House.of.Cards.S06E02

There's a bill sitting on your desk.

A bill that took years to get passed.

You sign that,

and I know I got a friend in the White House.

If not...

Then I don't.

This is not a negotiation,

this is an ultimatum. Sign the bill or what?

Or what?

- Is she shot? - Stay down, stay down!

Somebody tried to kill her.

Bill.

Were you behind this?

I won't be signing that today.

That was a mistake.

Who do you answer to?

I mean, who do you work for?

Well, maybe it's time to give him one of the antipsychotics.

Happy Birthday, America.

Whatever Francis told you the last five years,

don't believe a word of it.

He's still with us, don't you think?

We're so glad we got to spend so much time with him before he died.

He told us some fascinating things.

Stop. Claire Hale.

Do you miss Francis?

I want a Declaration, Roger. So we can send them in.

But, Madam President--

I have the Guard, FEMA and the EPA

mobilized and waiting on the outskirts of that town.

I just got off the phone with the refinery.

The leak is well on its way to burning off.

My understanding is that the air quality is dangerous.

The levels are somewhat elevated, yes,

- but the winds are in our favor. - And subject to change.

That's how wind works.

This will all be over in a day or two,

the idea of keeping these families out of their homes--

This is a prudent precaution

and on my watch, that's what I want to happen.

I don't think we should exaggerate the situation.

Do you remember where you were on election night, Governor?

Because I do.

You were going to lose.

Statistically, there is no reason you should have won.

Keep the phone away from your mouth

while you're thinking, Governor.

I can hear you breathing.

Yes.

I do believe I need to declare a state of emergency.

Of course, it's your call.

And I assure you,

you will have the full support of the federal government.

I promised myself I wouldn't be like him.

That was textbook Francis, wasn't it?

But he handed me over to them like a shaker of salt

and now they won't let go.

This is a wound of their own making.

Mr. Vice President?

Yeah, come in.

Do you need a moment, sir?

No, no.

What is it?

Okay.

Governor?

They said it was fine.

It smelled like rotten eggs and trash. That's all.

You could smell it coming out of the faucet.

And then my son, his-- his nose started to bleed and I thought,

- "Is that related?" - Where is your little boy right now?

Now? He's in triage with his mom.

- He's my heart, that little guy. - No, I know. I know.

But, ma'am. If I may. You--

You have to tell us. Is this real or not?

Because at first they said that we don't need to evacuate,

and then all of a sudden that we should.

I want you to know everything is going to be all right.

I promise you.

We were relying on that plant to keep us informed.

Sir, you and your safety

is the most important thing.

In fact, all of the families of Bellport,

nothing else matters.

I want to give my thanks to Governor Olmstead

for his quick and decisive act this morning

in declaring a state of emergency.

We have FEMA, we have EPA,

the Ohio National Guard.

They're all here.

No one should ever feel unsafe.

In her own home.

And how is it you have no idea, Mark?

- It doesn't matter. - Oh, it does matter.

It speaks to this untenable arrangement.

Later, I said. Let's stay focused on our response.

She was all set to sign the bill this morning.

We had photographers, a press pool waiting, the whole thing.

- But she didn't sign it, did she? - I'm on my way there now.

Because she was too busy

manufacturing an emergency out of nothing.

Look, let's not forget who escalated this. Okay?

Excuse me?

If we're working together, Bill,

I need to be included in every decision.

Every one.

This conversation's over.

Oh, for God's sakes.

I'll join Annette in Bellport.

No, you won't.

One of you showing up on site is bad enough.

Annette, call me back.

Mark.

Mark, are you still there?

Yes.

Let me talk to him. I'll circle back.

Hello, everyone.

My name is Kelsey Stewart.

I'm the deputy press secretary,

and I will be taking your questions today.

Sarah.

Is it true that Governor Olmstead

was resistant to declaring a state of emergency?

The Governor did declare a state of emergency,

and the White House concurs.

