

I'm overwhelmed.

I think you probably are too?

Being alive right now is to be constantly subjected to an unending bombardment of information and emotions and a near constant wave of sound and noise.

The world has gotten loud.

We've all tried to acclimate the best we can, but I see it in myself, I see it in others...we're burning out. Slowly fraying at the seams.

Brendan and I are lucky...we're Canadian. Which means, we have a built in respite that we can return to: The Great Canadian Wilderness. We've always valued our time in the middle of our vast forests, surrounded by pristine lakes and clean air...but now a days, as our lives have all gotten crazier and crazier, these retreats to nature have felt less like recreation and more like very compulsory escapes from the bombastic modern world. Our time alone in the woods is what keeps us sane, it's what balances our system.

We wish we could take all of America with us (for a number of reasons). To give everyone that time and that space and that silence. To let everyone find a place to return to themselves. To remember that we are blood and bone, that we are alive inside our bodies, and that our lives are precarious and improbable and in every way a miracle.

And so the shape of this show started to emerge. A show that would still have incredibly high stakes, but in away that could feel like an escape from the sights and sounds and clutter of this world and leave us only with what is at our core. To remind us that we are humans. That we are animals. *That we are built to survive.*

Our goal for this show is to not only tell you a great story, but to have the viewing of it feel restorative, meditative and peaceful.

So we are proud to present to you this unlikely work, perhaps a first: a serene thriller.

Enjoy.

MG

B R E A T H E

by

Martin Gero & Brendan Gall



**BLACK.**

We sit in silence for a moment.

Then slowly, element by element, a soundscape emerges:

*A small prop plane engine revs up.*

*Country music blares through a shitty speaker.*

*TV news competes with the country music.*

*A PA system squawks unintelligible flight announcements.*

*A din of voices and footsteps crescendos.*

*And finally: A baby screams, the soloist in the symphony of rural airport cacophony.*

**INT. SMALL RURAL AIRPORT -- TERMINAL -- DAY**

CLOSE: the SCREAMING BABY. She's fussy, hot, squirming in her exasperated mother's arms. As the noise overwhelms, we slowly pull out to a wide shot revealing a bustling little airport terminal.

CLOSE ON: LIV (30's). She stares at the baby, deep in thought, her expression unreadable. The PA system squawks again...it's hard to make out. Liv looks up. Did she just hear her name?

THE COUNTER: Liv walks up to an AIR INUIT REPRESENTATIVE (20's, under-trained).

LIV  
Hi, did you just--

AIR INUIT REP  
Olivia Rogers? You're the one trying to get to Inuvik today, right?

LIV  
Yeah, I was supposed to leave like an hour ago.

AIR INUIT REP  
Yeah, sorry, it looks like the wind's pretty bad up in Otter Rapids today. So...

The Air Rep shrugs.

LIV  
Okay. But I'm not going to Otter Rapids.

AIR INUIT REP

Right, but your plane's stuck there.  
So. You're kinda S.O.L.  
unfortunately. We can try to get  
you on something tomorrow maybe?

LIV

What? No. No, I just flew here  
from New York, I have to get to Inuvik  
today. I'm trying to meet someone  
before they leave again.

AIR INUIT REP

Well...can you call them and--

LIV

No, she--  
*(embarrassed)*  
She doesn't know I'm coming.

The Air Inuit Rep stares at Liv, trying for empathy that  
reads more like pity. Liv tries not to see it.

AIR INUIT REP

Maybe you should tell her.

LIV

*(snapping)*  
Can you get me on the plane or not?!

The Air Inuit Rep's face hardens into an impassive fuck-you.

AIR INUIT REP

I'm sorry, miss, I can't help you  
today.

All semblance of cool falls away from Liv, leaving only  
uncomfortable, unvarnished need.

**EXT. SMALL, RURAL AIRPORT -- TARMAC -- DAY**

We CUT OUTSIDE to the tarmac, planes screaming. We watch  
through the window as Liv pleads and argues her case to the  
Air Inuit Rep...and loses.

Liv stands there. Well and truly fucked.

**INT. SMALL, RURAL AIRPORT -- TERMINAL -- DAY**

Liv sits at a bank of chairs, faithful suitcase beside her,  
airport buzzing indifferently around her. Defeated.

She gets a notification from "Dad" on her Scrabble app, and  
with nothing else to do, opens it. Her Dad has played a  
word: **SHE**.

And written in the chat window: **I used to be better at this didn't I?**

Liv stares at her father's collection of 2 and 3-letter words. *He's getting worse.*

Two voices cut through the din.

GEORGE (O.S.)  
 ...Where we going? Top of the  
 Mackenzie River? Jesus, that's past  
 Inuvik.

The word rips Liv back into her body. She looks over to see two men receding with matching luggage carts full of black duffel bags.

GEORGE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Where they gonna send us next, the  
 North Pole?

SAM  
 Don't joke. I wouldn't put it--

LIV  
*Excuse me?* Excuse me.

The men stop and turn as Liv approaches, doing her best impersonation of someone who is not completely desperate.

LIV (CONT'D)  
 Did I hear you say you're going to  
 Inuvik?

SAM, a thirty-something poster boy for "rugged outdoorsman," takes her in, evaluating her against risk and reward.

SAM  
 Mackenzie River.

LIV  
 Right, but you said it's near Inuvik?

Sam looks to GEORGE, a sand-blasted pilot who looks great for seventy or horrible for fifty. George betrays no opinion. Sam looks back to Liv.

SAM  
 Past Inuvik, yeah?

Liv smiles, preparing to ask an insane question.

LIV  
I know this is crazy, but is there any way you guys could take me with you?

They stare at her.

SAM  
Crazy for who? You don't even know us.

LIV  
I have one bag. I'm small. I'll be very quiet.

The lines on George's face form a smirk.

GEORGE  
Quiet's not really an option on a TBM 900.

LIV  
I just really need to get to Inuvik today, and--

SAM  
I'm sorry, I'd love to help you out--

LIV  
Great. Then help me out.

SAM  
If it was just me. You know. But we're flying for work. They're picking up the tab, I think they'd be liable if anything--

LIV  
No. They wouldn't, that's-- I'm a lawyer, that's...not a thing.

SAM  
I'm sorry. Good luck--

LIV  
*I'll give you a thousand dollars.*

George's face says he's listening. Liv senses an opening.

