

RUSSIAN DOLL

Episode 201

"Nowhen"

Written by
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Directed by
Natasha Lyonne

1 **INT. NORA'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT (3/24/82)** 1

A WOMAN stares at herself in a bathroom mirror. This is LENORA, nicknamed NORA (25). Nadia's mother.

SFX. The gushing faucet.

She blinks a little uncomfortably and leans into the mirror, staring intensely at something that we can't see, then swings the hard edge of a HAIRBRUSH down on the mirror.

RUSSIAN DOLL

The mirror shatters--

SOUNDTRACK: Depeche Mode's *"Personal Jesus."*

MATCH CUT TO:

2 **INT. BUDAPEST - SEWER TUNNEL - NIGHT (1/1/68)** 2

A PICK-AXE SMASHES through a brick wall--

We see VERA (54), Nadia's grandmother, her face weary but strong. Then, noticing something, it shifts to wonder.

A CRUDELY DRAWN MAP is taped to the sewer tunnel wall.

Vera dislodges loose pieces of brick. There's something under there. Her eyes go wide. With new determination, she swings the PICK-AXE. It SMASHES through the wall.

The banging echoes into the endless hollow of the sewer. Vera hears FOOTSTEPS above and looks up, her heart racing--

MATCH CUT TO:

3 **EXT. EAST VILLAGE STREET - LATE AFTERNOON (3/21/22)** 3

LOW ANGLE ON a boot as it hits a SEWER GRATE. A blast of steam obscures the lens as NADIA, now 39 and ready to rumble, parts the vapor. She's not smoking. She still wears her Krugerrand necklace. The song continues as the camera tracks with her: a man on a mission.

3A **EXT. ASTOR PLACE - MOMENTS LATER (3/21/22)** 3A

Nadia hits the intersection, heading to the subway. A BICYCLIST whizzes by, narrowly swerving but not hitting her.

NADIA

Hey genius, wear a helmet!

She mutters to herself as she weaves across the street.

NADIA (CONT'D)

Enough with the bicycles.

Then, a PASSENGER opens their TAXI door. She slams the hood.

NADIA (CONT'D)

(full Ratso)

I'm walkin' here!

She pops her collar and keeps moving.

4 **EXT. ASTOR PLACE STATION - CONT (3/21/22)** 4

ANGLE ON: Iconic Astor Place station as Nadia heads in.

4A **INT. ASTOR PLACE STATION - MEZZANINE - CONT - (3/21/22)** 4A

Nadia rounds the corner, walking quickly.

PRE-LAP SFX. A HIGH SCREECH quickly descending in pitch, then the HISSCHUNK of hydraulic brakes, like a sharp exhale.

5 **INT. R188 SUBWAY CAR/LENOX HILL STATION - EVENING (3/21/22)** 5

Nadia, holding a pole, rides the half-empty 6 train.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

This is a Northbound 6 train. Now
arriving: Lenox Hill Station.

She leans over to scan a PASSENGER'S WALL STREET JOURNAL market price page. As the train screeches to its stop--

NADIA

How're my gold futures?

PASSENGER

You trade commodities?

NADIA

I'm on my way to rob Fort Knox.

The camera floats with Nadia as she steps off the train and registers the subway station sign: *LENOX HILL HOSPITAL*.

6 EXT./INT. LENOX HILL HOSPITAL - LOBBY - EVENING (3/21/22) 6

Nadia approaches the hospital like she owns the place. A HOT NEUROLOGIST, DR. GRIER (30s), steps ahead of her at the door.

DR. GRIER
Let me get this for you.

NADIA
A gentleman and a doctor.

DR. GRIER
You sound like my mother.

NADIA
Easy on the Oedipus.

DR. GRIER
Back so soon?

NADIA
I'm a very sick person.

Dr. Grier smirks and walks off.

7 INT. LENOX HILL HOSPITAL - ER WAITING ROOM - CONT (3/21/22) 7

Nadia finds RUTH, a bit bruised, seated, staring at PAPERWORK ON A CLIPBOARD but not writing anything down. She dabs at her forehead with a BLOODY HANKY. She looks older, more frail. Nadia sits next to her.

NADIA
What's the damage, Ruthi?

Ruth removes the hanky, showing Nadia a BLOODY CUT.

RUTH
Fender bender. Looks worse than it is.

NADIA
That's what you get for going to Jersey. Free to get in, but you gotta pay to get out.