Something very wrong happened in that plant.

Yes.

Arcas has been slow to provide any details

when it comes to the leak and explosion.

Not to mention the two lives lost in the accident.

Have they been cooperating with the White House?

Now that the president is on the ground,

it seems that, yes, they have been more agreeable.

That's not the real question, though.

Somebody might want to ask,

where is Shepherd Unlimited in all of this?

The Arcas Refinery is a subsidiary of the family's conglomerate.

Are you saying that the Shepherds

are personally aware of problems at the plant?

Who is responsible and how

is all the White House and the president

are trying to find out at this point.

Will this have any effect

on the regulatory bill on the president's desk?

The president will be speaking on that shortly.

Marcus.

Was the president planning to divorce the former president

in the days leading up to his death?

Let's...

- Mr. Vice President. - Morning, everyone.

I hope Miss Stewart won't mind me taking a couple of questions.

Mr. Vice President, one question!

Marcus, who's your source?

- Unnamed officials. - Nope. We don't do that anymore.

We need names. You have a name?

I mean really, where do you get this?

The former president

spent his last night alive

next to his wife in the White House. Period.

As for Bellport...

let's not jump to conclusions before all the facts are in.

What else?

We still going door to door, but it's really a precaution.

Are there enough beds?

We have a few church basements

and the local jail if we need more.

Whatever hydrogen sulfide there is left in the air

is already dissipating.

In a day or two, people will be back sleeping in their own beds.

You have to understand,

Madam President,

most everyone overreacts when it comes to chemicals.

We have years of experience--

And the men who died in the accident?

That's tragic, of course. They were valued employees.

Members of the community. There's no way to replace them.

And Bill Shepherd?

- Yes. - Have you heard from him?

I've kept him informed, as well as all of our partners.

Bill called me directly.

They're ready to do whatever's needed.

They're important to Bellport.

They built the local stadium.

Even this gymnasium. They contributed--

No, I'm well aware of the family's philanthropy.

That wasn't the question.

Yes, Mr. Shepherd has been monitoring the situation closely.

I would like to tour the area.

Is that a problem, Governor?

No, no, not to my understanding.

I was hoping to get you over to--

to where we set up our triage.

It might be best if we stick to the itinerary--

I'd actually like to see it for myself.

Unless, of course, you tell me otherwise.

No, of course not.

The guard marks the doors of the evacuees.

Pretty standard procedure.

Stop the car. I think I see someone.

Stop the car.

Madam President, we'll have someone circle back.

Stop the car now.

Damn it.

Is she safe?

Nothing is 100% safe.

Hello. Anyone here?

The boy could have lost an eye.

That's not how we treat people.

How could she?

My God, Elizabeth, stop it.

Am I raising a daughter or an animal?

They're the animals, the way they attacked her.

Oh, of course, take her side. Of course!

It's time she learned about the world.

Pretty girls have a responsibility to their beauty.

I'll bet she dared those boys.

Shame on her.

Why can't you just do as you're told?

Why, indeed?

Madam President! Madam President.

Madam President...

might be best if we head back.

So, the house is safe?

Drink it then.

I thought so.

- But what am I agreeing to? - I can read it for you.

I can read.

And what's this for?

That lets the app figure out

how we can be most helpful.

It can be tailored to your specific needs.

We want to keep you informed.

We want you to know what happens before it happens.

You can't trust the government to do that.

Hello, my name is Seth Grayson.

Nice to meet you.

I'm with Shepherd Freedom Foundation,

can I talk to you for a second?

Sure thing. I was looking at the pamphlet saying just...

It's the president.

Madam President.

Whose idea was it? To leave it on his bed?

Not here.

The Shepherd Freedom Foundation is here to help.

The federal government is here to help you.

Yes, Madam President.

The only way America's problems will be solved

is through alliances between government and private industry,

each doing its part.

The Commander in Chief and I go way back.

We do. And I know I have the full cooperation

from the Shepherd family.

