

SCANDAL

"Screw the White Hat"

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Previously on SCANDAL

Olivia has closed herself off from those closest to her after being kidnapped and ransomed off to any nation or terrorist organization who might wish to control the American president. She's armed at all times and lives on wine. She holds Fitz responsible for going to war on her behalf and ruining his legacy; the legacy she sacrificed so much for him to have.

Since Olivia refuses to have anything to do with him, Fitz hires Jake to keep tabs on her and report back regularly.

Trying to forget her life, Olivia goes out on the town and meets a handsome man, Russell. She pretends that her name is Alex to keep her complicated life from coming between them.

Olivia helps with a faux pas so that Susan Ross is confirmed to replace Andrew Nichols as Vice President. This also vacates a Senate seat in Virginia upon which Mellie has her eye. It's the first step in her plan to run for the White House herself.

Fully committed to taking down Command, aka Olivia's father, Rowan Pope, and B613 for good, David builds a case to take to the Grand Jury. Jake, as an interim Command, is the nail that will finally keep this coffin shut. The trick is to take out Papa Pope before he has all of them killed.

This episode fits between Honor Thy Father (416) and I'm a Bill (417).

ACT ONE

PHOTOBURSTS of the Capitol, Washington Monument and Embassy Row at night.

INT. SWANKY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

All dolled up and still pretending to be the uncomplicated ALEX, OLIVIA gives RUSSELL a flirty smile and toasts him across an intimate table set for two.

OLIVIA
To actually going out on a date for
a change instead of... well...
Staying in.

He smiles back, all sexy and smitten. He's got the act down pat.

RUSSELL
Can I help it if you can't keep
your hands off all this for two
minutes?

OLIVIA
I'm doing pretty well, right now
though.

RUSSELL
The night is young, Alex. The night
is young.

He picks up a menu. Olivia is about to do the same when something catches her eye. Judging by her expression, it's nothing good.

OLIVIA
Excuse me.

She heads for the front of the restaurant. Not quite running, but it's obvious she wants to.

INT. SWANKY RESTAURANT/HOSTESS AREA - NIGHT

A frazzled looking HOSTESS (18) stares at the Secret Service IDs that have been shoved under her nose by two imposing AGENTS. Olivia crashes down on them. Fun, flirty Alex is a distant memory in an instant.

HOSTESS
It's my first day, so--

OLIVIA

No. You go tell your boss that he cannot just swoop down anytime he wants and interrupt my life.

HOSTESS

Okay?

OLIVIA

Not you.

She turns on the nearest agent. Jabs a metaphorical finger at him.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

You. I understand--

AGENT 1

--The Vice President would like a word, Ms. Pope.

That throws Olivia for a loop. It's not Fitz after all.

INT. ARMORED CADILLAC - NIGHT

Olivia slides inside the car and is greeted by SUSAN whose bubbly demeanor is a bit tempered. CONGRESSMAN CADE BENEDICT (38), a preppy looking everyman, fidgets on the seat beside her.

SUSAN

Olivia. Please accept my sincerest apologies for interrupting your meal.

OLIVIA

It's okay, Madame Vice President. What can I do for you?

Susan giggles.

SUSAN

"Madame Vice President." That's such a hoot.

She shakes it off. Gets right down to business.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Sorry. Olivia, this is Cade Benedict. From the Pennsylvania fifth.

OLIVIA
Congressman.

The two shake hands while Susan continues the introductions.

SUSAN
Yeah. There was a luncheon. We hit it off. Anyhoo... I've been bragging about how you're the reason that people can call me "Madame Vice President." He's got a problem that really needs some fixing.

CADE
Susan, I don't know if my little issue is worthy of Ms. Pope. It's just some sour grapes.

OLIVIA
Why don't you let me be the judge of that?

SUSAN
Tell her, Cade.

He looks completely embarrassed and hesitant to bring it up.

CADE
I've developed a bit of a PR issue the last few days.

SUSAN
PR issue? Ha! He's being maliciously attacked in social media by a lunatic.

OLIVIA
What's the nature of these attacks?

CADE
It's silly and I'm sure it'll blow over.

OLIVIA
Congressman, I can only help you if I fully understand the problem.

CADE
Some old friends. They recently lost their daughter and--

SUSAN

--they're blaming him. Can you believe it? The little girl had measles. Which is so sad and tragic and I would just die if something similar happened to my Casey, but come on. To accuse someone of killing her? That's just ridiculous.

OLIVIA

Help me connect the dots.

Cade hands her his phone.

CADE

Google me.

Olivia humors him. Googles the Congressman. Her face shows her surprise.

OLIVIA

Oh. That's a lot of death threats. Have you contacted the police?

He shakes his head and accepts his phone back when she hands it to him.

CADE

The death threats aren't the problem. I've become the face of the anti-vaccine movement.

SUSAN

Which is just crap. Cade here is picking up where I had to leave off with my booster shot legislation.

CADE

I'm funded by Bagley-Welch Pharmaceuticals. I can't be the face of the anti-vaccine movement.

OLIVIA

And optics are everything.

Olivia holds on to her sigh and looks out the window at the restaurant.

INT. SWANKY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Russell patiently awaits Olivia's return. His phone buzzes. He checks the text. His face fills, not with disappointment as expected, but with fear.

INT. OLIVIA POPE & ASSOCIATES/CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a photo of DOUG NORRINGTON (36), wife STEPHANIE (34) & daughter BRITA (6), happy All-American family, that QUINN slaps on the wall while briefing Olivia and HUCK who is on his computer.

QUINN

Meet the Norringtons. Up until two years ago, they had everything going for them. Doug was discharged from the Army with honors. Came home and started working construction with an old friend. They were doing well enough that Stephanie could give up her teaching job and be a stay at home mom.

OLIVIA

What happened?

EXT. CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL - DAY

Doug and Stephanie wheel a smiling, yet gaunt, bald Brita to a car waiting at the curb.

INT. OLIVIA POPE & ASSOCIATES/CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Quinn hangs up a photo of Doug carrying bald Brita into their house.

QUINN

Acute lymphocytic leukemia happened.

HUCK

According to her medical records, she successfully completed the treatment. But was then almost admitted for measles.

OLIVIA

Almost admitted?

INT. JAMES MADISON HOSPITAL/EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Doug, with a limp Brita in his arms, races in and up to the nurse's desk. The girl is covered in measles.

DOUG
Please help her. Oh God, she's not
responding to anything.

A NURSE wheels up a gurney. Doug places the girl on it just as Stephanie races in.

STEPHANIE
The car is parked. I think.

DOCTORS start lifesaving measures on her. Doug and Stephanie cling to one another watching. It's too late.

DOCTOR
Time of death, twenty-one forty-
two. I'm so sorry.

STEPHANIE
No. She's in remission. She's not
gone. She's in remission. Do you
hear me. She's. In. Remission!

Stephanie breaks down. Doug barely catches her and sinks to the floor with her. They cry together. Loud, heart-wrenching sobs.

INT. OLIVIA POPE & ASSOCIATES/CONFERENCE ROOM

Olivia rubs her temples. This family's heartbreak is almost too much to bear. But she will.

OLIVIA
I'm missing the connection between
the Norringtons and the Benedicts.

CLOSE ON family photo of Cade with wife KATIA (35) & daughter GENESIS (8) when Quinn hangs it up. All three of them share the same pale blond hair and blue eyes.

QUINN
Katia and Stephanie became fast
friends during a Mom & Me class.
Genesis and Brita followed suit.
They were all BFFs.

OLIVIA
Safe to say, that's over.

