

KANSAS CITY

"Pilot"

By
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"In the 2016 presidential election the Kansas City metropolitan area was the most evenly divided electorate of any metro area in the country, voting 49.7% Trump, and 49.2% Clinton."

-- The New York Times.

"People are pretty much the same wherever you go. There is good and bad in most people, doesn't matter what state you live in. Some more secure, some less secure. Some people mind their own business, some don't." -- Bob Dylan.

EXT. KANSAS CITY GOLF CLUB. WEST, K.C., AMERICA - DAY

CLOSE on a WHITE FLAG flying in the wind against a crystal blue sky. On it are two words: "KANSAS CITY." PULL BACK, revealing the flag is attached to a GOLF FLAGSTICK marking a hole on the green of the Kansas City Golf Club [KCGC.] Country club perfection. Then: Fifty yards behind the flagstick a GOLF BALL DROPS onto the approaching fairway.

CLOSE on the ball. Printed on it is the word "AMERICA," and underneath that: "Ellis Brookmeyer, KCGC." As we start to hear the ELECTRIC WHINE of a GOLF CART getting closer.

The cart is being driven by a CADDIE (male, 17.) In the backseat sit BEN GRAHAM (38, trim, dark hair, doesn't particularly want to be there) and Ben's former father-in-law, ELLIS BROOKMEYER (57, charming, virile; imagine Billy Bob Thornton.) Only Ellis is playing. The cart comes to a stop near the ball. Ellis gets out. The caddie gets him a club.

ELLIS

You sure you don't want to play a few holes, Ben?

BEN

I've got to get back to work.

ELLIS

Work, right. Outreach.

BEN

So what do you think, Ellis?

ELLIS

About reaching out? Handjobs and hand grenades, I'm all for it.

(then)

Hey, you still got your fish? I just got a new sixty gallon tank for my office here at the club.

BEN

Wow, sixty gallons... As I was saying, Clarissa and I would only be over in East for a few hours. At The Majestic. Downtown.

ELLIS

The Majestic, man. Good steaks. And great shitters. Sumptuous, as stalls go. I once got a hummer in one... People still eat steaks over there, right? I'll assume blowjobs remain at historical levels.

BEN

This woman that's going to be singing there, a jazz singer, Sarah Washington, she's Clarissa's absolute favorite these days. She's even singing one of her songs for her chorale group at school. She's been praying for you to say yes.

ELLIS

Girl does enjoy a good prayer. Weird when your kids get into shit you're not, right? Almost feels ungrateful.

Ellis shoots him a sly smile. Then looks down at his ball and SWINGS... It SAILS PAST THE GREEN AND OVER A WALL BEHIND IT.

It's the first time we've seen the wall. Here it's ten feet, dark green, with barbed wire on top. It extends indefinitely in either direction along the length of the course.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

Oh, fuck a duck. Ball's got my name right on it too. Right damn on it.

This gives everyone pause. Tension here. Though, as yet, we don't quite understand why. Ellis looks at Ben, who shrugs. Then at the caddie, tense, he shrugs too -- tough luck.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

Someone finds that ball over there, you can bet they'll be dining out on that for a while...

And the thought of this, of a dinner in East K.C. at which his ball is being passed around, laughed at...

Ellis now PULLS OUT A ROLL OF CASH, turns to the caddie.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

There's a thousand dollars in it for you, son, to climb that tree...

He points to a TREE WITH BRANCHES JUTTING OUT OVER THE WALL.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

Hop over to the other side, and retrieve my personalized golf ball.

Now he points to a TREE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL with BRANCHES THAT JUT BACK OVER to the side they're on.

ELLIS (CONT'D)
 You can skidaddle back over by
 climbing that tree there.

The caddie smiles, thinks he's joking.

He's not.

Ellis hikes up a pant leg to reveal a PISTOL in an ankle
 holster. Grabs it, cocks it, hands it to the caddie.

ELLIS (CONT'D)
 If it'll make you feel better.

Ellis puts the cash in the kid's hand, looks him in the eye.

ELLIS (CONT'D)
 You a Billy Joel fan?

CADDIE
 Billy who?

ELLIS
 He's got this song, "Goodnight
 Saigon." It's about marines. The
 Marines. Chorus goes: "*And we'd all
 go down together.*" Check it out.
 When you get back.

The caddie, now totally unnerved, looks at Ben, then Ellis,
 then takes the gun and starts WALKING toward the wall/tree.

Ben stares at Ellis, who softly sings a bit more Billy Joel:

ELLIS (CONT'D)
*We held the coastline, they held the
 highlands / And they were sharp / As
 sharp as knives, knives, knives...*

ON THE CADDIE'S FACE, a billboard for where trepidation meets
 outright fear, as he WALKS SLOWLY TOWARD THE WALL.

As he goes he passes a series of SIGNS -- the fancy golf
 course sort, small white letters on country club green.

FIRST SIGN: "**Carts please stay on path to next hole.**"

NEXT SIGN: "**Club boundary. Do not cross.**"

NEXT SIGN: "**Stop! Municipal/International Border. No
 Crossing. No Access. No Return.**"

FINALLY: "**You are now leaving West Kansas City. Bye-Bye!**"

BACK ON BEN AND ELLIS -- both staring at the CADDIE CLIMBING OVER THE WALL, and as he manages to FLING HIMSELF OVER.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

I know it's tough, Ben, you living in East K.C. and Clarissa living here in West, but--

BEN

I haven't spent more than two hours with my daughter in ten years, Ellis, let alone on her birth--

ELLIS

But there are a whole lot of people in this town in your situation, and last time I checked basically none of them ever get to see whoever it is they got on the other side.

BEN

I know that.

ELLIS

And if it wasn't for your "Outreach" job there at the mission you wouldn't either. Makes you pretty lucky, doesn't it?

BEN

It does. And I hope you know how much I, how much we, Clarissa and I, appreciate you making it possible.

ELLIS

Well, anything for Clarissa. But, you see, fuck of it all is, that's exactly what could make her target over in East -- her being the granddaughter of the last mayor of unified KC, that and my, let's be honest, ongoing ties to the West KC military-industrial complex.

BEN

I understand that, Ellis, but I think tensions have actually calm--

A SINGLE GUNSHOT rings out, echoing across the course. Ben and Ellis listen for more. But nothing. Back to the birds.

ELLIS

That... Was not my gun.

They listen for more. Nothing. Just birds.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

You know, sometimes, when it gets
real quiet, I can just about hear
them laughing over there.

At him.

Ben looks at him. Ellis then starts to walk back to the cart.

BEN

(half to himself)
This is fucking crazy.

Ellis stops. Turns back to him. Almost smiles. Almost.

