

# STATION ELEVEN



EPISODE 103  
"Hurricane"

Written by  
Shannon Houston

Directed by  
Hiro Murai

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

3rd Yellow Revisions  
Monday, March 15th, 2021

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"Hurricane"  
 Episode 103  
 3rd Yellow Revisions: 3/15/21

## Revision History

Date	Draft	Revised Pages
12/9/19	Production Draft	1-43, 45, 48-62
12/22/19	Full Blue	All
1/7/20	Full Pink	All
1/11/20	Yellow Revisions	9-10, 21-24, 54-56
1/12/20	Green Revisions	7-9A, 13-13A, 56-59A
1/15/20	Goldenrod LIMITED DISTRO	All
1/19/20	Full 2nd White	All
1/23/20	2nd Blue Revisions	15 & 16
1/27/20	2nd Pink Revisions	1, 10-10A, 17-19A, 22-25, 29-30, 32-35, 42, 48-52
2/20/20	3rd White Revisions	33-34, 37-40
3/9/21	3rd Blue Revisions	9A-9B
3/12/21	3rd Pink Revisions	9A-9B
3/15/21	3rd Yellow Revisions	9A-9B

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

This draft makes changes to scene A307 only.

The BARTENDER has been replaced by the MAITRE D'.

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## Cast List

MIRANDA CARROLL.....DANIELLE DEADWYLER  
CLARK THOMPSON.....DAVID WILMOT  
ARTHUR LEANDER.....GAEL GARCIA BERNAL  
ELIZABETH COLTON.....CAITLIN FITZGERALD  
YOUNG KIRSTEN RAYMONDE.....MATILDA LAWLER

PABLO  
YOUNG MIRANDA  
AUNT PHILLIS  
KENYA  
JASMINE  
SARATOGA  
LEON PREVANT  
GARY HELLER  
JORGE ARANA  
TESCH  
STAN  
PHIL  
LEAR PA  
SECRETARY  
JIM FELPS  
GRAVE NARRATOR  
HUANG  
RECEPTIONIST  
JAKE RITTER (ARTHUR LEANDER)  
DR. ELEVEN

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## Location List

### **Interior Locations**

INT. EL TRAIN - CHICAGO - 2020 - DAY  
INT. THEATER - LOBBY - CHICAGO - 2020 - DAY  
INT. THEATER - ARTHUR'S DRESSING ROOM - CHICAGO - 2020 - DAY  
INT. RURAL HOME - KANKAKEE - 1990 - DAY  
INT. MOVIE THEATER - KANKAKEE - 1990 - DAY  
INT. MOVIE THEATER - CONCESSION AREA - KANKAKEE - 1990 - DAY\*  
INT. HOTEL SERI GUMUM - CONFERENCE CENTER HALLWAY - PORT KLANG, MALAYSIA - Y0  
- DAY  
INT. HOTEL SERI GUMUM - CONFERENCE CENTER HALLWAY - PORT KLANG, MALAYSIA - Y0  
- NIGHT  
INT. HOTEL SERI GUMUM - HALLWAY - PORT KLANG, MALAYSIA - Y0 - DAY  
INT. HOTEL SERI GUMUM - BOTHISATTVA CONFERENCE ROOM - PORT KLANG, MALAYSIA -  
Y0 - NIGHT  
INT. HOTEL SERI GUMUM - ELEVATOR - PORT KLANG, MALAYSIA - Y0 - DAY  
INT. HOTEL SERI GUMUM - LOBBY - PORT KLANG, MALAYSIA - Y0 - DAY  
INT. HOTEL SERI GUMUM - BAR - PORT KLANG, MALAYSIA - Y0 - NIGHT  
INT. HOTEL SERI GUMUM - ROOM - PORT KLANG, MALAYSIA - Y0 - DAY  
INT. HOTEL SERI GUMUM - ROOM - PORT KLANG, MALAYSIA - Y0 - NIGHT  
INT. BUS (MOVING) - PORT KLANG, MALAYSIA - Y0 - DAY  
INT. NEPTUNE LOGISTICS OFFICE - CHICAGO - 2005 - DAY  
INT. LOFT BUILDING - STAIRS/HALLWAY - CHICAGO - 2005 - DAY  
INT. THE LOFT - CHICAGO - 2005 - DAY  
INT. DINER - CHICAGO - 2005 - NIGHT  
INT. ROOFTOP BAR - CHICAGO - 2005 - NIGHT  
INT. ARTHUR'S BROWNSTONE - KITCHEN - CHICAGO - 2005 - DAY  
INT. ARTHUR'S BROWNSTONE - SUNPORCH/LIVING ROOM - CHICAGO - 2005 - DAY  
INT. ARTHUR'S BROWNSTONE - SUNPORCH/LIVING ROOM - CHICAGO - 2005 - NIGHT  
INT. ARTHUR & MIRANDA'S HOUSE - POOLHOUSE - LOS ANGELES - 2007 - NIGHT  
INT. ARTHUR & MIRANDA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LOS ANGELES - 2007 - DAY  
INT. ARTHUR & MIRANDA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LOS ANGELES - 2007 - NIGHT  
INT. ARTHUR & MIRANDA'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - LOS ANGELES - 2007 - NIGHT  
INT. ARTHUR & MIRANDA'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - LOS ANGELES - 2007 - NIGHT

### **Exterior Locations**

EXT. THEATER - CHICAGO - 2020 - DAY  
EXT. RURAL ROAD - KANKAKEE - 1990 - DAY  
EXT. DALEY CENTER PLAZA - CHICAGO - 2005 - DAY  
EXT. SIDEWALK - CHICAGO - 2005 - NIGHT  
EXT. THE DOCKS - PORT KLANG, MALAYSIA - Y0 - DAY  
EXT. RED CARPET - HOLLYWOOD - 2007 - NIGHT  
EXT. ARTHUR & MIRANDA'S HOUSE - POOLSIDE - LOS ANGELES - 2007 - NIGHT  
EXT. ARTHUR & MIRANDA'S HOUSE - POOLHOUSE - LOS ANGELES - 2007 - NIGHT  
EXT. ARTHUR & MIRANDA'S HOUSE - THE POOL - LOS ANGELES - 2007 - NIGHT

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## Day/Night Breakdown

<u>SN#</u>	<u>SCRIPT D/N</u>
A1-D1.....	2020 - D1
1-A5.....	1990 - D1
6-7.....	Y0 - D1
A7.....	2005 - N1
8-10.....	Y0 - D1
11, 14, 16.....	2005 - D1
A16-B16.....	2005 - N1
<del>15-C19</del>	
20.....	Y0 - D1
A20-B20, 29, A29.....	2005 - D2
21.....	Y0 - D1
A21.....	2005 - D2
B21.....	2005 - N2
C21.....	Y0 - D1
<del>22-23</del>	
24.....	Y0 - D1
<del>25-28</del>	
<del>30-C30</del>	
31.....	2005 - D3
32-37.....	2007 - N1
38.....	2007 - D2
39.....	2007 - N2
A39.....	2007 - D3
40-44.....	2007 - N3
46.....	Y0 - D1
47-50.....	Y0 - N1
45-C45.....	2020 - D1

[PRODUCTION NOTE: THE FIRST SCENES HERE ARE DIRECT RE-USES OF BEATS IN EPISODE 101. NEW CONTENT BEGINS IN THE DRESSING ROOM.]

A1 INT. EL TRAIN - CHICAGO - 2020 - DAY 1 A1

MIRANDA CARROLL (40s) sits on the train, organizing MANILLA ENVELOPES, writing with a SHARPIE.

GRAVE NARRATOR (V.O.)  
*What started as a tropical wave moving westward from Africa in September would, weeks later, become the stuff of nightmares for the people of the Lower Antilles.*

B1 EXT. THEATER - CHICAGO - 2020 - MOMENTS LATER B1

Miranda (40) approaches the theater, heels clicking, and she only glances up for a moment at the MARQUEE advertising ARTHUR LEANDER and KING LEAR by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

GRAVE NARRATOR (V.O.)  
*The slow-moving nature of Hurricane Hugo proved particularly brutal...*

C1 INT. THEATER - LOBBY - CHICAGO - 2020 - CONTINUOUS C1

We COME AROUND and see Arthur Leander sitting on the steps. MOS as he and Miranda talk to one another...

GRAVE NARRATOR (ON THE TV)  
*...for the people of St. Croix in the U.S. Virgin Islands.*

D1 INT. THEATER - ARTHUR'S DRESSING ROOM - CHICAGO - 2020 - LATER D1

Little Kirsten's looking over at Miranda.

MIRANDA  
Logistics.

KIRSTEN  
What's that mean?

MIRANDA  
The path things take. To get from A to B. It's always made sense to me.

1

INT. RURAL HOME - KANKAKEE - 1990 - DAY 1

1

A girl sits on the couch, big black hoodie on, backpack beside her, looking around a house she's just arrived at. The TV is on, blaring, showing hurricane footage.

GRAVE NARRATOR (ON THE TV)  
*Two weeks later, Hugo would  
 dissipate off the coast of South  
 Carolina, causing untold damage.*

This is the longest origin story ever told.

So long it goes up to the brink of death...

**MIRANDA** (10) sees a notepad on a table, gets it, draws.

Her sketch starts as a hurricane swirl, but soon that circular swirl starts to evolve a bit into something resembling a helmet... Then: an elementary, bubbly figure.

Hushed voices from another room. Miranda hears **AUNT PHYLLIS** (30s) talking to a girl, **KENYA** (12) in the kitchen.

KENYA (O.C.)  
 It's weird. She doesn't talk.