Olivia checks her watch. Huck and Quinn look to her for the instructions they know are coming.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Okay, people, we've got four hours to change the narrative Stephanie Norrington is creating for the congressman online. He's meeting with Bagley-Welch first thing in the morning and needs to assure them that this is handled. So let's handle it.

INT. WHITE HOUSE/RESIDENCE BATHROOM - DAY

Fitz races toward the toilet. In his hurry, he barely gets the door closed and seat up before relieving himself.

CYRUS (O.S.)

I told you to go easy on the tea with the Chinese Ambassador, but would you listen?

FITZ

I swear they put some kind of diuretic in there. I've been urinating non stop for days.

His tone is light, but his face is worried. This is not normal bathroom use.

CYRUS (O.S.)

Maybe it's a new secret weapon they're developing. Keep the enemy indisposed so they're too preoccupied to fight back.

FITZ

Don't even joke about that. Can you imagine trying to get a declaration of war on those grounds.

CYRUS (O.S.)

We'd just serve them that tea, sir. They'd have the marines deployed before the cup got cold.

Fitz chuckles despite himself. He zips up and heads to the sink to wash his hands. He notices a wet spot on his trousers. He didn't make it after all.

FITZ

While I'm up here, I should look in on Mellie. Can we push the Joint Chiefs for five minutes.

CYRUS (O.S.)

Already done.

Fitz listens to Cyrus' steps move away from the bathroom door. Breathes a relieved sigh. Crisis averted. Sort of.

INT. NORRINGTON HOME/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Unkempt and on the verge of looking downright crazy, Stephanie has set up a digital camp on her couch. She has a laptop and iPad, both streaming social media sites.

She lights up when a post catches her attention.

STEPHANIE

Doug! Hey, Doug! Come check this out. CongressionalMutt32 just posted a photo of Cade showing Mercer Hayes the rotunda.

Doug comes in. Not to check out CongressionalMutt32's post, but to retrieve a forgotten stack of take out containers. He stuffs them in a large trash bag.

DOUG

Honey. Are you sure you don't want to get dressed today? Maybe take a walk. Or a shower.

STEPHANIE

Now? You can't be serious. Cade giving Mercer the grand tour can only mean one thing. Some serious ass kissing is happening right now. My efforts are paying off. I can't leave now. I've got to double down. I need to retweet this.

Doug sighs. He lost his wife as well as his daughter.

The doorbell CHIMES, distracting him from his new reality.

Stephanie never even notices. She's engrossed in tweeting her super tiny victory and sharing the photo with her commentary as many places as possible.

Doug opens the door to find Olivia on his front landing.

DOUG
May I help you?

OLIVIA
I'm here to help you.

Hope flares in his eyes.

INT. NORRINGTON HOME/KITCHEN - DAY

Olivia sits at the table with Doug and Stephanie. They've managed to get her out of the living room, but she's still attached to her iPad.

The couple stares at Olivia in shocked disbelief. So much for helping them. Stephanie live tweets their conversation.

OLIVIA
You have to understand, these unwarranted attacks on Congressman Benedict have to stop. Causing him to trend on Twitter with the hashtag "childkiller" isn't helpful for anyone. You all were friends once.

STEPHANIE
And then he killed our little girl. Friendship's over.

OLIVIA
The congressman understands that you are grieving the tragic loss of your daughter. That's why he sent me over here instead of the police. He's worked very hard to get where he is and he can do a lot of good for a lot of people. But that can only happen if his reputation remains intact. Posting these lies about him on social media will eventually gain some traction as I believe you are aware. That's why you're doing it.

Stephanie tweets like mad.

Olivia eyes the iPad. Clenches her fists to stop herself from snatching it up and snapping it in two.

STEPHANIE

I'm doing it because he killed my child and the public deserves to know what kind of man he really is.

OLIVIA

Congressman Benedict is a caring and compassionate individual. He wants to extend some of that compassion to you. Pay off your medical bills. Relieve a bit of the financial strain you're under so you can grieve in peace. The only thing he asks in return is that you stop spreading these vicious rumors. That's all. Move on with your lives and forget about him.

Stephanie looks like her head is about to explode. Doug gives her hand a calming squeeze despite being furious himself. It's too little, too late.

STEPHANIE

He killed my daughter and you think a little money will make that fact go away. Or better yet, bring Brita back?

OLIVIA

Mrs. Norrington, measles killed your daughter. Not my client.

Appalled, Stephanie snaps a picture of Olivia. Tweets it to her followers.

STEPHANIE

Cade pulled out the big dogs.
#fixermyass

Seeing that she's not getting anywhere, Olivia calls Huck.

OLIVIA

Pull the plug.

Seconds later, Stephanie frowns. She's locked out of her account. Tries to log in again.

STEPHANIE

Did I get hacked?

OLIVIA

Do I have your full attention now?

STEPHANIE

You did this?

OLIVIA

I just want you to understand the full scope of the situation here. Either you can take the money and stop libeling my client. Or you can not take the money and I'll prevent you from libeling my client anyway. Which option would you prefer?

DOUG

It's time for you to go.

EXT. NORRINGTON'S HOME/2ND STORY LANDING - DAY

The door SLAMS open.

Olivia steps out on the landing. A furious Stephanie sees her out. Doug isn't far behind.

STEPHANIE

Get out of here. You can take your insulting offers to "help" and shove 'em up--

DOUG

--She gets the point.
(to Olivia)
Don't you?

OLIVIA

My people are very good. We will effect a satisfactory resolution for our client. Who happens to not be you. Would Brita be okay with you attacking her best friend's father like this? Trying to ruin his life?

That was the exact wrong thing to say.

Stephanie flies into a rage. In her fury, she shoves Olivia away from the door.

Unprepared for the assault, Olivia stumbles.

One of her heels catches a loose board.

Olivia's face registers her fate a split second before she tumbles down the long flight of stairs. Her head cracks on the pavement. Hard.

Stephanie recoils under the shock of what she just did. Doug races down the stairs to check on Olivia.

She lay there. Not moving.

Blood pools under her head. So much blood. It soaks into the collar of her white coat. Staining it forever.

DOUG
Call an ambulance.

Off Olivia as her eyes flutter closed.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

Everything is fuzzy. The unfamiliar face of a PARAMEDIC hovers above. Things go dark again.

The paramedic looks alarmed.

PARAMEDIC
We're losing her.

INT. JAMES MADISON HOSPITAL/OLIVIA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Quinn monitors social media feeds at Olivia's bedside. Works hard to counter Stephanie's continued attacks.

QUINN
My God. How fast can this woman
type. We're not getting anywhere
with this at all.

Huck doesn't answer. He's more focused on standing guard over Olivia who looks so tiny in the bed with her head and left arm bandaged. He looks a little more wild-eyed than usual under the strain of worry.

She stirs.

Huck snaps to attention.

HUCK
Olivia? Are you waking up now?
Because, well, it's time for you to
be awake again.

Quinn sits up and closes the laptop.

QUINN
She's coming out of it?

Olivia's eyes flutter like they're just too heavy to open.

HUCK
She's waking up.

Huck's relief is palpable. Quinn stands opposite Huck so they surround the bed. Both are grinning like idiots when Olivia regains consciousness.

The BEEP on the heart monitor speeds up as Olivia's eyes focus on her people. She frowns. Scoots away from Huck's side. His haggard appearance weirds her out.

QUINN
Welcome back. You've been out for almost two days.

HUCK
Two days, six hours, thirty-four minutes, actually.

They're so relieved that she's conscious that they don't notice how she's looking at them. That she's pressing back into the bed trying to distance herself from these strange people.

Quinn reaches for the call button. Olivia shrinks away, finally catching their attention.

QUINN
What's wrong? I'm just calling the doctor.

OLIVIA
Yes. The doctor. Call him.