RUTH
It's not Jersey, it's Atlantic City. No regrets. I said you didn't have to come.

Nadia rolls her eyes. Ruth is too old to be driving.

NADIA

But I'm one punch away from my free
Jell-O cup.

(softening)

I gotta say, head wound aside, you
look great.

RUTH

Thanks. There's nothing as
rejuvenating as that split second
of pure fear that it's really over.

It's a real moment. Nadia shakes it off, takes the clipboard.

NADIA

Okay, what do we got? Age?

RUTH

Twenty-nine.

Nadia smirks, writes in her age.

NADIA

Any chance you could be pregnant?

Ruth actually laughs.

NADIA (CONT'D)

Alright, I'll put down yes.

RUTH

You know when your mother was
pregnant with you, she ate nothing
but Cream of Wheat. Breakfast,
lunch and dinner, Cream of Wheat.

NADIA

Well there's no mental illness by
proxy section so how about family
history of cancer?

Ruth leans over, looking at the form.

RUTH

Too much to list.

NADIA

You can't choose your genetics.
Otherwise I would've chosen to be
an Olympic gymnast.

RUTH

Just make sure the 'emergency
contact' is you.

(MORE)

RUTH (CONT'D)
(off Nadia's silence)
Nadia Vulvokov.

Nadia stands up suddenly, uncomfortable with the intimacy.

NADIA
So what's the game plan here? Does
this hospital treat patients or are
we just putting on a Beckett play?

She strides to the reception desk, passing weary PATIENTS,
leans on the counter, across from the intake nurse, MARTA.

NADIA (CONT'D)
Heya, any intel on when they're
gonna get to my godmother?

MARTA
You'll have to wait, like everyone
else.

NADIA
I'm here a lot and I'm looking to
use my time wisely. Let's say I
wanted to get some stuff going off
hours, like, eye exams, tooth
cleanings, pap smears... Can you
arrange that kind of thing for me?
Could I get your number?

MARTA
(raising an eyebrow)
No.

NADIA
C'mon, I'm gonna be 40 in 10 days.

MARTA
Happy birthday.

NADIA
Danke schön.

MARTA
Bitte schön.

The ER Technician, NURSE JADA, comes out.

NURSE JADA
Brenner? Ruth, Brenner?

NADIA
(points to herself)
See that? Good things come to those
who can't wait.

Ruth strains to get out of her chair. It's hard to watch.
Nadia hurries over to help her up.

RUTH
Ah, my fucking knees. Immortality
is the great delusion of youth.
Enjoy it.

NADIA
Me?! I've never been young.

RUTH
You'll always be a baby to me.

NADIA
Almost 40. Call me later and I'll
pick you up, okay? We know the
routine.

Nadia watches as Ruth smiles and heads with Nurse Jada to an
exam room. She takes a CRUMPLED PACK OF CIGARETTES out of her
pocket. There's only one left. She puts it in her mouth and
chews on it, catching Marta's eye.

NADIA (CONT'D)
Just between you and me, do you
think she should still be driving?

MARTA
There's no smoking in here.

NADIA
Easy. I'm just chewing.

8 **EXT. LENOX HILL HOSPITAL/UPTOWN STREET - NIGHT (3/21/22)** 8

Nadia walks toward the Lenox Hill subway station. She dials
her PHONE and puts it to her ear.

INTERCUT:

9 **INT. MAXINE'S LOFT - INTERCUT (3/21/22)** 9

MAXINE answers. She's Windex-ing her FISH TANK on the kitchen
counter. KETCHUP and MUSTARD are in a bowl beside her.

MAXINE

Nemo!
(to fish tank)
It's Nemo.

NADIA

Yuppy pupsy.

MAXINE

I just told the fish it was you.
Like they're going to talk back.
Which they're not because they're
assholes. Did you know that human
embryos go through a stage where
they have slits in their necks like
gills? Isn't that adorbs?

NADIA

We all start out with a
tracheotomy? Very adorbs. But any
organ that brings in oxygen just
makes me want to smoke.

MAXINE

You didn't quit?

NADIA

It's a process, Maxine.

MAXINE

You sound stressed, maybe you
should start up again.

NADIA

Don't mind-game me. I'm keenly
aware that my lungs are essentially
two shriveled-up Nick Caves.

MAXINE

How's Ruth?

