

# STATION ELEVEN



EPISODE 108  
"Who's There?"

Written by  
Sarah McCarron and Patrick Somerville

Directed by  
Helen Shaver

Based on the novel  
*Station Eleven*  
By Emily St. John Mandel

3rd White Revisions  
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3rd White Revisions: 5/17/21

## Revision History

Date	Draft	Revised Pages
11/12/20	Production Draft	All
3/19/21	Blue Revisions	16-19, 28-34, 45-46A
3/21/21	Pink Revisions	28-34
4/9/21	Full Yellow	All
4/19/21	Green Revisions	1-3A, 5-5A, 7-11, 15-18, 20-20A, 27-28, 30-30A, 33-33A, 35, 38
4/20/21	Goldenrod Revisions	3-3A, 6, 16-17, 29-33A, 38A-41
4/22/21	2nd White Revisions	27-27A
4/23/21	2nd Blue Revisions	27-27A
4/27/21	2nd Pink Revisions	15-18
4/29/21	2nd Yellow Revisions	29-29A, 33-33A
4/30/21	2nd Green Revisions	32
5/3/21	2nd Goldenrod Revisions	4-5A
5/17/21	3rd White Revisions	1-3, 33-35, 38, 40-41

**Notes:** Revisions are marked with (\*).

**A802 NEW SCENE!** EXT. THE WOODS OUTSIDE THE AIRPORT KIRSTEN wakes up from her Red Bandana poisoning; TYLER has cared for her and brought her to the airport three story days later.

802 dialogue changes

826 dialogue changes

833PL & 833 dialogue changes

835 dialogue changes; reflects RILEY driving the ATV.

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## Cast List

KIRSTEN RAYMONDE.....MACKENZIE DAVIS  
TYLER LEANDER.....DANIEL ZOVATTO  
CLARK THOMPSON.....DAVID WILMOT  
ARTHUR LEANDER.....GAEL GARCIA BERNAL  
ELIZABETH COLTON.....CAITLIN FITZGERALD  
YOUNG KIRSTEN RAYMONDE.....MATILDA LAWLER  
ALEXANDRA.....PHILIPPINE VELGE  
THE CONDUCTOR.....LORI PETTY

AUGUST

DAN

DIETER

SAYID

VLAD

WENDY

THE TUBA

CHRYSANTHEMUM

MILES

YOUNG TYLER

DEAN

TEENAGER IN CROWD

YELLOW-SHIRTED KID

ROOM SERVICE WAITER

MOUNTEBANC

RILEY

CONSTANCE

CHLOE

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## Location List

### **Interior Locations**

INT. MAIN TERMINAL - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y20 - DAY  
INT. THE BAR - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y20 - DAY  
INT. SCHOOL/BOOKSY DAISY - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y20 - DAY  
INT. NEAR THE MR. PRETZEL - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y20 - DAY  
INT. MUSEUM OF CIVILIZATION - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y20 - DAY  
INT. STAIRS - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y20 - DAY  
INT. HYDROPONICS AREA - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y20 - DAY  
EXT. STAIRS TO THE YARD - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y20 - DAY  
INT. ATRIUM - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y20 - DAY  
INT. HALLWAY - ATRIUM - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y20 - DAY  
INT. SELECT! LOUNGE - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y20 - DAY  
INT. CLARK & MILES' HOME - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y20 - NIGHT  
INT. JETWAY - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y20 - NIGHT  
INT. VENTILATION SHAFT - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y20 - NIGHT  
INT. THEATER - ARTHUR'S DRESSING ROOM - CHICAGO - 2020 - NIGHT  
INT. HOTEL SUITE - MAIN ROOM - CHICAGO - 2020 - DAY/NIGHT  
INT. HOTEL SUITE - DINING ROOM - CHICAGO - 2020 - NIGHT  
INT. HOTEL SUITE - GUEST ROOM - CHICAGO - 2020 - DAY  
INT. HOTEL SUITE - KITCHEN - CHICAGO - 2020 - DAY

### **Exterior Locations**

EXT. ZEN GARDEN/GHOST PLANE MEMORIAL - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y20  
- DAY / NIGHT  
EXT. THE WOODS - Y20 - DAY  
EXT. "THE YARD" - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y20 - DAY / NIGHT  
EXT. TARMAC - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y20 - NIGHT

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## Day/Night Breakdown

### **A NOTE ON THIS SYSTEM:**

Year Zero dates have the Year (Y0) and then the date (D13).  
Year Twenty dates have the Year (Y20) and then the **story day** (D1-D15) across the entire season, which does not correspond to a calendar date.

### SN#

### SCRIPT D/N

1.....	Y20/D10
A2-2.....	Y20/D11
3.....	<i>omitted</i>
A4-D7.....	Y20/D11
7.....	2020 - N1
8-9.....	Y20/D11
10-11.....	<i>omitted</i>
12-13.....	Y20/D11
14-15.....	2020 - N1
A16-17.....	Y20/D11
18-19.....	<i>omitted</i>
20-26.....	Y20/D11
27-28.....	<i>omitted</i>
29.....	2020 - D2
30.....	<i>omitted</i>
31-32.....	2020 - D2
33-36.....	Y20/D11

**EXT. ZEN GARDEN/GHOST PLANE MEMORIAL - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT -1**  
**Y20/D10 - SUNSET**

From behind, a SILHOUETTE of a woman sitting on a bench, looking at wreckage. Past the curated, simple zen garden she's in, there's a CHAIN-LINK FENCE, and past that, FOREST.

As we PUSH TOWARD THE SILHOUETTE, we see more of the garden, which is simple and elegant, a combination of a zen rock garden and a landscape of damage and burnt metal. We also see a simple MEMORIAL PLAQUE on a stand, where there is a small MODEL AIRPLANE fastened, the sides painted to resemble the micro-version of Gitchegumee Flight 452, nose pointed up as though it were on to some optimistic new journey.

The burnt metal is specifically PIECES OF AN AIRPLANE. More specifically, pieces of the plane Tyler Leander burned to nothing. The real version of what happened. Destruction.

WE COME AROUND TO REVEAL **ELIZABETH COLTON (60s)**, aged now twenty years from the devastation of losing a son. Time has added wisdom and warmth, it seems.

ELIZABETH

We premiere in three days.

In her lap is a BINDER. She's sketching out a CAST GRID, working on her preparation to direct Hamlet. \*

She says it with great intentionality. The sunlight is on her and she smiles a warm, familiar smile, as though she sits here and talks to her dead son every evening.

She does.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Midsummer. We decided on the atrium, for the wagons. In case of rain. Clark seems... okay with the Symphony being here.

(not that Clark matters)

I don't think you ever saw me this excited. You saw me... as the bad guy. In shitty German soaps.

She laughs.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

I wish you were here.

We POP TO A SUPER-WIDE, revealing that the memorial is in a far corner of the Severn City Airport tarmac.

The airport behind her is the shape we remember, but now somehow like a castle, gleaming and sparkling in the sunset, coated in twinkling SOLAR PANELS of different shapes and sizes. The CONTROL TOWER rises up behind Elizabeth, the one spire of this otherworldly Y20 kingdom.

A jetway points to where we may remember a GIGANTIC INFERNO once raged, but there is no sign of that fire, at least not where it happened.

Elizabeth stands up, a tiny human in the big wide.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

See you tomorrow.

She turns, and walks back toward the airport. As she goes-- \*

**CHYRON: THREE DAYS BEFORE THE SUMMER SOLSTICE** \*

A2

**EXT. THE WOODS OUTSIDE THE AIRPORT - Y20/D11 - DAY**

A2

**SOUNDS OF WILDLIFE** as that chyron lingers. Stillness in the forest. Birds, chittering of insects. Ferns. We creep through the lush overgrowth of the early summertime wilderness. \*

**KIRSTEN SUCKS IN AIR** as she comes awake in the forest... \*

In a small campsite. There's a little fire crackling with some water boiling in an iron pot, two eggs floating in it. Some laundry blowing on a line, in the wind. \*

Last time we saw her, she was in another place entirely-- Chicago, the apartment, twenty years before. \*

She looks at her arm and sees the red welts where she was hit by darts, but no black lines anymore. Somewhat healed. \*

She sees a CANTEEN nearby and grabs it, drinks deeply. \*

Breathing shallow breaths, her eyes next find her knives, gathered together and organized on a nearby log. \*

She goes to them, starts to put them on herself, but hesitates for a beat, looking at the one we saw kill Frank. After a beat, she pulls it on. Picks up another, starts to strap on the ankle holster for her boot... \*

Kirsten hears a gentle little *NEIGH*, looks that way. There's a familiar white horse not far away, tied off on a tree. \*

KIRSTEN \*

Hey, Luli. \*

TYLER (O.C.)

