

STATION ELEVEN



EPISODE 106
"Survival is Insufficient"

Written by
Sarah McCarron

Directed by
Helen Shaver

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

2nd Green Revisions
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Revision History

Date	Draft	Revised Pages
10/5/20	Production Draft	All
12/17/20	Full Blue	All
3/18/21	Pink Revisions	1-4
4/21/21	Full Yellow	All
4/26/21	Green Revisions	29-33
4/27/21	Goldenrod Revisions	32-33
5/17/21	2nd White Revisions	5-6, 10-13, 15-16, 18-28, 34-40
5/21/21	2nd Blue Revisions	15, 22-23, 40
6/3/21	2nd Pink Revisions	6, 9-13, 15-16
6/9/21	2nd Yellow Revisions	33-39
6/14/21	2nd Green Revisions	18-20

Notes: Revisions are marked with (*).

632 dialogue changes

635 V.O. removed and scripted entirely in 632.

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Cast List

KIRSTEN RAYMONDE.....MACKENZIE DAVIS
THE PROPHET.....DANIEL ZOVATTO
YOUNG KIRSTEN RAYMONDE.....MATILDA LAWLER
ALEXANDRA.....PHILLIPINE VELGE
THE CONDUCTOR.....LORI PETTY

DIETER
AUGUST
SAYID
WENDY
VLAD
DAN
CHRYSANTHEMUM
TUBA
S
IOWA
GIL DIALLO
KATRINA
MILDRED
MOUNTEBANC
RILEY
HALEY BUTTERSCOTCH
CODY
SPACEMAN
TARANTULA

VERY SMALL UNDERSEA BOY
RED BANDANA MILITIAMAN

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Location List

Interior Locations

INT. CURLING RINK - PINGTREE - Y2/D194 - DAY
INT. CLUBHOUSE - FOYER - PINGTREE - Y20 - NIGHT
INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - UPSTAIRS ROOM - Y20 - DAY
INT. MACHINE ROOM - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y20 - DAY
INT. WINDOW ROOM - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y20 - DAY

Exterior Locations

EXT. EIGHTEENTH FAIRWAY - PINGTREE - Y20 - DAY
EXT. FORK IN THE ROAD - GAS STATION/COUNTRY ROAD - Y20/D6 -
DAY/NIGHT
EXT. THE WOODS - Y20 - DAY
EXT. MEADOW - Y20 - DAY
EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - Y20 - DAY
EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - GANTRY - Y20 - DAY
EXT. "THE YARD" - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y20 - DAY / DAWN
EXT. ABANDONED HIGHWAY - Y20 - NIGHT
EXT. A DARK, WOODED PATH - Y20 - DAY
EXT. LAURA'S CABIN - DRIVEWAY - Y0/D358 - DAY (109 FOOTAGE)

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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>
AA1.....	Y20/D5
A1.....	Y2/D194
B1-C1.....	Y20/D5
1-3.....	<i>omitted</i>
4-B5.....	Y20/D5
C5.....	<i>omitted</i>
D5-5.....	Y20/D6
6-8.....	<i>omitted</i>
9-A10.....	Y20/D6
10-22.....	<i>omitted</i>
23-A25.....	Y20/D6
25-A32.....	<i>omitted</i>
32.....	Y20/D6
33-34.....	<i>omitted</i>
35-37.....	Y20/D6
38-46.....	<i>omitted</i>
STORY DAY 7 IS FOUR DAYS AFTER STORY DAY 6:	
A47-48.....	Y20/D7
49.....	<i>omitted</i>
A50-50.....	Y20/D8
51.....	<i>omitted</i>

AA1 **EXT. EIGHTEENTH FAIRWAY - PINGTREE - Y20/D5 - NIGHT** AA1

TIGHT ON **KIRSTEN** as she sprints through the night, flat-out.

KIRSTEN

ALEX!!!

...breathing deep, eyes alive and searching as someone in the deep background's chasing her as well...**SAYID--**

SAYID

KIRSTEN!

A1 **INT. CURLING RINK - PINGTREE - Y2/D194 - DAY** A1

CAMERA TRACKS BEHIND A RUNNING GIRL IN A WHITE DRESS as she moves through an enormous, vaulted space, rushing, looking here and there. When we COME AROUND, we see that it is **YOUNG KIRSTEN**, no longer feral at all.

Two weeks into her time with the troupe, here visiting Pingtree of old. And we find her in the middle of disaster-- she had a babysitting job, and she lost a baby.

She is looking panicked as she crosses the WHITE AND RED CIRCLE of a CURLING TARGET, drops the DIAPER BAG, and darts toward a whole bunch of golf equipment, looking.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Alex? Alex???

We've never seen her so panicked. She hustles past a row of golf clubs, then golf carts, looking under each, as the shafts of sunlight from above coming down into this space like it's a church. Hunting, looking everywhere--

B1 **EXT. EIGHTEENTH FAIRWAY - PINGTREE - Y20/D5 - NIGHT** B1

AS KIRSTEN KEEPS RUNNING. It's SAYID behind her, trying to keep pace, having trouble--

SAYID

KIRSTEN! WHAT HAPPENED????

Alpt **INT. CURLING RINK - PINGTREE - Y2/D194 - DAY** Alpt

YOUNG KIRSTEN

ALEX???

Young Kirsten's voice echoes through the huge space. She looks like Alice in Wonderland, panic and hustle in her eyes.

YOUNG KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
WHERE ARE YOU?

Her voice echoes as she looks left, and her eyes go wide. She hustles that way.

C1 **EXT. LAURA'S CABIN - DRIVEWAY - Y0/D358 - DAY**

C1

A FLASH OF SOMETHING THAT WE'VE SEEN BEFORE. Kirsten, in a different timeline, panic in her eyes as she finds her copy of *Station Eleven* lying in the middle of a snowy road, looks out in search of Jeevan.

We are M.O.S., in perfect silence now, *as she screams his name once, then twice.*

But the memory's fading. This time we don't hear the name of who she's really looking for. Instead we get--

Alpt **INT. CURLING RINK - PINGTREE - Y2/D194 - DAY**

Alpt

GIL DIALLO seated at a desk, upright, posture strong, hands folded, looks right at Young Kirsten. On the foldout tabletop desk, there are two main items-- a giant leather bound BOOK with some quills and ink nearby; and also, a BAZOOKA.