ELLIS

This is Kansas City.

Then he gets in the cart and DRIVES AWAY. OFF Ben.

BLACK SCREEN. SUPER:

*In the early 21st century the United States of America was
riven by cultural and political divisions. As tensions soared
any notions of compromise were shattered. Civil war loomed.*

*Luckily, cooler heads prevailed. The country chose to split
itself into two nations: America -- most of the interior of
the continent. And the United States and Cities of America --
the coasts, along with some inland metro areas.*

*One of these metro areas, however, Kansas City, proved too
evenly divided to align with either side. So it split in two:*

*West Kansas City, America. Conservative. And East Kansas
City., U.S.C.A. Liberal.*

BLACK SCREEN. SUPER:

*East K.C. is surrounded, for hundreds of miles in every
direction, by West K.C. and the rest of America.*

*A wall was built around East Kansas City. Travel across it,
in either direction, remains almost entirely restricted.
Suspicion, misinformation, and enmity rage as the two cities
actively aim to undermine the other. Espionage is rampant.*

EXT. KANSAS CITY GOLF CLUB [KCGC] - FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

Ben waits, unnerved by what just happened. And by what he's
looking at, in the center of the club driveway gardeners are
working on a GIANT TOPIARY OF A FEROCIOUS EAGLE. [Topiary,
i.e. bush sculptures, are an aesthetic hallmark of West K.C.]

A TAXI now pulls up for Ben. It's an S.U.V. Every car we see in West K.C. is an S.U.V. or a truck. Ben gets in the taxi.

INT. WEST KANSAS CITY TAXI - CONTINUOUS

Ben in the back. A DRIVER, friendly, in front. They DRIVE.

BEN
12th and Grand. Near Checkpoint.

DRIVER
You from out of town?

BEN
No. I'm from here.

DRIVER
Me too. Nothing like Kansas City,
right? Paris of the plains.

BEN
More like Berlin.

DRIVER
And East are the bad guys here too!
Communist, again! What are the odds?

BEN
Fifty-fifty.

DRIVER
Good fences, good neighbors, right?
At least we don't have that weather
they've got over there.

BEN
The weather? What do you mean?

DRIVER
Microclimate. Rains there in East. A
lot. Acid rain. Literally. Acid.
From the sky. Burns.

BEN
That's... Not true. I live in East,
okay? I only work here in West. At
the East KC Diplomatic Mission.

The driver eyes him suspiciously through the rear view.

DRIVER
Hard for you to be objective about
the whole weather thing then, huh?

TITLE SEQUENCE:

A cool/weird cover of "Kansas City Here I Come" plays over a series of POSTCARD-LIKE IMAGES of places in and around East and West Kansas City. Somewhere in every image is THE WALL.

It can look foreboding, forlorn, or preposterous. Some locations -- golf courses (like the one we just saw,) parks, malls, museums -- are bisected, entirely, absurdly, by it.

The images convey differences between the two cities, the kinds of stores, etc. Think: an aromatherapy co-op in East... A drive-through taxidermy emporium in West... A Target-like national chain built out of reclaimed wood and recycled aluminum in East... The same chain as a massive box-store anchoring a parking lot full of trucks and SUVs in West.

There are also civic-boostery/propaganda-ish/mildly paranoid posters/signs that reflect the outlook of both sides.

PRE-LAP: The sound of MULTIPLE GUNS BEING FIRED.

INT. HERITAGE HIGH SCHOOL, WEST K.C. - SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

The face of a 14 year-old boy wearing SHOOTING GOGGLES and FIRING ROUNDS OF HANDGUN at a target. CAMERA pans to another young teen wearing goggles/shooting, then another, male and female, down the line of this high school firing range.

SUPER: HERITAGE HIGH SCHOOL, WEST KANSAS CITY, AMERICA.

We stop on the face of CLARISSA GRAHAM (15, beatific, unflappable) as she, wearing a mostly red school uniform, yellow goggles and a cross choker, fires off rounds.

The SCHOOL BELL RINGS. Shooting class is over. Clarissa and the rest of the kids put down their guns, take off their goggles, and wait for their targets to return. She gets hers and smiles. REVERSE on the target. She is an incredible shot.

PRE-LAP: Ella Fitzgerald sings "Devil and the Deep Blue Sea."

INT. HERITAGE HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY

Ella's singing continues, listened to by Clarissa on ear buds as she walks. Most, but not all, the other kids are white.

Posters and notices dot the school hallway walls, including:

A POSTER WITH SCHOOL NICKNAME/MASCOT "THE TERROR-BUSTERS."

A POSTER THAT READS: "WEST KANSAS CITY -- STRONGER. UNITED."

Clarissa stops in front of a COLLEGE FAIR POSTER. "Meet representatives from the best colleges in America." As Someone TAPS her on the shoulder.

She turns to see: KENDRA LOPEZ, 15, Hispanic. Kendra is speaking but Clarissa can't hear her. She removes her ear buds. Now the music stops.

KENDRA

Hi. Can I borrow your gun? I left mine at home and I have shooting next. I'll give it back after.

CLARISSA

Yeah. Sure, Kendra.

Clarissa reaches into her bookbag and HANDS OVER HER GUN.

KENDRA

Thanks.
(re: the fair poster)
Are you going to this?

CLARISSA

I don't think so. No.

KENDRA

Are you really still thinking about going to that school in the U.S.? What's it called again?

CLARISSA

Tulane. In New Orleans. They have this amazing jazz studies program. I know it's a longshot, but--

KENDRA

Longshot? Seriously, have you ever even heard of anyone who's gotten papers to go to college in the U.S.? Or to cross for any reason?

CLARISSA

No. But my grandfather said it's not impossible.

KENDRA

Wouldn't it bother you, the girls there all being sluts? And the drugs and homosexuals and stuff?

CLARISSA

New Orleans isn't like that. It's pretty religious. They have this huge celebration for Lent.

KENDRA

I can't imagine *wanting* to be around people so smug and intolerant.

CLARISSA

Don't you think that's what they say about us too?

KENDRA

Exactly. But if it's really what you want, I'll pray on it for you.

CLARISSA

Thank you, Kendra.

KENDRA

Thank you for the gun.

She WALKS AWAY. Clarissa does the same.

EXT. EAST K.C. DIPLOMATIC MISSION -- WEST, K.C. - DAY

A crappy little building on a crappy little street in downtown West Kansas City. A sign tells us this is the East Kansas City Diplomatic Mission. Someone has spraypainted "Dicks!" on the front. Ben APPROACHES AND ENTERS.

