

STATION ELEVEN



EPISODE 105
"The Severn City Airport"

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

2nd Green Revisions
Wednesday, May 19th, 2021

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Revision History

Date	Draft	Revised Pages
9/30/20	Production Draft	All
11/17/20	Full Blue	All
12/10/20	Full Pink	All
2/21/21	Yellow Revisions	1, 3, 8-11, 15, 22, 23, 30, 36, 42, 45-47, 53-55
3/23/21	Full Green	All
3/28/21	Goldenrod Revisions	1-2, 5-5A, 8-10, 13, 15, 17, 20-21, 24-24A, 27-35, 40-44A, 46, 48-49A
4/5/21	2nd White Revisions	1-1A, 10-10A, 18, 32-33A, 43, 48-49A
4/12/21	2nd Blue Revisions	7-7A
4/13/21	2nd Pink Revisions	13-13A
4/23/21	2nd Yellow Revisions	19-19A, 50-51
5/19/21	2nd Green Revisions	49-50

Notes: Revisions are marked with (*).

554, 555 these revision marks reflect the omission of V.O.

556 this scene is now entirely borrowed footage from 102 (sc **231**)

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Cast List

THE PROPHET.....DANIEL ZOVATTO
CLARK THOMPSON.....DAVID WILMOT
ELIZABETH COLTON.....CAITLIN FITZGERALD

YOUNG TYLER LEANDER
MILES
BRIAN/MOUNTEBANC
CODY
HALEY BUTTERSCOTCH
SHAY RYAN
NEWS ANCHOR
STANLEY
NICK ROKER
ANGELA
BARB
RILEY
CONSTANCE
GARRETT
SEAN
KELSEY
DEAN
TIM (V.O. ONLY)
CAPTAIN (V.O. ONLY)
CHILD'S VOICE (V.O. ONLY)

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Location List

Interior Locations

INT. PLANE - LA GUARDIA AIRPORT - Y0/D1 - PRE-DAWN
INT. PLANE - Y0/D1 - DAWN
INT. MAIN TERMINAL - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/D1 - DAY/NIGHT
INT. MAIN TERMINAL - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/D8 - DAY/NIGHT
INT. MAIN TERMINAL - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/D13 - NIGHT
INT. MAIN TERMINAL - TICKET LINE - Y0/D1 - DAY
INT. ATRIUM - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/D1 - DAY
INT. ATRIUM - HALLWAY - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/D8 - DAY
INT. ATRIUM - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/D9 - DAY
INT. ATRIUM - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/D13 - DAY
INT. ATRIUM - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/D41 - DAY
INT. ATRIUM - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/D122 - DAY
INT. AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL DECK - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/D8 - DAY
INT. AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL DECK - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/D13 - DAY
INT. AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL DECK - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/D41 - DAY
INT. AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL DECK (MUSEUM OF CIVILIZATION) - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/D122 - DAY/NIGHT
INT. SELECT! LOUNGE - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/D9 - DAY
INT. JANITOR'S CLOSET - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/D8 - NIGHT
INT. JETWAY - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/D122 - DAY
INT. HANGAR G - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/D13 - DAY
INT. HANGAR G - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/D42 - DAY
INT. JETWAY - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/D13 - NIGHT
INT. PRIVATE JET - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/D41 - DAY
INT. GHOST PLANE - COCKPIT - Y0/D122 - DAY/NIGHT

Exterior Locations

EXT. TARMAC - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/D8 - DAY
EXT. TARMAC - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/D122 - NIGHT
EXT. GHOST PLANE - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/D13 - NIGHT
EXT. GHOST PLANE - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/D122 - DUSK
~~EXT. SEVENTEENTH GREEN - PINGTREE - Y20/D5 - NIGHT~~
EXT. THE BEACH - ST. DEBORAH-BY-THE-WATER - Y20 - NIGHT

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Day/Night Breakdown

A NOTE ON THIS SYSTEM:

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

<u>SN#</u>	<u>SCRIPT D/N</u>
1-A1.....	Y0/D122
2-3.....	<i>omitted</i>
4.....	Y0/D1
5.....	<i>omitted</i>
6-7.....	Y0/D1
8.....	<i>omitted</i>
9.....	Y0/D1
10-12.....	<i>omitted</i>
13.....	Y0/D1
14.....	<i>omitted</i>
15-17.....	Y0/D1
A17.....	<i>omitted</i>
18-19.....	Y0/D8
20.....	<i>omitted</i>
21-25.....	Y0/D8
26.....	<i>omitted</i>
27-28.....	Y0/D9
29.....	Y0/D13
30-31.....	<i>omitted</i>
32-B34.....	Y0/D13
35-37.....	<i>omitted</i>
38-40.....	Y0/D13
41.....	<i>omitted</i>
42.....	Y0/D13
43-45.....	Y0/D41
46.....	<i>omitted</i>
47.....	Y0/D41
48.....	Y0/D42
49-55.....	Y0/D122
56.....	Y20/D1

OPEN ON A BOY'S FASCINATED FACE, illuminated by flame. It could be 20 A.D., 1220 A.D., or 2020 A.D. Or Year Zero.

The kid's reading in the dark, holding up a GOLD LIGHTER. Reading *Station Eleven*, pgs 54-55:

On the left-hand page, CAPTAIN LONEGAN points at a monitor, some kind of footage from Earth, where slug-like parasite creatures churn. His text reads: "You want to know why I can't take them back to Earth, Eleven? Even if you could fix this junkheap? Monsters." There is a frame of Dr. Eleven staring for some time, and Lonagan asks him, "What?" On the right-hand page, Dr. Eleven, close to his mask, says, "To the monsters, we're the monsters." Lonagan steps up. "Not true, Eleven. I'm objectively handsome."

The boy reading is **YOUNG TYLER LEANDER** (12), son of the late Arthur, his knees tucked to his chest in the tight darkness. We don't know this yet because we don't know him yet. There is a GASOLINE CAN next to him in this small shaft, and we can just see GRAFFITI on the walls: to the left, "Captain Lonagan's Quarters" is scribbled. To the right, "Dr. Eleven's Body Incinerator". He reads.

CHYRON: DAY 122

A *CRACKLE* from a walkie-talkie, and he vaguely glances at the WALKIE near the gas-can.

ELIZABETH (ON THE WALKIE)

Tyler. Can you hear me?

(then)

I know you're mad.

(then)

C'mon, Tyler.

He puts down the book and picks up the walkie, looks like he's about to say something. But instead, he slides a MASK up over his mouth, familiar to us in shape but graffitied and scribbled and made into the smeared face of a monster.

ELIZABETH (ON THE WALKIE) (CONT'D)

Clark and I are worried.

Tyler looks at the walkie for a beat, then decides not to speak and clips it onto his BACKPACK, also lying here. He *CLINKS* the lighter closed and we CUT RIGHT TO--

A1

EXT. GHOST PLANE - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/D122 - DUSK

A1

Tyler walking on the tarmac with that backpack on his back, can of gasoline his hand, headed toward a lone plane in the darkness, mid-emergency door open, but opened months ago...

ELIZABETH (ON THE WALKIE)
*Whatever you think happened... it's
 just... grown-up stuff.*

Tyler gets nearer and nearer to the plane. Over this we hear
 a *CLINK... CLINK.... CLINK....*

2 OMITTED 2

3 OMITTED 3

4 INT. PLANE - LA GUARDIA AIRPORT - Y0/D1 - PRE-DAWN 4

CLINK! That same lighter clinks closed. We're onboard and
 find **CLARK THOMPSON** (50s), who has the lighter in his hand,
 clinking it open and closed, working on his luxe leather
 corporate notebook, inside a sleek leather folio. Analog
 elegance. He sits in the bulkhead seat in the front row of
 economy (Economy Plus!). Next to him is **ANGELA** (30s), a
 stranger, sitting with a sleeping **INFANT**. In evidence is
 also a BULKY OLDER LAPTOP.

CHYRON: DAY ONE

ANGELA
 Weird time to fly.

He glances up and sees the **FLIGHT ATTENDANT** about to close
 the main hatch, but holds a beat before a harried **ELIZABETH
 COLTON** (40s) comes aboard, with Tyler right behind her.

Behind Elizabeth and Tyler is **SHAY RYAN** (20s), the nanny
 struggling with extra bags, **BRIAN** (40s), her European
 Agent/Manager/Publicist already taking issue with the seating
 arrangement with **STANLEY**, a man in a Hawaiian shirt who was
 asleep in his seat.

BRIAN
 C'mon, Mr. Honolulu.

Clark is stunned to see them as they move in with their
 luggage and settle into their **FIRST CLASS** seats, Stanley
 irritably moving to a different one.