The blatant disregard for human life

exhibited by companies like Arcas--

Arcas is committed to the safety of its workers.

And with the help of...

the right kind of legislation, like the FUTURE Act.

Which is under review at the moment.

Until then,

I am hereby moving the EPA's Criminal Investigative Division

into the Pentagon,

where it will enjoy the forces and the resources of our military.

And they will investigate this disaster.

I swear on my husband's grave,

I will find out what happened here.

Thank you for your support.

I wanted to leave it on your bed.

Don't be thick, thick I can't use.

Did she actually ask for a divorce?

As if that matters.

And if I'm asked to justify the question?

It was justified the moment they didn't have an answer.

The last thing the president wants

is to be talking about the former president.

Let me ask you this.

How did your mother feel

when the president yanked her hand away like that?

That's none of your goddamn business, Marcus.

- Recoil? Is that the word you used? - Yeah,

that's what I see.

- Are you kidding me? - No.

Are we really gonna waste time

dissecting a gesture between two women?

Nora's right. I was there.

There wasn't a recoil.

I gotta agree with Tom here.

For me, it's Annette Shepherd sort of manhandling the president

as a sign of victory, and then I detect a flinch.

A slight flinch, then recoil.

- Recoil? I mean-- - She's trying to separate herself

from the primary source of the funding for what was to be

- the Francis J. Underwood Foundation. - This is about culpability.

She went to Bellport to hold those responsible accountable.

Companies like Shepherd Unlimited have been hamstrung.

And that's why this bill on her desk is so important.

Legislation means nothing without proper enforcement.

Weaponizing the EPA is wrongheaded.

And it does nothing to make--

Instead of ascribing negative motives to her every action,

why can't we just accept that President Underwood

was out there being presidential?

She put the fear of God

into you and your new friends, Mr. Grayson.

Being "Presidential" means signing the bill

and modernizing antiquated regulations.

As if you would know.

What's that supposed to mean?

Her husband, whose administration you were a part of,

was about to--

Was in the midst of setting up a philanthropic foundation.

Her husband was about to be indicted.

Excuse me, there wasn't even a grand jury.

I have it on good authority

he was about to be indicted, and she was about to pardon him.

But she also wanted a divorce.

To save herself. Distance herself.

Because, come on. Are you telling me

she knew nothing of what he was up to?

- If he was guilty, she was guilty. - Tom? Tom,

I have great respect for you

and the work you've done at the Herald.

But are you even capable of defining her on her own terms?

I'm sorry. One minute she's playing the grieving widow

- and the next, she's riding on the coattails. - Case in point.

This may be an unseemly thing to say,

but it's quite possible

her husband's death was the president's lucky day.

You can say whatever you want in here.

Whatever your feeling, thinking.

I'm questioning your ability.

My ability?

To tell the difference between justifiable paranoia and--

Do you use the word anymore?

"Madness?"

What do you feel paranoid about?

Myself, maybe.

Why we do what we do and for who?

Who's more evil, Doctor,

the taskmaster or the tasked?

Do you feel like Francis Underwood betrayed you?

I guess I'm wondering who betrayed him.

Who do you think?

You?

I don't know if these sessions are helping me anymore.

Why are you trying to drug me up, Doctor?

I think you should consider it.

Clozapine.

You must know what that does to a person.

They're a newer class of antipsychotics, Doug.

The side effects

are not as sensational as some of the older ones.

You don't have to suffer like this.

From my understanding,

the side effects themselves can make you look--

And again, I'm asking you if you use this word "mad."

Are you fucking kidding me?

Pardon?

You're gonna talk to me about side effects

while you look at your fucking clock?

No, you're right. I'm sorry.

We're gonna have to take this up tomorrow afternoon.

This is a much bigger conversation.

No, I'm talking now.

I'm sorry, but your time is up.

I don't give a fuck about the time.

Mr. Stamper.

I'm glad that you finally decided

to take advantage of your time here,

but you know the rules.

