

Supernova Blues  
(Pilot Episode)

Written by

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FADE UP

EXT. EARLY MORNING SKY - DAYBREAK

A brilliant bright light shines quarter-sized of the moon, just above a visible tree line, in early morning twilight.

JIM (V.O.)

(Southern accent)

My name is Jim. I prefer Jimmy not Jim or James, but my last name is Dean. I grew up with kids joshin' me if they found out I shared a common handle with either frozen food or some dead actor. My parents are from Arkansas so I'm named after the famous singer actually, who yep, sold sausage as microwavable breakfast. But, never mind all that.

EXT. JIM'S HOUSE - DAYBREAK

It's a slow pan down, from the brilliant bright light, to a rundown two-story house in an East Portland neighborhood.

A font reads: "Portland, Oregon - Universe  
13952934781165911.00987A (11.A) - Present Day."

JIM (V.O.)

With the state of current events,  
Jim fits better. This is where I  
live.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - DAYBREAK

Two hipster 20-somethings sit in separate furniture, totally engrossed in their cellphones.

JIM (V.O.)

These are my roommates. They're watching an event unfold that has never been seen, so vividly, in, welp, all of human history. I mean, there was the Christmas star, but no one really knows what that was.

INT. LIVING ROOM COUCH - DAYBREAK

Robby (27), big African American hair, sits scrolling his cellphone.

JIM (V.O.)

Robby Smith's parents are from New York City but go figure they were Goth fans. Robby's dad played off-stage synthesizers with an old rock band called Living Colour.

-Electronic static fuzzies the screen.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. QUANTUM Q CORPPORATE OFFICES - DAY

Robby stares out of a high-rise window in his sleek office. He turns to the camera, takes off his glasses.

JIM (V.O.)

He is named after Robert Smith of The Cure.

INT. LIVING ROOM OLD RECLINER - DAYBREAK

Samira (26), woman of color, attractive, sits scrolling on her cellphone.

JIM (V.O.)

She's Samira. Her parents are Egyptian immigrants.

-Electronic static fuzzies the screen.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DATA ROOM AT CERN - DAY

Samira is staring at computer screens with other scientists. She looks back at the camera.

JIM (V.O.)

She's named after the famous Arabic singer Samira Sa-id.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - DAYBREAK

Robby and Samira sit glued to their cellphones.

JIM (V.O.)  
That's right. We are Gen-Z'ers  
named after famous Boomer rock  
stars. I reckon that's why we sorta  
gravitated toward each other and  
ended up sharing an old three-  
bedroom house in Portland, Oregon.  
We are all grad-school dropouts.

INT. LIVING ROOM OLD RECLINER - DAYBREAK

Robby scrolls his cellphone.

JIM (V.O.)  
I mean we lived through A global  
economic meltdown.

INT. LIVING ROOM COUCH - DAYBREAK

Samira implants earbuds, watches a cellphone video.

JIM (V.O.)  
And, a world-wide pandemic.

INT. JIM'S LIVING ROOM - DAYBREAK

Robby and Samira sort of pause, look at each other, then  
return to their phones.

JIM (V.O.)  
But here we go again.

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAYBREAK

Jim, slacker-looking Caucasian, sleeps in a messy bedroom.

JIM (V.O.)  
That's me. I'll be late for work.  
But it won't matter today. I'm  
enjoying my last normal dream.

-Electronic static fuzzies the screen.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COLLEGE PHYSICS CLASS - DAY

Jim chalks an equation for his large college class. He stops,  
turns to the camera.

EXT. SPACE - NIGHT

It's various stills of the Crab Nebula.

JIM (V.O.)

This ain't my dream, this is the Crab Nebula. Formed by something called, a supernova. A supernova happens when a dying star explodes. And this here Crab Nebula thing is, welp, basically visible by any joe-sixpack through telescopes now available at Sam's Club or Costco. It was first observed by Chinese astronomers in ten-fifty-four, WITH THEIR NEKED EYES, as what they called a guest star in our night sky.

EXT. EARLY MORNING SKY - DAYBREAK

It's a new supernova, brightly visible from earth. It shines brilliantly above Jim's house.

JIM (V.O.)

My point is, nothing in this story is, extraordinary, or even got-dang supernatural in our universe. But then again. Ain't no prize hog ever wondered why it's fed so good. I reckon every universe is in the eye of the beholder.

-Fuzzy synth sounds break into Jim's dialogue.

ROBBY (V.O)

The three of us must save the world!

CUT TO:

Series Open:

A tiny, centered singularity appears then explodes into a ball of gas and dust. The soupy-circle expands into a universe of galaxies. A star expands from one of the galaxies to fill most of the screen. The star explodes.

A font balloons up from infinity: "Supernova Blues." A font dissolves onto the screen, below the title: Episode One - Microwavable Sausage." The font explodes.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAYBREAK

JIM DEAN (26), handsome with slacker hair, finally bolts out of bed.