AUNT PHYLLIS (O.C.)  
 Go on.

Footsteps from the kitchen. Then Kenya appears, over it already. Aunt Phyllis appears behind her.

AUNT PHYLLIS (CONT'D)  
 Miranda. This is Kenya. She's  
 your cousin. I'm Auntie.  
 (then)  
 We're strangers, but we're family.

Miranda looks, goes back to drawing.

AUNT PHYLLIS (CONT'D)  
 Grandma says you told her your  
 name's Infinity?

Miranda nods.

AUNT PHYLLIS (CONT'D)  
 Your daddy named you Miranda. So  
 it's Miranda.  
 (then)  
 You want a grilled cheese sandwich?

Miranda nods again, Aunt Phyllis disappears into the kitchen.

KENYA

Hey. *Infinity*. You see this?

Kenya stands at a shelf beside a CRYSTAL TROPHY.

KENYA (CONT'D)

State of Illinois Science Fair  
Grand Champion: me.

Aunt Phyllis pipes up from the other room.

AUNT PHYLLIS (O.C.)

Kenya! Take Miranda to see that  
movie you're always seein'.

KENYA (PRE-LAP)

*Kid or Play?*

2

EXT. RURAL ROAD - KANKAKEE - 1990 - DAY

2

Miranda follows Kenya through the neighborhood. Miranda's  
still eating her grilled cheese.

KENYA

When I lose my virginity umma do it  
with a guy who looks like Play, but  
not before junior year or you're a  
ho. Kid's ugly.

(looks)

What are you gonna do for a job? I  
used to think I'd be an astronaut  
because of Mae Jemison, but I told  
her I don't care about aliens to  
*her face*. She gave a talk at  
Harold Washington.

Kenya walks for a beat. Looks back. Shakes her head.

KENYA (CONT'D)

What'd you eat for a whole week?  
After that hurricane?

Miranda just keeps chewing.

KENYA (CONT'D)

I heard you were stuck in the  
kitchen for a week.

Miranda doesn't answer, keeps walking.

KENYA (CONT'D)

Where'd you pee?



JAKE RITTER (ARTHUR) (PRE-LAP)  
*"I stood looking over the damage..."*

3

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - KANKAKEE - 1990 - DAY

3

SUDDEN, BLARING SCORE. The girls watch *ORION SOLDIER*, a sci-fi movie. Theatre's empty. [PRODUCTION NOTE: WE WILL STAY ON THE GIRLS AND NOT SHOOT THIS PIECE OF ORION SOLDIER ANYMORE. WE WILL NEED SOUND DESIGN, LIGHTING, ETC., AS WELL AS SMALL PIECES OF STOCK, OR CREDITS, FOR GLIMPSES.]  
Miranda's captivated. Kenya crunches popcorn.

JAKE RITTER (ARTHUR)  
...and tried to remember the  
sweetness of life on Earth."  
(then, angry)  
Remember that? DAD?

Kenya sees Miranda's eyes are glued on young Jake Ritter.

JAKE RITTER (ARTHUR)(CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
I was late. Or you were early.  
Either one. Same mission: Get  
back what we lost. And burn every  
parasite motherfucker alive...

SCORE RISING WITH JAKE'S ANGER... RED AND YELLOW FLAMES,  
SOUNDS OF FIRE BLASTING--

MIRANDA  
AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

**ON MIRANDA AS THE SCREEN FLARES RED AND ORANGE...**

Miranda climbs up onto the chairs, scrabbles away as the  
NOISE continues and then suddenly it's--

4

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - CONCESSION AREA - KANKAKEE - 1990 -  
LATER

4

SILENT. The movie's over. Miranda sits crosslegged on the  
countertop, drawing. A **CLERK** sits behind the counter,  
reading a book. Kenya's doing **CARTWHEELS**, cartwheels over to  
a **POSTER FOR ORION SOLDIER**.

KENYA  
How many brothers and sisters?

Miranda keeps drawing.

KENYA (CONT'D)  
Did you talk to them?

Miranda keeps drawing.

KENYA (CONT'D)  
Or were you always like this?

Miranda keeps drawing. Kenya watches her for a beat before one last cartwheel over near the Clerk.

KENYA (CONT'D)  
What's crazy is you could say anything. About who you are. We wouldn't even know.

Miranda's eyes tick up for a second. Goes back to drawing.

KENYA (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)  
*I just knew Mama had a brother, and they didn't talk...*

5

**EXT. RURAL ROAD - KANKAKEE - 1990 - DAY 1**

5

The two girls drag sticks along the road.

KENYA  
... and that I wasn't even allowed to ask about you or write a letter. So that's one good thing. At least on my side at least. I'm glad you survived 'cause I know you.

Miranda stops. Looks back down the road.

KENYA (CONT'D)  
You glad you survived?

Kenya finally notices Miranda stopped. She stops, too, turns and looks. Miranda's looking at the corner.

KENYA (CONT'D)  
Miranda.

**DR. ELEVEN** stands looking at Miranda. Kenya can't see him.

KENYA (CONT'D)  
We gotta get home.

Silence for a beat. Miranda turns, goes back with Kenya. The two girls walk together.

KENYA (CONT'D)  
Mama made bean dip.

A5

INT. RURAL HOME - KANKAKEE - 1990 - DAY 1

A5

The girls stand at the door. Kenya scrapes off her boots.

KENYA  
(to Aunt Phyllis)  
Mama! We're home!

Kenya walks into the kitchen. Miranda looks around the room. Her eyes find Kenya's CRYSTAL TROPHY. She walks to it. Reads. Places a finger on the base.

AUNT PHYLLIS (O.C.)  
(quietly)  
How was it?

Pushes it a little, nudging it toward the edge.

KENYA (O.C.)  
She's alright.

Miranda pushes it a little more...

KENYA (O.C.)(CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Pretty much told her she could live here.

Miranda stops, looking at the crystal trophy. Considers for a beat. Then CONTINUES TO PUSH IT, pulling it off the side of the shelf. It falls to the ground. SHATTERS. Kenya comes quickly back into the room. Sees the damage...

KENYA (CONT'D)  
*Why'd you do that?*

Miranda turns and GRABS HER BACKPACK, heads for the door.

KENYA (CONT'D)  
Miranda!!!

As she runs out the door--

6

INT. HOTEL SERI GUMUM - CONFERENCE CENTER HALLWAY - PORT KLANG, MALAYSIA - Y0 - DAY 1

6

MIRANDA (40) comes through a different door, pulling a ROLLING SUITCASE, business attire and heels. She stops, though, looking out and away at something.

FELPS (O.S.)

Carroll!

She jumps a tiny bit as **JIM FELPS** (30s), tall businessman in khakis and a crisp black golf shirt with the bright white letters PUCA embroidered above the pocket joins her. Also has a rolling suitcase.

FELPS (CONT'D)

Air and sea unite. More firepower  
than the Battle of Midway.  
Efficiency of a moth.  
(glances)  
Great diversity.

MIRANDA

Don't.

FELPS

Gotcha, no. Just glad our  
companies could find a way to work  
together.

MIRANDA

Your company bought our company,  
Jim.

FELPS

Right.

The two walk down a MASSIVE hallway that seems to end a mile away. The SINOTEC 2020 Logistics Summit's being held, and though this hallway isn't dense with people, evidence of the conference lines the walls as they pass conference rooms with names like Epiphany, Utopia, and Enlightenment...

FELPS (CONT'D)

We want, uh, Boddhisatva. What is  
the Boodhisatva.

But Miranda's distracted. **TEN CHINESE BUSINESSMEN** stream out of a conference room in front of them, all moving together with briefcases and bags, many on phones-- clearly a fast-moving exodus. She slows, watching them go by. She and Felps eventually stop, turn, watch them go.

MIRANDA

I think that was Huang.

FELPS

They wouldn't close a deal without  
hearing from us. I don't think.

Miranda glances at her partner for a second before continuing to the foldout conference table set up in front of some doors right here in the hallway. A placard that reads "Sinotec 2020: Private Meeting" is on the table, along with some sign-in sheets. A **SECRETARY** looks up at her. Miranda smiles.

MIRANDA  
(in Cantonese)  
*Hello. My name is Miranda Carroll,  
and this is my colleague Jim Felps.  
Neptune Logistics and PUCA.*

The Secretary nods kindly. Miranda's Cantonese is solid.

SECRETARY  
The pitch meeting is cancelled and  
will have to be rescheduled.

MIRANDA  
*What? To when? I need to be back  
in Chicago. We were told every  
pitch would be--*

Felps and Miranda share a look as a **SINOTEC EMPLOYEE** walks up to the table, holding a large GAS-MASK. He hands it to her, and the Secretary pulls it up over her head, onto her face.

SECRETARY  
(in Cantonese)  
*Good luck.*

The woman turns, and she and the man go through a door, close it behind themselves.

FELPS  
Must be a germaphobe.  
(then)  
What'd she say?

MIRANDA  
She wished us luck.

Felps and Miranda look at one another. Miranda pulls her phone, walks off.

7

**INT. HOTEL SERI GUMUM - HALLWAY - PORT KLANG, MALAYSIA - Y0 7-  
MOMENTS LATER**

The two approach a rail overlooking the hotel's main area below, both their heads still in their phones.

FELPS  
Why do I have no service?

MIRANDA  
Hotel wifi's still down.

Felps puts his hands on his hips, looks down. Disappointed.

FELPS  
Welcome to We're Fucked Island.

MIRANDA  
It's a peninsula.

FELPS  
What?

MIRANDA  
Malaysia. It's a peninsula.

FELPS  
I left my SAT Phone in Indie. Do  
you have one?

