

# STATION ELEVEN



EPISODE 104  
"Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Aren't Dead"

Written by  
Nick Cuse

Directed by  
Helen Shaver

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

3rd Yellow Revisions  
Thursday, June 24th, 2021

Paramount Television  
Stone Village Productions  
Shadowfox Productions  
Superfrog  
Pacesetter Productions

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 Episode 104  
 3rd Yellow Revisions: 6/24/21

## Revision History

Date	Draft	Revised Pages
9/22/20	Production Draft	All
10/16/20	Full Blue	All
12/14/20	Full Pink	All
2/1/21	Yellow Revisions	14-16A, 31-32
2/7/21	Green Revisions	32
2/23/21	Full Goldenrod	All
3/14/21	2nd White Revisions	27-32, 37-39, 42A, 45-45A, 48-49
4/5/21	Full 2nd Blue	All
4/11/21	2nd Pink Revisions	2-2A
5/7/21	2nd Yellow Revisions	1-3B, 4-5A, 6-7, 9, 13-17, 19-22, 43, 45-47, 49, 51, 53-53A
5/14/21	2nd Green Revisions	1-3AD, 7, 11-13A, 15A, 19-21, 26-29, 38-39, 43-54
5/18/21	2nd Goldenrod Revisions	1-8, 10, 13-13A, 19-22, 34-36
6/3/21	3rd White Revisions	1-17, 20-21A
6/6/21	3rd Blue Revisions	20-21A
6/16/21	3rd Pink Revisions	1-6C
6/24/21	3rd Yellow Revisions	8-16

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

**THESE REVISIONS AFFECT TOMORROW'S WORK: 414** dialogue changes

**409, 411, 412, 413, 414** dialogue changes

**413** adds Mountebanc's INVITATION prop

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## Cast List

KIRSTEN RAYMONDE.....MACKENZIE DAVIS  
JEEVAN CHAUDHARY.....HIMESH PATEL  
YOUNG KIRSTEN RAYMONDE.....MATILDA LAWLER  
ALEXANDRA.....PHILIPPINE VELGE  
FRANK CHAUDHARY.....NABHAAN RIZWAN  
THE CONDUCTOR.....LORI PETTY

CODY  
AUGUST  
DAN  
DIETER  
SAYID  
VLAD  
WENDY  
CHRYSANTHEMUM  
TUBA  
MOUNTEBANC  
GIL DIALLO  
UNDERSEA GIRL  
UNDERSEA BOY  
HALEY BUTTERSCOTCH  
MILDRED  
KATRINA

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## Location List

### **Interior Locations**

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - UTILITY CLOSET - Y0/D5 - NIGHT  
INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - Y0/D5 - NIGHT  
INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - Y0/D9 - NIGHT  
INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - Y0/D9 - NIGHT  
INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - Y0/D10 - NIGHT  
INT. MAIN WAGON - Y20 - NIGHT  
INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - PINGTREE - Y20 - DAY / NIGHT  
INT. BEDROOM - PINGTREE - Y20 - DAY / NIGHT  
INT. CLUBHOUSE - FOYER - PINGTREE - Y20 - DAY / NIGHT  
INT. CLUBHOUSE - DINING ROOM - PINGTREE - Y20 - NIGHT  
INT. CLUBHOUSE - GIL'S OFFICE - PINGTREE - Y20 - DAY  
INT. CLUBHOUSE - HALLWAY - PINGTREE - Y20 - NIGHT  
INT. CLUBHOUSE - STAIRS - PINGTREE - Y20 - NIGHT

### **Exterior Locations**

EXT. FORK IN THE ROAD - GAS STATION - Y2 - DAY  
EXT. FORK IN THE ROAD - GAS STATION - Y20 - DAY  
EXT. FOURTEENTH FAIRWAY - PINGTREE - Y20 - DAY  
EXT. SEVENTEENTH TEE CART-PATH - PINGTREE - Y20 - DAY  
EXT. SEVENTEENTH TEE - PINGTREE - Y20 - DAY  
EXT. SEVENTEENTH FAIRWAY - PINGTREE - Y20 - DAY  
EXT. EIGHTEENTH GREEN - PINGTREE - Y20 - DAY

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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.

<u>SN#</u>	<u>SCRIPT D/N</u>
1.....	Y2/D180
2-5.....	omitted
A6.....	Y2/D180
6-7.....	omitted
8-14.....	Y20/D3
A14-B14.....	omitted
15-16.....	Y0/D5
17.....	omitted
18.....	Y20/D4
19.....	omitted
20-21.....	Y20/D4
22-24.....	omitted
A24-A25.....	Y20/D4
26-A26.....	Y0/D9
27-32.....	omitted
33.....	Y20/D4
A33-37.....	Y20/D5
A37.....	omitted
38.....	Y20/D5
A38.....	omitted
39-A40.....	Y20/D5
40-41.....	omitted
42-44.....	Y20/D5
45-46.....	omitted
47.....	Y20/D5
48.....	omitted
49-A50.....	Y20/D5
51.....	Y0/D10

**FERAL KIRSTEN** (10) opens her eyes. She's seated against the white wall of the back of a gas station, lids heavy. Her hair is natty and wild, and blades adorn her springtime-stripped-down wolf-pelt look; a bandolier made from the strap of her backpack, a few wicked small throwing knives. On her back: her same old backpack from before.

There are five RED BANDANAS tied around her neck, multiple kerchiefs, almost like she's collected them.

She's wearing a yellow/green HYPERCOLORS t-shirt, but upon closer inspection, that dirty and reddish BLUR near her torso indicates that SHE SEEMS TO HAVE SUFFERED A KNIFE-WOUND TO THE STOMACH IN RECENT DAYS.

That fact is verified by a STREAK OF RED BLOOD where she maybe slid down, whenever she arrived.

We see her own GNARLY KNIFE prominently displayed, strapped to a belt at her waist. **Its handle is wrapped in STRIPS OF RED BANDANA. On her hand, DRIED, CAKED BLOOD.**

We hold a beat and see her fatigue. But begin to hear, then the same thing that woke her up: Piano? Someone's trying to play *La Campanella* and failing. Over and over again.

#### **CHYRON: YEAR TWO**

Feral Kirsten struggles to her feet, then draws a SWISS ARMY KNIFE, begins to make her exhausted way around the side of the gas station. Around at the front, she sees a woman sitting in a lawn chair beneath the canopy, playing a keytar on her lap. Sees a box of crackers by the woman's feet.

Feral Kirsten continues to slowly approach **THE CONDUCTOR** (30s), who is oblivious, lost in Lizst.

The Conductor plays a passage, stops, then starts again. She seems frustrated, and not just because the keytar's too small for the piece she's trying to play. She's struggling to hit the correct notes of the phrase. She's attempting, again and again, to play a single phrase of "La Campanella"...

Thick BLACK GLASSES on the ground by this woman's feet, right beside a BACKPACK, which Feral Kirsten likes the look of. Feral Kirsten takes a few steps.

The Conductor looks up, stops playing.

Feral Kirsten stops moving, realizing she's been made. Crouches, gets into position to THROW THE SWISS ARMY KNIFE...

The Conductor twists, now has a PISTOL trained on Feral Kirsten. *Kind of aimed wrong.* But the gun's big.

THE CONDUCTOR  
Just because I can't see you  
doesn't mean I can't kill you.  
(then, tension)  
What's your name?

Feral Kirsten opens her mouth but seems almost to *not* know. The Conductor's groping hand finally FINDS HER GLASSES. She puts them on. She stands. Studies Feral Kirsten. A kid.

THE CONDUCTOR (CONT'D)  
I'm Sarah. I'm safe.  
(then)  
I played music before.

The Conductor holsters her gun.

THE CONDUCTOR (CONT'D)  
What did you used to be?

FERAL KIRSTEN  
A Shakespeare actor.

THE CONDUCTOR  
Who trained you?

FERAL KIRSTEN  
Arthur Leander.

THE CONDUCTOR  
We can overcome that.