Shoulda guessed that was her name.

Kirsten twists and THROWS, and the knife THUNKS into the trunk of a tree beside the head of **TYLER LEANDER**. He's sitting in a Crazy Creek, shirtless and bandaged, reading Kirsten's copy of *Station Eleven*. Tyler looks at the knife in the tree.

Looks back at her.

TYLER (CONT'D)

I led her for three days with you draped over the side. Didn't know what to call her.

Kirsten gives a look. *Three days?* The weight of all that happened at the apartment crashes down on her as she steps toward the tree, pulls out the knife. Pulls it. Looks down.

KIRSTEN

That's my book.

TYLER

I know. It's been awhile.

KIRSTEN

What happened?

Tyler looks back down at the book, flips a page.

TYLER

You killed all those bandanas. But they got you with that dirty chemistry. Kolokol-1. What'd you dream about?

She takes the book from his hands.

KIRSTEN

The First Hundred.

He nods, watches her walks carefully back to her backpack, near where she woke up. She puts it away.

TYLER

Cody died.

KIRSTEN

I saw. I'm sorry.

(looks back)

You were with him for a long time, weren't you?

Tyler looks her way for a beat. Is emotional. Shrugs. \*

TYLER \*  
There's no before. \*

He grabs a BURLAP SACK, comes over, dumps it out in front of \*  
her. There are four WHITE SECURITY CAMERAS there, each with \*  
black wires snipped off of them, in a pile in the dirt. Each \*  
has the marking of The Severn City Airport. \*

TYLER (CONT'D) \*  
We're here. \*

KIRSTEN \*  
Where are the rest of the Undersea? \*

TYLER \*  
Close. \*  
(off look) \*  
They'll come if I light the torch. \*

2 **EXT. THE WOODS OUTSIDE THE AIRPORT - Y20/D11 - DAY** 2 \*

We FOLLOW Kirsten and Tyler, walking side-by-side through the \*  
forest. Tyler looks around, remembering. Kirsten watches \*  
him. She's still feeling the emotion of her time back in the \*  
apartment, with Frank and Jeevan. Tyler looks over at her. \*

TYLER \*  
Why are you helping me? \*

Kirsten considers for a few beats, eyes forward. In her \*  
head: *I don't want anyone else to die.* \*

KIRSTEN \*  
*"You're going to die, and I can't \*  
stop it."* \*

Tyler sees that she's quoting. Smiles. \*

TYLER \*  
*"Isn't that everyone?"* \*

They walk in silence for a beat. \*

TYLER (CONT'D) \*  
I burned my copy. When I left \*  
here. Day 121. \*

KIRSTEN \*  
I was safe until Day 80. \*

TYLER \*  
What happened then? \*

KIRSTEN \*  
It fell apart. \*

Tyler nods, knows the feeling. \*

TYLER \*  
I remembered the words pretty good. \*  
Not everything. Most of it. \*

KIRSTEN \*  
Your interpretation's wrong. \*  
(off look) \*  
No offense. You can't read that \*  
book and make a viral child army. \*

TYLER \*  
Kids like stories. Once I got out \*  
here... \*  
(shakes it off) \*  
They just... were everywhere. They \*  
stuck to me. \*

They approach a creek, and Tyler kneels down at it, takes a \*  
drink. Looks around. \*

KIRSTEN \*  
You really think these people won't \*  
remember you? \*

TYLER \*  
They think I'm dead. \*

She looks at him, a few beats of silence pass. \*

KIRSTEN \*  
Is there a person walking toward us \*  
right behind me? Right now? \*

Tyler nods. Looks across the way as **MILES** steps out of the \*  
brush, wearing waders and a gas mask. He's wearing a \*  
TOOLBELT with a few SPOOLS OF WIRE attached, as well as tall \*  
boots/hip-waders. \*

TYLER \*  
Yup. \*

KIRSTEN \*  
Are we letting him walk up to us? \*

TYLER \*  
You tell me. \*

Behind Kirsten, Miles has spotted them both, and he awkwardly \*  
pulls a gun from his holster, steps toward them. \*

KIRSTEN \*  
What's our story? \*

TYLER \*  
We're from the Traveling Symphony. \*

He drinks more, and Kirsten sighs, squats down, takes a \*  
drink. She splashes some water on her face as a TREMBLING \*  
PISTOL FLOATS TOWARD HER TEMPLE. She freezes, sensing it's \*  
there. Tyler looks. \*

MILES

Hands up!

\*  
\*

Kirsten turns, puts up both hands.

\*

KIRSTEN

Hi.

MILES

Who are you?

Kirsten smiles her extremely friendly smile. Looks at Tyler for a long beat. He looks back, waiting to find out if she's going to agree. A moment of choice, a moment of trust.

\*  
\*  
\*

KIRSTEN

We're from the Traveling Symphony.

Miles steps back, looks at Tyler. Tyler back at him for a long beat. Miles looks into his eyes...

\*  
\*

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

We're just actors.

\*

Miles looks back at her. Gives a sideways nod with his head.

\*

MILES

Let's go.

\*  
\*

CLARK (V.O.)

*I don't think I've ever said this out loud, but...*

3 OMITTED

3

A4 INT. MAIN TERMINAL - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y20/D11 - DAY A4

CAMERA FOLLOWS a man's back, cloaked, as he strolls through the hallways of what seems at first a space both familiar and very strange. A community. A kibbutz. A reclaimed sterile space. He walks by what we realize was once a Booksy Daisy.

CLARK (PRE-LAP)

*I have always felt like a failure.*

COME AROUND TO REVEAL THE AGED FACE OF **CLARK THOMPSON** (70s), twenty years older and wiser, skin weathered. His clothes are casual and comfortable, minus the formality of the cloak.

A matched Detroit Tigers sweatsuit. He's smiling a friendly smile at a few people sitting in Michigander chairs.

CLARK (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)  
*Every room I walk into, I feel like  
 I'm... hated. I know it's wrong.  
 I know it's not true. But I feel  
 it.*

4

INT. THE BAR - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y20/D11 - DAY

4

A circle of chairs, Clark's cloak slung over one. A quiet space. A half-dozen people sit in a ring, a few holding coffees. On a table nearby is a pot of coffee and some pastries. We vaguely recognize the gastropub from Before, changed as it is to be... whatever Ruth says it is.

CLARK  
 I feel it, and I accept it.

Clark seems quite chill, in fact, legs crossed.

A tall, lean figure comes to the doorway, and we RACK TO Elizabeth, watching quietly and waiting for Clark to finish. In her hand is a WALKIE-TALKIE. On the screens on the wall behind her we see: **Thursday, June 19th, 2040**

Clark looks at her. Smiles.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
 Thankful for all I have. And all  
 of you.  
 (then)  
 I accept this.

EVERYONE ELSE  
*I accept this.*

On the floor beside Elizabeth, what looks like black roly suitcase that is actually a KARAOKE MACHINE.

5

INT. SCHOOL/BOOKSY DAISY - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y20/D11 - DAY

5

Eight or nine MIDDLE-SCHOOL KIDS sit in the seats. On a screen on the wall: **HISTORY OF TECHNOLOGY: RECREATIONAL ACTIVITIES: KARAOKE.** Elizabeth hands over the handle of the machine to Clark.

MR. DEAN  
 Oh! Here's Mr. Thompson with  
 another exhibit for us.

He waves to the class and strides to take the podium amid LIGHT APPLAUSE.

CLARK

Hello, all. Clark again. Hi!  
This week's Museum object is called  
a *karaoke machine*.  
(gestures to it)  
Kids just like yourselves would get  
bored, looking for some fun on a  
Friday night. You can pick any  
song you like and perform it for  
your friends.

TEENAGER IN THE CROWD

The Traveling Symphony can do that.