NADIA

I don't fuckin' know. She's okay,
she's not okay, it never ends. I've
been caretaking for four years. I'm
so sick of doctors that I gotta go
see a doctor about it.

MAXINE

You should see my shaman. She
totally cured my carpal tunnel.

Max moves to her work station, toying with the early concept
of her next installation: she's building a wall.

NADIA

I feel like I've spent my whole life climbing this staircase and I'm afraid that if I look back, I'll realize there are no steps behind me, that I'm just standing on thin air. And I'll free fall.

MAXINE

Self-portrait as a Looney Tune.

NADIA

You know, no witnesses. No one who's been there since the beginning. Besides Ruth.

MAXINE

You're doing great, Nemo. And you know me, I barely lie.

NADIA

Every time you compliment me, a cockroach gets its wings.

MAXINE

Okay, so, let's talk about your party. I'm thinking absinthe bar, quail eggs, I know this woman who makes the most amazing indoor icebergs--

NADIA

I think I'm gonna spend my birthday with Alan. Quiet night in.

MAXINE

With Alan? Again? That makes sense. I've only been your best friend for 25 years.

NADIA

Hey, we ended up in the same timeline. Gotta make sure it stays that way. Nothing personal.

MAXINE

I'm obviously going to take this very personally!

Nadia arrives at the station. She looks back at the hospital.

NADIA

Alright, take it easy. I'm going into the subway, want me to pick anything up? I should be there in like fifteen.

MAXINE

Oh! Could you pick up my lachrymatory from my glass guy?

NADIA

I'm losing you.

She hangs up and heads into the station.

10

INT. LENOX HILL STATION - PLATFORM - CONT (3/21/22)

10

Nadia waits for the train in the eerily empty station, toying with the pack of cigarettes. She spots a man on the opposite platform, across the tracks. *Is that Horse?* She yells to him--

NADIA

Hey!

HORSE

What!

NADIA

Horse?

HORSE

Shut up! You want everybody to know?

NADIA

What?

HORSE

You waiting for the train?

As always, he seems under the influence of something and a little menacing. He wears BRIGHT NEW SNEAKERS.

NADIA

Yeah. What are you doing above 14th street?

He mocks her tone, refusing to engage in small talk.

HORSE

Hey! Are you getting on the fucking train? You waiting for it?

A gust of air from an oncoming train blows the pack out of her hand, onto the tracks. *Fuck*. There goes her safety net.

HORSE (CONT'D)
(yelling over the train)
Don't be a pussy! Jump in there and get them!

The train pulls up. IT'S AN R32. The train number reads 6622. Everything looks normal from the outside.

HERO SHOT: The doors open and she gets on, stepping into our Season Two Reset Point. This is a match to our Season One bathroom framing.

11

INT. R32 SUBWAY CAR - CONTINUOUS (3/21/82)

11

Nadia steps on. A few GUTTER PUNKS sit together. COMMUTERS read NEWSPAPERS and BOOKS. A MAN smokes a cigarette.

NADIA
Ballsy move, dude.

No reaction from the indoor smoker.

SUBWAY ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
This 6 train is now running
express. Next stop, Astor Place.

Nary an iPhone. *What's happening?* She clutches the pole.

MAN ON SUBWAY
Do you want my seat?

NADIA
I'm not gonna fuck you.

MAN ON SUBWAY
Good. You definitely shouldn't.

NADIA
(putting a retort together
poorly)
Good, you good.

Nadia looks around at the people in '80s outfits. Spots more JUNKIES than usual nodding off. She clocks some old PSA ads: "Five Ways to Not Get Mugged," "Don't Listen To Rumors about AIDS. Get The Facts!" and "CATS! Opening Soon!"

NADIA (CONT'D)
What is this, an 80s flashmob?

She begins to walk the length of the car, increasingly curious. A NYPD OFFICER (OFFICER STONE) holds back a barking GERMAN SHEPHERD. She turns to a GUY WITH A MOHAWK.

NADIA (CONT'D)

Hey, Travis Bickle, what year do you think it is?

GUY WITH MOHAWK

Zero.

Nadia gives him a dirty look.

GUY WITH MOHAWK (CONT'D)

'82.

Off Nadia's face trying to process as the train heads into a tunnel and darkness--

12

INT. ZAVERI HOME - BASEMENT - NIGHT (3/21/22)

12

ALAN, with a new mustache, leans over a puddle of water, salvaging MEMENTOS from the floating detritus. His mother, DR. ZAVERI, stands with him in a waterlogged basement, cleaning up post-flood.