Quinn frowns. Something is really not right.

QUINN
Olivia? What's wrong? Are you in pain?

OLIVIA
I'm sorry. Who's Olivia?

Huck and Quinn exchange stunned looks.

Off Olivia's petrified expression.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. JAMES MADISON HOSPITAL - OLIVIA'S ROOM - DAY

Olivia probes at the bandage on her head while a NURSE makes notations in her chart. A SECRET SERVICE AGENT pulls her outside before she knows what's happening.

Two additional AGENTS enter and confirm the room is clear before stepping back outside.

Olivia tries to make sense out of what is going on around her all of a sudden. She has no idea what's happening and these big guys are terrifying.

OLIVIA
Excuse me. Should you be in--
Excuse me.

The agents ignore her completely and clear out. Fitz enters.

Olivia self consciously touches her bandaged head. She has no idea who this man is, but he must be important.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
I think you have the wrong room.

Fitz's heart breaks a little at that. She's never said that to him before and meant it. He covers with a benign smile.

FITZ
How are you feeling, Olivia?

She frowns. Trying to process. If this man knows her then--?

OLIVIA
I'm a little fuzzy. Remind me of
your name.

FITZ
Fitzgerald. You call me Fitz.

OLIVIA
I do?

FITZ
You do.

She takes a moment to process. Giggles. He's wary. Olivia doesn't giggle.

OLIVIA

Did you get beat up a lot as a kid.
With a name like Fitzgerald. I bet
you got beat up.

He can't help himself. He chuckles, too.

FITZ

It did take a while to grow into.
Nobody can beat me up anymore.

OLIVIA

I don't see how they could. Even
the most determined of bullies
would think twice before trying to
get through them.

She nods at the door where his protection detail remains just
outside.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

And we all know bullies aren't the
determined type.

Hope flares in his eyes. Is she remembering?

FITZ

Liv, I--

He reaches for her hand, but she flinches away. There's his
answer.

She catches his hurt expression.

OLIVIA

I'm sorry. I just seem to know some
things and others, I--

FITZ

--Look. You may not know me, but I
know you. If any of my staffers can
beat a little thing like amnesia
into submission, it's Olivia Pope.

OLIVIA

I work for you?

FITZ

Used to. Maybe when you're feeling
better, you'll come back. I need
you, Liv.

He tries to cover the raw truth in that statement by offering
her a non threatening handshake.

Praying all the while that she can't see how desperate he is for her touch even one as chaste and business-like as that.

She hesitates. Finally shakes his hand.

OLIVIA
I will consider it, sir.

Fitz smiles and pretends like she didn't just rip his heart out. With one last encouraging nod, he turns to head for the door. Back to her, his face reveals his devastation.

Once he's gone, Olivia settles back against the pillows, working through that puzzle.

INT. OLIVIA POPE & ASSOCIATES/CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Huck paces while Quinn studies the photos on the wall.

QUINN
Stephanie backed off a bit right after the accident, but now she's going full force. I can't keep up. How do we get through to her?

HUCK
I've been keeping a bag in the closet. I can go--

QUINN
--Preferably without another member of that family dying.

Huck thinks a moment. Shakes his head.

HUCK
That's Olivia's wheelhouse. Not mine. We need Olivia.

She knows that. Quinn puts on a brave face.

QUINN
Other than their child back, what do they want? The Norringtons. That's what Olivia would figure out. So that's what we'll do. She taught us well, Huck. We can do this.

HUCK
My bag--

QUINN
--Without killing them.

HUCK
Okay.

But he's not convinced.

INT. WHITE HOUSE/RESIDENCE - DAY

Fitz buttons up his shirt while his DOCTOR packs away his bag. The man carefully seals up vials of Fitz's blood to send to the lab.

DOCTOR
I don't want you to worry unnecessarily, Mr. President. I'm just being overly cautious. That's why we're running a more in depth panel. Just to rule out as much as possible.

FITZ
Safe over sorry. I understand.

The doctor gives Fitz one last benign smile then leaves the residence.

Fitz just takes moment. Moment over, he grabs up his suit jacket and heads back to work.

INT. JAMES MADISON HOSPITAL/OLIVIA'S ROOM - DAY

Depressed, Olivia pokes at a cup of yellow Jell-O. She favors her left arm, but the bandage is gone.

Jake stops by with a fancy gift basket full of newspapers and magazines instead of snacks or flowers.

JAKE
Hi. I'm Jake.

He pauses a moment.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Wow. That sounded much less weird in my head when I practiced it.

She immediately likes this guy.

OLIVIA
You practiced saying your own name?

JAKE
Introducing myself. To you.

OLIVIA
Ah. You know me.

He smiles and hands her the basket. She checks out the reading material.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Ah. You know me. I was about to go stir crazy in here. I thought I was going home today, but the doctor changed his mind for some reason.

She rips into the package. Discovers a bottle of wine hidden in the middle. Smiles her delight.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
I may have forgotten a few things, but I'm not stupid. Someone changed his mind. I'm willing to lay odds it was that guy with the black suit entourage.

Jake covers his worry and keeps his tone neutral. Surely Rowan wouldn't try to get to her now.

JAKE
What guy?

She's not paying him any attention. She's flipping through the magazines instead. Trying to downplay her interest.

OLIVIA
I'm not sure. Tall, skinny-- Oh. Speak of the devil. This is him. Fitzgerald Grant. President of the United States of America?

She holds a magazine up for Jake to see a photo spread of Fitz and MELLIE looking like the world's most perfect couple.

Jake relaxes a fraction.

JAKE
Oh. Fitz.

OLIVIA
You call him Fitz, too.

She seems relieved, but Jake can't put his finger on why.

JAKE

Well, not in public. We go back a long way, though.

Olivia checks out the photos again.

OLIVIA

His wife is gorgeous. They make a handsome couple and look so happy together.

Tricky territory here. A couple choice words and she'd be done with Fitz for good clearing the way for himself.

JAKE

They do, don't they?

He can't be that big an asshole. He plucks the magazine from her hands.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Enough about them. How are you feeling? Really? Can I bring you anything to make you more comfortable?

She shakes her head and squeezes his hand.

OLIVIA

Far as I can tell, I have everything I need. But I wouldn't mind some company.

Jake smiles. Squeezes her hand back.

JAKE

Just tell me when to go.

INT. WHITE HOUSE/OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT

Fitz has out the good stuff. His glass is nearly full and he guzzles, not sips, on the couch.

Jake is shown in. Joins Fitz in the sitting area.

JAKE

You've started without me.

No response from Fitz. He stares deeply into his glass. Almost like he's unaware of Jake's presence.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Mr. President?

FITZ

I don't have a lot of time tonight.

The barest hint of puzzlement flicks across Jake's face. He eyes the alcohol and studies Fitz. Despite himself, he feels bad for him.

JAKE

She's in good hands. The doctors are optimistic even though they won't commit one way or the other. You know doctors.

Fitz snorts and takes a huge pull on his drink.

FITZ

Yeah. I know doctors.

JAKE

And you know Liv. She's strong. Stubborn. she's... Huh.

He pauses when the realization hits him. Fitz finally looks at him.

FITZ

What?

JAKE

She's happy.

Fitz just stares at Jake. Oh, the irony.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

Stephanie sits on a bench and watches the KIDS play. Her expression is raw. She's missing Brita like crazy right now.

Quinn joins her.

QUINN

They have so much energy at that age, don't they?

Stephanie quickly wipes a tear. Puts on a brave smile.

STEPHANIE

If someone could bottle it and put it on the market, they'd make a fortune.

QUINN

I think that's called Ritalin.

Stephanie frowns. Who is this strange woman?

