House.of.Cards.S03E13

Owner's coming in next week.

Anybody off the books, he'll be on my ass.

If I switch some doubles with Benito, is that okay?

Whatever you and him wanna work out.

Welcome to Caracas. The time is 3:21--

We've been lying for a long time, Francis.

Of course we have.

Imagine what the voters would think if we started telling the truth.

Not to them.

To each other.

What do you mean?

You know what? Never mind.

No. How have we been lying to each other?

- We're not. - You just said that.

We've begun our final descent into Des Moines.

Please find a seat and put your seat belts on.

Should we talk?

No. I shouldn't have said anything.

Where is she?

Tell me where she is.

I don't know, man.

- You don't know? - I don't know.

God!

I'm not asking again.

- My computer. - I tried that.

- It's locked. - I'll give you the code.

- You don't have anything more? - That's all I have.

- How current is this? - She's there, I promise.

I found you once. I can find you again.

If this information is wrong, you die.

You try to contact her, you die.

Frank Underwood is a dangerous man.

Because power in the hands of those who lack honesty,

lacks a moral compass.

And without a moral compass, power runs amok.

Heather Dunbar can question my husband's choices.

She can criticize his policies.

But to cast aspersions on his character is proof of desperation.

If he will lie about the death of a US soldier,

what else is he lying about?

We know he already lied about not running in 2016.

The people of Iowa know better.

They see the same man I see:

a strong, decisive leader who doesn't always do what's popular,

but he always does what's right.

The decision you make next Tuesday

is one you'll live with for years.

For three decades, I've stood by my husband's side.

Because I know he stands up for people like you.

You have the power to choose.

Choose progress over pettiness.

You have the power, not him.

Choose a president over a charlatan.

Ladies and gentlemen, my husband,

President Frank Underwood.

Thank you! Thank you very much.

I'm gonna give you one good reason

why Heather Dunbar doesn't stand a chance on Tuesday.

She doesn't have Claire Underwood standing by her side.

I want to spend a few minutes talking about the future

that we are going to build together.

And I say together, because I can't do it alone.

I need your help.

Meet me out back.

- You have it? - Yeah. How about you?

Cassie Lockhart.

Social Security card, driver's license, birth certificate.

It's all legit.

Why "Cassie"? It's not even a real first name.

I mean, if it were short for something, like Cassandra.

- But as your legal name? - It's all there.

Hey, Cassie, take a hundred back if you want it.

My truck's right there.

You keep it.

Come on. I gave you a big discount. Show some gratitude.

Go home to your wife... and kids.

I want you to fuck me, Francis.

- I'm working. - Shut up.

What is going on?

I want you to be rough with me.

- Take me. - Claire.

- Now, listen. - Do it. Now!

Is this what you want?

- You want this? - Yes.

- Yes. - You want it rough?

I want you to look at me.

Look at me while you do it.

That's what I thought.

Yes, I'd like to arrange a room for the First Lady, please.

Yes, right away.

I think you should go back to Washington in the morning.

Sorry I'm late. I did a double at the store last night.

- No worries. - I'll work quick.

About 200,000 miles.

It's not much to look at, but... it runs well.

- How much? - Twelve hundred.

But I don't got a title, so

technically, you're just buying it for parts.

Have gas in the tank?

Yeah, you can drive her right out.

- You'll need plates, though. - I got plates.

- Cash okay? - It's all we take.

Underwood! Underwood! Underwood!

Yes, I'm good.

Ladies and gentlemen,

the President of the United States, Frank Underwood!

Thank you! Thank you very much.

It's good to be back in Iowa City!

Claire couldn't be here today, but she wants you to know

she's a big Hawkeyes fan.

Now here, at one of the country's finest public universities,

I wanna talk to you about Heather Dunbar's preference for--

- Hey, can you do another double tomorrow? - Yeah, no problem.

- All right, have a good night. - You, too.

Hi, I'm Cassie Lockhart.

Hello. Cassie.

Cassie. C-A-double-S-I-E.

Lockhart. L-O-C-K-H-A-R-T.

April 21st-- Just a second! -

I've got rent money for you--

No, no, no, no. I have good news.