INT. EAST K.C. MISSION - BEN'S OFFICE - DAY

A drab office. A desk with a phone, two chairs, a few East K.C. booster-y posters. A LARGE MAP OF EAST K.C. AND SURROUNDING AREA -- WEST K.C. AND THE REST OF AMERICA -- with the border wall marked. [Another sense of our geography.]

A LARGE "OUTREACH EVENTS" WALL CALENDAR -- TOTALLY BARE.

And a FRAMED QUOTE: *"Men hate each other because they fear each other. They fear each other because they don't know each other, and they don't know each other because they are separated from each other. -- Martin Luther King."*

Ben ENTERS. Sits at his desk. If there was a clock we'd hear it tick, but there isn't. Worried about what happened on the golf course he reaches for the phone, as IN WALKS:

SETH, 28, tan, talks fast; sunglasses hooked in a golf shirt, head down, phone to his ear, listening, mid-conversation.

SETH
 (into phone)
 Uh-huh... Uh-huh... What?

Only now does he look up and around the room, at Ben.

SETH (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
Get The. Fuck Out. Of here.
 (whispers to Seth)
 Not you.
 (back into phone)
 Wood paneling... Teak... No,
 please, take your time. I'll hold.

Seth quickly HANGS UP.

SETH (CONT'D)
 You must be Barry.

BEN
 No. Ben. I'm the chief outreach--

SETH
 Go Chiefs!
 (then re: the MLK quote)
 So... Did Martin Luther King really
 say that? Like, really. Because
 quotes are easy to fake, you know.
Very. You just need... Quotes.
 (then)
 Chief outreach, huh? To who exactly
 are you chiefly reaching out?

BEN
 Whom. To whom.

SETH
 Don't do that. No one likes that.

BEN
 To the people of West Kansas City,
 from the people of East Kansas
 City. To try and foster a more...
 Understanding.

SETH
 How that's working out?

BEN
 Not great.

Seth's PHONE RINGS. He doesn't answer. It KEEPS RINGING as:

SETH

What happened today with you and
Ellis Brookmeyer and that caddie
who went over the wall?

PHONE RINGS again. This time, lightning fast, Seth answers.

SETH (CONT'D)

(into phone)

I am Seth.

(then)

How spicy? *Sphincter-puckering?* I'm
listening, *digame*.

As Seth, still on the phone, WALKS OUT OF THE OFFICE. Ben
watches him go, bewildered. Then decides to FOLLOW HIM.

INT. EAST K.C. MISSION - HALLWAYS, A STAIRWELL - DAY

Ben walks into the hallway, sees Seth at the other end, still
on the phone. He starts to FOLLOW Seth, who turns a corner.

AROUND THAT CORNER -- Ben looks both ways down another
hallway -- no sign of Seth.

STAIRWELL -- Ben heading up some stairs. Now hears:

SETH (O.C.)

Damn it! You do not want laminate
flooring, okay?

Ben looks up, can barely see Seth walking a few floors up.

SETH (CONT'D)

Because it looks like crap that's why.

Seth opens a DOOR and EXITS THE STAIRWELL.

INT. EAST K.C. MISSION - MAIN LOBBY - DAY

Ben bursts through a door from stairs into the mission's main
lobby. He looks around, but there is NO SIGN OF SETH.

EXT. HERITAGE HIGH SCHOOL - PICKUP/DROP OFF AREA - DAY

Kids are streaming out/waiting for their rides. One of them
is Clarissa. She, and every other kid and adult in the area,
now turns upon hearing LOUD ARABIC MUSIC BLASTING FROM AN
APPROACHING BLACK MERCEDES. They watch as JAMAAL ABOUD (15,
handsome, with I-don't-give-a-fuck swagger) gets in the car.

Then: a CAR HORN. It's Clarissa's mother, TABATHA (37) in her luxury edition white truck. Clarissa heads to her.

INT. TABATHA'S WHITE TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Clarissa GETS IN. Tabatha, who despite perpetual dieting and exercise is always six pounds overweight, wears workout attire (white, always white,) holds an unlit American Spirit and has, as she usually does, a bottle of Electrolyte Water.

TABATHA

I know, I'm late, I'm sorry. I'll drive fast. You'll see him before he has to cross.

They drive. Tabatha is clearly upset about something.

TABATHA (CONT'D)

It's the name. Zumba. If I were opening up a pilates studio, even yoga... But *Zumba*, it sounds... African, right? Not helpful for classpack pre-registration.

CLARISSA

People probably just don't know what it means, the word.

TABATHA

God, not all words mean something. I'm so sick of that.

They STOP AT A LIGHT. In front of them is a LARGE BILLBOARD. On it are a SMILING MAN AND WOMAN WEARING BUSINESS SUITS AND SHAKING HANDS. It says: "No regulation? No corporate taxes? No problems! Greater K.C. -- a *Greater* place for business!"

TABATHA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. It's just... I need this, the studio, to work.

CLARISSA

I know. It will.

They START DRIVING AGAIN.

And soon pass ANOTHER BILLBOARD. It reads: "*Kansas City's Biggest Night! The Annual 4th of July Fireworks Extravaganza at Country Club Plaza. A night to show them who **WE** are!*"

TABATHA

Kansas was founded by abolitionists, you know. They would have Zumba-ed.

EXT. EAST K.C. MISSION - FRONT OF BUILDING - DUSK

Magic hour in front of a sad little building near downtown West Kansas City. Ben waits in front. Tabatha's TRUCK PULLS UP. Clarissa GETS OUT. Ben's face lights up. He walks to her.

CLARISSA

Sorry I'm so late. Mom is having Zumba issues.

BEN

Did you tell her I said she should change the name?

Clarissa smiles and hugs her father.

CLARISSA

I know you have to cross soon. I'll walk you.

She takes his hand, they WALK. Best part of Ben's day by far.

BEN

I saw your grandfather this morning.

She looks at him, hopeful.

BEN (CONT'D)

He says it's too dangerous. He offered to throw you a birthday party at his club instead.

CLARISSA

(nods, tries to smile)
I'll make sure he lets you come.

BEN

Clar--

CLARISSA

Will you do something for me? Go without me, to see Sarah Washington. She's amazing, and that way it'll be like a part of me is there too.

BEN

He reminded me how "lucky" we are as it is, and of course that we have him to thank for it.

CLARISSA

Have I ever told about the photo wall at school. Kids bring in pictures of people in East.

(MORE)

CLARISSA (CONT'D)

Brothers and sisters, grandparents,
friends. People they haven't seen
since the wall went up, nine years
ago. I wanted to put your picture
up, but it felt wrong. We are lucky.