ANGELA
 She's from *Alpha/Beta*.

CLARK
 Elizabeth!

He tries to smile and wave at Elizabeth, but she sits down before she sees him. Tyler, though, looks right at him.

CLARK (CONT'D)
She's a friend.

5 **OMITTED** 5

6 **INT. PLANE - Y0/D1 - DAWN** 6

An hour into the flight and a SOCCER BALL rolls down the center of the aisle and slips through into the First Class section. Clark glances back; there's an entire **SEMI-PRO WOMEN'S SOCCER TEAM** (the Richmond LAZERS) interspersed behind him, all with the same red jumpers. No one's looking for the ball. Clark sees an opportunity.

CLARK
(to no one)
I'll get it.

The Flight Attendant moves by, and Clark nods, she goes. He gets up, making to stretch, then moves aside the curtain--

7 **FIRST CLASS** 7

Elizabeth's flipping through an Eckhart Tolle book as Clark comes up. There's a glass of OJ on her tray table, as well as a complicated-looking PILL CONTAINER. She glances up.

ELIZABETH
Oh. Clark. There you are.
(digging into container)
I saw you at LaGuardia eating a
pretzel.

Beside her, Tyler works hard in a homemade-looking handheld gaming device, headphones on. Across the aisle, a seat's open. Clark sits.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
My lawyer called during the
layover. Tyler doesn't know about
Arthur. And now, oh look...
(shrugs)
...We're in a shit indie movie.

She says it with stunning deadpan. Clark's looking at Tyler.

CLARK
Can he not hear us?

ELIZABETH

No. Why are you going to Chicago?

CLARK

I was still listed as the Executor
of Arthur's estate.

Elizabeth studies him as he looks at Tyler. Tilts her head.

CLARK (CONT'D)

I'm responsible for getting his
body back to Mexico.

(then)

I'm so sorry... for Tyler.

She smiles a fake-sweet smile. Nods.

ELIZABETH

Was it hard to remember our names?

CLARK

Whose?

ELIZABETH

The women Arthur fucked.

Clark looks at her warily.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

You never made a mistake.

CLARK

I usually wasn't aware...

ELIZABETH

Don't you remember that night at
Taylor's, in Chicago? Going out
with me and Arthur while he was
still married to the artist? You
were both so *fun*, fuck...

CLARK

I vaguely remember.

ELIZABETH

Did you do that with the next wife?
I just ask because you and I were
friends by then, which is even
more... I dunno. Diabolical.

Clark's eyes have gone to the TV on the back of another
passengers' seat. On that TV, the news is showing video of
three people SELF-IMMOLATING on the White House Lawn.

CLARK

How is... Tyler doing?

Elizabeth looks at Tyler.

ELIZABETH

I'm worried he burned down his school. He won't admit it.

CLARK

What?

Brian comes from the bathroom, stands beside the seat. He's holding the soccer ball.

BRIAN

(Italian accent)

Excuse me, sir. You're standing in my way. *Sei pazzo...*

(to Elizabeth)

Is he bothering you?

Clark glances. To him, Brian is a stranger, just some dude. But to us... We have *seen* this guy before. The hair is not styled in the space that we know him, and he was more like 50-something than the man we see now, but... That's the man we know from Y20 as **MOUNTEBANC**.

CAPTAIN (ON THE INTERCOM)

Ladies and gentlemen, sorry to bother you, but we've got a bit of a hiccup in Chicago.

Clark squints at that, his eyes tick to Elizabeth. Elizabeth looks, flicker of anxiety. Clark looks down out the window, into the sky, before Brian clears his throat.

BRIAN

Please. Leave first class.

ELIZABETH

It's okay. He's just a fan.

Clark gets up. Eyes Brian.

CLARK

That's my ball.

He takes the ball, heads back to the underclass...

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

8

OMITTED

8

9 INT. MAIN TERMINAL - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/D1 - DAY 9

Clark, texting, deplanes, focused on his phone. He looks up and out as he walks into the barren, empty terminal of a regional airport. He goes back to his phone, tap-taps, a text to Tim:

Clark: I shouldn't have left. I'm sorry.

Tim: Just get back home ASAP.

Clark: I don't like this.

Clark has walked up to a "Duty Free" shop's entrance, eyes a nice stack of vodka.

10 OMITTED 10

11 OMITTED 11

12 OMITTED 12

13 INT. MAIN TERMINAL - TICKET LINE - Y0/D1 - MOMENTS LATER 13

Clark, duty-free bag in hand, clinking bottles in it, approaches to find Elizabeth gathering her things as a frustrated attendant, **KELSEY**, tries to service the next people in line. She's had a negative interaction.

ELIZABETH

Do you know what a United Nations
Ambassador *is*?

Brian is taking over yelling at the attendant.

BRIAN

(listing aggressively)
She has been to *Nepal*. She has
done *humanitarian work in Belize*.
She has traveled *everywhere...*

Clark approaches as she steps back. She sees Clark, gathers herself. They step aside, Elizabeth in her phone.

CLARK

I'm going to get a car when the
rental place opens up, if you and
Tyler want to...

ELIZABETH

My assistant got us a jet. It's en route now...

Clark looks at Shay.

SHAY

I'm the nanny.

Clark looks at Brian.

SHAY (CONT'D)

He's the agent.

ELIZABETH

Hilda's keeping track of things from Berlin. She says it's not good back there, Clark.

Tyler looks up, headphones... still on. Clark clocks that Tyler seems able to hear his mother.

CLARK

(for Tyler)

I'm sure everything will be all right.

Clark looks at Tyler's device, notices it looks... strange? That someone's added to it a bit. Sees an opening to connect.

CLARK (CONT'D)

What is that thing?

SHAY

He rewired it. He's really smart.

ELIZABETH

There's the first class lounge.

Brian? Let's take that.

(toward Tyler)

Tyler. Come on.

Brian leaves, headed toward where he was directed. Up at the desk, the next man up in line, Stanley, BANGS his hand on the counter, furious and red-faced. Kelsey just absorbs the whispered, furious diatribe. They both watch as Stanley begins to weep.

Clark turns, almost runs into a TSA Agent, **MILES** (46, Black).

MILES

Sir. Find another place to stand.

CLARK

Do you know where can I find the
car rental desks?

MILES

No cars. Everything's rented.

CLARK

I have to get to Chicago.

Miles is watching the tense scene at the counter.

MILES
Okay Steve Martin.
(off look)
Lemme call John Candy and we'll get
you both back home for
Thanksgiving.

Miles smiles. A little moment of connection here.

MILES (CONT'D)
Planes, Trains, and Automobiles.

STANLEY
*THAT IS NOT AN OPTION. DO YOU HEAR
ME? THAT IS NOT AN OPTION!*

He gives Clark a final once-over-- the flirty kind-- and goes to the desk.

MILES
Sir, you need to take a breath.

STANLEY
FUCK YOU.

MILES
Okay.

Miles puts the man into a semi-gentle headlock. Clark watches him restrain the man in a professional fashion and lower him to the ground. He is compliant, nodding.

STANLEY
I don't cause problems.

Clark looks over toward an official-seeming door, which opens up. Three **AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL OPERATORS**, some still with headphones/mics cradled on their necks, come out, pulling on their jackets. They look around and head for the exit. One pulls off his headset and his lanyard with ID badge and keycard and stuffs it all into a trash can as he walks off.

Clark looks back and sees Miles cuffing Stanley. Everyone ignores this whole thing. Off Clark, feeling the rules of life subtly shifting already...

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
*The speed at which this has
unfolded has been... stunning...*

15

INT. MAIN TERMINAL - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/D1 - DAY

15

Hours later. Stagnation setting in. Kelsey is still at work, typing. Three species of people:

- 1) The Get-Me-Outs: There are long lines at every help desk as worried travelers demand to be rebooked and get back.
- 2) This is Gonna Be Fines, shades of Jim Felps: The SOCCER TEAM laugh and kick a ball around... Kids play. Whatever.
- 3) The News People: Others watch a variety of alarming flu-related pieces of news with quiet concern.

We find Clark absorbing the situation, notebook in hand, still observing the way the rules are changing. Then his eyes move to a TV monitor where a **NEWS ANCHOR** in a suit who looks quite tired is making his point:

NEWS ANCHOR

...The implications for the global supply chain are already being felt, and managing that system is a highly specialized skillset. Logistics. If those people are no longer... able to work... I don't know what then.

(trails off, then abruptly sheds his news anchor persona)

Mel, if you're watching this, sweetheart, take the kids to your parents' ranch. Back roads only, my love. No highways...

The News Anchor abruptly walks out of frame.