LIV (CONT'D)  
Each. I will give you each a thousand dollars. Do you guys do Venmo?  
*(more stares)*  
Or...a check? I can write you a check right now--

SAM

Look, I feel for you, but we can't--

LIV

*I JUST WANT TO SIT ON YOUR PLANE. I  
JUST WANT TO SIT ON YOUR PLANE AND  
TRAVEL IN THE DIRECTION YOU ARE  
ALREADY FLYING.*

The airport turns to stare at the one-act play unfolding in front of them. Sam looks uncomfortable. A SECURITY GUARD starts to head their way.

LIV (CONT'D)

*You don't even have to drop me in  
Inuvik, just get me close and I'll--*

SAM

*Okay.*

Liv hesitates, thrown off by her victory.

SECURITY GUARD

Everything alright here?

SAM

Yes. Thank you. Just...figuring out who gets the window seat.

SECURITY GUARD

Well try to keep it down. We don't like yelling in airports.

The Security Guard heads off, wishing he were elsewhere and someone else. Liv stares at Sam and George, beyond thankful.

LIV

Seriously?

Sam looks to George, who verifies with an indifferent shrug.

SAM

Sure. We'll get you to Inuvik.

Liv is not going to cry in the middle of this airport  
Liv is not going to cry in the middle of this airport...

LIV

Oh my god thank you. I'm Liv.

They shake hands.

SAM

Sam. This is George. Pilot  
ordinaire.



GEORGE  
You're a lawyer?

LIV  
Yeah.

GEORGE  
You said *two* thousand each, right?

George stares at Liv, unmoved. Liv forces a smile.

LIV  
Yeah. I'll get my checkbook.

**EXT. SMALL, RURAL AIRPORT -- TARMAC -- DAY**

If the terminal was loud, the airstrip is the Thunderdome, small planes taxiing and taking flight.

Liv watches as Sam finishes loading the cargo hold of the single-prop TBM 900, throwing her stylish rolling suitcase in last, out of place against the wall of black canvas bags.

Up front, George makes adjustments to the engine, Liv watching, wondering if she wants to know why.

George catches her wondering. He yells above the engine's roar:

GEORGE  
JUST SOUPIN' HER UP! SAM HERE LIKES  
TO GO FAST!

What do you say to that? Liv settles on:

LIV  
COOL!

SAM  
ALL GOOD?!

Liv looks at the small plane. And lies.

LIV  
ALL GOOD!

**EXT. SKY -- DAY**

**ROOOOOOARRRRRRRR!** The TBM 900 rips its way through the sky, over the dense, endless canopy of the Canadian Wilderness.

**INT. TBM 900, FLYING -- DAY**

The TBM seems bent on shaking itself apart. True to his word, George is flying fast.

Sam looks back at a translucent Liv from the copilot's seat, speaking to her over headset.

SAM  
You a nervous flyer?

Liv's mouth moves without sound. Sam motions for her to pull her microphone down from her headset. She does.

LIV  
I said no, I'm a nervous crasher.  
Is this normal?

SAM  
Compared to what?

Sam smiles. Liv does not.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Fall air. Mixtures of hot and cold.  
Makes for a rough ride.

LIV  
Why are we flying so low? Isn't  
there, like, smoother air higher up  
or something?

GEORGE  
Any other thoughts? How's my  
telemetry look to you?

LIV  
Sorry. I'm just--

SAM  
Don't worry. George knows what he's  
doing.

GEORGE  
And if I didn't, he wouldn't tell  
you anyway.

Not helpful, guys.

SAM  
You want a power bar? Bottle of  
water?

LIV  
No thanks. I'm not really a  
"powerbar" person.

Sam stares at her.

SAM  
You ever *been* to Inuvik?

Liv answers with silence.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Take 'em. Won't be a lot open by  
the time we land.

Not liking the sound of that, Liv takes the proffered bottle of water and power bars, stuffing them into her backpack.

LIV  
Thank you.

Then, because what else is there to do for ten hours:

LIV (CONT'D)  
So what's in the Northwest  
Territories?  
*(off his look)*  
I mean I know what's *in* the Northwest  
Territories...kind of...like, trees  
and rocks and lakes or whatever, but  
what takes *you* there?

Sam smiles that practiced poster boy smile.

SAM  
I'm shooting the caribou run.

Liv looks horrified. Sam clarifies.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Not shoot.  
*(miming a rifle)*  
Shoot.  
*(miming a camera)*  
I'm a photographer for National  
Geographic.

LIV  
Oh! Wow. Your job's so much cooler  
than mine.

SAM  
I doubt that. What kind of law do  
you practice?

LIV  
I'm a securities litigator.

Never sounds better, no matter how many times she says it.

SAM

You're right, my job's cooler.

Liv smiles. Then frowns.

LIV

The caribou run in the Fall? I thought that was a Spring thing.

SAM

Gotta go somewhere to come back, right?

Liv nods, not sure. Sam shrugs, smiling.

SAM (CONT'D)

I just go where they tell me. I'm gonna sit in a camouflage tent with a thermos of coffee and about eight thousand cameras and wait for anything with antlers to run by.

Liv smiles back.

LIV

That sounds nice.

SAM

What about you? What brings a securities litigator so far north in such a hurry?

Liv regrets her line of questioning.

LIV

*(lying)*

Just boring lawyer stuff.

SAM

Seemed a little more like an emergency back at the airport.

Liv presses eject on the conversation.

LIV

I'm gonna take a nap.

SAM

Sorry, I didn't mean to--

LIV

No, it's fine, I'm just super tired. It took me forever to get in from-- I've just been really tired.

Now it's Sam's turn for regrets.

SAM

Alright. Sleep tight. We'll try to keep it down.

They share a last smile at Sam's half-joke, the inside of the plane is deafening. Then Sam turns around, leaving her be.

Liv pulls out a photograph from her inside pocket and stares at it, conflicted. Whatever it is, we don't get to see it. She puts it away again.

Wanting to forget her stupid life and this stupid, charming stranger and this noisy, shaky plane, Liv puts her earbuds in and closes her eyes, trying to disappear inside a GUIDED MEDITATION.

Ambient music swallows us as we move closer to her, a CALM VOICE telling us exactly what to do.

CALM VOICE (V.O.)

*...Close your eyes...ensure you're resting in a comfortable position...*

Liv unbuckles her seatbelt, doing her best to follow the voice's instructions.