As we now REVEAL they are in front of:

EXT. CHECKPOINT KANSAS CITY - DAY

Imagine an absurd Kansas City version of Berlin's Checkpoint Charlie. The only crossing point between East and West. Checkpoint Kansas City is, of course, fully militarized. Numerous WEST K.C. SECURITY SERVICE [WKCSS] forces patrol. Beyond them and the wall, on the other side of about 25 yards of DMZ/no man's land, are their EAST K.C. POLICE [EKCP] counterparts. Tensions here are always high.

She takes a deep breath, refortifying, and takes his hand.

CLARISSA

It won't always be this way. It
won't. Only two more years until
college. New Orleans. We can see
jazz together every night.

She smiles hopefully, clearly really believing it's possible... It breaks Ben's heart.

CLARISSA (CONT'D)

You used to smile when I said that.

As: behind them, framed between their faces in profile, we see a MAN (30s) WALKING VERY QUICKLY TOWARD THEM.

BEN

Did I? Those were the days.

As we start hear SIRENS IN THE DISTANCE, getting closer...

CLARISSA

And if it doesn't happen, that's
okay too. I know you might
disagree, but West Kansas City is a
pretty great place to live. I've
got my friends, church, mom, and,
yes, grandpa. And I get to see you.
It's home. I probably wouldn't fit
in very well in New Orleans any--

The man SLAMS INTO BEN AND CLARISSA, plowing through them.

BEN

Hey--

He reaches out toward Ben and Clarissa -- who is wearing a light jacket here, since school. The man PUTS AN APOLOGETIC HAND ON BOTH OF THEIR ELBOWS.

MAN

Sorry, are you okay?

And then, to Clarissa, without her or anyone else noticing, the man SLIPS SOMETHING INTO THE POCKET OF JACKET.

BEN

We're fine. Watch where you're--

The man starts WALKING AWAY QUICKLY, in another direction as--

FOUR WKCSS CARS SUDDENLY PULL UP AROUND THE MAN/BEN AND CLARISSA and several WKCSS SECURITY MEN (black uniforms, with red accents) burst out of the cars, GUNS DRAWN.

WKCSS SECURITY GUYS

Stop! Don't move! Hands up!

The back-door of one of the WKCSS car OPENS and a pair of SNAKESKIN BOOTS hit the ground. FOLLOW these boots, and the man wearing them -- black jeans, black tie, black blazer with West Kansas City pin on his lapel, and MIRRORED SUNGLASSES. This is CAPTAIN FOXX (33, African-American, former Army Ranger, head of the West K.C. Security Services [WKCSS.] Imagine, yes, Jamie Foxx.) Foxx is smart, a little unhinged.

CAPT. FOXX

(to the caught man)

Gotcha.

Two WKCSS men roughly search him. Foxx walks over to Ben.

CAPT. FOXX (CONT'D)

Hi there. I'm Captain Foxx, two x's. Rhymes with Fox. With one x.

As he pats Ben down, finds his wallet, checks his papers:

BEN

My name is Ben Graham. I work at the East Kansas City Diplomatic Mission. I'm the Chief Outreach--

CAPT. FOXX

Go Chiefs! Take 'em all.

The WKCSS men ROUGHLY GRAB Clarissa and Ben.

BEN

Wait, Captain, she lives in West.
Clarissa show the Captain your
identification, who you are.

Clarissa looks at her father, understands, hands him her I.D.

CLARISSA

I'm Clarissa Brookmeyer Graham. My
grandfather is Ellis Brookmeyer.

CAPT. FOXX

You sang at Ellis' 4th of July
shindig last year, at the KC Golf
Club. Billy Joel, right?

CLARISSA

Yes. He's my grandfather's favorite.

CAPT. FOXX

Oh, I know. Once when he was drunk
he told me to call him *The Piano
Man*. I pretended not to hear him.
But I heard him. I heard him.

He now hands her back her I.D. And walks toward the man.

CAPT. FOXX (CONT'D)

As for you, how about we talk some
more over some real Kansas City
barbecue? Joe's okay with you?

MAN

I'm a Gates man. Joe's is shit. All
the barbecue in West K.C. is shi--

Before he can finish Capt. Foxx -- with the speed and
ferocity of a former Army Ranger -- SLAMS THE MAN TO THE
GROUND AND BASHES HIS HEAD AGAINST THE GROUND, one, two,
three times. Leaving him bloodied and crumpled on the street.

CAPT. FOXX

(to Clarissa)

Quick: Who's the black Billy Joel?
Lionel Ritchie. Think about it.

Foxx now heads back to his car, singing softly as he goes:

CAPT. FOXX (CONT'D)

*We going to party, karamu, fiesta,
forever / Come on and sing a-long...*

OFF Ben and Clarissa.

EXT. CHECKPOINT K.C. - WEST K.C. SIDE - GUARD POST - DUSK

CLOSE on Ben's WORK/CROSSING PAPERS. Then: the suspicious eyes of WKCSS GUARD. Who, after a moment, waves Ben through.

ON BEN as he WALKS across the 25 yards or so of "no man's land" to an EKC BORDER/GUARD POST, who checks his papers and waves him through. Ben turns to look back, behind him.

He sees Clarissa on the West K.C. side. She smiles and waves. Ben waves back. He's done this hundreds of times, look back at his daughter standing on the other side of the checkpoint.

Clarissa knows he won't leave until she does. So, as is their custom, she smiles and WALKS AWAY first.

Only now does Ben cross over to East Kansas City.

EXT. CHECKPOINT K.C. - EAST K.C. SIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Ben, now walking away from the wall, into East K.C. The side of the wall here is COVERED IN GRAFFITI/SLOGANS ESPOUSING EVERY POSSIBLE LIBERAL CAUSE. An over-the-top and seriously vitriolic mural of indignance and identity politics. A few taxis wait -- all are ELECTRIC CARS. All the cars in East K.C. are electric, or Prius-like. Very sad.

TAXI DRIVER # 2

No bus service. City holiday.

BEN

I took the bus this morning.

TAXI DRIVER # 2

Half-day holiday. Bisexual Appreciation Day. Bullshit, right? Why do bisexuals only get half a day? Bisexuals aren't half as sexual. They're twice as sexual.

INT. EAST. K.C. TAXI - DRIVING - DUSK

Ben in the back. TAXI DRIVER # 2 up front. Ben looks out the window and we start to see more East Kansas City. There are MORE NON-WHITE PEOPLE. And Priuses. And absurdly specific ETHNIC FOOD TRUCKS/RESTAURANTS ("Southwest-Central Vietnamese Non-GMO Soups!") And POP-UP JUICE BARS. Of course pot is legal. There are also storefronts for OFFICES FOR LEFT-LEANING CAUSES [cutesy names like SINGLE-PAYER CONVEYOR!]

And we drive past a ZUMBA STUDIO which is, of course, packed.