This sends a wave of anxiety through anyone watching-- people reach for their loved ones, get on their phones. A few start walking briskly out of the terminal, maybe leaving for good. Clark watches, EARBUDS in.

TIM (ON VOICEMAIL)

Hey! It's Tim. Try leaving a message, I hate phones, byeeee!

Familiar BEEP.

CLARK (INTO THE PHONE)

I forgot my charger, I'll have to borrow one from someone...

Through the window, he sees a small plane taxiing, nowhere near the gate. He goes to it.

CLARK (INTO THE PHONE) (CONT'D)
This flu seems substantial. But no
one here seems to have it. I--

The call drops. Clark looks over, sees that Shay has come up
beside him.

SHAY
I just heard them say they're not
letting people get off that one.

She indicates **NICK ROKER**, authoritative, calm, bespectacled,
standing near the gate, speaking quietly to Kelsey. He is
wearing a Homeland Security windbreaker and hat.

CLARK
The air-traffic control operators
left.

SHAY
It's not that. The people on that
plane are sick.

CLARK
They still have rights as citizens.
They need medical attention.

SHAY
It doesn't matter. This flu kills
everyone. We're all dead if they
come in here.

Clark looks alarmed, slightly sickened.

CLARK
Excuse me.

Clark moves away, finds a wall to sit against, alone, and
pulls his phone. Goes to his RECENTS, looks at many tries to
Tim, backs up a bit and finds Miranda's number.

CONSTANCE
They're bringing the luggage!

Clark glances up, sees Constance and others heading toward
the atrium. Rises to his feet, raising his phone to his ear.

A large ELECTRIC CART, piled high with luggage, driven by a
PASSENGER (BG, Gordie) because all the airport employees have
left, wheels into the center of the ATRIUM.

It comes to a stop and a few VOLUNTEERS start unloading bags while PASSENGERS circle around, waiting patiently.

Clark stands with them, looking for his bags. He notices Tyler across the room, sitting up against the wall.

Clark glances back to the circle of passengers and sees a **LADY FROM LONG ISLAND, BARB**, eyeing Elizabeth. Brian is nearby, now helping to offload baggage for Elizabeth.

BARB

Excuse me. I'm *such* a fan. You just have no idea.

ELIZABETH

Thank you.

BARB

Would you mind?

The woman holds up her phone. Elizabeth seems unsure for a moment, then suddenly turns on her glamorous smile, and Clark rolls his eyes. He sees he's next to that tired mom, Angela, who's (incidentally) still looking bleary-eyed.

CLARK

You'd think at a time like this...
(indicates Elizabeth)
She's famous. Big deal. I'll tell you what, she won't be very famous if the everyone on the fucking planet dies. She should be doing what you're doing, being with her child. Helping him through this. That's the job. Help.

Clark sees his bag, then, reaches for it, pulls it off and wheels away. He slows, though, as he comes close to Tyler, glances again toward Elizabeth. Rolls over to him and squats down right in front of him.

He is caught off-guard by **The Nation** up on Tyler's device. The headline reads, "America Before the Fall."

CLARK (CONT'D)

Serious business. Remember me?

Tyler looks up. Eventually, pulls down his headphones.

CLARK (CONT'D)

I'm a friend of your father's.
(off nothing)
Uncle Clark.

Tyler just stares at him.

CLARK (CONT'D)

I think you're smart. I think you
know exactly what call your mother
got back in New York. Last night.
(beat)
Your father...

Tyler stares a beat. Clark looks around at all the regular
folks about. The Soccer Team is around, playfully chattering
and listening to music. Clark's soliloquoy begins...

CLARK (CONT'D)

I don't know what's going to happen
with this Flu. Civilization is a
complex, self-correcting mechanism.
(hushed intensity)
As complex as a person, in fact,
and only self-aware to a degree.
(nods to *The Nation*)
You understand.
(finally)
Whatever happens...

Tyler is fully just reading now. Clark watches Brian hauling
another bag for Elizabeth.

CLARK (CONT'D)

I'm your Uncle Clark.

17

INT. MAIN TERMINAL - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/D1 - NIGHT 17

Clark's camped out alone with his bag, making space for
himself. He's digging through his luggage, finds a JAR OF
ALMOND BUTTER, stares at it for a few beats, then opens it.

He reaches in and digs into the almond butter with a pencil
until he finds a PLASTIC BAGGIE, slowly pulls it out.

This is a bag of cocaine. He pours the coke carefully into
an ALTOIDS tin.

He stands up, goes to the window. Looks out at that lone
Gitchegumee Air jet out on the tarmac.

CLARK

(quoting *King Lear*)
And worse I may be yet...

He reaches into his pocket, gets some coke onto a fingertip,
snorts it. Licks what's left. Stares, feels it.

CLARK (CONT'D)

*The worst is not, so long as we can
say "This is the worst."*

MILES (O.S.)

It's like Gilligan's Island.

CLARK

Who?

Clark twists, sees Miles in his big Canada Goose jacket sitting in a Crazy Creek, looking out as well. He's got a little ukulele next to him. He begins strumming the Gilligan's Island theme.

MILES

*The Irishman/The soccer team/The
screaming guy/and the nun/The movie
star...*

He strums, smiles at Clark's amusement.

CLARK

The TSA Agent Man...

Far away across the airport, a LOUD SCREAM suddenly TOTALLY SILENCES the low sound of human muttering. Clark sees Riley from the soccer team dropping to her knees and crying, phone to her ear. Her fellow players rush to her, usher her away.

Miles comes over to look, then sits down opposite Clark.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Does she need... help?

MILES

I dunno. I quit a couple hours ago. Had my gear in my truck, thank God.

CLARK

How come you're still here?

MILES

More food here than at my place. Besides, no one to go home to...

(then)

I think this thing's really happening, man. You can see it out there. This kinda... glaze in people's eyes.

(then)

Like... we know.

(MORE)

MILES (CONT'D)

But we can't *know* know. Yet. Like
the whole world's just this now.

Clark looks back out at the Gitchegumee Air jet.

CLARK

They're all heroes onboard that
plane. Every single one of them.
(looks)
We'll get through this. My
optimism's intact.

MILES

Probably just the coke.

Miles's phone buzzes. He glances.

MILES (CONT'D)

Shit.

Shakes his head. Looks up.

CLARK

What is it?

MILES

Nothing. My grandpa's dead.

A17

OMITTED

A17

18

INT. MAIN TERMINAL - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/D8 - MORNING 18

Clark startles awake, as if from a bad dream. He's slept on a row of chairs. Wears clothes more casual than last time we saw him, but not quite pajamas. His bags are zipped and tucked under the chairs.

He's quite hungover, but it's not obvious.

People are asleep in little makeshift camps while others go about their morning routines. **GARRETT** (30s, young business guy), now wearing a bathrobe and flip-flops, is brushing his teeth *en route* to the bathroom.

CHYRON: DAY 8

Riley is sitting near a TV and flipping through the stations: some are dead air, others are just the station ID cards. The news is on; it's now just a shot of an empty studio. Papers are scattered over the desk. A **SECURITY GUARD** walks across the screen, his arms full of food from the CNN kitchen.

Riley eventually lands on a channel playing *The Rugrats Movie*. A banner runs across the top, warning: "DO NOT LEAVE YOUR HOMES DUE TO MEDICAL EMERGENCY. REMAIN CALM AND AWAIT FURTHER INSTRUCTION," but it's the only station with anything.

Barb, close to Riley, looks up at the cartoon blankly.

BARB

Can we put on something else?

RILEY

This is MY TV, bitch.

Clark pulls his phone from the charger beside him. He tries to check his voicemail, but that's also not working. He's got scruff now, doesn't look particularly optimistic.

Around the terminal, we see what's gone down in the last eight days. Thinned population here, slightly, and people have set up their own little camps throughout the place.

Clark reaches into his pocket and pulls out his mints tin. It's empty. He licks his finger and drags it around the inside of the tin, looking for anything. After, he sucks on his finger, then stands up, walks to the window.

The Gitchegumee Air jet is there. He pulls a cigarette pack from his pocket-- only a couple left. Lights one right here.

ROKER (O.S.)

Clark Thompson?

Clark turns and sees Roker. Roker looks haggard but still in command. He's holding some stapled papers.

ROKER (CONT'D)

I see from my files you've done some business with Goldman-Sachs.

CLARK

Is that my Linked-In page?

Roker shuffles his pages. Behind him, we can see Miles nearby, listening.

ROKER

Things are happening. I'm going to get a plane of people out of here.

(off look)

I obviously can't let this go wide. I need useful people. Thoughtful people. Skilled people. Like you.

CLARK

I'm not sure I know what you're talking about.

ROKER

I'm talking about zombies, man.