STEPHANIE
Which one is yours?

QUINN
Oh God. None of them. I'd rather shoot myself in the head than have a tiny human attached to my hip all the time.

STEPHANIE
Then why are you--

Quinn hands her a sheaf of paper and a pen.

QUINN
I just need a couple signatures from you and I can leave this hell hole for good.

STEPHANIE
Who are you?

QUINN
The lady you shoved down your front stairs?

STEPHANIE
I didn't mean--

QUINN
--She's my boss.

STEPHANIE
Is she okay? Could you please tell her how sorry I am?

QUINN
You can tell her yourself. By signing this nondisclosure agreement and taking the cash Congressman Benedict wants to gift to you.

STEPHANIE
You want me to put a price on my daughter's head? Who are you people? How do you sleep at night?

QUINN
Let me put it another way. Take the settlement or go to jail. Is that better?

(MORE)

QUINN (CONT'D)

We put the price on your freedom,
not your daughter. Will that help
you sleep at night?

Horrified, Stephanie looks back at the children. Seeking
comfort in their innocence.

Now that the other woman isn't looking at her, Quinn's
distaste for what she just did shows on her face. She's an
awful person and she's usually okay with it. Something is
different this time.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Stephanie and Quinn sit at a back booth. Quinn slides a document across the table.

QUINN

This is a standard non-disclosure agreement. Everything that happens here today is subject to it. You cannot talk about it, blog about it, post about it or tweet about it or the congressman ever again.

STEPHANIE

Cade isn't what he seems.

INT. CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL/BRITA'S ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Cade and Stephanie stand near the doorway of the room, watching Genesis play with Brita. The girls are ecstatic to see one another again.

STEPHANIE

It's such a relief. We finally get to take her home tomorrow.

CADE

Thank God for remission.

The girls play. Genesis hugs Brita.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Stephanie signs the document. Quinn slides the next one over.

QUINN

This is the amount that will be transferred into your account. Signing this means that you will not come back later asking for additional cash.

STEPHANIE

He knew Genesis had been exposed to measles and he brought her by anyway.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Doug and Stephanie accept condolences next to Brita's tiny coffin. The Benedict family is conspicuously absent.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Quinn's sympathy is starting to get the best of her. She shoves another document Stephanie's way.

QUINN

This authorizes the hospital to accept payment for Brita's care from the Benedicts. It means that they will also have access to her records. However, they have indicated that they will not view them.

STEPHANIE

They didn't show up for the funeral. That's what tipped me off.

EXT. BENEDICT HOUSE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Stephanie rings the doorbell. Cade answers. He looks stunned to see her there and a little frightened. Pastes on a sympathetic smile.

CADE

Stephanie. I was so sorry to hear about Brita. Are you and Doug okay?

STEPHANIE

The funeral was today. I thought you'd planned to bring Genesis. It can't be easy for her, either. The girls have been thick as thieves since birth.

She tries to peek around him inside the house, but he blocks her.

CADE

Yes. Katia and I talked it over. She's too young to understand such difficult things. We thought it best to keep her home.

STEPHANIE

Death is part of life. You can't shelter her from it forever.

GENESIS (O.S.)
Daddy? I'm still too hot.

Cade turns to see Genesis shuffling toward him. She has a nasty rash on her face.

Stephanie takes advantage of the distraction and pushes her way inside the house. She freezes when she sees how sick the girl is. Familiar splotches cover her face.

GENESIS (CONT'D)
Hi Mrs. Norrington. Can you tell Brita, that I haven't forgotten. I'll bring my Sparkle Babies over next time. Soon as I feel better.

Horrificed, Stephanie stares speechlessly at Cade. He doesn't even have the good grace to appear embarrassed.

Tears well in Stephanie's eyes. She flees from the house.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Quinn tries to keep her face neutral as Stephanie ends her story. The woman signs the final form, slams the pen down and shoves the whole pile back at Quinn.

STEPHANIE
I would ask again how you can sleep at night, but I find that I just don't give a damn.

She slams her way out of the shop. Leaving Quinn staring pensively after her.

INT. WHITE HOUSE/OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Fitz and Cyrus finish up a meeting with COMMISSIONER JONAH DANIELS (50s), head of the FDA.

COMMISSIONER DANIELS
I can't tell you how pleased we are that someone is finally taking this seriously.

As distracted as Fitz looks, that someone isn't him at the moment. He covers.

FITZ
It's always been on the list, Commissioner.
(MORE)

FITZ (CONT'D)

Unsafe levels of lead in baby formula isn't something we take lightly. That's what moved the issue up in the priorities.

Fitz stands signalling that the meeting is over. A bit of vertigo sets in.

COMMISSIONER DANIELS

Thank you, Mr. President. I'm looking forward to working with the Chinese Ambassador to make these products safer. Not just for our citizens, but theirs as well.

He holds out his hand. Unfortunately, the room is still spinning for Fitz. He doesn't have the coordination to shake the man's hand.

Daniels looks a bit uncomfortable being left hanging like that.

Cyrus sees that something is wrong and shakes the man's hand.

Fitz gets himself under control and reaches out his hand. The room is still spinning a bit, but it works because it's up to Daniels to provide the coordination.

CYRUS

Healthy babies. That's what this administration is all about.

Cyrus walks the man to the door.

Once out of view, Fitz stumbles to his desk and sits down. He rubs his temples. What is happening to him?

Cyrus comes back.

CYRUS (CONT'D)

What was that?

Despite the room still spinning, Fitz busies himself with paperwork. Trying to throw Cyrus off the scent.

FITZ

Nothing. I just got up a little too fast. That's all.

CYRUS

You've been getting up a little too fast a little too often of late.

(MORE)

CYRUS (CONT'D)

Is something going on that I should know about? And since I should know about everything, what's going on?

There's no easy answer to that question since Fitz still doesn't know himself. He preps a bullshit excuse, but Mellie storms in, pre-empting it.

Her timing couldn't be better. Then he sees that she's pissed off and revises the sentiment. Her timing couldn't be worse.

MELLIE

Why is there a luncheon with the Chinese Ambassador's wife on my schedule tomorrow?

CYRUS

It's just a goodwill thing. So they start liking us enough to stop putting dangerous amounts of lead in the baby formula they ship over here.

Mellie nails Cyrus with a look that would kill a lesser man. She's not talking to him.

He tosses up his hands with a shrug and takes the opportunity to escape.

MELLIE

Fitz.

FITZ

It's just as Cyrus said. No big deal.

MELLIE

No big deal? No big deal! You know I've been working with CyberTronic Systems on their Chinese malware problem. I can't cozy up to Ming Shui like they're not stealing trade secrets left and right. How do you expect these poor, hardworking American enterprises get ahead if you allow foreign governments to just swoop in and steal all their technology whenever they feel like it?

Fitz stares at Mellie. He so does not have the energy for this. Or the patience.

FITZ

How much capital does this poor, American enterprise have to invest in American politics? I presume they're located in Virginia.

MELLIE

That's not the point.

But he's got her pegged. That's exactly the point.

MELLIE (CONT'D)

If I'm going to be a Senator, I need to start walking the walk. Act as if.

FITZ

Are you telling me that this is a preview of what it's going to be like if you get in office?

Mellie recoils like he hit her.

MELLIE

If, Fitz? If I get in office.

He backpedals. Fast.

FITZ

I'm sorry, Mellie. When.

MELLIE

No. That's what you really think, isn't it? You don't believe I have a shot in hell at winning that seat, do you? That's not fair, Fitz. I've done everything within my power to get you here and now it's my turn. I'm not going to that luncheon.

With that final declaration, she spins on her heel and marches from the Oval.