EXT. WESTERN AUTO BUILDING - EAST K.C. - NIGHT

The taxi DROPS OFF Ben in front of one of the coolest old buildings in town. Huge neon "Western Auto" sign on roof.

INT./EXT. WESTERN AUTO BAR - SAME

ELEVATOR OPENS. Ben walks into the WESTERN AUTO BAR, half indoors, half on the roof, the sign casting a neon glow. The bar's major draw is its location, offering a dramatic view OVER THE WALL into West Kansas City. He spots a man drinking alone by the WINDOWS/VIEW, his dentist, DR. DEL TORO (44.)

Ben walks over and sits next to him.

DR. DEL TORO

Good, you're here... Would you say paying for sex is immoral, if priced appropriately?

BEN

Why are you here, Dr. Del Toro?

DR. DEL TORO

Here? Why else? I like to look down, literally, on the other side.

BEN

Kansas City. I'm from here. But the only reason I'm still here is Clarissa. What's your excuse?

DR. DEL TORO

I'm a dentist, we go where the decay is. Did you see Ellis?

Ben doesn't respond, just stares out the window. Then:

BEN

I used to have these vicious fights with Tabatha about politics, values, all of it centered on Clarissa. How she should or shouldn't be raised. Then one day I came home from work and there's a note from Tab saying they've gone over to West... Clar's toys, her clothes, still in her bedroom, just laying there... She was six.

DR. DEL TORO

Have you ever considered--

BEN

Living in West? I tried. About a week later. My immigration application was denied. Courtesy of Ellis Brookmeyer.

DR. DEL TORO

Then why get you the outreach job in the mission?

BEN

Clarissa begged him, basically cried at his feet for weeks. All politics are local.

DR. DEL TORO

A moderate then, are we? Its always seemed to me moderates are people who believe they can behave like assholes without ever actually becoming one. I'm a moderate.

(then, noticing)

There's a man at the bar staring over here. At you, it seems.

Ben turns and looks and sees Seth, who quickly looks away.

Ben quickly GETS UP and makes a bee line for Seth at the bar.

BEN AND SETH AT THE BAR

BEN

Who the fuck are you?

SETH

What happened with you at the checkpoint today? Are you aware that the man you helped Capt. Foxx apprehend was an E.K.C.I.S. [Pronounced *Eekis*] asset.

BEN

Help him? I didn't do anything to--

SETH

Are you in the market for a home sauna, hot tub or spa tub? Say yes and follow me. Do it.

BEN

You're insane, aren't you?

SETH

Like a fox! No, like an eagle.
Clever like fox, insane like eagle.

Seth WALKS AWAY. Ben is unsure what to do. But FOLLOWS.

INT. WESTERN AUTO BAR - MEN'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ben ENTERS. No one is there. A STALL DOOR OPENS... He looks inside and sees Seth STANDING on the toilet. Ben approaches. Seth talks to him from his perch on the toilet seat.

SETH

I work for E.K.C.I.S.

BEN

Who?

SETH

Dude, pick up "The Economist" sometime. *The East Kansas City Intelligence Service*. And I am authorized to enter into agreements with sub-agents in return for "intel," short for *intelligence*.

BEN

No, no thanks. Not interested.

SETH

Not interested in defending our Way Of Life?

BEN

What? You mean like Bisexual Appreciation Half-day?

SETH

I'm bisexual. Very good times.

Ben starts to walk away.

SETH (CONT'D)

We can get her out of there.

Ben stops, turns.

SETH (CONT'D)

Clarissa. We can get her out of West Kansas City. If you help us.

(then)

Imagine it for a second: the two of you in, say... New Orleans. Tulane.

(MORE)

SETH (CONT'D)

Serious question: Are you really okay with her *majoring* in jazz? What's her minor gonna be, brunch?

BEN

Have you been spying on us?

SETH

No. Never.

(then)

This is how you get your daughter back, your life back. And, bonus, help stop the primary funder of West KC's secret police, i.e. the most dangerous Billy Joel fanatic on the planet.

BEN

Stop him from doing what?

SETH

Forcing the total capitulation of East Kansas City. A municipal hate-fucking for the ages, sans lube. Do I need to continue the metaphor?

BEN

I'm good.

SETH

Look around, Barry, if you haven't noticed things are a little *severe* around here. The whole country got divorced, sure, but this is the only place that's got a wall running through it. In other cities, not going to name names -- Tampa -- people are starting to talk about "common ground," about "compromise." We can't let that happen here.

BEN

Why not?

SETH

Because then we're fucking Canada. Or worse. Finland. We're Finns..

BEN

My name is Ben, not Barry.

SETH

Disappointing. But not a dealbreaker.

BEN

Ellis would have me killed for even talking to you about this.

SETH

Right. Okay, well... You could also do nothing. I mean, he *probably* lets you go to her wedding, right? Probably? And Clarissa's wings stay clipped until she forgets she ever had any to begin with. Maybe, one day, Ellis lets her go to San Antonio for the weekend? San Antonio. The fucking Riverwalk.

Seth hands him a a BUSINESS CARD FOR "GREAT AMERICAN HOME SAUNA, HOT TUBS AND SPA TUBS" with his name and number.

SETH (CONT'D)

Think about it. Also think about a home sauna, hot tub or spa tub, at a great price. *Delicious*.

Seth EXITS. OFF Ben, holding the card.

EXT. BEN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Another taxi drops Ben off in front of his building.

INT. BEN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ben ENTERS. He looks around the apartment -- small, depressing, but there is a TROPICAL FISH TANK, and more than a few PHOTOS OF HIM WITH CLARISSA. His eyes fall one in particular -- a PHOTO OF HIM AND CLARISSA FROM SEVEN OR EIGHT YEARS AGO. She's just a little girl. So much time gone.

He turns away from it and sits down, just sort of stares, thinking. The fish tank is in his line of sight.

INSIDE THE TANK is an ANTIQUE SCUBA FIGURINE -- in one of those old metal scuba helmets. The way Ben feels right now.

EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS IN EAST AND WEST K.C. - MORNING

Dawn breaks over East and West K.C. We see a quick sequence that shows various people in a few locations -- near the wall, and not. Both sides of the city. The shots are both an odd mirror of each other, and weirdly conflicting. Think:

PEOPLE JOGGING IN WEST AND IN EAST, looking basically the same -- Nikes and workout gear -- but with different sorts of T-shirts. (T-shirts as our most acute identity politics.)

HOMELESS PEOPLE SLEEPING UNDER AN OVERPASS in West, and SLEEPING IN A PARK in East. We can tell which side is which because in the background of both locations are BOOSTER-Y/PROPAGANDA-Y POSTERS for each side.