DR. ZAVERI

What's wrong with a CPA? Taxes don't do themselves, sweetheart.

Alan pulls a PHOTO out of the water, sets it on the staircase to dry. We tag a PHOTO of ALAN'S DAD with a YOUNG ALAN.

ALAN

Nothing in theory, I just don't know if I want to date one--

DR. ZAVERI

So, what about Emilia, then? She's very pretty. Maybe wears a bit too much make-up. Responsible, wants kids, and soon. I told her mother all about you.

ALAN

I don't know, mom--

DR. ZAVERI

Beatrice was nearly four years ago.

Alan puts some stray pieces back into a TRAVEL CHESS SET.

ALAN

I've gone on plenty of dates since then.

DR. ZAVERI

Plenty of first dates. A bachelor at your age... It's unnatural, Alan.

(catching herself)

Especially with your good looks. And steady job. And height! You know, every mother just wants her children to find love.

ALAN

What if I don't know how?

A little too real. Dr. Zaveri deflects.

DR. ZAVERI

I always told myself I'd sort through your grandmother's things eventually. But after she died, I just stuffed it all down here. You were so young, and I was so busy... Never found the time. One burst pipe, and now so many years of memories, just gone.

(then)

She was so much like you. So... finicky.

Alan is quiet, eyeballing a few small HOLES in the basement wall, some with rusted NAILS still protruding.

ALAN

Dad took me down here sometimes. He'd hammer a nail into the wall and show me that even when you take the nail out, the hole still remains.

DR. ZAVERI

(cutting in)

He just wanted the best for you, Alan. He always has.

ALAN

I know.

She touches Alan's arm.

DR. ZAVERI

Thank you for coming to help.

(then)

Maybe reconsider the mustache. It
might be sending the wrong message.

He picks up a floating RECORD SLEEVE: a dark red stain over
the warped face of "*Bach's Violin Concerto #2 in E Major.*"

13

INT. ASTOR PLACE STATION - PLATFORM - NIGHT (3/21/82)

13

HERO SHOT: Nadia steps off the train onto the platform.

She registers her new reality, trying to make sense of what
she's seeing. She hears yelling and BARKING from behind her.
She turns and sees a GUY running away, chased by a GUARDIAN
ANGEL. She turns, eyes wide--

Her POV: there's now a POSSE OF GUARDIAN ANGELS IN RED BERETS
running straight towards her on the way to the dust-up.

NADIA

Holy fucking shit.

As they run past her, Nadia grabs hold of a passing Angel.

ANGEL

Hey!

He sees who's got his wrist and stops, out of breath. He's
stylish and his beret reads DEREK.

NADIA

Who are you guys and why are you
wearing berets?

Derek looks and sees that his fellow Angels have the
situation under control. He gives Nadia a look.

DEREK

Guardian Angel, ma'am. One person
can make a difference as long as
others will dare to care.

Nadia catches the logo on his shirt -- an eye inside a
pyramid, with the phrase "*Guardian Angels Safety Patrol.*"

DEREK (CONT'D)

Are you alright, ma'am? Do you need
help getting home?

Nadia is coming to grips with where she is, shell shocked.

NADIA

No, Derek, I don't need your help.
But I do need to get home. Yes, I
really, really do.

A few HUNGARIAN TOURISTS pass Nadia as she climbs the stairs
towards the exit. She eyes everything with suspicion.

14

EXT. ASTOR PLACE STATION - STREET - NIGHT (3/21/82)

14

Nadia emerges, finding herself right in front of a 'STOP
NUCLEAR WAR' ACTIVIST at a table, giving out pamphlets. They
try to hand Nadia a PAMPHLET.

ACTIVIST

Do you believe in the future of
humanity?

NADIA

Uh, define future.

ACTIVIST

We're building thermonuclear
weapons left and right. We're
fucking Gaia and we don't even know
where the clit is.

NADIA

(still dazed)

Right. Gotta find the clitoris.
That's why they always say that.

ACTIVIST

Radiation from thermonuclear
weapons causes genetic changes that
are inherited by future
generations.

Nadia reads the pamphlet: *"Does Humanity Have a Future?"*

ACTIVIST (CONT'D)

Unless we do something, we're
fucked, our kids are fucked, and
our kids' kids are fucked.