A faint sound turns her, and she squints down the road, watches for a beat. *CLIP-CLOP, CLIP-CLOP.*

FERAL KIRSTEN  
When we fix the ship, I'm going to  
say goodbye to Arthur. And Jeevan.  
And my brother.  
(off look)  
Dr. Eleven can't feel time.

The Conductor glances at the KNIVES strapped to the girl, collects her keytar. Feral Kirsten sits down again, wobbly, glassy-eyed. The Conductor sits as well. Clocks the wound.

THE CONDUCTOR  
You been alone awhile, huh?

Feral Kirsten just keeps staring ahead. Barely alive. The Conductor passes her the crackers and a beer.

THE CONDUCTOR (CONT'D)  
Don't mind our Director. He hates children. But they're the only ones who can act worth a damn. Everyone else's too traumatized.

They both keep watching whatever's approaching.

THE CONDUCTOR (CONT'D)  
We're called The Traveling Symphony. We travel for a reason. Burn down the house and go. Make the world make sense for a second. They blame you if you if you stay.

She starts to play. Kirsten just watches whatever's coming as the stunted attempts at *La Campanella* begin again.

THE CONDUCTOR (CONT'D)  
But... they love you like you saved 'em when you come back.

POP TO THE WIDE, the Y2 Gas Station, as Kirsten looks and waits to see who's coming... and we TIMEDRIFT, HARDCUT AND--

2 OMITTED 2

3 OMITTED 3

4 OMITTED 4

5 OMITTED 5

A6 **EXT. FORK IN THE ROAD - GAS STATION - Y20/D3 - DAY** A6

THE GAS STATION BECOMES A beautiful, brambly, enormous bouquet of WILD ROSES... Or rather, the same gas station covered in rose bushes and overgrowth that's taken twenty years to develop and wild over the corporate gas station. And now there are a LOT of *CLIP-CLOP, CLIP-CLOPS...*

As the Y20 Traveling Symphony, all five wagons and horses, roll into the same space Kirsten fell eighteen years ago.

6 OMITTED 6



7 OMITTED 7

8 ON A WAGON 8

**KIRSTEN** and **ALEXANDRA** ride together in the cab of one of the wagons. **AUGUST** rides in the same one. Kirsten returns her wary gaze to the REARVIEW MIRROR, watching the road behind. She's sharpening her knife. Silent. Concerned. Alex sees.

ALEXANDRA

It's been a week. Will you stop worrying about David?

KIRSTEN

You should worry more.

ALEXANDRA

He was so sad about his wife.

Kirsten's looking out at the rose brambles around the gas station. Either lost in an old memory, or gears turning still on David...

KIRSTEN

What did he say her name was again?

ALEXANDRA

Rose.

AUGUST

There probably was no "Rose."

ALEXANDRA

I know that. But it was true he was in mourning.

Alexandra shrugs, indifferent to the contradiction.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)

So what if people make up who they are. That's what all of you do.

KIRSTEN

All of who? Actors?

ALEXANDRA

Pre-pans.

Kirsten rolls her eyes at Alex, returns to her knife.

KIRSTEN

What did he say to you? When you were alone?

ALEXANDRA

Why do you care so much?

KIRSTEN

Because if something happens to you, it's my fault. The world's still very fucking dangerous.

Alex steps out of the wagon.

ALEXANDRA

Cartwheel.

Alex cartwheels away.

KIRSTEN  
(watches like a mom)  
*Don't talk to strangers!*

9

NEAR THE BACK OF THE TRAIN

9

Wagons still moving, Alexandra comes our way to move and see the wagons in action, the horses, the power of the train. She cartwheels past **DIETER**, **VLAD**, and **WENDY**, walking together at the rear of the wagons, noting this.

WENDY  
Mama Bear's still got claws.

Dieter seems distracted, fumbling with expressing something. Uncomfortable, he glances at Vlad. Back to Wendy.

DIETER  
So. I... finished reading.

He pulls a RED MEAD NOTEBOOK from his pack, hands it to her.

DIETER (CONT'D)  
It's inspired. Thank you for sharing it with me.

Wendy receives it shyly, looks at him.

Really?                      WENDY                      Really.                      DIETER (CONT'D)

WENDY (CONT'D)  
I figured you'd be more of a traditionalist... 'cause you always side with The Conductor.

DIETER  
No I don't.

Vlad looks over at them.

VLAD  
What is it?

DIETER  
Wendy adapted *Hamlet*. Set in Portland, Oregon... told in the vernacular of 90s indie rock.

\*  
\*  
\*

Vlad was ready to be indifferent and cool about the new relationship situation. But not this.

VLAD

You set *Hamlet* in the grunge scene?

WENDY

~~It's more about pre-pans and post-~~  
~~pans, I think.~~ I don't know what  
I'm doin'...

\*

VLAD

~~How could you not let me read it~~  
~~first?~~

\*

(then)

\*

You know I'm *from* Seattle, right?

\*

He stalks off, shaking his head. Dieter looks, looks at Wendy as she hides away the script.

10

NEAR THE FRONT OF THE TRAIN

10

Alexandra, cartwheeling alone a bit ahead of everyone, still fuming, sees something on a tree-- a piece of paper nailed to the trunk, like an old west WANTED poster. As she approaches, brow furrowing, we see a sketch of a man who looks a *lot* like David...

ALEXANDRA

Oh. Oh *fuck*.

[WE won't read it all, but here's the text: "*IF YOU SEE THIS MAN, cover your Ears and run for your Lives. BEWARE the Terrible **PROPHET** in these parts and the **CULT OF CHILDREN WHO FOLLOW HIM.** He will STEAL YOUR FAMILIES and claims THE PAST DOES NOT EXIST! Some say he is an **ALIEN.**"]*

She flips over the paper, something's written on the back. We don't see. Off Alex, alarmed. Not good. She rips the poster off.

11

EXT. FORK IN THE ROAD - GAS STATION - Y20/D3 - DAY

11

Wagons are parking now, circling, making camp. On the side of one wagon, we see clearly **THE WHEEL**. The wheel is originally made from a GLOBE, papered over and spelling out a twisted, handwritten sentence of DESTINATIONS that are the path of the Traveling Symphony, fastened to the wagon by a bolt in its center. One notch past "St. Deborah By the Water", there's a **FORK SYMBOL**, and then something's scratched out, and then comes "Nuevo Santiago."

\*

**DAN** is checking it out. Notices that "Pingtree/Purdue Professors" is what's scratched out. **TUBA** comes up beside him and gives the wheel a spin.

TUBA

That's our route. Learn to love it, Dan. We don't go off wheel.

Dan stops it with his finger, back near "St. Deborah by-the-water". There do appear to be a lot of places crossed out and revised. He glances.

DAN

Why is... "Pingtree" crossed off?

Vlad comes up, too, ready to make camp. Tuba gestures to a road sign out to the left that says **PINGTREE**.

TUBA

(points to the left)

That way's Pingtree. Golf course where a bunch of professors live now. Gil, one of our two founding members, retired there.

(points to the right)

Down that way's Nuevo Santiago. They love music. Every year it's like *Carnaval* when we come through.

VLAD

We used to split up every year. Actors that way, musicians that way. We'd rally here afterward, then all head to Traverse City.

DAN

So why... don't we anymore?

TUBA

Gil had a *second marriage* thing going on at Pingtree. Conductor found out...

\*

CHRYSANTHEMUM

Three years ago now.

\*

\*

**CHRYSANTHEMUM** comes by with a BASKET OF ROSES, having just picked several from the gas station. Tuba plucks one off the basket, smells it.

TUBA

...and she shot Gil.

\*

DAN  
She *killed* our Director?

TUBA  
Nah. She winged him. He quit.  
Haven't split the troupe since.

DAN  
(noting the rule)  
Right. We don't go to Pingtree.

12

**BY THE MAIN WAGON**

12

Kirsten is doing the work of unhitching the horses. Alex approaches, crumpled paper in hand. Kirsten glances up.

ALEXANDRA  
He asked what it was like to be the only Post-Pan in the troupe.

Alex holds out the poster to her. Kirsten looks.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)  
I said I didn't think about it that way. But he said I should. Post-Pans were... special.

