tattoo? I want the world to know

[keyboard clacking] I got to let it show [sighs] Tribal band on his right bicep.

I'm coming out - classy.

I want the world to know - that's him.

- Quinn, go find this kid before he has any idea to put that video online.

[camera shutter clicking] I'm coming out disappointment that's the look you see on my face.

Disappointment.

I'm disappointed in you, Tom.

You used to be one of my favorites.

He's not your average target.

He's one of ours.

When I say bring me the head of John the Baptist, I expect the head of John the Baptist.

I do not expect excuses, not from my golden boy.

He was command, for God's sake.

He's read my file.

He knows my moves.

I used to take orders from him.

And with the parameters you have given me for the job, this is not an easy task, sir.

Tom, look at me.

Look at my face.

Disappointment often turns to frustration.

Frustration turns to resentment.

Resentment turns to anger.

Anger to rage.

Rage to indifference.

And once I am indifferent, well, I will have forgotten that you were ever one of my favorites, and I just may start wishing for your head, too.

Jake Ballard needs to go.

I'm putting a clock on it.

Yes, sir.

I'm on it, sir.

Good.

Do not let me down.

[Sighs] Jake: I wouldn't.

Crowds you don't want to cause a scene.

And I'm not here to kill you, but from the looks of your conversation with rowan, that'd probably be my best move.

You know, kill you before you kill me.

Orders.

Right.

Orders.

But what happens after I'm out of the way? You think Rowan lets the only other person who can link him to the death of the president's kid walk around free to tell tales? That's what this is about? He's covering his ass, tom.

I'm first.

You're second.

Well, you can't protect me from him.

I can try.

Listen You may not trust me, but you know you can't trust him.

Well, if you do try to kill me, maybe not today.

It's gorgeous out.

[Indistinct talking, door opens] Let's take a break.

What do you have? Karen was only able to identify one of the boys in the video, but my team is on him.

We'll find the other one.

It's just a matter of time.

We'll get him.

Fitz? I thought sending her back to boarding school right away was the best thing.

Get her back to normal as soon as possible, dig in, have a routine, back to work.

I thought it would help.

Burying yourself in work isn't always the best thing when you lose someone.

Running away isn't always the best thing, either.

Liv Where did you go? Fitz Where did you go? You just took off for two months, all alone? I Yes.

I did.

I needed some time alone.

After everything, I just needed to be alone.

You were having a difficult time.

We were all having a difficult time.

I'm sorry.

About your mother.

No.

She did a terrible thing.

Don't apologize.

She ruined your family.

She ruined my family.

She ruined us.

[Door opens, closes] You fought your way through a very difficult confirmation process as a democrat.

You delivered the president his gun-control bill.

Senators from both sides of the aisle seem to be bowing down before you.

So, Attorney General Rosen, I have to ask What's your secret? You know, Ashley, if I have a talent, it's that I'm able to convince people which side of the argument they need to be on.

Secrets? I don't really have any.

Rosen.

Oh, hi.

Am I due for a good threatening? Funny, but I don't have time for jokes.

Rowan is trying to kill me.

So, I need your help.

I need to know that should anything happen to me, you'll release the B613 files.

No.

What? I don't want anything more to do with those files.

I've got enough blood on my hands already.

I wish you'd never given them to me.

I wish I'd never opened them.

Then give them back to me.

No.

Are you kidding me? Those files would bring down the U.

S.

government, destroy over two centuries of law and order and checks and balances, and the world's greatest democracy would swirl down the drain.

Those files are evil, Jake.

No one should have them.

They shouldn't exist.

Your morality means nothing, not to me, not to B613, and certainly not to command.

Give me the files or I will snap your neck right now.

Here.

Now get out.

Thanks, Rosen.

[Camera shutter clicking] [Cellphone rings] Jake.

- I need to see you.

- I'm busy.

Well, this is important.

Can it wait till tonight? Not really.

There's something I need to tell you.

In person.

- I'm sorry, Jake.

- Olivia? I'm gonna need to call you back.

Olivia! - Olivia! - Mellie.

What are you doing here? I think that you should discuss that with your husband.

No.

What are you doing here? What are you doing in my house? You tell me.
You tell me now.

I've got secret service ripping up the carpet and the drapes.

There's not a time card or a hall pass in the past six months that's not being scrutinized.

[Door opens, closes] Good.

What about the two agents who lost Karen last night? They're already packing their bags, sir.

Hello, Mellie.