CLOSE on the FACES of people on both sides -- hard to tell which -- headed to work and school. Some seem happy, others tired. But just as many faces are in some way reflective of an undercurrent of confusion and loss, semi-veiled in a manner so recognizable and mundane that it adds to the pain.

The PICTURE WALL AT CLARISSA'S SCHOOL. Hundreds of photos, of faces. A kid passed it. Looks, but doesn't stop.

INT. ELLIS'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

BLACK SCREEN. Then: EYES FLUTTERING OPEN revealing:

A FRAMED MAP OF THE ENTIRETY OF DIVIDED KANSAS CITY hanging over an oak bedroom dresser.

REVERSE on: Ellis in bed, just awake. This is what he sees first thing every morning.

He stares at the map for a second, then gets out of bed. There's a FRAMED PHOTO OF HIS DEAD WIFE on the nightstand.

INT. ELLIS'S HOUSE - BREAKFAST ROOM - MORNING

CLOSE on the respective FRONT PAGES OF BOTH THE EAST AND WEST KANSAS CITY STAR resting alongside one another on a table. Each has headlines/stories that are either absurdly contradictory, or willfully blind of the other. (Think the way it feels to flip between MSNBC and FOX News.)

ON ELLIS sitting at the table, looking at the newspapers, his morning ritual, while drinking his coffee and eating his oatmeal. One of the stories in the East newspaper is about how "Universal Day Care" has just been passed.

VIOLET

More coffee, Mr. Brookmeyer?

It's VIOLET, his housekeeper. He smiles, nods yes. She pours.

ELLIS

Thank you. Violet, your oldest, James, he's four years-old now?

VIOLET

That's right. Funny little egg too.
And Shawn is almost two.

ELLIS

Who looks after them during the
day, while you're here?

VIOLET

It changes. My mother, or one of my
sisters. My neighbor helps out
sometimes too. Her kids are all
grown and she adores the boys.

ELLIS

Ever consider day care?

VIOLET

I don't love the idea of leaving
them with strangers.

Ellis nods, sure. Goes back to the paper.

ELLIS

As a child I was touched
inappropriately once, in day care.

Violet just looks at him. Ellis flips to the next page.

INT. EAST KANSAS CITY MUNICIPAL BUS - MOVING - MORNING

Ben sits an over-packed bus on the way to work. Together, its
riders comprise something akin to a multicultural/racial wet
dream. Everyone seemingly getting along. An announcement for
the next stop comes over the P.A. It is repeated in Spanish,
French, Mandarin, Korean, Portuguese, Hebrew. One after the
other after the other. Beautiful and deeply annoying.

Ben looks out the window and sees THE MAJESTIC -- and its
sign advertising SARAH WASHINGTON'S UPCOMING PERFORMANCE.

INT. EAST K.C. MISSION - BEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Ben at his desk. Seth's card in his hand. Phone to his ear.

SETH (O.C.)

(a la "The Graduate")
Hello, Benjamin.

INT. TANNING BED - INTERCUT

Seth, wearing a small Speedo briefs, and with the little protective goggles over his eyes, talks on his phone.

BEN

How fast could you get her out?

SETH

That depends? How close can you get to Ellis? And how soon?

BEN

What if I said very close, very soon.

EXT. WEST KANSAS CITY HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - DAY

Lots of kids eating lunch. Clarissa is at a table by herself. She soon notices Jamaal at another table, also by himself. After a moment he looks at Clarissa -- who doesn't look away.

The moment is interrupted by Kendra, holding a gun.

KENDRA

Clarissa, hi. Here's your gun back. I have a Kimber Pro Carry. So different from a Glock. But I liked it. Thanks again.

Clarissa smiles, takes the gun.

KENDRA (CONT'D)

And I'm looking forward to your birthday party tonight. Who else did you invite?

CLARISSA

You know, the same people as usual.

KENDRA

Right. Well, that's high school for you, I guess. See you tonight.

CLARISSA

Yeah. See you tonight.

Kendra WALKS AWAY.

Once she's gone Clarissa turns back to Jamaal.

He's still looking at her.

She gets up and WALKS OVER TO HIM.

CLARISSA (CONT'D)
Hi. I'm Clarissa.

JAMAAL
Hi. Jamaal.

CLARISSA
I'm having a birthday party
tonight? Do you want to come?

INT. EKCIS HEADQUARTERS -- DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The sound of a BREAST PUMP PUMPING, being used by the current Chief of the East Kansas City Intelligence Services, SUSAN FELDER (40, almost always abrasive/foul if not offensive, burns, happily, with unyielding liberal rage. Imagine a younger Susie Essman.) She is sitting behind her desk, half-turned from us, pumping. Seth ENTERS, then stops.

SETH
Shit, sorry. They sent me in. I
didn't know you were--

SUSAN
Milking my fucking udders. Does it
make you uncomfortable? Well, guess
how much I and every other woman on
Earth cares, Senor Cock-and-Balls?

SETH
We've talked about this, Chief.
Please don't call me that.

SUSAN
So what does this Graham want?

SETH
Nothing we can't handle.

SUSAN
Expensive?

SETH
Just raise taxes. Kidding! Love
taxes. For social programs. And
counterintelligence. Not expensive,
no. This guy fucking hates Ellis.

SUSAN
Ben Graham... Is he Jewish?

SETH
Don't think so. Why?

SUSAN

Jews just like to know. And you really think he can do this tonight?

SETH

He says he has a way to get into Ellis' office. And I think it's worth telling him what our man who Foxx just nabbed was working on. You never know who could be at--

SUSAN

No. Not until we know we can trust him. Which you better fucking hope we can. You need a win, Seth-a-la. Lately I've started wondering if you aren't better placed back here in East, instead of undercover there among those Nazis.

SETH

Does the Nazi analogy really get us anywhere at this point? Hmm?

She looks at him -- and LAUGHS, good one! He laughs too.

INT. YIN'S CHINESE GARDEN - DAY

A small takeout place. Seth sits, eating at one of the few tables. Behind the counter is a man with a NAME TAG that says YIN. He is African American, stoic, mysterious. Ben ENTERS.

SETH

There he is, Benji B. Benjamins. Hungry? Yin here spent, what was it, 12 years in Yunnan province?

YIN

Nope. I'm from Raytown. Moved here for the taxes and lack of onerous food safety regulation.

SETH

Fucking Yin. The best.

Ben sits. Seth SLIDES a TAUPE PIECE OF LINT over to him.

BEN

What's that?

SETH

That is the bug. Sorry, spy jargon, the *listening device*, you're going to place in Ellis' office.

BEN

Looks like a piece of lint.

SETH

Yahtzee! It's a lint bug! A taupe lint bug. You just drop it on his carpet, which we happen to know is, wait for it, taupe! I know, awful.