Miranda has crossed the hall, is looking up and down the  
nerverending hallways. Then down below.

MIRANDA  
Are there less people here?

Miranda's distracted, now looking up into the huge atrium to  
a hallway four floors up. Like she just saw something she  
hasn't seen in thirty years...

FELPS  
I don't know. I'm gonna see if the  
Warehouse Boys down in the Showroom  
know what's going on.  
(then)  
You know those guys, right?  
(then)  
You okay, Carroll? What are you  
looking at?

Felps has drifted over, looks where she looks (but we don't  
see). She snaps back, looks at him. Nods, composes herself.  
In control.

MIRANDA  
I'm good. I just--  
(gathers her roller)  
I forgot my SAT Phone, too.

**RRRIINNNNNNNNNNGGG.** Miranda walks off, ring overlaid as she  
heads for the elevators, Felps futzing with his phone.

A7

INT. ROOFTOP BAR - CHICAGO - 2005 - NIGHT 1

A7

Miranda sits alone at a table high up in a rooftop bar. \*  
 She's sketching, with black ink, what looks like a barbed or \*  
 hooked blade directly onto the linen tablecloth. \*

CLARK (O.C.)

No closing time for the famous, \*  
 apparently. \*

She looks up and sees Clark awkwardly holding three drinks,  
 referring to the front of the house, where Arthur is chatting  
 with the **MAITRE D'**, laying on the charm. One **WAITER** carries \*  
 a a tray of **PLATES** to the kitchen. Closing time. \*

CLARK (CONT'D)

He talked them into staying open. \*

They both watch Arthur a beat. Camera stays. Clark sips. \*

CLARK (CONT'D)

I can't tell you how many times  
 I've ended nights like this.  
 (friendly) \*  
 Drinking with someone fascinating \*  
 Arthur "acquired" three bars ago.  
 (indicates) \*  
 While he services fans. \*

MIRANDA

Maybe I acquired him.

She looks back to Arthur. Clark indicates her drawing. \*

CLARK

I'm not sure they'll let you take  
 the tablecloth home...

MIRANDA

I'll remember it. It's more a  
 feeling. \*

CLARK

What's the feeling?

MIRANDA

"Cut and run". When a squall comes  
 up so fast you gotta leave the  
 anchor and just... go. My dad did  
 it once. Sliced the rope right in  
 front of us, with a filet knife.  
 (eyeing Arthur)  
 That feeling.



CLARK

My grandfather used to take us sailing out by the Mouth of Shannon. The idea of a sudden storm like that... terrified me. I prefer the land.

\*  
\*

Arthur comes back over, sits down.

\*

ARTHUR

I'm sorry, I'm sorry. He's nice! One more round. Happy birthday.

MIRANDA

Which one of you was Rosencrantz and which one was Guildenstern?

ARTHUR

That's the joke, right? They're interchangeable. Like Clark and I.

\*  
\*

They both freeze-frame for her, like it's obvious.

\*

CLARK

Maybe it's not the same anymore., Mate. Now that you're...

\*  
\*

ARTHUR

Bah. I'm still Rosencrantz...

\*

Clark looks at him. A moment. But then Arthur's eyes...

\*

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

(to Miranda, smile)

...I invented sandwiches.

Clark chuckles, Miranda smiles, eyes locked to Arthur's, seeing the infinite charm and ease and warmth in there.

MIRANDA

You guys end up the same, at least.

(beat, shrug)

You both get killed by Hamlet.

\*  
\*

After a brief beat where they realize she's joking, all three chuckle, laugh together. Miranda's eyes stay on Arthur's.

\*  
\*

8

INT. HOTEL SERI GUMUM - ROOM - PORT KLANG, MALAYSIA - Y0 - 8  
DAY

Miranda stands in the center of her room with her **NEPTUNE SAT PHONE** to her ear, pacing.

MIRANDA (INTO THE PHONE)  
C'mon, c'mon, c'mon.

Her boss **LEON PREVANT** (60s, igbo accent) picks up.

MIRANDA (INTO THE PHONE) (CONT'D)  
The Chinese cancelled the pitch.

LEON (ON THE PHONE)  
You have to get out of Malaysia.

Miranda closes her eyes, as though she was almost expecting the hint of emergency in his voice.

LEON (ON THE PHONE) (CONT'D)  
The Georgia Flu mutated. It's a  
pandemic.

Miranda sucks in a breath, like she just heard the tolling of a bell she's been waiting to hear her whole life.

LEON (ON THE PHONE) (CONT'D)  
The pitch doesn't matter anymore.

Miranda has a moment of realization about... SOMETHING cosmically ironic-- we won't understand it until later in this episode. But she pivots to a **HARD CASE** beside the couch, thunks it onto a table. She pulls out a **THALES MissionLINK ROUTER**, powers it up. Snaps open her laptop.

MIRANDA (INTO THE PHONE)  
I'm not seeing anything online...

LEON (ON THE PHONE)  
You won't. The Asian governments are taking their lead from the Chinese, curating information. The whole Liverpool branch is dead, by the way.

MIRANDA (INTO THE PHONE)  
All of them?

LEON (ON THE PHONE)  
You barely knew them.

Miranda begins packing up her laptop and the Thales.

MIRANDA (ON THE PHONE)  
How do I get out?

LEON (ON THE PHONE)  
There's a tanker called The  
Robespierre moored ten miles off-  
shore, the captain owes me a favor.  
(MORE)

LEON (ON THE PHONE) (CONT'D)  
I bought a ferryboat online for you  
that you can take from the Masa  
Depan Docks. The keys are in a  
package under your name at the  
front desk. I can be your Chloe.

Miranda shoves more items, toiletries into her bag.

LEON (ON THE PHONE) (CONT'D)  
*The Robespierre's* been at sea for  
forty-eight days, no chance of  
infection onboard. It'll get you  
out. You'll have to show the  
Captain the small of your back  
before you board, so he can see  
you're symptom-free.

Miranda closes her bag, goes to a mirror, twists to check her  
back. All clear.

MIRANDA (ON THE PHONE)  
I am.

Turns to check the room one last time.

MIRANDA (INTO THE PHONE) (CONT'D)  
What about Jim Felps?

LEON (ON THE PHONE)  
The Captain was explicit. He sees  
anyone but you it's shoot to kill.

An explosion of FUZZ and DIGITIZED NOISE --

MIRANDA (INTO THE PHONE)  
*Leon?* What did you just say?

He's gone. Miranda takes a beat, staring at the phone.

ROBOT VOICE (PRE-LAP ON THE PHONE)  
*Mailbox is full.*

9

**INT. HOTEL SERI GUMUM - HALLWAY - PORT KLANG, MALAYSIA - Y09-**  
**LATER**

Miranda walks FAST down the hall, appropriately brimming with  
adrenaline for the end times, bag over her shoulder, stuffing  
earbuds into her ears.

MIRANDA (INTO THE PHONE)  
*Hey, it's me, different number.*

10      INT. HOTEL SERI GUMUM - ELEVATOR - PORT KLANG, MALAYSIA - 10 -  
MOMENTS LATER

Miranda, on the elevator in her hoodie, bag on back, **EARBUDS**  
**IN** now, takes a moment, looking down, *RINGS...* Then **BEEEEEP.**

MIRANDA (INTO THE PHONE)  
 It's, um, four in the morning  
 there, I think. You're my  
 yesterday. Hope the premiere went  
 well. I'm sure you know more than  
 me about the flu.  
 (then)  
 I made a mistake.  
 (beat)  
 Just keep yourself safe. Stay  
 wherever you are. I'm coming to  
 Chicago. I'll find you.

The door *DINGS* and she enters--

MIRANDA (INTO THE PHONE) (CONT'D)  
 Somehow.

11      EXT. DALEY CENTER PLAZA - CHICAGO - 2005 - DAY 1      11

**CHICAGO, FIFTEEN YEARS AGO.** The **THIRD MIRANDA** of our story --  
 age 25 -- walks fast, head down, big **HIKING BACKPACK** on,  
 peppered with gear like she's been hiking the Appalachian  
 Trail. She rounds a bend, revealing **THE THOMPSON CENTER**,  
 which she walks toward...

A11      INT. THOMPSON CENTER - CHICAGO - 2005 - DAY      A11

Miranda rides the escalator down in the Thompson Center,  
 looking up at the amazing architecture of the ceiling.  
 Almost like something out of a sci-fi graphic novel...

LEON (PRE-LAP)  
*What brings us together?*

MIRANDA (PRE-LAP)  
*You called me.*

12      INT. NEPTUNE LOGISTICS OFFICE - CHICAGO - 2005 - DAY      12

**LEON PREVANT** (50s), fifteen years ago on the day Miranda met  
 him, sits looking at Miranda.

MIRANDA

I applied online. You told me to come in for an interview?

Leon, faking like he remembers, turns to his computer and starts typing. He pulls up a TOP TEN INTERVIEW QUESTIONS website, plays it cool.

LEON

(reading)

What is your most valuable quality.

MIRANDA

Listening. Organization.

(then)

And I remember everything.

LEON

I see lots of skills but not many... jobs. When you weren't... a very small child.

(looks up)

Eirene Services?

MIRANDA

My father scrubbed hulls in the St. Croix docks. I did the books.

Something there about remembering her father...

LEON (PRE-LAP)

Do you know what logistics means?

MIRANDA

It's... the path things take.

Leon looks surprised. Pleasantly so.

LEON

Not *the* path. The *right* path. Watch me now.

(holds out one finger)

Point of origin.

(another)

Endpoint. Okay? Logistics is *not* time. Not space. It's flow.