She pants, upright, waiting for him to address her.

GIL
Hi. I still don't know your name.

YOUNG KIRSTEN
Hi. I--

GIL
This book...
(impossibly slow beat)
... was started... by a Red
Bandana. Are you familiar with Red
Bandanas?

Despite the urgency of the fact that she has LOST A BABY, Kirsten nods yes.

YOUNG KIRSTEN
A little.

GIL
Do you know how they recruited
members?

YOUNG KIRSTEN

They only ever chased me. Or I
killed them.

Gil looks at her a beat.

GIL

They shot poison darts at them.
(wind out of sails a bit)
Do you know what the poison was?

YOUNG KIRSTEN

I lost the baby.

GIL

Huh.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

*I lost Alex! I don't know where
she is!*

GIL

Oh.

Gil takes a breath, stands, picks up a SMALL, HALF-SIZED GOLF BAG against the wall behind him, brings it over. Shows her that **BABY ALEX** is inside. Young Kirsten reaches in and plucks her out, hugs her, near tears and emotional.

GIL (CONT'D)

She likes to run away.
(then)
Maybe change her diaper.

He picks up the bazooka as Kirsten has a moment with her, then remembers the diaper bag, goes that way.

He strolls behind her, messing around with the bazooka, holding it on his shoulder.

GIL (CONT'D)

Anyway, the Red Bandanas are all
dead, and tonight we're performing
for an English Department. Weird
world, right?

Kirsten is ignoring him, and has landed back at the curling circle, lays Alex down. Begins to change her.

GIL (CONT'D)

Last time I came here, this place
was golf and weapons.

(MORE)

GIL (CONT'D)

You know what I thought? When I came in this room?

Kirsten is smiling down at Alex.

GIL (CONT'D)

It should be a theatre. We could all settle here. Make art. Be safe. Stop running.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Hi, Alex. Hi. How are you? I'm so sorry. You're fine, though.

She stands up baby Alex. Gil looks down at the nice moment.

YOUNG KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

My name's Kirsten...

We POP TO THE HUGE WIDE.

GIL

Finally we get her name.

1	OMITTED	1
2	OMITTED	2
3	OMITTED	3
4	<u>EXT. EIGHTEENTH FAIRWAY - PINGTREE - Y20/D5 - NIGHT</u>	4

Kirsten's running hard and suddenly STOPS.

Panting, looking down at what we don't see right away. Sayid finally catches up to her. Looks down, too.

REVEAL that a hole's been dug, almost a gopher-hole, and around it, the dark outline of an ORANGE SPRAY-PAINTED CIRCLE. WIDEN UP to reveal, in the moonlight, that LOTS OF MINES HAVE BEEN DUG UP.

Sayid stops himself beside her.

SAYID

What happened?

Kirsten scans the fairway.

KIRSTEN
They're stealing mines.

Sayid grabs her shoulders, turns her to face him.

SAYID
(points)
BACK THERE! What happened?

Kirsten stares back at him. Still so many ways to answer...

A5 **INT. CLUBHOUSE - FOYER - PINGTREE - Y20/D5 - 15 MINUTES AGO** A5

WE FLASH TO WHAT JUST HAPPENED BACK AT PINGTREE: Kirsten taking aim and throwing her blade, no hesitation.

B5 **EXT. EIGHTEENTH FAIRWAY - PINGTREE - Y20/D5 - NIGHT** B5

We come back to the moment. Kirsten answers.

KIRSTEN
The Prophet... killed Gil. He sent the kids back. They had mines strapped to them.
(off look)
I tried... to stop it.

SAYID
(calmly)
Kirsten...

Sayid is indicating a LONG SHARD OF WOOD sticking out of Kirsten's arm, freaked out by it, freaked out that she hasn't noticed it.

KIRSTEN
Thanks. He might have Alex.

Kirsten looks and PULLS IT OUT, drops it.

SAYID
I think you're in shock, okay?
(almost fainting)
We should go *back*. Right now.
We're out here by ourselves.

Kirsten's looking off into the distance, seeing a glowing far away on the horizon.

KIRSTEN
That's fire.

She runs off, through the scrub and dug-out holes where mines used to be.

C5 OMITTED

C5

D5 EXT. FORK IN THE ROAD - GAS STATION/COUNTY ROAD - Y20/D5 - NIGHT D5

Kirsten's running hard again, Sayid behind her, trying to think this out even as adrenaline propels her and him away from the golf course... And we see the source of the glow.

A burning billboard looms above, casting firelight on twenty-four upside-down crosses planted around the gas station like a graveyard.

Kirsten stands before it, eyes wide as Sayid runs up beside her and sees a flat stone on the ground, words on it written in jagged white chalk. *"Here Lies Kirsten Raymonde."*

He looks at her, runs to another.

SAYID

Here's Dieter. Here's S.

KIRSTEN

He's going to kill the Traveling Symphony.

S T A T I O N E L E V E N

5 EXT. EIGHTEENTH FAIRWAY - PINGTREE - Y20/D6 - DAY

5

Morning. The wind whips at **KATRINA** and **MILDRED** as they make their way toward The Traveling Actors, who are down at the edge of the 18th green, preparing their sacks to leave after such a destructive evening. Mildred is holding an M-16. Katrina has a side-arm.

DIETER looks up and frowns at the sight of black smoke in the sky, far off. Strange, troubling... **WENDY** notices.

WENDY

You okay?

DIETER

If that's the gas station... it's the rally point with the musicians.

Wendy looks.

DIETER (CONT'D)
I know. You're happy.
(off look)
You wrote a great play... no one remembers. There's always a disaster.

WENDY
I'm so fucking selfish.

DIETER
No you're not. We're artists.
(off look)
Whatever matters is... all that matters.

Dieter looks over and sees **THE CONDUCTOR** sitting against a tree, drinking Scotch stolen from above.

WENDY
Go help her.

