

UNTITLED CHAIKEN AND SCRIVNER-LOVE

"Pilot Episode"

Written by

Ilene Chaiken and Melissa Scrivner-Love

NETWORK DRAFT  
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TEASER/ACT ONE

INT. BETHESDA BIKER BAR - DAY (N1)

TATTOOED BIKERS swig beer, shoot pool, and snort coke, and HAIR METAL rocks the JUKEBOX. A CROWD has circled up, chanting. We follow a TRAY OF BUDS parting the BIKER SEA, to REVEAL -- "JANE," sexy and a little trashy, redneck southern accent, teased hair, press-on nails, riding a thrashing MECHANICAL BULL, one hand in the air. Bikers urge her on -- all except TERRELL CARTER, 20s, a baby biker wannabe, who watches, scowling, when suddenly a CHEER erupts. Jane has just beat his time! As she slides off the bull to thunderous applause, the MEAN BIKER DUDE standing next to Terrell, shoves him, laughing derisively.

MEAN BIKER DUDE

You just lost your bike to a girl.

As Jane strides up to them, Terrell digs into his wallet.

TERRELL

Here's \$250. I can come up with another five when--

JANE

That wasn't our bet Terrell.

TERRELL

(sheepish)  
My bike's broke.

MEAN BIKER DUDE

Uh oh. Now Jane's gonna have to whup your ass.

Jane smirks.

JANE

Lemme take a look at it.

EXT. BETHESDA BIKER BAR - NIGHT (N1)

A line of HOGS, rode hard but still polished to a shine. Jane hovers over Terrell's bike, a WRENCH in her OIL-SOAKED hands.

JANE

Too much pressure on the cam chain.  
That's metallic buildup in the oil chamber. You got a magnet?

As Terrell glares at her--

**I/E. FBI SURVEILLANCE VAN/SIDE STREET - INTERCUT**

Amid the requisite screens, recording equipment, etc., we meet FBI field agent **SARA RUIZ**, 40ish, IT specialist **VINCENT FREEMONT**, late 20s, field agent **IRISH JOE**, 50s, and OTHER N/D AGENTS. Vincent, watching live video feed, is astonished--

VINCENT  
Is she really fixing the guy's  
bike?

SARA  
Maybe she knows what she's doing.  
What do you think, Irish Joe?

Irish Joe just keeps his eyes glued to the video monitor, on--

**EXT. BETHESDA BIKER BAR - INTERCUT**

Terrell, glaring at Jane. She sighs.

JANE  
I don't want your bike dude. Just  
gimme the magnet so I can fix it  
for you.

Terrell is dubious, but as he digs in his SADDLEBAG and fishes out a magnet--

JANE (CONT'D)  
What I want is to work with you.  
The place you're gon' blow up, the  
Mosque--

TERRELL  
What? You're crazy. I don't know  
what you're talking about.

JANE  
Yes you do. Cuz you were running  
your mouth about it couple of  
nights ago. Lemme help. One of them  
rag heads took my Dad's job. They  
don't belong in this country. C'mon  
dude, I'm fast and I can climb and--

TERRELL  
No. No girls. I'm doing this alone.

CLEMENTINE  
Maybe you were just running your  
mouth. Those cats in there think  
you're too wussy to pull it off.

Irrked, Terrell opens the saddlebag again--

TERRELL

Do you know what this is?

He pulls up an ORANGE RECTANGLE OF C4. Jane shrugs, clueless.

TERRELL (CONT'D)

C4. It's an explosive. I'm doing it, bitch. Just not with you.

JANE

Did you just call me a-- ?!

But as she turns to face him, she notices a phalanx of AGENTS IN WINDBREAKERS coming towards them. And what does that bitch do? She pulls a GUN. Terrell turns around to see--

IRISH JOE

FBI. Put the saddlebag slowly down on the ground and stand back up with your hands over your head.

When Terrell turns back, Jane's gun is pointed AT HIM.

CLEMENTINE

Terrell Carter you're under arrest.

Then Jane a/k/a **FBI SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE CLEMENTINE OTIS** says, with no trace of a hillbilly twang--

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)

Are we all good, Irish Joe?

IRISH JOE

We got everything we need, Ma'am. I bet our friend here will cooperate.

Clementine smiles her approval. She's the boss.

**INT. FBI WASHINGTON FIELD OFFICE (WFO) - DAY (D2)**

A sprawling communications center brimming with work stations. Large monitors overhead scroll a steady stream of maps, data and news feeds. The ELEVATOR OPENS and Clementine steps out, and her coworkers break into APPLAUSE. Clementine couldn't be more different from "Jane," the trashy bull-riding biker chick. She's poised, proper and well-spoken, and humble, decent and spectacularly disciplined. As she and her team -- Sara, Irish Joe, Vincent and several others -- high five and fist-bump, her boss, FBI Assistant Director in Charge **CHASE CONNOR**, steps forward to shake her hand.

CONNOR

Well done, Special Agent Otis.

CLEMENTINE (O.C. PRELAP)

He was building a bomb and planning  
to attack during the Friday salah--

I/E. LARRY'S CAR/MAXINE POWELL'S HOUSE - EVENING (D2)

A line of upscale cars dispatches well-heeled parents and children to a stately Kalorama mansion. **LARRY OTIS**, TV reporter handsome, drives the family SUV.

CLEMENTINE

Connor already gave an exclusive to the Post and called a press conference. But I don't think this guy was acting alone--

LARRY

So you did all the work and Connor's gonna get all the credit.

CLEMENTINE

It's fine. I don't need credit.

(then)

All I need is the unconditional love of my husband and children.

She turns and smiles at **CHELSEA, 13**, and **CATHERINE, 8**, in the back seat. It's a sweet family ritual. Catherine is all in--

CATHERINE

I love you soooo much, Mommy.

--and Chelsea rolls her eyes as only a 13 year old girl can.

CHELSEA

Mom, wait till you see Emma's room! She has her own fireplace, and this loft where she does her homework.

CLEMENTINE

I'm very happy to know that Emma does her homework.

That merits another eye roll. The VALET opens the car door.

VALET

Seabrook School fundraiser?

CLEMENTINE

Yes, sir.

*Note: Clementine is always polite and respectful toward folks in service professions.* The Otises exit the car and head toward the house, holding hands, the perfect picture of a perfect family. Larry is impressed by the grandeur --

LARRY

I see why Chelsea likes hanging out  
at Emma's.

CLEMENTINE

The good news is, she also likes  
hanging out with the cows and pigs  
at my parents' farm in Kentucky.

She gives Chelsea a squeeze, kisses her head. Chelsea hugs her back. An ASSISTANT stands at the door with a clipboard.

ASSISTANT

Names please?

LARRY

Larry, Clementine, Chelsea and  
Catherine Otis--

SUDDENLY, THE SCREEN GOES BLACK FOR A BRIEF SECOND, AND --

-- PING! a message pops up:

**u shld check ur twitter feed**

Picture resumes, and the Otises continue inside.

**INT. MAXINE POWELL'S HOUSE - A LITTLE LATER**

Through glass doors, we see children on the PATIO, being served child-friendly hors d'oeuvres by child-friendly waiters. INSIDE, D.C. power parents mingle over champagne and oysters. We find Larry and Clementine amid a group of parents. MOM #1 surveys the priceless objets d'art, gossips --

MOM #1

Maxine really made out in that  
divorce. She could fund the entire  
school on her own with that one.

Clementine grimaces, covering her distaste for Mom #1, when **MAXINE POWELL**, 40s, formidable, swans over. Mom #1 oozes --

MOM #1 (CONT'D)

Maxine, I was just saying how  
beautiful your home is.

But Maxine only has eyes for --

MAXINE

Clementine! You're the very person  
I've been wanting to talk to.  
Larry, can I borrow her?

LARRY

As long as you give her back.

MAXINE

(as she leads Clem away)  
Your husband is adorable.

Clementine smiles in agreement. Chelsea and her BFF, Maxine's  
daughter **EMMA**, wave to them from out on the patio.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

I'm so pleased about that  
friendship. Chelsea's a good  
influence on Emma.

CLEMENTINE

Chelsea mentioned something about  
summer camp. Stagedoor Manor-- ?

MAXINE

We can talk about that another  
time. Did you discuss my  
proposition with Larry?

CLEMENTINE

He thought it was extremely  
flattering, but he's not sure I'm  
qualified to run for Congress.

MAXINE

Not another husband that doesn't  
want to be outshone by his wife.

CLEMENTINE

No, honestly, Larry's very  
supportive of me. And he's right--

MAXINE

Nonsense. With your FBI bona fides  
and military background -- what was  
your rank again --?

CLEMENTINE

Lieutenant Colonel --

MAXINE

We need women, *young* women, to run  
for Congress as Republicans. You're  
more than qualified, Clementine.

(MORE)

MAXINE (CONT'D)  
You're *perfect*, and I already know  
the RNC would totally support --

Suddenly, a POWERFUL-LOOKING MAN bellows loudly --

POWERFUL-LOOKING MAN  
Holy crap!

He pockets his phone and rushes out of the house. Around the room, more phones PING with alerts. We hear GASPS as folks start checking their twitter feeds and text messages.

MAXINE  
What's happening?