Bianca got her protected status.

Oh, my God! That's so great!

She says thank you for all your help with her paperwork.

- Of course. - We're celebrating.

Maria got a bottle from her Thursday house.

They gave it to me for the holidays.

This is nice.

I know, it's really terrible.

She has family in Houston.

They're gonna help her get into community college.

I'm so happy for her.

What about you, eh? You're not staying here forever.

Once I save up enough, I want to get my own car.

And have enough for my own place.

Here in Santa?

Up north, I think. In the woods somewhere.

I miss the trees and the rain.

Someplace quiet.

Something new.

Yeah.

Well, you're a smart girl, Lisa.

I'm sure you're gonna get everything you want.

If Bianca can do it, you can.

To Bianca! And her new life.

- Salud! - Salud!

Sir?

Do you think she can join us tomorrow?

- The press are starting to ask. - If we win,

it'll be strange if she isn't standing next to you

for your victory speech.

Even stranger if you have to make a concession speech.

If I have to make a concession speech,

the absence of the First Lady will be the least of our problems.

I'm going for a run. Can you arrange the detail, please?

Ma'am, if you run in public, it might...

Might what?

I'm sorry, ma'am. I'll take care of it right away.

No, if it's a problem with me running, tell me.

It might highlight the fact that you're not in Iowa.

Right there, please.

Quiet.

Help! No!

You want me to put you out again?

Open your mouth. Open it.

I won't make any noise.

You make one sound, or you move an inch...

- What? - I won't.

I won't scream or anything.

Nataly puts the ball on the 44 ya--

Jesus is knocking on--

Less than 24 hours to go before the Iowa caucuses,

the Republicans have a broad field with no clear front-runner.

For the Democrats,

President Underwood has gained momentum in the polls.

A rise that many political experts are attributing

to the recent appearance of Claire Underwood in the--

Every major poll has it as a dead heat,

with both candidates hovering at 45 percent.

That still leaves one in ten likely caucus-goers

who won't be making their decision until tomorrow evening.

Mrs. Underwood, the president is on the phone for you.

President Underwood spent the last full day of campaigning

traversing the state, completing his tour of all 99 Iowa counties.

- Hello? - Listen.

No matter what happens tomorrow night, I want you by my side.

Are you open to that?

Claire?

I'll fly out in the morning.

No, no. You can come in the afternoon.

You don't have to do any events or press, just...

be there with me when I make my speech.

- I said yes. - Thank you.

Of course.

Last night...

Let's not. I'll see you tomorrow.

- All right. Good night. - Good night.

I'm sorry for what I did to you.

I wish I could take it back.

I told you to be quiet.

I thought I killed you.

When I heard on the news you were alive, I felt so relieved.

- I doubt that. - I mean it.

I would pray for you.

Probably sounds strange, but it's true.

I would, because I felt so bad. You didn't deserve what I did.

None of this is going to change anything.

Where are we going?

Doesn't matter.

Is it gonna be a while? 'Cause I have to pee.

You can pee back there.

You don't want that. The smell.

It's either that or you hold it.

- It hurts. - Too bad.

All right then, I'm gonna do it.

Mrs. Underwood.

Please, come sit.

Thank you for coming.

I'm sorry for how everything has worked out. It's unfortunate.

I'm sure it's been difficult for you,

with all of the effort you put in.

Is this how it works?

He nixes the book, you soften the blow?

No, Tom, it's not that.

Francis doesn't even know I asked you here.

Why did you ask me?

Because I was wondering if...

we could talk honestly to each other.

If you'd be open to that.

- About what? - New Hampshire.

Did you let me pass out that day on purpose?

When I was giving blood.

I let you keep talking. I didn't know you'd pass out.

And you didn't see it coming?

You had things you wanted to say.

And what did I say... before I blacked out?

Was there anything else other than what you wrote?

You don't remember?

Some. But not all of it.

I'm asking for me. Because I need to know.

Hatred.

For how much you and Frank needed each other.

I used that word? Hate?

You did.

And of all the moments...

that you spent with Francis and myself, you...

You believe that we're equals?

I got fired, Mrs. Underwood. I'm not on the clock anymore.