CALM VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*Slow your breathing...focus on tensing and relaxing each part of your body... your fingers...your toes...your legs...your arms...your stomach... picture a warm ball of light emanating from your center...allow all thoughts to fall away...replace them with a color...allow that color to shift... allow yourself to float within this space...you are only your breath...you are only your body...and just breathe...just breathe...just breathe...*

We study Liv's face as the voice drifts away, the ambient music swelling, drowning out the world as we cut to BLACK...

Darkness.

**INT. MANHATTAN HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

*We stare down at Liv lying tangled up in hotel room sheets, an arm and leg thrown over a sleeping man's muscular form, his face hidden from our view...*

Silence.

**INT. OLD MANHATTAN APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT  
(FLASHBACK)**

*CLOSE SHOTS in shallow depth of field. An expansive but now very cluttered hoarder's apartment. Wealth buried under senility. Liv plays scrabble with her FATHER. Cuts the crusts off his sandwich. Helps him drink water with his pills. Forces a smile...*

Nothing.

**INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

*Liv wakes up in a hospital bed, groggy. Then tears up, remembering how she got there...*

THE PLANE LURCHES VIOLENTLY--

**INT. TBM 900, FLYING -- DAY**

*Liv's eyes snap open.*

The lights of the control panel are flashing like a Christmas parade. Through the front windshield, Liv watches the plane flying way too close to an endless sea of trees. *How long was she asleep?*

LIV  
Why are we so low?

George toggles the radio switch, arguing soundlessly with Sam. Liv fiddles with her headset, searching for their channel, watching them like a muted movie she's come in on at the climax.

LIV (CONT'D)  
Guys? Is everything okay?  
(beat)  
GUYS--

THE ENGINE EXPLODES.

Fire and smoke replace the forest. The instrument panel's a grey brick. George muscles the controls. The plane cuts left and down, Liv's stomach lurching up and right.

LIV (CONT'D)  
What's happening?!

They're either ignoring her or can't hear. Sam grabs the controls on his side and pulls. Nothing.

She looks out a side window. The smoke clears long enough to catch a glimpse of the right wing.

IT'S MOSTLY GONE.

Liz stares at the space where the wing used to be, trying to fathom it.

George screams back at her. But she can't hear him over the plane shaking apart. He jabs his finger at her seatbelt.

Terrified, Liv clicks the buckles closed, bracing herself as--

THE PLANE SMASHES THROUGH THE TREES. WINDOWS SHATTER. METAL GROANS AND TEARS.

Then...a suspended moment of nothing. *Maybe they'll be okay.*

Liv looks forward, the smoke clearing enough to see the plane plunging towards a lake. The water races up to meet them, Liv transfixed as--

THE PLANE CRASHES INTO THE WATER. Forward inertia flips us end over end, Liv's body lurching forward, her safety belt pinning her, dangling, to her seat.

Disoriented, she looks up to see water rushing to fill in the ceiling. *Fuck. Fuck.*

She fights with her safety belt, finally getting the buckle undone and falling with a splash onto the roof. She checks herself for major injuries and is shocked to find none.

She looks to the cockpit. Sam wrestles with his belt. George hangs motionless beside him. Sam sees her and screams back.

SAM

HELP!

She crawls over and helps unbuckle him. He falls to the ceiling. Then freezes as he sees the rushing water.

LIV

Are you okay?!

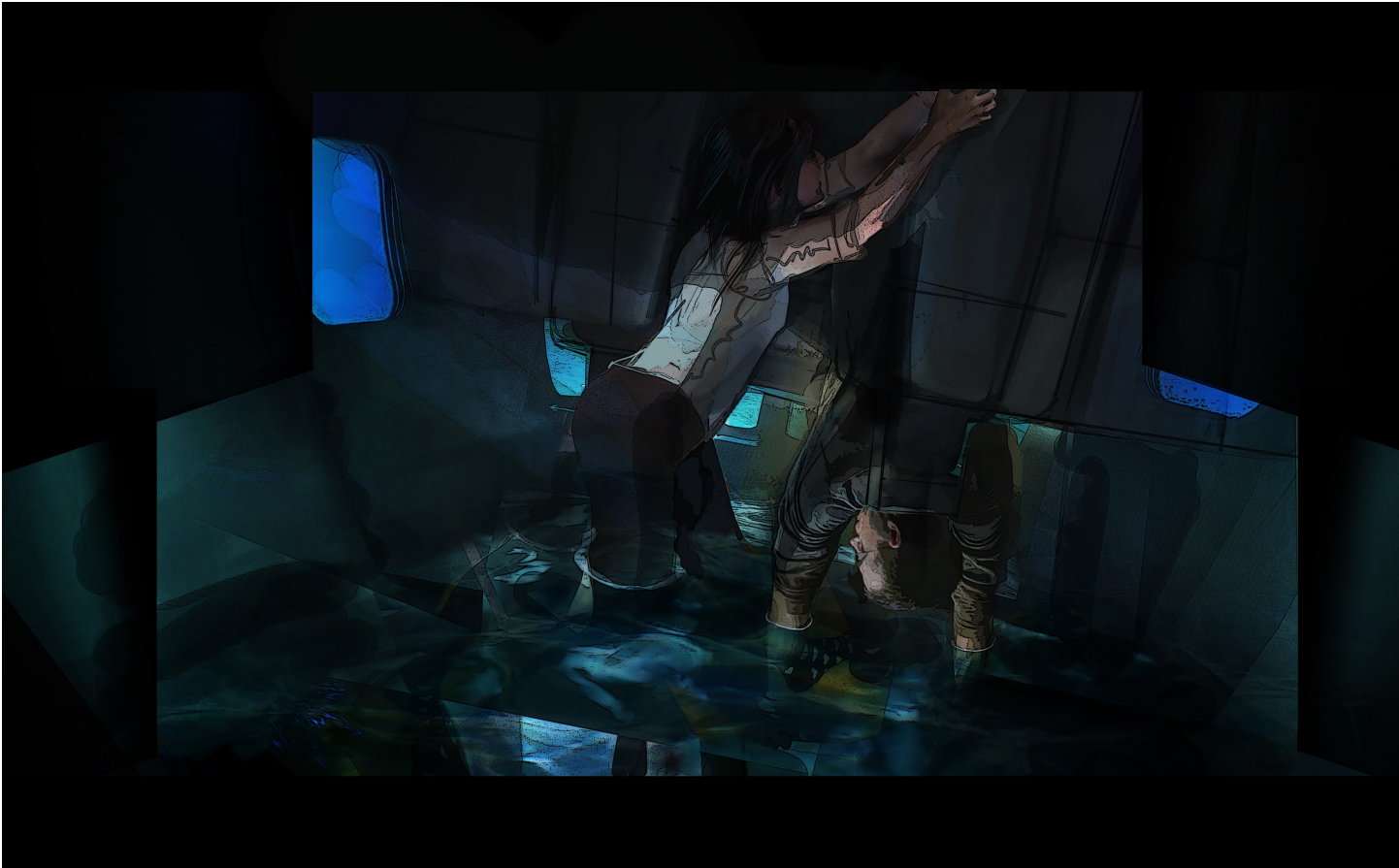
SAM

I can't swim.