FITZ

Mellie--

She ignores him.

Defeated on so many levels, he goes to pour himself a drink. His left hand chooses that moment to betray him, too. It starts shaking uncontrollably. The alcohol sloshes on the serving tray. Fitz puts the decanter down in frustration.

INT. OLIVIA'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jake opens the door then steps back for Olivia to enter. She looks around her home for the first time. Trying to get a sense of who she is. What she's about.

JAKE

It's no trouble. I can stay as long as you like.

OLIVIA

No. I appreciate the ride. I just want to get settled and find some way back to normal.

He's hesitant to leave her, but she's got her brave face on.

JAKE

Okay then. My number is in your phone. Use it if you need me.

She nods.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I'm Jake.

OLIVIA

You're Jake.

OLIVIA

Got it.

They share a smile. He leaves.

The moment the door closes behind him, her brave face falls away. She is terrified and not sure where to start.

INT. OLIVIA POPE & ASSOCIATES/QUINN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Quinn sits at her desk. Chews a nail while she wrestles with a decision.

Huck pokes his head on his way out.

HUCK

I thought you left.

QUINN

I'm going soft. Stephanie Norrington doesn't sound as crazy as I expected.

HUCK

Trust your gut. That's what Olivia would do.

He leaves. Quinn starts digging deep into Cade Benedict's life.

INT. OLIVIA'S APARTMENT/KITCHEN - DAY

Olivia explores her home. Looking in cabinets and drawers. The refrigerator is empty, but the wine rack is full. She doesn't like what this says about her.

She spots her phone on the counter. She's drawn to it. After a couple false starts, she picks it up and scrolls through the names. Smiles when she finds the one she wants.

Before she can talk herself out of it, she dials.

OLIVIA

Hi. "I'm Jake." I'm Olivia. Are you busy today?

INT. SPY MUSEUM/FAKE ALLEY - DAY

Olivia and Jake, followed by two other COUPLES of a similar age (JESSICA & STETSON; LOUIS & WINNIE), step into the alley. The GUIDE pauses at the entrance.

GUIDE

Remember, silence is your friend,
If you get caught, we will disavow
any knowledge of your mission and
your existence.

Jessica squeezes Stetson's arm. In her version of a whisper:

JESSICA

You don't think they actual do that
do you? Hang their people out to
dry for an itty, bitty mistake?

STETSON

When lives are on the line, you bet
your ass. How else are we supposed
to keep our nation safe?

Jake eyes the guy. Recognizes a blowhard when he sees one.

GUIDE

Anyway, you all have a mission to
complete. The door to Galat's
secret office is somewhere in this
alley.

(MORE)

GUIDE (CONT'D)

Find it and search it leaving absolutely no trace of your presence. Do not be caught by the guards that patrol this area.

The guide pauses for an overly dramatic look at his watch.

GUIDE (CONT'D)

You have 116 seconds before the patrol circles back this way. Good luck.

Jazzed, Olivia tiptoes along the center of the alley. Jake catches her arm and steers her to the side. Gestures for her to follow him along the wall where they have to move more slowly.

Stetson tosses a know it all a smirk their way. He races up the center of the alley & promptly steps on a loose metal plate. It CLANGS under his weight. If this had been a real mission, he just killed them.

Everyone, except Jake starts at sudden loud noise. Olivia studies him. Realizes he'd been expecting it.

Stetson at least looks a little sheepish. He joins Jessica in search of the door. He's getting a bit frantic, constantly checking his watch. Time is running out.

Calm and efficient, Jake studies the walls. Urges Olivia to the section least likely to contain a door.

Loud FOOTSTEPS sound behind the group. They're accompanied by flashlight beams. The Guards!

Stetson gets more frantic in his search. So does Jessica and the other couple.

Olivia follows Jake's lead. They find the lever to open the door.

Stetson nearly tramples Winnie in his haste to make it inside the room and escape the fake guards. Jessica rolls her eyes. She's used to it.

Louis glares at Stetson then follows Winnie inside. Olivia shoots an amused look at Jake, then they bring up the rear just before the "guards" round the corner.

INT. SPY MUSEUM/OFFICE - DAY

Jake closes the door behind the group. Stetson slaps his thigh like the good ole boy he is.

STETSON
That was some rush.

Louis glares at the man. Keeps a protective hand on Winnie's arm.

LOUIS
Yo, my man, it's a tour. Be cool.

STETSON
Or maybe you should toughen up.

Louis' jaw tightens as he takes a menacing step toward Stetson. Jake, having noticed Louis' gang tattoo, gets between them.

JAKE
Everybody. Take a good look at the room. We have to leave it the way we found it.

It takes a moment, but Louis backs down after meeting Jake's understanding gaze. The men share a nod. Oblivious to the danger that was just averted, Stetson heads to the desk and starts searching.

JAKE (CONT'D)
And we're apparently done memorizing the layout. Everyone spread out. We'll each take a section. It'll be faster.

All armed with "spy cameras" Olivia, Winnie, Jessica and Louis all nod and get to work. Stetson notes this with a frown. He slams a desk drawer closed making the items on the surface move around.

STETSON
Who put you in command?

President Grant did, but details. Wait. Not that Command.

JAKE
It's just a suggestion. Working as a team seems reasonable.

STETSON
Just don't go thinking that you're running things.

Stetson tries to intimidate Jake with his larger bulk.

JAKE

I would never presume to be in charge.

STETSON

Good. Get back to work.

Stetson moves off.

Olivia sidles up to Jake while he makes short work of the file Cabinet. Olivia recognizes his competence, even if she doesn't know why. She whispers--

OLIVIA

What? Were you a spy in another life?

JAKE

Nope. Just this one.

Jake's smile takes on the tiniest tinge of sadness at the reminder that she doesn't know him. Not anymore.

Olivia reads him. Hears the truth in his joke. Another clue to how fucked up her life must've been before. So much for her fun afternoon.

INT. OLIVIA'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Olivia sleeps peacefully. Vivid nightmares interrupt that peace and it's brutal. Her memories flood back.

From Ep.#409 Olivia is zipped up inside a body bag with Lois' recently murdered body on top of her.

Olivia hyperventilates.

From Ep.#411A Ian is shot. His blood sprays over her face.

Olivia bolts up. Trying to shake it off. More comes back.

From Ep.#409 She runs for the red door.

Her screams are silent and painful before turning into heart-wrenching sobs. She goes darn near catatonic as everything else comes back.

When she can move again, she climbs out of bed to get her gun and her wine. Olivia Pope is back, but she's still broken.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. OLIVIA'S APARTMENT/BATHROOM - DAY

Shaky, Olivia splashes water on her face.

The gun is in easy reach on the side of the sink.

She stares at herself in the mirror. Lets the water drip unchecked. Last night was rough. Her life sucks ass.

A KNOCK on the door startles her. With scary precision, she has the gun up and ready to fire.

The KNOCK sounds again. She relaxes a fraction.

INT. OLIVIA'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Moving cautiously and silently, Olivia heads for the door. Grips the gun at her side. She checks the peephole.

OLIVIA'S POV

Jack waits in the hall.

BACK TO SCENE

Olivia takes a breath. Hides the gun on a nearby table then pastes on a smile. Finally ready, she opens the door.

OLIVIA

You're out and about early.

He holds up a bag and a couple cups of coffee.

JAKE

The most important meal of the day.
You don't want to miss it do you?

She steps aside so he can enter. She studies him. Like she's seeing him again for the first time, which in a manner of speaking, she is.

OLIVIA

You didn't have to do that.

JAKE

I've seen your kitchen. Remember?

She smiles at that.

OLIVIA
You got breakfast and jokes?