JIM  
Good mornin' Lord. You coulda woke  
me up by now.

Jim finds his delivery uniform on the floor, dresses hurriedly, looks in a small mirror. He brushes his teeth with his fingers.

JIM (CONT'D)  
I gotta pee.

INT. JIM'S LIVING ROOM - DAYBREAK

Jim enters the living room, headed to the front door, stops.

JIM  
Are y'all still up? Or am I later  
for work than usual?

ROBBY points his cellphone at Jim.

ROBBY  
It's the end of the world bro.

SAMIRA throws a baby carrot across the room at Robby.

SAMIRA  
The aliens haven't contacted us yet  
we don't know that!

Jim is unfazed.

JIM  
Y'all are obviously still partying  
but I gotta go!

EXT. NASA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Wide-shot of NASA Headquarters.

INT. A CUBICAL FLOOR AT NASA - DAY

It's a pan of NASA scientist and astrophysicists. All sit in cubicles, studying data. ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE (69), dyed grey hair, suit and tie, enters the cubical floor. Everyone ceases all activity and turns toward him.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE  
I know we've identified the bright  
light above earth as a type-two  
supernova...

ASTROPHYSICIST ONE is excited.

ASTROPHYSICIST ONE  
We haven't officially classified it  
yet sir, we're still measuring  
hydrogen levels. But it's awesome!

ASTROPHYSICIST TWO shouts in glee.

ASTROPHYSICIST TWO  
The greatest event any of us will  
ever witness!

Everyone claps and throws paper in the air. Administrator  
Burnside watches the celebration, then raises his arms.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE  
Now now. Calm down everyone. The  
President asked me to assure The  
White House, this supernova, posses  
no threat to national security.

Astrophysicist One rises.

ASTROPHYSICIST ONE  
We've detected no threat so far,  
sir. It is brighter than expected  
but this star actually exploded  
between five and seven-thousand  
years ago!

Astrophysicist two rises from his cubical.

ASTROPHYSICIST TWO  
All radiation levels are  
negligible. No new traces of any  
WIMP particles or otherwise.

ASTROPHYSICIST THREE rises from her cubical.

ASTROPHYSICIST THREE  
It's so far away there is no way it  
could harm us! It's a once in  
multimillennial fireworks show  
visible from earth!

Everyone in the room claps and shouts with joy. Administrator  
Burnside watches and awaits the elation to subside until  
there is silence.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE  
I was a United States Senator  
before being appointed head of  
NASA. Millennial events scare the  
hell out of me. That awful band  
from Bernie's state...

Administrator Burnside pauses, looks at his assistant,  
HOWARD, standing next to him. Howard is holding a clipboard.

HOWARD  
PHISH, sir.

Burnside continues.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE  
Appear with fish in Austin, Bernie  
Sanders told me. Worst goddamn  
Millennial music I ever heard.

HOWARD  
Uh, PHISH is considered a  
Generation X jam band sir, not  
Millennial.

Burnside continues.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE  
Fish. And that southwest music  
thing...

HOWARD  
South by Southwest.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE  
Practically turned Austin into a  
hippy mecca. These millennium  
events may appear harmless but will  
bite us in the ass. Please check,  
recheck, and gogol plex your data!

Howard clears his throat.

HOWARD  
Uh. It's actually pronounced goo-  
ghul-pleks, sir.

Burnside acknowledges Howard.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE  
I'm not talking about those  
Ukrainian jackasses we met with  
Bernie, Howard...



HOWARD

That would be Gogol Bordello, sir.  
(Sort of singing)  
Start wearing purple, wearing  
purple.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE

Are you finished?

HOWARD

I think goo-guhl-pleks is the term  
you're searching for, sir.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE

That's? That number near infinity?

HOWARD

Uh? Well no sir infinity is...

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE

I don't like Bernie Sanders,  
Howard.

HOWARD

A googolplex certainly approaches  
zeroes beyond human comprehension.

Administrator Burnside turns back toward the NASA scientists.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE

I don't give a damn what any of you  
people call geek math! Gogol plex  
your data and re-submit it to my  
office!

Burnside surveys the silent room, then approaches and looks  
down at an astrophysicist who never celebrated during his  
visit to the NASA cubical floor.

- The three lead scientists on the floor remain standing,  
watching him.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE (CONT'D)

Who are you, young lady?

ROBERTA (46), African American woman, looks up at the head of  
NASA. Photos of her two children tack the walls of her  
cubicle.

ROBERTA

My name is Roberta Robinson, sir.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE

And why do you seem so solemn Miz Robinson? Your peers celebrate this spectacular event. Do you have data suggesting anything, other than celebration?

ROBERTA

No sir. All data suggests earth is outside the kill zone of this supernova.

Roberta looks at the photos in her cubical, then up at Burnside.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)

But I believe it is too early to draw any conclusions, sir.

ASTROPHYSICIST ONE

No supernova so far away has ever threatened planet earth!