I'm not going anywhere.

Mr. Stamper, please.

I don't want to have to call someone, but I will.

This is bullshit.

Your uncle is not happy.

Are you aware of how many of your sentences

start with you quoting him?

He's right.

This circus backfired.

- I thought you were wonderful. - Your uncle thinks

- we've made a bad situation worse. - Mom.

Now I'm the face of this thing.

Which we will use to our advantage.

She called us out by name.

We can spin it any way we want.

Work the Congress.

Even if she vetoes the bill, they can override it.

She overreacted.

- And it made a fool of me. - I'm telling you,

you won.

She thinks she did.

I know that expression, trust me.

She can't decide if she's Lady Macbeth or Macbeth.

- Your uncle takes it from here. - No.

This isn't personal for me,

not like it is for you and Uncle Bill.

You know he hates the spotlight,

for any of us.

Prefers an old school way of dealing with things.

- I... - And don't think you know everything.

Because you don't.

Let me talk to Uncle Bill.

He's taken a suite at the Hay-Adams.

Frank's old room.

It's Doug Stamper, Madam US Attorney.

- How did you get this number? - Don't hang up.

The next call I expect is from your lawyer. In my office.

You really shouldn't.

Mr. Stamper,

- this is highly-- - I'm going to recant.

Are you there?

Yes.

I'm going to lay out how it's going to go.

And you stop me at any point if I'm wrong.

But I'm going to recant.

Which means you're going to need a new prosecutor.

Because you're going to have to recuse yourself

so you can testify against me.

And this call we're on,

is not going to look very good for you.

Anything you say in court will be ruled hearsay.

And the judge,

if he's in a good mood, is going to ask for more evidence,

and you and your new prosecutor aren't going to have any.

Et cetera, et cetera, et cetera.

This case isn't going to make your career.

The case that's going change your life

is the prosecution of Claire Underwood.

It's gruesome,

what's gone on here.

I checked all the log books myself.

I spoke with the executive housekeeper.

She interviewed the staff. Nobody knows anything.

So his ring just appeared on his bed by magic?

My feeling is,

it's not the fact of it that we should be focusing on.

But...

what it means.

Tell me, Mark. What kind of people dig up a man's grave

and remove a ring from his cold...

hard finger?

The same people that are generating this drum beat

about Francis' pardon and your divorce.

You are daring them.

You've turned it into a spectacle, and now they will not stop.

Believe me. These people will not rest.

You need to make amends.

For slighting her?

- For identifying them? - You have to give them something.

- I don't believe in the bill. - Oh, goddamn it!

This bill. Are you listening?

Do you want to spend the rest of your presidency

defending your dead husband,

defending his...

deeds?

Because they will make sure

that every waking and even sleeping moment

of your time in the White House is about him!

Make amends for the last hundred days.

Then you can have the next four years.

When you present the

scholarship at the Take Aim Club this weekend,

Annette Shepherd will be there.

She's on the board. They're all donors.

Appear with your old friend...

and sign this bill.

You know, I can help you...

with the Shepherds. I know how to talk to them.

And please, please explain to me why you thought...

putting that elevated intern

in front of the press yesterday serves you.

- Because she's honest. - I had Mitch Glazer lined up.

- He's got 30 years of-- - Because she's not Mitch.

Because I know you pushed out Sean.

Sean Jeffries had a hard time telling the truth.

Your truth?

Yes, the one that keeps you in power.

And now what?

We've traded his ambition for her naïveté?

I believe her.

And so will everyone else.

- I'm sorry, do you need me to-- - No, no,

actually, I was looking for you.

I wanted to apologize for yesterday.

No, please.

- I was happy to have your help. - Okay.

You know Sean's not coming back, right?

I heard.

The president must see something in you.

What do you think that is?

It was an amazing opportunity.

And I've heard there are

some wonderful candidates for the position.

Yeah.

Well, until then...

why don't you to continue on

as acting press secretary.