Dieter goes past the three empty PACKS waiting for Sayid, Kirsten, and Alex, crosses to The Conductor. As he goes, he pulls an OILCLOTH from his pocket, unwraps, looks down at the SHATTERED REMNANTS of The Conductor's glasses. He has worked to fashion them back together into something vaguely wearable.

He glances at Katrina and Mildred, stepping their way. He goes to The Conductor. Leans down.

DIETER
(gently)
They're coming. Sarah.

THE CONDUCTOR
Gil's body?

DIETER
Just them. I don't think there's any body left.

Dieter reaches down his hand, she waves an arm blindly, takes it. He pulls her up.

DIETER (CONT'D)
(gently)
Here. Try these.

He places the busted glasses on her face.

DIETER (CONT'D)

Can you see?

THE CONDUCTOR

Does it matter?

She's looking at Katrina and Mildred.

KATRINA

Sarah! Don't be ridiculous. Stay
a few more days.

Others present are **AUGUST**, **DAN**, and **CHRYSANTHEMUM**, packing up
and looking shaken.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

It's too dangerous. This monster's
obviously nearby.

THE CONDUCTOR

We'll reconnect with our people.
Get our wagons. Move on.

Dieter steps in.

DIETER

We're still missing Kirsten, Sayid,
and Alex....

KATRINA

Alex isn't missing. She's been
crying with me all night. There
she is now.

The Conductor stares grimly at Katrina, who twists and looks
back to the clubhouse. She points.

They all look and see **ALEXANDRA** is indeed stalking toward
them, **BACKPACK** and all her things gathered, looking stormy.
Uninjured. Head down. Sunglasses on like a disgraced celeb.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

She said she went for a ride and
got thrown by her horse.

CHRYSANTHEMUM

Kirsten's horse.

THE CONDUCTOR

(to Dieter)

Kirsten and Sayid will rally at the
fork. Like the others.

She looks out the members of the troupe who are here.

THE CONDUCTOR (CONT'D)
We lost someone last night.

The Conductor DRAWS HER FLAREGUN, causing Katrina and Mildred to gasp, and she points it in the air.

She FIRES up into the sky and a BRIGHT FLARE screams upward. She reloads and FIRES AGAIN. And AGAIN. And AGAIN. And AGAIN. And AGAIN. And AGAIN. The other members of the troupe watch sadly. It's a salute. She is upset. But there's also method to the madness...

SAYID (PRE-LAP)
There's no bodies, at least.

6 OMITTED 6

7 OMITTED 7

8 OMITTED 8

9 **EXT. FORK IN THE ROAD - GAS STATION/COUNTY ROAD - Y20/D6 - DAY**

Kirsten and Sayid watch the different colored flares arc out into the darkening sky. The last two are YELLOW FLARES. It's an odd rainbow, but appears to mean something. They both look. Seem to read.

KIRSTEN
They're coming here.

SAYID
And two missing-- That's us.
(brightening)
That means Alex is with them.

He stands up. Charred billboard and Symphony graveyard behind him.

SAYID (CONT'D)
Everything's good.

Kirsten looks at him, irritated. She starts going through her pack, looking for her telescope.

KIRSTEN
The Prophet wants to kill us all.

She moves past him, pulls her telescope from her old backpack, scans the horizon.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

Do you not see what's right behind you?

SAYID

How many Jesus dudes have we met along the way?

KIRSTEN

He's different. It's my fault he's after us.

SAYID

None of it's your fault.
(off look)
Those kids were... brainwashed.
They were terrorists.

KIRSTEN

Not what I mean.

Kirsten puts the telescope away, goes to her pack, takes stock of her weapons. She draws her GNARLY KNIFE from her back, checks it. In her pack she has her TINY GREEN KITCHEN KNIFE, a few other blades. Her BONE-HANDLED BLADE currently resides in the back of an exploded child.

SAYID

What do you mean?

KIRSTEN

I did this. I stabbed him in St. Deb's. He just didn't die. He was in Alex's head.

SAYID

Alex... is not a child. She doesn't fall in love with cult leaders. Don't spin out.

KIRSTEN

I'll feel better when he's dead. Also, I don't "spin out."

She walks down the hill, away from the gas station, taking neither fork in the road, following tracks: TWO PARALLEL LINES LEADING AWAY, like two long "11"s.

SAYID

We should wait here!

KIRSTEN

Then wait here. I'll be back by nightfall. They can't be far.

A10 **EXT. DRY RIVERBED - Y20/D6 - DAY** A10

Kirsten slowly works her way up a rocky, dry riverbed, pausing here and there. She's tracking. Decrypting scrapes and markings. She makes it to the top and is rewarded with clear tracks: two parallel lines again. Keeps going.

10 **EXT. THE WOODS - Y20/D6 - DAY** 10

Kirsten moves through the woods, stops when she sees the two lines of the wheelchair tracks are crossed by what are clearly HOOF PRINTS in the mud...

She *WHISTLES*, looks around with little hope, until her eyes land on... a tree.

In the bark, there's a carving, lots of ninety-degree angles, some kind of ancient rune or symbol, and above it, a more detailed version of the upside-down t...

Until she steps to the side of the tree a little bit, and sees a HUGE OLD FACTORY in the distance, jutting out against the greens and blues of the otherwise beautiful landscape.

THUNDER RUMBLES OVERHEAD. She looks up at the sky, then back the way she came. Then over at a pile of junk, where some dirty plastic tarp flaps in the wind. She goes toward it.

A11 **EXT. THE WOODS - Y20/D6 - DAY** A11

It's RAINING HEAVILY NOW as Kirsten sits below a quick and dirty pup-tent, made from that trashy plastic tarp. She's reading *Station Eleven*.

She is reading PAGES 10 & 11 closely. She then turns the page, reads 12 & 13. The caption reads "I have a job to do", but the dialogue is between K, the Rebel Undersea Leader, and Dr. Eleven. They discuss the death of K's mother, and K shows Dr. Eleven her medallion. On it, we see for ourselves the more-detailed version of that upside-down t. Kirsten's eyes land on one of K's demands: "We long only to go home."

KIRSTEN (O.S.)
JEEEEVANNNNNN!!!!