Ben takes the BUG. Looks at it.

BEN

Anything else I should know?

SETH

That's it.

Ben nods, okay, gets up to leave. Then stops.

BEN

How do you do it? Go back and forth, East to West, West to East, so easily? What's your secret?

SETH

Mindfulness.

Ben starts to WALK OUT. Seth watches, can't help himself:

SETH (CONT'D)

Actually... There is something else. While you're there, keep your ears open for anything, anything at all, having to do with... Fireworks.

BEN

Fireworks? I assume you know Ellis puts up the money for West KC's annual 4th of July fireworks show.

SETH

You know what happens when you assume, don't you?

(then)

Sometimes you're right. And it's awesome.

INT. CLARISSA AND TABATHA'S CONDO - CLARISSA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Clarissa, dressed for her party, sits in front of a mirror. Tabatha stands behind her, braiding her hair. This goes on for a bit. Quiet. Intimate. Mother and daughter.

CLARISSA

Dad is coming tonight.

TABATHA

Good. That's good.

Beat.

CLARISSA

Do you ever regret leaving East?

Tabatha just keeps braiding, doesn't look up. Then:

TABATHA

When you were around three I took you to another little girl's house for a playdate. It was about six months after Grandma was killed, which had been all over the news. This was before the split of course, and things were very, very tense. The other mothers there began telling me, very gently, that even though the man who'd been arrested for it was illegal, how important it was that I not allow that to, "overtake things" is how one of them put it... We were all young mothers, all scared of things getting worse than they already were. It wasn't that they weren't sympathetic. It was just they cared more about... What they cared about. More about the principles at stake. One of them said just that. And I remember it didn't make me feel sad, or angry. Just alone.

(then)

It was East Kansas City, not West, that put up the wall.

Tabatha kisses her daughter on the head and WALKS OUT.

After a moment Clarissa GETS UP, grabs her JACKET (the same she had at the checkpoint) and PUTS IT ON. She's about to walk out when she feels something in one of the pockets.

She pulls it out -- a TINY ZIPDRIVE. Not hers. This is what the spy they saw Foxx catch at the border slipped into Clarissa's pocket (what Foxx was after in the first place.)

INT. KANSAS CITY GOLF CLUB - BAR/DINING AREA - NIGHT

Clarissa's 16th birthday party. Balloons and decorations. Fifty people, half of them KIDS (including Kendra) from school. Tabatha and Ellis are there. Some other adults.

As Clarissa chats with some friends she sees JAMAAL ENTER.

He's with someone we'll soon meet as his brother DABIR ABOUD (26) Clarissa raises her hand to him. Dabir sees this and WALKS AWAY. OFF Jamaal, watching Clarissa walk to him.

INT. KANSAS CITY GOLF CLUB - BAR/DINING AREA - LATER - NIGHT

A Billy Joel song plays as Ben WALKS IN, looks around. He sees Tabatha talking to a few moms, seemingly in her element. Then -- Clarissa talking to Jamaal. He can't help but note Jamaal is not-white, unusual especially at the KCGC.

He starts to make his way toward her. We STAY WITH HIM... He PASSES TABATHA. She sees him and smiles politely... And finally makes his way to Clarissa, still with Jamaal.

BEN

Hi. Happy birthday. If it's okay
I'll give you your gift tomorrow.

CLARISSA

Your being here is the only gift I
need. Daddy, this is Jamaal. We go to
school together, he just moved here.

BEN

Hi Jamaal. Welcome to Kansas City.

ELLIS (O.S.)

West Kansas City.

They turn and see Ellis.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

Glad you could make it, Ben.

CLARISSA

Grandpa this is my friend Jamaal.

JAMAAL

We've met actually.

CLARISSA

You two have met? Where?

ELLIS

I know his older brother, as luck would have it. He doing all right?

JAMAAL

He's here. Came with me.

Jamaal points to Dabir hovering over a table with hor d'oeuvres, popping one after another in his mouth.

ELLIS

Peckish too I see.

BEN

Ellis, thanks for having me here tonight. Means the world to me. I brought you something I think you might like.

Ben now pulls the SCUBA FIGURINE out of his pocket.

BEN (CONT'D)

I thought it might look good in that new tank you mentioned. Do you think I could take a look at it while I'm here. Your tank, I mean.

CLARISSA

They're both tropical fish enthusiasts.

JAMAAL

White people. Hilarious.

ELLIS

Sure thing, Ben. Follow me.

Ellis WALKS AWAY. Ben FOLLOWS.

Clarissa, now alone with Jamaal, looks at him, intrigued.

JAMAAL

Can I ask you something? Why did you invite me tonight?

CLARISSA

Well, you're new in school and I just thought...

(the truth)

That maybe it would... Unnerve some people. Like my grandfather.

JAMAAL
I'm okay with that.

He smiles. So does she. Then:

CLARISSA
So who's your brother?

INT. ELLIS' OFFICE - KCGC - NIGHT

CLOSE on Ellis' huge fish tank. The fish in it are beautiful.

BEN
One hell of a tank, Ellis. Fish are
gorgeous. What are they?

Now ON BEN staring at it. Trying to hide any anxiety about
what he's there to do. Ellis stands behind him, holding the
figurine Ben gave him in one of his hands.

ELLIS
African Cichlids.

BEN
Cichlids? All of 'em? Won't they--

Ellis now walks over to the tank, beside Ben.

ELLIS
Kill each other? Well, they are
aggressive as hell. And, yeah,
sooner or later one fish says or
does the wrong thing and then...
It's like I always say about fish
tanks -- they're just like the real
world, only wetter.

Ellis OPENS THE TOP OF THE TANK and starts feeding the fish --
they go nuts, fighting each other for the food.

Ben glances down at the carpet. Taupe. Perfect match.

ELLIS (CONT'D)
You're a good father, Ben. Don't
think I don't know that.

He reaches into a pocket and subtly PULLS OUT THE LINT BUG.

BEN
Thank you, Ellis. Very much.

Ellis turns from the tank and faces Ben again -- who quickly
CLOSES HIS FIST AROUND THE BUG.

ELLIS

And I know that, for you, what's going on here in Kansas City isn't really, you know, political, as much as it's personal. About family.

BEN

That's right. It's about Clarissa.

ELLIS

That's something that you and I have in common. You see, losing East, watching them put up the wall, all on my watch as mayor... For me that felt like losing family. Maybe not a daughter, but a sister, or brother. You think to yourself, how could people you'd been so connected to turn away from you, humiliate you? But then you realize, or at least I realized, that it's really more like... Like someone in your family catching some awful disease. Can't get angry at your brother or your sister for being diseased, can you? Even if it makes them grotesque, unrecognizable to you. No, you have to try and help them. No matter how far gone they are. You fight for 'em, and you don't stop fighting until you cut what's wrong right out of them. Because they're family. And you love 'em. And, deep down, they love you. Or will again at least, when it's all over.

