

EXEC. PRODUCER: SHONDA RHIMES  
EXEC. PRODUCER: BETSY BEERS  
EXEC. PRODUCER: MARK WILDING  
CO-EXEC. PRODUCER: JUDY SMITH  
CO-EXEC. PRODUCER: JENNA BANS  
CO-EXEC. PRODUCER: MARK FISH  
CO-EXEC. PRODUCER: TOM VERICA

EP.#202

## SCANDAL

“The Other Woman”

Written by  
Heather Mitchell

Directed by  
Stephen Cragg

REVISED PAGES:  
44,44A,45

Jul. 27, 12 PRODUCTION  
Jul. 31, 12 BLUE  
Jul. 31, 12 PINK  
Aug. 2, 12 YELLOW (Full)  
Aug. 2, 12 GREEN  
Aug. 3, 12 GOLDENROD

Prep Dates: 7/25/12 – 8/2/12  
Shoot Dates: 8/3/12 - 8/15/12

-NOTICE-

© 2012, ABC Studios. All Rights Reserved. This material is the exclusive property of ABC Studios and is intended solely for the use of its personnel. Distribution to unauthorized persons or reproduction, in whole or in part, without written consent of ABC Studios is strictly prohibited.

SCANDAL

“The Other Woman”

CHARACTER LIST

ABBY WHELAN  
CYRUS BEENE  
DAVID ROSEN  
HARRISON WRIGHT  
HUCK  
OLIVIA POPE  
PRESIDENT “FITZ” FITZGERALD GRANT  
MELLIE GRANT  
QUINN PERKINS

AA Leader  
AA People  
Verna Thornton  
Amos Carver  
Cable News Anchor  
Chairman of Joint Chiefs  
Defense Secretary  
Hollis Doyle  
James  
Jill  
Anna Gordon  
Kimberly Mitchell  
Lisa  
Local News Anchor  
Nancy Drake  
Pat Wexler  
Prayer Leader  
Ray Dwyer  
Reporter  
Matt Turner  
Secretary of State  
Valet  
Vincent Gordon

SCANDAL

“The Other Woman”

SET LIST

INTERIORS	INTERIORS (CONT'D)
OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES CONFERENCE ROOM HUCK'S OFFICE HALLWAY OLIVIA'S OFFICE ABBY'S OFFICE	PETALUMA DINER  MORGUE ANTECHAMBER EXAMINATION ROOM
OLIVIA'S APARTMENT BEDROOM LIVING ROOM	DAVID'S OFFICE  CIA CRAMPED OFFICE HALLWAY
WHITE HOUSE OVAL OFFICE HALLWAY SITUATION ROOM	U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE  NATIONAL CATHEDRAL
D.C. BAR	LOCAL D.C. NEWSCAST ABC NEWSCAST CABLE NEWS NETWORK
ABBY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN	PRESIDENT'S LIMOSINE
CHURCH BASEMENT	TV STUDIO/GREEN ROOM
DRAKE HOUSE LIVING ROOM FOYER BEDROOM STAIRWELL SUN ROOM	EXTERIORS
DAVID'S LIVING ROOM	D.C. STREET
D.C. HOTEL HALLWAY ROOM	ANNA GORDON'S SUBURBAN HOME  ALLEY BEHIND UPSCALE BISTRO
CYRUS' BEDROOM	CRUDDY CALIFORNIA MOTEL
ANNA GORDON'S LIVING ROOM	NATIONAL CATHEDRAL

SCANDAL

"The Other Woman"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 INT. OLIVIA'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - NIGHT 1

It's dark. OLIVIA lies in bed. She should be asleep but she's staring at the ceiling. Waiting. The phone rings. Olivia reaches out a hand, answers it.

OLIVIA  
Twenty-three people.

INTERCUT WITH:

2 INT. WHITE HOUSE/OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT 2

FITZ sits at his desk. A heap of untouched documents beside him.

FITZ  
What?

OLIVIA  
When you stay late in the Oval, there are twenty-three members of your staff who have to stay late, too.

FITZ  
I'm reading briefs on East Sudan.

OLIVIA  
They can't go home until you do.

FITZ  
How are you?

OLIVIA  
Richard, Jo, Marybeth, Ted, Hank, that guy with the briefcase handcuffed to his wrist, Jose the Chef, Susan, Kayla-

FITZ  
Susan went to the State Department. And the briefcase guy is Rashid.

OLIVIA  
I'm saying that twenty-three hard-working Americans are staying late at night so you can call me.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

FITZ

You want me to hang up?

There's a moment of silence. Because she doesn't. They listen to one another breathe.

OLIVIA

How are you?

FITZ

I'm serving out my sentence in the crown jewel of the American prison system. How are you?

OLIVIA

Fine. Except my married ex-boyfriend keeps calling me.

A beat.

FITZ

This is friendly. We're being friends.

OLIVIA

We're not friends.

FITZ

We're good friends.

OLIVIA

How's your pregnant wife?

And now Fitz is angry.

FITZ

Whose fault is that?! Who fixed that for me?

A beat of silence. He sighs, tired.

FITZ (CONT'D)

Tell me to stop calling. Tell me you don't want to hear from me.

She doesn't say a word.

FITZ (CONT'D)

Okay then. I'll speak to you tomorrow night.

And he hangs up. Olivia lies there. Staring at the ceiling. And the phone rings again. She answers.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

OLIVIA

Stop calling. I don't want to hear  
from you.

And then her face changes as she listens. And she's up and  
out of the bed, grabbing some clothes so she can get dressed.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Take a deep breath. And say that  
one more time...

3 INT. D.C. BAR - NIGHT

3

HARRISON holds court in a boothful of attractive PARTY GIRLS.  
They're laughing, hanging on his every word.

HARRISON

Okay now, *secret agent man* is taking  
it a little too far -- let's just  
say I extricate people from sticky  
situations.

Harrison's CELL RINGS; he checks the I.D. and picks up,  
playing up the urgency a little for his rapt audience.

HARRISON (CONT'D)

Talk to me, what do we got?  
(listens, then)  
Be right in.

The girls pout, disappointed. He grins apologetically.

HARRISON (CONT'D)

You know how it is. "Life of danger"  
starts at midnight.

As Harrison hightails it out of the bar, we're OFF the  
lovelies, watching him go...

4 INT. ABBY'S APARTMENT/KITCHEN - NIGHT

4

A pajama-clad ABBY meticulously pipes a decorative ROSE on  
the perfectly frosted CAKE perched in multi-tiered glory on  
her kitchen counter. Somewhere, Martha Stewart is crying.

She steps back, staring at it. Strangely unmoved. And then,  
in one swift, ruthless motion, she opens her trashcan and  
SWEEPS the cake in. Her phone RINGS.

ABBY

I was asleep, so this better be good-  
(then)  
Oh. Crap.

5 INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - NIGHT

5

A late-night twelve-step meeting. Recovering addicts sip from styrofoam cups of coffee, listening to quiet, pale-faced JILL as she "shares."

JILL

And then she just goes, Jill, *Dad died six months ago*. I was so wasted, you know, I guess I forgot.

AA PEOPLE

Thanks, Jill.

Jill sits. The AA LEADER turns to the rest of the group.

AA LEADER

Anyone else like to share tonight?

(then)

What about you, in the back?

We follow the AA Leader's encouraging smile to REVEAL HUCK, quietly sitting in the back of the group. He's on the spot...but then his cell BUZZES with a TEXT. He looks down at the phone, then gets up to leave.

HUCK

No thanks.

6 INT. OLIVIA'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

6

Where Olivia quietly grabs her purse and keys. Just as she's about to leave, a dull voice asks-

QUINN (O.S.)

Don't you ever *sleep*?

Olivia turns back to find a somewhat feral-looking QUINN curled up on the couch, an infomercial running mindlessly on the now-muted TV.

OLIVIA

I have work. You're the one who should-

QUINN

I slept better in prison.

OLIVIA

There are extra pillows in the-

QUINN

It's not the pillows.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

Olivia sighs. They've been through this before.

OLIVIA

Quinn. There were six news trucks camped outside of your apartment tonight.

QUINN

I want to go home.

OLIVIA

There were five there yesterday. Your story isn't dying down yet.

QUINN

So, what? I sit here for the rest of my life, watching your TV, eating your food, not talking to anyone, *waiting for my story to die?*

(then, gathers herself)

You saved my life. I know that. But I still don't know *how*. Or *why*. And until you tell me, I might as well still be wearing that freakin' orange jumpsuit!

Beat. Olivia faces her.

OLIVIA

You want answers? Fine. You'll get them. But you have to trust me when I tell you it's in your own best interest that you don't have every piece of the puzzle right now.

(pauses, then)

If you change your mind about sleeping, the pillows are in the closet.

And with that, Olivia's out the door. And we're OFF an increasingly frustrated Quinn...

7 INT. OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES/CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

7

CLOSE ON a photo of Reverend Marvin Drake as Abby SLAPS it up onto the wall and starts briefing Harrison and Huck.

ABBY

The right Reverend Marvin Drake. Sixty-eight-year-old civil rights leader, gay marriage crusader, our nation's pastor-

(CONTINUED)



7 CONTINUED:

7

HARRISON

Everyone knows who Marvin Drake is.

ABBY

Well his wife doesn't know *where* he is. He's missing. And he's supposed to be at the national prayer breakfast with the President and the important half of Congress in nine hours.

HUCK

He's got enemies.

Abby nods, adding photos of Marvin Drake preaching, marching, stoically staring down a screaming WHITE SUPREMACIST, marrying a GAY COUPLE...

ABBY

Since he officiated that mass gay marriage on the National Mall last spring, he's had over a hundred death threats.

HARRISON

So much for turning the other cheek.

8 INT. DRAKE HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

8

Olivia sits with NANCY DRAKE (60s), usually poised, but tonight she's on edge.

