

Scene 1 "CIVIL"

CIVIL Ep. 101 "Pilot" Writer's Draft #4

KELLY
REV 5:24.16

CONTINUED:

They come into view. Trish notices Kelly first; she touches Reyes's elbow, stopping him in mid-sentence.

KELLY (O.S.)

Mr. Speaker! You were so confident of a landslide. What happened?

Reyes glowers, but keeps moving, without looking toward her.

BACK TO SCENE - KELLY AND REYES

Randy beside Kelly, the camera on his shoulder, aiming at Reyes. Graham and Luis have come up behind Randy. As Reyes and his entourage pass, Kelly tries again:

KELLY

You face some daunting electoral math. Can you envision a point where it might be your duty to concede?

Reyes stops abruptly at this, turning to face Kelly.

REYES

My duty?

KELLY

To spare the country a lengthy recount, in a situation where --

REYES

My duty is to do everything in my power to save this nation from the disaster of another four years of Democratic mismanagement.

Trish leans toward Reyes, WHISPERS. He ignores her:

REYES (CONT'D)

You've heard what I've been saying throughout this campaign, Kate--

KELLY

It's Kelly. Which you know. Since I've been following your campaign pretty much every day for fourteen months.

REYES

(riding over her)

Our national debt has crossed the twenty trillion dollar mark!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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KELLY REV. 5/24/16

REYES (CONT'D)

And the Democrats? Refuse to admit the bottom's fallen out of the bucket! They want to keep pouring in more and more water. We need to fix the damn thing!

KELLY

You've been using that bucket metaphor throughout the campaign. But specifically, in terms of cuts--

Trish tugs at Reyes, and this time he turns, starts down the hall again. OVER HIS SHOULDER:

REYES

Take a look at my web site, you'll see all the specifics you need.

KELLY

I know it by heart. You seem to focus a lot more on the concerns of the haves than the have nots --

He's not stopping. In desperation, Kelly SHOUTS:

KELLY (CONT'D)

You come from humble people, Mr. Speaker. The Huffington Post has reported that you've got cousins -- nieces and nephews -- living below the poverty line. Why have you turned your back on them?

This yanks Reyes around. Trish reaches to stop him, but he pulls free, strides angrily back down the hall toward Kelly. Trish follows, CALLING OUT:

TRISH

Off the record! We're off the record!

The Secret Service agents are still blocking Kelly. Reyes gestures for them to move aside, then steps right up to Kelly, peering down at her.

REYES

The greatest service I can provide the taxpayers of this country--be they "humble" or not--is to ensure that their government manages their money--and let's not forget that it is their money--with the care and prudence they deserve.

(CONTINUED)

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KELLY REV 5.24.16

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CONTINUED:

KELLY

What about EBT payments? Do those
qualify as a "prudent" expenditure?

Randy is still filming. Trish gives an angry wave.

TRISH

Off the record, damnit!

Kelly glances over her shoulder at Graham. He nods. As
Kelly is turning back to Reyes, her gaze snags on Luis. He's
against the wall behind Graham, holding up his cell phone,
pointing it at Reyes. He sees Kelly looking, starts to lower
the phone, but she gives him a tiny shake of her head,
stopping him. Then she turns quickly back to Reyes.

KELLY

Fine. Off the record.

Reyes waits for Randy to switch off his camera. Then:

REYES

There's a reason the EBT crowd
votes Democrat. All those plump
little piglets, sucking off the
teat of the government sow? I'm
gonna stop their payments on Day
One. The best federal government I
can imagine -- would be a torso in
a wheelchair, with four bloody
stubs for limbs.

End scene 1

With this, Reyes turns, strides off. Graham and Randy stare
after him, taken aback. Kelly is turning, glancing back at
Luis, who is just lowering his phone.

And WE CUT TO:

INT. PHOENIX MARRIOTT - BAR - NIGHT

A dozen customers, slightly worn decor, soft rock plays in
the background. Kelly arrives, drops onto a stool. The
BARTENDER slides a napkin in front of her.

KELLY

Whiskey. Neat. And CNN.

She lifts her chin toward the TV above the bar: it's tuned to
Fox News, The Otis Show. OTIS O'DELL, fifties, choleric,
agitated, is speaking directly into the camera:

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED:

BOBBY

(sharp)

I can't hit this hard enough, Erin: the Taylor campaign is not the Gore campaign -- we will never concede an election we've clearly won.

ERIN BURNETT

That's easy enough to assert. But with widespread reports of unrest, and claims of voter suppression -- even in New York City, where your--

An insert appears on the TV: a photo of Frank Fletcher.

ERIN BURNETT (CONT'D)

--brother is mayor -- he's been struggling to keep--

Bobby cuts Erin off, IMPATIENT, IRRITATED:

BOBBY

I'm not here to talk about Frank. His difficulties in New York are irrelevant to the--

BARTENDER (O.S.)