Clark stares back at him. Roker nods, pats *him* on the shoulder. Very unsettled.

ROKER (CONT'D)

Clark Thompson. That's two last names. I trust that. I hope you'll come.

Clark watches him go, unimpressed. Shares a look with Miles.

TIM (V.O. VOICEMAIL)

Hey. Sorry I missed your call.

19

INT. MAIN TERMINAL - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/D8 - DAY

19

Clark approaches a door. A sign on it reads, "AIRPORT PERSONNEL ONLY." Clark looks at the sign before looking over his shoulder to see if anyone's watching. Sure the coast is clear, he reaches into a nearby trash can near the door and pulls out the air traffic controller's lanyard. He uses the key card to open the door and steps in.

TIM (V.O. VOICEMAIL)

I looked up Severn City. It really is in the middle of nowhere.

20 OMITTED

20

21 INT. AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL DECK - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/DØ1-DAY

Clark steps from the staircase into the control deck. It's a beautiful view: trees, blue skies, fluffy clouds.

TIM (V.O. VOICEMAIL)
Just try to call me back.

He takes in the view and then gazes over at a wall, where we RACK onto a "NO SMOKING" placard. Clark pulls out his pack of cigarettes and lights one. He then pulls out his phone and -- a ha! -- bars appear. He quickly dials Tim, but he deflates when it goes to voicemail, the same one we heard earlier. He then remembers the **VOICEMAILS** Tim left him.

Clark taps on the next voicemail. This one begins with Tim coughing once.

TIM (V.O. VOICEMAIL)(CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Hey, call me.

Next.

TIM (V.O. VOICEMAIL)(CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Where are you?

Next. Tim's coughing a lot now.

TIM (V.O. VOICEMAIL) (CONT'D)
I wish you were here. I've been thinking about the "I accept this" thing. From Dr. Norman? And I-- I do not. I do not accept this.

Clark sits down, listening to them all. Like this is a morning ritual. Next. Tim's voice is shaky and quiet.

TIM (V.O. VOICEMAIL) (CONT'D)
I'm really sick. I have it.

CLARK
I'm sorry. I'll stay for both of us.

Clark taps the next voicemail.

TIM (V.O. VOICEMAIL)
Remember that time at Jonny's? I love you. Why... didn't you call?

Tim doesn't speak in the final voicemail. We hear coughing and vomiting before the phone clatters to the ground.

Clark stares numbly at the MICROPHONE set up in the desk. PRESSES THE BUTTON. After a beat, he starts crying.

We sit with him a few beats as he really feels it. How stuck he is. He then closes his eyes, takes a deep breath, looks out at the nothingness, shakes his head. And... sees something. We don't see it.

22

EXT. TARMAC - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/D8 - LATER

22

Clark, wrapped in his coat, comes out onto the tarmac. Elizabeth is standing on the runway, frantically searching through her luggage. No gloves, light jacket, contents spilling out.

Clark watches her for a beat. Sees Tyler and Shay nearby, facing the Gitchegumee Air jet, Tyler's headphones on.

She looks back at him. Clark walks around to face her, trying to shift her farther from Tyler.

CLARK

Can I talk to you?

Elizabeth turns to him but does not stop.

ELIZABETH

Oh. Here's Uncle Clark.

CLARK

Your plane's not coming.

ELIZABETH

(wrestling with items)

It might. Just need my *passport*...

CLARK

This isn't healthy for anyone. And you're sending the message to everyone inside that you'd rather freeze to death than be a part of their community.

ELIZABETH

I would.

She twists and continues searching, finds a MANILLA ENVELOPE stuffed with something that seems shaped like a graphic novel... Discards and keeps looking.

CLARK

Powerful people tend to crash hard when huge pockets of false realities come down. I see it in my work all the time.

(then)

I'm a corporate consultant.

ELIZABETH

I thought you were a lounge singer.

CLARK

I'm a CEO-whisperer.

Elizabeth looks at him.

ELIZABETH

And you get paid for that?
Stroking the egos of powerful men?

CLARK

I can use what I know to protect you. All three of us. If you can accept my help.

ELIZABETH

You sound like a movie villain.

CLARK

Tyler needs attention.

Elizabeth looks at him, looks past, to where Tyler sits crosslegged near the nose of the Ghost Plane.

ELIZABETH

Shay's with him. He's okay.

CLARK

He's sitting in front of a plane of *corpses*.

Elizabeth stares at him, considering.

BRIAN

Clark, right? Hey, Clark?
Elizabeth told me you used to be in the business. There are good opportunities in Europe. On the corporate side, even. B2B. We should talk about representation.

Clark watches her for a beat, then looks back toward Tyler.

23 OVER BY THE PLANE

23

We pop over to Tyler, staring back at Clark. Shay steps up.

SHAY

You like that guy?

YOUNG TYLER

He's nice.

He looks at her for a beat, then look back up at the plane. Shay looks back at the Clark, though we don't see her POV.

SHAY

We gotta get outta here, T.

A24 INT. ATRIUM - HALLWAY - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/D8 - DAY OR NIGHT

Clark, wearing his cream cardigan, walks down the hallway in search of a bathroom, heading back toward Pearson. Clark looks over and sees **ROKER** approach three SOCCER PLAYERS from the Lazars, wearing his baseball cap and glasses, holding a stack of papers.

ROKER

Ladies. Agent Nick Roker.
Homeland Security.

(looks at their uniforms)

I'm putting a team together. Maybe you can help.

24 INT. MAIN TERMINAL - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/D8 - NIGHT

24

Clark walks by the Men's Room entrance and sees a hipster guy, **SEAN**, coming out with a t-shirt held over his face. Some foul odor seems to be coming from the door. He continues onward.

25 INT. JANITOR'S CLOSET - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/D8 - NIGHT

Clark sits on the bucket, pooping. He's glancing up at the small shelves in the closet, clocks someone's personal effects: an OLD IPOD and a FLIP PHONE.

He finishes up and wipes, then stands, looks around. Finds a JUMPSUIT, an I.D. BADGE attached. A photo I.D. of a Severn City Custodian. His name is Jerry Mercer.

And the photo is Agent Roker of Homeland Security. Clark pulls the I.D. Badge, looks at it closely.

CLARK

Oh Jerry. Jerry Jerry Jerry.

Hunts in the pockets, finds: a BAGGIE OF PURPLE PILLS.

CLARK (CONT'D)

What a wicked web we *fucking* weave.

27

INT. ATRIUM - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/D9 - MORNING

27

BRIGHT AND EARLY next morning, and Clark lies unconscious on the GREAT LAKES, empty bottle of Wild Turkey next to him as the sunlight burns into his fluttering eyelids, and above himself he sees the wreckage of *The Edmund Fitzgerald* looming, more wreckage...

CHYRON: DAY 9

He blinks awake, disoriented, and squints hard at the sunlight and an unbearable headache. He manages to get onto his hands and knees. Nearly throws up, but manages not to.

Lifting his head, he sees a group-- pretty much everyone, although thinned out-- stands on the mezzanine level looking out the windows. One child, **DEAN**, stands looking down at him.

Clark, very confused, turns to **CONSTANCE**, a nun.

CLARK

What happened?

CONSTANCE

Mr. Homeland Security apparently went around and told all the people he liked that he was leaving for a better world. Miami Beach.

Clark looks over at the crowd, sees Elizabeth and Tyler at the window down at the end. Garrett steps over, shaking his head beside Sean and Stanley.

GARRETT

Check this out. Movie Star's nanny left.

STANLEY

And the Italian boyfriend.

CONSTANCE

I'm surprised she didn't go with.

CLARK

She saw through Roker...

Garrett snorts.

CLARK (CONT'D)

(to Constance)

Do we know how many he took?

CONSTANCE

He took mainly women.

SEAN

The whole soccer team. Except the
goalie.

Clark looks at Riley, the sad and alone goalie, then around at all of the long faces at the window. Not only is the world gone, they just got rejected by the cool kids. Clark, lost in a hungover reverie, is having a vision...

This is his moment. He crosses to some chairs, stands up behind the crowd, looks around at them all.

CLARK

Everyone! Can I have your
attention!? Everyone?! Look over
here, please. This is important.

The crowd turns. Clark looks over to Elizabeth and Tyler, who have turned as well. He has their attention.

CLARK (CONT'D)

This is the best thing that could
have possibly happened.

Clark notes Miles tilting his head. Looks back to the crowd.

CLARK (CONT'D)

The LAZERS are gone. What did they
do but threaten us and bully us?
And Roker. A few more. So what?

He looks at Riley, who takes it in, nods.

CLARK (CONT'D)

They left, and they didn't invite
any of you, or me, because they
thought they were *better* than you.