The chatter: "...major security breach!" "...an affair?!"  
"...the National Security Advisor" "Not Fallon!?" Maxine crosses to a HUGE, WALL-MOUNTED TV. Her guests gather around--

AND THE SCREEN GOES BLACK FOR A BRIEF SECOND, AND --

-- TZZZT. A CNN newsfeed pops up --

JAKE TAPPER  
--scandal broke just hours ago,  
when the President was called into  
a meeting by his Chief of Staff--

-- TZZZT. CLICK, to --

BRETT BAIER  
-- The President's National  
Security Advisor General Moses  
Fallon allegedly confirmed the  
details after being confronted with  
video surveillance footage of--

-- TZZZT. CLICK, to --

ILIA CALDERON (IN SPANISH)  
--the General, married for 26 years  
to his high school sweetheart  
Caitlyn, is alleged to have  
disclosed top secret, classified--

SILENCE, as TWITTER scrolls: *CLASSIFIED INFORMATION... STUPID  
TREASONOUS SCUMBAG... SORDID... ALL FOR SEX SEX SEX...  
VIXEN... HOME WRECKER... WHO'S THE SKANKY SLUT THAT...?!*

-- TZZZT. The TMZ video logo BOOMS at us, and we're in a newsroom, where a scruffy TMZ REPORTER snarks --

TMZ REPORTER

--the General's Mistress supposedly  
is some chick that works at the  
FBI. Special Agent Clementine Otis.  
She must be very special--

Suddenly, we're BACK IN MAXINE POWELL'S LIVING ROOM. Everyone  
-- Larry, Maxine, the children with their faces pressed  
against the sliding glass doors, every single person in the  
house, slowly turns and STARES AT CLEMENTINE, and we

SMASH TO:

**EXT. OTIS HOUSE - LOUDOUN COUNTY, VA - MORNING (D3)**

News vans, reporters, cameras and gawking neighbors line the  
street in front of the Otis's usually quiet and quaint  
suburban home, shouting: "Clementine..." "Mrs. Otis..."  
*"Anybody seen her?" "Has she shown her face yet...?"*

Super: THE NEXT MORNING

**INT. OTIS HOUSE - FOYER - SAME TIME**

Chelsea and Catherine stand by the door in their school  
uniforms. Larry paces. He looks like he hasn't slept.

**INT. OTIS HOUSE - MASTER BATHROOM - INTERCUT**

Clementine stares at herself in the bathroom mirror, makeup  
only half done. Wrecked. Clearly she hasn't slept. In pain,  
holding back tears. One escapes, sending a black rivulet down  
her cheek. She wipes it away, disgusted with herself--

CLEMENTINE

No! You did this. You have to fix  
it.

She paces, getting her emotions under control. Returns to the  
mirror, and--

**INT. OTIS HOUSE - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER**

Chelsea calls out --

CHELSEA

Mom! We're late for school!

Clementine appears at the top of the stairs, miraculously  
pulled together in a stylish business suit. She descends.  
Larry gives her the once-over, sneers --

LARRY

Don't you look nice.

Ignoring it, she focuses on Chelsea, tender and concerned.

CLEMENTINE

You okay? Remember what I told you.  
No matter what anybody says--

CHELSEA

I'm fine. Can we go?

CATHERINE

Can you take us to school, Mommy?

CLEMENTINE

Sweetheart, Mommy has to get to the  
office for an important meeting.  
Daddy's going to take you, and  
Mommy will try to pick you up at  
the end of the day.

LARRY

Charlie just texted me. My network  
sent a crew. They're all out there.

CLEMENTINE

We're just going to ignore them.

And she opens the door, and --

**EXT. OTIS HOUSE - FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS**

The Otises step outside and are besieged. One FEMALE TV  
REPORTER goes LIVE ON CAMERA to inform the public --

FEMALE TV REPORTER

The General's Mistress just emerged  
from her house dressed in a figure-  
hugging powder blue suit...

Clementine and Larry grapple through the throng, shielding  
the girls as VARIOUS REPORTERS shout questions: *"How long has  
the affair been going on?" "How did you and General Fallon  
meet?" "Are you two getting divorced?" "What was the top secret  
information?" "Is it true you had sex at the Pentagon?!"*

Clementine helps Larry get the kids into the car, and he  
jumps in and drives away, BEEPING angrily as the hoard swarms  
Clementine like vultures on carrion. She has no choice but to  
retreat back to the house. But as she ducks inside --

**INT. OTIS HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS**

-- one scrappy, scruffy blogger, DANIEL COHEN, jams his foot  
in the door. She tries to push him out --

DANIEL

Clementine. Daniel Cohen. Can I just ask one question?

CLEMENTINE

No.

DANIEL

You do know it was the Russians that set you up. You and Fallon --

CLEMENTINE

Actually, I'm pretty sure it was Ted Cruz's father, acting on orders from Lee Harvey Oswald.

And she SLAMS the door in his face. Deadbolts. Leans back against it and almost collapses from the ordeal. Then she gets out her phone and makes a call.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)

Moses, it's Clementine. Please contact me. I need to talk to you.

**EXT. OTIS HOUSE - BACK YARD - A LITTLE LATER**

The STORM DOOR opens. Clementine makes sure there are no reporters, slips out, runs across the grass, scales the back yard fence and drops down into the neighbor's yard.

**EXT. ANOTHER NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE/STREET - MOMENTS LATER**

A car rounds the corner. Uber sticker in window. The DRIVER looks for his passenger. Clementine darts out from behind a dumpster, scrambles into the back and sinks down low.

**EXT. WASHINGTON FIELD OFFICE - DAY (D3)**

The Uber pulls up, and Clementine steps out. For a moment, all seems normal. Then someone spots her. Reporters converge from every direction. She puts her head down and pushes through, ignoring the already familiar litany of shame.

**INT. FBI WFO - OPERATIONS CENTER - DAY (D3)**

Same as the other day: monitors scrolling, technicians teching, analysts, agents, etc. The ELEVATOR OPENS and Clementine steps out and -- it's as if all the air was sucked out of the room. Her coworkers literally back away. She girds herself and WALKS THE GAUNTLET, trying to keep her head up. The disgrace weighing down on her like a motherfucker.

**INT. WFO - THREAT RESPONSE SQUAD (TRS) HUB - CONTINUOUS**

A glassed-in office with ID plaque: THREAT RESPONSE SQUAD, CLEMENTINE OTIS, SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE. Just outside, Clementine's task force hunkers down at the work table. There's Sara, Vincent, Irish Joe, etc. Clementine approaches.

CLEMENTINE  
Vincent, did you find anymore about  
when the #9 Cavalry -- ?

Vincent can't look her in the eye. He's so nervous that he gets up and scurries away from the hub.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)  
Irish Joe--

Irish Joe winces. Clementine sees he is holding ROSARY BEADS.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)  
Are you-- ?

IRISH JOE  
Praying for you, Ma'am.

But he won't make eye contact either. Sara is the only one that will. She gets up and hugs Clementine, whispers--

SARA  
Connor's waiting. Stay strong.

CLEMENTINE  
Thanks Sara.

**INT. WFO - ASSISTANT DIRECTOR CONNOR'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

As fancy a corner office as you can get at the FBI. Connor is at his desk, on the phone.

CONNOR  
I don't like the optics either,  
Bert. Just give me--  
(glances up)  
Bert, I'll call you back.  
(as CLEMENTINE ENTERS)  
I was just talking about you.

CLEMENTINE  
Isn't everybody?  
(before he can respond)  
Look, Chase, I know this is a mess,  
but I want you to know I'm going to  
power through it and stay focused.  
(MORE)

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)

The group that sold the C4 to Terrell Carter, the #9 Cavalry, is planning a major attack of some kind, we don't know what exactly but we know it's going to strike at the heart, and my contact is about to connect me to an informant who--

CONNOR

Otis!

(she goes quiet)

You won't be meeting with any informants. You're going to turn your contact over to the new SAC.

CLEMENTINE

The new-- ?

(selling hard)

The #9 is an imminent threat, Chase. A new-wave white supremacist terrorist hate group that's ready for their close up. We can't afford to wait for you to find a qualified replacement--

CONNOR

Just fill Sam in. He's all set to hit the ground running.

And that's when Clementine realizes they're not alone. She turns as **SAM GERARD**, 29, preppy and privileged, stands.

SAM

Sam Gerard. Looking forward to working with you, Clementine.

CONNOR

Sam's joining us from the Department of Homeland Security, where he --

CLEMENTINE

A senator's son whose father used influence to get him nominated to the bench until he wound up embarrassing the President, who then fobbed him off on the DHS--

CONNOR

-- where he was in line to become the agency's number two, but instead he's joining us. As your replacement.

CLEMENTINE

Look. I understand the position  
you're in --

CONNOR

I don't think you do --

CLEMENTINE

-- but the lives of American  
citizens -- dozens, maybe hundreds  
of lives are at stake --

CONNOR

Your face is splashed on every TV  
screen, newspaper, and magazine in  
the country. It'd be like putting  
an FBI badge on Monica Lewinsky.

CLEMENTINE

Chase, I don't know what I'll do if  
you take this away from me.

It was a rare outburst for Clementine. And for the first  
time, we see that Connor is truly anguished by the situation.

CONNOR

You're the best agent I have, Otis--

CLEMENTINE

And I've delivered for you time and  
again. When have I ever let you  
down?

CONNOR

When I chose you to go to Prague  
with General Moses Fallon.

That hits hard, and she has no ready rejoinder.

**INT. WFO - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK**

*12 FBI SACs sit at the conference table. Clementine is the  
only woman. Something important is about to happen.*

**Super: NINE MONTHS EARLIER**

*All stand as Connor enters with GENERAL MOSES FALLON, 50ish,  
commanding, accompanied by his entourage.*

CONNOR

General Fallon, these are our team  
leaders.