ASTROPHYSICIST TWO

It's impossible!

The room laughs. Administrator Burnside enters closer to Roberta and studies photos tacked on her cubical wall.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE

Handsome family, Miz Robinson.

ROBERTA

Thank you sir.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE

I've shaken enough hands in my career to know you are concerned for the people in these photographs.

Roberta looks at her photos, then back up at Burnside.

ROBERTA

These are my babies, sir. I'm always concerned about them.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE

Should I, or the President of our United States, be concerned about your babies right now, Miz Robinson?

The three lead astrophysicists, glance at one another.

ASTROPHYSICIST TWO  
Robinson is a new data entry  
technician!

ASTROPHYSICIST ONE  
She has no standing on this  
supernova event, Director Burnside!

Burnside looks at his assistant. Howard shuffles papers on  
his clipboard.

HOWARD  
They're right. Robinson just moved  
up here to this floor.

ASTROPHYSICIST THREE  
She does make good coffee!

Everyone laughs. Burnside surveys the floor, sighs, then  
peers back down at Roberta.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE  
Did you not have your coffee this  
morning, Miz Robinson? I want to  
know why you aren't celebrating.

Roberta takes a deep breath.

ROBERTA  
I spent twenty-years at N-I-H...  
before coming to NASA.

Burnside looks at his assistant.

HOWARD  
National Institute of Health, Sir.  
She studied the effects of space  
travel on mental health. Before  
being recruited to NASA.

Burnside untacks a photo of Roberta's children and stares at  
it.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE  
You've got my attention, Miz  
Robinson.

ROBERTA  
Well, sir. It's not cosmic rays or  
X-rays or measurable radiation that  
concern me.

Burnside retacks the photo on her cubical wall.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE  
I'm listening, Miz Robinson.

ROBERTA  
The last time a visible event like  
this happened, God came to earth.  
Or at least that's what we believe  
in my church.

The floor erupts in laughter.

ASTROPHYSICIST ONE  
She's obviously spouting religious  
nonsense Director Burnside!

Burnside acknowledges the interruption.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE  
I won the Harris County vote by ten  
points in my last Senate run young  
man.

Burnside returns to Roberta. The floor falls quiet.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE (CONT'D)  
Forgive me Miz Robinson for  
assuming the location of your fine  
place of worship.

ROBERTA  
Houston, Texas, yes sir. But my  
concerns aren't necessarily  
religious. So to speak.

Roberta pauses, looks at her photos, then back up at  
Burnside.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)  
Quantum effects of such an event  
are currently unmeasurable, sir.  
Even by our best standards.

The room erupts with laughter.

ASTROPHYSICIST ONE  
This is ridiculous!

ASTROPHYSICIST THREE  
She doesn't belong up here!

Burnside backs out of Roberta's cubical. He surveys the room  
again, then looks back down at Roberta.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE  
What are you saying Miz Robinson?

Roberta speaks above the laughter.

ROBERTA  
Quantum theory dictates  
entanglement!

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE  
I'm not an astrophysicist Miz  
Robinson. Make it plain, like I was  
visiting your church.

ROBERTA  
We are all entangled with space and  
time, sir, according to quantum  
theory. Cells or particles in our  
bodies could be linked to that  
exploded star out there.

Laughter in the room grows louder, Roberta raises her own  
voice.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)  
We don't know nor can we measure  
the effects of that supernova, yet.  
If not physiologically than  
psychologically, on a planetary  
scale.

Suddenly, STEWART (87-looking), but dapper, rises from his  
cubicle.

STEWART  
This Supernova is called Centurion  
1A7B.

Laughter subsides. Burnside looks at Howard.

HOWARD  
Mercury and Apollo program  
scientist. Medal of Freedom  
recipient. Now primarily honorary,  
sir. But still a whip with data.

STEWART  
The Centurion said, surely this was  
the son of god.

ASTROPHYSICIST ONE  
Sit down Stew! This Centurian1A7B  
gas giant went supernova between  
five and seven thousand years ago.  
(MORE)

ASTROPHYSICIST ONE (CONT'D)

Any quantum entanglement has more  
to do with Stonehenge or ancient  
Egypt, than us.

ASTROPHYSICIST THREE

Stewart was at Stonehenge, sir.

The room laughs. Stewart remains lucid.

STEWART

Yet. The photons, gravitational  
waves and remaining quantum effects  
contained in those photons are just  
now reaching us.

ASTROPHYSICIST TWO

This is a ridiculous discussion of  
theory, Director Burnside.

ASTROPHYSICIST ONE

NASA can only deal in measurable,  
empirical data sir. It's how NASA,  
including Stewart, landed men on  
the moon.

STEWART

We did that over fifty-five years  
ago, with less technology than a  
modern calculator, ya bastards.

Stewart sits back down in his cubical. The room explodes  
again, in laughter. Roberta looks up at Burnside.