Kirsten looks back at the poster.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)  
The first human generation spared from trauma. The only liars left were survivors.

\*  
\*  
\*

Kirsten, still reading, recognizes the sentiment...

KIRSTEN  
That's what the Undersea thought.  
(off look)  
It's from *Station Eleven*.

\*

ALEXANDRA  
Maybe he's read it.

\*  
\*

KIRSTEN  
No, there's only the one copy, and I hid it. As an experiment.  
(then)  
To see what it was like. Without it.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Kirsten is thinking back...

\*

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

It's in the range balls at...  
Pingtree.

\*  
\*  
\*

Oh fuck. Alex reacts in kind.

\*

Kirsten turns to look at the trail leading off to the left at the fork in the road, nods at a sign that says "**PINGTREE GOLF AND RIDING CLUB - 2 mi**". They both stare at the sign.

ALEXANDRA

Let's go tonight. Just us, when we have the watch. Check on Gil. Make sure... they're all okay.

KIRSTEN

We don't split the troupe.

Alex glances and nods over a ways, where the Conductor waves to Dieter to come over, pulling him away from Wendy.

ALEXANDRA

Maybe you can convince Sarah...

\*

Kirsten folds the poster carefully and hands it back to her.

KIRSTEN

C'mon. Let's unload.

13

**OVER BY THE CONDUCTOR**

13

We hear the sounds of a repeated, failed performance of the opening of *La Campanella* on the keytar before we find The Conductor, seated in a folding chair in front of her wagon, trying again and again. Dieter comes up, watching.

THE CONDUCTOR

(seeing something else)  
Is that a man on a bicycle?

She points, and they both look. Indeed, someone is approaching on a bike. **MOUNTEBANC**, the odd bird from 102, rides toward them, smile on his face. He RINGS HIS BELL a few times, waving more.

DIETER

Yes.

\*

MOUNTEBANC

Hello! I finally caught you!

Panting, he glances at the road sign: the fork in the road.

MOUNTEBANC (CONT'D)

Very much looking forward to your  
next performance... tomorrow...

Mountebanc squints, looking back and forth between the two  
roads. Looks off to the right.

MOUNTEBANC (CONT'D)

In Nuevo Santiago, correct?

THE CONDUCTOR

Dieter...

(gestures)

Here's a suspicious man I didn't  
bother telling you about the other  
day.

Mountebanc chuckles, tries to laugh it off as he dismounts,  
uses his kickstand. His HAT FALLS OFF, and we catch what  
looks like a LARGE SCAR across his forehead before he holds  
out the FORMAL INVITATION. \*  
\*

MOUNTEBANC

Perhaps this is the perfect time to  
invite you *once more* to visit the  
Museum of Civilization.

(gestures down no road)

To the East. It's only a week  
away, I'll personally guide you.

Mountebanc glances again at Dieter. Looks back to her.  
Changes tactics.

MOUNTEBANC (CONT'D)

We're fans of yours, Ms. Larson.

He reaches into his pack, pulls out a CD CASE. On the cover  
is a picture of The Conductor, sitting sternly at a piano,  
staring dead-eyed into camera. The title is simply, "LARSON  
DOES LISZT". The Conductor is surprised, takes it.

MOUNTEBANC (CONT'D)

I listen to it all the time.

DIETER

How?

THE CONDUCTOR

We won't be coming to your town.  
But I'll keep this. Thank you.

Mountebanc seems... slightly angry. Looks toward the road  
sign. He mounts his bike and starts to ride off.



MOUNTEBANC

Perhaps I'll try you in Nuevo  
Santiago! Third time's a charm!

They both look up as Kirsten crosses camp, carrying a pot, a Coleman gas stove, and a bag of beans. Coming toward her.

THE CONDUCTOR

The answer will still be no.  
(looking at Kirsten)  
We don't leave the wheel.

\*

She waves back at Kirsten as *soul music rises up...*

14

INT. MAIN WAGON - Y20/D3 - NIGHT

14

Music that's scratchy from an old 45 playing on a crank-driven 45 record player. Beans done, Kirsten and The Conductor are playing HEARTS, almost finished with a bottle of Dandelion Wine. Kirsten glances at The Conductor, stony poker-face. Kirsten casually drops The Queen of Spades on the pile. Kirsten waits as The Conductor sees it...

THE CONDUCTOR

Fuck you.

They both start LAUGHING. Kirsten makes to shuffle.

KIRSTEN

You're just... *so bad at cards.*

They laugh even harder at that, a nice moment in cramped quarters... The Conductor looks out the small porthole.

THE CONDUCTOR

I wish we did this more. It's not like we have lives.

KIRSTEN

You've been writing.

THE CONDUCTOR

Don't ever try to score *Hamlet*.  
It'll kill you.

KIRSTEN

The music this year is... I don't know. More powerful.

THE CONDUCTOR

Something about this season. The winds of chaos, as my mama said.

(MORE)

THE CONDUCTOR (CONT'D)  
(looks at Kirsten)  
I saw you on stage, by the way.

Kirsten looks.

\*

THE CONDUCTOR (CONT'D)  
Something had you. For a second.

A beat, then, as The Conductor looks at her. Kirsten remembers the moment. Then pivots-- Kirsten's eyes find the CD on the table. She starts to shuffle cards.

KIRSTEN  
Is that what you were trying to play? When we met?

THE CONDUCTOR  
Still can't play it.

KIRSTEN  
Yeah, but you just don't have a real piano. You can't play *La Campanella* on a keytar.

The Conductor looks at the CD.

THE CONDUCTOR  
That's not why I can't play it.

The Conductor puts her glasses back on.

\*

THE CONDUCTOR (CONT'D)  
Although I do sometimes fantasize about that harlot being forced to hear me play it. For Gil.

Kirsten looks at her cards.

KIRSTEN  
Maybe we should go back.

\*

THE CONDUCTOR  
No. Fuck her. Fuck him.  
(tosses a card)  
Last hand.

Kirsten looks at her, frustrated. This isn't working. Takes a beat. A new plan... fighting through her own hesitancy to pivot. Throws a card.

KIRSTEN  
I actually heard something. At St. Deb's. Probably not true, but...

THE CONDUCTOR

What?

Kirsten looks at her for a long beat.

KIRSTEN

That Katrina... died. Actually.

THE CONDUCTOR

What of?

KIRSTEN

Pneumonia, I think. But it was second-hand, I don't even know...

The Conductor takes a long beat, thinking, almost frozen. Kirsten watches her, concerned she's having a stroke.

A few beats later, she seems to come awake. Rises, goes to the window. Opens it and looks out.

THE CONDUCTOR

Everyone! Listen up! We're splitting the troupe. Tomorrow, the actors and I are going back to Pingtree. The rest of you, with the wagons, will continue on to Nuevo Santiago.

A few visible members of the troupe look back.

VLAD

Why?

THE CONDUCTOR

True love.

The Conductor closes the window. Looks back at Kirsten, alarmed by how instantly and immediately her ruse led to results. Nods. Sits back down. Nods.

\*

THE CONDUCTOR (CONT'D)

Your turn. Throw.

KIRSTEN

I have the watch. Actually.  
(then)  
Sleep on it?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

B14 OMITTED

B14

15 INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - Y0/D5 - NIGHT

15

**YOUNG KIRSTEN** reads to **JEEVAN** and **FRANK**, who are both seated at the table, a deck of Uno between them, Frank's shuffling. Jeevan's on his phone, glances up.

Young Kirsten has said it with a hard g...

FRANK  
(gently correcting)  
Gyroscope.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Gyroscope... and spilled half an ocean into the workstations of the crew. This drowned almost every grownup.

Jeevan looks up.

YOUNG KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

Dr. Eleven's job is the custodian. He wants to fix the space station. But mostly he cleans toxic waste and bodies and is irritated."

She turns the page. Jeevan glances at his brother, concerned, but Frank looks at him, shrugs.