Another?

BACK TO SCENE - KELLY AT THE BAR

Her glass is empty. She nods, checks her watch, her leg jiggling: it's 1:40 AM. She lifts her gaze to the TV again.

KELLY

(bitterly to herself)
Cowards.

PATRICK

I prefer "rogues." Or maybe "scoundrels."

She turns to find a man sitting three stools away, watching the news. His name is PATRICK (30s) dressed in a suit: tall, dark-haired, trim. He has a good smile, and he seems to know it. He turns toward her.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Tell you a story?

(CONTINUED)

Scene 2

start →

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CONTINUED:

KELLY

Why I came in here. Hoping someone
would tell me a story.

She seems to intend this as a dismissal, but Patrick doesn't
take it that way. He slides one stool closer.

PATRICK

I live five blocks away. Top floor
of a house. And one flight down?
These two old queens. Been
together forty years. But three
weeks ago? They both die. Same
night. In their sleep. Heart
attack and a stroke.

KELLY

Très romantique.

PATRICK

Problem is? With them both dead?
No one's left to call 911. They
just lie there till the smell
starts seeping up through my floor.
Place is unlivable now. So here I
am. In the Marriott. Completely
unable to sleep.

Kelly is silent, eyes on the TV. A long beat, then she turns
to look at Patrick again.

KELLY

That's not really a story.

PATRICK

Because?

KELLY

One queen died. The other died of
a broken heart. That's a story.
You need some causation. A why.

PATRICK

Sometimes shit just happens. No
why at all.

KELLY

What about now?

PATRICK

What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

5/16

"CIVIL"

KELLY REV. 5/24

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CONTINUED:

KELLY

You talking to me for a reason?

Patrick shrugs, caught off balance:

PATRICK

Just being sociable.

KELLY

And here I thought you might want
to sleep with me.

Patrick gives her a hesitant smile....

End
Scene 2

INT. PHOENIX MARRIOTT - KELLY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Empty, but the TV is ON: CNN, on mute, a clip of Reyes and
Taylor on a stage, with Anderson Cooper. Cooper has his arms
extended, trying to usher the men together. The *CLOSED*
CAPTIONING:

WOLF BLITZER (OS)

--have to wonder how future
historians will look back on this
moment right here. The two
candidates explicitly refusing to
shake hands after the October 2nd--

The door BANGS open, and Kelly and Patrick enter, kissing.
Kelly pulls away, starts to unbutton her blouse. A suitcase
sits on the bed; she shoves it to the floor. The lid pops
open, and a silver urn bounces out. Patrick watches Kelly
kick it back toward the suitcase.

KELLY

Sorry. My dear departed mother.

PATRICK

Seriously?

Kelly nods, gives up on the buttons, yanks her blouse over
her head, drops it to the floor.

KELLY

I'm supposed to spread her ashes.
On a little island off Puerto Rico.
But I haven't had time.

PATRICK

So you just carry them around?

(CONTINUED)

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"CIVIL"

KELLY REV. 5/24

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Scene 3

start L →

INT. MIAMI MANDARIN ORIENTAL - LOBBY - NIGHT

Frank enters from the street, shadowed by Alan and Chuck.

KELLY (O.S.)

Mr. Mayor...!

Frank turns, just short of the elevators; so do the two cops. Kelly approaches. Chuck steps forward, hand up, but Frank stops him.

FRANK

It's okay.

(to Kelly)

Sorry. No statements while I'm down here. Neither on nor--

(air quotes)

--"off" the record.

Kelly smiles, pleased, even with the dig.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I'm guessing my press secretary already told you this.

People are turning to stare at Frank, WHISPERING. A couple of them take out their phones, SNAP pictures.

KELLY

What about a drink? For old time's sake?

FRANK

As a segue into an interview?

KELLY

Just a drink. Girl Scout's honor.

Frank shakes his head.

FRANK

Don't take it personally. It hasn't been the best day for me.

KELLY

Of course. I completely understand.

She doesn't move; she just stands there, staring at him.

FRANK

But you're not leaving.

(CONTINUED)

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"CIVIL"

KELLY REV. 5/24

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CONTINUED:

KELLY

I'm sorry. I flew all the way from Phoenix, just to speak with you. It makes it hard to walk away.

Frank LAUGHS, despite himself.

FRANK

You're making a play for my pity?

KELLY

I had a whole plan.

FRANK

Which was?

KELLY

I was going to ask you a question. If you got it right, I'd leave you be. But if you didn't, you'd have to buy me a drink.

FRANK

A trick question?

KELLY

(shaking her head)
Geography -- straightforward as it comes. What state ends in K?

Frank stares at her: nothing's coming.