ROBERTA

Maybe my place is back at N-I-H,  
sir.

ASTROPHYSICIST THREE

Send her back to the N-I-H!

ASTROPHYSICIST TWO

That's where she belongs!

The entire floor erupts with scientists murmuring and  
shouting at each other. Burnside watches, looks down at  
Roberta.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE

I'd consider you running point for  
me on this, supernova thing.

There is a gasp of disbelief on the floor as voices fall  
silent.

ASTROPHYSICIST ONE

I discovered exoplanet S-R-three-B-eighty-six! I am the lead astrophysicist on this floor!

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE

Miz Robinson what's your opinion of that exoplanet?

ROBERTA

Uh, a fiery exoplanet orbiting its star so closely it might be Mercury in hell?

ASTROPHYSICIST TWO

You can't do this! I discovered fluorocarbon elements on Mars!

Burnside acknowledges the interruption, then Roberta.

ROBERTA

Uh well, possible contamination by the actual drill bits used on our Mars rovers.

ASTROPHYSICIST THREE

I'm researching life on Europa!

Burnside acknowledges the scientist, but again peers down at Roberta.

ROBERTA

Um. It's remotely possible that Jupiter is a failed binary star. But, odds are even less that life could begin or evolve so distant from a source of photonic energy like our sun. Anything is possible in an impossible universe, sir.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE

My sentiments exactly. Your new office is next to mine until we determine and rule out all threats of this newest supernova, thing.

Roberta looks around her cubical, eyeing photos of her family.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE (CONT'D)

Don't worry about your photos we'll have them framed for you.

ROBERTA

Uh, okay.

Burnside addresses the stunned room.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE

British Intelligence says there is more danger to this supernova than our data is telling us. You people, besides Stew over there...

STEWART

Give me a calculator!

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE

... Are uh, missing something in our report to The White House. You're doing a fine job Mister, uh...

Burnside looks at Howard.

HOWARD

Stewart.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE

His name is Stewart Stewart?

HOWARD

Yes sir. He's a legend at NASA.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE

Well only Mister Stewart and Miz Robinson seem concerned enough about this supernova to think outside the box.

Burnside looks back down at Roberta.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE (CONT'D)

Miz Robinson do you like fish?

ROBERTA

Uh, I like fried catfish.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE

Good answer.

Burnside berates the room.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE (CONT'D)

The Brits know something about this supernova that we don't know!

(MORE)



ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE (CONT'D)

And I'm sure as hell not risking  
another fish concert, out there in  
whatever galaxy, turning our entire  
planet into another Bernie Sanders'  
hippy festival. Real Americans  
don't eat sushi!

Howard clears his throat.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE (CONT'D)

What is it Howard?

HOWARD

The jam band is phonetically  
pronounced PHISH. With a bilabial  
fricative P-H-I sound.

ASTROPHYSICIST ONE

This is absurd! I hired Roberta!  
But not for this nonsense! Robinson  
you're fired!

Burnside points, one by one, at the three Astrophysicists  
still standing in the room.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE

No! You're fired, you're fired and  
you're fired. Hell this entire  
agency is fired unless you sit your  
asses down and provide me a gogol  
plex...

HOWARD

goo-guhl-pleks, sir.

Burnside glares at his assistant, back at the room. Every  
NASA Astrophysicist is now hiding in their cubical.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE

I want better data! British  
Intelligence says this supernova  
threat is real people! Do your  
jobs! Robinson come with me.

EXT. CHINA SPACE AGENCY - NIGHT

It's a wide shot of a Chinese government complex.

INT. ASTROPHYSICISTS COMPUTER WORKSPACE - NIGHT

A CHINESE GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL stands addressing a room full  
of Astrophysicists, parked at rows of computers.

CHINESE GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL  
 (In Mandarin, subtitled)  
 British Intelligence suggest this  
 supernova poses a real threat to  
 earth! Find this data!

EXT. RUSSIA SPACE AGENCY - NIGHT

A wide shot of a Russian government building.

INT. ASTROPHYSICISTS COMPUTER WORKSPACE - NIGHT

A RUSSIAN GENERAL stands addressing a room full of  
 Astrophysicists, parked at rows of computers.

RUSSIAN GENERAL  
 (In Russian, subtitled)  
 British Intelligence suggest this  
 supernova poses a real threat to  
 earth! Find this data!

EXT. INDIA SPACE AGENCY - NIGHT

A wide shot of an Indian government building.

Music plays as a SPLIT SCREEN of an Indian General addressing  
 scientists at computers/African officials addressing  
 scientists at computers, appears.

The split screen becomes a FOUR BOX, then multiples, until  
 most every nationality on earth is represented inside the  
 multiple boxes. All small boxes show government officials  
 demanding answers from their nation's scientists.

EXT. 10 DOWNING STREET - DAY

It's a wide shot of 10 Downing Street.