(MORE)

**CONNOR (CONT'D)**  
***Special Agent in Charge John***  
***Kirkwood, Special Agent in Charge***  
***Brian Stout, Special Agent in***  
***Charge Clementine Otis, Special***  
***Agent in Charge Curtis Rich--***

***Fallon starts around the table, shaking hands with each SAC--***

**INT. WFO - ASSISTANT DIRECTOR CONNOR'S OFFICE - AS BEFORE**

Clementine finally comes up with a rejoinder of sorts --

CLEMENTINE  
The way I remember it, you didn't  
choose me.

CONNOR  
I'm not sure you want to relitigate  
that under the circumstances.  
(his phone PINGS an alert)  
Oh great, Jackson Faulkner is on  
Fox News.

He CLICKS on the TV, and we meet: SENATOR JACKSON FAULKNER,  
southern, sanctimonious, smarmy.

FAULKNER (ON TV)  
*General Fallon is one of our great  
men and it pains me that he's taken  
such a terrible fall. There must be  
a thorough investigation about  
whether our nation's secrets were  
compromised during this sordid love  
affair, and this woman needs to be  
fired from the FBI immediately!*

Connor MUTES THE TV.

CONNOR  
Faulkner's not the only one that  
wants your ass fired, Otis, but for  
now I'm reassigning you to the  
tipline. I'll show Sam to his  
office, then you can fill him in on  
the #9 Cavalry so he can put a stop  
to whatever hell they're planning.  
(then)  
Nobody's going to die because you  
couldn't keep your legs crossed.

He and Sam exit, leaving Clementine reeling.

**END OF ACT ONE**

**ACT TWO**

**FRAME SPLITS AMONG VARIOUS SMART PHONE SCREENS --**

-- and the accompanying BEEPS, PINGS and personalized sound FX of text, Snapchat and Instagram posts, all rife with the latest teen-specific acronyms: *HER MOM... BAG THAT BITCH... HOT AF... NOT A MILF... LIKE MOTHER LIKE DAUGHTER...*

**EXT. SEABROOK MIDDLE SCHOOL - COURTYARD - DAY (D3)**

Chelsea looks stricken as she reads the mean messages on her phone. Holding back tears, she looks around, finally spots Emma sitting with a group of 13 year old girls and --

CHELSEA

Oh my god, Emma, I don't know what they think I'm supposed to--

Emma gets up and starts away. Stops when --

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

Emma!

EMMA

I'm not allowed to hang out with you anymore.

CHELSEA

What? Why? Just because--

EMMA

Your mother's a hoe and a traitor.

Chelsea stands, dumbfounded, for a moment. Then she charges at Emma and tackles her to the ground.

**EXT. SEABROOK SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - DAY (D3)**

Larry gets out of his car. Clementine is dropped off by another Uber. She falls in step with him. He's distant.

CLEMENTINE

Do you know what this is about?

LARRY

I don't know anything. You're the one with all the secrets.

He glances up, spies a gaggle of REPORTERS lurking.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Jeez, it's like being in a war zone.

CLEMENTINE

I know. They're awful--

LARRY

I thought it turned you on. Isn't that what you and Fallon had in common? You both loved being in the military--

CLEMENTINE

Please can we not do this here?

They walk for a moment in silence.

LARRY

I'd be reporting this story too if it wasn't about my own wife.

**INT. SEABROOK SCHOOL - HEAD'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

Chelsea sits by herself on one side of the head's desk. On the other side, Maxine is beside Emma. KIRBY WINSTON, the Head of School, escorts Clementine and Larry in.

LARRY

Chelse, are you okay? What happened?

MAXINE

What happened is your daughter assaulted Emma.

CLEMENTINE

Is that true, Chelsea?

CHELSEA

She said things about you.

CLEMENTINE

What kinds of things?

LARRY

(sotto)

Take a guess.

MAXINE

How dreadful this must be for you, poor Larry.

CHELSEA

She said you were a traitor.

KIRBY

Let's all just take a breath and--

CLEMENTINE

Excuse me, Kirby.

Clementine turns to Emma and does what she does so well, appealing to a hostile target --

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)

Emma. Whatever you might have heard or read about me -- true or not true-- has nothing to do with you and Chelsea. You've supported one another through all kinds of challenges, haven't you?

Emma is about to affirm when--

MAXINE

No! I won't have Emma interrogated.

Kirby presses a CALL BUTTON, and his secretary SALLY enters.

KIRBY

Sally, let's have Emma and Chelsea wait in the counseling center.

CLEMENTINE

Wait, can't we all just try to-- ?

SALLY

Come with me, girls.

The door closes behind Sally, and Maxine goes in.

MAXINE

Your daughter will stay away from Emma. She won't text her, send her notes, engage with or call her out on social media.

CLEMENTINE

Is this really the behavior we want to model for our daughters?

MAXINE

You're not in a position to lecture anyone on proper moral behavior.

(then)

Kirby, I don't want her daughter in Emma's classes.

CLEMENTINE

What right do you have to--

MAXINE

Caitlyn Fallon is a dear friend of mine.

That was a low blow. Clementine is momentarily thrown by it.

KIRBY

That might be difficult, Maxine--  
(off Maxine's look)  
But I'll figure it out. Mr. and Mrs. Otis, we should discuss--

Clementine's PHONE BUZZES. She opens her purse and takes out her iPhone, which is not ringing, puts it aside and fishes for her BURNER PHONE. Reads the TEXT, then stands.

CLEMENTINE

I'm sorry, but this is urgent.

And she steps out.

**INT. WFO - SAM'S (FORMERLY CLEMENTINE'S) OFFICE - DAY (D3)**

Sam's name is now on the door, his personal photos and certificates on the walls. Connor is in with him. Clementine enters without knocking.

CLEMENTINE

I heard from my contact. I'm set to approach the target. She doesn't know it's happening, and she may be skittish. My contact insists I make the connect.

CONNOR

And I forbid it.

CLEMENTINE

My contact trusts me and nobody else. I know how to turn an informant--

CONNOR

Who is your contact?  
(off her silence)  
There's a laser beam of political scrutiny on us, Otis, and we can't afford a single misstep. And you are one bright red misstep. So unless you want to burn the target--

SAM

Chase, nobody wants to burn the target. What if Otis and I do it together?

Connor mulls for a second, then turns back to Clementine.

CONNOR

Sam runs point. He's the only one that makes contact with the target. You prep him fully, and you stay out of sight. Are we clear?

**I/E. SAM'S CAR/DOWNTOWN FAIRFAX COUNTY - DAY (D3)**

Sam drives. Clementine rides shotgun.

CLEMENTINE

Her name is Shelby Putnam. She lives out on the #9's compound in Prince William County.

SAM

How many more women live out there?

CLEMENTINE

We don't know. The women are kept extremely isolated. She's here for a dentist appointment--

SAM

So why do we think we can turn her?

Clementine knows that if Sam is going to put himself at risk, he has a right to at least some information. She relents --

CLEMENTINE

My contact is an undercover NARC. DEA. He's been selling to the #9 for 18 months, during which he's gotten to know Shelby. He believes she wants out, and I trust him.

(Sam accepts that)

She was dropped off here today at 2:30. Her ride won't be back until 4, so she'll be waiting outside alone for roughly 20 minutes.

SAM

That's all the time I have-- ?

CLEMENTINE

--to approach her, gain her trust,  
and make a plan to break her out if  
and only if she agrees to become an  
informant for the FBI.

(glances out the window)

That's her in the pink Hello Kitty  
sweatshirt.

POV, ACROSS THE STREET -- SHELBY PUTNAM, 24, exits a BUILDING  
and takes a seat on a bench in the square, pulls out a phone  
and starts playing Neko Atsume, the cat-collecting video  
game. After a moment, Sam strolls up and casually sits on the  
same bench. He glances at her sweatshirt and her phone.

SAM

You're into cats huh?

Shelby angles the phone away and ignores him.

SAM (CONT'D)

Last Sunday at the Farmer's Market  
pet adoptions they had this big,  
fluffy-- I think it was a Persian--

Shelby gets up and moves to another bench. Sam follows her.

SHELBY

Leave me alone. I'm not interested.

SAM

I'm just trying to be friendly.

He sits. She stands, and--

SAM (CONT'D)

Shelby.

SHELBY

How do you know my name?!

SAM

Why don't you sit back down?

She doesn't, so he stands. She backs away.

SAM (CONT'D)

You don't have to be scared of me.  
I want to help you.

(for a moment, she seems  
open to it)

The group you belong to, the #9  
Cavalry, is a criminal  
organization.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

Now, I don't think you're a bad person, but you could be in a lot of trouble unless you agree to--

SHELBY

I don't belong to any group. You got the wrong girl. My boyfriend's gonna be here any minute.

SAM

Do you want out or not?

She's about to make a run for it. Sam panics, grabs her arm.

SAM (CONT'D)

Shelby, don't-- ! Look if you don't cooperate, you'll go to prison!

Shelby spots an old PICKUP TRUCK heading down the street, and-

SHELBY

GET OFF ME! LET ME GO! HELP! GET THIS CREEP AWAY FROM ME! HELP!

TWO BIG GUYS jump out and start toward Sam, when-- Clementine bursts from a building, holding a compress on her face that obscures her identity, putting on her redneck accent--

CLEMENTINE

Louis, you turd bag! I'm in the damn dentist chair getting my damn roots canalled and I see you out the window macking on some girlie. You're a scum sucker Louis--

She SLAPS his face, and drags him off, berating him.

**FULL SCREEN - NETWORK NEWS - PRESS CONFERENCE**

Lower third banner: BREAKING NEWS, FALLON STEPPING DOWN. It's a familiar scene. Cameras click away as General Moses Fallon faces the press, his wife CAITLYN by his side.