Clark, pre-triggered, looks at the **TEENAGER IN THE CROWD**,  
chuckles, then looks at the teacher.

CLARK

Not like *this*.

Elizabeth smiles and nods at Clark, telegraphing "good job".  
Clark looks back, skeptical he's doing a good job.

MR. DEAN

(to Elizabeth)

Which reminds me, Elizabeth.  
Everyone is making their way  
through *Hamlet*, we'll all have read  
by the premiere. The kids are very  
excited to meet the actors.

ELIZABETH

They're excited to meet you, too!

Clark stares at Dean. Not happy with the mention of the  
actors. **YELLOW-SHIRTED KID** raises a hand, excited.

YELLOW-SHIRTED KID

Ms. Colson, is it true you used to  
be an actor?

ELIZABETH

It is. And guess who else?

She looks at Clark, who rebuffs her completely. She points  
at him quietly, like it's a secret for the kids.

YELLOW-SHIRTED KID

(incredulous)

Mr. Thompson?

CLARK

The karaoke machine is available in  
the museum.

The kids look at the adults, then each other, not sure what  
to believe.

ELIZABETH

Premiere is on Midsummer's Eve.  
Workshop with the actors is after.

CLARK

So long as they clear quarantine  
protocol.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
(scaring the kids)  
We can't let any of the sick into  
our community. We cannot risk  
infection.

Elizabeth frowns at this, lets it go. Smiles back at the  
kids, who nod with respect at Clark's warning. He has their  
attention, now.

They go. Elizabeth watches Clark leave the classroom area,  
return to her. He seems embarassed, tight, angry.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
(pissed)  
Just say June twenty-first.

ELIZABETH  
For fuck's sake, Clark. Nobody's  
sick out there anymore.

He gestures out toward the well-functioning, healthy-feeling  
community.

CLARK  
It keeps them calm.

A6

**INT. NEAR THE MR. PRETZEL - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y20/D11 A6  
DAY**

Clark turns to face Elizabeth, preparing for an argument. He  
opens his mouth to escalate when the *SQWACK-CHRP-ABW* fuzz of  
the walkie in Elizabeth's hand explodes, and she looks down,  
trying to mute it. Miles's voice enters the room.

MILES (ON THE WALKIE)  
*Walking them in now.*

She *CLICKS OFF* the walkie.

CLARK  
What was that?

ELIZABETH  
Nothing. A... tiny security thing.

CLARK  
There's no such thing as a *tiny  
security thing.*

ELIZABETH

(reluctant)

Miles found some people out in the woods. Past the fence. It's just more actors.

(then)

We're bringing them to quarantine.

CLARK

No you're not.

(beat)

That sounds like a con. How can you be so... *loose about it?*

ELIZABETH

It's a different *time*, Clark. You heard those kids--

CLARK

This is *not* what we agreed. I *let* you get what you wanted with this theatre troupe, but I will not allow... *distractions...* to put the people in danger.

ELIZABETH

People want to open the doors.

Past them, small HOMES AND SMALL APARTMENT MODULES lined up to the glass windows, each home a little different. Variations in decor-- a large MICHIGAN STATE SPARTANS BANNER hangs above one-- ferns anoint another.

CLARK

Send them to the tower. I'll handle the interrogation myself.

Clark storms off, leaving the karaoke machine there for her. She raises the walkie to her mouth, changes the channel, shaking her head.

ELIZABETH (INTO THE WALKIE)

Alex? I'm coming down. I have something you might like.

ALEXANDRA (ON THE WALKIE)

*Okay! We're still rehearsing. We have questions about The Mousetrap!*

Elizabeth looks over at a BOARD allocating jobs, with square *Yes, Michigan!* magnets marking different jobs. She goes to it, plucks off one of the magnets, leaves.

B6 OMITTED

B6

6 INT. MUSEUM OF CIVILIZATION - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y20/D11 6-DAY

Bach. Glenn Gould humming along with himself, and along with it, the soft scratches of a RECORD PLAYER. 70s-style with the glass top, the record spinning atop a display table. We EXPAND OUTWARD and look at more objects on this table: an original IPOD with a cracked screen; one VHS VIDEO CASSETTE-- a copy of *Jaws*; a fishbowl full of IPHONE BRICKS; a section of crinkled PUBLIC TRANSPORTATION CARDS; binders full of WOMEN (talk-show hosts and news anchors); a CYLINDER OF BIC PENS, ringed by every color of a BIC LIGHTER; a plastic STARSHIP ENTERPRISE being guarded by some three SPOCKS; two GAMEBOYS, one NINTENDO SWITCH, and one custom GAMING DEVICE; a SYNTHESIZER; HAIR CURLERS; one PET ROCK, its grass hair growing well; and by that, THE FINGERS of a man-- attached to a hand-- gently tapping along to the piano piece at the end of the table as he stands, other arm behind his back, and stares at the door, waiting...

It's Clark again, but now in his *DIGNIFIED NOBLE* look, not the relatable, down-to-Earth man we met in N.A. Well-groomed, well-kept. Anxious.

Sound of footsteps now. Then, the sound of a heavy door opening, and Clark turns. Looks to see who's there.

CLARK

Oh. Hello, there. I'm Clark  
Thompson. Welcome to the Museum of  
Civilization.

KIRSTEN

I'm Kirsten. From the Traveling  
Symphony.

REVEAL MILES between Kirsten and Tyler, who are both wearing  
TYVEK SUITS-- Kirsten in blue, Tyler in faded red-- with  
their wrists bound behind their backs. Kirsten has on her  
friendliest "I'm famous and also beautiful" smile.

With energy in his step, Clark goes to the big table and  
SNAGS a pair of SCISSORS, then moves to Kirsten and Tyler.

CLARK

Welcome, welcome, welcome, my God,  
let me look at you, real  
*professional actors.*

Kirsten bats her eyes, through the plastic of their vizors.

As Clark is examining them, we see Miles pulls a crinkled  
**BEWARE** poster from his pocket, look at it, look across the  
room surreptitiously toward Tyler. He stuffs it away in his  
pocket before anyone sees.

CLARK (CONT'D)

You must be Kirsten... scary stuff,  
getting separated, the bombing.  
We're all so glad you're okay.

KIRSTEN

(damsel in distress)  
It was really, really scary. But  
thank God you found them.

Clark goes around to her wrists.

CLARK

Your troupe is well, a few days  
into quarantine-- we quarantine  
here, it's part of our success,  
along with the isolated woods,  
electrified fences, cameras...

SNIP. Kirsten twists enough to see Tyler staring at Clark.

TYLER

I told her these woods were  
dangerous.

Clark looks for the first time now at Tyler. The man, not the boy, taller than him now. Face obscured by face-shield. Beard. Time. Clark gets closer.

CLARK

And who are you?

Clark's eyeing Tyler now, who doesn't miss a beat.

TYLER

Lonagan. Retired awhile back, quit acting for business. Saw a barter opportunity in Year Sixteen and decided I'd take a chance.

CLARK

*What hath you done with the body...*

A long beat now, as it's unclear what Clark means.

CLARK (CONT'D)

*... dear Lord?*

Until he completes the line. It's from Hamlet. A test. But Tyler is ready. Answers quietly, staring at Clark.

TYLER

*Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.*

Clark looks... still skeptical. But pleased.

CLARK

Everybody knows *Hamlet*, though.

AA7 **INT. MAIN TERMINAL - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y20/D11 - DAY** AA7

Elizabeth walks up to the door that reads "AIRPORT PERSONNEL ONLY", an electric pass at the handle. We know this door.

She rubs the *Yes, Michigan!* magnet over it; the door opens.

A7 **INT. STAIRS - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y20/D11 - DAY** A7

Elizabeth steps up the stairs, still hidden. Listening.

TYLER (O.C.)

Yeah, but it's just so good. Reading it's like being inside a different world. I dunno. It's stupid, I guess...

CLARK (O.C.)  
I don't think that's stupid.

We see Elizabeth's eyes soften at the sound of the voice, remembering those words.

B7

INT. MUSEUM OF CIVILIZATION - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y20/D1B7-DAY

Clark's still got an eye on Tyler, but returns to his perch in the center of the room.

CLARK  
These identity verifications are usually so tedious, but this one's a *delight*. Real actors, Miles!  
(glance to Miles)  
They can just do a scene.