NANCY

He's always home by nine. Pours a sherry, reads a verse or two, asleep by ten. Like clockwork.

OLIVIA

Does he have any hobbies? Any friends he drops in on? Does he go to a gym?

NANCY

Gym? Oh, lord no...

(beat)

He stops by a shelter in Anacostia some nights. But he always calls if he's going to be late.

She shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

NANCY (CONT'D)

I know it hasn't been long enough to call the police. And I know what a news story it would be if I did, but...something's happened to him, Olivia. I can just feel it.

And OFF a worried Nancy...

9 INT. OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES/CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

9

Harrison hangs up his phone as they reconvene.

HARRISON

No luck at the shelter.

HUCK

Nothing on the police scanners.

ABBY

No sign at his church or office.

10 INT. DRAKE HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

10

Phone to her ear, Olivia passes Nancy a cup of tea as we INTERCUT WITH-

11 INT. DAVID'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

11

DAVID, who fell asleep on his couch.

DAVID

Please be dying. Are you dying?

OLIVIA

David. Pastor Marvin Drake is missing.

David sits up. This is big. But he's mad at Liv. So he stays silent. Torn. A long beat.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

David, I know I'm the last person you'd do a favor for right now, but-

DAVID

A favor? Boy, I'd love to. But the thing is, I just lost the highest profile trial of my life, and with it any and all juice I may have had in the professional favor department.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

DAVID (CONT'D)

So even if I could help you, even if  
I WANTED to help you -- which I don't;  
that was sarcasm before -- the days  
of favors? From me? Are very, VERY  
over.

David hangs up. OFF a stunned Olivia...

12 INT. OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES/HUCK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

12

Harrison and Abby stand behind Huck as he punches streams of  
numbers into his computer.

HUCK

At eight-fourteen he withdrew five  
hundred dollars from an ATM on the  
corner of Connecticut and K Street.

ABBY

What's nearby?

HUCK

Something called "Camelot."

HARRISON

Strip club.

HUCK

(pointing)

What's the "Scorpion Room"?

ABBY

Gay bar.

This could be an interesting night. Huck points.

HUCK

The Adams Morgan Hotel is across the  
street.

13 INT. D.C. HOTEL/HALLWAY - DAWN

13

Wee hours of the morning. Olivia and the team stride  
purposefully down a hallway of hotel-room doors.

HARRISON

Married dude pays for a hotel room  
with cash? Nine times out of ten  
he's gettin' it on with a hooker.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

OLIVIA

Let's get all the facts before we  
jump to conclusions, people.

They stop at a door. Olivia KNOCKS once, then twice. No answer. Huck pulls out a small computer contraption with a metal key card that slides into the hotel lock and then he does some computer thingie -- he's opening the door in a high tech way. As this happens, a curious Abby leans over to Harrison-

ABBY

What's the one out of ten?

Harrison makes a face that says she doesn't want to know. Olivia leans into the slightly open door-

OLIVIA

Pastor Drake? Are you in there?

And then they hear it.

MUFFLED VOICE (O.S.)

MMMMMM! MMMMMMMMMMMMM!

OFF our team's faces: WTF?

14 INT. D.C. HOTEL/ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

14

As we enter the hotel room. And there he is. PASTOR MARVIN DRAKE (60s), a whale of a man lying facedown on top of a much smaller WOMAN (40s) who is HANDCUFFED to the bed. She struggles underneath him, her mouth MUFFLED by his chest.

WOMAN

(muffled, more  
insistent)

MMMMMM! MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!

And for one stunned moment, all anyone can do is stare. And then Abby and Harrison are quickly turning tail to leave, muttering-

ABBY

Oh, god. Okay. We really shouldn't-

HARRISON

Oh, this is so wrong-

But Olivia's not moving. Something doesn't seem right to her. She holds up a hand to Abby/Harrison-

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

OLIVIA

Wait. Huck?

Huck's next to the Pastor in a flash, checking vitals-

HUCK

Cold, no pulse. Probably been dead  
a couple hours.Pastor Drake is DEAD. Very dead. The team takes another  
moment to process this bizarre and horrifying tableau, then-

ABBY

(the bright side)

Well, we found him.

TITLE CARD.

15 INT. CYRUS' BEDROOM - DAWN

15

CYRUS stirs, rolls over in bed. And comes face to face with  
JAMES, who is awake and staring at him.

JAMES

Ethiopia is closing.

CYRUS

What?

JAMES

We waited too long and Ethiopia is  
closing. We can't get a baby from  
there now. Unless you can pull some  
strings. Can you pull some strings?

CYRUS

(so fucking annoyed)

Sweetheart-

JAMES

Frankly, I think we should go for a  
domestic adoption. A lot of babies  
in our own backyard need homes.

CYRUS

It is...

(checks his watch)

FIVE A.M.

JAMES

I quit my job, Cyrus. I'm an award-  
winning journalist-

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

CYRUS

You won one award in college, and it wasn't even Ivy League for God's-

JAMES

I was on the short list for the Pulitzer in 2009. That's *like* winning. I quit my job. To stay home and take care of you. And the fat smooshy baby you said we could have. But there's no baby. Where is the baby, Cy? You have been dragging your feet. That ends now. I want a baby!

James is getting out of bed, heading for the bathroom.

JAMES (CONT'D)

And Middlebury is just as good as the Ivy League, you elitist high-brow conservative snob. I cannot *BELIEVE* I fell in love with a Republican...

He goes into the bathroom and slams the door. Cyrus sits there, still half-asleep. What just happened?

CYRUS

Being on the short list is not like winning! WINNING IS LIKE WINNING!

The door opens. James glares at him.

JAMES

BABY!

And he slams the door again.

16 INT. D.C. HOTEL/ROOM - MORNING

16

Pastor Drake's vast, half-naked body lies on the bed, loosely covered by a sheet. ANNA GORDON, the woman who lay under him, is handcuff-free, dressed now but distraught and shaky.

ANNA

I really have to go. I'm...I have to go...I have...

OLIVIA

What's your name?

ANNA

Anna.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

OLIVIA

Listen to me, Anna. You're in shock.  
You need to sit down, drink some  
water, and relax for a minute.

Huck gently escorts Anna into the bathroom as Olivia stares  
at the body, thinking-

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

We need to get him out of here.

ABBY

Really? We shouldn't just maybe get  
rid of the lady of the night and  
then call the cops?

OLIVIA

Marvin Drake is the most respected  
religious leader in our country.

HARRISON

He was naked and dead on top of a  
handcuffed hooker. I think he just  
lost the title.

And with that, we POP OUT OF TIME and INTO...

17 INT. DRAKE HOUSE/SUN ROOM - MORNING

17

Where Olivia has just dropped the bomb. Nancy Drake stares  
down at the framed FAMILY PHOTO in her hands, Nancy, Marvin,  
and their ADULT SON AND DAUGHTER. A long beat, then she  
looks up, strangely calm and composed about the whole thing.

NANCY

How do I tell the congregation?  
What the hell am I supposed to say  
to our children?

Olivia nods.

OLIVIA

Your children will never know.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

And the Pastor's legacy will remain intact. We'll make sure of it.

And off her calm certainty, we POP BACK INTO...

18 INT. D.C. HOTEL/ROOM - MORNING

18

ABBY

The D.A.'s office already thinks we cleaned up one crime scene. Do we really want to chance getting on their radar again?

HARRISON

He had a heart attack. It's not a crime scene.

ABBY

It is if we move the body.

But Olivia's pressing ahead. She nods towards Anna in the bathroom.

OLIVIA

When we move the body. Harrison, Anna needs to stay quiet, pay her whatever it takes. Abby, find the nearest route to the freight elevator.

Abby nods, moving off.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Huck-

And Huck exits the bathroom...

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

What are you gonna need to take care of this?

A beat. Huck looks at the body, calculating. Jazzed.

HUCK

Latex gloves.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



18 CONTINUED:

18

HUCK (CONT'D)

A twenty-four-inch bone saw, a skull chisel, an industrial meat cleaver, three dozen heavy-duty trash bags, ten bath towels, a thirty-foot roll of plastic wrap and two black coffees. Extra tall. It's gonna be a long day.

They all stare at him, horrified. Olivia keeps her tone even. Like you do when you speak to Hannibal Lecter.

OLIVIA

I want you to *move* him. Not *dispose* of him.

HUCK

Oh. Well...in that case, I'll just need a laundry cart, six king-size sheets, and lots of ice.

And OFF Olivia, her decision made...

19 EXT. D.C. STREET - MORNING

19

Where Harrison flags down a CAB for a still shell-shocked Anna. As it pulls up, he reaches into the inside pocket of his jacket and pulls out a neatly folded PAPER and PEN.

HARRISON

Standard contract, with an airtight non-disclosure clause. Sign, tell me whatever you were supposed to make tonight, so I can add a few grand to it, and we can both forget this ever went down.

Anna just stares numbly down at the paper.

HARRISON (CONT'D)

Look, the only way I hand over the cash is if you sign-

ANNA

*I don't want your money.*

And with that, she gets in, SLAMMING the car door behind her. And OFF a stunned Harrison, as the cab pulls away...

20 OMITTED

20

21 INT. DRAKE HOUSE/BEDROOM - DAY

21

Where the body of the Pastor lies in his bed. Abby EXHALES, out of breath, rubbing her shoulder as Olivia slips her jacket back on -- clearly, the team has done the heavy lifting here. Gently and precisely, Huck arranges the Pastor -- adjusting his limbs and the collar of his pajamas just so. Once he's perfect-

OLIVIA

Huck?

In a sudden BURST of motion, Huck FLUFFS the bedding around the Pastor's body and BOUNCES on the mattress a few times -- adding a touch of naturalism to his work. Then-

HUCK

He's ready.

Olivia opens the bedroom door and escorts Nancy to the bed, where she sits beside her husband. Gently, she strokes the Pastor's cheek.