FALLON

*I'm humbled to have my wife Caitlyn here by my side. She and our children know, as does anyone who knows me, that serving my country has been and always will be my driving passion and enduring pride--*

**INT. OTIS HOUSE - FOYER/FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT (D3)**

Clementine enters, spent. Hears the TV and walks into the--

FAMILY ROOM. Larry's watching Fallon's press conference. He pours himself a scotch. He doesn't offer her a drink.

FALLON (ON TV)  
--and I assure you I did not reveal  
a shred of classified information  
to the woman in question.

LARRY  
-- the woman in question. He's  
talking about you, babe!

CLEMENTINE  
Where are the girls?

LARRY  
Upstairs in their rooms.

CLEMENTINE  
Did they have dinner?

LARRY  
Catherine did. Chelsea wasn't  
hungry.  
(Clementine starts out)  
Leave her alone. She doesn't want  
to see you.

A gut punch. Clementine reels. Then, quietly --

CLEMENTINE  
I'm sorry, Larry.

He looks at her, much more hurt than angry --

LARRY  
I thought we were good.

CLEMENTINE  
I did too. I still think we are --

LARRY  
Then why -- I mean-- Why -- ?

Clementine gropes for an answer, but either she doesn't know or she won't say. She shakes her head, her eyes filling with tears that she won't give in to. Larry's impulse is to comfort her, but he can't quite bring himself to.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
We could sue. I mean, he was your  
superior, right? The whole #MeToo  
movement would get behind you--

CLEMENTINE

It wasn't like that.

LARRY

You mean he didn't hit on you first? So it was mutual. You just suddenly found yourself in one another's arms.

(off her silence)

Wait, did you seduce him? Oh, man, I know how seductive you can be. With those eyes. I remember when I believed I was the only one you would ever look at like that, with those eyes. Do you remember when I got on my knees and begged you to never stop looking at me like that? No, probably he replaced that memory with new better memories--

CLEMENTINE

Larry please. Let's not.

LARRY

Let's not what? I haven't done anything.

Obviously not true. She tries to turn it to her advantage.

CLEMENTINE

Well since you mentioned it, we have worked through things before--

LARRY

Oh, this was payback for Veronica--

CLEMENTINE

(carefully)

No--

LARRY

Anyway, that was different.

CLEMENTINE

Different how? Different because she was only 26? Or because you slept with her in our own bed when I was in Kentucky with the girls--

LARRY

Different because she wasn't the  
National Security Advisor to the  
President of the United States and  
I didn't humiliate you in front of  
the entire world.

Larry collapses into a chair, drops his head into his hands.  
She goes to him, takes him in her arms, comforting him in the  
way that he couldn't bring himself to comfort her.

LARRY (CONT'D)

How did it start? Please just tell  
me-- I need to understand.

INT. WFO - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

*Same meeting as in the previous flashback. Fallon is  
explaining to the assembled agents what he's up to.*

FALLON

*So as you can see, we have reason  
to mistrust some of our allies. I'm  
putting together a crack team --  
one agent from each of our  
Intelligence Agencies -- to  
accompany me to the summit.*

CONNOR

*S-A-C Rich came to us from the WMD  
Directorate. He has extensive  
experience with foreign bad actors--*

CLEMENTINE

*Excuse me, AD Connor.*

*(to Fallon)*

*Hrebeny is much more isolated than  
Sarajevo, sir. It's one reason the  
original radar site got derailed --*

*Notably, her accent is perfect. Fallon looks intrigued.*

FALLON

*You've spent time in Bosnia?*

CLEMENTINE

*I was stationed at Eagle Base in  
Tuzla, sir. As a translator. Later  
I served in Afghanistan on an FET.*

*He's impressed. They've made a connection based on their  
military service, but Connor moves onto SAC ART KOMINSKI.*

CONNOR

*Kominski, S-A-C of our Cyber Group,  
was the FBI's legal attache to  
Copenhagen back in '09.*

FALLON

*So Kominski, you've worked with our  
foreign partners before--*

KOMINSKI

*Denmark, Faroe Island, Finland,  
Greenland, Iceland, Norway and  
Sweden, sir.*

*Fallon turns back to Connor, indicates--*

FALLON

*What about-- ?*

CONNOR

*Clementine Otis. S-A-C of the  
office's Threat Response Squad. The  
only reason I didn't put her  
forward is she's the mother of two  
preteen young ladies.*

FALLON

*How about you, Kominski?*

KOMINSKI

*Sir?*

FALLON

*Do you have children?*

KOMINSKY

*Two boys and a girl. 11, 9 and 3.*

*Clementine looks down at the table to hide her smirk.*

INT. OTIS HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - AS BEFORE

*Larry refills his glass, and now pours one for Clementine.*

LARRY

*I encouraged you to go. What an  
idiot.*

CLEMENTINE

*You're not an idiot. You were being  
a good, supportive husband.*

**INT. OTIS HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT - FLASHBACK**

*Clementine, Larry, Chelsea and Catherine at the table.*

**CHELSEA**

*You should do it, Mom. It's a huge  
big deal and we're proud of you.  
Right Daddy?*

*That touches Clementine's heart. She teases --*

**CLEMENTINE**

*You're sure you're not just excited  
to have me out of the house for  
three weeks?*

*Then she realizes -- maybe that is what this is about. She  
looks at Larry. He takes her hand, warm and reassuring.*

**INT. OTIS HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - AS BEFORE**

Larry looks at Clementine. He's full of regret.

**LARRY**

I know I broke our trust, but she  
never meant anything to me.

**CLEMENTINE**

It still hurt.

**LARRY**

Yeah, I know.

He's talking about himself-- his feelings, not hers.

**LARRY (CONT'D)**

Except you can take it. That's the  
thing. You can take anything.  
You're trained for it. He probably  
respected that, didn't he?

**CLEMENTINE**

Respected what?

**LARRY**

That you're cold. Shut down. You  
don't break under pressure.

**CLEMENTINE**

Larry I'm really trying here, but  
you're making it hard--

**LARRY**

Or were you not like that with him?

INT. PRAGUE - PRIVATE DINING ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

General Fallon is debriefing with his team of 11 MEN and 3 WOMEN over wine and cheese in a private medieval tavern.

SUPER: PRAGUE

FALLON

Why can't we close this? Where are we with Poland and Romania.

The CIA REP and the DIA GUY are eager to shine.

CIA REP

The American Axis allies are playing very close to the vest, sir-

DIA GUY

But if we can find out how Bulgaria and Lithuania are leaning--

FALLON

That's why I brought you all here.

CLEMENTINE

Poland is a yes. Romania is a yes. Bulgaria is a provisional yes if you to agree to strengthen the Three Seas Initiative, and as goes Bulgaria, so goes Lithuania.

(everyone looks at her)

The Bulgarian Defense Minister has a mistress here in Prague. He tells her everything. I "ran into her" at a karaoke bar last night--

Fallon smiles with admiration. Clementine smiles back, and when he doesn't look away, she averts her eyes.

EXT/INT. PRAGUE - POISON KARAOKE BAR - NIGHT

Fallon and his team enter. As Fallon holds the door for Clementine, he teases--

FALLON

You're going to have to perform it for us, you know?

CLEMENTINE

Absolutely not.

FALLON

What if I command you?  
(off her look)  
You know I'd never do that.

CLEMENTINE

Frankly, sir, I'm shocked you would  
even make a joke about it.

That was a joke. He laughs. She does too.

INT. PRAGUE - POISON KARAOKE BAR - A LITTLE LATER

The DIA Guy is making a fool of himself on the karaoke floor, to everyone's amusement. Clementine sits across the table from Fallon. He pours wine for her.

FALLON

So how did you break her? The  
mistress-

CLEMENTINE

(coy)  
I never divulge.  
(then, divulging)  
Her girlfriend told me she's a  
freak for Flashdance, so I did a  
song from the movie--

The DIA guy finishes, and Fallon takes the mic from him and holds it out to Clementine. Everybody joins in, urging her, until finally she gets up, whispers her selection to the karaoke master, and does her rendition of -- SHE'S A MANIAC, complete with running in place silly/sexy dance moves. She finishes by grabbing a bottle of water from a nearby table and pouring it over her head and shaking her hair, spraying water like Jennifer Beals did in the movie. Everyone cheers.

ON Fallon, utterly smitten.

INT. PRAGUE HOTEL - LOBBY/ELEVATOR - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The whole team in the elevator. One by one, they get off on their various floors until Clementine and Fallon are the only ones left. He chuckles to himself. She looks at him.

FALLON

Do you want to know what I was told  
about you when I had you vetted?

CLEMENTINE

I'm not sure. Do I?

FALLON

*I was told you were ambitious,  
relentless, self-certain, sharp-  
elbowed--*

CLEMENTINE

*Cold and unfeeling?*

FALLON

*A veritable ice queen. All of which  
says to me that for you, this is a  
life's mission. Like it is for me.*

CLEMENTINE

*Can I say what an incredible honor  
it's been to work for you, sir.*

FALLON

*Moses. Please.*

*(she's a little flustered)*

*One of the harder things about this  
life we've chosen is that very few  
people will ever know us the way we  
know ourselves. So I just want to  
say that you are one of the most  
impressive women I've ever known--*

*That takes her breath. The elevator stops. She starts to get  
out when he puts his hand in the door to prevent it from  
closing all the way. They're very close. She rasps hoarsely--*

CLEMENTINE

*Moses--?*

*The tension is crazy. They both are struggling--*

FALLON

*I should let you go--*

*She nods, unable to summon more sound. Finally, he pushes the  
DOOR OPEN BUTTON, and Clementine exits the elevator. INSIDE,  
Fallon catches his breath, grateful for her restraint.*

INT. HOTEL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

*Clementine leans against the wall, barely able to catch hers.*

INT. OTIS HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - AS BEFORE

*Larry looks like maybe he wishes he hadn't asked.*

CLEMENTINE

We didn't -- sleep together -- in Prague. It wasn't until the GEOINT Symposium in San Antonio--

LARRY

I didn't know he was part of that.