(highlights in-between)

The shortest path's six inches.

(shrugs)

But the *right* path leaves your point of origin... moves past your head, and travels to Des Moines, Iowa before it hits the endpoint.

(MORE)

LEON (CONT'D)  
 (off look)  
 Des Moine's a hypothetical.

Miranda has slowly been drawn in to this as Leon has outlined it for her, almost pulled across the desk.

MIRANDA  
 I understand.

Not used to being understood by anyone, Leon smiles, oddly touched by this attentive young woman.

LEON  
 Where do you see yourself in twenty years?

Miranda considers for a long time.

MIRANDA  
 Everyone'll be dead in twenty years...  
 (shrugs)  
 Or... working for you.

13 OMITTED 13

14 INT. THOMPSON CENTER - CHICAGO - 2005 - DAY 14

Miranda sits with a coffee and a copy of *The Chicago Reader* out on the table, looking through the CLASSIFIEDS. There's a young **ARTHUR LEANDER** on the cover, but she doesn't notice that. She's looking for ONE BEDROOM APARTMENTS.

Miranda suddenly remembers something, looks at her backpack, starts going through it furiously. Digging, looking everywhere. But whatever's missing, it's not here.

MIRANDA  
 AAARGRGGGGRRGGGG!

Her frustrated scream is weird, and people look as she gathers all of her things, scrambles away.

15 INT. LOFT BUILDING - STAIRS/HALLWAY - CHICAGO - 2005 - DAY 15

Miranda walks up some dark, bricked, industrial stairs. She gets to a big BARN DOOR, which SLIDES OPEN just as she reaches for it. **SARATOGA** (23) almost runs into her.

SARATOGA

(stunned)

You came back.

(looks back)

Miranda came back!

He pushes past her in a not-friendly way. She goes inside.

16

INT. THE LOFT - CHICAGO - 2005 - MOMENTS LATER

16

**PABLO** SWEEPS in the large loft space, wearing just his underwear. He's got a LARGE BROOM and is sweeping up some WRECKAGE of broken glass near the dinner table. He looks up from his work, shakes his head at her.

PABLO

You don't get your rent back.

MIRANDA

I just came for my notebooks.

The big TV has a tear in it. She looks at a WINE STAIN on the wall and the mess he's sweeping up. What DID she do?

PABLO

You sure you don't wanna make another toast?

Miranda moves into the space, ignoring Pablo and digging around in some cabinets. Pablo watches her. And then: *THWAP*. A FOLIO lands near her. Miranda looks up.

**JASMINE** (20s) looks at her, shaking her head.

JASMINE

We were your friends. You get that, right?

Jasmine turns, storms out. Pablo eats a chip.

PABLO

What are you wearing?

MIRANDA

I got a job.

PABLO

Cool. Now go find an apartment.

Miranda, Folio under her arm, heads out in shame.

AUNT PHYLLIS (PRE-LAP ON THE PHONE)

*What'd you do this time, Miranda?*



A16

INT. DINER - CHICAGO - 2005 - NIGHT

A16

Miranda sits at the counter in a diner, cup of coffee on the table, sketching Dr. Eleven. Almost nobody in here. Phone to her ear.

MIRANDA (INTO THE PHONE)  
I quit the art collective.

AUNT PHYLLIS (ON THE PHONE)  
*Uh-huh.*

MIRANDA (INTO THE PHONE)  
I just need to live alone.

Miranda doesn't see **ARTHUR LEANDER** moving by on the sidewalk behind her, doesn't see him stop, look at the picture she's sketching.

AUNT PHYLLIS (ON THE PHONE)  
*Just be more decent to people. Not so blunt. Same thing with Kenya.*

MIRANDA (INTO THE PHONE)  
I'll just find someplace new.

AUNT PHYLLIS (ON THE PHONE)  
*Still gotta be decent to yourself. Doesn't matter where.*

Miranda looks as Arthur comes into the diner. He makes brief eye contact with Miranda.

MIRANDA (INTO THE PHONE)  
Okay. Bye, Auntie. I gotta go.

When he looks away, she looks toward him again, then quickly looks back down to her work, continues sketching. Same the other direction. Comes and sits down near her.

She hangs up and goes back to the paper. Arthur smiles at Miranda, then the **WAITRESS**, who seems smitten, flushed.

ARTHUR  
Can I have a coffee, please?

He looks over at Miranda, who is not interested at all. He sees her folio, looks at the side of her face. For a long time. Miranda feels it.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
Do I know you from somewhere?

MIRANDA  
I don't think so.

ARTHUR  
Are you an actress?

MIRANDA  
No.

Arthur nods, looks out the window. Waiting for her to notice that he is an actor. And she does not.

ARTHUR  
I love Chicago because there are no  
paparazzi here.

He's looking for some recognition of any kind. Miranda looks at him, studying his face.

MIRANDA  
I'm sorry, now I feel like I know  
you from somewhere?

Arthur looks back. Finally. She sees it.

She does not see it, and instead she shrugs, packs up her sketchbook.

ARTHUR  
Okay. I need to buy some art from  
you. It doesn't matter what it is.  
(then)  
You're an artist, right?

She begins to pack up her things.

MIRANDA  
I'm in logistics.

ARTHUR  
Because my friend is down the  
street, and he loves art. And I  
only realized it was his *birthday*  
party just now.  
(then)  
He already thinks I'm a flake. I  
need a present for him.

Miranda reaches into her bag, finds some money.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
It doesn't matter if it's good or  
not. The spaceman.

Decides to not take offense to that. Pays, gets up. Heads for the door.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
One thousand dollars?

MIRANDA  
It's not for sale.

She leaves. Arthur looks at the waitress.

ARTHUR  
She doesn't know who I am.

Waitress shakes her head, Arthur hurries out.

B16

EXT. SIDEWALK - CHICAGO - 2005 - NIGHT

B16

Arthur hustles out of the diner, spots her, runs to catch up to Miranda, who strides down the sidewalk at a good clip.

ARTHUR

Excuse me! Okay! I can see you're a person of substance! What if I can describe to you the meaning of your work?

MIRANDA

No thank you.

ARTHUR

My father is a poet, and he never lets a magazine publish his work unless the editor understands it. So he feels less disgusting.

MIRANDA

You haven't seen my work.

ARTHUR

(breathing heavy)

That's okay. I have very good intuition. Let me try.

Miranda slows. They both stop in front of a bar. She shrugs yes. Arthur nods, pleased to have a shot. He closes his eyes, takes a breath. Feeling it, hearing it. Nods.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

The subject of your work is a person... not a *spaceman*... who is lonely, not unhappy. He's strong and independent, but... adrift. Alone. And he's exhausted.

He sees that word get her attention.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

But he also... takes delight in many things. He is playful and sweet. His heart is lighter and warmer than people realize.

(then)

Because of his big suit.

She looks back at Arthur for a long time, then unzips the folio, pulls out a painting, hands it to him. It's a painting of a banana.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
That's a banana.

MIRANDA  
You can have it.

She walks off down the sidewalk.

ARTHUR  
What's your name?

She stops and turns.

MIRANDA  
Miranda.

ARTHUR  
Arthur.

They look at one another for a beat. The door BANGS OPEN...

CLARK (O.C.)  
ARTHUR!

They both glance and see a hammered Clark beaming.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
Get inside already, you embossed carbuncle!

He disappears back inside.

ARTHUR  
My friend. We all did a play together.  
(re: the bar)  
Would you like to come?

MIRANDA  
I gotta get home.

A moment. And the moment when the amount of energy to meet a stranger is surpassed, and he gives up. Arthur nods.

ARTHUR  
Okay. Nice to meet you, Miranda.  
Thank you for the gift.

He nods and heads directly inside, leaving her alone faster than she thought she'd be alone. And she has no home at all.

And nowhere to go. And it SOUNDS fun in there, "This Little Light of Mine" is playing on a juke box...

Miranda walks into the bar, too.

17

OMITTED

17

18 OMITTED 18

19 OMITTED 19

20 INT. HOTEL SERI GUMUM - LOBBY - PORT KLANG, MALAYSIA - Y0 20  
DAY 1

AND ENTERS RECEPTION in Malaysia. Her backpack's over her shoulder. She's on a mission to Chicago. Approaches a **RECEPTIONIST**, who smiles warmly.

MIRANDA

I think you have a package for me.  
Miranda Carroll. Three-twenty-six.

The Receptionist nods, looks around under the desk. Sees something, disappears for a second, and reappears with a wrapped **CHRISTMAS GIFT**, which he *THUNKS* onto the counter.

RECEPTIONIST

Oh, Merry Christmas.

Miranda stares at the green-wrapped... something. Like it's a bomb. Cylindrical shaped and heavy.

MIRANDA

Thank you.

Miranda pulls the present closer to herself, goes with it.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

What's the best way to get to the  
Masa Depan Docks?

RECEPTIONIST

A bus. Short walk from there.  
I'll draw you a map. It comes in  
twenty minutes.

He pulls out a map, turns it, begins sketching out a route through Port Klang with a pen.

FELPS (O.S.)

Carroll!

Miranda turns, holding the present, and sees Felps coming up with a BAG OF GOLF CLUBS slung over his shoulder. He pulls her away from the front desk, accidentally backs into a wall with his bag, apologizes to no one. Leans in.

FELPS (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Assume you're aware of the collapse of civilization. Malaysian government brought out the big boy internet screens, greatwalling in lockstep with the Chinese. Puppy thinkpieces. I'm gonna try to squeeze in a quick eighteen before they realize the world's not actually ending.

(looks at present)

What are you doing this afternoon?

Miranda looks back for a beat.