INT. PRIME MINISTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Prime Minister SHERRY HALE (57), very attractive, sits behind  
 her desk, obviously bored. She sneaks views out her office  
 window as two advisors sit in-front of her desk.

SHERRY  
 Yes, yes Richard, gold and blue  
 curtains in that room, whatever you  
 say.

(MORE)

SHERRY (CONT'D)  
Now both of you get out of my  
office so I can abscond my  
grandchildren and adore this  
wonderful supernova fate has  
afforded us.

Advisors RICHARD (50), and THEODORE (47), both white men in  
suits, stand.

RICHARD  
About the supernova, Madam Prime  
Minister.

THEODORE  
We wouldn't bring this up...

Sherry sits up in her chair.

SHERRY  
I'll resign at this moment if our  
party of bent noses wants to deny  
me enjoying a supernova with my  
grandkids.

RICHARD  
Oh no, the party would consider  
these great photo ops!

SHERRY  
It's not about the photo ops  
Richard. It's about my  
grandchildren, and our memories  
together.

THEODORE  
Oh no, yes ma'am. It's nothing  
concerning your grandchildren.

SHERRY  
Then why bore me with details I've  
already been briefed about?

RICHARD  
It's traffic from M-I-Six, ma'am.  
It seems the entire world believes  
British Intelligence has  
information this supernova is  
potentially...

SHERRY  
Brilliant? Awesome and amazing?

Sherry looks back out her window.

SHERRY (CONT'D)

Oh I did find it lovely last evening. I so want to enjoy this moment with my family while the supernova remains so vivid in our night sky. Thank god for this clear weather.

Richard and Theodore look at each other.

THEODORE

Dangerous, Madam Prime Minister.  
Potentially, dangerous.

Sherry stands and pounds her desk.

SHERRY

We've discussed decorum for over an hour and you save this tidbit of world importance on your way out the door!? I was informed this supernova is benign!

RICHARD

Oh, it is most certainly benign, Madam Prime Minister. But M-I-Six reports the entire world's spy apparatus believes British Intelligence has secret information suggesting otherwise.

SHERRY

Does M-I-Six have intelligence suggesting otherwise!? The lives of our grandchildren are at stake!

THEODORE

Oh, no ma'am. But, world spy agencies seem to think we have, some unknown information. Even unknown to us.

SHERRY

And why do world spy agencies think this? Do not lie to me!

RICHARD

That's a wee bit why we even hesitated to mention it, actually. It's fake news. Fake, fake news.

THEODORE

Beyond fake, fake news.

RICHARD  
I said that.

THEODORE  
You said, fake fake. Perhaps add  
another fake. Like, fake, fake,  
fake news...

SHERRY  
Is the supernova benign gentlemen!?

THEODORE/RICHARD  
Yes ma'am!

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Unequivocally, benign to planet  
earth.

Sherry takes a deep breath, thinking about it.

SHERRY  
Motives are obviously clear.

Richard and Theodore look at each other.

RICHARD  
And what motives would those be  
Madam Prime Minister?

SHERRY  
Chaos you bureaucratic simpletons.  
This benign supernova provides a  
perfect opportunity for sinister  
chaos.

THEODORE  
Chaos, of course. Yes ma'am.

SHERRY  
Find the source of this  
disinformation!

RICHARD  
Um. We think we know the source  
Madam but you are not going to like  
it.

THEODORE  
Sinister chaos may not prove the  
motive, on this one.

Richard and Theodore look at each other.

SHERRY

Do not say Sorenson or I'll explode  
beyond that supernova out there!

THEODORE

Yes ma'am. It seems Doctor  
Sorenson's book predicted...

SHERRY

I'm aware of what his book  
predicted gentlemen it's why our  
government fired him!

THEODORE

Yes Ma'am. Yet, right wing fake  
news organizations still link  
Sorenson to us.

RICHARD

Fake, fake, fake news  
organizations. Even Elon Musk is  
quoting Sorenson's book as...

SHERRY

Oh spare me eccentric billionaire  
semantics Richard, it's sinister  
chaos these Authoritarians desire  
and we know it.

RICHARD

Yes, Ma'am.

Sherry sighs another deep breath.

SHERRY

The public must be reassured  
Sorenson is no longer a trusted  
British scientist. Arrange me an  
interview with the B-B-C, promptly.

RICHARD

Yes, ma'am.

SHERRY

I despise this part of my job, but  
ensure the press follows me and my  
grandchildren, every step of the  
way as we admire the supernova  
together, this evening.

THEODORE

Yes, ma'am.

SHERRY

I want every leading British scientist and astrophysicist not named Sorenson, back in my office, come morning. I want to ensure for myself Sorenson's models are indeed lunacy, and that any supernova scare is the hoax of a madman.

RICHARD

Madam Prime Minister, these academics have already briefed you...

SHERRY

Come morning!

RICHARD

Yes ma'am.

SHERRY

Not two days hence of my absolute reassurance of all our safety, I will expect a nationally televised address to parliament. Begin working on this speech immediately.