(then)

That they thought they deserved to
live and you *didn't*.

(then)

They were in it for themselves.

(then)

Their only problem with their
plan... is that they were taken in
by a janitorial conman.

Clark pauses, then nods, alarmed as well. He reaches into his pocket and produces the I.D. Badge, although awkwardly...

CLARK (CONT'D)

Late last night, after some investigation, it came to my attention that our "Agent Roker", who was in charge for the early days...

(points, pauses)

... was a fraud. His real name is Jerry Mercer, and until a week and a half ago, he was the night custodian at this airport.

Gasps of surprise and confusion.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Did any of you stop to wonder why there was a Homeland Security team in Severn City, Michigan? No! He was an opportunist. He took advantage of your fear and the illusion of his power. This is a common kind of weak CEO. And he likely just led all those people to their deaths. Who was even flying?

ELIZABETH

Our captain.

CLARK

Irrelevant.

SEAN

But we had a pilot and now we don't. How's this good?

Clark looks at Sean, nods seriously.

CLARK

You need a pilot when there's somewhere to go. Where do we have to go?

(pauses for impact)

What appointment matters now?

(then)

We have to... abandon the future. All we have is now. And what got us here, to this point. Roker deemed us all the has-beens. But I say... The past is a map. It got us here.

(then)

With this airport... we won the post-apocalyptic lottery.

(MORE)

CLARK (CONT'D)

The plane leaving just made all our shares go up. The drawbridge is closed.

Clark's got them now, feeding off their energy...

CLARK (CONT'D)

Because Jerry Mercer-- the *fucking* coward Jerry Mercer-- just effectively tripled our food supply. Yeah? And here we are, with much of our hierarchy of needs already met. We have shelter. We have food, although somewhat limited. We have a community. And we're tucked away in a place no one will ever find us.

Constance, still skeptical, raises a hand.

CONSTANCE

How do you know he was faking it, though? He seemed completely real.
(nods)
Maybe you made that up.

CLARK

Did I make *this* up, Constance?

Clark holds up the ID badge, which seems like something you could make. Miles, though, has taken a step forward, and Clark and he share a moment before Miles speaks up.

MILES

It's true. I knew Mercer. Thought he was harmless, doin' his thing. But when I said something, he threatened to kill me. And infect everyone here.

More gasps from the crowd. Clark, *really* having something good going here, nods along in shock and disgust.

ELIZABETH

He told me he'd take me, but I had to leave my child.

More gasps and shock from the crowd, as Clark looks over, pleased to find Elizabeth joining in. Tyler watches things unfold, even-keeled. Aware that something's going on.

CLARK

I confronted him last night. With Miles and Elizabeth.

(MORE)

CLARK (CONT'D)

And instead of facing you, he snuck
away in the night with a female
soccer team, *except the goalie.*

A delicate pause as people incorporate that idea into this
new reality and Riley starts crying. But soon the whole
crowd is chiming in, agreeing that they always thought
something was off with that guy.

STANLEY
I never trusted him.

ANGELA
Me neither.

SEAN
He seemed shady, that's true.

BARB
I saw him going through
luggage!

Clark nods along, pleased at what he's created.

CLARK
Everyone shits on the goalie. They
love the strikers. The flash. But
goalies... they're why you win.
(then)
We're a family now. We're all in
it together. *FUCK JERRY MERCER!*

Clark is surprised to find he gets cheers for that, people
shouting "*Fuck Jerry Mercer*" back to him. And Clark, like
everyone, likes this.

Elizabeth comes over. She nods. Respect.

ELIZABETH
Well played, Marc Antony.

Looks out at them.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
You're a star.

28

INT. SELECT! LOUNGE - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/D9 - DAY

28

Clark stands near the windows of the First Class lounge,
sipping from a glass of tequila, lost in thought. Tyler,
back against the wall, plays on his device. Miles and
Elizabeth are sharing a FROZEN PIZZA, sitting together in
some central seats, chuckling. Miles glances at Clark.

CLARK
Dumb luck. I found his wallet
whilst shitting in a bucket.

ELIZABETH

Did he really threaten you?

MILES

You think I even knew the janitors at this place? No, man. That was all Clark. Devious ninja.

Elizabeth shakes her head.

ELIZABETH

He did ask me to come.

YOUNG TYLER

Without me?

ELIZABETH

No, Honey. Here seemed better.

Elizabeth takes a slice of pizza.

CLARK

We've really got something.

(then)

The four of us, counting Tyler, and I don't discount him. Sympathy of the children. *For* the child. Some connotation of Arthur. Elizabeth's celebrity is less relevant in a post-apocalyptic context, but there's still a sparkle to it. They remember her fame.

(then)

Miles's connection to a federal institution makes him the natural leader-profile.

(not to mention...)

It helps that you're Black.

MILES

Great.

YOUNG TYLER

Helps with what?

Clark looks back at him. Thoughtful.

CLARK

Optics.

YOUNG TYLER

Why do we need a leader at all?

Tyler waits, honestly interested in the answer.

CLARK

Leaders give us hope.

(then)

We won't survive long enough to repopulate the Earth unless the people here feel hopeful.

YOUNG TYLER

Maybe we shouldn't, though.

CLARK

Shouldn't what?

YOUNG TYLER

Repopulate.

(then)

My hotspot still works at night. German satellite. We should download wikipedia. Whatever else we can.

MILES

Get whatever you can about electricity. Engineering.

Clark nods, pleased.

ELIZABETH

So it'll be a... triumvirate.

CLARK

Yes. But four.

CUT TO BLACK.

CHYRON: DAY 13 (Christmas Eve)

29

INT. ATRIUM - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/D13 - MORNING

29

A CHRISTMAS TREE, clearly cut down from the forest outside, leans sideways in the center of the room. There are PRESENTS beneath it and a whole lot of NON-FUNCTIONING LIGHTBULBS in it, draped around with a series of EXTENSION CORDS.

CLARK

It's critical that you flush the toilets with the buckets provided at each restroom. You fill the bucket from the stream or from the ice melt and then dump it in and the toilet will flush.

(MORE)

CLARK (CONT'D)

If you go to the bathroom and you forgot to fill a bucket beforehand, it is *your responsibility* to flush once you're done.

(then)

Sean, you're in charge of plumbing going forward.

People murmur. Sean stares...okay. The Atrium has become a kind of public meeting space, where the whole population has gathered to hear the news...

CLARK (CONT'D)

Also, we're still on for the Christmas Eve celebration tonight. Make sure you've all finished up with your Secret Santa Duties.

(then)

Now for a few more technical issues. Miles?

Miles, still wearing his TSA holster and GUN, stands atop a table to address the gathered crowd. Clark stands behind him, off to the side.

MILES

Okay, no one panic, but the electrical grid must have gone down, because we switched to generator overnight.

CONSTANCE

How long will those last?

MILES

It's an airport. There's a lot of fuel on hand, so the generators might last us weeks -- months if we're smart and can convert to jet fuel. That means we'll be using power sparingly.

The crowd grumbles and the businessman, Garrett, calls out.

GARRETT

How sparingly?

MILES

No lights during the day. We'll keep one TV on for news updates. And please don't prioritize charging your personal devices.

Angela shouts out this time.

CLARK

I can't.

MILES

Why not?

CLARK

I'm in mourning.

33

INT. ATRIUM - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/D13 - DAY

33

Clark, glum, missing Tim, comes into the Atrium and sees most of the residents are gathered together in one small cluster of chairs, sitting and listening to... something.

Elizabeth is sitting amongst a small group with wrapping paper and tape, wrapping a NECK PILLOW, smiling as she hears the sounds of a child's voice on "the radio".

"The Radio", in this case, is a walkie-talkie positioned in the middle of the ring, volume jacked.

CHILD'S VOICE (ON THE WALKIE)

*And I want the Fortnite Upgrade, if
the Playstation comes too. Oh!
And another controller!*

The group chuckles, and Clark steps up, taps Elizabeth's shoulder, motions for her to join him.

CLARK

Where are the children?

ELIZABETH

Tyler had an idea.

34

INT. AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL DECK - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/D13 - DAY

Clark enters the control tower and finds the eight children of the community all circled around Tyler, who's holding the Comms Headset out to Dean.

YOUNG TYLER

Go ahead. Try it. Santa can hear.

Dean, shy, reaches for the headset and puts it on.

DEAN

I just want my brother.

Tyler's face falls. Some of the joy of the kids falls away. Clark looks knowingly into the group.

YOUNG TYLER
Santa's elves can make your
brother. But it's like... A.I.

This is far too complicated for the boy, but it sounds like the secret to a magic spell. Good enough. Back to the mic.