Shit. Liv's mind races.

LIV

Okay...Do you guys have life preservers?





But she's invisible to him, eclipsed by his fear. She yells, forcing him to find her eyes:

LIV (CONT'D)

SAM! Do you have life preservers?  
Flotation devices or something?

SAM

I dunno, I'll check.

He heads back to look for flotation devices as Liv stares at George. Blood from a gash on the bridge of his nose drips into his closed eyes and up into his hair.

GEORGE

My leg's stuck.

She helps undo his seat belt. He screams in pain but doesn't fall, his jammed leg affixing him in place. Sam calls back to them:

SAM

I got one! There's flotation things  
back here!

Liv ignores him, still trying to solve the problem of George.

LIV

Okay, just lemme see where it's  
caught.

And then she sees it. A JAGGED SHARD OF METAL BISECTING HIS LEG THROUGH THE CALF, PINNING HIM LIKE A BUTTERFLY.

Liv tries to stay calm.

LIV (CONT'D)

Sam? I think I need your help--

Liv looks back. *As Sam opens the rear door.*

LIV (CONT'D)

NO--!

WATER SURGES INTO THE PLANE. Sam is blown back by the force of it but holds onto the door, regaining his footing, and then kicking his way out and away. Gone.

Liv is stunned. *He left. He didn't even look back.*

George thrashes in panic, his shock giving way to horrible crystal awareness as water roars inside, rising up to find his head, Liv struggling to keep it above the surface.



*She lets go of George's dead hand and kicks off toward the point of light, colliding with her floating backpack as she goes. She grabs it, the shimmering dot growing larger, ready to envelope her, taking the shape of a door...*

*She closes her eyes, ready...*

**EXT. THE LAKE -- DAY**

Liv explodes through the surface tension of the water, smashed back into a world of light and air and sound as her lungs suck in, greedy for oxygen.

Treading water against the burden of her clothes, she turns to see the tail of the plane disappear under the surface.

She stares down into the water, the ghostly ripple of the TMB-900 making its final landing on the lake floor, fifty feet below her in the dark water...

SAM (O.S.)

HELP!

She turns to see Sam splashing around in panic, clawing for the floatation device inches from his fingers. She kicks her way over to him, still holding onto her backpack.

SAM (CONT'D)

HELP!

Liv grabs the flotation device and holds it out to him.

LIV

Here! Take the cushion.

But Sam grabs her arm instead, instinct trumping reason, dragging them both back under...

*...they turn end over end in a slow-motion pinwheel, Sam fighting to hold on, Liv fighting to push him off. Her lungs are empty, she has to resurface. She pulls her legs in and jacks them out hard, hammering him in the stomach, getting him off just long enough to--*

--resurface, gasping, Sam already pulling her back down again.

SAM

HELP!

LIV

Sam, stop! STOP! We will both drown if you don't let go!

Liv shoves the flotation device at him, as much a shield as an offer.

LIV (CONT'D)  
 Look at me! *Hold this and I'll pull  
 you in, okay?*

Finally, he sees her, seems to hear her. He grabs the cushion, his breath and body giving over. Liv grabs her backpack and Sam's collar and starts the incremental task of getting them both to shore.

LIV (CONT'D)  
 Good. That's good. Just relax.

Sam's body starts to shiver.

SAM  
 I'm. Fucking freezing.

LIV  
 I know. Me too. We're almost there.

SAM  
 I. Can't stop shaking.

It's true. He can't.

SAM (CONT'D)  
 Are we gonna die?

LIV  
 Just breathe, okay? One thing at a  
 time. Just breathe. Just breathe...

Liv repeats the mantra from her guided meditation, the only thing she can think of. It's as much for her as for him, the shore no closer, the water an icy syrup. Her lips are blue, shock and hypothermia taking root. But at least Sam isn't fighting anymore.

LIV (CONT'D)  
 That's good, Sam. We're doing good.

**EXT. THE SHORE -- DAY**

In what feels like a hundred years later, Liv drags them up onto the shore. Dense forest surrounds the small lake on all sides.

LIV  
 Okay. We made it.

Sam doesn't move.

LIV (CONT'D)  
 Sam?



She pulls him to face her. His eyes are closed.

LIV (CONT'D)

SAM?!

*He can't be dead. He can't be.*

LIV (CONT'D)

SAM!

She drags his dead weight fully out of the water and onto the muddy bank, no easy task, then checks him over.

He's breathing. Nothing seems broken.

She stares at a pool of growing red beneath his leg. It mixes with the mud, spreading into a spiderweb of tiny rivers. *What the hell?* She rolls him over and sees it.

A THREE-INCH SHARD OF METAL PROTRUDING FROM HIS THIGH LIKE A PRISON SHANK.

Blood pulses from the wound to the rhythm of his heart. Sam groans.

LIV (CONT'D)

Oh fuck. Oh fuck.

*How much has he lost already?*

Liv hesitates, then tries to pull the metal from his leg and Sam's eyes snap open--

SAM

AGGGHHHH!!!

LIV

Fuck, oh fuck, I'm sorry, I've gotta get this metal thing out of your leg.

Sam strains to look at his wound, barely conscious.

SAM

No. I'll bleed to death.

He lets his head collapse back onto the beach.

SAM (CONT'D)

A tourniquet. You have to make a tourniquet.

Liv stares at the pulsing wound, terrified, unsure.

LIV

Right.

SAM

My belt. Use my belt.

She fumbles with his belt, her fingers uncooperative, like they belong to someone else. Finally, she gets it off and lashes it around his leg above the wound, cinching it tight. The pulse of blood slows to a trickle.