MIRANDA

I'm escaping the flu on a tanker called The Robespierre.

(concerned)

Jim. You're not seeing the stakes here. Do you have action plan?

He looks at her, she smiles.

FELPS

We travel as partners. I kill with my clubs. The wedges. I die you eat me. You die I eat you.

Felps breaks into a smile.

FELPS (CONT'D)

This thing's gonna blow over in four hours, max, and the conference will be back on. Guarantee you.

Felps points as he's backing away.

MIRANDA

In that case... I don't think your half of the pitch is there yet. It's still weak.

Felps absorbs this, takes it seriously. Seems a little sad.

FELPS

Okay. Appreciate the honesty. I'll... work on it.

Nods, heads out. Miranda looks around the calm space. As she does, we hear the **RIIINNNGGGG** of a phone.



A20 INT. ARTHUR'S BROWNSTONE - SUNPORCH/LIVING ROOM - CHICAGO A20  
2005 - DAY 2

EYES POP OPEN. And they are not the eyes of Miranda Carroll.

**RINNNNG. RIINNNNNNNG. RIINNNNGGGG.** Arthur Leander lies in bed, very hungover, in a simple bed set up in the sunporch of an old Chicago home, blinking himself awake. He groans, trying to remember last night.

ROBOT VOICE (V.O.)  
*This mailbox is full.*

Looks in the spot a fan would usually be. No one there.  
**BEEEP.** Arthur wanders out of his bedroom in boxers, walks through the living room and toward the kitchen--

MIRANDA (V.O. ON THE PHONE)  
*I'm thinking it's going to be...  
 hard for me to find you.*

--and comes back. Finds Miranda asleep on a pull-out couch. There's a blanket over her and a pillow under her head. Arthur sees her backpack against the wall.

MIRANDA (V.O. ON THE PHONE) (CONT'D)  
*You're gonna have to find me.*

Looks at her sleeping peacefully. Then goes to the kitchen.

B20 INT. ARTHUR'S BROWNSTONE - KITCHEN - CHICAGO - 2005 - LATE B20

Later, and Arthur sits eating Chinese takeout at the table when Miranda, bleary, walks in.

MIRANDA  
 Where are we?

ARTHUR  
 My grandmother's house.

Miranda tries to move, feels the pulsing headache. Arthur watches her, goes to a drawer, pulls out some ibuprofen. Pours her a cup of water. Miranda takes the water and pills, looks around.

MIRANDA  
 I talked about myself.

Arthur looks at her, shrugs, nods at the banana painting against the wall.

ARTHUR

You were charming. You told us how  
you painted the banana to insult  
your roommates.

She tilts her head, raises her eyebrows.

MIRANDA

I have to go.

ARTHUR

Have some food. You're hungover.  
Don't be uncivilized.

He begins piling some Chinese leftovers onto a plate. She smiles a little at his fussing, arranging her plate.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Stay ten minutes.

She watches him humming to himself, lining up everything he needs. Not even watching to see if she goes.

ARTHUR (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)

*The movie is called... Alpha/Beta.  
It's like alphabet, but--*

29

**INT. ARTHUR'S BROWNSTONE - KITCHEN - CHICAGO - 2005 - LATE**9

Arthur's cleaning up. Miranda is listening to him go on...

MIRANDA

--but it's Alpha and Beta.

ARTHUR

With a slash. Because it's a two-  
hander. Do you know this term?

MIRANDA

I don't like movies.

ARTHUR

I don't either. A two-hander is a  
story about two people solving the  
same problem.

Miranda realizes he didn't even notice her attempt at insulting him. Instead, he's gotten up, still talking, and found his BACKPACK in the corner...

MIRANDA

What's their shared problem?

ARTHUR

In this case, robbing the Pentagon.  
(then)  
It's the worst script I've ever  
read.

Miranda LAUGHS SUDDENLY at this, maybe the first time we've seen her really beaming. Arthur has found a script, tosses it toward her, chuckles as well. It *THUNKS* on the ground. She picks it up and looks at it.

MIRANDA

Why would you make a bad movie?

Arthur stands in the middle of the room, looking at her.

ARTHUR

For money.

She laughs more, paging through the script.

ARTHUR (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)

*I spent a year on an island when I  
was young. It was awful.*

A29

**INT. ARTHUR'S BROWNSTONE - SUNPORCH/LIVING ROOM - CHICAGO** A29  
**2005 - DAY**

They sit on two buckets in the center of the otherwise-empty living room, BACKGAMMON BOARD resting between them, itself set up on another bucket. Arthur's placing pieces.

ARTHUR

Both of my parents were poets, so for them it was very romantic. *Isla Holbox*. Between the Caribbean and the Gulf of Mexico. We made our own clothes the whole year. I had to get a job with the whale-shark tourboats just to buy pants.

MIRANDA

I've been there.

Arthur looks up from the board, surprised.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

We sailed with no plan until I was eight. We stopped in the cays outside of St. Croix. Then Hugo a couple years later...

Arthur nods.

ARTHUR

I knew, by the way. I saw you putting cheese... in the hot chocolate

Miranda looks back at him like she *could be open* to this man. Then stands, looks at her bag. Arthur gets up, too.

MIRANDA

I have to go to Tokyo.

ARTHUR

Okay.

She takes a step forward, directly to him, and they kiss. After they separate, and after a look, she turns and walks out of the room.

He watches her go, keeps watching as she comes back and comes directly to him and DUMPS HER BACKPACK and they kiss again.

LEON (PRE-LAP ON THE PHONE)

*Miranda, what's your status?*

21

**INT. BUS (MOVING) - PORT KLANG, MALAYSIA - Y0 - DAY 1**

21

Her status is *slipping into her favorite all-time memory*. Miranda stares, looking forward, rocking as she rides a bus. Holding her Christmas present in her lap, earbuds in.

MIRANDA (INTO THE PHONE)

I'm almost to the docks.

LEON (ON THE PHONE)

*The Robespierre* says she'll wait another hour, but they're nervous. Have you opened the package?

She looks to her present. Pulls open the wrapping paper.

MIRANDA (INTO THE PHONE)  
Doing it now.

She tosses the paper aside and finds that she has a **LE CREUSET** pot on her lap.

LEON (ON THE PHONE)  
What are you seeing?

She lifts the top.

MIRANDA (INTO THE PHONE)  
A Le Creuset with a butterfly  
knife, keys, and a picture in it.

There is in fact a **BUTTERFLY KNIFE**, a **POLAROID** of a red boat,  
and a **SET OF KEYS** inside the LE CREUSET.

LEON (ON THE PHONE)  
I didn't want to alarm you. But I  
can't guarantee your safety aboard  
*The Robespierre*. They're good  
people. But they are pirates.

Miranda puts the top back on.

MIRANDA (INTO THE PHONE)  
I'm not scared of fuckin' pirates.

A **MALAYSIAN WOMAN** beside her **EXPLODES IN A FIT OF HACKING**.  
Miranda looks over at her.

LEON (ON THE PHONE)  
How close are you to that person?

**BEHIND MIRANDA**, we notice now for the first time that Dr.  
Eleven is onboard this bus, seven or eight rows back,  
silently watching her. She doesn't see him. She's still  
lost in that kiss...

A21 INT. ARTHUR'S BROWNSTONE - SUNPORCH/LIVING ROOM - CHICAGO A21  
2005 - DAY

AND WE FLASH TO THEM KISSING, Arthur lowering her down onto  
the bed, Miranda relaxing into it...

LEON (V.O. ON THE PHONE)  
*Is she within six feet?*

B21 INT. ARTHUR'S BROWNSTONE - SUNPORCH/LIVING ROOM - CHICAGO B21  
2005 - NIGHT

Arthur and Miranda now kiss in bed, clothes gone. It's  
night. Who knows how long they've been here.

MIRANDA

Don't stop.

C21     INT. BUS (MOVING) - PORT KLANG, MALAYSIA - Y0 - DAY 1     C21

Miranda's lost in the memory, staring out the window.

MIRANDA

I can't get back.

LEON (ON THE PHONE)

Get back where?

And Leon's voice YANKS her back here, and Miranda's eyes catch something out the window. An answered prayer. Miranda raises up her hand, waving.

LEON (ON THE PHONE) (CONT'D)

Is she--

MIRANDA

*BERHENTI!*

22     OMITTED     22

23     OMITTED     23

24     EXT. THE DOCKS - PORT KLANG, MALAYSIA - Y0 - DAY 1     24

Miranda walks fast on the beach, semi-secluded, toward a simple set of wooden docks, holding the Le Creuset. She stops. There are a few FISHING BOATS are tied off.

On the deck of one, a **FISHERMAN** seems to be eating lunch with his family-- his **WIFE, SON, DAUGHTER,** and **MOTHER.** They're on a GREEN-HUED BOAT. On the other side of the dock is the RED-HUED BOAT from the picture. She walks that way.

Her PHONE RINGS and Miranda taps her earbud, steps up onto the wood of the dock.

MIRANDA (INTO THE PHONE)

I'm here.

CLARK (ON THE PHONE)

Miranda? Is that you?

(then)

Miranda Carroll?



Surprised, Miranda stops, wind blowing her hair.

MIRANDA (INTO THE PHONE)

*Clark?*

The Fisherman and his family haven't seemed to notice her.

MIRANDA (INTO THE PHONE) (CONT'D)

How are-- how are you calling this phone?

She eyes the red boat, starts walking again toward the boat.

CLARK (ON THE PHONE)

I wanted to tell you this directly.

(then)

Arthur... died last night.