NANCY

Thank you. Thank you so much for bringing him home.

OLIVIA

You're welcome.

(then)

I'm sorry, Nancy, but it's time.

Nancy nods. They've gone over this.

NANCY

I put my nightgown on-

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

OLIVIA

You put your nightgown on, and you get into bed. Toss around a little. And then you get up and call 911. He was asleep when you came in, and dead when you woke up, and that's all you know.

Nancy's still stroking the Pastor's cheek.

NANCY

That's all I know.

OLIVIA

You'll do great. And I'll talk to you soon.

As the team exits, leaving Nancy to spend a final few moments with her husband's body, Olivia's cell phone RINGS. She answers, as they move into...

22 INT. DRAKE HOUSE/STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

22

OLIVIA

We just had to carry three hundred pounds of Pastor up a flight of stairs and put him to bed. Where are you?

And we INTERCUT with-

23 EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

23

Harrison, in his car, outside a small, middle-class house.

HARRISON

Alexandria. I followed the cab to Anna's place. She wouldn't sign the non-disclosure agreement. She wouldn't take any money either. 'Liv, I don't think she's a hooker...

As Olivia quickly realizes, slightly horrified-

OLIVIA

She's the Pastor's mistress.

And off this shocking development, we...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

24 INT. WHITE HOUSE/HALLWAY - DAY

24

Cyrus joins Fitz as he walks purposefully down the hallway. Things are still tense between them from the end of #201.

CYRUS

Morning, Mr. President.

FITZ

Why didn't I know about this photo?

CYRUS

They had to verify it. Get the agencies aligned. CIA, DIA, NSA-

FITZ

Not the question I asked, Cy. Half the globe saw this photo before me. Why do I need a national security team when I can just read Twitter?

CYRUS

I found out this morning, sir, just like you-

FITZ

And why don't I believe that?

And before Cyrus can answer, Fitz ducks into an office, leaving Cyrus to simmer a beat before following him into...

25 INT. WHITE HOUSE/SITUATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

25

A windowless conference room with VIDEO SCREENS on the walls. The CIA Director, AMOS CARVER (50s), his Junior Analyst, MATT TURNER (20s), the SECRETARY OF STATE and a few other ADVISORS and MILITARY rise as the President enters.

FITZ

What am I looking at?

Amos nods to Matt, who uses a remote to fill the screens with a photo of a MASS GRAVE, piled high with young bodies.

FITZ (CONT'D)

My god. Who did this?

AMOS

The government of East Sudan.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

FITZ

Confirmed by...?

AMOS

Our analysts at Langley, sir.

He nods to Matt, who doesn't look eager to speak -- which is weird, because this is his chance to shine. We see Cyrus clock this, but Fitz is too fixated on the image to notice.

MATT TURNER

Mr. President, we were able to date the photo to three days ago. Based on the environment, the location is in the southwestern region. Near a village called Sinkala.

SECRETARY OF STATE

Sinkala is an opposition stronghold, and the government blames the rebels-

AMOS

-- Which is inconsistent with intel coming in from the region. We expect to confirm more mass graves within days.

FITZ

All kids?

Matt doesn't answer.

AMOS

Without live assets on the ground, it's hard to say. We'll keep working on it but...Doesn't look good, sir.

FITZ

Gather the Joint Chiefs. I want military options on my desk by noon.

Fitz gets up. On his way out, to Cy, brusquely-

FITZ (CONT'D)

Congratulations. You may get your *splendid little war* after all.

And with that stinging dig, he's gone. The meeting breaks up, Amos smiling at Cyrus on his way out, pleased. But as Matt passes by, he keeps his head down. And again, Cyrus notices.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (2)

25

CYRUS

You okay, son?

MATT TURNER

Yes, sir.

But clearly he's not. OFF Cyrus, suspicion building...

26 INT. OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES/CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

26

As Abby slaps more PHOTOS up on the board. Olivia, Harrison and Huck look on.

ABBY

Anna Gordon, thirty-eight. Works as a lawyer at the Southern Poverty Law Center.

OLIVIA

So she's a professional civil rights activist.

Pictures of Anna with VARIOUS COMMUNITY GROUPS go up...

ABBY

And a hate-group educator. And a regular churchgoer. And in her spare time, she runs a canned-food drive at a women's shelter.

HARRISON

So she's a saint.

ABBY

Well, a saint who was sleeping with a married man. A saint who enjoys being handcuffed to a bed. Just like Mother Teresa.

OLIVIA

She made a mistake. One time-

ABBY

Not one time.

HUCK

The Pastor's cell phone has calls to Anna going back fifteen years.

HARRISON

Emails. They met in hotel rooms, had secret weekends...

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

ABBY

Fifteen years. Fifteen years! She probably thought he was gonna leave his wife! He wasn't gonna leave his wife! They never leave their wives! What was she thinking?

A beat, as this lands on Olivia.

OLIVIA

We don't-

ABBY

Not judging. Just saying.

HARRISON

You think she's already called up the Enquirer for a payday?

Olivia shakes her head.

OLIVIA

Fifteen years? She could've had a payday a long time ago.  
(pointedly; to Abby)  
She loved him. And that means she cares about how this all plays out.

And with that, she's on the move...

27 INT. OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

27

As Olivia strides down the hall, the team following.

OLIVIA

Go to Nancy's house. She'll be flooded with condolence calls, dignitaries, family nosing around. Don't let them ask too many questions.

ABBY

You want me to cancel on Justice Thornton? We'll have our hands full with this one-

Olivia shakes her head.

OLIVIA

She's a Supreme Court Justice. I can't cancel on her. Plus, she hates doing press. She needs me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

(then)

Harrison, you're on clean-up.

HARRISON

How squeaky clean do we need to be?

OLIVIA

Everyone in this city who knows about the affair? Make sure they never breathe a word about it.

HARRISON

Spotless. Got it.

Olivia turns to Huck.

OLIVIA

Will you check on Quinn for me? See if she needs anything? She was going a little stir crazy this morning.

They exchange a look. And then Olivia's on her way.

28 INT. WHITE HOUSE/OVAL OFFICE - DAY

28

Fitz is on the phone, multi-tasking with an AIDE at his side.

FITZ

That's why I'm placing this call personally. Because I wanted to impress upon you my commitment. Yes, yes. -- I need that war resolution typed up and ready. -- Yes, I may need you to call for a vote by the end of the day. Thank you, Senator.

The Aide heads out and he hangs up. MELLIE enters.

MELLIE

You're busy these days. Working late, up early.

He turns to look at her.

FITZ

I'm running a country.

MELLIE

I can see that.

(CONTINUED)



28 CONTINUED:

28

They stand there. Looking at one another. His resentment of and anger at her is palpable. A long, long beat.

MELLIE (CONT'D)

Fitz-

FITZ

Can we just skip to the end?

MELLIE

Excuse me?

FITZ

You come in, I hear how I am failing you, I yell, you yell, I feel guilty for yelling at the mother of my children, I apologize, you're cold and then you leave. Can we skip right to you leaving?

A beat, as Mellie takes this in. Then-

MELLIE

Reverend Drake died of a heart attack this morning. I wanted you to hear it from me because I know how much you admired him. How much his endorsement meant to you during the campaign. How kind he was to you even when the liberals wanted your head on a platter. I thought you'd want to know that a great man died today. I thought maybe you'd want to pray for his family. But...you're running a country. I'll let you get back to it.

And then she turns and walks out. Fitz stands there.

29 OMITTED

29

30 INT. OLIVIA'S APARTMENT - DAY 30

Huck enters, immediately noticing the set of folded sheets and towels neatly stacked on Olivia's couch.

HUCK

Quinn?

No answer. Huck's eyes land on Olivia's computer. And after a few clicks of the mouse, we see what he sees: A FLIGHT ITINERARY. OFF Huck: They've got a problem...

31 INT. ANNA GORDON'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY 31

Anna and Olivia sit on the couch in this comfortable, well-appointed home. Anna dabs at her eyes as Olivia looks on, compassionate, but with paperwork in hand.

ANNA

You know we had Christmas together every year? With presents, and a tree? Every year on December 28th, when Nancy went to the Cape to see her sister. It was Christmas. To us, anyway.

Olivia waits a beat, lets Anna collect herself.

OLIVIA

What do you want, Anna?

ANNA

What do I...

OLIVIA

I have a non-disclosure agreement. I need you to sign it. So what do you need from me to make that happen?

Anna takes this in, thinks a beat. Then looks Olivia straight in the eye-

ANNA

Six million.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

Olivia blinks. Because that is a hell of a lot of money.

ANNA (CONT'D)

She has it.

And then Olivia realizes it's time to play hardball.

OLIVIA

She does have it. But despite fifteen years of not-quite-Christmas, you're still just a mistress with a pair of divorces under her belt. You have circumstantial evidence of an affair -- that's enough for a few hundred thousand dollars. You don't have anywhere near six million worth of leverage.

Anna just holds Olivia's gaze-

ANNA

Vincent!

And just like that, a SIX-YEAR-OLD BOY, the SPITTING IMAGE OF PASTOR DRAKE, comes racing into the room-

LITTLE BOY

Mommy, I can't find my magic cards!

ANNA

Hey, baby. Come on over here.

And as the little boy flings himself into his mother's arms...

ANNA (CONT'D)

He's the spitting image of his father, isn't he? Now I'm sorry, what were you saying?

And we're OFF Olivia: Oh, shit...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

32 INT. DRAKE HOUSE/FOYER - DAY

32

Flowers and casseroles and MOURNERS everywhere. A PRAYER CIRCLE has taken over part of the room, where the PRAYER LEADER is holding court.

PRAYER LEADER

Dear Lord, please let us not forget  
the beauty of this day, that our God  
is rich in mercy, that even when we  
have left our earthly bodies, He  
makes us alive together with Christ.