CAMERA COMES AROUND and we find the yeller to actually be--

18 OMITTED 18

19 OMITTED 19

20 OMITTED 20

21 OMITTED 21

22 OMITTED 22

23 **EXT. FORK IN THE ROAD - GAS STATION/COUNTY ROAD - Y20/D6 - DAY**

Rain falling now as the small train of actors make their way up to the gas station, where they find the wreckage of the burnt billboard. August and Chrys look warily at it. Then approach the "gravestone" naming The Symphony.

Sayid comes out from a spot huddled beneath the upside-down hull of a BOAT over in the reeds. He soon sees Alex.

SAYID

I *knew* you were okay. Kirsten thought you, like... joined a cult.

ALEXANDRA

I'm already in a cult.

She and everyone else look at the Symphony graveyard.

DIETER

Where is she, then?

AUGUST

What *happened*, man?

Sayid looks a little defensive, looks at the rest of them, all wet and tired already for the hike. He looks at Alex.

SAYID

She went to kill that dude. The Prophet.

Dieter looks irritated with Sayid.

DIETER
Why'd you let her go?

SAYID
She was being fucking *Kirsten*.

DIETER
Dammit, Sayid...

Dieter's building anger is interrupted by looking at The Conductor, who appears numb, indifferent, now shivering a bit. She's looking at the large, upside-down KENTUCKY FRIED CHICKEN BUCKET-- not the little kind, but the HUGE kind, from the top of an old fast-food joint sign. It's big enough to be someone's house, sitting overturned by the BOAT in the reeds.

THE CONDUCTOR
I'll wait in there.

Dieter goes to her, begins helping her as she holds her glasses together. Wendy too.

WENDY
Musicians'll be back soon.

SAYID
Kirsten said she'd be back by nightfall.

24

UNDER THE BOAT/UNDER THE KFC BUCKET

24

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING NOW, rain pouring down heavily outside, and the actors are huddled together underneath. Sayid looks to Alex, who sits away from the group, smoking a rolled cigarette, staring out at the rain.

SAYID
(to Alex)
Kirsten said you had like a... plan to meet up with The Prophet?

They all look at her, accusing, concerned.

ALEXANDRA
I did, yeah. But no worries, she stabbed him. Back at St Deborah's.

SAYID
Did you *thank her*? The dude uses *child soldiers*.

Alexandra looks back.

MOUNTEBANC (O.C.)

Hello there! Sorry to interrupt.

They all *JUMP COLLECTIVELY* at the startling appearance of **MOUNTEBANC**, who ducks down and steps into the underside of the boat, smiling, bikeless. Always polite. Wearing more extreme **RAINGEAR** now, including the long coat of a cowboy. He is holding a lantern and a pistol.

They all look at the gun. He looks over at the KFC Bucket and sees The Conductor huddled there. Addresses them all.

MOUNTEBANC (CONT'D)

We managed to catch a performance of your orchestra last night. Down the hill. At Nuevo Santiago.

CHRYSANTHEMUM

Who is... "we"?

A **CLOAKED WOMAN** with a hood up over herself (This is Y20 RILEY, though we can barely see her) steps out on the other side of the small group. She's holding a SHOTGUN.

MOUNTEBANC

My partner and I.
(as I was saying)
Your friends are on their way to The Museum of Civilization. They took us up on our offer.

The Conductor, busted glasses and still numb, watches the strange drama unfolding from under the bucket, not far away.

THE CONDUCTOR

(mumbling)
Oh fuck.

No one likes the look of this situation.

MOUNTEBANC

We very, very much would like you to perform Shakespeare for us.

CHRYSANTHEMUM

We can tell.

MOUNTEBANC

The Museum is comfortable. Warm.
A place to rest.
(indicates the gas station)
...silly danger. So much can go wrong out here.

Dieter glances at The Conductor. It's clearly a shakedown.
Looks back to Mountebanc.

DIETER
How's the symphony?

MOUNTEBANC
Vlad complains a lot.

Mountebanc reaches into his pockets, pulls out the INVITATION
he's been offering. Holds it out to The Conductor...

...who takes it.

THE CONDUCTOR
I think it's a great idea.

She stands, motioning for the others to get up.

THE CONDUCTOR (CONT'D)
I'm sick of silly danger.

A25 **EXT. FORK IN THE ROAD - GAS STATION/COUNTY ROAD - Y20/D6 - DAY**

Mountebanc looks pleased at the group's interest in the
kidnapping as they step out into the rain. Dieter leans in
toward The Conductor.

DIETER
This is not good.

THE CONDUCTOR
Kirsten will find us.

While Mountebanc begins shepharding them, she drops the Invitation into the mud. Then removes her glasses and drops them into the muck, too.

THE CONDUCTOR (CONT'D)
She always does.

Neither Riley nor Mountebanc see her drop either thing, and The Conductor and Dieter fall into line, holding onto Dieter's back as he guides her into the storm.

25	OMITTED	25
26	OMITTED	26
27	OMITTED	27
28	OMITTED	28
29	OMITTED	29
30	OMITTED	30
31	OMITTED	31
A32	OMITTED	A32
32	<u>EXT. MEADOW - Y20/D6 - DAY</u>	32

The skies are clearing up and the sunshine is coming as Kirsten, wrapped up in her raincoat, trudges out of the woods and sees that she's much closer to that same factory she saw a couple hours ago.

Then smiles with surprise and relief as Luli emerges from the woods at a gallup. Kirsten whistles and waves.

KIRSTEN
Luli!

She's confused when Luli doesn't respond, and instead just keeps running toward the factory.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

Luli?

Luli just ices her, disappears ahead, into another line of trees. Kirsten sees a girl in a red coat disappear around the same area-- same coat she saw earlier. *

Kirsten looks back the way she came, conflicted about going further down this road...

...then turns back and sees a WHEELCHAIR on its side, in the rushes. Dumped in a place it could no longer be useful.

She goes to it, straightens it up. Looks at it.

SPACEMAN (O.C.) *

We pushed him.