FRANK

Like I said. It's been a shitty day.

KELLY

It's New York. Now I was going to say: 'Seems like you oughta know that one, Mr. Mayor. Shall we?' And then I'd walk away. Like this....

(beat)

She turns, starts off toward the bar. Frank stands there, staring after her.

INT. MIAMI MANDARIN ORIENTAL BAR - NIGHT

TVs on the wall, tuned to CNN. WE SEE a shot of the Reyes Campaign HQ in Portland, its windows broken. Kelly is already seated. Frank enters just as a WAITRESS appears, carrying a white wine for Kelly, a Manhattan for Frank.

(CONTINUED)

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"CIVIL"

KELLY REV. 5/24

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CONTINUED:

Frank sits across from Kelly. The two cops have followed him in; they take seats at a neighboring table. Once again, some of the bar patrons snap photos of Frank. Frank glances at his drink, raises an eyebrow.

FRANK

You've done your research.

Kelly smiles, shrugs, takes a sip of her wine.

KELLY

I read the GQ piece while I was waiting.

FRANK

And what did you think?

KELLY

Honestly? You come off a bit like... who's that Batman guy?

FRANK

You don't know who Batman is?

KELLY

Not Batman. The guy Batman is when he's not Batman.

FRANK

Bruce Wayne? Charming, secretive playboy of Gotham City?

KELLY

Isn't that what you're going for, more or less?

Frank LAUGHS, rubs tiredly at his face.

FRANK

Jesus. You might have a point.

(he appraises her)

You look the same.

KELLY

(pleased)

Think so?

FRANK

(he shrugs)

Few years older. Like all of us.

Kelly makes a show of wincing at that.

(CONTINUED)

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"CIVIL"

KELLY REV 5/24

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CONTINUED:

KELLY

Still a charmer, aren't you?
(she takes a sip of wine,
leans forward)

Listen: I was never a Girl Scout.
So the whole "scout's honor" thing?
That was sort of --

FRANK

A lie?

KELLY

I prefer *stratagem*. I understand
you're in the midst of a very
personal crisis here, and that I
have no right to intrude upon it.
But you're also a public figure.
And your personal crisis would seem
intractably connected to a larger,
national crisis. Don't you think
you might have something powerful
to say about any of this?

FRANK

I think you meant "inextricably."
Not "intractably."

KELLY

Wouldn't both apply?

FRANK

I'm sorry, Kelly, but it's late.
And I really ought to be in bed.

He pushes aside his drink, starts to rise.

KELLY

Wait.
(she grabs his hand)
Indulge me. An imaginary
interview.

Frank waits till she lets go of his hand; then he lowers
himself back into his chair.

FRANK

Imaginary? Is that like --
(air quotes again)
-- "off" the record?

Kelly ignores this, continuing as if he hadn't spoken:

(CONTINUED)

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"CIVIL"

KELLY REV. 5/24

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CONTINUED:

KELLY

We play it out, right here. The interview Batman would give. His estranged brother has been beaten by thugs. Across the country, similar attacks are occurring almost daily --

FRANK

Played up in the most egregiously sensational manner by the media.

Again, Kelly ignores this, keeps pushing:

KELLY

Wouldn't Batman want to step forward to help steer the country on a different course?

FRANK

First of all, Bruce Wayne doesn't have a brother. That's sort of central to the whole story -- no family at all. Second, *estranged* is the wrong word to describe my relationship with Bobby.

KELLY

How would you describe it?

Frank SIGHS, takes a sip of his drink, sets it down.

FRANK

I know what you're doing. You're just getting me to talk.

KELLY

Estranged is the word I've been hearing. I can't see how that'll change unless you're the one to change it.

FRANK

All right. Let's say my relationship with Bobby can sometimes feel *intractable*.

KELLY

And the situation in the country at large? Wouldn't you say that's *intractable*, too?

(CONTINUED)

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"CIVIL"

KELLY REV 5-24

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CONTINUED:

FRANK

How do you envision me responding?

KELLY

You tell me. Channel your inner Batman.

FRANK

Bruce Wayne. You understand he's a comic book character, right? Not a real person?

Kelly makes a whatever gesture, waving this aside.

KELLY

What would he say to the country?

Silence. Kelly rolls her hand, trying to prod him forward.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Come on. This is easy. He'd say we need to stop focusing on everything that divides us, and start looking at what connects us, right? And then... what? Something about Bobby?

Frank sips his drink, leans back in his chair. Despite himself, he can't resist the game. He shakes his head:

FRANK

He'd make a big deal about Reyes and Taylor. How they refuse to shake hands.

Kelly jumps on this:

KELLY

Why?

FRANK

Know where the custom comes from?

She shakes her head.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Knights clasped hands to prove they weren't carrying a weapon -- that they meant each other no harm.