(then)

Real nut-twister, isn't?

BEN

Yeah. It is.

(then, trying to get him
to turn around again)

That tank really is something, what kind of filter are you...

He stops speaking as Ellis walks closer to him, very close.

ELLIS

Ben, have you been... Approached by anyone, asking questions about me, or... Anything like that?

BEN
What? No. I haven't.

Ellis considers this, then:

ELLIS
Sorry to tell you this, but I'm not
sure I believe you.

Fuck. But Ben stays impressively calm.

BEN
No one has asked me anything about
you, Ellis. And if anyone did--

Ellis stares at him. Then GRINS.

ELLIS
I'm just fucking with ya.

Ellis now notices something in the tank -- a DEAD FISH.

ELLIS (CONT'D)
Well, look at that... It's like I
was saying, some fish you can fuck
with, and some you fucking can not.

Ellis then walks over to the tank and REMOVES THE DEAD FISH.

Ben takes this chance to try and FLICK THE BUG out of his
hand. But his hand is sweaty, and the BUG STICKS TO HIS HAND.

He tries to shake it off, but it doesn't work. As now ELLIS
TURNS BACK AROUND TO FACE BEN...

Ben WIPES HIS HAND ON HIS SHIRT to try and get it to fall.
The bug comes off this time -- BUT STICKS TO HIS SHIRT. Fuck!

Ellis TURNS BACK TO FACE BEN, the lint-bug on his shirt.

ELLIS (CONT'D)
Let's get back to our girl's party.

Ben nods, starts to turn away, when Ellis stops him.

ELLIS (CONT'D)
Something on your shirt.

Ellis PICKS THE LINT BUG OFF BEN AND DROPS IT INTO THE TANK.

Then he smiles, and ushers a stunned Ben out.

INT. KANSAS CITY GOLF CLUB - BAR/DINING AREA - NIGHT

No one is dancing. Clarissa stands by herself -- watching Jamaal who is now with his brother by the hor d'oeuvres table. Ben, frazzled, dejected, walks up to her.

CLARISSA

Want to hear something pretty interesting? Jamaal's brother is a master fireworks-maker.

EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS IN EAST AND WEST K.C. - NEXT MORNING

Morning breaks over divided Kansas City, East and West.

EXT. CHECKPOINT K.C. - WEST K.C. SIDE - GUARD POST

Ben on his way to work. A WKCSS GUARD looks at his papers... And lets him pass. Ben, relieved, walks through to West K.C.

INT. MOMMY AND ME CLASS - EAST K.C.- MORNING

Susan keeps an eye on her very rambunctious daughter PAZ (3) as she talks to Seth about Ben.

SUSAN

He just came to you about the fireworks-maker?
(then, re: Paz)
Paz! Gentle! No hitting! Jesus, so aggressive.

SETH

Ya, weird. And, yeah, Graham said his daughter mentioned it to him at the party. Beginner's luck, huh?

SUSAN

You know the daughter might like fucking jazz but she grew up there, she's still one of Them.

SETH

I know. I'll handle the daughter.

SUSAN

Seriously, Paz, what the fuck?!

She chases after Paz. OFF Seth, considering.

INT. CLARISSA'S BEDROOM - WEST K.C. - SUNSET

Clarissa checks her watch. Then goes to her desk and pulls out the ZIPDRIVE she found in her jacket. (The one the East K.C. spy slipped in her pocket near Checkpoint K.C.) She opens her LAPTOP and PUTS THE DRIVE IN IT. A message pops up on-screen: "DRIVE ENCRYPTED." She ejects it, and puts the drive back in her drawer. Checks her watch. WALKS OUT.

EXT. MAJESTIC LOUNGE - EAST K.C. - SUNSET

Ben walks into the Majestic. A sign tells us Sarah Washington is scheduled to perform that night.

EXT. CLARISSA AND TABATHA'S CONDO - WEST K.C. - SUNSET

Clarissa waits outside, watches a S.U.V. PULL UP. Its window rolls down. SETH IS DRIVING. They talk through the window.

SETH

Hi, I'm Seth. You must be Clarissa.

CLARISSA

Hi. So how do you know my dad?

SETH

We work together. Hop in.

(off her hesitation)

I know he's super excited for you to see this.

She's unsure, but GETS IN the car. They DRIVE OFF.

INT. MAJESTIC LOUNGE - EAST K.C. - NIGHT

Ben sitting at the bar, the club's stage in the background.

EXT. SETH'S HOUSE - WEST K.C. - NIGHT

Seth's car, with Clarissa, stops in front of a modest house.

INT. SETH'S HOUSE - WEST K.C. - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Seth ENTERS with Clarissa and hugs his wife, MARSHA, and stepchildren, MAXWELL (5) AND DASH (3). We'll learn they are Seth's cover family. Though they are not aware of this.

SETH

This way. Basement.

Seth WALKS INTO THE HOUSE, Clarissa FOLLOWS.

INT. MAJESTIC LOUNGE - EAST K.C. - NIGHT

Ben at the bar. An announcement now over the club's P.A.

CLUB ANNOUNCER (P.A.)
Ladies and gentlemen, we're very
sorry to have to tell you that
Sarah Washington won't be
performing tonight due to a last-
minute personal emergency...

Ben doesn't look up. Not surprised. In fact, he smiles.

INT. SETH'S HOUSE - BASEMENT/REC ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Seth and Clarissa walk into a finished basement/rec room. We watch as Clarissa's face lights up with delighted surprise.

SETH
Clarissa, meet Sarah Washington.

REVEAL the singer Sarah Washington (66) is there.

TIME CUT -- Sarah Washington singing "The Devil and the Deep Blue Sea." Clarissa, watches, beaming. The singer now gestures for Sarah to join in with her. Which she does. [We hear them singing the song over the rest of episode.]

INT. ELLIS' OFFICE - KCGC - NIGHT - INTERCUT

CLOSE on the lint bug, still wet, now on Ellis' desk. Ellis, sitting, and Capt. Foxx alongside him, look down at it.

CAPT. FOXX
They nailed the color. That is as
taupe as taupe gets. I think... Any
idea how it got in your fish tank?

ELLIS
Yeah, I got an idea.

BACK TO BEN AT THE BAR -- he sips his drink and smiles because he knows that somewhere in West Kansas City...

CLARISSA AND SARAH SINGING TOGETHER. They finish the song.

Clarissa beams. And then, back to reality, she stops smiling.

END OF PILOT