Liv adjusts her hold, attempting to tie the belt to itself. The pulse starts again.

LIV

Fuck.

She readjusts, tries again. But no matter how she ties it, the belt won't constrict enough to cut off circulation.

LIV (CONT'D)

FUCK! I don't know how to make it tight. Sam? How do I...

But Sam's unconscious, either from pain or blood loss or possibly both.

Liv strains to thaw her frozen brain. But it's so fucking cold. It'd be so easy to just lie down.

Maybe just for a minute. Just to close her eyes. Just to get her strength back...

Liv forces her eyes back open, ripping herself up off the muddy bank that's already feeling way too comfortable, some part of her knowing if she doesn't now she never will.

She stares down at the problem of blood in front of her, willing it to be manageable.

She stares at her waterlogged backpack beside her.

Yes. YES. She crawls over, fishing around and pulling out a SCARF.

She drags herself to standing and walks the shoreline, scanning the bank until she finds what she's looking for, a SHORT, STRONG STICK.

She returns and crouches over Sam, binding the scarf to his bleeding leg and tying it tight.

She places the stick over the knot, ties it in place.

She turns the stick. Once. Twice. Cinching the scarf tight.

Sam's leg stops bleeding.

But now what? As soon as she lets go it all falls apart. She can't just hold it until they get rescued. Can she?

Liv blows out her fear and frustration, refusing defeat, her mind racing.

*Yes. Okay. Here we go, this is something.*

She undoes it all and tears the scarf lengthwise down the middle, glancing sideways at the blood pulsing from Sam's leg again, very much aware that she's working to a deadline, the human hourglass in front of her emptying itself quickly onto the muddy bank.

She reties the tourniquet with the first length of material, adding the stick and turning it tight. Then with the second she lashes the stick to his leg, tying a knot over both and securing them to each other.

Tentative, she lets go. This time, it doesn't move.

She's stopped the bleeding for good.

She checks for Sam's pulse. But her hands are too numb to feel his heartbeat through her fingers. She blows on her hands, trying to warm them, but it's no good. She puts her head to his chest instead, closing her eyes, an oddly intimate gesture.

She listens. And hears the slow, steady contracting and relaxing of his atria and ventricles.

Liv smiles. *A small victory.*

But she can't stop shaking. She looks up at the Sun, already on it's downward arc.

She hesitates, thinking. Then pulls off her second skin of wet clothing, stripping down to just her underwear.

Liv pauses as she stares at the wet bandage wrapped around one of her forearms.

**INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

*Liv wakes up in the hospital room, groggy. Then tears up, remembering how she got there. She looks down at her bandaged forearm, blood being put back into her body from an IV. A NURSE enters and stares at her.*

NURSE  
*You're a lucky girl...*



**EXT. THE SHORE -- DAY**

Liv snaps out of it, not feeling very lucky. She finds a large boulder and spreads out her wet articles, hoping they'll dry in the dying sun.

*And if they don't?*

She pushes the thought back down.

Impulsively, she checks the inside pocket of her jacket for the photograph. But it's gone. *Dammit.*

Then, remembering something, she fishes in the pocket of her jeans on the rock and produces her PHONE. She holds it up, afraid to hope.

It still works. If she makes it out of here alive she's gonna make one hell of an iPhone Xs ad.

The clock reads **5:50pm**. How many hours before sunset? One? Two? She stares at the phone...

**INT. LIV'S MANHATTAN APARTMENT -- BATHROOM -- NIGHT  
(FLASHBACK)**

*Barely conscious, Liv stares at her arm, now a mess of pumping blood. She picks up her phone. And dials 9-1-1...*

**EXT. THE SHORE -- DAY**

Liv stares at her phone...the bandage on her forearm...and dials 9-1-1.

**NO SERVICE**

*Fuck.*

She trudges back and rifles through Sam's pockets, producing his phone. It's working too, but it's locked. She presses the power button 5 times in quick succession, never more grateful for this feature, then swipes the "**EMERGENCY SOS**" toggle.

**NO SERVICE**

*Fuck.*

She stares at the wall of trees behind her that hedges the lake on all sides. If she could just get away from them...

She stares out at the lake, jaw set to her task. She breathes in and out rapidly, wading back out into the freezing water, the cold punching at her heart.

She holds both phones aloft like magic totems, praying to the signal gods.

**NO SERVICE**

*FUCK.*

She wades back to shore, setting the phones down and slicking the water droplets from her body, then tries to slap and rub some feeling back into her arms and legs.

She looks around. The ground past the shoreline seems to slope upwards.

She looks back at Sam. Thinking. Feeling guilty.

LIV

I'm not leaving. I'm just gonna try to find somewhere higher and try to get a signal. I'll be right back, okay?

She hesitates, considering his still and helpless form. But what choice does she have? Liv heads off, leaving Sam behind.

We stare at him. Cold, wet and unconscious. Alone in the endless Canadian wilderness.

**EXT. THE FOREST -- LATE AFTERNOON**

Liv, still in her underwear, trudges upward through the dense and pristine woods, holding out the two phones, signal hunting.

She looks up at the trees as she walks.

Sun filters through the leaves, dappling Liv and the forest floor in patches of light and dark. The surrounding flora is beautiful, clearly untouched and maybe unseen by human eyes until this moment.

Terrence Malick would love it here. If Terrence Malick weren't walking around in his underwear trying not to die.

*That could happen. She could die out here. That happens to people.*

Liv refuses the thought, traversing tougher and tougher terrain, grabbing tree branches like handles to moor her, climbing higher and higher, but still

**NO SERVICE**

*FUCK.* She's trying not to panic, but every minute that goes by reduces her cool.



She crests a hill, seeing light through the trees. She steps through onto...

**EXT. CLIFF'S EDGE -- LATE AFTERNOON**

...a cliff's edge. Her skin is gooseflesh, the drop-off staggering.

She stares down at the diorama of forest below, stretching to the horizon in all visible directions. A sprawling valley of trees, the leaves of many already beginning to change. Time as a patchwork quilt.

The totality of Liv's situation smashes into her.

She can see for fifty miles in any direction, and not one sign of civilization. Not a building, not a road, not a river or a plume of smoke, not so much as a hint at which way to go.

She looks down at her phones.

**NO SERVICE**

Liv stares out at the abyss. And screams into it.

LIV  
FUUUUUCK!!!  
(then)  
HELLO!!!