Kelly nods eagerly: she sees where he's going.

(CONTINUED)

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"CIVIL"

KELLY REV 5.24

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CONTINUED:

KELLY

He'd urge the candidates to come together now, shake hands.

FRANK

(nodding)

He'd invite them to Gotham City, along with the President. He'd call it a--

KELLY

Reconciliation Summit.

FRANK

Exactly.

KELLY

And he'd say his brother --

FRANK

Who doesn't exist.

KELLY

That his nonexistent brother isn't the first to suffer from the animosity that's flaring up across the country --

FRANK

But he'd like him to be the last.

They pause, smiling at each other, pleased with what they've wrought. Then:

KELLY

Come up to my suite.

FRANK

You're very forward. That hasn't changed.

KELLY

I have a cameraman waiting. We can do this right now.

WE HOLD on them for a beat, as Frank wavers. Kelly leans forward, working to close the deal:

KELLY (CONT'D)

You can start with the handshake.

(imitating his voice)

"You might assume it's just a trivial gesture, but I disagree--"

end
scene 3 13/16
(CONTINUED)

"CIVIL"

KELLY REV 5.24

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CONTINUED:

ADAM (CONT'D)

This is awesome, man! You mind?

He gets up, steps toward Kelly. He lifts his phone to take a selfie with her. Kelly smiles obligingly. Then he eases onto the stool beside her, drops his voice:

ADAM (CONT'D)

Buddy of mine and I were arguing. Whether you slept with Fletch for that interview.

Kelly's smile fades. She stands up, but Adam grabs her wrist, stopping her.

ADAM (CONT'D)

"Off the record." You did, right?

Kelly yanks free, turns, heads quickly for the exit.

INT. NEW YORK MANDARIN ORIENTAL HOTEL - HALLWAY - DUSK

Kelly is POUNDING on a door. Graham cracks it open in mid-knock, stares sleepily out at her; he's in boxers, a T-shirt.

KELLY

I knew the kid was filming.

Graham nods. He'd clearly assumed as much.

KELLY (CONT'D)

I helped him send the footage to CNN. I typed in the address. Paid him another forty bucks.

Graham is silent; this was more than he'd guessed. Kelly hesitates, then continues:

KELLY (CONT'D)

A month ago? I woke up in...
(she shakes her head)

I don't even know. One of those desert states? And I was, like: You're thirty-five! It was suddenly totally clear to me: if something doesn't break my way soon, I'm gonna hit a wall.

(a beat)

So I made something break my way.

GRAHAM

Maybe you should go lie down, huh?

Scene 4
start →

(CONTINUED)

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"CIVIL"

KELLY REV. 5/24

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CONTINUED:

Kelly doesn't seem to hear him. She's up on her horse now, and she's going to ride it all the way home.

KELLY

I called a bunch of hotels in Miami, pretending to be on the Taylor campaign. That's how I found out where Frank was staying.

Again, Graham is silent.

KELLY (CONT'D)

I have no idea what I'm doing, Graham. Not the slightest clue.

GRAHAM

Seriously, Kelly--call it a night.

KELLY

I left my mother's ashes in Miami. Kinda by accident. Kinda not.

(a beat)

She was a horrible woman. I ever tell you that?

Graham shakes his head.

KELLY (CONT'D)

I don't feel bad. Maybe about the other stuff, I don't know. But not about that.

They stand for a beat, staring at each other.

GRAHAM

What are you looking for here? Absolution?

Kelly gives a vehement shake of her head.

KELLY

I don't need absolution.

GRAHAM

What then?

KELLY

I just wanted to tell someone. A friend. And you're the only one I've got. Okay?

Graham nods his acceptance of this. Then:

(CONTINUED)

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"CIVIL"

KELLY REV. 5-24

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CONTINUED:

GRAHAM

Now what?

KELLY

I think maybe we pretend this never happened.

GRAHAM

What never happened?

Kelly gives him an immense smile of gratitude.

KELLY

You're the best person I know, Graham. I wish I could be more like you.

GRAHAM

I love you, too, kid. Now go to bed, okay? No drunk dialing.

Kelly SCOFFS at the idea, retreating across the hall toward her own room:

KELLY

I can't even have anonymous sex anymore.

Graham LAUGHS. Kelly has keyed open her door, but she turns to look at him:

KELLY (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Know what else I love about you?

GRAHAM

What?

KELLY

You always think that's a joke.

With this, she steps into:

End
Scene 4

INT. NEW YORK MANDARIN ORIENTAL - KELLY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kelly lets the door swing shut. She moves to the window, stands there, staring out at the lights of the city.

JEAN CASAREZ (V.O.)

Three days ago? I never would've believed "hopeful" might be a--

Her voice CARRIES OVER, as WE CUT TO:

16/16