MILES  
We sometimes have visitors. They lie to try to get in. So we check them out. Ask some questions.

CLARK  
Miles used to be in the TSA.  
(then)  
I will say, rules like this have kept us safe. So...

Clark looks at Tyler for a beat longer, then to Kirsten.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
Do one scene. Whatever you like.  
To prove your story.

Clark settles, looks at them both. Feels like this could go either way.

KIRSTEN  
Smart.

Tyler has turned his attention to his old DEVICE, on a nearby table. As though he's plotting his chances.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)  
That old one. About the spaceship.

Tyler nods like this was a reasonable thing to say, but we soon realize we're *in the scene*. Kirsten puts both hands behind her back, then steps toward the window, looking out, even though we don't see her POV. They watch as Kirsten sees a dirty COFFEE MUG, takes it.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)  
*We made it to orbit.*

Tyler nods, takes a couple steps toward his device. Kirsten turns, now entirely in character--

DR. ELEVEN (KIRSTEN)  
*You stayed in regenerostasis for twelve and a half days. You never sleep that long.*

Clark watches Tyler react-- both because it's a test, yeah, but it's sudden magic: Clark's getting pulled in.

CAPTAIN LONAGAN (TYLER)  
*Still woozy. Is that... Earth?*

Kirsten sees that there's something *slightly* shaky about Tyler's first line, sees Clark leaning in.

DR. ELEVEN (KIRSTEN)  
*Did you watch my helmet's video feed?*

Clark looks back to Kirsten. Tyler has some space... to take a few steps and GRAB HIS DEVICE. He has it down by the side of his leg before his next line. Kirsten sees.

CAPTAIN LONAGAN (TYLER)  
*Yes. From your "accident." I didn't realize...*

Tyler drifts back toward Kirsten, hiding the device with his body. They pass close by one another, her circling the other way. He nods at her.

CAPTAIN LONAGAN (CONT'D)  
*... The gyroscope is fucked.*

Kirsten sees what he has, verifying the nonviolent story Tyler's been telling her since 106. *He just wants it back.*

Which means it's Kirsten's spotlight moment. Time to fully draw Clark's attention.

Once past him, Kirsten PULLS DOWN HER HOOD, removes her face-shield. Looks up at Clark, directly into his eyes.

DR. ELEVEN (KIRSTEN)  
*I stood looking over the damage...  
 trying to remember the sweetness of  
 life on Earth. But I couldn't  
 remember. You know what I  
 remember? You. As a child.*

During the speech, Tyler has sit himself down against a wall, and now deposits his DEVICE into a VENT near the stairs...

And we CAN SEE ELIZABETH DOWN THE STAIRS, UP AGAINST THE SAME WALL, JUST THE SAME AS THE SPLIT-SCREEN OF 107, HER FACE CLOSE TO HIS, EVEN THOUGH HE'S UNAWARE.

CAPTAIN LONAGAN (TYLER)  
*We don't even know if it's like it  
 was before...*

Kirsten has come around to him, now, and gets down, close to him, eyes intense.

DR. ELEVEN (KIRSTEN)  
*There is no before.  
 (then)  
 No after. Only now.*

C7 **INT. STAIRS - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y20/D11 - DAY** C7

Down in the stairs, Elizabeth clocks the phrase "There is no before." She takes a beat, thinking through the implications that her son Tyler *might* be here. She pulls her walkie from her belt. She scurries away.

D7 **INT. MUSEUM OF CIVILIZATION - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y20/D1D7-DAY**

Kirsten stares into Tyler's eyes, wanting him to hear the words she's spoken. And he seems to. As Tyler. Not Lonagan. Not "The Prophet."

CAPTAIN LONAGAN (TYLER)  
*"There is no before." Strange  
 thing to say. I don't buy it. The  
 past is safe. Everything else...  
 changes.*

ON CLARK as that line lands. He starts clapping hard. He looks at Miles, raises his eyebrows, nods at him.

7

INT. THEATER - ARTHUR'S DRESSING ROOM - CHICAGO - 2020 - 7  
NIGHT

CLARK THOMPSON OF Y0 stands in Arthur's dressing room, at a table, looking down at three different crowns made of twigs. It is 29 days before Arthur's death and 30 days before the end of the world.

Clark looks at the large crown. Before he can reach for it, his phone BUZZES. **Tim: How was it? How are YOU?**

Clark texts back: **He hasn't shown up yet. Saw rehearsal.**

**Tim: How was it????**

ARTHUR (O.S.)  
Good to see you, my friend.

Clark turns, sees his old friend **ARTHUR LEANDER** in the doorway. It's been a few years.

CLARK  
Arthur.

ARTHUR  
Did you watch? How brutal was it?

CLARK  
(measured)  
It was fine.

Arthur goes to his mini-fridge and gets the a water.

ARTHUR  
Fine.

CLARK  
Solid production. Shaping up to be incredible. How far out are you again?

ARTHUR  
One month.

CLARK  
Ah. You're in the shit, then.

Arthur looks at him warily, because it would hurt if it was a joke. But Clark's a grownup now. Clark's corporate.

ARTHUR  
It means a lot to me that you came.

He gestures, Clark sits. Arthur heads to his desk, shakes out his hair, removes his cape.

CLARK

We started together. It's been amazing to watch how far...

Clark sees a shy-looking **YOUNG KIRSTEN** (8) standing in costume, holding a coloring book, looking right at him.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Hello.

ARTHUR

Ah! Kiki. Meet my friend. This is Clark.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

I'm Kirsten. Young Goneril.

ARTHUR

Kiki's my understudy. She knows the whole play.

CLARK

(to Kirsten)

*Our eldest born, speak first.*

YOUNG KIRSTEN

*Sir, I do love you more than words can wield the matter.*

Clark smiles. Arthur, chewing an apple slice, is unsurprised. Throws Clark a look like...see?

ARTHUR

Tomorrow morning, okay, Kirsten? Clark and I are going to have dinner. Catch up.

Young Kirsten gets it, smiles at Clark, goes.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Tanya, the woman who takes care of the kids... she says her life is sad. You can't tell with her.

He sits. Clark watches him for a beat.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

You remember the bar up by the Pancake House?

CLARK

From the night we met Miranda. Of course.

ARTHUR

I thought it'd be fun to go there. Get one drink. They're setting up dinner at my hotel, just because the paparazzi lately...

Clark looks down at his phone. At nothing. Back up.

CLARK

I've been sober for nine years, Arthur. You know that--

ARTHUR

--I knew that, I know.

A beat. Can't tell what's in there.

CLARK

You fucker

A beat more. But then Arthur sees the twinkle in his eye, and then they're laughing, eyes lighting like the old times.

CLARK (CONT'D)

*I called you. When I did the twelve steps. You forget everything, mate.*

ARTHUR

Not big things.

A cue of a bright, shining electric guitar chords and riff from "Stay" by Lisa Loeb...

ALEXANDRA (V.O.)

(singing)

*You say... I only hear what I want to...*

8

**INT. HYDROPONICS AREA - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y20/D11 - DAY 8**

Miles escorts Kirsten and Tyler, still in their TYVEK suits, through the hydroponics area.

Tyler's eyes are wide with admiration at the operation they've put together here.

ALEXANDRA (V.O.)

*And you say... I talk so all the  
time, so...*

A9

**EXT. STAIRS TO THE YARD - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y20/D11 - DAY**

Miles opens up the door at the top of the stairs, leads Kirsten down. Glance back. Before Tyler can step down the stairs, **MOUNTEBANC** appears, escorts Tyler in some other direction, out of frame, in a flash. Miles sees; Kirsten doesn't.

Kirsten looks out and her eyes light up. She sees the color of the Symphony's tents...

ALEXANDRA (O.C.)

*And I thought what I felt was  
simple. And I thought that I don't  
belong.*

She looks back and notices Tyler is gone. Hm.

9

**EXT. "THE YARD" - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y20/D11 - DAY**

9

**ALEXANDRA** sings into the KARAOKE MICROPHONE. There's a WALKIE-TALKIE clipped to her belt.

ALEXANDRA

(singing)

*And now that I'm leaving. Now I  
know that I did something wrong.  
'Cause I missed you, yeahhhh, I  
missed you.*

Tuba comes over and KICKS the Karaoke Machine once, hard. He turns and walks away. Vlad starts clapping.