DEAN (INTO THE HEADSET)
Hey Ryan. I hope you're good and
you get good things for Christmas.
Like Fortnite. Right?

The kids all laugh. Clark smiles.

DEAN (INTO THE HEADSET) (CONT'D)
We play it in my head.

CLARK
Okay, kids! Get downstairs!
You're not supposed to be up here!

The kids scramble away from "Monster Clark" who lunges in on them, screaming and running out of the room. Leaving Clark alone with Tyler.

CLARK (CONT'D)
How did you get in here?

YOUNG TYLER
It was working.

CLARK
It's pretending.

Tyler stands, ready to leave as well.

CLARK (CONT'D)
You should try talking to your
father.
(then)
He loved you, you know. Very much.
He talked about you all the time.
He wanted to be in your life more,
but he didn't know how.

Tyler's not sure, so Clark crosses, gets the headset.

CLARK (INTO THE HEADSET)(CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Arthur? You there? Hi, it's
Clark. Yes, great to hear you too.
(MORE)

CLARK (INTO THE HEADSET)(CONT'D)

Listen, I'm sitting here with your son and -- I'm sorry to say it -- but he's being a real nob. Asking all the kids to pretend but he won't play the game. Was he always like this?

(pretend listening)

He's right here, yes. Yes!

Clark pulls off the headset, holds it out. Tyler takes it. Puts it on.

YOUNG TYLER (INTO THE HEADSET)

Hey, Dad.

Tyler is looking right at Clark.

YOUNG TYLER (INTO THE HEADSET)(CONT'D) (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I didn't get a chance to come see your play in Chicago. I really wanted to. And I was really excited. I-- I read it, even.

A34

INT. ATRIUM - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/D13 - DAY

A34

Elizabeth, still listening, tears up.

YOUNG TYLER (ON THE RADIO)

Not that I understood it. But... anyway. It's cool that you did King Lear.

B34

INT. AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL DECK - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/~~D13~~ - DAY

YOUNG TYLER (INTO THE HEADSET)

I dunno what else to say. I wish I could see you again.

Tyler removes the headset, hands it back to Clark.

CLARK

How'd that feel?

YOUNG TYLER

Good.

Clark nods, smiles.

CLARK

Good.

35	<u>OMITTED</u>	35
36	<u>OMITTED</u>	36
37	<u>OMITTED</u>	37
38	<u>INT. MAIN TERMINAL - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/13 - NIGHT</u>	38

Later. Sean plays a guitar while Miles and Constance follow along on their instruments-- Miles on his uke and Constance on a piano app on an iPad, making their way through an instrumental version of "Don't Stop" by Fleetwood Mac.

Tyler sits with his device-- Elizabeth goes to him. He nods at his mom, then they both look as a group brings the GIANT PLATTER OF Jalapeño Poppers in, led by Clark. Elizabeth sits next to Tyler on another bucket. She's holding a WRAPPED PRESENT, looks at his screen.

When we come around, she sees he is reading text directly from Wikipedia. He did download it. The article he's reading is on **Capitalism**.

YOUNG TYLER

My hotspot stopped working, though.

He indicates a small black device with a fat SATELLITE antennae on it, powered down and dead. Elizabeth looks.

YOUNG TYLER (CONT'D)

Last thing I downloaded.

Elizabeth raises her eyebrows a bit at the light reading. She rubs his hair, reads with him a bit.

YOUNG TYLER (CONT'D)

(indicates screen)

What if I just deleted it?

ELIZABETH

We'd just invent it again.

YOUNG TYLER

Are you my Secret Santa?

ELIZABETH

I'm not-- Can you put that away?
Sorry.

Tyler shuts down his device. Sees she's flustered.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

I think we both know that Germany,
the last years...

(then)

What your dad did hurt me.

He just looks. Elizabeth presses forward.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

I don't know what it is about being
here in this situation, but I... I
dunno. There's not much left to
drink. I'm off... a lot of
medications. The world seems so
raw, but... I feel like there's
something good happening. With us.

(then)

I know Shay leaving... really hurt.

(off look)

I was relying too much on Brian...

(then)

But... Am I crazy? Do you feel it?

YOUNG TYLER

Maybe it's just because dad's dead.

Elizabeth looks at her son a beat.

ELIZABETH

He left you something.

She hands him the present, and he takes it, looks down. She
nods him onward, and he pulls off the paper. It's a copy of
Station Eleven.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

It's more a symbol than anything.
But I had it in my bag. So.

Tyler looks at the book, flips it open, turns it over.

YOUNG TYLER

The art's cool.

ELIZABETH

The M.C. on the cover is for
Miranda Carroll. Your father's
first wife.

He flips through some pages, then goes back to the inside
flap, sees an inscription from Arthur: **"Dear Tyler: This book
is unique and beautiful, like you. I can't wait to see you
and Mom at the premiere. Besos, Arthur."**

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

I'm giving it to you because he
sent it to you.

(MORE)

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

A couple weeks ago. And I got it
in the mail and I kept it from you.

Tyler looks at her, confused.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

I've been doing that. For years.
(crying a little)
He's been sending you letters since
the divorce. I usually... I burn
them.

Tyler looks... suddenly hurt.

YOUNG TYLER

Why?

ELIZABETH

Because I'm selfish.

Tyler stares at her. For some time. Until--

YOUNG TYLER

It's okay, Mom.
(then)
This is really cool. It's probably
about Dad. Right?

Elizabeth just smiles sadly back.

ELIZABETH

Sure. Maybe.

He stands, pages through it. Starts at the beginning, device
down on the ground. Wanders away toward the windows.
Elizabeth watches him for a beat, sees Clark having a merry
time...

39

OVER BY CLARK

39

The mood is festive. They can survive! Clark is feeling
great, chatting and having a good time. He chuckles as
Elizabeth comes up to him.

Looks to Tyler, who is staring at the Ghost Plane, almost in
a trance.

Clark looks back to Elizabeth. Doesn't notice as Tyler walks
away.

CLARK
(to Elizabeth)
Everything all right?

ELIZABETH
He can tell when people are lying.

CLARK
What have you been lying to him
about?

ELIZABETH
That Arthur kept trying.

Clark looks at her, the two of them seemingly, finally, on
the same, deeper wavelength.

CLARK
It was just like Arthur to leave
before everyone else, wasn't it?
Almost like the fucker did it on
purpose.

She receives it as a joke, mostly, hesitating only slightly before nodding her consent. Clark looks around at the group. Suddenly points to the food.

CLARK (CONT'D)
LET'S EAT SOME FUCKING JALAPENO
POPPERS!

CHEERS erupt, and Miles starts the whole group off with "We Three Kings." They are deliriously happy as they sing.

A39 **INT. JETWAY - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/D13 - NIGHT** A39

Tyler walks through the JETWAY. He reaches the end, the open air. Sits down at the edge and lets his feet hang off. Pulls out *Station Eleven* and starts reading:

Page 70. Caption: "I am at my best when I'm escaping." Dr. Eleven sneaks out of a door to an empty hallway; at the very end, THE GHOST OF CAPTAIN LONAGAN LOOMS!

He hears a *THUNK*.

He looks up and sees that one of the plane's emergency exit doors has fallen open, and there's a **FRAIL MAN** climbing out onto the wing. His eyes go wide.

40 **EXT. GHOST PLANE - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/D13 - NIGHT** 40

Tyler walks up to the plane. The Frail Man flops off the wing onto the ground, panting. Looks up at Tyler, who stands before him, still holding the book, in awe.

FRAIL MAN
Help me.

41 **OMITTED** 41

42 **INT. MAIN TERMINAL - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/13 - NIGHT** 42

Clark shoves a popper into his mouth, coating his beard, happy to finally fill his belly, trying to join in on "We Three Kings" when he can, smiling at the merriment...

He spots Miles, goes to him. Miles smiles when he sees him, steals a popper off Clark's plate.

CLARK
Time moves faster here.

MILES

How so?

CLARK

Two weeks feels like an eternity.

Clark leans in to KISS Miles--

And the kiss is interrupted by **SCREAMING**--

The singing immediately stops, and Clark turns to see Tyler standing at the edge of the crowd with the Frail Man. Tyler is terrified. Everyone is staring, stunned and horrified. Silent. Clark steps toward him.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Tyler. Who *is* that?

YOUNG TYLER

This is Mr. Jefferson. He was on the Gitchegumee plane.

Elizabeth steps out from the group with Angela nearby.

ELIZABETH

Get away from him. Come here.

STANLEY

He's probably infected!

The crowd all GASPS. Parents hold their kids tight.

YOUNG TYLER

He's not. He has to be immune. He didn't get it, but they all did.

(then)

He was in there and he didn't get it.