A kid dressed as a **SPACEMAN** is standing nearby, staring back at her. He looks like a mini-Dr. Eleven. He's holding MOUNTEBANC'S INVITATION in his hands. *

KIRSTEN

(What. The fuck.) *

Hi. What's your name?

Kirsten takes a tentative step toward her, calming smile.

SPACEMAN *

Dr. Eleven. *

Kirsten takes a beat. Not sure, actually. *

KIRSTEN

Does David live in there? Is he your Dad?

SPACEMAN *

He said you'd come. *

CODY (O.C.) *

He invited you to join the Undersea.

Kirsten slowly looks away from the mini-Dr., looks over and sees **CODY** standing in the billowing flowers. *

CODY (CONT'D)

They won't use chloroform if you know it. The Prophecy.

CODY (CONT'D)

You should say it.

*

The wind blows, then, almost summoned, and like a Magic Eye illusion, three more kids seem to melt out of the greens of the meadow, silent, watching her with indifference.

CODY (CONT'D)

We're all going to the same place.

Her scared eyes tick around. She sees roughly FIFTEEN OTHER KIDS around her.

Some of these kids wear normal clothing. Some, strangely designed and DIY, colorful and bright, distinct. They echo it with a kind of staggered syncopation. Kirsten takes a nervous step backward as a few more kids have emerge from the brush on either side of Cody and Haley. She looks around. Twentyish kids, total. She's surrounded.

They are **THE UNDERSEA**. Ranging in age from four years old to nineteen, these kids represent the next wave of post-apocalyptic DIY self-made culture, hodge-podged from head-to-toe, outfitted in signs and symbols that don't seem to map to anything a Pre-Pan could comprehend. Still, they adhere to some unknown code. They are at once as genderless and sexless and race-less as humans could appear to 2020 eyes, and yet uniquely distinct, and very human in the way they all watch.

Some have toy RAY GUNS. One holds a teddy bear with one eye and a bandage around the other. Several, Kirsten sees, have clear *STATION ELEVEN* inflections, theme and content. Like cosplay. After a very long game of telephone.

A lanky boy, **TARANTULA** (14), takes a few steps toward her. Sniffs her. Steps back away. Kirsten looks at Cody.

KIRSTEN

*I remember damage. Then escape.
Then... adrift in a stranger's
galaxy for a long time.*

At those lines, The Undersea all approach and sit down around her like a kindergarten class. Only Cody stays standing.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

*But I'm safe now. I found it
again. My home.*

Cody looks back toward the treeline and sees one more Undersea Kid running toward them. As Kirsten clocks this, Cody moves off toward that kid, steps his way. Kirsten keeps reciting...

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

*My memories are the same as yours:
they mean nothing. I feel this
again for the first time. I have a
job to do. I have found you nine
times before, maybe ten. And I'll
find you again, until the last
time. I always do. I find you
because I know you, and I know you
because we are the same.*

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33 OMITTED 33

34 OMITTED 34

35 **EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - Y20/D6 - DAY** 35

A BIG WIDE shows a solitary ABANDONED FACTORY on the edge of the vast lake.

All around, children are leading Kirsten toward the factory in a tear-drop shape, Cody and Haley at the front.

The wind blows gently and sunlight cuts down across the sky.

Above her along a gantry, there's a little abandoned foreman's office: the window opens. The last time she saw him he was David, but no need to pretend anymore.

THE PROPHET, pale and weak, looks down at her from above, through the square frame.

*

Haley looks up at him for a beat.

He nods. Looks at Kirsten.

THE PROPHET
We have to talk.

For a moment there's a confusing normalcy to his voice, free of any affectation. Just pain and weakness. The real aftereffects of getting stabbed.

His head disappears from the frame.

Kirsten watches as The Undersea coalesce around her in another loose circle, diameter squeezing her.

HALEY
Is he going to die?

CODY
No. He's okay.

Kirsten sees Cody comfort her, put an arm around her shoulder. He looks back at Kirsten.

CODY (CONT'D)
He won't let us up. He says he'll only talk to you.

KIRSTEN
Except he didn't know I was coming.

Cody makes an *eh* face. *He kinda did.*

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
That wound was deep.
(to Haley)
He's probably gonna die.
(squats)
From complications.

Haley turns away, lip quivering, and starts to run, starting up a game of tag with the other kids.

Some of the others chase her. Cody looks at Tarantula, who's holding a PLASTIC SHOPPING BAG, ruffling in the wind. He hands it to Cody, who steps forward and holds it out to her.

CODY
Will you take him this? Speaking of his wound?

Inside, Kirsten sees some RUBBING ALCOHOL and BANDAGES. A GLASS JAR. Cody glances at Tarantula, back to her. Some SNICKERS bars.

CODY (CONT'D)
 Medical supplies. Antibiotics.
 (glances at Tarantula)
 They came down in a low-orbit drop.

Tarantula seems to accept this and goes off to play tag with the others.

KIRSTEN
 "Low-orbit drop"?

CODY
Acremonium. It's a kind of fungus.
 There's an old lady who lives by
 Pingtree who knows how to make it.

Cody shrugs.

CODY (CONT'D)
 They like it when things sound like
 they're from the Prophecy.

Kirsten takes the bag.

CODY (CONT'D)
 Hey. Try to get him to eat.

She looks up at the factory door. Starts to climb.

36

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - OFFICE - Y20/D6 - DAY

36

Sweaty, shirt open now, The Prophet lies in the corner of the factory floor. There's a pile of a week's worth of bandages, some with a lot of dried blood, some less bloody, nearby.

There's also a little shelf of travel-size bottles--a DIY CHEMISTRY SET--which we'll see in episode 108. He's reading a socialist weekly from Before.

Kirsten comes in, drops the bag, and draws her knife. Within a few steps, she has it to his throat.

THE PROPHET
 If I die, I'll lose control of the
 story. It happened a little...
 when I was hurt. Haley told those
 kids a different story.
 (looks at knife)
 That was Pingtree.

Kirsten lowers her knife, still wary.

THE PROPHET (CONT'D)

Your friends are in trouble. Half
of them are prisoners already, the
other half are on their way.

This is enough information to stop her. He pulls out what
looks to be a TRAVEL SHAMPOO CONTAINER. It's full of clear
liquid. He sniffs it.