Nothing.

LIV (CONT'D)  
HELLOOOOOO!!! HELLLLLP!!!

Nothing.

LIV (CONT'D)  
IS ANYONE THERE!!!

No. They are not.

*Liv. Is. Alone.*

She stares at the phones in her hand. Cutting-edge slabs of uselessness. Sam's battery reads **57%**. She turns it off to conserve power.

Hers reads **31%**. She hesitates. She should turn it off too.

But her finger hovers over the SCRABBLE app. She opens up her current game with "**Dad**," staring at it, trying to reconcile *Yesterday* and *Manhattan* with *Nowhere* and *Now*.

She stares at the game. Liv is clearly good, lots of five and six-letter words. But her father's are all small and simple, the gameplay of a child.

**GO**

**IF**

**HELP**

Liv stares down at **HELP**.

A teardrop mars the screen. The battery drops to **30**.

Liv turns the phone off and wipes her eyes, looking out over the vast blanket of green and yellow and red.

Even in her present state, she can't help being awestruck.

She listens. The quiet is deafening. A complete contrast to the cacophony of noise that's surrounded her until now.

For us too, it is a stunning moment of natural repose.

She stands there. Listening. Seeing. Breathing. Taking it in. Refusing to let her circumstances overwhelm her. She whispers her mantra, almost inaudible.

We watch as she grows resolved, letting her strength warm and fuel her as she accepts the path ahead.

She has to keep them alive. Her and Sam. Until they're rescued. *She has to keep them alive.*

**EXT. THE FOREST -- LATE AFTERNOON**

Liv makes her way back down toward the lake, slowing gravity's pull with her tree branch handles.

She sees light through the trunks ahead. *The lake.* She steps through them to find...

**EXT. A CLEARING -- LATE AFTERNOON**

...a different clearing.

No lake. No Sam.

Liv's confidence evaporates. *No. This is the way she came. Isn't it?*

She turns around and rushes back into the woods. *Lost.*

**EXT. THE FOREST -- LATE AFTERNOON**

Liv races through the forest, searching for Sam and the lake, scanning her surroundings for landmarks, hyper-aware of the setting sun. Panic grows in her chest like a signal flare.

*That fallen tree? Was that the one she passed? Why didn't she pay more attention?*

QUICK CUTS as Liv doubles and triples back on herself, turning in circles, looking for something, anything, to tell her which way to go. Desperate, she calls out his name:

LIV  
SAM? SAAAAAAAAAAM!

Nothing. Because Sam is unconscious.

MORE QUICK CUTS as Liv races back and forth through the trees, frantic, losing it.

She trips, falling forward, her phones going flying. She recovers Sam's. But can't find hers.

LIV (CONT'D)  
No. No.

She searches on her hands and knees, groping through the thick ground cover, but no phone. *Stupid. Stupid.*

LIV (CONT'D)  
No. No no no no no.

She starts to hyperventilate, forcing herself to keep searching through her panic. Finally, she finds her phone.

Liv collapses onto her back, pressing both phones against her chest, as if trying to show her heart: *See? I found them. Stop trying to explode.*

She stares up at the darkening sky, fighting to slow her breathing. She turns her head in the direction of the setting sun.

*The sun.*

Liv remembers...

**EXT. THE LAKE -- DAY (FLASHBACK)**

*Liv stares at the sun setting over the trees across the lake. She turns her back on it, heading into the forest with the two phones...*

**EXT. THE FOREST -- LATE AFTERNOON**

Liv lies on her back, staring at that same setting sun.

*That way. The lake has to be that way.*

**EXT. THE SHORE -- SUNSET**

Liv stumbles out from the treeline and walks toward us, along the shore.

Sam lies where Liv left him. Wet. Unconscious. Useless.

Liv stares down at him. Exhausted. Empty.

No, not empty. *Angry.* If he hadn't said yes. If she hadn't been on that plane. This is his fault. This body. This anchor.

She kneels down beside him. Puts her hand on his throat. And checks his pulse. Checks his breathing. Checks his tourniquet.

Still unconscious. Still alive. Still useless.

She stares at him.

LIV

Wake up.

Nothing.

She screams at him, hating him with her whole body.

LIV (CONT'D)

WAKE UP!

Sam is a paperweight. A fallen monolith of flesh.

She lets go of her fury, the energy a waste. She gets up and walks over to check on her clothes.

Still wet.

She looks out at the trees across the lake, the sun touching them, turning them to silhouettes. Darkness not far behind.

She looks back at Sam, her backpack beside him.

She rifles through the bag, Sam's pockets, the pockets of her wet clothes, and lays out everything she can find:

- 2 power bars
- 1 bag of chips
- 1 large bag, peanut M&M's

-- 1 bottle of water, full  
 -- 1 litre carton of Coconut Water, half full  
 -- 1 pair of glasses  
 -- 1 glasses case  
 -- 2 iPhones, turned off  
 -- 1 phone cord  
 -- 1 pair of Beats Headphones  
 -- 1 Mophie power brick for her phone, currently inoperable  
 -- 1 leather wallet  
 -- 4 credit cards, 2 bank cards, 3 loyalty cards, 1 driver's license  
 -- \$67.15 in cash and coins  
 -- 1 passport  
 -- 1 small makeup kit, mirror cracked  
 -- 2 carpal tunnel wrist guards  
 -- Sam's wallet, 2 credit cards, 1 bank card, 1 driver's license  
 -- Sam's chapstick  
 -- 1 fountain pen  
 -- 1 stack of old postcards, kept together with ribbon

Parched, she opens the water bottle, about to drink, when she stops herself.

She stares down at her complete and total inventory. Everything she has in the world. *How long does it have to last?*

She talks out loud, ostensibly to Sam.

LIV (CONT'D)

The plane would've had  
 a...whadayacallit. Transponder.  
 Right? Don't they all have those?

**INT. TBM 900, FLYING -- DAY (FLASHBACK)**

*Liv stares at the dead control panel in the cockpit of the crashing plane...*

**EXT. THE SHORE -- SUNSET**

She keeps working through the problem.

LIV

But maybe it lost power before we  
 went down. Everything else did. I  
 don't know how they work.

Liv looks out at the lake.

**EXT. THE LAKE -- DAY (FLASHBACK)**

*Liv treads water, staring down at the ghost of the plane sinking below her...*



**EXT. THE SHORE -- SUNSET**

Liv looks away from the lake. She turns the problem over, looking for other angles.