There's a lot more to Francis and me than what you wrote.

Maybe so, but I never got a chance to ask.

Then ask. Whatever you want.

Why aren't you with him? In Iowa?

I'm heading there tomorrow.

You see?

I ask a question, and neither of you answer them.

It's tiresome, constantly swinging a sledgehammer at the façade,

just to get a glimpse through the cracks.

Tell me what you see.

Somebody who's lost.

But I don't know.

Maybe it's all for the best.

I'd rather imagine who you might be

than who you actually are.

Good luck, Claire.

That's enough.

- It calms me. - Then sing it in your head.

You're gonna be able to live with yourself?

What's the point?

I can't hurt you.

No one's ever gonna find me or know who I am.

I'm never gonna say anything.

Quiet.

If it's about punishing me, you don't have to.

This last year, some of the things I've had to do,

I wouldn't wish it on anyone.

I said quiet.

What did the overnight internals say?

Still a toss-up. Less than half a point gap.

- Her or me? - Doesn't matter.

The margin of error is four-point-five.

The last few days, the lead's gone back and forth three times.

Bottom line is turnout.

- Sir? - Yes, I'm almost ready.

May I speak to you for a moment privately?

- Yes. Thank you. - I'll be right outside.

I just got word that Mrs. Underwood has postponed her flight here.

- What? Why? - I don't know, sir.

Also, Agent Swift, the head of her detail...

he said Tom Yates came to the residence last night.

- Tell Vaughn I'll be down in a few minutes. - Yes, sir.

This is Claire. Please leave a message.

This is Claire. Please leave a message.

It's me. When you get this message, will you please call me?

Listen, if you breathe deeply,

you're gonna pass out right away.

- Please. - Then nothing's gonna hurt.

Doug, please. Please.

Help!

No one can hear you. Lie down, Rachel.

Look, Rachel's gone!

That is who I am now.

Look, I know you don't want to do this.

You-- You could--

You could've done it in the parking lot last night,

but you didn't, you kept me alive!

I know this isn't who you are.

Please.

Please. Please. Please, just let me go.

Please.

Doug.

Doug, please. Please. Please just let me go.

- Please! Doug! Please! - Fuck!

The president is on the line for you again.

You told him I'm not feeling well?

Yes, ma'am. He'd still like to speak with you.

Tell him I'm sleeping.

I'm sleeping. Please tell him.

Yes, ma'am.

Here.

I don't know why you had to run that night.

All I ever tried to do was keep you safe.

I was afraid. I wasn't thinking.

I'm sorry.

I know you have a good heart.

You're saying that because you want me to let you go.

Look at me.

Look at me, Doug.

You don't have to kill Rachel.

She's already dead.

She died in those woods, and it's better that way.

She didn't have a very good life.

But... But if you do this,

you're not killing Rachel, you're killing Cassie.

And...

all Cassie Lockhart wants to be is someplace far away.

Someplace where nobody'll ever find her.

She likes to go to the movie theater.

It doesn't matter what's showing,

just... she likes the smell of the popcorn.

She wants a dog.

A black lab.

And a queen-size bed.

Lots of blankets to curl up in. She doesn't want much.

She just wants to be invisible.

Hey, look at me.

My name is Cassie Lockhart.

Give me your ankles.

Give me your hands.

Come on.

Let's go.

Some water.

There's a town 20 miles that way.

First off, I'd like to congratulate President Underwood

for his victory here tonight.

It was a tight race and he came out on top.

No. No, no, no, no!

Let's not be sore losers here.

Because the truth is, we haven't lost.

We are just getting started!

I want to thank all the staff and volunteers

who worked so hard over the past several months.

We should get going.

I want to try Claire one more time. See if she'll come out.

That's three hours from now, even if she left this minute.

But the crowd will wait.

We don't want to squander primetime.

A speech at one in the morning, we lose major viewership.

My children and my dear husband...

Fine. Let's go.

How do you want to handle the stage if she's not on it?

I won't need a stage.

Thank you for coming out.

Thank you very much. Thank you.

Thank you very much. Thank you. Thank you.

Well, Iowa has spoken.