WIDEN OUT to see the rest of **SYMPHONY** are nearby. There are a few Looky-loos, airport residents, watching through the windows.

A different group-- **DIETER** and **WENDY** stand at the back, watching grimly along with **CHRYSANTHEMUM**, **AUGUST**, **DAN**, and **SAYID**. August glances over and sees a figure in Tyvek...

AUGUST

Kirsten!

Alex runs to her and hugs Kirsten *hard* as the others crowd around. Sudden joy, Kirsten hugging them one by one.

Alex has not stopped hugging her at all. No more rifts between karaoke and no-karaoke. They're all reunited...

ALEXANDRA

Thank God you're okay!

Kirsten doesn't give much back to Alex, as she's looking around, already alarmed she's not seeing someone she's been worrying about. Kirsten looks at Dieter.

KIRSTEN

Where's Sarah?

He drops his eyes. Kirsten looks around. No one wants to answer...

10 OMITTED 10

11 OMITTED 11

12 **EXT. "THE YARD" - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y20/D11 - LATER** 12

Kirsten, Sayid, Dieter, August, and Alex all sit cross-legged, with a handful of Symphony folks spread back out amongst the tents, chattering quietly. Things have gone glum, concerned.

DIETER

I was with her. She had a heart attack. They say she's recovering.  
(sort of believing it)  
They have a facility, she's fine...

KIRSTEN

You guys. Look around.  
(they do)  
That's barbed wire. We're *locked up*.

SAYID

Kinda nice, though.

Kirsten looks around at them; they don't seem to be feeling the same level of emergency as her. She looks up toward the door where she came in. Tyler. In the wind.

KIRSTEN

Just... someone say the plan.  
(then)  
To get Sarah back. We need to leave this place.  
(MORE)

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

(to Alex)

It's not safe.

ALEXANDRA

Yes it is.

(off look)

They're excited for us. They've never seen a show. Ever. We have to do the play.

Kirsten looks at her, resonance from the apartment now not lost on her.

KIRSTEN

What did you say?

ALEXANDRA

I said that we-- you know-- made a commitment. Elizabeth's been directing us.

KIRSTEN

We direct ourselves.

Alex shakes her head, incredibly irritated, almost instantly.

ALEXANDRA

Why would we leave the nicest place we've ever been?

KIRSTEN

Because they're holding Sarah  
hostage.

Alex looks at him for a beat.

ALEXANDRA

They *saved* her. She would have  
died.

(looks to Dieter for  
backup)

Quarantine's just... what they do.

(then)

Elizabeth says that if we stay  
here, they'll give us houses.

(points)

We have bathrooms.

Kirsten looks at Dieter, also hoping for backup. He looks  
over toward Wendy, chatting with Vlad.

DIETER

They did say we could stay through  
the winter. So Sarah can recover.

Kirsten looks to August.

AUGUST

I haven't had a sewing machine...  
ever. Elizabeth got me one.

August stares at her....

KIRSTEN

Who the fuck is this Elizabeth?

DIETER

Elizabeth Colton.

ALEXANDRA

She was a movie star before.

Kirsten looks up at the side of the airport, glass gleaming.

KIRSTEN

I know who she was...

SAYID

Hey, wasn't she married to Arthur  
Leander?

It all cascades inside her head: that's why he has the book. That's where their pasts crossed in *The Before*. The Prophet... is Tyler Leander.

KIRSTEN  
Holy fucking *shit*.

13

INT. ATRIUM - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y20/D11 - DAY

13

Elizabeth is at the rear of the Atrium, looking out at the wagons as they're being locked together. Behind her are **CONSTANCE** and **CHLOE** (Chloe is the daughter of Angela, the little baby we met onboard the airplane in 105, played by the same actor who played her mother, Angela).

Largely, the bones of the space are UNCHANGED from Y0, minus some cobwebs and dust on the CAR RENTAL desks. There are HIGH REEDS AND GRASS covering much of the windows, and one or two TREES GROWING in the room. Other than that, not much.

WAGONS, though, are being assembled beneath the mezzanine by some locals trying to figure out how they fit together.

We feel the incredible circularity of the room as Elizabeth looks around, points up at the small "boxes" in the corner of the room, one floor up. She is *tight*, somehow, as though the voice she heard-- a man's voice, but speaking the words she knows as her son's-- is rattling in her head. Planning with great intensity...

She turns and looks at some doors.

ELIZABETH  
We should open up these doors.  
(looks up)  
Trim those reeds. For the light.

At the mezzanine, past *The Edmund Fitzgerald*, Clark steps up, watching her as she comes out onto the carpet.

She looks up. Clark looks blankly at *The Edmund Fitzgerald*.

CLARK  
I just watched them do a scene.  
(then)  
They're real.

Elizabeth comes closer.

ELIZABETH  
What... were they like?

CLARK

It's been so long that I forgot...  
how powerful it can be. Stage  
doesn't matter. Costume. I didn't  
know the scene.

(then)

It's a problem.

Elizabeth stares like she can't believe what she's hearing.

ELIZABETH

Isn't that *good*?

CLARK

I listened to you. I agreed. I  
wanted The Traveling Symphony to  
come, to try something new. And  
I'm admitting the Museum isn't...  
doing the job anymore, but... I...  
assumed they'd be terrible.

(thinking)

Or just... *lighter*.

ELIZABETH

It's *Hamlet*.

CLARK

I've been reading it again. For  
the Read-a-Long. At school. I  
never noticed before how insolent  
Hamlet is to the power structure.  
The man insults the king.

ELIZABETH

Claudius... *murdered* his father.

CLARK

He had his reasons. No one tells  
the story from *that* point of view.

(then)

But Hamlet... can you imagine if  
our teenagers *felt* that anger, *that*  
clearly? It's like heroin.

Tears of rage are welling in Elizabeth's eyes, even though  
she's holding it together. Rage... and defiance.

ELIZABETH

So what are you saying?

CLARK

I'm withdrawing my vote. They  
can't perform.

(thinking)

(MORE)

CLARK (CONT'D)

We can't let them leave, obviously.  
We'll have to keep them in custody.  
They know how to get here, could  
bring back others...

Elizabeth rolls her eyes. Not taking it seriously.

ELIZABETH

Was there anything about... *him*?  
The man.

CLARK

He was more... summer stock.  
(then)  
Kirsten. She was the star.

He goes. Off Elizabeth, plan coalescing.

14

**EXT. HOTEL SUITE - MAIN ROOM - CHICAGO - 2020 - NIGHT**

14

In another time, Clark sits on the sofa in a nice suite, watching as a **ROOM SERVICE WAITER** (20s) removes various plates and (decadent-seeming) food from a cart, sets them up on the table. Clark, though, is on his phone.

CLARK (INTO THE PHONE)

Hello Sam, you fuck, did you slip information to Bill? Which you fucking *overheard* during the July session regarding crises at the meeting, without telling me? Is your assistant on? Good, *take this down: GO FUCK YOURSELF.*

The waiter is looking at him. Clark nods at him, very friendly, as he listens to the phone call.

CLARK (INTO THE PHONE) (CONT'D)

All right. Now you try it.

Clark listens, nodding, as the man on the other end of the line apparently screams the same thing back at him. Clark smiles at the waiter and mutes.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Training a CEO to have some backbone.

The waiter, finished, heads toward the door.

WAITER

Mr. Leander told me you two used to party. I got eightballs.

Clark looks at him a beat, drawn back to his phone.

CLARK  
 (listening, on the phone)  
 Good, Jack. Good. That's  
 excellent.  
 (to waiter)  
 No, thank you. We're good. Thank  
 you for the food.

15

INT. HOTEL SUITE - DINING ROOM - CHICAGO - 2020 - NIGHT

15

The two are deep into dinner, taking a break as Arthur chews  
 a last bite.

ARTHUR  
 Nobody believes this: "Chicago.  
 Best food."

CLARK  
 (chuckle at his friend)  
 Rome? Mexico City?

Clark's looking at his phone, where a text from Tim has  
 popped up: **"Use the opportunity. You come from a place of  
 love."**

Clark puts down his phone.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
 Tim. He's almost as optimistic as  
 you.

ARTHUR  
 Tim...?