LIV

Okay. But when we don't arrive they'll trace our flight plan, right? Then it's just a matter of following the dotted line. What do you figure, one day? Two, maybe? And then they find us. Right?

She looks to Sam for reassurance. He's staying out of it. She moves to take a gulp of water, then stops herself again.

LIV (CONT'D)

Although. You guys were dropping me in Inuvik. That wouldn't be on your flight plan. That could've taken you off-course. Do you think George logged a new one?

**EXT. TETERBORO AIRPORT, NEW JERSEY -- TARMAC -- DAY  
(FLASHBACK)**

*George smiles at Liv as he messes with the engine.*

**EXT. THE SHORE -- SUNSET**

Liv doesn't like her answer.

LIV

They might be searching the wrong area.

She looks over at Unconscious Sam.

LIV (CONT'D)

We could be looking at more than two days, Sam.

The weight of their situation presses down on her.

She takes a frugal sip of water, rationing, then carefully screws the cap back on.

She opens up one of the two powerbars and takes a small nibble from a corner, then folds it closed again.

She looks over to Sam and holds up the second one.

LIV (CONT'D)

This one's yours. Soon as you wake up. How's that for incentive?

Not great, apparently.

The trees swallow the sun. A shiver runs down Liv's spine. The temperature drop is immediate.

Liv repacks her inventory, then walks over to inspect her drying clothes.

Still damp. But damp is better than nothing now. She pulls them back on, then considers Sam lying there in the dark.

His skin is pale. His lips are blue. He's freezing.

And suddenly, she realizes.

LIV (CONT'D)

Fuck. A shelter. I have to build a shelter.

**EXT. THE FOREST -- TWILIGHT**

QUICK CUTS OF Liv scavenging in the woods, foraging or ripping off anything she can find that seems halfway-useful for a shelter and dragging it back out to the shore.

**EXT. THE SHORE -- TWILIGHT**

Liv drags Sam's dead weight onto the world's worst shelter, basically just a tangle of leaves and branches. She strains with the effort, then constructs an equally-shitty insulating top layer of more leaves and branches before crawling in with him, holding him close to share their dwindling body heat.

LIV

There. That's better, right? A little better?

She adjusts and readjusts, trying and failing to get comfortable on their pathetic bed of sticks. It sucks.

LIV (CONT'D)

Well I didn't see you helping. I'll figure out something better tomorrow. This'll have to do for tonight. 'Night, Sam.

Liv stares up at the gray of the sky, watching it trade lighter shades for darker ones, until finally settling into inky blackness. And from the blackness, a million pinholes of shining light. More stars than you can conceive.

It's a humbling sight, Liv feeling both intensely special for witnessing it and completely insignificant against its vastness.

Out on the lake a loon cries for something lost, or maybe just for the universe's terrible, impossible existence.

Liv stares up at infinity. Starving. Thirsty. Exhausted. Her eyelids drooping, sleep caving in on her...

**EXT. THE FOREST -- DAY (FLASHBACK)**

*We fly low over an ocean of trees, an ominous drone building...growing louder...*

**INT. MANHATTAN HOTEL ROOM -- PRE-DAWN (FLASHBACK)**

*The drone increases as we stare down at Liv lying tangled in hotel sheets, an arm and leg thrown over a man's sleeping form, obscured beneath the comforter. She stares out. Anxious. Thinking. Then suddenly gets up, grabbing her clothes as--*

**EXT. THE SHORE -- PRE-DAWN**

Liv awakens, her arm and leg draped over an unconscious Sam in their nest of branches. She stares at him. Listens to his heart. Still beating.

They're wet and freezing...but alive. Liv allows herself the tiniest of smiles. Another victory.

**EXT. THE SHORE -- DAWN**

Liv stands by the shore of the glass lake, sun blazing down on her. She closes her eyes against its warmth.

She takes a big gulp of water from her bottle. Then goes back to gathering driftwood.

She lays the wood out in a pattern on the beach, forming a word in six-foot font, each letter framed in a driftwood box. She stares down at it, puzzled.

**HEL**

She stares at the unfinished word.

Then she hears it, quiet at first but getting louder. She turns to see a growing dot above the tree line.

IT'S A FLOAT PLANE.

The plane whines overhead, rending the silence. Liv runs after it, waving and screaming.

LIV  
HERE! WE'RE HERE!

The plane grows smaller again, Liv's hope shrinking with it. She stares at its diminishing shape. As it banks hard and comes around, dropping altitude. *It's coming in for a landing.*

Liv runs over to Sam. Shaking him.

LIV (CONT'D)  
Sam! Sam, they found us!

Sam groans, coming to, groggy. Liv laughs, hysterical.

LIV (CONT'D)  
They found us!

The plane touches down, transforming the glass of the lake back to water as it drifts in to the shore. Liv squeezes Sam's hand, allowing herself to cry, beyond exhausted.

The plane shuts off. The door opens. And GEORGE steps out.

Liv's face defaults to factory settings.

LIV (CONT'D)  
...George?

She hears a loud **CRACK** behind her, like a tree breaking in half. She spins to look back into the looming forest. Then Turns back to George.

He smiles at her. Then howls at the sky like a wolf.

GEORGE  
AhhWOOOOOOOOO--

**CRACK!**

**EXT. THE SHORE -- NIGHT**

--Liv jolts upright in pitch blackness. A cold and still unconscious Sam lies next to her.

The plane was a dream.

**CRACK!**

Liv pivots, this sound from somewhere else. *The sound was not.* Shit. She scrambles for her cell phone, turning on the flashlight and scanning the dark for the source.

But the phone's tiny beacon is devoured by the black, illuminating a ten foot radius at best.

**CRACK!**



Liv swings around again. *What the fuck is that?* She strains to see into the pitch. And then she spots them.

*Two shining eyes looking back at her.*

Liv stares at the twin reflections, their gaze fastening her in place.

The eyes grunt a warning. And another. Liv's blood is ice.

Ripping herself out of her fear, she grabs a rock and hurls it. It connects with a solid thud, the eyes grunting and crashing back into the forest.

Liv exhales her terror, adrenaline spent. She starts to shiver.

*Jesus, it's cold.*

She stares down at her phone: **23%**. She turns it off and curls back up with Sam under their sad blanket of branches.