Miranda's knees IMMEDIATELY BUCKLE and SHE DROPS the Le Creuset, falling onto the dock and HITTING HER HEAD ON IT.

MIRANDA

*AAAH!*

The keys to the boat *SPLASH INTO THE WATER.*

CLARK (ON THE PHONE)

I'm so sorry. He had a heart attack on stage. Doing Lear.

Miranda stares where they went in, panting, holding the wound on her head. She sits, touches her head, finds blood.

CLARK (ON THE PHONE) (CONT'D)

The publicist set up his calls to come to me, apparently. I haven't been answering, but this one's been calling so much...

MIRANDA (INTO THE PHONE)

I shouldn't have left.

CLARK (ON THE PHONE)

Just... heart failure. They said. I don't know how much you've been in touch...

MIRANDA (INTO THE PHONE)

I killed him.

She looks over at the green boat, where the Fisherman and his family are. She gets to her feet. *BEEEEEP.* Miranda taps.

MIRANDA (INTO THE PHONE) (CONT'D)

Arthur?

Miranda turns away from the Fisherman and his family, who are all now watching her. Leon is WHEEZING, and his voice has lost a little power.

LEON (ON THE PHONE)

Describe your surroundings.

Stern anger has enveloped her.

MIRANDA (INTO THE PHONE)

There's a family on another boat.  
Regular. Kids. A grandma.  
They're all looking at me. I  
dropped the keys into the ocean.

LEON (ON THE PHONE)

Take one of the children hostage.

MIRANDA (INTO THE PHONE)

Uh-huh. Okay.

LEON (ON THE PHONE)

Place a blade hard against the  
jugular. Commandeer the boat. Any  
parent would crack.

Miranda looks down at the knife...*AND EXPERTLY FLIPS IT OPEN.*

Hand shaking, she stares over at them all. World ruined.  
And world ruined again.

The Father pulls his kids behind himself. And Miranda...

*EXPERTLY FLIPS CLOSED HER KNIFE.*

25	OMITTED	25
26	OMITTED	26
27	OMITTED	27
28	OMITTED	28
30	OMITTED	30

31

INT. ARTHUR'S BROWNSTONE - SUNPORCH/LIVING ROOM - CHICAGO 31  
2005 - DAY 3

Miranda's getting dressed in the early morning light of the sunporch. Arthur's looking at her from his pillow.

MIRANDA

I really do have to go to Tokyo.

ARTHUR

Live here in this house with me.

MIRANDA

No.

ARTHUR

Come to California.

MIRANDA

No.

ARTHUR

Come back to bed for ten minutes.

She lies down on the bed again next to him. Picks up the script of *Epsilon*, pages through it.

MIRANDA

(reading)

"Why would anyone want that amount of plutonium?"

Arthur looks at her.

ARTHUR

"Untie my fucking wrists."

MIRANDA

"I can think of pretty much one reason, Nick and--

(screaming)

HOLY SHIT! PWWWWWPOOOWPWOW."

Miranda, in-character, gets blasted by the heat of an explosion. Arthur laughs as she gets up, fights invisible bad guys. Kills them both. She comes back to the bed. He's laughing at her commitment to the role.

ARTHUR

"Honestly... I don't care about plutonium right now."

Miranda lies back down, "unties" him. He looks at her.

MIRANDA

"What do you care about, then?"

He pulls his hands up from under the covers, showing they're free. Then he takes her face and kisses her. A **FLASH OF LIGHT** suddenly FLARES in the window, a jump--

32

EXT. RED CARPET - HOLLYWOOD - 2007 - NIGHT 1

32

-- TO A YEAR LATER... THEY ARE WALKING into the paparazzi fray, Arthur smiling, at ease with the camera on him. Miranda slightly behind, looking out, calm in his shadow.

A NEW FLURRY OF BULBS -- **ELIZABETH COLTON** (25), American starlet, is on the carpet. She glances back, waves at the two of them. Arthur waves, touches Miranda's back.

ARTHUR

(to the reporters)

My wife has never seen any of my movies!

33

EXT. RED CARPET - HOLLYWOOD - 2007 - LATER

33

Miranda stands at a small table, watching Arthur talk to reporters. She's typing into a Blackberry.

ELIZABETH (O.C.)

I called those fucks at the Daily Mail. Told them we were the ones having an affair...

Elizabeth, *BEAMING*, approaches and laughs.

MIRANDA

... What?

ELIZABETH

I guess you didn't see the article. It's absurd. He's not even my type.

She looks over at Arthur. Miranda is just on her Blackberry.

MIRANDA

Sorry. I'm dealing with a supply-chain crisis.

ELIZABETH

Yeah, yeah. Of course...

Elizabeth looks at her a little longer, almost like she's going to say something. But doesn't. Turns to head off -- but immediately *STUMBLES*, almost falls. Turns back.

Miranda is still on her blackberry.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Did you just trip me?

MIRANDA

... Huh?

She goes back to her Blackberry. Elizabeth walks away.

34 INT. ARTHUR & MIRANDA'S HOUSE - POOLHOUSE - LOS ANGELES - 34  
2007 - NIGHT

**MONASTIC SILENCE.** ECU of a PAINTBRUSH moving along a canvas. Light blue paints a picture we can't see. We know that blue.

35 EXT. ARTHUR & MIRANDA'S HOUSE - POOLHOUSE - LOS ANGELES - 35  
2007 - NIGHT

Arthur strolls in his yard. Beautiful, still pool, shadows of mountains in the distance. This place feels like paradise.

ARTHUR

*Hola, papa.*

*(in Spanish)*

*Yes, it went really well. It's fine! It's fine. Some good, some bad. You know critics.*

A SMALL LIGHT catches his eye, something in the grass by the poolhouse. He goes to it, picks up a CELLPHONE. Confused, Arthur starts scrolling.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

*Money.*

He strolls over to the poolhouse and sees Miranda painting.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

*Also. Sorry. I didn't tell you. I got married.*

He goes around the back of the poolhouse. Watching Miranda.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

*Because you and mama didn't believe in marriage, I don't know. In Hollywood, it helps. She didn't care.*

*(beat)*

*She's an artist.*

*(then)*

*I'm madly in love with her. Of course I can't tell her. That would destroy it.*

*(then)*

*Okay. Goodbye. I love you, too.*

Arthur hangs up. Looks at Miranda's painting.

MIRANDA  
The window's open.

Arthur freezes.

ARTHUR  
How is your Spanish coming?

MIRANDA  
Barely learned anything.



ARTHUR

I found your phone in the grass.  
I'm going to leave it here.

He does. ON MIRANDA. Working. And she looks up from her work and sees DR. ELEVEN lingering in the shadows through the front window.

36 OMITTED 36

37 OMITTED 37

38 INT. ARTHUR & MIRANDA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LOS ANGELES - 2008 - DAY 2

Miranda lies in bed in her pajamas. Arthur comes in with two cups of tea, goes to her, sets one down.

ARTHUR

You haven't slept.

MIRANDA

Leon's sending me to Perth.

ARTHUR

My theory's that Leon isn't real.

MIRANDA

You've met him.

ARTHUR

So what.

Arthur goes to his side of the bed. Something about this worms its way down, annoys her as he settles.

MIRANDA

You left for four months when you made *Epsilon*.

ARTHUR

But you're not even here when you're here.

(off look)

You're locked away in a little room by yourself, working on things no one's allowed to see.

She gets out of bed, puts her book away.

MIRANDA

That's where I'll be.

ARTHUR

I don't want to live the wrong  
life. And then die.

Miranda heads for the door and is gone, leaving him alone.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Fuck *Dr. Eleven*.

39

INT. ARTHUR AND MIRANDA'S HOUSE - POOLHOUSE - LOS ANGELES 39  
2007 - NIGHT 2

But don't worry, she's not upset. She's just sketching out  
text at the bottom of the frame: **"I don't want to live the  
wrong life and then die."**

39A OMITTED

39A

40 INT. ARTHUR & MIRANDA'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - LOS ANGELES - 2007 - NIGHT 3

Miranda and Arthur both come down a hallway with a SMALL COCKTAIL PARTY in full swing. Arthur looks anxiously down at his guests, numbers seem a little low. Mostly members of **ARTHUR'S INDUSTRY TEAM**: his agent, **GARY HELLER** (40s), a producer, **JORGE ARANA** (40s) and his wife **TESCH** (40s). A writer named **PHIL** (70s). A lawyer named **STAN** (30s) and a few actors and their dates. Fish out of water, **CLARK** is also there. A DOORBELL RINGS.

ARTHUR

I bet this is Russell...

He guides Miranda to the door. **ELIZABETH COLTON**, slightly disheveled, definitely tipsy. Arthur pulls the door open.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

*HEY!*

She gives Arthur a big hug.

ELIZABETH

Hello Mr. *Last Minute Invite*. It's so good to see you.

(releasing)

I left my car with the valet. Is that okay?

ARTHUR

We don't have a valet.

But she's already kissing Miranda on the cheek. Squeezing her warmly.

ELIZABETH

Miranda I love your *feet*.

Elizabeth is looking down at Miranda's toes, through sandals.

MIRANDA

I just got new ones.

An awkward beat. Then Arthur LAUGHS.

ARTHUR

She meant the pedicure.

ELIZABETH

I meant the *pedicure*.

An odd shared look between the two of them. Miranda stays at the door for the moment, watching them.

VOICE IN THE DARKNESS

Miranda! Look right here!

Miranda turns to look and the **FLASH** of a paparazzi camera bursts from the darkness. She slams the door, which is not effective, because it's glass.

41

INT. ARTHUR & MIRANDA'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - LOS ANGELES 41  
2007 - NIGHT

We're through our main course and dessert is on the table.