THEODORE

Yes a speech to parliament. Fake, fake news, is rather nonsensical. We'll label fake, fake news as, nonsensical news.

Richard touches invisible dots in the air.

RICHARD

Although she could illustrate, fake, fake, fake, fake, point by point, utilizing hand gestors.

THEODORE

I do like that more demonstrative approach.

Sherry stands full-alpha, posture planted between both her fists pressed into the desk. She sighs, drops and shakes her head. She laughs.

SHERRY

I'm not Elaine Benes, you blessed-hearted dimwits!

Richard and Theodore look at each other.

RICHARD

Um, um, um, perhaps she is an  
upcomer Astrophysicist from a  
lesser school?

Sherry turns, still laughing, looks back out her office  
window.

SHERRY

I'm simply calling it, flake news.

THEODORE

Flake news, I rather like that  
term. We could do some polling  
research on that term, ma'am.

SHERRY

Churchill had gin. Bring me gin!

EXT. EAST PORTLAND NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Jim parks his delivery van and flicks the GPS device on his  
dashboard.

JIM

Come on.

He jumps out of the van with his barcode device and a small  
package. He tries to engage the handheld barcode laser but it  
doesn't scan the tiny package.

JIM (CONT'D)

This is my last delivery, Lord.  
Make this scanner work and I'll  
serve you forever.

He fiddles with it, then finally marches to a house and rings  
the doorbell. An OLD LADY opens the door.

OLD LADY

Oh dear. I can't chew bubblegum.

JIM

I'm sorry to bug you ma'am, but did  
you place an order with...

The old lady shuts the door. Jim looks at the box in his  
hand. The door reopens.

JIM (CONT'D)

This is the address marked on this  
box. I can't scan the barcode  
ma'am, so I just need a signature.



The old lady shuts the door. Jim sighs, shakes his head.

JIM (CONT'D)  
Looks like another night of  
partying for me, Lord.

The door opens, again.

OLD LADY  
Perhaps my granddaughter ordered  
something from you. But that box is  
so small. I can't chew bubblegum.

JIM  
Is she home?

OLD LADY  
Why no, but I do recall she ordered  
something. That box is so small.

JIM  
I'll help you ma'am.

LATER

The old lady examines several boxes, now lined up on the curb behind Jim's delivery van. A MIDDLE-AGE WOMAN arrives in an older black SUV, parks just behind them. She bullrushes out of her vehicle.

MIDDLE-AGE WOMAN  
What the hell is going on!?

JIM  
I have a delivery for this address  
but she says the box is too small.  
I can't scan the...

The middle-age woman grabs a hand-sized box laying on the sidewalk. It's the same tiny box Jim first presented to the old woman.

MIDDLE-AGE WOMAN  
I ordered her new hearing aids you  
idiot! She's eighty-seven-years  
old! Our address is listed right  
here on the box. Are you stoned or  
just completely stupid?

JIM  
I was tryin' to help her. My  
barcode scanner...

The woman rushes to her SUV, opens the door, points a handgun at Jim.

MIDDLE-AGE WOMAN

Pack up all that crap and get the  
hell out of here!

Jim freezes. He glances at several boxes, laying on the sidewalk.

MIDDLE-AGE WOMAN (CONT'D)

Now!

The middle-age woman leads the old lady back toward the house, gun still pointed at Jim. He doesn't bother with the boxes, jumps in his truck and hurries away from the scene.

MIDDLE-AGE WOMAN (CONT'D)

Come on grandma let's get you back  
inside.

OLD LADY

All those, boxes. I told him I  
can't chew bubblegum.

INT. JIM'S DELIVERY TRUCK - DAY

Jim drives furiously to escape the neighborhood, nearly causing a few accidents. He sideswipes a parked car, looks up in the air, as he races down the suburban street.

JIM

What the hell, Lord! See this is  
why I don't try and improve my  
life! Here I was trying to help  
that old woman and that bitch,  
sorry for cussing Lord, but she  
pulled a gun on me!

Jim is finally out of the neighborhood and screeches to a halt. Boxes in the cargo area slam against the retaining wall, and a few fly through the cab walkway, hit the dash.

-He sits, breathing heavy, surrounded by tangled boxes in the cab area.

JIM (CONT'D)

A gun! What in thee dat-gum world  
was that all about?

He gathers his composure, looks around the cab, then up in the air.

JIM (CONT'D)  
Oh I'm partying tonight Lord! I  
don't care if I work in the morning  
'cause I'm quitting this here job.

He shakes his head.

JIM (CONT'D)  
A gun!

INT. LOTUS BAR - NIGHT

Robby sits at a long wooden bar engrossed in his cellphone,  
as Samira strums an acoustic guitar on a small stage.

INT. THE SMALL STAGE - NIGHT

Samira soulfully sings her final song of the night.