YOUNG KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

"Captain Lonagan is in charge, but he has no crew and is locked inside the bridge and just drinks scotch and talks about the past. He says he is waiting for orders, but the Earth's been destroyed by slug-things. The survivors are kids called The Undersea. They want to go home and build a new Future Earth by using time-travel. Dr. Eleven talks to both sides and doesn't care what they do or what happens. He scares everyone."

JEEVAN

What does happen?

YOUNG KIRSTEN

The story stops before you know.

JEEVAN

Like *The Sopranos*?

YOUNG KIRSTEN

There's a last page I don't understand....

JEEVAN

(to Frank)  
I just rewatched *The Sopranos*.

FRANK

Never watched it.  
(to Kirsten)  
Hold on.

Kirsten's going for the book, but Frank holds up a hand.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
That's plot summary. You have no  
thesis statement.

Young Kirsten seems confused.

YOUNG KIRSTEN  
Are you mad at me?

FRANK  
You're just not done.

Frank gets up, heads to his office. Jeevan glances, sees  
that she seems upset, or at least still confused.

FRANK (FROM HIS OFFICE) (CONT'D)  
Dinner's at six!

16 **INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - UTILITY CLOSET - Y0/D5 - NIGHT** 16

Young Kirsten CRACKS OPEN a tuna can. Next, she OPENS THE  
VENT in her space. Waits. Waits more. And soon... a little  
kitten appears, peering out. Kirsten smiles.

YOUNG KIRSTEN  
Hey Luli.

The kitten hops down, and she watches it eat. She looks  
through the small hole that is the vent, and we see her from  
VENT POV, peering through a port-hole to darkness...

Somewhere deep within the building, there is a *GROANING*. A  
sequence of eerie groans and mechanical sounds. Kirsten  
looks back at Luli, both listening to the groans continue.  
And we MATCH TO:

17 OMITTED 17

18 **EXT. SEVENTEENTH HOLE CART-PATH - PINGTREE - Y20/D4 - LATER** 8

Luli. Tied off on a "Pingtree: 17th!" sign and snorting in  
the summer heat, watching Kirsten and Alex as they climb up  
an angled, busted-up CART PATH that looks at bit like the  
stairs on the side of a Mayan Temple. We TILT UP and follow  
them, The landscape on either side of the hill they're  
climbing goes on forever.

19 OMITTED 19

20 EXT. SEVENTEENTH HOLE - PINGTREE - Y20/D4 - DAY 20

Kirsten and Alex step up onto the seventeenth green of Pingtree Golf & Riding Club, and they both see TWO UPSIDE-DOWN CROSSES made of sticks, planted in the ground like a little graveyard. They both look at the crosses. Creepy.

They approach, see placards from Pingtree attached to each. One reads "**Here Lies Gil Diallo.**" The other reads "**Here Lies Katrina Balmer.**"

ALEXANDRA

Oh my god.

Kirsten spots a rusty piece of metal with a corroded, ripped little flag at the end in the brush. She grabs it, pokes the thing piece of metal down, into the grass and earth, until it's nearly disappeared.

KIRSTEN

They're not graves...

Alex plucks the "Gil" marker, looks at the binding, then the writing on the card. Looks to Kirsten.

20pt UPCUT TO 20pt

Kirsten on her stomach. Alex lies beside her. Telescope out. We look out with them at the fairway of a long-defunct golf course, raised up slightly from a vaguely recognizable fairway (dogleg left).

**IN KIRSTEN'S TELESCOPE POV:** we see two large, aged red maple trees on either side of what was once the 18th green. A couple hundred feet closer, a sign: **WARNING: ACTIVE MINEFIELD.** Off in the distance, past the green, is the clubhouse.

ALEXANDRA

How does it look?

Kirsten hands the telescope to Alex.

KIRSTEN

Normal.

Alex looks, too.

ALEXANDRA

What do you think the crosses mean?

KIRSTEN  
(something bad)  
I dunno.

ALEXANDRA  
(still looking in 'scope)  
They look like your tattoos.

KIRSTEN  
It's from the book.

Alex hands back the telescope...

ALEXANDRA  
I should have seen what he was  
doing.

Kirsten takes a beat. Recalling that she nearly... murdered  
this man. And didn't finish the job. And hasn't told Alex  
the truth about what she did, either.

KIRSTEN  
We'll be okay.  
(you'll learn)  
It's hard to see dangerous people.

ALEXANDRA  
You knew, though.

KIRSTEN  
Because I was dangerous. As a  
little kid.  
(looks back down)  
People let their guard down when  
you play vulnerable. The leg, the  
dead wife...

The Conductor, Sayid, Dieter, and the rest of the group have  
emerged.

THE CONDUCTOR  
What's the situation?

Kirsten puts her scope away, looks back at them. (We see now  
The Conductor is wearing makeup... a noticeable change.)

KIRSTEN  
We're not sure.

Kirsten looks down at the crosses beside Alex. Looks back.  
Dan, beside The Conductor, is looking out at the fairway with  
a pair of binoculars.



DAN

Does that sign say "Minefield"?

THE CONDUCTOR

Let's go.

She strides off, down the seventeenth fairway.

DIETER

There used to be a minefield.

21

EXT. SEVENTEENTH FAIRWAY - PINGTREE - Y20/D4 - DAY

21

Walking. The Conductor leads Dieter, Wendy, Dan, August, Chrysanthemum, Sayid, Kirsten (leading Luli), and Alexandra across the field, toward the sign that says **WARNING: ACTIVE MINEFIELD**. Toward the Maples, still about fifty yards out.

DAN

Why are there mines in a golf course? Just out of curiosity...

AUGUST

Oh. Back in Year One, whole bunch of Red Bs took this place over.

DAN

What are... Red Bees?

SAYID

Red Bandanas. Like a... militia of crystal meth morons.

CHRYSANTHEMUM

We called them Kevins in Virginia.

Dan looks more confused.

DAN

But I thought... nice people lived here? English professors? And your old Director?

WENDY

Professors from Purdue moved in after The Red Bandanas all killed each other.

SAYID

Did you guys know Vlad was in the Red Bandanas?

(MORE)

SAYID (CONT'D)

(then)

Really. Ask him.

They've reached the sign and the maples, the line at which the mines begin. It seems... very dangerous to continue.

DIETER

There.

Kirsten looks up and sees a golf cart is making its way down the fairway. It takes an indirect route, making slow and precise turns at seemingly insignificant points in the grass. As if navigating an invisible maze.

The Conductor can't help but smile, watching the cart approach. Making wild turns as it zigs and zags.

THE CONDUCTOR

Gil.

She raises up her arm. The man driving is screaming.

GIL

(yelling something)

[Indecipherable]

THE CONDUCTOR

Gil! Hello! Will you have us back to play? It's been too long.

(smiles)

It's us! From The Traveling Symphony!

KIRSTEN

What's he saying?

As he gets closer, the Conductor's smile fades. He's not alone. Beside him in the golf cart, she can see--

THE CONDUCTOR

Who's that?

ALEXANDRA

That's Katrina.

The Conductor looks over at Kirsten.

GIL

*STOP MOVING!!!*

The cart stops about ten feet away, and a man in a turtleneck peers at them. Gil (now 50s), aged well. Dapper and smooth. Beside him in the cart, **KATRINA** looks worried, holding a MAP and a COMPASS and a STOPWATCH.

THE CONDUCTOR

Nice to see you, too.

GIL

YOU'RE ALREADY IN THE MINEFIELD.

(points)

It starts BACK THERE! AT THE  
FUCKING GREEN!

KATRINA

You're surrounded.

(glances)

Hello, Sarah.

THE ENTIRE TROUPE FREEZES ON THE SPOT, terrified any movement could mean death.

KIRSTEN

Do you know... where they are?

The whole group looks nervously around the grass near their feet. Dan, doing the math, looks back wide-eyed at the 100 yards they've already traversed. Breathing heavily, he turns forward again, CROSSES HIMSELF.

GIL

We kinda... scattered them  
everywhere. Out here.

KIRSTEN

Why did you put the mines back in,  
Gil? What happened?

Gil looks sadly at Kirsten.

GIL

He took everything.

KATRINA

A cult came here last fall and  
they...