THE PROPHET (CONT'D)

"The Museum of Civilization."

(off look)

The people there are monsters.
They collect things. They have
your friends, and they have
something of mine, too... locked in
their tower.

He pulls up his t-shirt and we see now the extent of his
RATHER TERRIBLE WOUND, which seems to have not healed properly
since he received it.

THE PROPHET (CONT'D)

You're the key.

He opens up the shampoo bottle and SPRAYS DOWN THE WOUND,
SCREAMS. Kirsten makes an eek-face as it bubbles.

THE PROPHET (CONT'D)

Get me in, and I'll get you to The
Symphony. No one else but
Mountebanc knows the way.

He dabs at the wound, clearing away blood. The wound's now
sterilized. He nods to the bag.

THE PROPHET (CONT'D)
Hand me the antibiotics.

She looks at the bag, then back at him. Then out the window, where more than a dozen kids are watching. They scatter. Kirsten's realizing the depth of the conundrum.

She kicks the bag to him. Leaves.

A37 **EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - Y20/D6 - DAY**

A37

Kirsten takes a breath in the outdoor sun, looks around.

She sees Tarantula standing nearby, wearing THE CONDUCTOR'S SHATTERED GLASSES.

TARANTULA
Hi.

Kirsten slowly reaches out and pulls them off his face.

THE PROPHET (BEHIND HER)
The troupe will be inside by the time we catch up. They have snipers. Electrified fences. Surveillance. Who knows what else by now...
(but)
But if we're together... And you can tell them I'm an actor too.

Holding the glasses, knowing they're really The Conductor's, she turns back and looks at Tyler.

THE PROPHET (CONT'D)
Up to you. We don't force things.

He goes back inside the room and closes the door.

B37 **INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - UPSTAIRS ROOM - Y20/D6 - DAY**

B37

The Prophet sits up and starts unwinding his old bandage. We get a good look at the wound: healing, but a long way to go.

Kirsten comes inside and sees him trying to re-dress the wound. She stares at him struggling for a beat, then--

KIRSTEN
Let me.

She goes to him, starts to help.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

I missed your kidney by an inch.

THE PROPHET

Must've been the play. You seemed upset on stage. How come?

KIRSTEN

I remembered... something.

THE PROPHET

Who?

Tyler has guessed right. With that question, Kirsten liberally pours hydrogen peroxide over his wound, causing him to grimace. She begins to aggressively bandage the wound. Tyler, in pain, bears it.

KIRSTEN

How can I be sure you'll leave us alone? If I get you in?

THE PROPHET

You can't be.

Silence, and then Kirsten rises.

KIRSTEN

They're my family. I don't care about anyone but them.

The Prophet stands, looks at her. Goes past her.

37

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - Y20/D6 - DAY

37

The Prophet tentatively exits the door of the factory and steps into daylight. Behind him, Kirsten does, too. The Undersea gather around him and look wary.

THE PROPHET

Road's End by nightfall.
(looks at Kirsten)
She's in the Undersea.

Kirsten watches as he walks out, and the kids all flow together toward him, like a blurry mass behaving as a loyal, playful pet. Kirsten notices, too, that several of The Undersea, including Haley, have hoisted ENORMOUS BACKPACKS, green military duffels, and are lugging quite a load.

Kirsten follows.

38	OMITTED	38
39	OMITTED	39
40	OMITTED	40
41	OMITTED	41
42	OMITTED	42
43	OMITTED	43
44	OMITTED	44
45	OMITTED	45
46	OMITTED	46

A47 **INT. MACHINE ROOM - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y20/D7 - DAY** A47

A TORCH in the blackness.

We realize it's being held aloft by Mountebanc.

Dieter's close behind him, helping the Conductor along a passageway.

It's four days later, both Dieter and the Conductor are visibly exhausted after what seems to have been a grueling march. The Conductor stares ahead, lost in her own head, barely shuffling, hand on Dieter's back.

We are inside a labyrinth, dark and frightening, no sign of a Minotaur but no end in sight...

DIETER

How far is it?

Behind the Conductor, Wendy, Sayid, Alex, August, Chrysanthemum, and Dan follow, Riley bringing up the rear with a torch of her own.

DAN

(to Riley)

You know what I miss? Hot tubs.
You guys have hot tubs?

CHRYSANTHEMUM

(reproachful)

Dan.

DAN

(to Riley)

You guys have been here this whole time since the flu? Twenty years?

MOUNTEBANC

If at any time there's anything I can do to make your stay more comfortable, please let me know.

Dieter glances at the Conductor, now wearing SHINY NEW GLASSES, at odds with her exhaustion. She stares ahead, unseeing despite the lenses.

DIETER

Where are the wagons? Without them there's no--

MOUNTEBANC

Everything's been taken care of. Just like your Conductor's glasses, yes? I told you, we have everything you need right here.

(then)

Your friends are safe.

AUGUST

The glasses don't work. She had a special prescription.

THE CONDUCTOR

I'm fine, August. Let's just get back to them.

They've come to a closed door.

MOUNTEBANC

The quarantine won't last long.

(then)

Welcome to The Museum of Civilization.

(then)

You might want to cover your eyes.

He opens the door and leads them to:

B47

INT. WINDOW ROOM - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y20/D7 - DAY

B47

A bare, unremarkable room. Except for the floor, which has blue-and-white tiles that are vaguely recognizable. As we widen out, we see we're in a room that feels like Before. Translucent tarps hang down across from the doorway, but the light in the space is all coming from one very large window.

The Troupe all come out into the square opening and gather around the window, looking outside. REVEAL what they see, as Mountebanc looks on happily:

OUTSIDE, amidst the jetways and other equipment of the Severn City Airport, the rest of the Traveling Symphony lingers around a large, open, concrete space, bounded by a chain-link fence and razor wire.

TIGHT ON the Conductor's face as she hears the actors gasp in excitement.

THE CONDUCTOR

Is it them? Did we find them?

DIETER

(patting her hand)

Yeah, Sarah. We found them, they're here.