Of course. Yes, sir.

And thank you and the president.

Do you believe in her, Miss Stewart?

I do.

I ask because...

I want you to know there are powerful forces out there

that are invested in seeing her fail.

So you're gonna hear rumors. You're gonna hear innuendos.

You'll need to stick to your talking points.

Not get lured off-track with, what, salacious questions.

I understand.

Right now, I'm the de facto chief of staff.

So, if you need...

help or advice,

you know where to find me.

Good luck.

Thank you.

There's a fire burning in the Valley outside of Los Angeles.

So, the Foundation sends volunteers in,

we sign them up for the app.

How many signed up in Bellport?

In and around the area, close to 50,000 phones.

But beside the fires, there's flooding in the Panhandle.

It's been raining for days.

There's a pipeline that's burst in North Dakota.

And my nephew came up with this?

Well, it's based on pre-existing technology, but...

he saw the potential.

Essentially they're handing over their phones,

which as you know,

is basically an extension of the self at this point.

Duncan calls them "the sarcophagi of our souls."

We'll be crawling peoples' phones.

You get to decide what people see and when.

Did Frank take this room because of the view?

Yes, I think he did.

You respected him.

Did you fear him?

Yes.

But you always knew where you stood with him.

And her?

You never know.

Did the workers at the plant sign up for the app?

- Most of them did, yes. - Good.

Good.

I'm glad you're working with us, Seth.

Your perspective, when it comes to the Underwoods,

my nephew.

I appreciate it.

Retired agents?

They're freelance now.

Working for Nexis Securities. A lot of guys do it.

Apparently these two have been on the ground in Gaffney

for the last week or so.

- Hired by who? - We don't know yet.

But they're making enough so that one of them just purchased

a second home on the Chesapeake Bay.

They...

broke into your Gaffney residence, ma'am.

What? Where was Secret Service?

And why wasn't I alerted?

Because no one was alerted.

They left it completely untouched,

as far as anyone can tell.

How did you know anyone was there, then?

An insomniac neighbor

who spotted the light from a phone screen inside.

Taking pictures, I'm assuming.

My, my, my.

Night life in Gaffney certainly has picked up.

Started when I was a kid.

Whenever the opportunity would present itself,

I'd slip my hand into a coat pocket to see what I could find.

A stranger's pocket is a window into his soul.

And what did you find?

Condoms.

Mints. Keys.

Did you steal what you found?

Not the mints. Because that would be cruel.

Was that you...

on the way to the airport?

Were you trying to teach her a lesson?

- Talk to Bill. - Come on.

I already did.

- She's late. - Yeah, she's the president.

You know, you have a weakness for strong women.

No, really.

You think they need your help.

Really?

- Still? - No, no.

I chew now.

I just like to...

play with this.

Wait.

She's here.

Madam President, Duncan Shepherd.

- Hello. - Claire.

Annette.

I see you've met Duncan.

- Shall we? - Yes.

Don't ever recoil from me again.

Ain't 50 nifty?

I think the last time you dragged me into a bathroom,

it was to show off your hickey.

I don't think your brother is gonna let up, Annette.

Until he gets his ring kissed directly, I think.

Reminds me of someone you were married to.

No. Bill and Francis are very different people.

Agreed.

You know I slept with him once.

Your brother?

Your husband.

I know.

Interesting.

Though, come to think of it, I guess it makes sense.

What does?

That your marriage allowed for that.

Well, it was the '98 campaign.

Francis was facing a robust challenger,

and there you were at some DC fundraiser or other.

It was at the Union Station,

- East Hall. - Yes.

And there you were, dangling your checkbook.

So, it sounds like a favorable transaction all around.

- Is that what he told you? - I never asked for details.

I mean, I was curious.

I really was.

He was a good kisser, I'll say that.

But then the rest was so underwhelming.

Felt like he wasn't all there.

Like, he wasn't...

all in, so to speak.

Of course, my first thought, and...

isn't this true of most women?