CLEMENTINE

He was the keynote speaker.

(then)

So you know, we ended it over a month ago. It was mutual.

LARRY

Really?

CLEMENTINE

I swear.

LARRY

That's good. I'm glad to know that.

CLEMENTINE

I want to keep our family together, Larry. I'll do whatever it takes. Nothing in the world is more important to me.

That seems to resonate. But he has one question--

LARRY

Are you in love with him?

Clementine hesitates a second too long, and in that second, a sleepy Catherine wanders in and climbs into her lap.

CATHERINE

You didn't come kiss me good night.

As Clementine kisses Catherine, Larry stands abruptly, mood darkened, and walks out. Clementine looks down at her baby, already sound asleep in her arms.

CLEMENTINE

Mommy made a bad mistake, but she loves you so much.

For the first time, she lets the tears flow. Silently, so as not to wake Catherine. No heaving and sobbing. Just deep, profound, complicated pain and regret.

**END OF ACT TWO**

ACT THREE

INT. WFO - WOMEN'S BATHROOM - DAY (D4)

Clementine and Sara pee in side-by-side stalls, whispering--

SARA

The FISA warrant came through.  
Vincent and I are pulling emails  
from Known Associates of the #9.

CLEMENTINE

And I spent all morning on the  
phone with a lady that wants the  
FBI to investigate who poisoned her  
rooster.

SARA

You need to stop feeling sorry for  
yourself.

CLEMENTINE

I need to get back to doing what  
I'm here to do.

She exits the stall and goes to the sink to wash her hands.  
Sara comes out and goes to the sink next to hers.

SARA

First you need to hire a crisis  
management firm, because when sex  
is involved, women lose.

Said with an edge, and Clementine knows what it's about--

CLEMENTINE

I'm sorry I didn't have your back.  
But at least you still have a job.

SARA

I should be leading a cyber unit.  
And I would be if I'd listened to  
you and kept quiet about all the  
times my supervisor tried to  
introduce me to his penis.

(then, quietly)

Sam told Connor Shelby was a bum  
lead.

CLEMENTINE

(angry)

She wasn't.

SARA

And he told us not to waste our  
time going through tedious domestic  
emails about stuff like dog walking  
schedules, post office runs,  
grocery shopping lists--

Sara puts a folder on the sink between them. Clementine sees  
the GROCERY LIST sitting on top. She zeroes in--

CLEMENTINE

It has Speculoos Cookie Butter,  
which means they shop at Trader  
Joe's. Every shopping list was sent  
on a Tuesday night around 11 PM, so  
Wednesday is shopping day--

SARA

What are you going to do? You can't  
defy Connor.

CLEMENTINE

Who's defying anyone? I'm just  
going shopping.

**INT. TRADER JOE'S - DAY (D4)**

The same two guys that almost beat the shit out of Sam are  
standing near the checkout booths, watching as --

Shelby pushes a cart DOWN AN AISLE, checking her list. A  
"soccer mom" in Lululemons and a baseball cap rolls up next  
to her.

CLEMENTINE

Have you tried the Cocoa Swirl  
kind? It's off the chain.

SHELBY

Oh, believe me. I get 3 of each and  
it's gone in 2 days. Pigs--

CLEMENTINE

Gosh, you must have a big family.

SHELBY

They're not my family.

CLEMENTINE

Oh sorry, are you the housekeeper?

SHELBY

If I was, I'd quit.

And she pushes her cart along, thinking the conversation is over. Without looking at Shelby, Clementine says quietly--

CLEMENTINE

If you tell me to, I'll get out of your face right now, but I give you my word, on my children's lives, I can get you out of there safely.

Shelby hesitates. Checks to make sure the sentries aren't paying attention, and moves a little closer to Clementine--

SHELBY

How?

Clementine doesn't notice TWO WOMEN SHOPPERS nearby, staring at her and giggling. They too move closer, and squeal--

SHOPPER #1

It is her! What's your name again?  
You're the General's Mistress!

Clementine's about to deny it. Shelby panics and flees.

SHOPPER #1 (CONT'D)

You lucky bitch, that man is hot!

Clementine hurries after Shelby. She checks various aisles, and finally finds her in the DAIRY AISLE. Approaches.

CLEMENTINE

Shelby--

SHELBY

You said if I said so you would get out of my face. Get out of my face.

Shelby compulsively grabs a carton of chocolate milk, two tubs of sour cream, a bottle of Cool Whip. Clementine watches for a moment, then--

CLEMENTINE

You don't want to still be with the #9 when you have that baby.

SHELBY

How did you--! I don't know what you're talking about.

CLEMENTINE

(re her shopping cart)

Three tubs of chocolate ice cream,  
chocolate milk, chocolate bars,  
pickles-- I mean, pickles--

SHELBY

Nobody knows! Not even Master C,  
and he has to be the first to know  
everything.

CLEMENTINE

Master C-- ?

SHELBY

He'll figure out why I didn't tell  
him and he'll kill me. Literally,  
he'll have me killed.

CLEMENTINE

Master C is the leader of the #9  
Cavalry?

SHELBY

And he wants to start a race war.  
And he's my baby's father.

Clementine reacts; Shelby is an ever bigger fish than she had  
realized. She whispers, rapid fire --

CLEMENTINE

Listen to me very carefully,  
Shelby. I'm going to get in the  
checkout line behind you. Drop your  
shopping list, and I'm going to  
pick it up and hand it back to you.  
There will be a note with it. Put  
them both in your purse, and make  
sure nobody sees the note, and do  
exactly what it says.

Clementine rolls over to the cold cuts and starts loading up,  
seconds before one of big guys appears to check on Shelby.

**INT. WFO - ASSISTANT DIRECTOR CONNOR'S OFFICE - DAY (D5)**

Connor and Sam are expecting Clementine. She enters.

CONNOR

I thought you had an appointment  
today.

CLEMENTINE

I do, but I'll cancel it. Shelby is  
ready. She told me where she'll be  
and we worked out a pickup spot--

SAM

Don't worry, Otis. I'll tell her  
you'll be here when we get here.

ON Clementine. She has no choice--

**EXT. FAIRFAX COUNTY - OLD TOWN SQUARE - DAY (D5)**

Amid a group of YOUNG WHITE WOMEN canvassing the square, handing out pamphlets with slogans like, Take Your Country Back, Defend Faith & Family, and the favorite, It's Alright to be White, we find Shelby. She rushes up to another girl.

SHELBY

Oh my god I have to pee so bad!  
I'll be right back!

She dashes off --

**INT. SKD KNICKERBOCKER - LOBBY/CORRIDORS - DAY (D5)**

Sharply dressed exec HAILEY RUBIN strides to RECEPTION. Clementine stands. Hailey greets her with wincing sympathy.

**INT. SKD KNICKERBOCKER - CORRIDORS - MOMENTS LATER**

Walking back the other way Hailey is grilling Clementine.

HAILEY

Would you characterize it as a true  
love affair, or was it more like  
spycraft lubricated by sex?

CLEMENTINE

I'm not writing a tell-all, okay--

HAILEY

No, the timing is all wrong. All  
anyone cares about right now is the  
sexual assault stuff. So--

CLEMENTINE

I want you to help me save my  
marriage, Hailey. And my job--

HAILEY

Oh I probably should have said up  
front that Knicker's not going to  
be able to take you as a client.

CLEMENTINE

Why?!

On cue, the DOOR TO THE CONFERENCE ROOM swings open, and all the firms' mucky mucks emerge-- with Moses Fallon. He and Clementine lock eyes for a moment, but Fallon doesn't miss a step; he turns back to his attorney to answer a question--

FALLON

It doesn't matter whether we call  
it a red line or a point of no  
return if there's no accountability-

After they disappear around the corner, and Clementine's  
heart stops pounding in her ears, she turns to Hailey.

CLEMENTINE

Can you recommend another agency?

Hailey makes a big show of thinking about it.

HAILEY

Geez, there are one or two other  
decent firms, but I can't imagine  
any of them are gonna go up against  
Fallon. You're 100% toxic, hon.

**EXT. SKD KNICKERBOCKER - DC STREET - MOMENTS LATER**

Clementine exits the building, reeling. Stops in the middle  
of the sidewalk, trying to remember which way she's going.

DANIEL (O.C.)

You look like you could use a  
coffee.

Clementine looks around. Who just spoke to her? It's Daniel  
Cohen, the Russian conspiracy touting blogger that accosted  
her outside her house. Ordinarily she would blow him off, but-

**INT. FAIRFAX DINER - DAY (D5)**

Shelby crosses toward the RESTROOM, but walks past it, checks  
to make sure nobody has followed, and ducks out a REAR EXIT--

**EXT. FAIRFAX DINER - BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS**

A van skids to a stop. A door slides open, revealing Sam.

SHELBY

Where's Agent Otis? She said she  
would be here--

SAM

She's back at headquarters. Now get  
in before your friends come looking  
for you.

Shelby gets in, and the door closes and the van skids away.