SAMIRA  
(Singing)  
Maybe I wasn't present / enough to  
hear words you spoke softly / yet I  
recall the essence / of cries your  
heart rendered, passionately / of  
how I wasn't there / baby neither  
of us were there / at the right  
time / in the right frame of mind /  
And it's why I am now... your  
ghost.

INT. LOTUS BAR - NIGHT

The small audience of young, Portland hipsters clap. Robby  
turns toward her, still looking at his cellphone.

ROBBY  
(Shouting)  
Go Samira!

INT. THE SMALL STAGE - NIGHT

SAMIRA  
That song was called Ghosting.  
Thank you.

Samira unstraps, places her guitar on a small stand, and  
walks off stage.

INT. LOTUS BAR - NIGHT

Jim enters and reaches the long bar, just as Samira reaches Robby.

SAMIRA  
(To Jim)  
You missed my set!

JIM  
Another song about an old boyfriend  
Samira, I've heard all your songs  
and I need Jager shots now!

Jim turns toward the bartender, who is already pouring Jägermeister into two shot glasses.

JIM (CONT'D)  
Y'all won't believe my day!

Robby is now more interested in shots than his cellphone.

ROBBY  
One credit away from your master's  
degree and you deliver cheap  
electronics bro.

JIM  
A woman pulled a gun on me today!  
Right in front of an old lady!

The bartender MANUEL (37), finishes pouring shots and grabs a glass to pour cheap beer.

MANUEL  
Plus two P-B-R's and a glass of  
wine for lovely Samira.

ROBBY  
Hold on the P-B-R's Manuel.

MANUEL  
It's two-dollar-PBR night.

ROBBY  
It's the end of the world. I'm  
buying this round of beers. Pour us  
some blondes you actually list on  
the menu. Dealer's choice.

JIM  
Did y'all hear me? A woman nearly  
shot me today. In West Linn! Right  
in front of an old lady!

MANUEL

Whole world's going crazy right now, Jim. You're lucky she didn't shoot you.

ROBBY

There was a shooting right down the street a few hours ago, bro. We had to walk all the way down thirtieth avenue just to go around all the cop cars. It's the end of the world.

SAMIRA

We don't know it's the end of the world. But I'll have a vodka cran instead of wine. And a Jager shot with my boys tonight, Manny.

JIM

Now I don't know why y'all are ignoring me here, but y'all have been acting weird since this morning. And I sort of expect shootings in our neighborhood, but in West Linn? In front of an old lady?

Manuel quickly fills another shot glass, hands a shot to each of the roommates.

SAMIRA

To the end of the world!

Jim sort of grimaces at Samira.

ROBBY

To Jimmy Dean!

SAMIRA

Jimmy Dean!

They down the shots, as Manuel pours and places new drinks on the bar.

MANUEL

Two Bend Brewery strawberry-blond ails and a cranberry vodka.

ROBBY

P-B-R's from now on, Manuel.

SAMIRA

Keep the vodka cranberries coming  
for me. House vodka, of course.

Robby and Samira look at each other, chuckle.

ROBBY

Capitalism is so dysfunctional. Of  
course we'd end the world on a  
budget.

JIM

Are one of y'all moving out or  
something? Two more Jager's Manuel.

SAMIRA

Make it three, Manny.

JIM

This is the weirdest day.

The trio settle into their usual spots at their corner dive  
bar. Jim sits between Robby and Samira. He looks at Manuel,  
busy serving their orders.

JIM (CONT'D)

But no weirder in Portland than  
usual I reckon, right Manuel? A  
woman pulled a gun on me today. In  
front of an old lady.

MANUEL

Glad she didn't shoot you, pal.

Robby and Samira look around Jim, at each other.

SAMIRA

I spoke to my parents in L-A. They  
don't think it is really the end of  
the world. But my mom asked me to  
start wearing a scarf.

ROBBY

My dad texted and told me to party.

SAMIRA

Like I'm supposed to suddenly  
behave like some perfect Muslim  
woman? Not one of my aunties ever  
wore hijabs. Only with sunglasses,  
as fashion not piety.

ROBBY

I'm like my dad. It's why I moved to Portland. It's New York but more depressing.

SAMIRA

Shaming me with all that guilt, like I don't realize my own Jadda is a good Muslim woman?

Jim finally slams his hands down on the bar.

JIM

What the hell are y'all talking about!?

ROBBY

The light bro. The supernova.

JIM

What supernova?

Robby and Samira whip out cellphones, scrolling photos in Jim's face.

ROBBY

You haven't seen this!? They say it's a red giant star gone supernova!

SAMIRA

Look at this Jimmy! It could be aliens or something!

ROBBY

It was nearly bright as the moon last night!

SAMIRA

Like, the brightest object besides the sun and moon in our sky.

ROBBY

It's a supernova!

SAMIRA

They say, it is a supernova. A bright light that just suddenly appeared out of nowhere? Now my family expects me to wear a hijab?

Robby and Samira frantically scroll images, until Jim finally pushes their cellphones out of his face.