(waiting)

That means there's still people out there. The world's still there!

Tyler and the man start moving again, but the crowd begins to shriek. Tyler looks confused by all the commotion.

ELIZABETH

Get away from that man, Tyler!
Tyler, stop touching him! Now!

Clark glances and sees that Miles has drawn his sidearm and is pointing it at the man and Tyler. Miles glances, Clark gives an almost *imperceptible* nod.

CONSTANCE

Zombie!

YOUNG TYLER

He's just thirsty.

CRRAACKKK! A shot rings out and the Frail Man takes a clean bullet TO THE HEAD, falls backward, and lies dead beside a BLOOD-COVERED TYLER, stunned.

Elizabeth RUNS TO TYLER. Tyler's just staring at Miles, now. Because the gun is still up.

CLARK

Elizabeth! *Don't!*

But he's too late. A mother is a mother, and she throws her arms around Tyler, still in shock about what happened. Only now staring at Miles, who's still holding the gun up.

MILES

They're both... infected.

ELIZABETH

Put down the gun, Miles. *PUT IT DOWN.*

MILES

Elizabeth? I need you to get outside. Right now.

No one in the crowd moves. Elizabeth looks around at all of them, stunned.

ELIZABETH

HE'S WASN'T SICK. HE WAS IMMUNE.

GARRETT

We don't know there *is* such a thing!

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

It just got proven, you idiots!

MILES

What should I do?

Miles, losing certainty, turns to look at Clark. Clark sees now that his triumvirate... is in shambles.

He looks out at the crowd, who have all almost universally adopted a look of hostility and mistrust. Constance is near the front of the group.

BARB

Exile them.

GARRETT

Just *shoot them*, Miles.

CLARK
CALM DOWN! EVERYBODY JUST CALM
DOWN! WE'RE NOT MONSTERS.

Clark, getting his bearings, tosses his food. He looks at the crowd again, then at Miles, then back to Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH
Tell him to put down the gun.

MILES
Clark??

TIGHT ON CLARK, who... is having a HARDER TIME MAKING A DECISION THAN HE SHOULD. *CLARK, WHY ARE YOU TAKING THIS LONG???* *COME ON, CLARK.*

Clark stares, some long-repressed... something flashing in his eyes for a moment. Everyone's looking to him.

CLARK
I'm in charge.

He's in charge. For the first time, ever.

CLARK (CONT'D)
We'll quarantine them.

This solution is immediately DIVISIVE, making the crowd break out in instantaneous-argument. Miles doesn't like it, is holding himself back.

CLARK (CONT'D)
The private plane in Hangar G. The batteries still work, they'll have heat. Food. They'll stay inside for a week. Then we'll know.

Clark and Elizabeth lock eyes.

CLARK (CONT'D)
It's a fair compromise. We want our friends back in our community. But the group won't be able to accept them back without knowing.
(frustrated)
This is actually scientifically shown.

Miles still has the gun up. A few different people are whispering in his ear. He glances at Clark.

MILES

Week's not enough.

(then)

A month.

There's agreement in the crowd. Elizabeth stares, thinking about it. Clark begs her with his eyes.

ELIZABETH

Okay. Okay, we'll go. We'll go right now.

She backs away from them, toward the darkness of the east runway. Tyler's eyes are now trained on Clark's until they disappear into the shadows...

CONSTANCE (PRE-LAP)

*When your people go out to battle
their enemy, by whatever way you
send them, and they pray to the
Lord...*

43

INT. ATRIUM - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/D41 - DAY

43

A **PRAYER GROUP**, led by Constance and including Angela, Barb, Garrett and several others, is sitting in a circle. They're reading from a few Bibles, sharing because there aren't enough to go around.

CHYRON: DAY 41

Constance is reading aloud.

CONSTANCE

*"Then hear in heaven their prayer
and their pleading, and maintain
their cause. When they sin against
you, for there is no person who
does not sin, and you are angry
with them and turn them over to the
enemy..."*

44

INT. PRIVATE JET - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/D41 - CONTINUOUS

Tyler sits in a chair on a plane, staring down at *Station Eleven*, eyes devouring it. [Pages 46-47: Dr. Eleven sits hunched, head in hands, in the PRIVATE STUDY. The whiskey bottle and two empty glasses on the table next to him. He's taken his shoes off, too. But not the helmet. Never the helmet. Captain Lonagan sits across from Dr. Eleven, their usual setup, his glass of whiskey pressed against his temple.

CAPTION: "Then you will ask: what is my job?" DIALOGUE:
Lonagan: "Fuck." Dr. Eleven: "Is she in the holding cell?"
Lonagan: "K? She's in the infirmary." Dr. Eleven: "You gave
her access..." Lonagan: "In exchange for a truce. What
happened before..." Dr. Eleven: "To them, there is no
Before."]

He closes his eyes, then, muttering quietly. Behind him, in
another chair, Elizabeth looks at his lips moving.

ELIZABETH

You haven't looked up from that
thing in three weeks.

Tyler ignores her, continues to "pray".

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

Tyler ignores her.

CONSTANCE (V.O.)
*"If they repent and implore your
favor, saying 'We have sinned and
done wrong, we have acted
wickedly'..."*

45 **INT. AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL DECK - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/D45 - DAY**

Clark, ravaged by guilt, sits in the control tower, staring out at the tarmac, drinking the last of a TINY BOTTLE of Alt-Gray Goose vodka, tosses it in the trash, stares back at the Gitchegumee Air jet.

CONSTANCE (V.O.)
*"If they return to you with all
their heart and all their soul in
the land of their enemies who have
taken them captive..."*

He pulls out his lighter, starts CLINK it compulsivesly.

46 **OMITTED** 46

47 **INT. HANGAR G - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/D41 - DAY** 47

Miles, stripped down to a t-shirt, has the battery of the floor scrubber semi-disassembled, and is tracing the wires.

CONSTANCE (V.O.)
*"Then hear their prayer and their
pleading in heaven, your dwelling
place..."*

He holds a red wire and yellow wire delicately, sits crosslegged, looks down at a LIGHTBULB on the floor. Then lowers the wires, touches the bulb, and smiles as the lightbulb lights up.

He glances over his shoulder, sees the private jet sitting there. Grim. Hopes he made the right choice.

48

INT. HANGAR G - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/D42 - DAY

48

Clark, wearing a white N95 face-mask THAT WE ALL KNOW SO WELL WE CAN'T STAND IT, comes into the eerily empty Hangar G wearing, walking with a plastic bag.

Miles climbs the steps and starts loosening the ratchet straps that secure the door of the private plane, as Clark stands, waiting. Glances and sees Tyler in the window, staring at him.

CHYRON: DAY 42

He goes to the private plane. Elizabeth and Tyler both step to the stairs, look down.

CLARK

Are you okay?

ELIZABETH

What are you wearing?

Elizabeth looks at Miles, steps past him.

CLARK

Some of the people inside said they'd feel a little more comfortable if you wore these, too. Just for a little while. That OK?

Two MASKS. Not even as nice as Clark's white one. Tyler looks to his mom, then the masks. Back to his mom.

YOUNG TYLER

I told you.

Elizabeth glances at Tyler, then steps down, takes them.

CONSTANCE (PRE-LAP)

"...and forgive your people who have sinned against you and all their wrongdoings..."

49

INT. ATRIUM - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/D122 - MORNING

49

CONSTANCE

...which they have committed against you.

Elizabeth sit at the prayer group with nine other people, the last line sitting in the air as Constance looks at her, then away. She has a WALKIE clipped to her hip.

CHYRON: DAY 122

Constance is reading from the Bible while the others listen.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)
*... And make them objects of
 compassion before those who have
 taken them captive, so that they
 will have compassion on them."*

Elizabeth stands and heads for the door.

50

INT. AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL DECK (MUSEUM OF CIVILIZATION) - 50
SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/D122 - MORNING

TIGHT ON a FIRST-GEN IPOD, laid delicately out on a table. We PULL BACK to find Clark neatly arranging a half-dozen or so items, each with a label. His own IPAD is there with the other stuff. As is a FLIP-PHONE and JERRY MERCER'S ID BADGE. And MILES'S GUN. In his hands, still, is TYLER'S DEVICE. WE GLIMPSE what he's looking at-- or *playing*, rather-- SIM CITY, the old game of building whole civilizations. The door behind him opens, and Clark looks back to see Elizabeth entering. He turns off the device and sets it down.

CLARK
 Any luck?

ELIZABETH
 Not yet. What... is this place?

Elizabeth looks around at the tables and the objects. Clark walks her way. He is wearing a MINK STOLE.

CLARK
 How long has Tyler been missing,
 this time?