She joins him on the couch while he sets out some fruit and muffins on the coffee table.

JAKE
Rough night?

OLIVIA
You saying I look bad?

JAKE
I'm saying you look tired. Wanna talk about it?

She stares at him. Trying to decide. He doesn't push. Mind made up, she sighs and picks up fork. Stabs at the melon.

OLIVIA
One minute, I'm terrified that I'll never remember. The next? I'm terrified that I will. I didn't have the easiest life, did I?

JAKE
Have you remembered anything?

She meets his eyes. They're intense, but guarded. One wrong word and she knows he'll pull away from her.

OLIVIA
I've been piecing it together. Things people say. Or don't, as the case may be. I wasn't big on relaxation or fun, was I?

Jake pushes a muffin her way.

JAKE
Eat up. After breakfast, we're going on a mission. Operation: Fun.

OLIVIA
You don't have to babysit me.

JAKE
What makes you think this is all about you?

Olivia grins. She made the right decision. Picks up the muffin and toasts with Jake.

OLIVIA
Operation: Fun it is.

Off their camaraderie, cut to PHOTOBURSTS of Olivia and Jake flying around a rink on roller skates. Laughing it up on a cozy picnic at The National Mall. Sharing an ice cream float in a seedy diner.

INT. WHITE HOUSE/OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT

Jake's expression is neutral as always when he's shown into the Oval, but there's a lightness about him. He's happy.

Fitz signs documents at his desk. An AIDE waits by his side for him to finish. He glances at Jake. It's enough to note something different about him.

FITZ
Captain Ballard. Good of you to stop by.

JAKE
Of course, sir.

Fitz wraps up the paperwork and hands it the aide. The man acknowledges Jake with a brief nod as he leaves.

Alone, Fitz drops his polite tone.

FITZ
Roller skating? Picnics on the Mall. Are you protecting her or dating her?

JAKE
I'm doing what you asked of me. Sticking close. Monitoring her progress.

FITZ
And using it as an opportunity to cozy up to Liv. After all, it's the only way you'd ever really have a chance with her.

Jake grits his teeth. It takes every ounce of restraint he has not fly into Fitz.

JAKE
If that's all, sir.

FITZ
No. That is not all.

Fitz shoots to his feet. Rounds the desk to get in Jake's face. That restraint of his? It's slipping.

FITZ (CONT'D)

The last thing Olivia needs right now is some horny jerk taking advantage of the situation.

JAKE

So not having a cloud named Fitzgerald Grant hanging over her head is a situation? Get over yourself. She's just a girl and I'm just a guy. A *single* guy. That's my only advantage, but it's a reasonable one.

He storms out. Furious, Fitz slams his glass into the fireplace where it shatters. The flames flare to consume the alcohol.

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

Quinn stands behind Huck while he hacks the Benedict's medical records.

QUINN

Thanks for coming back. I'm probably just too tired. That's why I couldn't figure out how to get past that last firewall.

HUCK

If the girl was immunized, it didn't happen in either the U.S. or Canada. Checking Mexico now.

QUINN

Don't bother. We're chasing wild geese.

HUCK

Why would the congressman lie about his child's vaccine schedule? It doesn't make any sense. What does he have to gain?

QUINN

A seat in congress, maybe.

Huck fingers fly over the keyboard.

HUCK

You're thinking that he's actually anti-vaccine even though he's funded by Big Pharma.

Quinn reads the screen.

QUINN

Ain't that a bitch. How in the hell did he explain this kind of voting record to Bagley-Welch?

HUCK

They did not get what they paid for.

QUINN

Why go to all this trouble? He's already got a seat at the table and working against them. Why cover up his child's lack of vaccination, too?

HUCK

He's a Trojan Horse. He's inside, but he's not done. He's waiting for them to go to sleep.

QUINN

And Bagley-Welch is one of the more decent companies out there, too. If they weren't, they'd have caught on to his scheme long ago.

HUCK

He went for the low hanging fruit.

QUINN

Stephanie was right all along. Cade Benedict is a slimeball.

INT. OLIVIA'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Olivia stares at the big, empty bed. She does not want to be alone. Not after last night.

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jake browses the internet. His search: Fun dates. He's totally out to impress Olivia and it's so cute.

A KNOCK on the door interrupts him. He answers.

Olivia stands on his doorstep. She holds up a bag of food.

OLIVIA
Thought I'd repay the favor.

Despite being surprised to see her, he steps back so she can enter.

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jake watches her unpack the food with a small smile. She came to him. Not Fitz. Him.

She catches him looking at her.

OLIVIA
What?

JAKE
I'm glad you're here.

He squeezes her hand.

OLIVIA
Me, too.

They stare at one another. Lost in each other's eyes. Draw closer. And closer. She kisses him. Just a little peck. Testing.

He smiles his encouragement. She kisses him again. And then things heat up quick, fast and in a hurry.

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - DAY

Jake and Olivia cuddle in bed. Jake's smile couldn't get any bigger. She wakes from the most peaceful sleep she's had in forever.

JAKE
I really missed this.

OLIVIA
It was nice, wasn't it?

JAKE
Just nice?

OLIVIA
I don't want you to get a big head.

He chuckles. Then turns super serious and caresses her face.
Stares deeply in her eyes.

JAKE
Thank you for trusting me.

OLIVIA
What?

JAKE
I never told you where I live.

Off Olivia's panicked face.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - DAY

Jake reads her expression and the realization cuts him deep.

JAKE

Of course, you didn't intend to
trust me, did you? You slipped up.

Pissed off, he pops out of bed and gets dressed.

OLIVIA

Jake. I'm sorry. I was going to
tell you, but we--

JAKE

--Why is it so hard for you to
trust me, Olivia. Me. Haven't I
proven to you over and over again
that I'm here for you. That I love
you. But that not enough is it? *I'm*
never enough.

She has no answer for that.

He takes her silence as agreement. Snatches up a jacket.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Let yourself out whenever. I *trust*
that you'll remember how to do
that.

OLIVIA

Jake. Wait.

She goes after him.

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Tripping over the sheet that's now wrapped around her, Olivia
tries to catch up to Jake. He's too fast and she's too naked.
Physically and emotionally.

INT. OLIVIA POPE & ASSOCIATES/CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Huck and Quinn hash out their next move.

QUINN

David Rosen is our only play.
Benedict had to have broken some
laws in there someplace.

HUCK

He killed a little girl. A slap on
the wrist over misspent campaign
funds doesn't even begin to make up
for that. Besides, Rosen has his
hands full with prosecuting
Command.

Olivia Pope strides in ready to go.

OLIVIA

Where we at people? With the
Congressman.

Huck and Quinn turn to look at her in shock. Their
expressions turn to pure joy over her return. No time to be
sentimental, though. They hit the ground running.

QUINN

We've been duped. The Norringtons
were right all along.

OLIVIA

Okay then. White hats on everyone.
We're going to make this right?

INT. BENEDICT HOUSE/OFFICE - DAY

Olivia and Quinn follow Cade into his Zen/New Agey home
office.

OLIVIA

You came to congress to take down
Big Pharma and make them pay for
the pleasure. It's too bad an
innocent little girl had to die in
service of your agenda.

CADE

I don't understand. What are you
talking about?

Quinn tosses a thick sheaf of paper on his desk.

QUINN

Maybe this will help jog your
memory.

CADE
What's that?

QUINN
You and Katia really should be more
clever when choosing fake user
names.

Cade's face pales when he skims through the posts. He's
busted and knows it. Only thing left to do is go on the
offensive.

CADE
Do you know have any idea how many
children are suffering from asthma,
ADD/ADHD, eczema or allergies
because they were vaccinated?

Olivia and Quinn share a puzzled look.