Mountebanc goes to the next door, pulls out an ENORMOUS KEYRING with many keys and a BOATING KEY FLOAT, begins unlocking it, handing Riley his torch.

MOUNTEBANC

There's running water. The pressure's not always consistent--

Alex is staring, wide-eyed, at a closed ELEVATOR DOOR.

ALEXANDRA
This is incredible.

Mountebanc unlocks the door. The actors all hurry outside...

C47 **EXT. "THE YARD" - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/D7 - DAY** C47

ONE WAGON is visible beyond several jet-bridges in a small area completely fenced-in with RAZOR WIRE.

RELIEF as the ACTORS see **VLAD**, then **TUBA**, and three other MUSICIANS out here. Tuba screams in joy, seeing the actors pour in.

VLAD
It's them! Holy shit, you guys!
You made it!

RELIEF RIPPLES THROUGH THE GROUP as the two halves reunite in eddys of embraces, almost everyone reunited in what seems like a strange, confusing, RAZOR-WIRED INTERNMENT CAMP, where the old equipment of an airport is scattered like ruins throughout a concrete and metal space. Beyond the chain-link fence, what seems to be endless tarmac.

D47 **INT. WINDOW ROOM - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/D7 - DAY** D47

We are TIGHT ON THE CONDUCTOR, watching this reunion. She is exhausted and dead-eyed, her shiny new glasses a foreign, fake layer of hope. She seems to be *wanting* to feel the joy of the moment, but the exhaustion is catching up with her, the journey on the road. We look at her face for a long time, PUSHING IN ON HER...

MOUNTEBANC
It's really a nice place. I left for a while. That's what they tell me. But I came back. I have no memory from before, but I've been happy here.

The Conductor doesn't react as Mountebanc goes to the elevator, presses the button. She glances, though, at the *DING* it makes when it opens, and he and Riley step inside.

THE CONDUCTOR
How the fuck does that elevator work?

MOUNTEBANC
Everything works.

MOUNTEBANC (CONT'D)

(then)

We'll have some food brought down
for supper.

The elevator door closes, leaving the Conductor alone. She looks back out the window.

E47 **EXT. "THE YARD" - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y20/D7 - DAY** E47

More general jubillation as we see **S** and **IOWA** and the remaining members of the Troupe reunite.

S

Where's Kirsten?

Alex and Sayid share a glance. The Troupe goes quiet.

AUGUST

She's right behind us.

As the Troupe continues to talk, we see the Conductor in the window, watching them. And we see her collapse. No one else does.

Dieter, though, after absorbing the initial wave of joy, looks over and sees the empty window, walks back toward the door.

F47 **INT. WINDOW ROOM - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/D7 - DAY** F47

Dieter comes inside and finds the Conductor on her back, taking shallow breaths. The door closes behind him.

DIETER

Oh no. Oh no. Sarah! Sarah!

He holds her, panicked, unsure what to do.

DIETER (CONT'D)

I was distracted. I should have
been watching.

THE CONDUCTOR

For what? To catch me?

Dieter turns, looks to the window, sees the door is closed. Looks around and sees a CAMERA up in the corner, looks back at the window.

DIETER

Help! YOU GUYS! *SOMEBODY!*

THE CONDUCTOR

I'm glad you fell in love.

He makes to get up; she reaches up and puts a hand on his cheek.

THE CONDUCTOR (CONT'D)

Your soul is sweet. Love did its job. It made you go to work a little less. We don't need to work so fucking much.

DIETER

I NEED HELP!

He looks back at the Conductor. Outside, the faces of every member of The Traveling Symphony are pressed against the glass, watching.

THE PROPHET (PRE-LAP)

Dr. Eleven has reappeared.

47

EXT. ABANDONED HIGHWAY - Y20/D7 - NIGHT

47

Kirsten, her face lit by flickering firelight, sits on the ground, back a bit behind The Undersea, who listen with rapt attention, half-circled around The Prophet.

THE PROPHET

The transmission was... *we made it.*
We're at the edge. The timelines
finally match.

Darkness. No rain here, only distant thunder. A few torches. Kirsten glances off toward the forest's edge.

THE PROPHET (CONT'D)
 (looks up)
 They asked me to light the torch...

Every single kid looks up at the sky. So does Kirsten. Looking up at the stars, which are incredible, he goes silent.

THE PROPHET (CONT'D)
 There.

Points. He stands behind a **VERY SMALL UNDERSEA BOY**. He kneels down so they're at the same height, bends to put his head right next to the kid's, and points up.

THE PROPHET (CONT'D)
 That's them.

The Prophet's finger traces a line in the sky, and all the kids look up. The Prophet's head and the boy's track it together. He looks at Kirsten.

THE PROPHET (CONT'D)
 Eleven's working with Lonagan.
 This cycle's different.
 (looks back)
 Kirsten's with us now.

There's what we all know to be a satellite up there, moving steadily across the night sky. To them it's proof. Kirsten watches...

KIRSTEN (V.O.)
I don't want to stop.

Kirsten sits crosslegged on the road, vigilant and in guard mode, looking into darkness in front of a small fire she's built. The Undersea are all asleep in a pile, like puppies, a hundred feet down the road, back where the storytelling and stargazing happened. Tyler approaches.

THE PROPHET
 They're asleep. Took a few extra stories.
 (then)
 They're nervous.

KIRSTEN

We should be making up time. Not babysitting.

THE PROPHET

I can't leave them.

(looks out)

Those woods are really scary at night.

The Prophet sits, looks out at the forest.

KIRSTEN

They love that story.

(off look)

Where did you first hear it?

He looks at her, finally decides to give up something real.

THE PROPHET

One day someone gave me a... comic book. I read it. Lost it. Tried to forget it.

(then)

It all came back when I needed it.

(nods to the Undersea)

That blue spaceman calms kids down.

KIRSTEN

That's because Dr. Eleven is a kid.

The Prophet looks over, clearly surprised by this interpretation. Clocking the simple confidence.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

That's K inside the suit. The Rebel Undersea Leader. She's in a time loop.

THE PROPHET

Never... thought of that.

Kirsten nods.

THE PROPHET (CONT'D)

I do relate, though. I'm a Post-Pan. Just born before.