INT. DC COFFEE SHOP - DAY (D5)

Clementine is tucking into a pastry when Daniel Cohen drops a pat of butter into his coffee and whips it with his fork.

DANIEL

Emulsification. Slows down the  
caffeine delivery for extended  
release, and augments brain power.

CLEMENTINE

You're just full of theories.

DANIEL

I'm a seeker of truth, Clementine.  
And I made one little mistake--

CLEMENTINE

Publishing an entirely fabricated  
10,000 word interview with Kim Jong  
Un isn't a little mistake.

DANIEL

Every word was true. I admit I  
shouldn't have taken liberties with  
the literary style-- But, now you  
and I have something in common.

CLEMENTINE

How's that?

DANIEL

We've both been shamed. Pilloried  
in the public square, set upon the  
cucking stool and raked over the  
coals. We're pariahs.

CLEMENTINE

Apparently I'm 100% toxic.

DANIEL

We're both just collateral damage.  
Pawns in some much bigger game--

CLEMENTINE

Look, I'm not trying to become a  
crazy conspiracy theorist. I  
screwed up and I got caught.

DANIEL

Did you? I mean, FBI Special Agent  
in Charge of Stopping Major Bad  
Things before they happen?

(MORE)

DANIEL (CONT'D)

And the four star General that  
outsmarted Putin. Nah, those two  
don't just "get caught." Is it true  
Fallon divulged classified  
information to you?

(then)

I don't expect you to tell me. My  
point is, he trusted you. He must  
have needed you to know something.

(off Clementine's look)

What? I'm making sense, right?

CLEMENTINE

No. I'm not going there with you.

DANIEL

Because I'm a crazy conspiracy  
theorist. I know. But soon it's  
gonna dawn on you that being a  
pariah is strangely liberating.

CLEMENTINE

I look forward to becoming  
enlightened.

DANIEL

Can I ask you one more question?

CLEMENTINE

No.

DANIEL

Did you know there's no male  
equivalent to the word mistress?

Clearly she didn't. And it *fucks* her up.

**INT. WFO - SAM'S (FORMERLY CLEM'S) OFFICE - DAY (D5)**

Sam has Sara and Irish Joe in with him as he debriefs Shelby.  
He's getting irritated. Shelby's getting anxious.

SAM

Shelby, Agent Otis was very clear  
in the note she wrote you--

SHELBY

I did exactly what she said,  
memorized everything I saw on  
Master C's desk and immediately  
wrote it down. It's all on that  
napkin I gave to that man--

Vincent enters. He has the napkin.

VINCENT

There's not a lot here, but the numbers are DMS coordinates for an office building on Blagden NW.

He shows them the building and location on his computer--

SARA

Shelby, are you familiar with that building?

Shelby shakes her head.

IRISH JOE

So who are they targeting?

VINCENT

It's apparently some kind of market research company.

SAM

Why would the #9 bomb a market research company? No diplomats, no heads of state, very few innocent civilians--

(snaps at Shelby)

The deal was that you would tell us when and where the attack's supposed to take place.

IRISH JOE

Shelby does Master C ever talk about hurting people? Does he have enemies that you know of?

SHELBY

I don't know. He hates that black civil rights guy. Shaw or Shank or whatever.

SAM

You didn't keep your end of the deal. You're going to have to go back in and get us the answers.

Sara, Irish Joe and Vincent all react.

IRISH JOE

Sam, hold up--

SAM

(ignoring him, to Shelby)  
You're gonna call and tell them you  
fainted in the bathroom and someone  
took you to the hospital, where you  
found out you're pregnant--

SHELBY

No! If I tell him that he'll never  
let me out of the house again!

SAM

Then tell him you fainted from the  
heat. You're fine. Someone's giving  
you a ride back to the compound.  
(beat)  
Would you rather go to prison?

Shelby looks to the others for help, but they won't defy  
their new boss. Vincent hands her the phone.

**EXT. DC COFFEE SHOP/STREET - DAY (D5)**

Clementine and Daniel Cohen have just gone their separate  
ways. Clementine's burner phone buzzes. She answers --

CLEMENTINE

*Hi, Sara... He what?!*

**INT. WFO - TRS HUB - INTERCUT**

Sara is at her station, making the phone call.

SARA

They set a drop off point between  
Bristow and Nokesville. Sending you  
coordinates.--

She glances over her shoulder, sees Connor down the hall.

**I/E. CLEMENTINE'S CAR/DC STREETS/COUNTRY ROADS/FBI VAN/RURAL  
VIRGINIA ROAD - DRIVING - INTERCUT**

-- We start on city streets, Clementine weaving in and out of  
traffic, and

-- TIME CUT to Clementine driving like a maniac on a rural  
Virginia road.

-- The same van that picked Shelby up in the alley drives  
down a country road. Shelby rides in back with Sam. Tense.

-- Clementine sees the van in the distance. Further down the road, she sees the pickup truck approaching from the other direction. Damn! Bad timing.

-- INSIDE THE VAN, Sam reaches to open the door for Shelby.

SAM

Just do as we discussed. You know  
what we're looking for.

SHELBY

Uh huh.

And she gets out and starts walking toward the truck. We see her wave and smile at the driver. Then suddenly she breaks right, into the woods, running away from the truck. Running for her life.

-- INSIDE THE VAN, Sam splutters--

SAM

You stupid idiot --!

-- INSIDE HER CAR, Clementine shouts--

CLEMENTINE

*Shelby, no--*

A RIFLE BUTT pokes out the front window of the pickup. SHOTS RING OUT! One second, Shelby is running. The next second she crumples to the ground.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)

*NOOOO!*

But there's nothing Clementine can do.

**END OF ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR**

**INT. WFO - ASSISTANT DIRECTOR CONNOR'S OFFICE - EVENING (D5)**

Clementine stands straight, a soldier being dressed down. Sam has his hands in his bespoke suit pockets as Connor rails.

CONNOR

This might be the first time in my career that I've had an agent drive an asset to her death. Maybe you should get a job with Uber, Gerard.

Sam is surprised at the dress-down. Clementine is bereft.

CLEMENTINE

All I can think about is that poor girl. Our job was to save her life, and instead we're the ones that put her in harm's way. She trusted *me*--

CONNOR

And now she's dead because you stepped out of line.

CLEMENTINE

Shelby got killed because he sent her back in with no training and a cover story any half-intelligent paranoid white supremacist would see through in a hot second.

SAM

Agent Otis is going through a lot and it's understandable she would be emotional, but--

And Clementine's anger erupts along with her Kentucky accent.

CLEMENTINE

Christ on a cracker, I've seen a mother of five step on a forgotten landmine in Bosnia. I've seen children burn to death in front of my eyes. And I've heard sexist remarks that would make that snarky one hang its head in shame. This isn't about my emotions or my personal transgressions. It's about the fact that a witness got killed because you're in over your head, and now we have no strategy to stop an attack we know is coming.

Clementine is as shocked as Connor and Sam. But it felt good.

**EXT. OTIS HOUSE - BACK YARD - NIGHT (D5)**

Clementine climbs over the fence from the neighbor's yard, her footing sure from years of military obstacle courses. She stops when she sees Larry sitting on their back stoop.

LARRY

I want us to be on the same page  
about all this. We need to be  
working together as a united front.

Clementine sits. Tentatively, she takes his hand.

CLEMENTINE

Something terrible happened today,  
Larry, and it's made me think about  
us, about how much I care for you--

LARRY

I want you to move out.  
(off her shock)  
It's the best thing for the girls--

CLEMENTINE

The best thing for them is to see  
you and me standing side by side  
against this barrage of outrage  
that just keeps coming like a  
runaway train. I want our daughters  
to see me take responsibility for  
my actions, but I want them to see  
that I won't be crushed, not by the  
shaming, the hypocrite double  
standards-- I'm begging you to put  
their needs ahead of your own  
bruised ego. Begging you, okay?

LARRY

A reporter stopped Catherine  
outside school today and asked her  
what she thought about the whole  
world calling her mother a whore.

CLEMENTINE

What kind of tabloid scumbag  
approaches an 8 year old with a  
question like that?

LARRY

One from the Washington Post.

Clementine's anger deflates. Maybe Larry is right.

CLEMENTINE

Have you talked about it with them?

LARRY

I thought we should do it together.

**INT. OTIS HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT (D5)**

Clementine and Larry sit across from Chelsea and Catherine. Both parents are nervous and heartbroken as hell.

LARRY

Mom's going to be staying at a hotel for a little while.

CLEMENTINE

Just until it blows over and all the reporters leave us alone.

Chelsea deadpans.

CHELSEA

So you're getting a divorce.

CLEMENTINE

No.

LARRY

We don't know what's going to happen.

Catherine bursts into tears. Clementine goes to comfort her.

CHELSEA

I'm going to make a sandwich. I'm guessing no one else is going to make dinner tonight.

**INT. OTIS HOUSE - CATHERINE'S BEDROOM - A LITTLE LATER**

Clementine tucks Catherine into bed and kisses her tenderly.

**INT. OTIS HOUSE - KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER**

Chelsea spreads organic peanut butter on multigrain bread. She feels a hand on her, but she doesn't turn around.

CLEMENTINE

I love you, honey. And the last thing on earth I ever wanted was to hurt you and your sister.

Chelsea's hand trembles, tears in her eyes, but she still won't look at her mother. Clementine hugs her from behind.

**INT. HAY-ADAMS HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT (D5)**

Clementine is wheeling a suitcase across the plush lobby when Maxine Powell swans in with an ENTOURAGE. She stops cold.

MAXINE

Takes gall for someone that to show  
her face in a place like this.