But that peace is abruptly interrupted by the sound of SHATTERING GLASS as we...

33 INT. DRAKE HOUSE/SUN ROOM - DAY

33

ON the now-broken GLASS that Nancy was drinking out of. She and Olivia are alone, and as she starts to sweep up the pieces, her face is a frozen mask of stoicism.

OLIVIA

We could DNA test him, but he's the  
spitting image of your husband.

Nancy doesn't look up. Just keeps cleaning.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

I know this is hard, but we need to  
settle it before the funeral. If we  
can come to a monetary agreement-

At this, Nancy looks up. A thin-lipped smile.

NANCY

So she wants money. Of course, she  
wants his money.

OLIVIA

Here's the alternative: She writes  
the book, does the talk shows, and  
your family is at the center of a  
tabloid tornado and your husband's  
legacy -- all that great work --  
will be tarnished and his opponents

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
Will be justified. One way or  
another, Nancy, you're gonna pay.  
So it's time to negotiate.

And as Nancy takes this in, just to annoy wardrobe and props,  
let's drop the needle on some James Brown and start SKIPPING  
THROUGH TIME...

34 INT. OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES - DAY

34

Where Olivia, notepad in hand, sits with a resolute Anna.

ANNA  
Six million.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

OLIVIA

I can't start there. Maybe if we came down to-

ANNA

Up front. In my name.

35 INT. OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES - DAY

35

A pair of LAWYERS work at a table as Olivia sits with Nancy.

NANCY

Unacceptable.

OLIVIA

She's a lawyer. She's smart. She knows that the book deal alone would be worth that.

NANCY

Say we pay her. What's to stop her from asking for more? What's to stop her from leaking it?

36 INT. OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES - DAY

36

OLIVIA

Part of any settlement will be an airtight non-disclosure agreement. What you're asking for? A lump sum up front? Gives the other side no assurance, no leverage and it's not going to happen.

ANNA

Now hold on-

OLIVIA

We also have no idea who else knows about your relationship. If any of this comes out, any credible leak at any time, the deal is off. Agreed?

Anna nods.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Good. Now. One million up front. Three million in a trust only your son can access on his thirtieth birthday.

ANNA

Does that woman think I'm an idiot? You have GOT TO BE-

37 INT. OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES 37

NANCY

-- KIDDING ME. Is that woman out of  
her damn mind?

And Nancy walks out of the room, having had enough. OFF  
Olivia, at a standstill with these two women...

38 INT. D.C. HOTEL/HALLWAY - DAY 38

CLOSE ON a wad of CASH. A thumb flipping through the  
hundreds. REVEAL Harrison with a HOTEL MAID, exchanging a  
stack of bills for the legal form she's signing.

39 INT. OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES/ABBY'S OFFICE - DAY 39

Where a no-nonsense Abby works the phone...

ABBY

This is not an awards show. It's a  
funeral. Tell the Congressman I  
cannot get him "on the list," and I  
*certainly* can't get him a "plus-one."  
So please. Stop. Calling.

She hangs up, a look of derision on her face as we move to...

40 EXT. ALLEY BEHIND UPSCALE D.C. BISTRO - DAY 40

The same CASH, as Harrison counts out another five bills and  
hands them over to a WAITRESS.

41 INT. OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES/ABBY'S OFFICE - DAY 41

Abby's still on the phone, now looking down at a SEATING  
CHART of the National Cathedral.

ABBY

I understand that you marched with  
Doctor King, Mister Speaker, and  
while I do agree that's... beautiful,  
the Reverend Drake's widow asked for  
one eulogy only, and that would be  
from the President of the United  
States.

(then)

I know you ran for President, but to  
be fair, you did lose. So I'm  
thinking no speech, fifth row, center-  
left?

(then; duh)

Center-right. Of course.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: 41  
And off Abby, wheeling and dealing, we move back to...

42 EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. STREET - DAY 42  
The wad of CASH again, as Harrison flips through it. This time, he's with a PARKING VALET. The valet shakes his head.

VALET  
I'm not signing that. No way, man.

HARRISON  
You wanna give up that condo in Silver Spring and try living the American dream from your sister's place in Guadalajara? Fine by me...man.

The valet takes the form.

43 INT. OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES - NIGHT 43  
Olivia faces Nancy. Knowing she's getting close.

OLIVIA  
Two million up front. Two million in a trust she controls until he's twenty-five and two more in a trust in his name...

44 INT. OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES - NIGHT 44  
OLIVIA  
...Which will be released on his thirtieth birthday, given that he agrees not to go public. And if he ever decides to go public we come after you both. For everything.

45 INT. OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES - NIGHT 45  
OLIVIA  
Deal?

NANCY  
Deal.

46 INT. OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES - NIGHT 46  
OLIVIA  
Deal?

ANNA  
Deal.



47 INT. OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES - NIGHT

47

OLIVIA  
(to the lawyers)  
I need those papers drawn up and  
sent over in the next few hours.

And a relieved Olivia heads out of the room.

48 INT. WHITE HOUSE/HALLWAY - NIGHT

48

Cyrus, walking the halls like a man whose workday is finally over, is waylaid by HOLLIS, exuberant and larger-than-life.

HOLLIS  
There he is!

CYRUS  
Hollis. How'd you slip your leash?

HOLLIS  
Learn the boys' names and the girls'  
birthdays, you can have the run of  
this place.  
(then)  
President make up his mind yet?  
Photo's goin' 'round; the public's  
there.

CYRUS  
You don't launch a war based on  
internet buzz. We want to be sure.

HOLLIS  
Now you've got a soul? Funny, I  
thought you sold that to me a couple  
of years ago.

This little dig lands on Cyrus hard. Hollis shrugs lightly.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)  
Besides, you do the right thing for  
the wrong reasons, no one gives a  
crap. Sooner we get in, the more  
lives get saved.

CYRUS  
And the better for your bottom line.

HOLLIS  
(lightly)  
Oh, you know us bidness boys --  
money's just a way to keep score.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

HOLLIS (CONT'D)  
(then, pointedly)  
Not to mention, one hand washes the  
other, Cy. Next election's just  
round the corner...

CYRUS  
Hollis. Your Super PAC has been  
very generous, but not everything  
this Administration does is geared  
towards getting re-elected.

At this, Hollis laughs heartily.

HOLLIS  
Don't try to sneak daylight past a  
rooster, Cyrus. It insults the  
rooster.

Hollis claps Cyrus on the shoulder, turns to go.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)  
Take my advice -- you ride that photo  
all the way to four more years.

Hollis turns and saunters off. Cyrus watches him go,  
uncomfortably, uncharacteristically torn.

49 INT. OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES/OLIVIA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

49

Olivia's on the phone, one hand jots some details in a  
notebook.

OLIVIA  
(into phone)  
...Now she's doing *all* the Sunday  
morning shows? Well, I'll have to  
move some things around -- but tell  
Justice Thornton I will still be  
there.

Olivia hangs up as Huck enters.

HUCK  
Quinn's gone. She took a plane to  
Oakland.

OLIVIA  
What?

HUCK  
I can take care of it.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

She nods. Good. Then, she suddenly stops. Looks at him.

OLIVIA  
You okay, Huck?

He nods.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
Are you sure? Because when we were trying to decide what to do with the Pastor, you thought that-

HUCK  
You wanted me to cut him up.

OLIVIA  
(eyeing him)  
Right.

HUCK  
Misunderstanding. I'm fine.

But before Olivia can pursue it any further, a grim-faced Harrison and Abby approach.

HARRISON  
We've got a problem. The morgue's refusing to release the Pastor's body. The Medical Examiner wants to do an autopsy.

OLIVIA  
The family can say no to that.

ABBY  
Not if the M.E. thinks the person died under suspicious circumstances.

As Olivia absorbs this...

HARRISON  
'Liv, if they figure out he didn't die at home...

ABBY  
And that we tampered with a crime scene...

OLIVIA  
The story blows up.

ABBY  
...We go to *jail*.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (2)

49

OLIVIA

The man's a joke.

HARRISON

And every anti-gay, anti-woman, anti-minority group in this country has a full round of fresh ammo.

Beat.

ABBY

Not to mention, JAIL.

And OFF the multiple rounds of shit hitting the fan, we...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

50 INT. PETALUMA DINER - DAY

50

Quinn sits alone in a booth, nervously tapping her straw in an almost-empty glass of ice water. She notices a WOMAN at the counter eyeing her suspiciously, then looking away.

RAY DWYER (O.S.)

Lindsay?

Quinn turns to see RAY DWYER (50's, working class) standing awkwardly by her booth. Quinn smiles. Tears in her eyes.

QUINN

Dad.

And OFF this reunion...

51 INT. MORGUE/ANTECHAMBER - DAY

51

Where Harrison and Abby look in on LISA (the kinky blonde Medical Examiner from last season). She's got the now-familiar body of Pastor Marvin Drake laid out on her examination table. Harrison shudders.

HARRISON

Hell. No.

ABBY

It always worked for Steven.

HARRISON

Listen, if Steven's idea of a good time was getting freaky in a freezer full of dead people, I'm not gonna judge him for it. But I. Am. Not. Steven.

ABBY

You never know, you might-

HARRISON

No.

He starts to move into the examination room, refusing to look at what he knows is her best pleading-puppydog face.

HARRISON (CONT'D)

No.

And now they're in...

52 INT. MORGUE/EXAMINATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

52

...As Lisa looks up from her work.

LISA

Can I help you? Or do you two just like to watch?

Abby puts out a hand.

ABBY

Abby Whelan, Harrison Wright -- we're from Olivia Pope and Associates. Handling Pastor Drake's arrangements.

The M.E. nods.

LISA

We're backlogged, but you can leave a number -- I'll call you when we get to him.