A moment, a place Clark might choose to see this as Arthur's  
 narcissism. But he takes a beat.

CLARK  
 You don't forget everything. I  
 always used to say that to you, I  
 said it before. But I don't think  
 I've told you much about him.  
 (then)  
 He's... I met him years ago, we  
 dated on and off. But we moved in  
 this year. It's been good for me.

Arthur looks up.

ARTHUR  
 You should have brought him, then.  
 I'm happy for you.

CLARK

It's been so long, I thought...  
maybe just us. This time.

ARTHUR

I could hear you yelling out here.  
Everything alright?

CLARK

Just work. None of these power  
guys respect you if you're nice.  
You can't show them how you feel.  
(then)  
The truth is a lot of CEOs these  
days are the sensitive types. They  
need to learn the alpha moves.

ARTHUR

You were a violin player in a punk  
band when we met.

CLARK

What's your point?

ARTHUR

Who cares about "alpha moves"?  
The only thing you *could* do was  
show people how you felt.

CLARK

I'm aware of how I've changed--

ARTHUR

I respect *that* so much more than  
the macho chest-bumping, you know?  
And... nice people. Quiet people.  
Or even better, people who don't  
think like that at all, and just  
make things for their own private  
reasons...

CLARK

Of course you do.

This time, Clark's ability to take this with generosity and  
understanding is becoming strained...

CLARK (CONT'D)

That's because you've dominated  
them. From the start.

Arthur looks surprised by the comment.

ARTHUR

What does that mean...?

CLARK

People don't push back against you.  
You're a movie star. You do still  
know that, right?

(beat)

You think it's because they love  
you, or are afraid of you, but it's  
actually because they don't care  
about you.

After a beat, Arthur tries to lighten it. Move on.

ARTHUR

You sound like the paranoid old  
members of The Party my father used  
to play bocci with...

Arthur's apparently had enough of the setting here at the  
table, moves room, goes to get more comfortable on the couch.

CLARK

The business world's more honest.  
I prefer it. No one's pretending  
why they're there.

ARTHUR

C'mon, Clark.

CLARK

What?

(then)

It doesn't mean I like these Ruling  
Elite motherfuckers. New Zealand  
compound types. It doesn't mean I  
don't love what we...

(corrects himself)

...what we used to do. Play dress  
up. Tell stories.

ARTHUR

Those New Zealand guys, they scare  
me.

CLARK

Aspirational alphas.

They both smile a little at that, sit on common ground.

ARTHUR

The only thing that matters is if  
you make something.

(MORE)

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

I don't mean... art or painting or anything for the elites. Make something.

Clark thinks on that.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

And if you want it to last, and hold up, it has to be *great*. Miranda knew that. Always.

Clark watches his old friend, smile fading at the word "Miranda"... He's standing in the archway between dining room and living room now, and we PUSH IN on him for a beat. Until he goes to the bar, finds something brown and expensive-looking, and pours himself an incredibly large drink.

CLARK

I had a client who scared me in a session. A few days back, just before you called. She said, "Just don't sleepwalk."

(beat)

Don't sleepwalk through life and miss... tiny things.

Clark drinks, pours again, heads over toward Arthur.

CLARK (CONT'D)

You think you're making something great with *Lear*. Don't you?

ARTHUR

I think I'm doing *Lear*. Clark, do you really think--

Clark waves off Arthur's concern, stands above him.

CLARK

Miranda didn't care if what she made was *great*. She didn't care if anyone ever even read it. She *had* to do what she was doing.

ARTHUR

You didn't know Miranda when she--

CLARK

*Miranda was my friend, too!*

(then)

And I lost her. Because you needed more attention.

They stare at one another for a beat, then Clark sits.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Fuck Chicago.

ARTHUR

Clark, man...?

CLARK

Yes? Arthur? Go on. Say more about Miranda.

Clark takes a healthy swallow.

ARTHUR

It's not easy to be in love with someone who... loves what she makes up. More than you.

CLARK

Hard for you? Was it?

(off look)

I say this with love, Mate, but... You idiot. The whole fucking problem was that she loved you.

ARTHUR

I'm not sure that's true.

CLARK

You made her choose.

(nods)

She was *trying to finish so she could get to you*. Jesus, man--

(then)

She said those exact words that night, by the pool, after she realized you were *fucking your co-star*.

ARTHUR

But I wasn't.

A long beat, then, as we see Arthur is coming from a more substantial place, dropping the lightness. The stakes just changed. And Clark seems caught off guard.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

You forget things, too. People thought that, they assumed, but... You know. Then you didn't.

(long beat)

My wife left me. And burned down my pool house.

A quiet moment between the two, then, Clark reflecting...

CLARK

You're right.

They're both quiet for a beat. He drinks again.

CLARK (CONT'D)

"I'm at my best when I'm escaping."

ARTHUR

She said that?

He nods, pulls a ZIPPO, puts it on the table. Arthur stares at it.

CLARK

She was chained to a boulder,  
getting pulled down to the bottom  
of the sea, and you were sad she  
didn't like your heist movie.

Arthur watches him.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Do you want to know what I really  
thought, today, watching you on  
stage, Arthur? You were great.  
And you don't deserve it, you  
haven't earned it, and you  
shouldn't be allowed to be that  
great. But you are.

(then)

I wasn't jealous. I didn't want to  
be you. Or great. I wanted a life  
of great friendships that didn't  
end.

There. He got it out.

CLARK (CONT'D)

I liked her.

ARTHUR

Do you think I can call her?  
Just... call her?

CLARK

No, man. She's busy.

(sip)

She's still not done with the book.

Off Clark, who shakes his head, smiles, then starts chuckling with Arthur. Can't help himself. Arthur laughs too.

A16 INT. HALLWAY - ATRIUM - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y20/D11 - DAY 6

Elizabeth comes down the hall, finds Miles on a STEPLADDER, coming down after doing some work up at the lights. She stops, waiting for him.

ELIZABETH

Clark's trying to cancel the play.

Miles looks meditative. Sympathetic.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

I know you'll probably side with him. But I want you to know that I think it's wrong. We need change.

Miles come all the way down. The two begin to walk. He glances around before he shows it to her.

MILES

So... We found this when we went through their wagons.

We look with Elizabeth at a copy of the **BEWARE** poster from back in 104. She stares at the sketch of Tyler.

MILES (CONT'D)

The man who came in today. The other actor. Lonagan.

Elizabeth stares at the poster, returns it Miles.

MILES (CONT'D)

Clark can't hear anymore. But I heard you come in and listen.

(then)

There was something about him. I felt it more when I caught them out there. I can't shake it.

They look at one another. Miles looks terrified.

ELIZABETH

You look like you've seen a ghost.

She continues toward the Select Lounge. He follows.

16 INT. SELECT! LOUNGE - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y20/D11 - DAY 16

Miles and Elizabeth enter the Select! Lounge.

MILES

(troubled)

I gotta tell you something, though.

(then)

Clark doesn't know, but... this  
guy, Lonagan... disappeared. While  
I was taking them to quarantine.

Elizabeth looks alarmed.

ELIZABETH

Where is he?

MILES

Mountebanc has him locked him up.

ELIZABETH

You're not telling me you think  
Tyler's actually... alive.

Elizabeth swallows, shaking, then turns back to Miles.

MILES

You should go to see him.

ELIZABETH

My son is dead.

Elizabeth's trying to talk herself into it. She nods.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

I'll deal with this... after the  
play.

Elizabeth goes over to the back corner of the Select Lounge,  
toward some CURTAINS we see covering something in the rear  
corner.

She goes to the curtain and PULLS IT BACK, revealing **THE CONDUCTOR**, unconscious, hooked up to medical equipment, EKG monitor beeping meekly, O2 mask over her face.

Miles comes up, looks at her.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
We've got a lot going on.

17 INT. CLARK & MILES' HOME - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y20/D11 - 17 NIGHT

Clark lies in bed, washed up and in his pajamas, paging through an old copy of *Hamlet*. The DUTY-FREE has become a well-furnished home. Miles gets ready for bed beside him. Clark looks over, puts down the book.

CLARK  
I'm changing my mind on the theater.

MILES  
Elizabeth said. I ran into her.

CLARK  
Oh?