And Maxine and her entourage veer INTO THE RESTAURANT.  
Clementine continues to the FRONT DESK.

DESK CLERK

Good evening, ma'am. Checking in?

CLEMENTINE

I have a reservation. Cori Jacobs.

The Desk Clerk checks his computer.

DESK CLERK

We have you in a Standard King with-

The HOTEL MANAGER hurries up to the Desk Clerk and whispers  
something in his ear.

HOTEL MANAGER

I'm sorry, Ms... Jacobs, but I'm  
afraid the hotel is overbooked.

CLEMENTINE

I have a confirmation code.

HOTEL MANAGER

We're overbooked. You're going to  
have to find another hotel.

Clementine realizes what's up, glares at the Hotel Manager.

**INT. ANOTHER HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK**

*Clementine and Moses sit on separate sofas, far apart,  
exercising excruciating restraint.*

CLEMENTINE

*Maxine Powell asked me to run for  
Congress.*

FALLON

*Yes, you've got the Maxine seal of  
approval. Apparently I do too. That  
woman's been coming on to me since  
the second Obama inauguration.*

CLEMENTINE

I guess I should decline the offer.

FALLON

Absolutely not! You would make an excellent Congresswoman. You're a master strategist. You're steady and indefatigable, and you know what it is to put country ahead of self. But--

(struggling with this)

--it's all the more reason we need to get a grip on ourselves.

We realize, this is what they've been discussing --

CLEMENTINE

All my life I've followed the rules, Moses. Not because I was afraid of getting caught--

FALLON

But because you value integrity. It's one of the reasons we're drawn to one another. And it's a conundrum--

CLEMENTINE

Because now-- because we're drawn to one another-- we've compromised our integrity.

Clementine stands to leave. He walks her to the door.

FALLON

I just have to say again that you're one of the most remarkable women-- one of the most remarkable people I've ever met.

A charged beat. Then, in the space of a moment, she's in his arms and they're careening towards the bed.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - LATER - FLASHBACK

After. Clementine and Moses in tangled sheets. Moses gets out of bed and pulls on a robe. Clementine watches him--

CLEMENTINE

I feel like a failure.

MOSES FALLON

Sometimes, when a challenge is this steep, we don't succeed at first.

(MORE)

**MOSES FALLON (CONT'D)**

*(beat)*

*I'm going to take a shower. There's  
a folder on the bedside table.  
Whatever you do, don't look at it.*

*The bathroom door closes. Shower starts. Clementine reaches  
for a FOLDER marked "Classified." It contains a list of names  
- among them, "James Lockhart." She pores over it, not sure  
what it is or why he's sharing it.*

**INT. HAY-ADAMS HOTEL - RESTAURANT - NIGHT (D5)**

Maxine and her cohorts are savoring the amuse bouche when  
Clementine approaches a paunchy, silver-haired man of 60.

CLEMENTINE

Congressman Lockhart, I didn't want  
to leave without saying hello.  
Clementine Otis.

JAMES LOCKHART squints as she extends her hand.

LOCKHART

Aren't you --

CLEMENTINE

The General's Mistress? Yes, it's  
why Maxine had me blackballed from  
this hotel. Although that has less  
to do with morals and more with her  
wanting to get her own hands around  
the General's well-formed biceps.

*(to Maxine)*

All the time you were talking about  
his guns-- silly me, I thought you  
meant his weapons collection.

MAXINE

You might want to watch your mouth.

CLEMENTINE

I've done that for years. All my  
life, in fact. You know, being a  
pariah is strangely liberating.

*(then)*

Congressman Lockhart, I'll bet my  
life we're going to meet again.

Clementine turns and strides away, at first relishing her own  
gall. But then it hits her like a wave... the shame... it  
never stops, and it's so... awful.

**END OF ACT FOUR**

**ACT FIVE**

**EXT. SHAW NEIGHBORHOOD - SARA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (D5)**

A decidedly funky part of town. Clementine rings the bell of a row-house apartment. After a moment, Sara opens the door.

SARA

I know it's not up to your usual  
standard, but it's bigger than our  
freshman dorm--

Sara smiles warmly. Clementine enters, grateful.

**INT. SARA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER**

Clementine peruses her LAPTOP amid Sara's arty, eclectic clutter. Something makes her groan. Sara hands her a mug of tea and peers over her shoulder. She reads aloud--

SARA

*Colleagues describe her as  
ambitious, ruthless, flirtatious --  
constantly bragged about her  
military training -- an excess of  
cleavage -- Stop reading this!*

CLEMENTINE

I have to be able to take it.

SARA

Can't you just get some rosary  
beads and say a few Hail Mary's?

CLEMENTINE

That's Catholic. I'm Methodist.

(then)

I have to read it because I'm FBI  
and I need to know everything  
that's said. And that's pretty much  
everything that I am, Sara. Chelsea  
and Catherine's mother, and an FBI  
agent. It's all I've ever wanted to  
be, for as long as I can remember--

SARA

Larry's wife-- ?

CLEMENTINE

I know you never liked him.

SARA

It's not that I don't like him. I just always felt you were more, I don't know, menschy. More honest.  
(sits down next to her)  
I still think so.

CLEMENTINE

It's not that he's not a good man.

SARA

He cheated on you first.

CLEMENTINE

I never felt threatened by that Veronica girl.

SARA

Ohhhh. You have real feelings for this man. And you told Larry-- ?

CLEMENTINE

I didn't have to. He knows me--  
(then)  
It's the one thing beyond our control. Our feelings. But we can control whether or not we act on them. I should have been stronger.

SARA

Stronger than General Fallon.

CLEMENTINE

One of us should have been.

SARA

Clemmy, if you want to save your marriage, you know I support you.

CLEMENTINE

That is what I want. I have to.

Sara pats the sofa, and her pit bull, GRACIE, jumps up and flops her jowls down on Clementine's lap.

SARA

Gracie and I both support you.

Sara puts her arm around her. Clementine leans into Sara.

**INT. WFO - SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY (D6)**

Clementine sits across from CARL CZARNECKI, wild-eyed and weird. Bored to tears, she sneaks a glance at her watch.

CLEMENTINE

And what did the man do after he  
put the box on the platform?

CZARNECKI

It wasn't a box, it was a carrying  
case for animals. But it could have  
held a bomb or a chemical agent.

CLEMENTINE

Well thank you for being such a  
good citizen Mr. --

CZARNECKI

Czarnecki. It's Polish.

CLEMENTINE

I know. I'll see you out.

She stands and opens the door for him.

**INT. WFO - OPERATIONS CENTER/TRS HUB - MOMENTS LATER**

As Clementine escorts Czarnecki into the elevator, Sam, Sara,  
Vincent, Irish Joe, et. al are getting up from the table.

CZARNECKI

You know, sometimes it's the people  
you don't see coming who are the  
most dangerous.

The elevator closes, and Clementine starts back. But she  
can't resist. She goes to--

**INT. WFO - JOE'S CUBBY - CONTINUOUS**

Clementine clears her throat. Irish Joe hurriedly clicks out  
of whatever he was looking at and spins his chair around.

CLEMENTINE

Where's the Rosary? Have I used up  
all my Hail Mary's?

IRISH JOE

I pray for you because I care for  
you. Ma'am. I don't mean to offend.

Irish Joe looks over his shoulder to make sure nobody is  
watching, then brings up images on his computer of SHELBY'S  
SCRAWLS on the PAPER NAPKIN, photos of the OFFICE BUILDING,  
etc. Clementine leans down to look at them.

CLEMENTINE

What surrounds the building?

Irish Joe clicks around on Google Maps.

IRISH JOE  
Chicken Shack to the left,  
basketball court to the right. Get  
your fix, work it off.

She takes his mouse, clicks back to the PHOTOS OF THE BUILDING, stares for a moment, then traces a line with the CURSOR, from the SIXTH FLOOR WINDOW to the basketball court.

CLEMENTINE  
They're not blowing up anything --

CONNOR (O.C.)  
-- Agent Otis.

Connor. Sam stands behind him. Clementine CLICKS OUT of the PHOTOS, and we now see what Irish Joe was looking at when she approached: A TMZ article, headline: "Federal Floozie Wrecks War Hero's Home." Next to it, a PICTURE OF CLEMENTINE in Prague, on the karaoke stage. Hair wild. Clothes revealing. And Fallon, caught watching her. Smitten.

It's clear from her expression that this is the first time she's seen this photo. The first time Connor's seen it too.

CONNOR (CONT'D)  
What the hell is that?

CLEMENTINE  
It's a vantage point.

CONNOR  
You don't say.

CLEMENTINE  
The building isn't the #9's target.  
Shelby was telling the truth--

CONNOR  
Otis, unless you're looking to make  
more headlines today--

CLEMENTINE  
Better me than the members of  
Congress who play basketball at  
that court across the street from  
the market research company.

At that, Sam looks more closely at the images.

SAM

She's right. My dad's there today practicing for a game against the Congressional Black Caucus --  
(realizing)  
Wait! Shelby said Master C hates the black civil rights guy, Shaw or Shank--

IRISH JOE

Earl Shank, head of the CBC.

Clementine again pulls up the PHOTOS and traces the trajectory from the building window to the basketball court.

CLEMENTINE

The building isn't a target. It's the vantage point for a sniper.  
(to Connor, pointed)  
This isn't a bombing. It's an assassination.

**INT. RAYBURN HOUSE - REP. SHANK'S OFFICE - DAY (D6)**

CONGRESSMAN EARL SHANK, 70, narrows his eyes at Sam.

SHANK

I've never heard of the-- Number Nine Cavalry.