ABBY

Yes. Well, the thing is, the family wants an open casket-

LISA

And unless the Pastor's going topless in his coffin, the incision will be well hidden.

(shrugs)

I don't mean to brag, but I'm something of an artist.

HARRISON

(what a freak)

I'm sure you are.

(then)

Ma'am. Is there *any* way we can convince you that cutting Pastor Drake open is unnecessary? He was a man of God-

LISA

And I'm a woman of the government. Autopsy order came from the U.S. Attorney's office. He gets the deluxe package. My hands are tied.

Abby and Harrison exchange a look -- if David's behind this, they're fucked.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

HARRISON

Well, thank you for your time.

And they turn to leave. Abby whispers-

ABBY

You could still try to-

HARRISON

NO.

53 INT. DAVID'S OFFICE - DAY

53

David looks up from his work. Sees Olivia standing there.  
Looks back down.

DAVID

Unh-uh.

OLIVIA

The man was pushing three hundred pounds, his triglycerides were through the roof, have you seen his angiogram results, those poor blood vessels were full of *pudding*-

DAVID

No.

OLIVIA

There's no justification for autopsy.  
The good Pastor died in his bed.

DAVID

Which I found wonderfully odd,  
considering that the night before,  
you told me he was missing.

Olivia sighs. Yeah, there's that.

OLIVIA

I promise this wasn't foul play.

DAVID

Pinky swear and hope to die? Because I know you have no proof or actual evidence you're willing to share to back up said promise, you just expect me to bend the law for you once again out of blind faith and admiration.

(then, shrugs)

You pour good bourbon, Olivia, but like I've recently discovered, so does the dive bar down the street.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

David turns back to his work, conversation over.

OLIVIA

I'm telling you to let this one go.  
It'll only make things worse for  
you.

And now he looks up. Because that was a threat.

DAVID

Who the hell do you think you are?

OLIVIA

A friend.

And that was said with a dash of sad irony, 'cause they both know they're way past friendship at this point. Olivia exits.

54 INT. PETALUMA DINER - DAY

54

Quinn and her father watch a WAITRESS fill their coffee mugs.

QUINN

That's great. Thank you.

And then they're alone, Quinn determined to cut through the tension with positive energy; Ray forcing a half-smile, but mostly just staring into his coffee.

QUINN (CONT'D)

So tell me about Janice. You said  
she's a nurse?

RAY DWYER

Over at County.

QUINN

That's great. And you're living  
together?

RAY DWYER

I moved into her place last year.

But Ray's distracted by that woman at the counter, still staring at Quinn. Quinn follows his gaze. The woman looks away.

QUINN

(shifting gears)  
Dad, if there's anything you want to  
ask me...any questions you have...

Ray starts to speak, but decides against it.

(CONTINUED)



QUINN (CONT'D)

Please tell me you don't think I did those things.

RAY DWYER

Lindsay...

QUINN

Oh my god.

RAY DWYER

It doesn't matter.

QUINN

How can you say that?

RAY DWYER

Because it doesn't. If it was two years ago and I was still sitting on the couch, watching the news and waiting for the phone to ring? Waiting for my daughter to explain why the hell a building blew up and why she was the main suspect? Maybe then a phone call would have been nice-

QUINN

I couldn't call you, Dad, I couldn't call anyone-

RAY DWYER

But now? After I finally got some peace back in my life?

(then)

The reason I moved to Janice's place is that our old house is in the travel guides as the home of the Molotov Mistress, and I didn't like getting my picture taken every time I went out to get the paper.

QUINN

You're mad.

RAY DWYER

I'm just...tired.

He checks his watch.

RAY DWYER (CONT'D)

There's a furnace I gotta fix in Rohnert Park.

He hands Quinn a Post-It note.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (2)

54

RAY DWYER (CONT'D)

This is the address. Janice is making up a bed for you. She's being a big sport about this, so make her feel appreciated.

They stand there, staring at each other a beat.

RAY DWYER (CONT'D)

Welcome home.

He pats her on the shoulder and leaves. Quinn watches him go, holding the Post-It... and then notices that that same woman is staring at her again. And she snaps.

QUINN

CAN I HELP YOU?!

55 INT. WHITE HOUSE/OVAL OFFICE - DAY

55

War is near. STAFFERS come and go and the sofas are filled with Amos Carver, the Secretaries of Defense and State, the NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISER and the CHAIRMAN OF THE JOINT CHIEFS. Fitz holds court. Off to the side, Cyrus paces uneasily, getting increasingly uncomfortable.

FITZ

How long 'til the aircraft carriers are in theater?

DEFENSE SECRETARY

USS Stennis can be in striking distance by Oh-11-hundred GMT. USS Ponce'll be another thirty-six hours.

FITZ

What's the order of targets for the first round of drone strikes?

CHAIRMAN OF JOINT CHIEFS

Air defenses along the northern border accompanied by attacks on the southern command. Followed by Special Forces to help target additional assets-

FITZ

How many?

CHAIRMAN OF JOINT CHIEFS

Just enough to secure the military compound-

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

FITZ

Just enough? You've seen Black Hawk  
Down, right?

The Chairman's taken aback by the accusation.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (2)

55

CHAIRMAN OF JOINT CHIEFS

Mr. President, I graduated from the Naval Academy and taught at the Naval War College in Newport and-

FITZ

And yet you're missing my point. No Special Forces until I order them. And when I do, I want MORE THAN enough to-

Cyrus can't hold his tongue anymore.

CYRUS

Mr. President. I need a moment.  
(all eyes on Cyrus)  
It's important, sir.

FITZ

(reluctantly)

Everyone, can we have the room?

Somewhat puzzled, the others rise and file out. Once Cyrus and Fitz are alone-

FITZ (CONT'D)

What? You don't like my battle plan?  
Twelve hours from now not soon enough  
to juice my approval ratings?

Cyrus stares at him a long moment. Tired. Pissed. But he's gonna let it go because-

CYRUS

The photo. Mass graves? Don't you think it's a little convenient, popping up just when you're sitting on the fence?

FITZ

Maybe. But then I'd have to wonder who made it convenient, Cyrus, and I doubt either one of us wants that.

And Cyrus is willing to ignore that one, too, because-

CYRUS

I don't trust the intel. Approval ratings be damned.

That's one hell of an admission. Fitz takes it in.

FITZ

What do you suggest we do?

CUT TO:

56 INT. CIA - DAY

56

Where we're ON THE CIA SEAL as a bunch of black shoes walk across it with urgency, moving toward-

57 INT. CIA/CRAMPED OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

57

The Junior Analyst, Matt Turner, sits at his desk, tie flipped over his shoulder, about to cut into some take-out spaghetti with a plastic fork and knife. Just then, the door BURSTS OPEN and in walks a team of SECRET SERVICE AGENTS.

MATT TURNER

Can I...help you?

FITZ (O.S.)

Let the kid eat.

Matt turns to see the President of the United States entering his crummy little junior-analyst office.

MATT TURNER

Holy crap.

FITZ

Hey, Matt. This a good time?

And as Matt shits his pants, we...

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

58 INT. CIA/CRAMPED OFFICE - DIRECT PICK-UP

58

Fitz smiles at Matt as the agents sweep his office.

FITZ

You don't have any bombs in here, do you, Matt? Guns? Knives?

MATT TURNER

No, sir. I mean except for...

He holds up the plastic knife in his hand.

FITZ

I'll take my chances.  
(dismissing the agents)  
Thank you, Gentlemen.

The agents close the door behind them. Fitz sits on the edge of Matt's desk. A gesture both casual and threatening.

FITZ (CONT'D)

That's a good trick, by the way.

MATT TURNER

Sir?

FITZ

Flipping the tie over the shoulder so you don't get spaghetti sauce on it. I'll have to try that the next time I'm in Rome with the Pope.  
(off Matt's silence)  
Relax, Matt, we're making small talk.

MATT TURNER

Yes, sir.

FITZ

So let's talk about the picture.

He slaps a copy of it in front of Matt. The sight of it makes Matt visibly uncomfortable.

(CONTINUED)

FITZ (CONT'D)

What's wrong with it?

MATT TURNER

You should talk to my boss, sir.

FITZ

I am your boss.

MATT TURNER

It's the millet, sir.

FITZ

The millet?

MATT TURNER

The crops. In the picture.

He points to a small patch of stalks peeking out from a corner of the photograph.

MATT TURNER (CONT'D)

Millet's native to East Sudan, and if this were ten, even five years ago, I'd say yes, absolutely, this is East Sudan and this could have happened yesterday.

FITZ

And the difference between now and five years ago?

MATT TURNER

Global warming. It's shortening the growing seasons. And millet? There hasn't been millet in that part of the continent since July. August at the latest.

FITZ

Well before the conflict started.

Matt nods darkly.

FITZ (CONT'D)

You shared these concerns with the Director?

MATT TURNER

He told me to drop them.

OFF Fitz, taking that in...

59 INT. CIA/HALLWAY - DAY

59

Cyrus is leaning against the wall outside Matt's office, checking email on his BlackBerry when he hears a commotion.

AMOS (O.S.)

What the hell is going on?

Cyrus looks up to see CIA Director Amos Carver barreling towards them.

CYRUS

Nice place you got here, Amos.

AMOS

Out of my way, Cy.

CYRUS

(blocking him)

Actually, I need you to stay out here with me. It's a clearance thing.

AMOS

I'm the Director of the CIA!

FITZ (O.S.)

Not anymore, you're not.

They turn to see Fitz standing angrily in the doorway.

FITZ (CONT'D)

I won't be photo-shopped into a war. I want a resignation letter on my desk in the morning. You've been wanting to spend more time with your family.

(to Cyrus)

People still buy that one, right?

CYRUS

Hell, I plan to use it someday.

And as Cyrus and Fitz stride off down the hall together, their bromance back in full flower...