Got some new boots on there? A new color? You said you would warn me.

About you seeing Olivia Pope.

I'll just I want to know why the hell you've got Olivia Pope in my house.

- Mellie - Why did you bring Olivia here? I didn't bring her here.

[Laughing] Right.

A magical fairy granted your wish and, poof, Olivia Pope appeared in the oval office.

- Mellie.

- Or you made one of your masturbating late-night phone calls, and she came running over.

I didn't call Olivia.

Karen did.

Karen? Karen got into some trouble last night.

There was a party, she got drunk, things got You should be glad she called Liv.

I should be glad? Liv got her out of there.

She's handling the situation.

I should be glad?! Mellie, focus.

I am the mother.

This is not her family.

This is my family.

I am the one who picks up the pieces.

I am the one who holds this family together.

I want her out of here.

You get Olivia Pope out of here.

I don't want her anywhere near my child.

I will fix this.

I will make the decisions.

You know what? You just stay out of it.

I have dealt with drunk Mellie, bad hygiene Mellie No, wait.

I got it Smelly Mellie.

I have dealt with drunk Mellie and smelly Mellie and "screw everything to hell" Mellie and crybaby Mellie and "eat everything that is not nailed down" Mellie.

And I have not complained.

But I will not put up with whatever righteous history-rewriting Mellie you have going on right here, right now.

This is not your family.

You are not the mother, not since Jerry died.

Since Jerry died, you have abdicated your role.

You have mothered no one.

You hold nothing together.

You pick up no pieces.

You know how I know this? Because baby Teddy thinks his mother is nanny Jen and Karen spent last night in a threesome with two guys doing a move on her they like to call eiffel towering! You know how I know that? I saw the sex tape they made! So you should be damn glad she called Olivia because Olivia Pope is fixing this mess, this mess that you made.

This mess that we made.

Look, I know that I share some guilt in all of this.

But you want to know the difference between you and me? All day, every day, I am running a country.

I am grieving for the loss of my son, but I am also running a country.

All day, every day, you are sitting around in booties and a dirty robe eating chips and getting drunk at 11:00 A.

M.

! A sex tape? Yeah.

She takes after her daddy, then, doesn't she? [Camera shutter clicking]

Where's the video, Bobby? Who the hell are you? I know who you are, Bobby.

I know you're on full scholarship at Franklin Prep.

I know your mom's on disability and your big brother's doing five in Augusta for grand theft auto.

And you work this crappy minimum-wage job at Gettysburger to help out.

You're a hard worker A bootstrapper.

I respect that.

But you should know, I will personally make sure you lose that scholarship and this crappy minimum-wage job and any chance you have of a future if you don't tell me where you're keeping the video of the girl you and your buddy screwed at that party last night.

I need answers, Bobby.

[Stammers, gasps] [Camera shutter clicking] Hey, Jake, it's me.

Sorry I haven't had time to talk, but I was thinking, my place for dinner tonight? I'll cook.

Okay, I won't.

But I'll get the finest takeout D.

C.

has to offer.

Call me back.

Or I'll just see you tonight.

[Sighs] They have this four score promotion at Gettysburger right now.

Buy four burgers and get the fifth one free.

Okay.

Right.

I talked to Bobby.

He coughed up the name of his doubles partner, Donald "Tripp" Morgan III.

Only son thank God of Margaret and Donald Jr.

- Are they local? - Bethesda.

Let's bring them in.

Mr.

and Mrs.

Morgan, thank you for coming in.

Seems our son has gotten himself into another truly unfortunate situation.

[Chuckles] The understatement of the year.

Honestly, I'm at the end of my rope.

Between the calls from the St.

Alban's headmaster every other day and now this, we just don't know what we're gonna do with him.

The boy's wild.

He always has been.

Luckily, we've managed to keep Tripp's adventures under the radar so far.

I guess what those college admissions officers don't know won't hurt them, right? I'm glad to hear we're all on the same page.

And that you understand the consequences for not only your son, but your

entire family, we are certainly aware of the stakes here, Ms.

Pope.

Good.

So, we'll just help Tripp permanently delete the file and its directory.

We'll also run a scan on your devices and cloud network to make sure no trace of it remains.

How much? I'm sorry? For the video.

I mean, you want it, you're gonna have to pay for it.

We really have no idea what the going rate for a sex tape starring the first daughter is, but We imagine it's a hell of a lot.

Fitz: Say it again.

The parents want money.

\$2.

5 million? \$2.