Clark looks over him. Miles reaches for his ukulele, starts to strum as Clark goes back to reading.

MILES  
That scene today was good.

CLARK  
It was.

Clark looks at him for a beat.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
Do people like me anymore?

MILES  
People love you. People know you saved them. You built something great here. You guided us through... an impossible time.  
(then)  
And now... it's a different time.

CLARK  
What's different?

Off Miles, looking at his beloved.

MILES

I don't know yet. Things are changing.

(then)

We're old as shit.

Clark laughs. So does Miles.

18 OMITTED 18

19 OMITTED 19

20 **EXT. "THE YARD" - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y20/D11 - NIGHT** 20

Kirsten glances at the couple of other tents around the yard, looks up at one of the JETWAYS hanging out over the space, and sees a door open at the end of one of them. There are no stairs leading up to the opening.

And Tyler is there, looking down at her, stars behind him.

She draws a tiny dagger.

TYLER

You're gonna stab me again?

Kirsten lowers the knife, sets it down. Looks around, checking to see if anyone else has noticed him.

KIRSTEN

Where did you go?

TYLER

They put me in jail.

KIRSTEN

How'd you get out?

TYLER

How did you not?

He walks away, down the Jetway. Tosses down a CB with a coiled cord. Leaves the door open.

FROM THE FAR SIDE OF "THE YARD": Alexandra watches Kirsten approach the jetway, consider how to climb up.

21

INT. JETWAY - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y20/D11 - NIGHT

21

Kirsten pulls herself up into the jetway. She looks around a bit, finds Tyler sitting against a wall, looking at her.

TYLER

There's someone... who's sick. I heard them talking about her. I think she's one of yours.

KIRSTEN

Show me.

He heads off down the tunnel.

A22 **INT. VENTILATION SHAFT - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y20/D11 - A22 NIGHT**

Tyler belly-crawls through a narrow ventilation tube, Kirsten following. They make their way to a T-intersection in the tubing, where Tyler pauses.

TYLER

You're almost there. Just keep going that way and you'll see a light.

KIRSTEN

What are you doing?

TYLER

Something else. I'll meet you back at the jetway. I'll wait.

Kirsten looks at him a beat, decides to trust him.

22 **INT. VENTILATION SHAFT - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y20/D11 - 22 CONTINUOUS**

Kirsten crawls her way through the tight spaces of a ventilation shaft. She barely fits in here. Not sure this was wise, but there's a faint light up ahead. She heads toward it, looks down and sees:

23 **INT. SELECT! LOUNGE - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y20/D11 - NIGHT 3-INTERCUT**

The Conductor. Just below, asleep in her infirmary bed, tucked into a corner of the Select! Lounge. Still as death. There's a pair of useless glasses on the bedside table.

Kirsten grabs at the grate, PULLS HARD AT IT. Nothing doing.

KIRSTEN

Sarah!

The Conductor's sleepy eyes open up. Her brow furrows.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna get you out of here.  
I'll find a way around.

Her voice, muffled, is impossible to hear. Eventually, she realizes, pulls the mask from her mouth.

THE CONDUCTOR  
Why are you in the ceiling?

KIRSTEN  
They're holding you. To get the troupe to perform. We have to go. This place is not safe.

THE CONDUCTOR  
Where would I go?

Kirsten looks down at her for a beat.

THE CONDUCTOR (CONT'D)  
My heart's broken. Nineteen times around the lake. I thought I'd make it through twenty. But my bones are cold. I'm... tired of the wheel. I want to stay.

KIRSTEN  
You'll heal.

Kirsten stares down at her. She is Jeevan trying to talk Frank into leaving.

THE CONDUCTOR  
Go. Say goodbye.

Kirsten looks at her for a few more beats. Can't say it.

THE CONDUCTOR (CONT'D)  
Tell the truth. In the eulogy. Or Gil and I will haunt you all.  
(then)  
And don't tell them I'm dead 'til after.

KIRSTEN  
After what?

THE CONDUCTOR  
The play.

The Conductor closes her eyes, not to die but to sleep. The beeps of her machine continue.

Kirsten takes a last moment there, looking down at her.

KIRSTEN  
(quietly, to herself)  
Goodbye.

She crawls backward and away.

24

INT. JETWAY - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y20/D11 - NIGHT

24

Kirsten comes down the jetway, finds Tyler waiting near the end of it. He's holding his device in his hand, but it's powered down.

KIRSTEN  
I saw her. Thank you.

They look out together for a beat. She doesn't know it, but it's hard (for us) to not remember the Gitchegumee plane along with him.

TYLER  
The jetway that gets you back to the quarantine is that way.  
(sees she doesn't leave)  
This leads... out.

Kirsten looks at him for a beat.

TYLER (CONT'D)  
I told you. No one leaves this place alive. It's stronger now. The Before... is coming back.  
(then)  
Can I show you something?

He drops out onto the tarmac.

Kirsten takes a beat. Considers *not* going. There are many reasons. Goes anyway.

25        EXT. TARMAC - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y20/D11 - NIGHT        25

Kirsten drops down, follows Tyler in the darkness.

She looks over toward the quiet area where her friends are trapped, no light now. She watches Tyler walking toward the fence-line, toward where we know the Zen Garden to be.

A26        EXT. "THE YARD" - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y20/D11 - NIGHT        A26

BUT IN "THE YARD"-- Alex watches in the darkness. Alex walks up to the fence, watching Kirsten and Tyler cross the tarmac, and raises her WALKIE to her lips:

ALEXANDRA (INTO THE WALKIE)  
Elizabeth? Are you still awake?

26        EXT. ZEN GARDEN/GHOST PLANE MEMORIAL - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT 26  
Y20/D11 - NIGHT

And soon Kirsten approaches the burnt pieces of the plane, but can't see the light. Looks left. Looks right. Sudden wolves *howling*, which makes her look again before stepping up toward the MEMORIAL, where names are written and a meticulously crafted plate. 40 names or so, and they're described this way:

***"These are the brave men and women who decided, collectively, that their sacrifice would be our chance at life. We will never forget them, nor could we. They are with us now. We bring them to the future. -Clark Thompson"***

TYLER  
Of course he took credit.        \*

He *CLINKS* OPEN A ZIPPO. CLARK'S ZIPPO, same as the one from the flashback. Kirsten reads the names.        \*

KIRSTEN  
Who are they?        \*

TYLER        \*  
All the people who died out there.        \*  
(points)        \*  
Air Gitchegumee Flight 452. They        \*  
landed the same day as us. A few        \*  
hours later. They wouldn't let        \*  
them off, though. They were sick.        \*  
We were inside, though. Nice and        \*  
safe.        \*

KIRSTEN

Then why'd you bring me out here,  
Tyler?

TYLER

A few weeks later, near Christmas,  
someone came out. Mr. Jefferson.  
I saw him, went out there, helped  
him, like I was supposed to do...  
and they shot him.

(then)

That man in there, Clark  
Thompson... he has a temper. He's  
slippery. And he had my mom  
convinced I was the problem.

KIRSTEN

So you ran away. You made them  
think you died...

(beat, waiting)

And when you were alone, you  
thought about *Station Eleven*. You  
convinced yourself it was real.

Tyler's quiet a beat. She continues her circle.

TYLER

How do you know that?

KIRSTEN

I was in a play with Arthur  
Leander. He gave me his copy of  
*Station Eleven*. I met Miranda.  
Your dad asked if she could spare a  
copy to give to you, too.

(beat)

Tyler.

(then)

I was sitting right next to them.

It's a moment of calm power from Kirsten, revealing how much  
more she knows than he has given her credit for knowing. His  
eyes bug, he turns away, trying to track how it's possible...

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

You didn't come back here to steal  
the fucking internet. And I don't  
believe you're going to tell The  
Undersea to stop.

TYLER

Why'd I come back?

Almost everything has changed about the tone, and his knowing, "I'm a Prophet" confidence is gone as well. He's asking Kirsten like she has the answer. She's brimming with certainty.

KIRSTEN

There's people here who care about you.

He looks at her, eyes wild and unsure of how she got to his name. But he hasn't heard it in quiet some time.

TYLER

I remember being locked up for trying to help someone. I remember... that they failed.

Kirsten looks at him. Nods.

KIRSTEN

They did their best.