AMOS

(calling after them)

It was one kid's interpretation!

But Fitz and Cyrus are already gone.

60 INT. OLIVIA'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

60

Olivia is watching KIMBERLY MITCHELL on the NETWORK NEWS...

(CONTINUED)



60 CONTINUED:

60

KIMBERLY MITCHELL

...He loved to quote Mahatma Gandhi, saying that we need to make our opponents see the injustice of their ways. Pastor Drake lived what he preached, leading the famous voting rights march on Tallahassee at the age of twenty-two...

Olivia shakes her head, if only the world knew...then the PHONE RINGS. Olivia shuts off the TV, grabs it.

OLIVIA

Twenty-three people.

And we INTERCUT WITH:

61 INT. WHITE HOUSE/OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT

61

FITZ

I sent half of them home early. So it's like twelve people. Besides I am working. I'm working on my eulogy for Pastor Drake. Who I did not know you were handling.

OLIVIA

I'm handling Pastor Drake. Very sad.

A beat of silence.

FITZ

What?

OLIVIA

I shouldn't...

FITZ

Tell me.

OLIVIA

You can't repeat this to ANYONE. I mean it. Are you in?

FITZ

I'm in. Tell me.

OLIVIA

He was...kind of kinky...

FITZ

Who?

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

OLIVIA

Pastor Drake. He died...on top of a  
woman. Who was handcuffed to a bed  
in a hotel.

\*

FITZ

Are you serious?

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: (2)

61

OLIVIA

She couldn't call for help because  
the sounds of her screams were  
muffled. By his...girth.

\*  
\*

FITZ

PASTOR Drake?

OLIVIA

The nation's pastor.

A beat. And then they both crack up laughing. A long moment  
where they just laugh on the phone together. Unable to stop.  
It's a great moment. A moment of pure joy. Then:

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Stop laughing. This is wrong. He  
was a leader. A civil rights icon.

\*  
\*

FITZ

It's like hearing about your father's  
sex life. That image...

OLIVIA

Is burned on my brain.

The laughter dies down, slowly. A silent moment. Then:

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

It was his mistress. The woman in  
the handcuffs. He loved her.

And suddenly it's not funny anymore. An emotional beat for  
them both.

FITZ

Liv, what do you want me to do?  
Tell me what to do and I'll do it.

A beat. He's listening. She's trying to get up the courage  
to say it. Then, a painful plea:

\*  
\*

OLIVIA

Let me go.

\*

FITZ

Anything but that.

Olivia puts her head down a minute. But she holds it  
together. Pulls back on her cold armor.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: (3)

61

OLIVIA  
Okay, I should go.

FITZ  
Liv-

OLIVIA  
(annoyed)  
What?

FITZ  
Mellie's going to see the Pastor's  
wife tomorrow. To pay her respects.  
I thought you should know.

OLIVIA  
Great. Thanks for the heads up.

There's a beat.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
You know what I need from you? I  
need you to shut down the autopsy on  
Pastor Drake. I need you to shut  
down the U.S. Attorney on this.

FITZ  
Liv. I can't just-

OLIVIA  
THAT IS WHAT I WANT!

The explosion of rage and pain is surprising and completely  
unsurprising all at the same time. Fitz takes it in.

FITZ  
Consider it handled.

OLIVIA  
Thank you.

And she hangs up the phone. Fitz sits there a second. Then  
he sweeps everything off his desk in one swift move. Sits  
there.

62 EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - MORNING

62

As the sun rises over the National Monument...

63 INT. DRAKE HOUSE/SUN ROOM - MORNING

63

Olivia sits beside Nancy. There are family members around,  
including Nancy's ADULT SON and DAUGHTER. Food being served.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

Olivia speaks softly.

OLIVIA

Okay, so the First Lady is less than a minute out. There's going to be one cameraman allowed in to take some photos. Just one. And one pool reporter -- big fan of your husband's. The First Lady will stay between two and five minutes and then she'll go. Then we'll head to the church-

Nancy is a little blank. Staring into space.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Nancy?

Nancy looks at her. Eyes glassy.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

What did you take?

NANCY

A sedative.

OLIVIA

CAN SOMEONE GET ME A CUP OF COFFEE FOR MRS. DRAKE?! -- Nancy, listen to me. She says how sorry she is for your loss and you say "thank you." She says she hopes you'll get through this and you say "thank you." She says she and the President are praying for you and you say "thank you." That's all you have to do. Say "thank you", no matter what she says, you say "thank you." What do you say? Nancy. NANCY.

Because Nancy's gaze has drifted off again.

NANCY

Thank you.

OLIVIA

Good. Drink the coffee.

And as she gives the coffee to Nancy, the doors open and two SECRET SERVICE AGENTS stride into the room, followed by AIDES, a REPORTER and a PHOTOGRAPHER, who backs in, snapping photos of the First Lady as she enters...and if Mellie falters the tiniest moment as she sees Olivia, she recovers beautifully. Places two hands on her pregnant belly.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: (2)

63

Which Olivia can't stop staring at. It's awful. Mellie smiles at Nancy.

MELLIE

Mrs. Drake...

And Olivia gets up and Mellie slips into her seat next to Mrs. Drake. As the photographer snaps photos and the reporter sets up to record, Mellie takes Nancy's hand.

MELLIE (CONT'D)

Your husband was a great man and a great leader. I am so so sorry for your loss.

Nancy looks over to Liv, who mouths the words, "Thank You." Mellie, aware of the cameras, guides Nancy back to her.

MELLIE (CONT'D)

Nancy? I'm sorry for your loss.

Nancy looks her. Blinks. And says very quietly:

NANCY

He had a mistress.

The REPORTER looks at Liv.

REPORTER

I'm sorry, I don't think I heard that. What did she say?

Liv heard it. And so did Mellie. Mellie looks up. Beams at everyone.

MELLIE

Can we clear the room? I think Mrs. Drake and I would like to have a moment of privacy to pray together.

OLIVIA

Everyone? If you don't mind?

The room clears out until there is no one left but Liv, watching the two of them.

MELLIE

We'll be fine.

And so Liv goes. Nancy and Mellie are alone.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: (3)

63

NANCY

Thank you. I was supposed to say thank you. But I...he's a cheating bastard. How did I not know? I feel like an idiot. You can't possibly know what that's like...it's like, it's like...

Nancy's upset.

MELLIE

It's like you didn't know him at all.

NANCY

Yes.

MELLIE

You thought the two of you were partners. You thought the problems in your marriage were solvable. You thought for better or for worse meant something. You thought, no matter what, he'd be faithful.

Nancy starts to cry. It's the first time we've seen her cry.

MELLIE (CONT'D)

Nancy, right now you're angry. Right now you feel betrayed. But here's the thing. You are his partner. You are his wife. Some mistress doesn't change that. He made a mistake. And you have to forgive him for it. You weren't wrong about him. You're just stronger than he was. He's not a monster. He's the man you fell in love with. You have to bury the man you married. Somewhere in all the cheating, Nancy, is the man you married. You're his wife. Right to the end. Be his wife.

Mellie pulls Nancy in, holds her. Nancy begins to sob.

64 INT. DRAKE HOUSE/FOYER - CONTINUOUS

64

Olivia stands outside the doors. The sounds of Nancy's sobs are audible. And we get that Liv heard it all. She closes her eyes a beat. Tired. The doors open. She turns. Finds herself face to face with Mellie. Mellie smiles, icy. A long silent beat. And then Mellie leaves. And off Olivia...

65 INT. OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES - DAY

65

Olivia steps off the elevator. Abby's waiting for her.

ABBY

Stupid money-grubbing mistress whore!

OLIVIA

What?

ABBY

She's not signing. She says she wants more money. Apparently six million dollars isn't enough for a stupid, money-grubbing mistress whore.

OLIVIA

Did she say how much?

ABBY

Nope. Just said if she doesn't get it, she's gonna blab to the press before the funeral.

OLIVIA

Which is three hours away -- so at this point she knows we'll give her anything to shut her up.

ABBY

So she's a smart money-grubbing mistress whore. Between this and the autopsy, Pastor Drake's gonna be a punch line by the end of the day.

OLIVIA

I took care of the autopsy.

ABBY

What?

OLIVIA

It's handled.

ABBY

How? How is it handled?

A beat. Olivia punches the down button on the elevator.

OLIVIA

*It's handled.*

And as Olivia gets right back on the elevator...



66 INT. U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

66

Where David enters the office of his boss, U.S. ATTORNEY PAT WEXLER (early 50's).

DAVID  
Where'd it come from?

Pat looks up. Expecting this.

PAT  
David-

DAVID  
How high does it go? Your boss?  
Your boss's boss?

PAT  
Take a seat, David.

DAVID  
The government says no autopsy when the evidence says otherwise -- that kind of decision's gotta come from way up top. Your boss's boss's boss? I don't even know who that is. You get that high, it's probably not even a person, it's a super-secret brain being kept alive in a bowl of Jello.

PAT  
*David.*

He gestures to the chair opposite him. David finally sits. The picture of calm bitterness.

DAVID  
I just wanna know how she did it.  
Olivia. How did she swing this one?

PAT  
Nobody swung anything.

DAVID  
Of course she did. Anyway, it's not like I'm gonna argue with you. It's done. No autopsy. I just wanna know how she did it.

Pat looks down for a minute. Then-

PAT  
You lost a big trial.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

DAVID

First, what does that have to with our autopsy? And second, the trial was lost. I didn't lose it.

PAT

David-

DAVID

Would you have argued that case any differently than I did? Would you have?

A beat. Pat's doing this with a heavy heart.

PAT

You need to take a vacation. Get away for a while. Take some time for yourself.

DAVID

I don't need "me" time, Pat. I just need-

PAT

*It's not a suggestion.*

David looks at him, stunned.

PAT (CONT'D)

The department's decided you need to take a leave of absence. And that comes from my boss's boss, my boss, and me.