ALEXANDRA

Stole your children.

RACK TO KIRSTEN, watching Alex, stunned to hear that Alex is aware of *this* detail.

Dieter eyes the Conductor, nervous, then Wendy grabs his hand. Sayid is frozen mid-step; August and Chrys hold onto him, for balance. Kirsten keeps watching Alex, who TEARS UP, staring straight ahead. Until--

Alex *breaks away and goes straight forward*, tears in her eyes. Gil holds out his hands in alarm--

GIL  
NO NO NO NO NO!

Alex reaches him and HUGS HIM. Emergency gives way to sympathy. He hugs her back for a long time. Katrina hugs them, too, and it's a big awkward three-banger hug.

Kirsten glances at Dieter.

KIRSTEN  
Did anyone watch where she stepped?  
(looks at everyone)  
No one?

THE CONDUCTOR  
(to Kirsten, not looking)  
How could you do this to me?

KIRSTEN  
I made a mistake.  
(shrugs)  
I heard wrong.

Over at the triple-hug, things have warmed up, and Gil looks out at the rest of the group.

GIL  
Sarah? We need your light and your life more than ever right now.

THE CONDUCTOR  
Oh good.

Kirsten sees The Conductor's spirits crashing...

GIL  
It's an even year... which comedy are you doing? *As You Like It*?

THE CONDUCTOR  
We're doing *Hamlet*.

GIL  
We said we'd never do *Hamlet*.

THE CONDUCTOR  
Well, Gil. That was back when we made choices together.

GIL

What are you planning for score?  
"Stairway to Heaven?"

Kirsten sees The Conductor barely holding it together.

KIRSTEN

Gil. We almost died just now.  
(then)  
Don't be an asshole.

Kirsten called the bluff. Gil looks shamed a beat, looks back at Katrina, who nods. *Let them in.* Gil turns back to Kirsten, bows a bit.

GIL

Hi, Kirsten. Welcome back.

22	OMITTED	22
23	OMITTED	23

24 OMITTED 24

A24 INT. CLUBHOUSE - FOYER - PINGTREE - Y20/D4 - NIGHT A24

Kirsten comes down the stairs, refreshed a bit. Not hot shower refreshed-- they don't have those here. But enough.

*NRRRRRRRRRRRR*. An airhorn blasts near the entrance to the dining room, summoning residents from this room toward dinner... and also *clearing out* the room, giving Kirsten an opportunity. She glances toward the Pro Shop...

She goes that way. Is reaching out to try the knob when she hears laughter, turns--

Gil and **KATRINA** (60s) come up the stairs, dressed for dinner. Kirsten waves an awkward wave.

KIRSTEN

Hi Katrina. Thanks for having us.  
I just wanted to say... sorry for  
what I screamed. That night.

Katrina comes over and surprises Kirsten with a hug almost as big as the one Alex gave Gil. Warm and long.

KATRINA

I don't care about that.

GIL

She... threatened to scalp you.

KATRINA

I'm just glad you're here.  
(tearing up)  
Has Gil told you? That psychopath  
stole my grandkids.

Kirsten knows, holds her.

KIRSTEN

I'm sorry.

GIL

Don't worry, Kat. They'll come  
home.





KATRINA

You've met him?

Kirsten steps in, picks up for her.

KIRSTEN

We both did. Near St. Deborah's,  
last week. We talked to him.

THE CONDUCTOR

Where?

KIRSTEN

The cabin with the slide. Where me  
and Jeevan stayed.

(then, to Katrina)

I'm not saying I trusted him. The  
opposite-- like he knew I knew he  
was pretending. It was a game.

ALEXANDRA

To me he just felt honest. Most  
Pre-Pans don't.

Alex seems to have addressed this directly to Kirsten. The  
table feels the tension, uncomfortable...

KATRINA

Maybe if you're young enough, he's  
compelling. I had too many  
narcissistic, self-involved twenty-  
two year old English majors even in  
*the before* to not see through it.

(then)

He's a child, too. He's lost.

(to Alex)

But he's not innocent. Or kind.

GIL

Anyway, we gave him some food, sent  
him on his way. Then he came back  
the next day. No crutches,  
different name, different story,  
*different* kid.

(then)

When we asked him why he thought we  
wouldn't remember him, he just  
smiled politely, nodded and said,  
"There is no before."

KATRINA

He did this for two months.

GIL

We got used to him. Them.

KATRINA

We accepted it. We let whatever child he came with play with ours.

(then, shamed)

We let him have a campfire. He told a ghost story. And two weeks later, they were gone. Penelope, Michael, Britt Olson, and Annie.

WENDY

What was the story?

KATRINA

I don't know. But my granddaughter, the night before she left, said to me, "The survivors are the problem."

GIL

As in: "Kill them all."

Kirsten watches her.

KIRSTEN

That doesn't have to be what it means. He's right. Everything is gone.

(then)

I mean we're having dinner in a masoleum. There's something wrong.

KATRINA

This is the Clubhouse Dining Room.

In the silence, then, The Conductor snorts.

THE CONDUCTOR

Well. I can forgive these two. They're actors.

(to Katrina)

You would think the grandkids of professors would have... basic thinking skills.

Gil looks angrily, or perhaps lustily, at The Conductor.

GIL

Enough for right now.

(to The Conductor)

Let's talk about the play...

(MORE)

GIL (CONT'D)

*Hamlet's* the most overrated play of all time. That's counting *August, Osage County*.

DIETER

I love that play.

It's a loud intrusion, seems quite prickly. Dieter stares.

GIL

Of course you do, Dieter.  
(to the Conductor)  
But Sarah--

DIETER

I'm not a great actor. I know that, Gil.

GIL

We all know that.

DIETER

I know that. What's embarrassing is that you don't know you're a bad director. You're not missed.

WENDY

(quietly)  
Hey. Calm down.

KATRINA

I knew that this would become just a... resentment festival.

DIETER

Golf. With weapons. You're all closed-minded here. Unable to express *basic* joy. This place is a crypt.

THE CONDUCTOR

Dieter's in love.

Gil seems taken aback by the anger.

KATRINA

Do you know what I think is stagnant? Performing Shakespeare without updating it.

(to Gil)

It's one of the reasons you left, isn't it, Gil? Concrete thinking?

GIL  
 (to the Conductor)  
 One of them. You don't like risk.

THE CONDUCTOR  
 We're artists. Everything's  
 dangerous.

The Conductor takes a beat, forces brewing within her.  
 Looking at Gil, then Katrina...

THE CONDUCTOR (CONT'D)  
 We've completely deconstructed  
*Hamlet* this year. It's set in  
 Poland. Wendy wrote it.

DIETER  
 Portland.

THE CONDUCTOR (CONT'D)  
 Whatever.

THE CONDUCTOR (CONT'D)  
 Alex is the lead.

Kirsten, Dieter, and every other member of the troupe within  
 earshot look stunned. Gil's eyes light up and he looks back  
 at The Conductor.

GIL  
 This sounds... interesting.

Alarmed, because The Conductor has thrown out the script  
 entirely, and no one's ready, Kirsten is wiping her face,  
 nodding at Dieter, rallying the troupes.

KIRSTEN  
 We should go rehearse.

Every actor gets up from the table and they leave the room,  
 leaving the residents and The Conductor to their slop.

KIRSTEN (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)  
*What's a camcorder?*

A25

**EXT. EIGHTEENTH GREEN - PINGTREE - Y20/D4 - NIGHT**

A25

Kirsten flips through Wendy's version of *Hamlet*, reading by  
 TORCH LIGHT, shaking her head as she turns the page.

WENDY  
 Camera that made videos.

KIRSTEN  
 Phones made videos.  
 (paging)  
 (MORE)

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Wen. It just doesn't  
feel like the same play.

(scans fairway)

It's not holding me.

The actors all study pages, *workshopping*.

CHRYSANTHEMUM

I'm not sayin' that.

(to Wendy)

I'm not sayin' that.

WENDY

You have to say it. I'm the  
writer.

Dieter steps in, tries to calm the tension. Wendy looks  
sadly at him. She's coming undone.