JIM

I was delivering packages all day  
and I didn't see no damn bright  
light or no supernova! I only saw a  
gun.

They back off, still scrolling images.

SAMIRA

Maybe you can't see it during the  
daytime.

ROBBY

But it's right here, bro. Pictures  
of it from all over the world!

JIM

Will y'all quit it! I see y'all's  
cellphone photos, but did either of  
you actually see this thing in the  
sky? Cause I didn't.

ROBBY

The photos are undeniable bro.

SAMIRA

My mom asked me to start wearing a  
scarf!

Manuel finishes pouring three more Jager shots.

MANUEL

I haven't seen it yet, either. But  
my sister in Italy says she saw it.

JIM

So all of y'all are acting batshit  
crazy about something y'all have  
only seen on your cellphones?

SAMIRA

Maybe it's just not visible in  
daylight.

Jim hands the shots to his friends.

JIM

Drink the damn shots. It's dark out  
now, y'all need to show me this  
supernova thing.

Robby and Samira nod at each other, downing shots.



EXT. LOTUS BAR - NIGHT

They stand inside a designated smoking area, fronting a narrow empty street. Samira pulls a pack of American Spirits from her pocket, hands a cigarette to Robby.

JIM  
I thought y'all were vapers?

SAMIRA  
Screw you, Jimmy Dean.

ROBBY  
It is the end of the world or something, bro.

JIM  
Then give me one too.

Samira lights their cigarettes and they each begin searching the blank night sky.

SAMIRA  
Too much cloud cover.

ROBBY  
Yeah. Looks like clouds moved in.

JIM  
So, what did this supernova or whatever thing look like?

Robby and Samira both whip out their cellphones.

SAMIRA  
A bright light!

ROBBY  
I've got an app.

Robby moves his cellphone around the night sky.

ROBBY (CONT'D)  
Yeah! There it is! Just on the horizon under those trees!

EXT. ROBBY'S CELLPHONE - NIGHT

They all move toward the image to find Robby's cellphone app, identifying a distant star. The register reads: "Centurion 1A7B- SUPERNOVA!"

ROBBY  
We told you bro.

SAMIRA  
Isn't it beautiful.

EXT. LOTUS BAR - NIGHT

JIM  
So y'all spent y'all's entire day  
looking at that damn supernova  
thing on your cellphones?

ROBBY  
Not the entire day.

SAMIRA  
I had a set to prepare for tonight.

JIM  
But neither of y'all actually went  
outside to look at it. Before the  
sun rose. Or the clouds moved into  
Portland? A real supernova actually  
visible from space?

Robby and Samira look at each other.

SAMIRA  
Why?

Robby holds up his cellphone.

ROBBY  
Yeah. We got it all right here.  
Like, photos and live event  
podcasts of it from around the  
world.

JIM  
Y'all have made this day even  
weirder for me. Why didn't you tell  
me about this so I coulda looked  
for it this morning?

ROBBY  
We did.

JIM  
Y'all were talking about aliens or  
something!

Samira extinguishes her smoke, then walks into the middle of the empty street. She looks up at the blank sky, begins to sing.

SAMIRA

(Singing)

I am me / I am free / I feel fresh  
summer breeze touch my face, gently  
/ my life-light is on / clouds are  
gone / no one can place a veil over  
anything I see / my voice is loud /  
cause I am proud / my future shines  
in every midnight sky as destiny /  
I glow so bright / feeling oh so  
right / no one can ever cover me /  
because I'm free

(speaking)

Or at least, I want to be free.

Jim and Robby extinguish their cigarettes, look at each other.

JIM

Get out of the got-danged street  
Sam there could be an ICE van  
around here! They'd whip you into  
the van before either of us could  
do anything.

Samira approaches.

SAMIRA

That's a new one, Jimmy Dean.

ROBBY

I'm sorry they revoked your  
birthright citizenship, Sam.

JIM

I like it Sam.

SAMIRA

It's the song I'll never write.

The trio sigh, sadly look at each other, as Jim and Robby extinguish their American Spirits.

JIM

Natural American Spirit. My  
grandma's ass. Y'all want more  
shots? I'm quitting my job tomorrow  
so it's on me.

ROBBY  
Jimmy Dean!

The trio head back into the bar.

EXT. AN OLD HOUSE - DAY

A font reads: "Devon, England - Universe  
13952934781165911.00987T (11.T) - Present Day."

It's a rundown rural neighborhood. Three well-dressed young people, faces obscured, exit a black sedan. They step over cackling chickens and struggle with overgrown brush to reach a wooden front door.

- Doctor BRETT SORENSON (74), grey disheveled beard, loose professorial clothing, opens and appears in the doorway.

SORENSON  
M-I-Six I presume.

Immaculately groomed versions of Jim, Robby, and Samira, look at each other.

SORENSON (CONT'D)  
I've been expecting you.

FADE TO BLACK