OFF David. Who has just been benched.

67 EXT. CRUDDY CALIFORNIA MOTEL - DAY

67

Where Quinn stares intently at the peeling facade of the same rundown motel she was taken from two years prior. The moment her life changed forever. Suddenly, from behind her-

HUCK (O.S.)

This is where it happened?

And Quinn whirls around to find Huck casually approaching her in the almost empty parking lot, a pair of coffees in his hands. She stares at him, stunned.

QUINN

What are you...

Huck stares at the motel, fascinated-

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

HUCK

This is where they took you. Huh.

QUINN

Are you are kidding me? You followed me here? *She had you follow me across the country!?*

HUCK

She's worried about you.

QUINN

That's the thing, she doesn't need to! I just wanted a minute, okay? One minute without all the freakin' -- to be a normal-

And suddenly, the fight goes out of her. Her shoulders slump a little. She turns back to the motel, sighs.

QUINN (CONT'D)

(flatly)

I came to see my Dad. I thought he would want to...my Mom died when I was seven? And my Dad and I were always...it was just us. And he was so proud when I got into Stanford Law. He was always so proud of me. But today he looked at me like I was...somebody else.

They both stare at the motel. A long beat.

HUCK

This is where they took you.

QUINN

Yeah.

HUCK

No, I mean -- they took you. Lindsay Dwyer. They did something to you. When they do something to you like that? You don't go back. You can't.

Huck drains the rest of his coffee.

HUCK (CONT'D)

They said seven people died in that explosion, right?

Quinn looks at him, nods.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (2)

67

HUCK (CONT'D)

They were wrong. It was eight.

Huck turns, shuffles away. And OFF a devastated Quinn...

68 INT. ANNA GORDON'S HOUSE - DAY

68

Olivia is back on Anna's sofa as Anna paces the room, the still-unsigned N.D.A. sitting out on the coffee table.

OLIVIA

You said six million. Nancy agreed.  
And now you have to sign.

ANNA

It's not enough.

OLIVIA

How much *is* enough?

ANNA

I don't know.

OLIVIA

I need a number, Anna.

ANNA

I don't know!

OLIVIA

Ten million? Twenty?

ANNA

I DON'T KNOW!

And that just hangs there a moment. Until-

OLIVIA

(quietly)

I know. What you want. I know.

ANNA

Then maybe you can tell me.

OLIVIA

What you want is fifteen Christmases.  
On December 25th. Fifteen birthdays.  
Fifteen years of sleeping next to  
him, and waking up with him.

And we understand that this isn't about Anna anymore.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

You want anniversary dinners, and parent-teacher conferences, and school plays. You want fights over whose turn it is to wash the dishes and walk the dog. What you want -- what you always wanted -- was to be part of his life.

And as Olivia returns to this woman, and her situation-

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

And now that he's gone, you want to be part of his legacy. But you aren't. And you never were. And I can get you six million dollars to try and fix how much that hurts, *but that is all that I can do.*

Anna sits for a moment. The reality of it sinking in.

ANNA

I just always thought we'd have more time. That Vincent would really know him. And that when the time came, we'd have our chance to say goodbye.

OFF Olivia...

69 EXT. NATIONAL CATHEDRAL [STOCK] - DAY

69

A state funeral, in all its pomp and circumstance -- crowds, limos, etc.

70 INT. NATIONAL CATHEDRAL - CONTINUOUS

70

As Olivia ushers Nancy through the doors of the cathedral. Her voice is low and urgent-

OLIVIA

She hasn't signed. There's no deal.

Nancy looks at her, horrified.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

NANCY

You tell me this ten minutes before I say goodbye to my husband for the last time? Before my children say goodbye to their father?

OLIVIA

It's also ten minutes before this funeral is carried live on three networks. Anna could make it so your husband's legacy is the one thing people aren't talking about.

NANCY

What does she want?

OLIVIA

To be here. At the funeral. With her son.

NANCY

*That is out of the question.*

OLIVIA

Nancy. She's in a car outside. This would be it. The last thing you'd ever have to do-

NANCY

That woman is not setting one foot in this church.

OLIVIA

In that case, all she has to do is walk up to a television camera. And everything we've done in the last few days -- everything your husband's done in the last fifty years -- is for nothing.

OFF Nancy, faced with the most difficult choice she's ever had to make, we...

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

71 EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. [STOCK] - DAY 71

Over the White House, Capitol, etc., we do a STYLISTIC MEDIA MONTAGE, starting with...

72 INT. LOCAL D.C. NEWSCAST - DAY 72

A professional, seasoned LOCAL NEWS ANCHOR at a desk.

LOCAL NEWS ANCHOR

If you're just joining us this hour,  
we're talking about the latest news  
from the White House regarding the  
East Sudanese mass grave photo-

73 INT. CABLE NEWS NETWORK - DAY 73

Another anchor, different channel/desk.

CABLE NEWS ANCHOR

While rumors of its validity began  
to take shape only hours ago, we now  
have official confirmation the photo  
is not authentic, and-

74 INT. ABC NEWSCAST - DAY 74

Kimberly Mitchell, another channel/desk.

KIMBERLY MITCHELL

Earlier this morning, CIA Director  
Amos Carver resigned amidst the  
growing controversy. We'd like to  
remind you that tomorrow night we  
have an exclusive primetime interview  
with Supreme Court Justice Verna  
Thornton, so be sure to tune in.

On the screen, we see a photograph of VERNA THORNTON, a distinguished older woman in full S.C.O.T.U.S. robes.

KIMBERLY MITCHELL (CONT'D)

But now let's take you live to the  
National Cathedral, where the  
President and First Lady have just  
arrived for Pastor Marvin Drake's  
funeral-

TRANSITION TO:

A LIVE SHOT with news logos and stuff showing-

75 INT. NATIONAL CATHEDRAL - DAY

75

Where we pick up on Fitz hugging a solemn Mrs. Drake.

FITZ

I'm so sorry, Nancy. He was a  
remarkable man.

(CONTINUED)



75 CONTINUED:

75

And as Fitz moves toward his seat, we stay on Mrs. Drake as her face DROPS. Like she's seen a ghost. And we TURN TO REVEAL...

Marvin Drake's son Vincent, as he and Anna are escorted into the back of the church by Olivia. And as we read in the intense emotion on Nancy's face that THIS IS UNDOUBTEDLY HER HUSBAND'S CHILD, we return to-

76 INT. NATIONAL CATHEDRAL/BACK PEW - SAME

76

Where Olivia walks Anna and Vince to their seats. And just as they're settled in, Olivia turns around to see-

Fitz. At the front of the church. Where the leaders sit. His eyes lock onto hers. And then a sea of GUESTS moves between them. OFF Fitz, the moment gone.

77 INT. NATIONAL CATHEDRAL - LATER

77

Packed to the rafters. Fitz is at the podium, delivering the eulogy. As he speaks, we're landing on everyone.

FITZ

Marvin Drake gave spiritual counsel  
to seven Presidents. In times of  
crisis-

ON Nancy Drake, sitting front and center, next to Mellie...

FITZ (CONT'D)

-- He was a tireless reminder to all  
Americans, to every citizen of the  
world, to heed those better angels  
of our nature.

ON Olivia, with Anna and Vince in the back...

FITZ (CONT'D)

With his departure, it's incumbent  
on the rest of us, and most especially  
those of us in public office-

ON Cyrus, seated just behind the front row...

FITZ (CONT'D)

-- to modulate our differences.  
Temper our divides.

ON Hollis, just two rows behind Cyrus. And we move to...

78 INT. OLIVIA POPE AND ASSOCIATES/CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 78

Where Abby and Harrison watch the funeral coverage on TV. They grin, pleased with themselves.

HARRISON

Damn.

ABBY

We give great funeral.

Huck walks past, on his way out. Harrison calls after him-

HARRISON

You're not gonna watch this?

HUCK

I've got somewhere to be.

Huck exits. And now we're in...

79 INT. OLIVIA'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - DAY 79

Where Quinn sits by her open suitcase, back on Olivia's couch, watching the President's speech.

FITZ (V.O.)

But while the world and nation mourn his passing, there is, of course, a more personal anguish: That suffered by his family, and his friends.

And as we watch, Quinn starts to CRY: For her family; for herself; for Lindsay Dwyer, who died in the fire.

80 INT. NATIONAL CATHEDRAL - DAY 80

FITZ

They knew his greatest contribution wasn't simply in his inspiring words, but in his deeds. That hope was attended by generosity.

PUSH IN on Nancy Drake's face as Fitz's words land on her...

FITZ (CONT'D)

Tolerance, by forgiveness.

Tears fill Nancy's eyes.

FITZ (CONT'D)

Understanding, by acceptance.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: 80

And with that, we stylishly TIME CUT TO...

81 INT. NATIONAL CATHEDRAL - LATER 81

As the Pastor's CASKET makes its way down the aisle, followed by Nancy and her two children, then Fitz and Mellie, then several other DRAKE FAMILY MEMBERS. Nancy reaches the back of the church where Olivia sits with Anna and Vince...and pauses. Right in front of her husband's mistress and son. Fitz and Mellie pause behind her, confused, all eyes on Nancy as she slowly, shockingly, locks eyes with Anna. Then holds out her hand. And as Nancy's adult children exchange a look of surprise, Anna tentatively takes Nancy's hand...and nods to Vince...and the five of them continue on, behind the casket. Behind the man whom all of them loved.

A82 EXT. PRESIDENTIAL MOTORCADE [STOCK] - DAY A82

82 INT. PRESIDENT'S LIMOUSINE - SAME 82

Mellie and Fitz sit, quiet and separate. And then,

MELLIE

Do you remember when we first got married? That little apartment we had on Morgan Street? The one that was always freezing? How we'd get in bed the minute we got home and stay there? Because we had that electric blanket and it was warmer in bed together than anywhere else in the house?