WENDY (CONT'D)

It's not good.

DIETER

It's good, this is normal for *new*  
*material*. It's the process.

Meanwhile, Alex has stepped up, looking at the pages, is  
nodding at the lines. *Getting it. Vibing.*

ALEXANDRA

It *makes sense*, you guys. This is  
actually... it's so powerful, Wen.

(stoking enthusiasm)

Hamlet's the same. He doesn't see  
Ophelia's faking everything. He's  
obsessed with his own emotions.

Kirsten's looking out at the dark fairway, watching for  
anything, nervously fidgeting with the Swiss Army Knife.  
This last comment turns her back to Alex, though.

KIRSTEN

That's Ophelia.

ALEXANDRA

Forget it.

(to Wendy)

This is gonna work.

(to all)

Reset!

Kirsten flicks the Swiss Army Knife down into the grass.  
Sayid comes over as she grabs it, straightens.

SAYID

Hey.

Kirsten is staring at Alex, who is doing blocking now. Rather aggressively.

KIRSTEN

Is she directing now, too?

Sayid turns to look. Realizes she's feeling something else.

SAYID

Be more positive.

Simple. Direct. Calm. A statement. She looks at him.

SAYID (CONT'D)

It's your job to help. No matter what. Even if you're not the lead.

Kirsten looks at Wendy's frozen face. She's crying.

KIRSTEN

You're right.

Kirsten nods, hears Sayid's wisdom. Murky darkness of danger out there, but this putting green's different. Their shared world. That's her home.

She goes to Wendy, pockets the knife.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

Hey. We'll make it work.

We slowly pull away from these life-or-death stakes (it really feels like), toward the shadows, where the dark shadows of THREE CHILDREN scamper past frame before...

26

**INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - Y0/D9 - DAY**

26

Young Kirsten traces a finger up and down through the maze of Frank's Post-Its as she hums and walks slowly along the window. She reads a few of the cryptic phrases. Frank is typing madly at his laptop, seemingly locked in.

Kirsten doesn't stop, keeps walking tracing her finger, continuing its wavy path past the front of the apartment. She continues into the living room, her finger tracing up and down along the Post-Its on the window, tracing out the circumference of the apartment.

Frank puts on a record of some classy Brazilian jazz and she sings, humming to herself, a bored kid, nothing to do. She looks out as she crosses through the room and comes to curve's end at Jeevan, who's looking south down the shore.

A26

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - Y0/D9 - DAY

A26

Young Kirsten comes up behind Jeevan and he turns. The height of the vents makes this exchange play eye-to-eye.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

I don't want to do Frank's homework anymore.

JEEVAN

Good. Don't.

Kirsten smiles, pleased with this outcome.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

He's not mad at you. I saw. I know that feeling.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

It feels like he is.

They both watch him putting post-its up on the window.

JEEVAN

It's not you. He just hates people. And me.

(looks around)

I'm thinking of building a fort.

27	OMITTED	27
28	OMITTED	28
29	OMITTED	29
30	OMITTED	30
31	OMITTED	31
32	OMITTED	32

33

INT. BEDROOM - PINGTREE - Y20/D4 - NIGHT

33

Kirsten lies in bed, reading through LOOSE-LEAF PAGES with handwritten lines from Wendy's *Hamlet*, getting herself organized, memorizing lines by candlelight. A few beats pass.

A *CREAK* on the floorboards above make her eyes tick upward. A couple smaller *CREAKS* as the soft sound of footsteps above fade. She looks back at her pages.

Light *KNOCK* on the door, and Sayid is there, looking frightened, peeking in.

SAYID  
(re: the floorboards)  
Did you hear that?

KIRSTEN  
Probably ghost kids.

SAYID  
You seem scared.

KIRSTEN  
I'm not.  
(reading)  
I'm memorizing lines. Wendy's  
actually a great writer.

Sayid steps in. Sits down on her bed.

SAYID  
Kirs.  
(nods at her)  
*You seem scared.*

He takes off his shirt.

KIRSTEN  
Oooh. Okay.

She puts away her pages, as though this is a prompt for something, but looks back, thought occurring...

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)  
What about sharing tents with Alex,  
though?

SAYID  
Not a lot since St. Deb's.  
(looks at her)  
Look over there. It's a scary  
tiger.



Kirsten looks for a beat or two. "Performs":

KIRSTEN

"Oh no. I'm really scared."

SAYID

We're alone out here. In the Savannah.

(crawls hand up her leg and ribs)

Don't move. That's a tarantula.

Kirsten makes a big eek face watching the "tarantula" until they both break out laughing, snuggle more--

CAMERA MOVES PAST THEM, though, and goes to the door. The eyes of an **UNDERSEA GIRL** and **UNDERSEA BOY** are watching through a missing SLAT in the door.

A33 **INT. BEDROOM - PINGTREE - Y20/D5 - MORNING**

A33

Morning. Kirsten sits bolt upright. She rolls over and sees Sayid, sweetly drooling on the pillow beside her.

She very, very quietly shifts, and the bed makes a *HUGE CREAK*. Sayid doesn't flutter an eyelid.

B33 **INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - PINGTREE - Y20/D5 - MORNING**

B33

Kirsten heads down the hall, dressed for the day, taking quiet steps. No one else is up yet.

C33 **INT. CLUBHOUSE - FOYER - PINGTREE - Y20/D5 - DAY**

C33

Kirsten comes into the foyer and sees this time that the door to Gil's office is ajar. She glances around, no sign of anyone. She makes her way to the door.

34 **INT. CLUBHOUSE - GIL'S OFFICE - PINGTREE - Y20/D5 - DAY**

34

BRIGHT MORNING SUN lights Gil's office-- formerly the PRO SHOP. On Gil's desk lies a HUGE TOME, bound paper, medieval in scale and intensity.

It's an ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPT called "The Book of Joy and Despair." There are two inkwells, both dry; blue ink and red. It's been awhile since anyone wrote there.

There is, though, a very nice, long putting green in here.

Kirsten goes to the big CASHIER'S DESK, where the book is, goes around behind the counter, starts pulling at drawers. She opens one and finds a stash of JELLY BEANS, eats one. She then notices the deep well of golf balls that extends down to the floor, has a moment of realization...

And digs into the balls. Kirsten sifts around, balls tumbling out like she's opened a gumball machine.

Once they clear, she reaches in and... pulls out a Ziplock bag with something inside of it... holds it. Has the feelings. Because it's her oldest friend: *Station Eleven*.

She has a moment with it, then looks up to find Gil coming in, carrying a bucket of balls. He stops short when he sees her guiltily standing behind the desk, Ziplock out of sight.

GIL

Kirsten.

KIRSTEN

Hi.

GIL

What are you doing in here? Behind my... desk.

KIRSTEN

Just looking at your big book... of...

GIL

I'm thinking of adding "Great".  
*The Great Book of Joy and Despair.*  
(then)  
Fuck books.  
(then)  
Do you want to putt? I have balls.

KIRSTEN

(balls everywhere)  
I'm good.

Gil seems indifferent as he goes to his "tee".

GIL

(re: the book)

I don't know why I even have that thing out anymore. Never try to write an oral history of the world.

She's able to slide out, sidestep toward the door as he knocks down a putt.

KIRSTEN

We miss you. For what it's worth. The actors. We have no director, and Dieter's wrong. You were really good at it.

This seems to sadden Gil, and he putts his feelings away.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

Hey, Gil? Can I ask you something?

He lines up, takes another putt. Misses.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

Is this what you thought it would be?

He looks at her a beat, wary.

GIL

If you're talking about having a loving relationship with a partner who actually sees you... yes.

(then)

If you mean... rotting. No.

KIRSTEN

I meant living in the same place. Being off the wheel.

GIL

Retirement? Oh. Not really. No.

Gestures.

GIL (CONT'D)

I was going to turn this place into the library of Alexandria. The first university... After. We had a whole plan... but...

His attention goes to the wall. PROSPERO'S STAFF is hanging.