OLIVIA
No.

CADE
That's right. And neither does the
CDC. And yet, here you stand
accusing me of all sorts of nasty
business because I made the
educated decision to spare my child
the exposure from this government-
mandated quackery.

OLIVIA
Congressman--

CADE
Big Pharm is bank rolling
themselves by pushing their drugs
on people. Drugs that they do not
need. Drugs that Mother Nature
provides naturally. Instead, we're
exposing our kids to dangerous
chemicals and turn them into
autistic zombies or worse.

Quinn and Olivia share a stunned look. Zombies? Really?

INT. BENEDICT HOUSE/HALLWAY - DAY

Genesis skips down the stairs clutching her favorite teddy
bear. Not a care in the world.

Raised voices catch her attention.

CADE (O.S.)

Meanwhile, lawmakers are only too happy to turn a blind eye. As long as those drug companies keep their campaign coffers filled, they're just dandy with passing laws that trample on the freedoms of every day citizens. Freedoms that allow us to keep out kids safe. Just so they can make a profit. Vaccine companies have been sitting pretty on the government's teat for far too long.

She heads for Cade's office, curious. She peeks around the doorjamb where--

INT. BENEDICT HOUSE/OFFICE - DAY

Quinn and Olivia still face off with Cade.

QUINN

Never mind the fact that vaccines actually save lives. That's how herd immunization works.

CADE

That is a lie perpetuated by the liberal media.

QUINN

Yet proven by scientists.

CADE

Who all have an agenda.

There is no reasoning with this guy.

OLIVIA

That may be, Congressman Benedict, however, the fact remains: a child is dead due to your negligence. You knew that her immune system was suppressed and yet, you allowed your daughter, whom you chose not to immunize to visit her shortly after being exposed to measles. No matter how you slice it, Brita is dead because of your careless and callous indifference.

GENESIS

Daddy?

The adults all spin to look at the doorway where Genesis stares at them. Horrified, tears stream down her cheeks. She's the sweetest looking little angel of death imaginable.

CADE
Genesis, honey. Go back to your room. I'll be up in a minute.

GENESIS
Is it true? Is Brita dead?

Olivia and Quinn share a look. They never told her?

The little girl is barely holding it together now.

GENESIS (CONT'D)
I killed her?

CADE
No, sweetheart. You didn't kill anybody.

GENESIS
Then take me to her house. I want to see her. She's in remission.

Olivia is barely holding it together now. Even Quinn is shaken.

CADE
I'm sorry, sweetheart. She's gone.

Genesis starts a wailing sob. Cade tries to hug her, but she fights him off.

GENESIS
I hate you! I hate you!

Olivia and Quinn take that opportunity to slip out the door. Karma just paid the congressman back in spades. There's nothing left for them to do.

INT. WHITE HOUSE/OVAL OFFICE - DAY

The doctor is shown in. Fitz takes one look at the man's face. Things are not good. He sits heavily at his desk.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

Back to the wall, Jake reads a newspaper. He doesn't move when a scone appears on the table in front of him. He ignores it and Olivia when she sits in the chair next to him.

Her face is raw. The scene at the congressman's has pushed her over the edge.

OLIVIA

Let's just go. Anywhere. Nowhere. I don't care. But let's just go.

That got his attention.

JAKE

It's not a good idea--

Olivia's face is crestfallen. But just for a moment. She's not going to let him see her sweat. He takes his time folding the paper and putting it on the table. Leans in. Beyond serious.

JAKE (CONT'D)

--to wear white on the slopes. Bright colors all the way. So you're easy to spot. Think you can give up the white hat?

She smiles and takes his hand.

OLIVIA

Yellow is such a happy color. It's a nice, happy color. And nice, happy people wear it. I want a yellow hat.

JAKE

Rosen's gonna be pissed.

OLIVIA

Yellow hat, Jake. Yellow hat.

INT. OLIVIA POPE & ASSOCIATES/CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Huck and Quinn pull the case pictures off the window to close things out.

Olivia comes in, but it's not with her usual "get it done" walk.

OLIVIA

There you are. Good. We should talk.

QUINN

How's the vice president? Is she upset that Benedict played her?

OLIVIA

Not about that. Sit with me.

That gets Huck and Quinn's full attention. They look at her just as Olivia sits at the conference table. She never sits at the conference table. This cannot be good.

Huck and Quinn join her.

HUCK

Do we have a new client?

OLIVIA

No. In fact, Congressman Benedict is my final client. I'm out.

QUINN

What do you mean out?

OLIVIA

It was terrible of me to not even say goodbye last time and I'm so sorry for that--

HUCK

--Goodbye?

OLIVIA

I'm leaving Olivia Pope and Associates. For good.

Off Huck and Quinn's stunned faces.

END ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

INT. OLIVIA POPE & ASSOCIATES/CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Huck stoically takes in the changes at the table while Quinn stomps back and forth around the room. Olivia gives them space to process the news.

QUINN

Is this because you're still not feeling 100%? We can hold down the fort until you feel up to coming back.

OLIVIA

I feel fine. It's time for me to move on. To find something that makes me happy.

HUCK

People like us? We're not meant to be happy. The wrong things make us happy. So it's just not to be.

Olivia smiles. She goes to Huck and kisses the top of his head.

OLIVIA

Thank you for everything, Huck. I'm going to miss you like crazy.

Olivia gets in Quinn's path to stop her from pacing. Takes both her hands and squeezes.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

OPA is yours. Keep the name, don't keep the name. It doesn't matter. What matters is that you wear the white hat.

QUINN

Olivia, no--

OLIVIA

Check my desk. There's a file labeled "candidates" in the bottom left drawer. All people I've considered hiring over the years. You're going to need more associates.

QUINN

Please tell me that I'm the butt of a joke right now. You can't just walk away.

Olivia pulls a piece of paper from her pocket and tucks it in Quinn's hand.

OLIVIA

You'll be fine. Both of you. But in a dire, and I do mean dire, situation, you can reach me here.

Feeling herself get too emotional, Olivia quickly hugs Quinn then strides away. Leaves her devastated associates behind.

INT. OLIVIA'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Boxes everywhere. Olivia sorts through her belongings. Callously tosses more than she keeps. She heads for the bedroom, but the DOORBELL stops her.

She answers. A livid Abby pushes her way inside.

ABBY

Are you crazy? I mean, you must be crazy to even consider doing what you're doing.

OLIVIA

Hello, to you, too.

ABBY

Enough with the pleasantries.

Abby stomps over to the nearest box and looks inside.

ABBY (CONT'D)

So it is true. You are abandoning--

OLIVIA

I'm not abandoning--

ABBY

-- *abandoning* your hardworking, loyal associates at Olivia Pope and Associates.

OLIVIA

Quinn and Huck are more than capable of keep things going if they want to. They've done it before.

ABBY

For you. They've done it before *for* you. But now there's no you for them to do it.

OLIVIA

They have to do it for themselves. That's how it should be anyway.

Olivia hands some empty boxes to Abby and grabs some herself before heading into the--

INT. OLIVIA'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - DAY

Abby dogs Olivia's heels as she heads to her closet to inspect the rows and rows of drab suits.

OLIVIA

Besides. You were the one who told me that I had to save myself. Well, that's what I'm doing. I'm saving myself.

ABBY

What? When did I say that?

Olivia pauses, puzzled.

OLIVIA

Okay. So I may have hallucinated it when I was... away.

ABBY

Hallucination me sounds like a crackpot. You can't listen to hallucination me.

OLIVIA

Why not? She helped me survive then, she'll help me survive now.

Abby puffs up. A bit flattered for the moment. She shakes it off, remembering her purpose.