FITZ

What do you want now, Mellie?

MELLIE

I'd like you to forgive me.

Fitz looks at her. Surprised.

MELLIE (CONT'D)

I've forgiven you.

Fitz eyes her a long moment. Weighing her. Then he looks away again.

MELLIE (CONT'D)

We can't do this. Live in a perpetual war zone. We may never have been...but we were always partners, we were always friends. Now...I'm the controlling bitch and you're the philanderer and everything is for show. I know you hate me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

MELLIE (CONT'D)

I know you don't even want to be in the same room as me. But somewhere in here is the girl you got under the blanket with on Morgan Street. I'm still the girl who kept you warm. You have to forgive me. Tell me what to do and I'll do it. But you have to forgive me.

Mellie is raw and vulnerable. After a beat, Fitz reaches out and covers Mellie's hand with his own. Then he leans in, pulls her to him and gently kisses her temple.

FITZ

I forgive you. Okay? You're forgiven.

MELLIE

Okay.

FITZ

Okay.

Then he retreats back to his side of the limo. She goes back to her side. They look out their separate windows. It's an uneasy truce. But it is a truce.

83 INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - NIGHT

83

The same AA meeting as earlier. The group members sit, listening as someone shares.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

I don't...talk a lot in front of people...but I guess this is important so, uh...

And now we LAND on the man who's speaking. It's Huck.

HUCK

My name is Huck. And I'm an...alcoholic.

AA PEOPLE

Hi, Huck.

Huck stares at his feet. Not quite sure how to continue.

HUCK

I like to drink...uh, let's say...whiskey.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83

HUCK (CONT'D)

I went for a long time not drinking...whiskey, but then I had to drink it again. It was for a good reason. Someone asked me to. So I'm glad I drank...whiskey. But once I had that first...glass, I couldn't stop. I didn't want to stop. I used to get paid a lot of money to drink whiskey, because I'm really, really good at it, but now it's all I think about. The way the whiskey makes me feel. And I don't want to be that person. A person who does that, who, uh...*drinks whiskey* for a living. And I just hope that by coming here, and talking about it, I hope I can stop...drinking...*whiskey*.

And it's clear that drinking whiskey is not actually what Huck needs to stop doing. But there's no judgment here, so-

AA PEOPLE

Thanks, Huck.

Huck sits. Maybe just a little better off than he was before.

84 INT. WHITE HOUSE/OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT

84

As Fitz, still in his suit from the funeral, a scotch in his hand, picks up the phone. He puts his feet up on his desk, settling in-

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED: (2)

84

FITZ  
Secure line, please.

And we move to...

85 INT. OLIVIA'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - NIGHT

85

Where we're CLOSE ON the PHONE on her night stand as it LIGHTS UP and begins to RING, "BLOCKED NUMBER" clearly visible on its screen. PAN OVER to Olivia, propped up on pillows, her laptop and papers scattered around her, watching funeral coverage on TV. She looks at the phone. Knowing who's calling. Deciding not to answer.

She picks up the remote. And changes the channel. And with that, we move to...

86 INT. CYRUS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

86

James and Cyrus are getting the bed ready -- doing that thing where you remove all the extra decorative pillows and bolsters and turn down the antique coverlet. They clearly do this every night. But tonight James is doing it in a silent angry aggressive "where is my fucking baby" way and Cyrus knows it. Finally:

CYRUS

*James.*

JAMES

I did not say one word.

CYRUS

We can't have a baby because we are not married-

JAMES

I have a document from the State of Vermont that says otherwise and if ANY adoption agency tries to tell us-

CYRUS

We are *married*. But we are not married. It's an illusion. Yeah, I love, honor and cherish you until death do me part but that just makes me a bigamist. Because I'm already married. To the Republican Party. To this Administration. To the White House. To America. America is my husband and so I can't have a baby with you because I already HAVE a baby.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

86

CYRUS (CONT'D)

And his name is President Fitzgerald Grant. And my baby is troubled and angry and exhausting and brilliant and he might actually change the world. IF I KEEP MY EYES ON HIM EVERY MINUTE AND MAKE SURE HE EATS HIS VEGETABLES. So I don't have the time or the energy or extra space in my soul for another baby, James. I'm sorry, I don't. I can't. I don't have it in me to take care of someone else because I am busy taking care of the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA!!

Cyrus climbs into bed, enraged, yanks up the covers, turns away from James. A long beat. Then James gets on the bed, leans over to him.

JAMES

For the record, I'm still really mad at you but you know I find Power Cyrus very sexy. You wanna fool around?

CYRUS

NO.

James waits, patient.

CYRUS (CONT'D)

Yes.

James smiles. And they do.

87 INT. TV STUDIO/GREEN ROOM - MORNING

87

Olivia waits for someone. The events of the last few days still swirling in her mind.

DISTINGUISHED WOMAN (O.S.)

Beware a silent woman, for in that quiet there is no peace.

Olivia turns to see Supreme Court Justice VERNA THORNTON approaching. A familiar air between them.

OLIVIA

Mark Twain?

VERNA THORNTON

(with a grin)  
My ex-husband.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

87

The Woman sits down in a make-up chair, as a HAIR AND MAKEUP ARTIST starts to touch her up.

OLIVIA

Okay, Verna -- since it's so rare to get a Supreme to make a TV appearance, they're definitely gonna go after your decision on Murrey v. Murrey-

VERNA THORNTON

I voted with six of the others on that one-

OLIVIA

Keep your answers short and sweet. You're a Supreme Court Justice. You don't have anything to prove.  
(pointedly)  
Most important? Don't get defensive, Verna.

Verna turns to the Makeup Artist.

VERNA THORNTON

She's the only one I let talk to me that way.  
(then)  
Could I bother you? I think I left my cell phone on the table out there.

The Makeup Artist nods and moves off. Once she's gone, Verna turns back to Olivia, lowers her voice.

VERNA THORNTON (CONT'D)

Where are we?

OLIVIA

She tried to go home. We talked her out of it.

FLASH TO:

88 INT. UNKNOWN LIVING ROOM - DAY

88

As a HAND slaps a PHOTO of Quinn on the wall. BACK TO:

89 INT. TV STUDIO/GREEN ROOM - RESUME

89

Where Verna looks uneasy.

VERNA THORNTON

I won't lie, Liv. There's a part of me that wishes we'd let her hang.

(CONTINUED)



89 CONTINUED: 89

OLIVIA  
She's innocent. She didn't ask for  
any of it-

FLASH TO:

90 INT. UNKNOWN LIVING ROOM - DAY 90  
Where the HAND slaps a PHOTO of Olivia on the wall. And  
we're BACK TO:

91 INT. TV STUDIO/GREEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS 91  
VERNA THORNTON  
...That innocent little girl of ours  
could bring down this government.  
Keep an eye on her, Liv.

Olivia nods.

92 INT. UNKNOWN LIVING ROOM - DAY 92  
PAN ACROSS A MESSY TABLE, full of NEWSPAPERS with headlines  
about Quinn's trial. LAND ON a LEGAL PAD, where we see a  
bunch of QUESTIONS scrawled, and we can make out just the  
first one -- "Who got to the Judge?" -- as we move BACK TO...

93 INT. TV STUDIO/GREEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS 93  
Where the Makeup Artist has returned, empty-handed. Verna  
pulls her CELL out of her purse, shakes her head, charmingly  
self-deprecating.

VERNA THORNTON  
Look at that. In my purse the whole  
time.

And Verna's eyes meet Olivia's in the mirror. OFF Olivia,  
an unspoken secret bearing down on her, we RETURN TO:

94 INT. UNKNOWN LIVING ROOM - DAY 94  
Where the wall is now covered with PHOTOS of the Quinn fiasco --  
Olivia, Quinn, the question mark that links them, the JUDGE  
who threw out the trial, VICTIMS of the bombing, JURORS,  
WITNESSES, etc. And we REVEAL the wall belongs to...

DAVID. Because this is his living room. And he's staring  
at the wall, in his sweats, a little disheveled, a little  
Beautiful Mind, but totally and completely determined to  
figure this whole mess out.

END OF SHOW

ADDENDUMAdditional Dialogue for Local News Anchor (Scene 72)

(NOTE: Scripted dialogue is in BOLD.)

72 INT. LOCAL D.C. NEWSCAST - DAY

72

A professional, seasoned LOCAL NEWS ANCHOR at a desk.

**LOCAL NEWS ANCHOR**

**If you're just joining us this hour, we're talking about the latest news from the White House regarding the East Sudanese mass grave photo.** The photo, allegedly snapped in the country's southwestern region, spread rapidly over Twitter and other social media sites earlier this morning, shedding light on humanitarian atrocities in the troubled nation. But in the last hour, we've received news that the photo may have been faked. This along with today's resignation of CIA Director Amos Carver has led some to believe the Agency may have been responsible for the botched intelligence. The CIA would not return our request for comment. Had the photo's authenticity been confirmed, many think it could have been the lynchpin in sending this country to war against Kinyazi and his corrupt regime. President Fitzgerald Grant was once friendly with the leader, but in recent months, the US has distanced itself from East Sudan as hostilities between the autocratic regime and rebel troops intensified. What began as non-violent protesting in the nation's capital has now turned into armed conflict across the southern half of the country.

ADDENDUM

Additional Dialogue for Cable News Anchor (Scene 73)

**(NOTE: Scripted dialogue is in BOLD.)**

73 INT. CABLE NEWS NETWORK - DAY

73

Another anchor, another channel/desk.

CABLE NEWS ANCHOR

**While rumors of its validity began to take shape only hours ago, we now have official confirmation the photo is not authentic, and** may not have even been taken in East Sudan. But despite the photo's inauthenticity, violence in East Sudan is very real and today's social media blitzkrieg brought new levels of awareness to the situation.