GIL (CONT'D)

Remember that? From *The Tempest*?  
(then)

*Our revels are now ended. All  
which is inherited... shall  
dissolve. We are such stuff as  
dreams are made on, and our little  
life is rounded with a sleep.*

KIRSTEN

Come with us.  
(off look)  
Just leave. Come back.  
(shrugs)  
You can.

Gil looks at her for a good beat.

GIL

Katrina just lost everything.

KIRSTEN

So did everyone.

Gil looks up, detecting what seems like hostility.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

Twenty years ago.

He looks down, lines up another putt. She makes to go.

GIL

(still lining up)  
You sound like him, you know. The  
Prophet.

KIRSTEN

I'm just saying... Come home. If  
it's what you want.

Gil remains frozen.

GIL

This is what I want.

Kirsten crosses, heads toward the door, leaves.

GIL (CONT'D)

I want... to putt.

A34

**EXT. FOURTEENTH FAIRWAY - PINGTREE - Y20/D5 - DAY**

A34

Kirsten sits in a sand trap and reads *Station Eleven* slowly and deliberately, page by page, her eyes tracing across the old familiar images. The overgrown and weedy prairie of an unkempt fairway surrounds her.

She stops paging, zeroes in on an exchange between Lonagan and Dr. Eleven (page 46-47). Sees the phrase: "There is no before." She looks over at the Ziplock under her shoe, looks at the bite-marks. Thinking about Jeevan. She turns and sees August approaching. He does too.

AUGUST

We're gonna rehearse again.

KIRSTEN

Okay. I'll be there soon.

She nods, looks back down at the book. Keeps reading.

AUGUST

You okay?

She looks up at him. Nods yes.

KIRSTEN

It's just early in the wheel.

AUGUST

(warmly)

See you over there.

He goes. Kirsten goes back to reading. August walks away, evening coming, and we cut to--

35

**INT. BEDROOM - PINGTREE - Y20/D5 - DAY**

35

Kirsten, dressed as Ophelia in her tennis skirt and decorative sash, pulls on her golf pants. Behind her, Hamlet steps in, comes to the mirror, stands behind her.

KIRSTEN

Hey.

ALEXANDRA

Hey.

Quiet between them for a beat.

KIRSTEN

What did The Prophet actually...  
say to you? What was so amazing?  
(off look)  
I want to know. Really.

ALEXANDRA

He asked me to leave the Symphony.  
And I said... yes.

Kirsten seems alarmed. Alex shrugs.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)

That's how I felt. That day.  
(watching her)  
After the bonfire, I went to meet  
him. He never showed up.

Kirsten nods, realizing the impact of her attack.

KIRSTEN

Thank God.

ALEXANDRA

I didn't want to leave with him.  
You get that, right? I just wanted  
you to let me be the lead. One  
time.

KIRSTEN

I'm glad you get to.

She reaches for Kirsten's hand. Kirsten releases it after a  
beat, then starts strapping sheaths to her forearms.

ALEXANDRA

It's strange that you do that.

KIRSTEN

Do what?

ALEXANDRA

Take weapons to a play.

KIRSTEN

Not to me.

Kirsten takes in that twisty feeling as *THE PIANO KEYS RISE*--

36

**EXT. EIGHTEENTH GREEN - PINGTREE - Y20/D5 - DAY**

36

*WE ARE THRUST ONSTAGE TO ACT 3, SCENE 1 OF PORTLAND HAMLET:*

CLAUDIUS (Sayid) and POLONIUS (Chrysanthemum) hide behind a bar on the makeshift, stage overlooking the clubhouse. The Conductor is rolling on sustaining notes, tension. Piano rolled outside.

Alex strides onto stage (astroturf), walks to the center, looks out at the crowd.

HAMLET (ALEXANDRA)

I want to die. Every Post-Pan  
wants to die.

She lets that hang. OFFSTAGE, Wendy is holding her notebook, but she's not checking the lines.

HAMLET (ALEXANDRA) (CONT'D)

(to Gil)

Should I do it? Gil? Is it brave  
to keep pretending? Maybe I'll  
make a *difference* like I want?  
Like you? You won't, by the way.

(turns)

Or you, Katrina. You're brilliant.  
You don't believe in power. But  
you own the guns.

Chuckles in the crowd from the olds. Katrina can roll.

OPHELIA (KIRSTEN)

Hamlet--

HAMLET (ALEXANDRA)

**WHAT?**

OPHELIA (KIRSTEN)

Don't... yell at me.

HAMLET (ALEXANDRA)

**WHY NOT?**

The crowd-- Gil and Katrina in particular-- are watching with great attention, riveted. Kirsten sees this, then looks up and sees **CODY** and **HALEY** both watching from a distance.

Kirsten hands Alex the CD CASE of The Conductor's Liszt, but her other hand drifts toward one of her knives...

OPHELIA (KIRSTEN)  
 (watching the kids)  
 I don't want this... mixtape.

Alex stares straight back at Kirsten.

HAMLET (ALEXANDRA)  
 Are you for real? "Princess"?  
 (Kirsten's looks)  
 We all bow to you, you're  
 wonderful. *I LOVE YOU!* OPHELIA!  
*CAN'T YOU SEE THAT?*  
 (then)  
 No. You can't. You're fake--

OPHELIA (KIRSTEN)  
 --My love is real.

Kirsten says it quickly on the heels of Alex, looks up again.  
 The kids are gone. She stands calmly, faces Alex.

OPHELIA (KIRSTEN) (CONT'D)  
 You're just inside of it. I knit  
 you out of it. My family lived and  
 died before we met. That's true of  
 everyone here.

As Kirsten concludes her speech, we see the faces in the  
 crowd, the attention captured. And we see Wendy, lips moving  
 at the lines she knows by heart. Back to stage.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)  
 Fuck you, Hamlet.

Crowd murmurs. A bit of scandal. The Conductor takes that  
 as a cue to *play angry*.

GIL (PRE-LAP)  
*Bold. Inventive. Unlike anything  
 I've ever seen. And she--  
 Alexandra. My god. The power.*

Hours later, it's the afterparty, and Symphony Members mingle  
 with residents, sipping Duck Wine, a lively energy.  
 Kirsten's looking out down the fairway, tense and back in  
 guardian mode after seeing Cody and Haley.



KATRINA (O.C.)  
You did bring us new life.

Kirsten turns.

KATRINA (CONT'D)  
(gestures to the dark)  
We've been too scared to be out  
here... since he came. The  
Traveling Symphony's not afraid of  
anything.

They both turn back in to look at the troupe.

KIRSTEN  
We're artists. We're terrified,  
Katrina.

KATRINA  
Well... you don't seem to be.

Kirsten looks at her, takes that in. Acknowledges the  
moment, Katrina's way of saying thanks.

KATRINA (CONT'D)  
Sometimes I think we should be out  
there, looking for them.

Kirsten nods in sympathy, looks out with her.

KIRSTEN  
(not quite selling it)  
Maybe they'll just come back.

Alexandra, out of nowhere, suddenly HUGS KIRSTEN HUGELY,  
almost TACKLING HER into the wall, laughing.

ALEXANDRA (PRE-LAP)  
*And the way they were held when you  
said it.*

Kirsten smiles warmly, receiving the love. For a second it  
snaps her out of it. After a beat, though, she looks back  
where Cody was, and he's gone.

A37 OMITTED

A37

38 INT. BEDROOM - PINGTREE - Y20/D5 - DAY

38

In the room now, Alex still fully in costume, riding the wave of the show, and Kirsten calm but rattled.

ALEXANDRA

I just-- there's something about being *Hamlet*, too, you know? Just *devouring* people.

Kirsten smiles, watching Alex play the chomping monster.

KIRSTEN

You were really great. I should say that more, Allie.

Alexandra looks at Kirsten, her love visible. She lets the compliments wash over her.

ALEXANDRA

Come ride with me. We'll celebrate.

Kirsten looks at her for a beat.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)

Come on! We'll ride the minefield. There's no before.

KIRSTEN

Don't say that.

It takes Alexandra a moment to realize...

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

He's just an asshole. I'm sure he does the same thing in every town.