5 million.

The Morgans think they can blackmail the president of [Chuckling] the United States of America? Come on, Liv.

You have the money.

Do you want to refuse to give it to them? Okay.

But then they could release the video.

The video of your daughter having sex with two boys.

Game over.

That video will become Karen's story.

It will become who she is for the rest of her life.

It will be her legacy.

She'll be no better than a reality star, the lowest form of life.

It will be what they remember her for, not her charity work, not her accomplishments, not her brain Her sex tape.

And I know that you want more for your daughter.

The most powerful man in the world, an entire army at my disposal, and I can't stop two idiots from releasing a tape.

Not in the world of the Internet.

What kind of parents are they? The world is full of terrible parents.

[Sighs] I didn't mean you.

Why not? I'm failing.

Fitz.

I'm a failure as a father.

And clearly, we can all agree I'm a failure as a husband.

Fitz.

What, am I a failure as a man, too? Fitz.

Don't ever leave me like that again.

I almost didn't survive.

I almost died without you.

Didn't you miss me? Liv.

[Breathing heavily] Didn't you miss me? Even a little? Oh, I did miss you.

- Stop.

- No.

I can't.

- Stop.

- Why? Why not? Why can't you? What's the point? I didn't go away alone.

You didn't go away alone.

No.

You went with Jake.

Yes.

Say it.

Fitz.

Say it.

[Sighs] I went with Jake.

[Sighs] So I am failing as a father and a husband and a man.

Good to know.

Heavy is the head that wears the crown, they say.

Fitz, I know Ow.

Pay the Morgans the \$2.

5 million.

[Ice rattles in glass, liquid pours] Do you want to discuss it with Mellie or

Because my marriage is such a partnership? I'm so happy? Pay the

Morgans the \$2.

5 million.

Let's just do what my father would do.

Throw money at the problem and sweep it under the rug.

[Door opens, closes] \$2.

5 million, as promised.

I just need - You didn't tell her? - Tell me what? Uh, we're gonna need another \$500,000.

To cover expenses.

Excuse me? We're thinking an even \$3 million.

You know, so the world never finds out the president's daughter is a dirty, little slut.

What what What's going on? - What are you doing?? - Deal's off.

- Off!? - What's with the pictures? They're for the tabloids.

Smile! - Tabloids? - Think I'll leak them to The Post first.

Morning shows'll pick this story up in seconds.

What are you talking about? Oh, I'm gonna destroy you.

Destroy us? No, we're the ones with the proof of the first daughter whoring it up That family lost a son! A son! And you're These are children, you sick sons of bitches.

Kids experimenting.

And you're exploiting them.

That makes you child pornographers.

Are you out of your mind? Kiddie porn starring your very own flesh and blood.

That's insane.

You have no evidence I'll manufacture it.

I'll pay eyewitnesses.

I'll plant stories.

I'll do anything and everything to assassinate what little character you have, and I won't give it a second thought because you two are the absolute worst kind of people, the kind who have everything but still want more.

I have the head of every news organization on speed dial, and they will run the hell out of the story of the rich parents who sent their son to have sex with the president's daughter just so they could blackmail The White House.

And in the blink of an eye, everyone you now consider a friend will erase you from their memory.

And every family in America will hate you forever.

And forget about ever leaving your house again because they will know your faces because I will make sure they are etched into the American memory because that is what I do, and there is no one better in the entire world at it than I am! These are non-disparagement agreements.

Sign them.

Quickly.

So I never have to see your faces ever again.

[Sighs] [Knock on door] Mom.

Hey, um, have you seen my my Your phone? Yes, I've seen it.

I have also seen the film that you made with your friends.
Are they your friends? Do you call them friends when you don't even know their names? But, then, how can they not be friends when they have already had their body parts inside you? I know what you're gonna say. That you're disappointed in me, that I screwed up, that I'm grounded. Blah, blah, blah.

If you could tell me that you had sex with those two boys because it made you happy, because you wanted to, because you felt empowered and turned on Karen I am your mother, so inside, I am having a tiny seizure, but still, I would try hard to be supportive and happy for you.

But I don't think that's why you did it.

I think that you were sad.

I think that you were feeling numb.

I think that you thought feeling something was better than feeling nothing.

I think that your brother died Right in front of you.

Which means [Breathes deeply] You get one free pass.

This was it.

You do not get another.

I really miss him.

[Breathes shakily] I know, baby.