Miranda watches Arthur and Elizabeth loudly telling stories at their end of the table. Drunk.

ARTHUR

My father is the exact same way about traveling first class. He demands it. A communist! Can you imagine.

(glances to Miranda)

Tell them.

Miranda doesn't like Arthur's dad being the butt of a joke.  
Says nothing.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

That's the thing. The irony.  
"Real artists" get free passes.

MIRANDA

He's a nice man.

ELIZABETH

Oh, Miranda. He's not saying he's  
not nice.

Miranda looks at Elizabeth. Miranda looks and sees Tesch  
looking right at her.

TESCH

And how's your project going,  
Miranda? When will it be finished?

MIRANDA

Soon.

TESCH

I assume you'll publish? When  
you're done?

Miranda's watching Arthur, who's having a small, quiet  
conversation with Elizabeth.

MIRANDA

It's the work itself that's  
important to me. Not whether I  
publish it or not.

TESCH

What's the point of doing all that  
work if no one sees it?

MIRANDA

It makes me happy. It's peaceful,  
spending hours working on it. It  
doesn't really matter to me if  
anyone else sees it.

JORGE

Don't die without seeing Fiji.

MIRANDA

What?

TESCH

We just went! It was *incredible*.  
We smoked. Surfed. Swam.  
Stunning energies.  
(touches Miranda's arm)  
Everything changed.

Miranda looks at Clark, who shrugs slightly.

CLARK

Sounds tremendous.

TESCH

No. More. It was a rebirth.

CLARK

You seem to get reborn almost every  
time you leave your house, Tesch.  
(to Miranda)  
Miranda. Does that happen to you?

Miranda smiles ever so much. Tesch is oblivious--

MIRANDA

Every second.

JORGE

Was Fiji better than Prague?

Tesch SLAMS her palm on the table.

TESCH  
(gasping)  
YES. EVERYONE.  
(beat)  
You all must visit *Praha*.

CLARK  
When you're speaking English,  
you're allowed to call it PRAGUE.

ARTHUR  
Clark. Be nice.

TESCH  
Who are you, again?

CLARK  
Clark. I'm an old friend of  
Arthur's. I once also aspired to  
be a professional actor. Arthur  
and I were Rosencrantz and  
Gilderstern together in the 90s.  
(smiles, remembering)  
But I wasn't good enough, in the  
end. At least I get to visit.

JORGE  
I used to call it Pray-g. Like the  
tomato sauce.

There's a writer here. His name is **PHIL**.

PHIL  
That's Prego.

Elizabeth pulls her eyes from Arthur. Turns toward Tesch.

ELIZABETH

I went after I took a few art history classes at UCLA. I had to experience some of the paintings I'd been reading about...

(then)

Being there was like being... I don't know how to say this. Inside the paintings. Which was this *random fantasy* I had as a kid.

Miranda looks at her closely.

MIRANDA

That's my fantasy.

It's sincere and intense. Elizabeth looks down to Miranda.

ELIZABETH

Have you guys *seen* Miranda's work? I'm just an admirer. But I told Art that I think she's a genius.

MIRANDA

You told who?

ELIZABETH

Art. Arthur. Your husband.

Elizabeth feels it, looks around. Trying to understand the situation. Confused. And drunk.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Arthur brought me into the poolhouse and let me see your work.  
(to everyone)

It's-- you guys, it's *incredible*.

Miranda is staring down the table at Arthur, who's looking right back at her.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

It's modest, *profounds*...

(MORE)



ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

It's about being alienated from all  
the little things, after a tragedy.  
Which is somehow more profound.

MIRANDA

He cleans.

ELIZABETH

What?

MIRANDA

I have a toast.

ARTHUR

Please don't.

Miranda is up with her wineglass up before anyone even has a  
chance to answer. She holds it out, torchlike, and waits for  
them to quiet down.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

"I stood looking over the damage...  
and tried to remember the sweetness  
of life on Earth..."

She pauses, looks them over, lets them wait. Then...

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

"I was late. Or you were early.  
Either one. Same mission.  
Burn every parasite motherfucker  
alive..."

She walks out of the room, POURING her wineglass.

PHIL

I wrote that.

JORGE

It's no Shakespeare.

Clark gets up. Arthur clocks him. Clark looks angry.

ARTHUR

I had two roles. Me and possessed-  
by-an-Alien me.  
(more chuckles)  
Clark and I used to run lines.  
Remember that, Clark?

CLARK

I do, Arthur.  
(gathers himself)  
Sorry everyone. Excuse me.

Clark quietly leaves the room as Arthur shrugs.

ARTHUR

I died twice in that movie. Right?

PHIL

Technically three.

Laughter, and the weird energy in the room pushes Clark--

42

**EXT. ARTHUR & MIRANDA'S HOUSE - POOLSIDE - LOS ANGELES - 2007**  
**- MOMENTS LATER**

Outside by the pool. Lit nicely. Quiet. Clark looks around and eventually sees Miranda lying on a pool chair. Goes that way, silently offers a cigarette. She stares at him, doesn't take it. Clark lights his.

CLARK

I miss cocaine.

Silence. Full stop.

MIRANDA

When did it start? With Elizabeth?

CLARK

I don't think that's real.

A ROAR of laughter from inside, where guests are standing now. The dinner party winding down.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Maybe he got scared. That's usually the case when he's falling in love.

MIRANDA

Scared of what?

CLARK

*Epsilon* didn't do as well as *Delta*. He lost a part to Mel Gibson.

Miranda looks over at the poolhouse.

CLARK (CONT'D)

It's just work. The thing you do. It's not life.

MIRANDA

That book ruined my life.

She looks over at him.

43 INT. ARTHUR & MIRANDA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LOS ANGELES - 2007 - NIGHT

Miranda's going through her things in the closet, her old ratty backpack out. Making her go-bag. Same old. She's already pulled her hoodie over her evening dress.

Arthur comes in, sees her packing, watches her for a beat. Goes to a chair and sits down.

MIRANDA

All you had to do was wait. A little bit longer.

ARTHUR

Elizabeth and I have never--

MIRANDA

I don't care who you fuck. I mean wait to say you loved me. Make a home. Really... Have me.

ARTHUR

I didn't want to wait. Love's an emergency.

Miranda, finished packing, stands up. Looks at him.

MIRANDA

The poolhouse is on fire.

She walks out. We stay with Arthur as he hears the front door open and close. He goes to the window. Pulls it back and sees that... His poolhouse is on fire. He runs out --

44 EXT. ARTHUR & MIRANDA'S HOUSE - POOLSIDE - LOS ANGELES - 2007 - NIGHT

Elizabeth, passed out on a pool chair, awakens, stumbles out to watch a fire burn. She sees Arthur's fumbling of his phone as he drops it into the water as he tries to splash water into the flames.

46 INT. HOTEL SERI GUMUM - LOBBY - PORT KLANG, MALAYSIA - Y0 46 DAY 1

MIRANDA ENTERS THE LOBBY of the hotel. EMPTY and quiet but for that one Receptionist.

RECEPTIONIST

Miss Carroll. Are you okay?

MIRANDA

Where's the bar?

Miranda walks, and then she--

47

INT. HOTEL SERI GUMUM - BAR - PORT KLANG, MALAYSIA - Y0 - 47  
NIGHT 1

**IS JUST SITTING AT THE BAR.** Around her, the remaining thirty humans here-- most of them logistics consultants-- drink and talk in muted voices, watching grimly as the feeds to various American cable news outlets, restored now, paint a picture of doom and destruction around the world.

(No sign of Jim Felps.)

But Miranda sits alone with a cold beer and her THALES out on the bar, holding a napkin to her head, scrolling around in Instagram before tapping the search field and searching **#arthurleander**.

One photo comes up. It's: B&W. Arthur in his Lear costume, backstage, just about to go on. Taken from the perspective of someone around four foot six. Miranda smiles sadly, then clicks on the image, finds the handle: **Kiki3817**. Opens up a DM chat.

**Mira\_Caro: Kirsten? It's Miranda.**

She waits, drinks deep from her beer, watching **Kiki3817**.

(seen)

**Mira\_Caro: Are you safe?**

(seen)

Miranda stares at the non-answer.

**Mira\_Caro: Do you still have Station Eleven?**

(seen)

**Mira\_Caro: I made it for someone like you.**

(seen)

FELPS (O.C.)

Carroll!

Miranda jumps, drops her phone. Turns and sees Felps coming in with his golf clubs still slung over his shoulder.

FELPS (CONT'D)

How was the Christmas party?

MIRANDA

There wasn't one.

FELPS

Get ready to call me Santa Claus,  
then. Because *our pitch is back*  
*on*. The Chinese are in play.  
Heard Huang tried to get out on a  
hydrofoil but it broke.

(thinking)

The foil did. I guess.

(then)

Anyway, the Boddhisatva Room is a  
packed house. They're ready to  
make a deal.

Miranda just stares at him. He's serious.

FELPS (CONT'D)

Let's go land this.

MIRANDA

I'm drunk, Jim.

FELPS

We're up in six minutes.

(to the bartender)

Boilermaker for me, please. Make  
it two.

(cheers)

Air and sea unite.

Miranda takes a DEEP drink of her beer, seeing Felps start to  
pound. She tries to pack up her Thales, get her shit  
together...

MIRANDA (PRE-LAP)

(in Cantonese)

*Hello. Friends.*

48

**INT. HOTEL SERI GUMUM - BODHISATTVA CONFERENCE ROOM - PORT 48**  
**KLANG, MALAYSIA - Y0 - NIGHT**

Miranda, slightly drunk, stands at the head of a table. The  
ten Chinese businessmen who walked out on them this morning  
are now nine, most of them wearing white cotton masks,  
listening. Felps sits beside her. His clubs lean against  
the wall behind him.