Was to wonder if it was me.

Was I somehow less skilled

than I like to believe I am?

Well, I can't really answer to that, Annette.

I can.

It was him.

And...

I bet it was never very different with you.

Even you.

The blonde goddess.

Even with you. Am I right?

It's really only dawning on me now.

The sacrifice you made.

I sort of pity you.

What you must have denied yourself all those years.

And this is where I tell you to shut your mouth, Annette.

You don't know anything about marriage,

much less mine.

Tell yourself whatever you want, Claire.

We both know the truth.

He's waiting for you down the hall in the prep kitchen.

My brother.

I can still do it by the way.

Can you?

Well, you missed dinner.

I can have 'em make you whatever you like.

I'm not hungry.

The secret here is how much

lemon juice you put in.

Balance out the butter.

People and hollandaise.

They think it tastes like money.

- A night at the hotel. - What where you looking for?

There's nothing in the Gaffney home of value.

Frank did things.

And you just, what?

Look the other way?

That shot you took at me, it's not like you to be so reckless.

You don't scare easy.

The future of our country is at stake.

Does that sound...

pat to you, naive?

No, not at all.

Do you think I don't have friends at the Pentagon, Claire?

You may want to make my four years in office miserable--

All I want you to do is behave, as promised.

You can dig up a ring or whatever else you can get your hands on.

But that doesn't mean

I won't make your time a living hell as well.

Raymond Tusk said about you one time,

some dinner we were at, he just said it--

This is where I'm supposed to be

a little bit afraid of the answer,

- I suppose. - He said, "I don't know,

whether or not she's a person...

or just playing the part of one."

And I thought it was so strange at the time, but maybe it's true.

Just...

unreachable.

I know it'll be hard for you.

But you're going to have to treat me as an equal, Bill.

What did you do with your husband's will?

It was a revocable trust.

All done.

I'm not talking about that one.

I'm talking about the other one.

The new one.

Bet Doug Stamper would love to see the contents of that one.

What's in there anyway?

That you would go to such lengths

to keep him from it?

Claire Hale has a secret.

Douglas Stamper is meeting with the US District Attorney

as we speak.

He's out, Claire.

And he's not going back in.

Now, you need my help.

Later tonight,

I'm going to watch you sign that bill

that's sitting on your desk.

"To the dead,

a kingdom means nothing.

They have their requiem and eternity."

That's Macbeth. The opera, not the play.

All you have to do now is just go on out there

with your oldest, dearest friend and...

hold her hand up high.

Madam President.

You don't really think the military is irrelevant?

I watched your confirmation

from my chambers for the UN.

Wasn't my finest hour.

Well, he who laughs loudest--

Or is it "laughs last"?

"Last." "She."

- Vincent Abruzzo. - Ninth Circuit.

I am no good at functions like this.

I tend to find a chair at these things

and sit in it for the rest of the evening.

- Madam President. - Yes. Well, it's been a pleasure.

Madam President, if I may say,

I'm so glad that we finally have a woman in the Oval Office.

The arc of history is long, but--

The reign of the middle-aged white man is over.

The Bill Shepherds of the world who won't let go, have to go.

Does anyone except you know about the document that came for him?

No, of course not.

Because if anyone else gets their hand on that will--

That is strictly between us.

We only just discovered that he was missing.

I put a call into the US Attorney and was just informed

charges have been dropped.

How is that even possible?

I thought I'd lost my phone a couple of days ago, but...

But now I'm certain that

he took it and reached out to make a deal.

I can have a grand jury impaneled

and we can be taking testimony from witnesses within a week.

Who do you have?

Secretary Durant?

And others.

I'm sure I don't need to talk to you about what's right or wrong.

But in my experience, most people, in the end,

will do whatever they need to, to save themselves.

Do you think you have a strong enough case?

That depends on you.

If I'm gonna put myself on the line,

I need to know you're going to win.

This can be a very unforgiving town.