ABBY

You're not surviving. You're running away. Gladiators don't run. You taught me that.

OLIVIA

I'm not a gladiator. I'm just a girl...

Olivia pulls out several dark colored suits and wrinkles her nose. Packs them carelessly in boxes.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
...with an unimaginative wardrobe.

ABBY
You are not unimaginative. You are powerful. You are Olivia Pope. That name means something. Strong men tremble when they hear it.

OLIVIA
Then hopefully it'll still be of some use to Quinn and Huck. And you, too, if you decide to go back when Fitz's term is up.

Abby grabs at the stack of clothes Olivia is trying to put away to make her look at her.

ABBY
You're not listening to reason. Why aren't you listening to reason?

OLIVIA
I love you, Abby, but my decision is made. There's nothing here for me that doesn't involve pain and people being awful to one another. I don't want that in my life.

ABBY
So your answer is to just run away?

OLIVIA
We're all running from something.

INT. DAVID ROSEN'S OFFICE - DAY

David, surrounded by the B613 files, works hard on building his case for the Grand Jury. His cellphone RINGS on his desk.

INSERT PHONE

Abby's name is on the caller ID.

BACK TO SCENE

David sucks in a breath. He hits ignore. Goes back to the files.

The phone RINGS again.

INSERT PHONE

White House is on the caller ID.

BACK TO SCENE

David grits his teeth. He knows it's Abby. But what if it isn't? He answers on speakerphone.

DAVID

I'm in the middle of something,
Abby, can't this wait?

ABBY

Olivia is leaving and I can't talk
any sense into her.

DAVID

I am up to my eyeballs in prepping
the case of my life right now, but
you want me to stop so we can
discuss Olivia's travel plans?

ABBY

You are not hearing me, David.
She's *leaving*. As in hopping a
plane with Jake and heading for
parts unknown.

David sits up and rips off his glasses. She has his full
attention now.

DAVID

Jake is leaving the country? With
Olivia? He can't leave. Not until
after he testifies.

ABBY

Would you focus, please? Olivia is
not thinking clearly. She only
thinks she is. I'm sure it's just a
side effect of her memory rushing
back the way it did. I think she
enjoyed having amnesia.

DAVID

What? When did she have amnesia?

ABBY

Never mind. You have to help me
figure out how to keep her here.
With her friends. They're leaving
tonight.

DAVID

I've got to go, Abby. Thanks for calling.

ABBY

David, wait--

He hangs up, stands and grabs his suit jacket.

He pulls open his office door and comes face to face with a SECRET SERVICE AGENT who was just about to knock.

Fear flashes on his face while he tries to figure out if they are legit or if they are Rowan's men there to kill him.

DAVID

Yes?

The agent steps aside to reveal a ticked off Susan Ross and the rest of her SECURITY DETAIL. He relaxes a bit. He's going to live, but he's going to miss Jake.

SUSAN

Mr. Rosen. I'm so sorry to drop in like this. Especially without calling. It's so rude and I don't like being a rude person. That's not who I am.

DAVID

What can I do for you Madame Vice President?

SUSAN

Legislation to punish parents who neglect to immunize their children thus causing the deaths of other kids. How can we get some?

David looks at all the people crowding his office including HOLLY, his assistant. He's not leaving anytime, soon. He smiles at Susan and steps aside.

DAVID

Come on it.

INT. WHITE HOUSE/HALLWAY - NIGHT

Olivia glides down the hallway. She looks like a ray of sunshine in a yellow sundress and yes, she's already got on her yellow hat. It even has flowers on it. She smiles and acknowledges everyone she passes.

Cyrus falls into step beside her.

CYRUS

And here I was thinking that Red was going about telling tall tales. But here you are. Dressed like that.

OLIVIA

I stopped by your office first. I left you a little something.

CYRUS

Since it was probably your sanity, might I suggest that you take it back?

She stops walking and hugs him. He doesn't know what to do.

OLIVIA

I'm really going to miss you, Cyrus.

CYRUS

Your timing couldn't be worse, Liv. Our boy is hiding something from me and I've got a bad feeling about what it might be.

OLIVIA

I have faith in you. Whatever it is, you'll handle it. Just like always.

CYRUS

He needs you, Liv. He's been damn near unbearable since you had your little... mishap. And now you're up and leaving? Are you trying to kill me?

She squeezes his arm.

OLIVIA

My best to Michael.

INT. WHITE HOUSE/OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT

Fitz tries to read through some files at his desk. After a bit, he gives up. His heart is clearly not into it. He tosses his pen down and sits pensively in his chair.

Olivia enters.

OLIVIA

Fitz? I was told you have a few moments to see me.

He's lost in thought and doesn't hear. She comes closer.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Fitz?

He jumps when he finally realizes he's not alone. A relieved smile settles on his face, he's so happy to see her. He gets up to meet her halfway.

FITZ

I'd heard you'd regained your memory. Sorry I didn't get by to see you.

She gestures around the office.

OLIVIA

Of course. Not like you had anything else on your mind.

A frown flits over his face. Does she know?

FITZ

Susan filled me on the Benedict situation. She's exploring legislation to penalize parents who kill other children by not having their own kids vaccinated.

OLIVIA

She's already roped David into helping her.

Fitz nods. Just drinking in the sight of Olivia. She fidgets under the attention. Gives him a shaky smile.

FITZ

You look... different.

OLIVIA

I'm leaving.

FITZ

You should. If anyone could use a vacation, it's you.

OLIVIA

It's not a vacation.

An awkward silence settles between them. There's so much to say and neither know where to start.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
I came to say goodbye.

FITZ
You can't... leave, Olivia. Too many people need you.

OLIVIA
Do you know who needs me the most? I do. I need me. I can't continue down this path, Fitz. It is sucking away my very soul and I was too caught up to realize it. So I'm going to go away and fix me. Olivia Pope is my new client. I'm going to do what has to be done to fix her.

FITZ
Whatever it is you want, you can have it here. Do it here.

OLIVIA
Can I really? Can I really have what I want? Here. In this city?

She's got him over a barrel and he knows it.

He pours himself a drink.

FITZ
Where are you going?

OLIVIA
Fitz--

FITZ
Back to the beach? With him.

Olivia straightens her spine and faces him head on. Her gladiator's not completely dead.

OLIVIA
It's not your concern.

FITZ
Yes. You're right. Because you're not going. Not now and not like this.

She frowns at his confident tone.

OLIVIA
Excuse me?

FITZ
I need you back at the White House.
To help me finish out my term.

She stares at him like he's lost his mind. Shakes her head.
He is not going to suck her back in. She won't allow that.

OLIVIA
Goodbye, Fitz.

She turns to walk out the door.

FITZ
I have MS.

Olivia freezes. The color drains from her face. She spins to
look at him. Trying to understand.

INT. DULLES INTERNATIONAL - NIGHT

Jake, holding two tickets to Switzerland, checks his watch.
Other TRAVELLERS swirl around him. He adjusts his backpack
on his shoulder.

ANNOUNCER
Final call for Swiss Air flight
2807 to Zurich. Final call for
Swiss Air flight 2807 to Zurich.

Jake checks the door. No Olivia. She didn't choose him.
Again.

INT. WHITE HOUSE/OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT

Fitz's expression is that of terrified little boy. It breaks
Olivia's heart. They just stare at one another.

Finally--

OLIVIA
Who knows about this?

FITZ
You're the first. The only.

His voice cracks under the strain. She goes to him and holds
him. He clings to her. It terrifies her to feel how much he's
trembling.

Olivia rips the yellow hat off her head and flings it into the fireplace. Watches the thing burn while holding Fitz.

Just like that, her white hat is back on.

END OF SHOW