SAM

They're new, I guess.

SHANK

But just like all the other godless bigots that came before them. And who is this Master C?

SAM

Their leader. He wants to start a race war. And we believe he wants to start it by assassinating you. Which is why we'd like you to cancel your practice session--

SHANK

But you need to catch him if you're going to make charges stick.  
(off Sam's confused look)  
Let me explain it to you. You need to catch Master C in the act of assassinating me. Or rather, *trying but failing* to assassinate me, if you do your job properly.

SAM

We can't put you at risk.

SHANK

Son, I've been stabbed, beaten, and shot because of the color of my skin. Do you really think a white supremacist with a name he stole from a 90s rapper is going keep me from practicing for my basketball game? Now tell your daddy that my caucus is going to whip his teams' honky asses next week. Especially that pissant sack of privilege Jackson Faulkner.

**INT. WFO - OPERATIONS CENTER - DAY (D6)**

Clementine has stopped to watch a CNN interview on one of the monitors: Sen. Faulkner stands in front of a CHAINLINK FENCE.

FAULKNER

*I'm tired of the fake media making villains out of the so-called alt right when truly violent black militants are the real problem.*

Vincent walks up next to her. She indicates the TV.

CLEMENTINE

He wants to take us back to the antebellum era. He actually called me a Jezebel.

VINCENT

He's on to something.

CLEMENTINE

Excuse me?

VINCENT

Oh, not with the Jezebel thing. With the black militants.

(hands her a report)

The serial numbers you had me run are from weapons used in that shooting of six Dallas police officers last May by a black militant group.

CLEMENTINE

The Mambasa Nation--  
(wheels spinning)  
(MORE)

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)

Why would the #9 Cavalry buy their weapons from the Mambasa-- ? Unless--

VINCENT

Shelby said Master C wanted to start a race war--

CLEMENTINE

And what better way to start a race war than to murder one of the most beloved racists in America?

(ready to roll)

Come on. We've got to go-- !

VINCENT

Connor's got Irish Joe on the tipline because he helped you--

CLEMENTINE

If you think the new SAC is capable of stopping this assassination, then stay behind.

**EXT. BASKETBALL COURTS - DAY (D6)**

AGENTS secure the perimeter, blocking off the STREETS around the court area. Sam's father, SEN. GARY GERARD, 60s, Master of the Universe, is not happy about it.

SENATOR GERARD

This was Earl Shank's idea wasn't it? He's disrupting our practice to give his team an unfair advantage.

SAM

I assure you, Dad, I'm not that gullible.

(notices Faulkner on the court)

Faulkner's not too bad.

Then Faulkner airballs a layup. Sam and his dad both grimace.

SENATOR GERARD

Faulkner was a pity pick.

(beat)

Kind of like you.

Ouch. Sam wants to retort, but before he can --

Clementine comes running toward them, Vincent and Irish Joe a few meters behind. She shouts as she tears past Sam.

CLEMENTINE

It's not tomorrow! It's today! It's now!

SAM

Shank isn't even here--

CLEMENTINE

Shank's not the target.

(calls back to Irish Joe)

The vantage point. The shooter-- !

She races onto the court and, with no warning, tackles Jackson Faulkner to the ground. He's apoplectic--

FAULKNER

Someone get this brazen hu--

--when A SHOT RINGS OUT through the air where he just was a second ago. Clementine saved his life. Sam jumps into action.

SAM

Everybody down!

MORE SHOTS. A BULLET caps one Senator in the knee. OTHERS hit the concrete as MORE SHOTS ring out. The FBI AGENTS return fire, aiming for the sixth floor window of the adjacent OFFICE BUILDING. SIRENS wail, getting closer. Clementine doesn't move, her body shielding Faulkner. Doing her job.

**EXT. BASKETBALL COURTS - LATER**

Faulkner sits on the back of an ambulance, unscathed and mad as hell, spitting piss and vinegar into a REPORTER's mic. ACROSS THE COURT, Clementine is talking to Connor and Sam, explaining as they walk toward Faulkner--

CLEMENTINE

It was a set up. The #9 purchased weapons that were registered to the Mambasa Nation. Master C wanted to frame them for Faulkner's murder.

A beat as Clementine waits for Connor's reaction. Then --

CONNOR

Good work, Otis. I hope you understand I'll have to keep your name out of the official report.

That makes her furious. But they're approaching Faulkner and they hear the tail end of his tirade.

FAULKNER

--today's FBI is a feckless pot of  
bleeding heart liberals all stewing  
in their own cronyism.

(points at Clementine)

Get that hussy out of my sight! She  
destroyed the life and career of  
one of America's great generals.

All eyes on Clementine. This time, she doesn't flinch. She  
locks eyes with Faulkner. She's getting used to it.

**INT. WFO - OPERATIONS CENTER/CLEMENTINE'S CUBBY - NIGHT (D6)**

Clementine is getting ready to leave. Sam approaches.

SAM

I wanted to say thank you for  
today. You saved a lot of lives.

CLEMENTINE

And you got all the credit.

SAM

We had to do that. You know you  
can't be the face of the FBI right  
now, with all the things people are  
saying about you--

CLEMENTINE

-- Good night, Agent Gerard.

She starts out, when--

SAM

Otis wait-- The task force picked  
up a new case. A possible serial  
killer who just crossed state  
lines. I realize I've still got a  
lot to learn. I'd appreciate your  
help.

CLEMENTINE

What am I, Cyrano de Bergerac?  
(off his blank stare)  
Didn't you go to Harvard?

SAM

Only because my father's name is on  
a building there.

She sees his eyes, so full of insecurity, imploring her.

CLEMENTINE

I'll think about it.

**INT. RUS UZ BOSNIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT (D6)**

Clem's spot. A rousing hole in the wall featuring beer, meat, and potatoes. Clementine is on the phone to Catherine.

CLEMENTINE

I'm having Bosnian food tonight  
sweetie, from our favorite  
restaurant... I wish you were with  
me... Yes I'm getting the herring  
in a fur coat... If Daddy says  
that, Catherine, you have to listen  
to Daddy... I love you very, very  
much and I'll see you tomorrow  
after school. Can I talk to your  
sister?

(then, stricken)

That's okay, sweetheart. Tell her I  
love her too--

Clementine hangs up, her heart to breaking, when AMAR, the owner, grizzly beard, big smile, greets her IN BOSNIAN. She speaks the language perfectly, with barely any accent.

AMAR (SUBTITLE)

*Hello Clementine. Will you be  
having the herring tonight?*

CLEMENTINE (SUBTITLE)

*Yes, the usual, Amar. But I'll have  
it to go.*

AMAR (SUBTITLE)

*Ah, yes. We are following your  
scandal closely. Rooting for you.*

CLEMENTINE (SUBTITLE)

*Like a basketball game.*

AMAR (SUBTITLE)

*Like anything that isn't war.*

Amar makes a good, and very Eastern European, point. Meanwhile on a TV on the counter, FAULKNER blathers on.

FAULKNER

*I owe my life to the heroic efforts  
of Assistant Director Chase Connor  
and Special Agent in Charge Sam  
Gerard, who acted bravely and  
swiftly--*

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

Don't you hate that? Other people  
getting credit for your work.

Clementine turns to see Carl Czarnecki, the crackpot she interviewed that morning, picking up a bag of takeout. She's polite, but doesn't engage.

CLEMENTINE

Mr. Czarnecki. Excuse me.

She turns back to look for Amar. Czarnecki reaches into the bakery case and takes TWO BAKLAVA, pops one in his mouth.

CZARNECKI

Have you tried the baklava? So many  
yummy layers to peel back.

(a final nod to the TV)

Those Mambasa boys are going to  
have to watch their backs now, huh?

As he exits, Amar returns. In heavily accented English--

AMAR

Clementine, did you want to have  
the *cufte* or--

-- but she's processing something --

CLEMENTINE

How does he know about Mambasa?

(suddenly, she realizes)

Master C!

She bolts --

**EXT. RUS UZ BOSNIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT (D6)**

But Carl Czarnecki a/k/a Master C is gone.

**INT. SARA'S APARTMENT - FOYER/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (D6)**

Clementine enters with a big bag of takeout. Sara intercepts her in the doorway, upset.

SARA

I'm sorry, I wanted to call and  
warn you but he wouldn't let me.  
He's here.

Clementine goes tense. Reaches for her gun--

CLEMENTINE

Who? Master C--

--when, behind Sara, Moses Fallon stands up from the sofa. Sara grabs the takeout bag and disappears into the kitchen. Clementine doesn't move. He takes a step towards her.

FALLON

I only have a few minutes, but I  
had to see you.

(off her silence)

I know this has been hard on you. I  
hope you understand why I've had to  
keep my distance. This is a very  
fraught situation.

CLEMENTINE

Oh, I'm well aware--

But he wasn't talking about the scandal.

FALLON

There are powers at play here,  
Clementine. Powers much greater  
than you or me. We're just pawns.

That has a familiar ring.

CLEMENTINE

What are you saying?

He does a quick scan of Sara's apartment with his eyes.

FALLON

Not here. I'll be clearing out my  
office on Tuesday. Then I'm going  
to spend a few days at my cottage  
in Hilton Head. I'll be on my own  
Thursday if you can get away.

(she says nothing)

You don't need to decide now. I'll  
be there. I hope you come.

He starts for the door, but then he turns.

FALLON (CONT'D)

Clementine--

(she waits)

When I'm not with you, I'm alone.

For a long moment, they're locked in one another's eyes. Fallon breaks first. He exits, leaving Clementine standing there, trying to catch her breath.

**END OF PILOT**