[Sighs] [Sighs] Like it or not, you are the famous child of the most famous man on earth.

And it may not be fair.

And it may not be right.

And it's definitely sexist.

If you were a boy, they'd be giving you high-fives.

[Sighs] But you're not.

So your knees are gonna have to stay together.

Do you understand? [Sighs] Oh.

[Sighs] - Mom? - Hmm? Are you okay? [Sighs] [Knock on door] This a bad time? No.

Come in.

I'd like you to meet someone.

George Bixby.

He's the top dog over at the inspector general's office.

- George.

- Sir.

You think you can get our secret service in line? I'll do my best, Mr.

President.

In fact, there have already been some red flags.

I wouldn't call them red.

Everything is significant in an internal investigation, Mr. Beene.

Your agent, Tom Larsen.

[Camera shutter clicking] My Tom Larsen? There are some discrepancies in his schedule.

Something about him being at Fort Detrick when he was supposed to be here.

It's probably just a clerical error.

When was this? November 2nd.

Two days before the election.

I'll be speaking with him later tonight.

I'm sure I'll get to the bottom of it.

Thank you.

That will be all.

[Door opens] Sir? That'll be all, Cyrus.

Get me a secure line.

[Cellphone ringing] Tom? Inspector general found gaps in my schedule.

They're questioning me in an hour.

I need to leave town.

That won't help.

Rowan will find you.

If they question me about November If they question you about November, you should tell them the truth.

They'll execute me for treason.

N-not if you cut a deal.

Cut a deal and it will be Rowan's ass in the electric chair.

It's my word against his.

But you'll have the upper hand.

You'll be telling the truth.

And I have proof, more than enough to make this stick.

Between the two of us, we'll nail him.

Tom? I think I can do it.

- Captain Ballard? - Is he in? The president's in a meeting.

Is he expecting you? Because I - Can you let him know I'm here? - And that it's urgent? - But It's urgent.

Lauren, please.

Jake.

Mr.

President, if I could just have a moment of your time, there's something I need to tell you.

Not right now.

- But - Lauren, I'll be back.

Sir Would you care to wait? Agent Larsen, I'm gonna ask you to clarify a few dates of service over the past six months.

All right.

November 2nd of last year.

We have you assigned to POTUS' detail while he campaigned in Ohio.

Is that correct? That sounds about right, yes.

Then explain to me why and how somebody swiped your security card that same day at Fort Detrick? Are we on record here, sir? Yes, we are, Agent Larsen.

What were you doing at Fort Detrick on November 2nd? I was completing an assignment, sir.

- An assignment? - Yes, sir.

Under whose orders? [Door opens] Agent Bixby, I'll take it from here.

I'm not saying anything without an attorney present.

You seem nervous, - Agent, uh, Larsen, is it? - What are you doing here? -

And who the hell brought Rowan into this? - Tom: As I said, I wish to exercise - my constitutional right to representation.

- I did, Cy.

Rowan: I think you'll find the constitution doesn't apply in this case, Agent Larsen.

Eyes on me, Agent.

I would like to speak with the president.

[Sighs] Relax, Agent Larsen.

The truth shall set you free.

All you have to do is give me the information that I need, and I'll have you on your way.

Mr.

President, please.

Now, I see that we've established that you were present at Fort Detrick November 2nd, two days before the election, under "official assignment," as you put it.

Agent? Yes.

What was that assignment, Agent Larsen? Allow me to jog your memory. Multiple security cameras and several prints place you in the defense research facility for more than an hour, a highly classified area, as you might guess, where many lethal agents are studied and housed, including one specific strain of bacterial meningitis that went missing that day, the exact strain that killed young Jerry Grant the facility.

What is he doing, Mr.

President? Finding out who killed my son, Cyrus.

Tom: What do you want from me? Rowan: You know what I want, soldier.

I don't, I swear.

Oh, but you do.

Think.

You were there.

A vial goes missing.

A young boy dies.

You will be held responsible for the assassination of the president's son.

I just need to know why you did it.

I-I-I I was under orders.

Whose orders? Please.

I can't do this.

Let me make something clear, Agent Larsen.

There won't be one single person left on your side when you leave this room.

You want me on your side.

You need me on your side.

And I will do all I can for you if you tell me right now what I need to hear.

- Who gave you the order? - Please, I Who gave you the order, soldier!?

Please who gave you the order to kill the president's son!? Jake Ballard.

Ballard gave me the order.

Sir? Do it.

[Camera shutter clicks]