ELIZABETH
 I'm sure he's just in the vents.

CLARK
 He'll show up. He always does.

She comes in, sits down, looks out at the tables. She closes her eyes, exhausted and rattled. Rubs her face. Clark comes over, rubs her shoulder kindly.

ELIZABETH
 He hates me.

CLARK

Why?

ELIZABETH

Because I don't hate you.

CLARK

We did what we had to do. And we all survived.

ELIZABETH

Did we?

Elizabeth looks back at him. Not in defiance, but honestly... lost.

CLARK

I'm making a museum.

(then)

A tribute to the best of the old days. To remember how good we used to have it. Aim for something... To get back to. Talking to the dead through the radio system feels macabre. This is better.

Elizabeth stares. Clark seems irritated by her indifference to his visionary marketing.

ELIZABETH

He doesn't sleep. Since then. He's always been confused about ghosts, but this whole thing... it brought out something else... There was bullying in Berlin...

CLARK

Are you drunk?

ELIZABETH

Lemonade antifreeze spritzers.

(then)

Is that a mink?

CLARK

It's cold up here.

Clark sighs, gets up, goes and sits next to her.

CLARK (CONT'D)

He'll get over it. He can't stand humiliation. For whatever reason, he took the quarantine as that...

ELIZABETH

Do you hate Tyler because you hated
Arthur?

CLARK

I don't hate Tyler.

Elizabeth looks at him like he shouldn't be surprised.

ELIZABETH

But you did hate Arthur.

Clark does not like this.

CLARK

Why? You think I was jealous?
That's what he thought, too. I
beat him out for Antonio in *The
Merchant of Venice*.

(then)

He just couldn't *understand* the
fact that I *wasn't* jealous.

Elizabeth bursts out laughing, which gets Clark angrier.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Arthur was pathetic.

(then)

A B-list loser who surrounded
himself with C-list trophy *duds*
like yourself, and who threw away
the only worthwhile wife he had in
Miranda, who he never got over, by
the way.

(seething)

He was a shit husband and shit
father, which you know. And he
died in a puddle of his own piss--
*onstage. Desperate to be taken
seriously, trying to do KING LEAR.*

(beat)

I loved him anyway.

ELIZABETH

Everyone loved him.

Clark stares at her, caught off guard.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

It takes every ounce of your
energy, every day, to get people to
even like you. To actually *listen*
to the sentences you say.

(off look)

Art didn't have to try.

Clark, glitching slightly, attempts to remain sympathetic.
Elizabeth looks back calmly. Neither notices a GREEN LIGHT
on the control panel near a MICROPHONE light up. WE PUSH IN
ON THAT GREEN LIGHT...

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

That must feel awful.

CLARK

Tyler's going to thrive here.

(then)

I haven't betrayed him, even though
you seem to think I have. I saved
his life.

ELIZABETH

Did you tell the other children
here that he burned down his school
in Berlin?

Clark stares at her, surprised by the quick turn. Yes, by
the way. Clark did do that. CONTINUE PUSHING ON THAT GREEN
LIGHT...

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Dean made a joke about it in school
the other day... but I've never
told anyone here but you about
those accusations.

CLARK

That's ridiculous.

ELIZABETH

He didn't, by the way. He never
burned anything down.

51

INT. GHOST PLANE - COCKPIT - Y0/D122 - CONTINUOUS

51

CLINK. CLINK. Tyler sits in the cockpit of the Ghost Plane,
wedged between a the Captain and Co-Pilot chairs: we can just
see CAPTAIN HUGO's ROTTEN HAND. He's listening to the
conversation through a WALKIE-TALKIE with a small BLACK
SQUARE attached to the side, DIY'd somehow. He wears his own
face mask, with the teeth of a monster drawn onto the front
by a sharpie. *Station Eleven* is with him. As is the BIG
BACKPACK and the CAN OF GASOLINE.

CLARK (ON THE WALKIE)

*We both know Arthur is the one who
did the damage to Tyler. And to
both of us. We're the fucking
wreckage. We have to stay
together. Elizabeth. We can't let
a child play the two of us against
one another.*

Tyler stops clinking, listening... hears sighs, crying.

ELIZABETH

You're right. I know you're right.

Tyler clicks off the walkie. Looks at the book.

52

INT. AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL DECK (MUSEUM OF CIVILIZATION) - 52
SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/D122 - NIGHT

Hours later, perhaps more haunted than he was letting on. Clark looks out over the calm, dark skyline. He goes for a cigarette, pops it in his mouth, reaches for a lighter... but it's gone. Not in his pocket.

CLARK (INTO THE HEADSET)

Arthur? Are you there? It's Clark.

(then)

I... miss you, old friend.

(then)

Despite myself. How is it on the other side? I imagine you've already found the bar and someone there who worships you. That should hold you for a while.

(uncomfortable)

Listen, I really regret what I said to you the last time we spoke. In Chicago. You always had so much, and it was never enough. And I was... out of control...

(then)

I've tried to protect your boy, but I don't know how to anymore. He's like you... in his way. Bold. Indifferent to authority. Captivating. But he's a destroyer. You were never a destroyer.

(then)

I mean something here to these people. And I've got a responsibility to everyone, now. I don't think I've done anything wrong. But it's time for... Tyler and Elizabeth... to go. The memory of what happened is... too toxic. Now they're just reminders.

Clark trails off and goes silent.

YOUNG TYLER (ON THE RADIO)

Uncle Clark? It's me.

He looks up at the speaker.

YOUNG TYLER (ON THE RADIO) (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I did everything wrong.

Clark, confused, presses the comm set to his ear, looks around like Tyler might be right behind him.

CLARK (INTO THE HEADSET)
Tyler? Where... are you? Were
you... I didn't mean...

YOUNG TYLER (ON THE RADIO)
I'm in the death.

Clark slowly rises, grabs his walkie.

CLARK (INTO THE WALKIE)
Elizabeth? Elizabeth. Constance!
Who's down there? Miles?

MILES (OVER THE WALKIE)
I'm here. What is it?

CLARK (INTO THE WALKIE)
Tyler's... onboard the Gitchegumee
Air jet. I don't know why.

Clark stares with wide eyes. *WE DO NOT SEE WHAT HE'S SEEING.*
Goes back to the mic.

CLARK (INTO THE HEADSET)(CONT'D) (CONT'D)
What are you doing on *that plane*?
Tyler?

YOUNG TYLER (ON THE RADIO)
Setting all of you free.

53 **INT. GHOST PLANE - COCKPIT - Y0/D122 - NIGHT** 53

Tyler pours the last of some gasoline on his copy of *Station Eleven*, lights it on fire... Perhaps Arthur's incscription. Tyler watches it burn.

54 **INT. JETWAY - SEVERN CITY AIRPORT - Y0/D122 - NIGHT** 54

Clark runs down the jetway, walkie to his mouth, screaming.

CLARK (INTO THE WALKIE)
*Something's wrong, there's a fire
inside! He's STILL INSIDE!*

Clark runs in a panic... And as Clark runs...

At the end of the jetway, we see that the plane is no AN
 INFERNO, completely engulfed. She stares in disbelief.

*

55 EXT. TARMAC - Y0/D122 - NIGHT

55

Clark tears down the stairs and runs to the plane, stops.
 Behind him, Elizabeth and Miles also run out, Miles stopping
 near Clark but Elizabeth sprinting past them both, toward the
 plane, *SCREAMING a horrible scream.*

Inside the main terminal, everyone else watches through
 windows.

REVEAL YOUNG TYLER, hiding behind a LUGGAGE TRAIN, watching
 from a safe distance as his mother screams out, believing he
 is dead. His face reveals nothing.

*

Watches as Clark catches up with Elizabeth and holds her back
 from running into the fire.

*

Elizabeth struggles, crying out for Tyler.

*

Clark's holding Elizabeth as she cries, and then Clark
 seeming to be crying as well. PUSH IN ON TYLER as he watches
 this connection, PUSH ALL THE WAY TO HIS EYES, UNTIL WE
 FIND...

*

*

56 EXT. THE BEACH - ST. DEBORAH-BY-THE-WATER - Y20/D1 - NIGHT 56

*

-- *THOSE SAME EYES*, but now they belong to a grown man, still
 and unblinking. And as we pull out, we realize... we know
 this man. He's **DAVID. THE PROPHET. TYLER LEANDER.**

*

*

*

And he's watching the Traveling Symphony's performance of
Hamlet at St. Deborah.

*

*

[*PRODUCTION NOTE: THIS IS SCENE 231 FROM EPISODE 102, AND
 WILL BE SHOT WITH THAT WORK*].

*

*

In the torchlight, Tyler smiles.

*

END OF EPISODE.

*