ALEXANDRA

No, that's you. All of you. You never deviate. Rules! Routines. "We don't split, we don't go off wheel"! Hooray! They're here...

(MORE)

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)

It's... the terrified...  
(finding it)  
... *Carnival of Trauma!* The  
*Traveling Symphony!*

Kirsten looks hurt.

KIRSTEN

The *Traveling Symphony* raised you.

ALEXANDRA

I'm going for a ride.

KIRSTEN

No.

ALEXANDRA

No? *Why not?*

KIRSTEN

Because he's still out there. I  
didn't kill him.

The two women stare at one another for a beat.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

I... stabbed him at the bonfire.  
That's why he never came to meet  
you.  
(off look)  
You're welcome.

Alex looks at her, hears the anger in her voice.

ALEXANDRA

Why are you so mad at me? Why are  
you so focused on... some stranger.

KIRSTEN

You can't just say you *felt like*  
*leaving the symphony* one day.

Alex lets the silence hang, looking back at her.

ALEXANDRA

(calm)  
No. I can't.  
(then)  
I'm sorry. I'll just be down  
there, okay?

Kirsten stands, gathers herself. Anger gone now, too.

KIRSTEN

I'm gonna change. You should tell them all to come in. It's almost dark.

ALEXANDRA

Okay.

Alex goes.

A38 OMITTED

A38

39 **EXT. EIGHTEENTH GREEN - PINGTREE - Y20/D5 - NIGHT/GLOAMING** 39

The Conductor sits at an outdoor table, her back to the afterparty going on behind her. Gil steps up behind her. He's holding the CD Mountebanc gave her, prop from the play.

GIL

Got left onstage. On the ground.

She takes the CD. Looks at it.

THE CONDUCTOR

I never liked this recording.

GIL

Why not?

THE CONDUCTOR

I recorded it a couple months before my father died. That's all I think of when I hear it, anyway. The whole thing just dies when you try to capture it. You know... it *happened*. Then it ended. That's it.

Gil doesn't seem comforted by that, looking into her eyes.

GIL

Yeah.

THE CONDUCTOR

What's wrong?

GIL

I moved into a country club.

They've sunk into a moment, the world's small, just them.

THE CONDUCTOR

You did. These people respect you.

Some laughter across the way. They both turn and watch Katrina gesturing, excited, with Dieter and Wendy.

THE CONDUCTOR (CONT'D)

Katrina loves you.

The crowd is lively, and last night, the place was dead.

THE CONDUCTOR (CONT'D)

I... didn't treat you well.

GIL

Yes you did.

(off look)

You wrote a brand new fucking symphony every year. You got better *after* the world ended.

THE CONDUCTOR

So what?

(then)

You heard me. You... organized me.

She watches, waiting for more. It's not coming.

GIL

I love everything we made together.

She hands him back the CD.

THE CONDUCTOR

I feel the same. I just didn't leave.

The Conductor nods to him, then heads toward the piano. She sits, removes her glasses, places them on the piano. Brings her hands to the keys. Starts to play *La Campanella*.

As the others drift toward her, Gil is overcome, turns and walks against them, into the clubhouse.

A40

INT. BEDROOM - PINGTREE - Y20/D5 - NIGHT/GLOAMING

A40

Kirsten's done changing, now strapping on her knife, when she looks through the window, sees Gil coming. Then, something catches her eye.

Alex, atop Luli at a gallop, cutting diagonally through the shadows, far enough away from the green that no one at the afterparty sees her.

And then... onto the 18th fairway, toward the minefield.

KIRSTEN

(quietly)

No.

Kirsten's eyes go wide, waiting for an explosion. She holds the rail, watching, tearing up in frustration...

No explosion comes.

Kirsten stands in the silence for a few beats, breathing, thinking. Did Alex just... *fucking leave*? She clicks on her flashlight and pulls open the door--

40 OMITTED 40

41 OMITTED 41

42            **INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - PINGTREE - Y20/D5 - NIGHT**            42

Kirsten comes out into the hall and her flashlight catches an **UNDERSEA BOY** standing eerily at the end of the hallway. The beam of her light's enough to let her see that there's a round MINE strapped to his body.

   UNDERSEA BOY (O.C.)  
   You're in our room.

Kirsten holds the light on him, takes a careful step toward him, like she's stepping toward a ghost.

43            **EXT. EIGHTEENTH GREEN - PINGTREE - Y20/D5 - NIGHT**            43

Outside, the Conductor plays IN THE GLOAMING. She's a virtuoso, we're learning, her hands gracefully tearing up and down the keyboard. She doesn't have to look up to know that everyone is gathered around her, watching in awe.

44            **INT. CLUBHOUSE - HALLWAY - PINGTREE - Y20/D5 - NIGHT**            44

Kirsten's head whips back at a *CREAK* the other way. The boy's taken a step.

   KIRSTEN  
   (gently, but tense)  
   What are you wearing?  
   (pivots again)  
   What are those one you? Is that a  
   ... mine? Did you get that  
   outside?

   UNDERSEA BOY  
   They're beacons. For The Prophet.

   KIRSTEN  
   Okay. Maybe you can show me?

   UNDERSEA BOY  
   We're going to the party.

Kirsten takes a step. He runs. We follow her as she navigates the darkness, behind the boy.

45            OMITTED            45

46            OMITTED            46

47

INT. CLUBHOUSE - GIL'S OFFICE - PINGTREE - Y20/D5 - NIGHT 47

Gil has a clean sheet of paper on his desk. Begins writing, "Dear Katrina." He gets through that, looks up. And is met by the UNDERSEA GIRL, standing in his office.

GIL

Penelope.

UNDERSEA GIRL

I'm not Penelope.



GIL

Okay. Now I'm just saying... I seem to remember a girl I used to know who liked miniature golf.

Penelope nods cautiously. Gil eyes the explosives.

Takes a putter, hands it her way.

GIL (CONT'D)

So. Show me.

48 OMITTED 48

49 **EXT. EIGHTEENTH GREEN - PINGTREE - Y20/D5 - NIGHT** 49

The Conductor continues to play... Katrina stands in the windy night, watching. In awe. No one notices that the fury of the playing has knocked her glasses off onto the ground...

But Dieter notices as he accidentally CRUNCHES onto them.

50 **INT. CLUBHOUSE - STAIRS - PINGTREE - Y20/D5 - NIGHT** 50

Kirsten rounds another corner, getting closer to the Undersea Boy, sees her angle, sees he's getting close to the entrance as he makes it to the stairs... *AND SHE THROWS*. Her dagger finds home in his back, just off center, buried to the hilt into his lung. He keeps walking.

A50 **INT. CLUBHOUSE - FOYER - PINGTREE - Y20/D5 - NIGHT** A50

The Undersea Boy staggers forward toward Gil's office. Behind him, Kirsten comes down the stairs behind him...

...and sees the Undersea Girl putting. She looks up. Sees her brother. Gil is beside her, on one knee.

Gil turns, sees him approaching. Afraid, noticing something's wrong. The Undersea Boy keeps staggering.

GIL

You came back.

Gil tries to twist and turn and get up, but the boy keeps coming toward him. Behind him, he doesn't see Penelope smile.

UNDERSEA GIRL  
There is no before.

Gil's holds out an arm, realizing, terrified--

GIL  
No no NO!--

He glimpses Kirsten past the boy just before contact is made,  
SENDING A FIREBALL-BLAST RIPPING THROUGH--

51

**INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - Y0/D10 - NIGHT**

51

**SILENCE.** A peaceful time. Young Kirsten, Jeevan, and Frank all sit around the table, each of them eating chicken tenders, thawed and cooked and piled high, a real meal.

They eat in silence, dipping in ketchup, chewing, a mundane and quiet family meal. Maybe even a little boring.

Kirsten steals some glances, though, at both the brothers, chewing, lost in thought. She seems happy and at peace. Smiling. Never felt more at home.

Then the lights flicker. Everyone freezes. Looks around, looks up. Jeevan looks right at Frank. In his look: *I told you.* Lights flicker again, and go out. Darkness.

**CUT TO BLACK.**