TYLER

*I remember damage...*

27	OMITTED	27
28	OMITTED	28
29	<b><u>INT. HOTEL SUITE - GUEST ROOM - CHICAGO - 2020 - DAY</u></b>	29

Clark JERKS AWAKE off the floor of the guest room in Arthur's hotel suite, and it takes almost no time for Clark to stop moving, and hold his head, and groan.

TYLER (V.O.)

*Then escape.*

Clark looks at an empty bottle of booze. Down by his shoes, there are multiple EIGHTBALLS opened up, spilled. Clark's now on his knees, hands shaking, trying to sweep up coke into a piece of paper, clean it up however he can. He stands up with the paper balanced, then sees an UNCONSCIOUS NAKED MAN, the Room Service Waiter, lying in the bed, passed out.

TYLER (V.O.)

*Then adrift...*

Clark pulls on his pants. There's an obvious pee-stain on his pants. He shuffles, barely human, to a shirt.

TYLER (V.O.)  
*... in a stranger's galaxy for a long, long time.*

There's a half-eaten, gigantic meatball sandwich on the coffee table. Looks back at the waiter.

30 OMITTED 30

31 INT. HOTEL SUITE - LIVING ROOM - CHICAGO - 2020 - LATER 31

Clark opens the door, looks around, steps out into the main suite. The HALF-UNCONSCIOUS NAKED WAITER flashes by and leaves. Arthur is in from the kitchen, holding a spatula, cooking, looking annoyed. He is visible through a doorway but the rest of the kitchen is obscured.

CLARK  
Morning.

ARTHUR  
It's afternoon. Who just--?

Clark stops shuffling.

CLARK  
Is there coffee?

ARTHUR  
You should go. Now.

Clark continues shuffling toward him.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
I thought you left.

CLARK  
You're trying to get me out of here before Tyler gets here.

ARTHUR  
It's not--

CLARK  
(louder)  
I just... wanted to know your boy.  
A little earlier!  
(then)  
You abandoned me.

ARTHUR  
I *invited* you here.

CLARK  
I feel fucking sorry for Tyler.  
Having you as a father.

This one seems to hurt. A lot. He looks off to somewhere else in the kitchen.

ARTHUR  
I'm sorry. Really.

ELIZABETH (O.S.)  
It's fine. Clark! Come say hi.

Arthur turns and looks at him, then to the side, then to Clark. Clark enters the kitchen.

32

INT. HOTEL SUITE - KITCHEN - CHICAGO - 2020 - DAY

32

Arthur keeps cooking as Clark steps in, looks left. **YOUNG TYLER** (12) and Elizabeth (40s) are sitting at the table.

CLARK  
I didn't realize they were...  
already here.

ELIZABETH  
We landed at noon.  
(then)  
Tyler. This is your Uncle Clark.  
He had a bender last night.

Clark, shutting down, oddly reaches for a jar of ALMOND BUTTER. Takes it.

CLARK  
Nice to meet you, Tyler.

Arthur sighs. Pats him, then hugs him.

YOUNG TYLER  
Is he my uncle?

ELIZABETH  
They used to be friends.

ARTHUR  
(to Tyler)  
We are friends.  
(to Clark)  
We still are.

Arthur nods at Tyler, oof, and one last smile to Clark before he leads him toward the door. Clark's a wreck.

CLARK

What... happened? If you don't mind? I can't...

ARTHUR

I went to bed. You asked to stay. You must have gone out to the bar.  
(then)  
Are you... gonna be okay?

CLARK

I'm fine.

ARTHUR

Let's try again, okay? Come to the premiere. Bring Tim. Goodbye.

CLARK

Break a leg.

The door closes on Clark.

33

**EXT. ZEN GARDEN/GHOST PLANE MEMORIAL - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT 33**  
**Y20/D11 - NIGHT**

ON TYLER standing right in front of Kirsten. \*

TYLER

*For a long time...* \*

Tyler pulls out his DEVICE, gets up. \*

KIRSTEN

Go back in. Talk to your mom. \*

TYLER

*I release you from the Undersea.* \*  
(calmer) \*  
I'm sorry. Whatever they do. I \*  
have to light the torch. \*

She watches for a beat, then turns to walk away, back toward Quarantine and the Traveling Symphony. \*

34      INT. CLARK & MILES' HOME - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y20/D11 - 34 NIGHT

Clark and Miles lay in bed together, Clark listening to Miles strum his Uke, his copy of *Hamlet* discarded. Two old men at peace together now, Clark staring at the ceiling.

CLARK  
...trying to remember.

MILES  
Wha?

CLARK  
Just that phrase... forget it.  
(then)  
Elizabeth. Elizabeth is angry with me.

MILES  
Tomorrow. She's sleeping.

CLARK  
She'll be too upset to sleep.

MILES  
No, she won't.

Clark sits up, gets out of bed.

A35      EXT. TARMAC - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y20/D11 - NIGHT      A35

Kirsten, upset, walks across the tarmac to a ROLLING STAIRCASE, begins to PUSH it toward "The Yard."

B35      EXT. ZEN GARDEN/GHOST PLANE MEMORIAL - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT 35 Y20/D11 - NIGHT

Tyler pulls a TRAVEL-SIZE PLASTIC SHAMPOO BOTTLE out of his pocket, begins to SPRAY THE PLAQUE AND MODEL AIRPLANE DOWN with clear liquid.

He pulls out Clark's GOLD LIGHTER, lights it, and holds the flame against the plaque, igniting it in a plume of fire. He watches it burn, steps back from it, stares for a few beats.

ELIZABETH (O.S.)  
Tyler.

He turns and sees Elizabeth standing alone in the darkness, staring at him.

C35 INT. MAIN TERMINAL - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y20/D11 - NIGHT 35

Clark is crossing toward the window in the Main Terminal which looks out at the Zen Garden. Then he sees it.

CLARK

No.

(then, yelling)

No, NO!

35 EXT. ZEN GARDEN/GHOST PLANE MEMORIAL - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT 35  
Y20/D11 - NIGHT

Tyler stands looking at his mother. Elizabeth very slowly walks toward him. He straightens, like a formal inspection. Neither speaks for an eerie moment.

Then she walks straight toward him. She looks at him for another moment, this time with sheer relief and joy, and wraps her arms around him in a hug.

We now see Riley driving up in an ATV, LIGHTS BRIGHT, Clark in the passenger seat. \*

Tyler just stands there, stiff as a board. Gives nothing back. He breaks away from Elizabeth, steps back.

ELIZABETH

Say something.

He doesn't. She nods, was prepared for this to be complicated. They look at one another as the ATV pulls up.

CLARK

What's happened? What...

TYLER

You brought it back.

Tyler pulls his DEVICE out from his back pocket, starts tapping at it. Clark looks confused. Then breaks into a smile.

CLARK

Tyler. Thank god you're alive. \*

We see Miles, emotional, step forward as well.

TYLER

I don't know any of you.

Elizabeth closes her eyes in pain. Clark clocks, looks back at Tyler.

CLARK

Fuck you.

Clark stares into his eyes.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Do you know what it's like to lose  
a child? You could have spared her  
twenty years of pain. I loved you,  
Tyler!

\*  
\*

ELIZABETH

Stop talking, Clark.

Mountebanc is visible now, riding up on his bicycle. He  
stops and waits, hovering.

\*  
\*

CLARK

Why come back? Why do this to her?

\*

Tyler presses a final button on his device, which beeps once.  
We see the last seconds of a COUNTDOWN on the screen.

TYLER

I'm not doing this to her.

Clark squints, realizing he's seeing the Device. *BOOM!* An  
explosion high on the tower. Clark SPINS, STARES. *BOOM!*  
Another explosion. Windows *blast* out. MORE AND MORE  
EXPLOSIONS AS THE TOWER STARTS TO BURN....

They all turn to look, Clark begins to run back toward the  
airport.

ELIZABETH

(quietly, to Mountebanc)  
Put him somewhere.

She turns and watches the tower burn. Mountebanc moves  
toward Tyler and hits him in the head with a blackjack.  
Tyler collapses.

36

OVER BY THE YARD

36

Kirsten, having pushed the stairs to the fence, stands looks  
up at the fire as well, as the rest of the Symphony pour out  
of their tents and watch it burn.

**CUT TO BLACK.**