And they have spoken so loud,

that I don't even need a microphone.

Listen, I wanted to come down here

to our campaign headquarters in Des Moines,

not go to some fancy hotel ballroom like you know who,

and say to all of you who worked day in and day out,

on our behalf for this campaign, in every corner of this state...

It's because of you that we brought it home tonight!

Now, I know you're all wondering where Claire is.

Some of you may know she's been a little under the weather.

She's from Texas.

She doesn't understand these Iowa winters you have.

But she's on the mend and I'm flying to Washington tonight,

so that tomorrow she and I can get on a plane

and fly to New Hampshire, where we are gonna win there, too!

Claire.

They told me you were down here.

I just wanted to come somewhere to think.

Well, I hope you have.

And that whatever was clouding your mind is gone.

Because I just had to give a victory speech... alone.

And one way or another,

I need you on that plane with me tomorrow.

No. The desk.

Left-hand drawer.

You still have this.

Yes.

It felt wrong to throw it out, for some reason.

When I said we were lying, what I meant was...

For all these years, I thought we were on this path together.

But it's not what I thought it would be.

What I convinced myself it would be,

like what Thomas wrote.

- We're two equal parts. - We are.

You really believe that?

We earned this together.

I said that to your face

the first day I walked in here as president.

It's your office. Not mine.

I have not made a single major decision

without asking your opinion first.

But see, that's it. You make the decisions.

Anything that I want, like the UN...

It made me ill, Francis. My stomach turned.

Why, because you had to resign?

No, because I had to ask for your help in the first place.

That I couldn't get the confirmation on my own.

And what is wrong with asking for my help when you need it?

The fact that I need it.

I hate that feeling. It's not me.

I don't recognize myself when I look in the mirror.

I do things... like I did in the hotel in Iowa.

I can't even talk with you about it.

Instead you want me to slap you around like some animal.

That's what we are when we strip everything away.

- That I can understand! - It was deranged,

begging me to take you like that.

And you couldn't even give that to me.

If you wanted a husband who proved his manhood to you that way,

you should've stayed back in Dallas with your mother

and married the prom king.

At least I would've known where I stood.

No, you can't have it both ways.

You want an equal partner when it suits you?

You want a man to take charge when it suits you?

And I'm supposed to what, just divine when you want which?

Stop being so selfish. You're better than that.

- I'm not being selfish. - You are.

We're in the middle of an election, and look at us.

That's exactly it. Look at us, Francis.

We used to make each other stronger.

At least I thought so, but that was a lie.

We were making you stronger.

And now I'm just weak and small,

and I can't stand that feeling any longer.

All right. What do you want?

What is the goddamn alternative?

Please, Claire, tell me, because I don't understand.

All I am hearing is, it's not enough.

That the White House is not enough.

That being First Lady is not enough.

- Not enough! - No.

It's you that's not enough.

When we lose... because of you...

there will be nothing.

No plan. No future.

We will only be has-beens.

And you want to amount to something?

Well, here is the brutal fucking truth.

And you can hate me, you can be disgusted,

you can feel whatever it is you wanna feel

because frankly, I'm beyond caring.

But without me, you are nothing.

You're right. This office has one chair.

And you have always known that from the very beginning.

And if you now can't stomach that,

well, then I'm a fool for having married you in the first place.

But I don't have time to be a fool.

I have to run this country and win a nomination.

I'm doing my job.

Doug is out there doing his job.

And it's time now for you to do yours.

You want me to take charge? Fine. I will take charge.

You will get on that plane tomorrow.

You will come to New Hampshire.

You will smile and shake hands and kiss babies.

And you will stand with me on a stage.

And you will be the First Lady!

And you do all that.

I don't give a damn if you vomit on your own time.

You're scheduled to depart in 20 minutes, sir.

Thank you. Check in with the First Lady, make sure she's ready.

Yes, sir.

So?

Are you okay?

I'm good to go, sir.

Yes?

Ma'am, the president wanted me to check and see if you're ready.

Ma'am?

Francis.

I'm not going to New Hampshire.

Yes, you are. I'll see you in the car.

I'm leaving you.

Claire.