I'm giving you a chance to start over.

- Come on. - I can offer you immunity

for your testimony.

But, Mr. Stamper, of course, I can't give you any guarantees

when it comes to your reputation or that of the former president.

You would have to testify in an open court.

That is the deal.

I should consult with my lawyers.

Thank you for your time, Mr. Stamper.

Join us in supporting the Dallas Scholarship Fund

for Young Women:

Take aim.

Look at these marvelous faces.

The faces of our future.

And I am so, so honored

to be chosen to introduce to you

the President of the United States, Claire Underwood.

I look at these brilliant young women

and words fail me.

What's this?

They gave us these. What are they gonna do?

Yeah, I'm not drinking the water,

no fucking way, I'll tell you that.

I'll go all the way to Canton to buy it, if I have to.

And... Mr. Grayson,

what else did he tell you about the app?

Nothing. You can go online and check it out.

'Cause a lot of people I know

signed up for it even after the president left.

He said...

Mr. Grayson?

Yeah, him.

That they were gonna tell us what was gonna happen

- before it happens. - How?

Look, I don't know.

Ithaca's, like, where?

There's one in Greece.

And the other's in upstate New York.

Guess which one I'm from.

It's a paper, it comes out once a week.

It was going to happen,

because it happened before.

We complained all the way to the EPA, but...

whatever.

Only this time the explosion was bad.

And yeah, some guys died. And the company knew.

They knew.

Welcome home.

Good timing. I just put on coffee.

A little late for coffee.

Well, we have so much to talk about.

I'm glad you're out, Doug.

I don't know what you were doing in there.

How's the US Attorney?

Secretary Durant's negotiating her appearance.

And if...

Cathy should somehow be dissuaded?

- Silenced? - Then it all goes away.

Yes, but they'll still want to know

who knew what, when.

I feel pretty clear.

You think it was me who asked you to take the fall

- just because I said the words, right? - He told me it was you.

- He whispered it in my ear. - And you believed him.

Like you always believed him.

Well, here's what I believe. Zoe Barnes killed herself--

And I expected to be pardoned for the rest.

Since his death, my hands have been tied.

But I believe the universe has given us a gift.

I don't know what that means.

Well...

We both lost someone

who shaped the course of our lives.

For good, but also for ill.

And now here we are

unexpectedly free.

To take a different tack.

We can do whatever we want, Doug.

And we've been entwined, you and I,

like it or not,

for decades now.

But I think...

we deserve to go our separate ways.

The only problem is

we have something urgent to attend to

called Cathy Durant.

And then we can finally be free.

Do what we really want.

Do what we need to do.

What does Doug Stamper want?

Are you trying to erase him?

Because you can't.

I'm not trying to do anything

except be the sitting President of the United States.

It's wrong to assume

Francis's ambitions directly aligned with mine, Doug.

The best way to not to be associated with his questionable deeds

is to do good.

That's what I plan to do, anyway.

Oh, you find that funny, do you?

Well, it's true.

I never understood what he saw in you.

I mean the outside, sure.

But the inside...

- LeAnn's death. - No.

You never cared for her.

It wasn't necessary.

And I told him so.

And yet...

Doug, do me a favor.

Close your eyes.

Please.

He wanted you to have them.

For this to happen at this point in your life,

the prognosis is not good.

I know.

Somebody killed Francis,

and yet they don't want him to die.

That last night, the last time we spoke,

was when I declined his phone call in the Oval Office.

It had been close to two months, and he was tired of waiting.

So he showed up here in the White House.

Like a thief.

It was terrifying.

He was furious, slurring his words.

"Why can't you do as you're told, Claire?"

I told the world that he died in our bed,

but that's not the truth.

I locked myself in my room that night,

woke up in the morning and found him dead in his.

They killed him to shut me up.

I need to bury Francis, once and for all.

Do you need help signing it?

No. Bill. Shepherd, enough.

I actually have one condition.

Put it back.