**CRACK!**

*Goddammit!* She spins and stands, firing up her iPhone flashlight again, brandishing the dim light like Excalibur and turning in a slow circle.

*She finds the eyes again.*

*A second set appears beside them.*

*Then a third.*

LIV  
WHAT!! COME ON, WHAT!! WHAT DO YOU  
WANT!!

The eyes don't know or won't say.

She screams and hurls a barrage of rocks, sending all three sets of eyes crashing back through the woods.

Liv stares after them, having no idea what they are but complete certainty that they'll be back.

**EXT. THE SHORE -- NIGHT**

Liv circumscribes the lake, filling her emptied backpack with suitable throwing rocks, a stockpile of arms against future pairs of glowing eyes.

The bag now full, she heaves it back to Sam and sits down beside him. Ready.

JUMP CUT SEQUENCE:

A SERIES OF JARRING CUTS as Liv hears various sounds from all around the perimeter of their camp, brandishes her iPhone flashlight, and hurls rocks, screaming, compelling whatever unseen monsters to retreat once more.

An endless nightmare cycle. Again. Again. Again.

Until finally...nothing.

Sleep tugs at Liv. She fights to stay vigilant. But her eyelids are anvils. She closes them, head drooping, then snapping back to attention, eyes already drifting shut again.

Again. Again. Again--

**EXT. THE SHORE -- DAWN**

Liv sleeps like a question mark. Sam beside her.

Sunlight crawls up their bodies, her eyes twitching as it reaches her face. She opens them. Confused. And then remembering.

She sits up and looks around, the lake and forest as still as a painting of itself.

She looks down at Sam. Does her vitals check. Pulse. Breathing. Tourniquet. Still unconscious. Still alive.

*She got them through the night.*

She checks Sam's phone. 17%.

She looks down at the few remaining stones in her arsenal. She peruses them, selecting the most jagged, then walks over to a nearby tree, jutting out toward the lake.

We approach her slowly, her back to us as she performs something we're not privy to.

She hears something. A grunt. Another animal? She turns, on guard.

No. It's Sam. *He's awake.* Barely.

Liv rushes and drops to his side. He coughs and shivers, looking like death's paler brother.

LIV  
Sam. Sam. It's Liv.

Sam strains and tries to sit up, then grimaces in acute pain.

LIV (CONT'D)

Don't try to move.

SAM

It hurts.

LIV

I know, it's your leg.

SAM

No, my stomach. Agh, it fucking hurts, make it stop.

Oh no. Liv lifts Sam's shirt. And sees a horrifying relief map of swelling and bruising that's spread from his side across his whole torso. He's bleeding internally.

LIV

Oh god. Oh shit.

SAM

Where's the plane?

LIV

It's gone. We crashed.

SAM

What? Where?

LIV

I don't know.

SAM

Where's George?

Liv deliberates.

LIV

Don't worry about that right now, we just have to stay alive long enough for them to find us. So we need to--

Sam lets his head fall back and closes his eyes.

SAM

They're not coming.

LIV

Of course they are. George logged a flight plan. When you don't show up, your company's gonna--



SAM  
No. They won't.

Liv's heart starts a slow and steady plummet.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Where are the bags?

LIV  
National Geographic's not just gonna--  
They're gonna look for you, they're  
gonna--

Sam can barely move, barely speak.

SAM  
I'm not a photographer. No one's  
coming. No one knows we're here.  
(beat)  
You're on your own.

Sam stares up at her. Then through her. And DIES.

Alone.

Liv. Is. Alone.

Liv sits there. Silent. In total shock.

Then panic slams into her like a fist. She starts to cry  
and hyperventilate wildly, tears streaming down her face,  
her breath jagged in our ears.

It's too hard to look at her right now. We drift away,  
tilting down...and land on a photo washed up on the shoreline.

Liv stops crying. And walks down to retrieve it. She picks  
it up and stares at it. A photo. Her photo.

*It's a printout of an ultrasound. A shadowy ghost floating  
somewhere inside her. Growing bigger.*

**INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

*The Nurse stares at Liv, her bandaged forearm, the IV.*

NURSE  
You're a lucky girl.  
(then)  
How far along are you?

LIV  
...What?

NURSE

The baby. How far along?

Liv stares at the Nurse, shock giving way to realization...

**INT. LIV'S MANHATTAN APARTMENT -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Liv sits at her kitchen table, arm bandaged, hospital bracelet still on, staring at the ultrasound printout, feeling lost and overwhelmed.

She stares at her stack of mail, a postcard lying on top sporting an idyllic wilderness shot with the words **Get Lost In Inuvik, Northwest Territories**. She considers it with mixed feelings. Then finally turns it over and reads it.

Two scrawled sentences: **Time to go soon. I love you. - Mom**

She stares at the words. Tearing up.

**INT. LIV'S MANHATTAN APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Liv searches her bedroom closet and produces a stack of old postcards, kept together with ribbon. She sits on the bed and unwraps them, going through them:

The dates span Liv's entire life, the photos and postmarks range all over the United States, Mexico, and in the last few years, Canada. Each with just a scrawled sentence or two: **"I miss you. - Mom" "I love you. - Mom" "I'm sorry. - Mom"**

Liv stares at them, tearing up. Then adds the new one to the stack: **"Time to go soon. I love you. - Mom"**

**INT. OLD MANHATTAN APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY (FLASHBACK)**

Liv sits with her Dad in his hoarder's apartment, smiling at him, helping him eat his lunch, her arm not yet bandaged. Her smile tinged with sadness. Finally:

LIV

Why did she leave, Dad?

DAD

...Who?

(then, smiling)

I'm sure she'll be back soon.

Liv nods. Giving up.

**INT. LIV'S MANHATTAN APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Liv sits there, with her bandaged arm, her ultrasound, her stack of postcards.

*Then suddenly stands and starts packing, shoving it all in a backpack...*

**EXT. THE SHORE -- DAWN**

Liv touches her belly. And stares at the image, her expression unreadable.

She's not out here alone.

She takes a deep breath, steadying herself. An impossibly huge task ahead. She strides out of the frame...the camera moving back up the shoreline towards the tree jutting out toward the lake...and finally, we see what Liv was doing when Sam woke up.

She was making a mark. A single, indelible NOTCH:

|

*One day down.*

**But how many left?**

FADE TO WHITE:

TITLE CARD:

**B R E A T H E**

**END OF EPISODE.**