KIRSTEN

Most Pre-Pans lost their minds.

THE PROPHET

Yeah. That's the whole problem.

He looks off. He wants, recklessly, to tell her who he is. He knows she doesn't believe in his "Prophet" persona, but he also doesn't trust her with the whole truth.

THE PROPHET (CONT'D)

My father's first wife was an artist.

(off look)

Not my mother. They both died before.

(then)

But when they were alive... he spoke Spanish, and he thought she didn't. So he would have all these conversations in front of her with his dad about how selfish she was, how crazy, how he loved her but she didn't love him. How he didn't understand the art she made.

(then)

After she left him, she called to say she loved him, and they had the whole conversation in Spanish. She told him he'd never asked her anything about herself.

KIRSTEN

That doesn't seem fair.

THE PROPHET

Igual y na' mas era egoísta el muy cabrón. Pero igual vale madre, no? El "antes" ni existe. Solo existe lo que esta por venir.

KIRSTEN

I don't speak Spanish.

THE PROPHET

Neither do I.

Kirsten looks at him for a beat. He gets to his feet.

THE PROPHET (CONT'D)

Sleep. We move with the light.

KIRSTEN

What's the game they play? The one like tag?

THE PROPHET

Infection.

THE PROPHET (CONT'D)

(off look)

The only way everybody wins is...
everybody gets sick.

KIRSTEN

Fun.

THE PROPHET

Sometimes no one wins. Kids just
keep running.

KIRSTEN

What happens to them?

THE PROPHET

They find some town. Tell people
their name's The Prophet. Ask kids
if they wanna join The Undersea.

She holds his look for a beat.

THE PROPHET (CONT'D)

That how you know it? You met one
of them along the way?

KIRSTEN

No.

He looks at her a beat longer, then walks off into the
shadows. Kirsten watches him go, understanding this new part
of the Undersea machine...

49 OMITTED 49

A50 **EXT. "THE YARD" - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y20/D8 - DAWN** A50

Alex sits alone on the tarmac, looking through the fencing,
out and up. From where she is, she can just barely see what
looks like WINDOWS of a larger airport structure.

50 **EXT. A DARK, WOODED PATH - Y20/D8 - DAY** 50

Kirsten walks into the summertime trees in early morning, flow
of the Undersea hewing more to the trees a few feet off the
path.

The Prophet is up ahead. Cody walks not far from Kirsten, in
the trees to her right. At ease in the woods, unlike the Post-
Pans. The group moves in silence for a bit, with Cody looking
over at her a couple times.

CODY

So the internet was real, then?

Kirsten looks at him.

KIRSTEN

Yeah. The internet was real.

CODY

What was it like?

Kirsten shrugs, surprised by this turn of conversation.

KIRSTEN

Computers could all talk to one another. Wherever they were, in the world. You could send messages and pictures. Read any book. Watch any movie. Find anyone.

CODY

It sounds beautiful.

KIRSTEN

Why are you asking?

CODY

That's what's in The Museum.
(makes an air video game)
On a little black thing this big.

She looks out at the Undersea, moving through the forest, with their backpacks on.

CODY (CONT'D)

He says old data's like a weed.

KIRSTEN

I dunno. I liked Insta.

They walk in silence for a few beats. She looks at him.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

What about you? What do you want?

CODY

I want him to survive, so The
Traveling Symphony survives.

Kirsten looks ahead. Things seem normal. She looks around at the woods, breathes. It's beautiful out here.

KIRSTEN

And you don't think we'll live, if
The Prophet doesn't?

CODY

No way. They'll find you. He's
been building up the Undersea for
ten years.

Kirsten tenses, looks at Cody, remembering the viral nature of the Infection game she heard last night.

CODY (CONT'D)

They're coming when he lights the
torch.

THE PROPHET

BANDANNNNNAAAAAAAASSSSSS!!!

*Suddenly GUNSHOTS BEGIN RINGING OUT FROM THE TREES LIKE
FIRECRACKERS!*

Kirsten sees The Prophet turn to gather as many kids in his arms as he can and rush them off the path.

ON KIRSTEN, CALM IN CHAOS AS EVERYTHING SLOWS DOWN FOR HER. IN S/M: SHE WALKS IN THE DIRECTION OF THE PROPHET, DRAWING TWO KNIVES AS SHE GOES, IGNORING THE FLASHES OF GUNFIRE. WITH BARELY A LOOK, SHE THROWS A KNIFE TOWARDS THE WOODS, ANGLED UP, AND DRAWS ANOTHER KNIFE AS THE BODY OF A BANDANA FALLS FROM A TREE. SHE KEEPS GOING, RUNNING NOW.

When she reaches the Prophet, he turns and looks at her, terrified for the kids. Most are scattered now.

THE PROPHET (CONT'D)

There's too many of them.

KIRSTEN

I need you to survive.

She puts two hands on his chest, and pushes him, HARD, over the side of a ravine, sending him tumbling down.

The Prophet crashes down the ravine into a creekbed, hitting his head on some rocks, knocking him out.

Kirsten turns back JUST IN TIME TO SEE A **60-SOMETHING RED BANDANA MILITIAMAN** CHARGING AT HER WITH WHAT LOOKS TO BE A PAN-FLUTE PRESSED AGAINST HIS LIPS. SHE THROWS A KNIFE JUST AS HE SHOOTS SEVERAL POISONED DARTS AT HER, LANDING IN THE FOREARM OF THE SAME HAND THAT JUST THREW THE KNIFE THAT KILLS HIM.

She sees Cody looking at her, amazed and terrified by what she just did.

He doesn't see another BANDANA coming from the woods, drawing a pistol. ON KIRSTEN, AS A LOUD BANG ECHOES, AND HER EYES GO WIDE.

Then, stay on Kirsten as her wide eyes become thin slits, and she draws HER BIG KNIFE. Still, though-- there's poison in her system now. She looks fatigued...

FROM BEHIND KIRSTEN, we see a half-dozen RED BANDANAS step out of the woods in a half-ring around her. She settles into position. And camera drifts down the ravine...

As **HORRIBLE SCREAMING** echoes through the night.

CUT TO BLACK