MIRANDA

(in Cantonese)

*Thank you for letting us bend your ears today about a few new hybrid supply chain and drone concepts. You seem to all already know the world is ending. So. It's a good reminder that nothing we have done or do matters at all.*

Miranda looks out at them all. **HUANG** in particular seems to have been pulled in by this statement. Miranda sighs.

Felps looks up from his binder, hearing her go off script. She **THROWS** her binder aside, and it clunks to the ground near a startled Huang.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

The man I loved died last night,  
and I went to work instead.

(then)

*The man I loved died last night,  
and I went to work instead.*

She looks toward Huang.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

You don't matter at all, Mr. Huang.

HUANG

Correct.

MIRANDA

Your corporation's falling into the sea. You used to matter, but now you don't.

(then)

*WHY WASN'T I AT THAT PLAY?*

Huang shrugs. Looks around. Pretty simple.

HUANG

You love to work. And you loved your husband.

(shrugs)

That plus bad luck.

Miranda, half-mad now, stares at Huang.

MIRANDA

I just wish I would have had more time with him.

(turns)

Jim?

Felps, brow furrowed, looks at her, stands. She sinks down.

FELPS

"When mankind first looked up to the stars, mankind thought: nonlinear delivery options-- what are those things?"

Huang seems equally interested.

FELPS (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)

*Intense stuff in there, Carroll.*

49

INT. HOTEL SERI GUMUM - CONFERENCE CENTER HALLWAY - PORT 49  
KLANG, MALAYSIA - Y0 - NIGHT

Miranda and Felps reverse their walk from this morning. Only this time, Felps walks with his set of clubs.

FELPS

We're all gonna die, huh?

MIRANDA

I think so, Jim. I'm sorry.

(then)

I don't even know if you have a family back home.

FELPS

I do not. I do not. I do not do not not not not. I do not.

They walk in silence for a beat. Felps looks sad.

MIRANDA

I don't either.

FELPS

Makes me wanna unpack some my self-esteem baggage *big-time* before...

Felps stops. Miranda stops, looks at him with caring eyes. He looks at her, terrified.

FELPS (CONT'D)

I went golfing. Because that's what someone *would* do. If they were okay.

MIRANDA

I know.



FELPS

I'm so scared.

MIRANDA

Take these off, c'mon.

She helps Felps lift his clubs off, set them down. Miranda holds out her arms and--

Felps, crying now, falls into them. She holds him as he weeps. Over his shoulder, Miranda sees Huang watching from the hallway, briefcase in hand. They share a moment of eye contact before he nods his respect, turns and walks away.

Eventually, Felps pulls back. Wipes his eyes.

FELPS

Why aren't you more scared?

MIRANDA

About the end of the world? Or in general?

Felps looks back at her. Warm. Generous.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

I'm just as scared as you, Jim.

They start walking. Felps can't believe it.

FELPS

Really?

MIRANDA

Yeah.

FELPS

Huh. You know I heard they're giving out complementary room-sealing kits at the front desk.

MIRANDA

We should head down and get some.

FELPS

Bet they're going like hotcakes.

MIRANDA

Oh! Forgot to say. You did great on the back half, by the way.

FELPS

Thank you for that. Yeah. Can't believe they bought it.

A49 INT. HOTEL SERI GUMUM - HALLWAY - PORT KLANG, MALAYSIA, Y049  
NIGHT

Miranda walks home with her room-sealing kit, spent.

MIRANDA (V.O. INTO THE PHONE)  
*Leon? Hey, it's me. I'm sorry it  
took so long to call you back.*

Static. Maybe breathing. It's not a great connection.  
Strange warping noises now as the satellite grid fails above.

LEON (V.O. ON THE PHONE)  
*Did you get there?*

MIRANDA (V.O. INTO THE PHONE)  
*Yes.*  
(swipes her card)  
*I'm onboard the Robespierre.*

50 INT. HOTEL SERI GUMUM - ROOM - PORT KLANG, MALAYSIA - Y0 - 50  
NIGHT 1

Miranda sits in the darkness.

LEON (ON THE PHONE)  
*I knew you were a survivor.*

She sits, phone to her ear.

MIRANDA (INTO THE PHONE)  
*You got me here.*

Leon wheezes, chuckling with relief. Miranda smiles.

LEON (INTO THE PHONE)  
*Okay.*  
(straining)  
*Okay. Okay. Ok--*

The line goes dead as Leon fades. Battery is dead.

MIRANDA  
*I'm safe.*

She drops the phone. Looks out. Doesn't die.

*Shhhhhhk. Shhhhk. Shhhhhhk.*

A50 INT. HOTEL SERI GUMUM - ROOM - PORT KLANG, MALAYSIA - Y0 A50  
LATER

Miranda's duct-taping the door frame of her hotel room. **JUMP-CUTS AS SHE BATTENS DOWN THE HATCHES:** The DOOR.

And we start to INTERCUT WITH:

45 INT. THEATER - ARTHUR'S DRESSING ROOM - CHICAGO - 2020 - DAY  
1

**LITTLE KIRSTEN** sits coloring as Arthur looks up from the book. Miranda's in her chair, looking down at her tea.

ARTHUR

Tyler would like this. My son.

MIRANDA

Your son with Elizabeth?

He nods. Miranda reaches into her bag, pulls out the other envelope. Sets it on the table.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

Send him this one. I have more.

ARTHUR

How does it feel? To actually... accomplish something?

He sets the book aside.

MIRANDA

Like I've always been a stranger.  
(shrugs)  
I lost everyone who knew me. I lost you.

She looks over. Kirsten is staring at the book.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

But I had to finish first. That's the only way I know how to say it.

B50 IN THE HOTEL ROOM - Y0 B50

The VENTS. *Shhhhhhk. Shhhhk. Shhhhk.*

A45 IN THE DRESSING ROOM - 2020 A45

Miranda shakes her head. Stands. Miranda smiles sadly.

MIRANDA

And I did. I'm just sorry it's too late.

C50 IN THE HOTEL ROOM AT THE BALCONY - Y0 C50

*Shhhhhhk*--tapes that shut, too.

B45 IN THE DRESSING ROOM - 2020 B45

Arthur looks down at the book in his lap. Looks back up as she's standing, gathering up her things.

Arthur watches her cross to the door.

ARTHUR

Why?

She looks back.

***KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK.***

D50 IN THE HOTEL ROOM - Y0 D50

In her room, Miranda stares at where the knock came from. But not at the front door, so expertly sealed. Basically impenetrable. She looks at the door on the wall. The door that connects to another suite.

***KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK.***

C45

IN THE DRESSING ROOM - 2020

C45

Miranda, lingering at the door, looks back.

ARTHUR  
Let's have dinner.

MIRANDA  
Huh?

ARTHUR  
There's an Italian place across the  
street. I know the guy.

Miranda's not getting it. He's up, crosses, looking at his  
phone. He looks up.

MIRANDA  
But... Malaysia. My flight.

ARTHUR  
Fine, go to work. Come back.

It has never **ONCE** occurred to her that A to B, the simple  
path, could be the right path.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
Don't overthink it. Just say yes.

MIRANDA  
Yes.

ARTHUR  
Great.

They kiss. And it's over. They step back. Look at each  
other in the SILENCE.

MIRANDA  
Great. Bye.

ARTHUR  
Bye.

Miranda, weak in the knees, walks away.

**KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK.**

E50

**IN THE HOTEL ROOM - Y0 - END INTERCUT**

E50

Two weeks later. The man she loved died on stage, and Miranda went to work instead.

Miranda walks toward the other door. She reaches out and unlocks it. Opens it.

**DR. ELEVEN** stands in front of her...

But this is not *IT FOLLOWS*, people. Miranda's not scared. He's not been hunting her, he's been guiding. He got her her ten minutes with Arthur. But Malaysia is where she needs to be.

And Dr. Eleven has gotten her here. Not a straight line. Very much via Des Moines. No way to tell yet why she needed to get here. Not yet.

But there's more to do. And that more is called *EPISODE 109*.

SILENCE. Miranda doesn't flinch. Just looks at her face stretched and made into a sphere, warped by the light and cracked glass into a hurricane...

**CUT TO BLACK**

**NOTE - THIS IS THE SCALED BACK SC 31 AS IT EXISTED IN THE PREVIOUS DRAFT:**

31ALT INT. ARTHUR'S BROWNSTONE - SUNPORCH/LIVING ROOM - CHICAGO ALT  
2005 - DAY 3

Miranda's getting dressed in the early morning light of the sunporch. Suddenly Arthur's looking at her from his pillow.

MIRANDA

I really do have to go to Tokyo.

ARTHUR

Live here in this house with me.

MIRANDA

No.

ARTHUR

Come to California.

MIRANDA

No.

ARTHUR

Come back to bed for ten minutes.

She lies down on the bed again next to him. Picks up the script of *Epsilon*, pages through it.

MIRANDA

(reading)

"Why would anyone want that amount of plutonium?"

Arthur looks at her.

ARTHUR

"Untie my fucking wrists."

MIRANDA

"I can think of pretty much one reason, Nick."

ARTHUR

"Honestly... I don't care about plutonium right now."

Miranda looks over at him. He looks at her.

MIRANDA

"Oh no? What do you care about, then?"

He pulls his hands up from under the covers, showing they're free. Then he takes her face and kisses her. A **FLASH OF LIGHT** suddenly FLARES in the window, a jump--