As she pockets the pamphlet, she panics--

NADIA

Fuck! Where's my fucking phone?

She pats herself down -- and discovers a STRANGE SET OF KEYS,
a few SUBWAY TOKENS and a MATCHBOOK. Weird. These weren't the
contents of her pockets.

NADIA (CONT'D)

I think I got un-pickpocketed.

She looks down at her blazer, checking it for answers -- it looks normal. She checks on her necklace, phew, still there. She examines the matches, emblazoned with--

NADIA (CONT'D)

The Black Gumball.

She flips open the matchbook, a handwritten note: "See you at 8. Chez." Her only clue. She makes a decision.

NADIA (CONT'D)

Hey, you know where this place is?

15 **EXT. MAXINE'S BUILDING - NIGHT - CONT (3/21/82)**

15

Nadia heads to *The Black Gumball* through her altered hood.

She passes Maxine's apartment building. It's an active Yeshiva, not yet converted into a condo. Some YESHIVA STUDENTS exit. She mumbles vaguely in their direction.

NADIA

L'chaim, l'chaim.

16 **EXT. THE BLACK GUMBALL - EAST VILLAGE - NIGHT (3/21/82)**

16

Nadia stops in front of a building and checks out the familiar exterior. It's her local bar, the PUBLIC ENEMY, except the sign now reads, "*The Black Gumball.*"

NADIA

(annoyed)

Oh come on, eat my dick.

(then, reconsidering, a
more positive spin)

On the other hand, eat my dick.

She throws open the door.

17 **INT. THE BLACK GUMBALL - EAST VILLAGE - CONT (3/21/82)**

17

Nadia has turned a page, ready to enjoy whatever mess she's found herself in. She eyes her seedy dive, checking out what it used to be. It's dim, covered in GRAFFITI and pretty empty. A PUNK GIRL does a doped-up strip tease. A BAR PATRON is in heated conversation with the BARTENDER.

BAR PATRON

--Of course, the American religion at its core *has always been* consumerism, but *now*, the illusion has fallen away and we're left worshipping the thing itself. The pursuit of money for money's sake--

BARTENDER

You gonna pay for that drink?

Nadia sits at the bar, interrupting their conversation.

NADIA

Lemme get a bourbon.

The Bartender gives her a look.

BARTENDER

You sure?

NADIA

It's arguably the only thing I'm currently sure of. Basic concepts like time and space are suddenly eluding me.

She turns to watch the strip tease.

NADIA (CONT'D)

Last night this bar was mayhem because wifi went out, but in the new "here and now," apparently gratuitous nudity is back in play. My past, your future. Begs the question, am I haunting you or are you haunting me?

Nadia takes a huge gulp of her drink.

BAR PATRON

You seem pretty relaxed for a ghost.

NADIA

Thanks. At a certain point you learn your lesson, when the universe fucks with you, let it.

She finishes the drink, puts her glass out for another.

NADIA (CONT'D)

Tell ya this, what I did not expect was for the 6 train to run through some kind of wormhole. Hit me.

He does. The Bar Patron looks at her, genuinely intrigued.

BAR PATRON

You're a time traveler?

NADIA

I prefer the term "time prisoner."

BAR PATRON

What happens to me in the future?

NADIA

I don't know who you are, guy.

He slides his BUSINESS CARD across the bar: *DANNY SHAKER, Betamax Specialist, Crazy Eddie's, St. Marks.*

DANNY

Danny.

NADIA

No fucking way, Crazy Eddie's!

DANNY

I wish more women had that kind of enthusiasm about my day job.

She puts it in her pocket. Danny lights a cigarette.

NADIA

Hey, I'll tell you your future. In about a second, you offer me a cigarette. Don't worry, I quit in 40 years.

DANNY

Prescient.

Danny gives her one.

NADIA

Thanks, Danny from 1982. Nadia. Not to piss in your drink, but your boss goes away for securities fraud.

We hear a BOTTLE BREAK as the bathroom door flings open and a BODY stumbles out.

She pockets the smoke and turns to find the man picking himself off the ground and hurrying toward her. This is CHEZARE "CHEZ" CARRERA (35), a real hot piece.

CHEZARE

(to Nadia)

Come on. Hurry. Act cool.

NADIA

Here's my rule on strangers. They stand at a distance, 500 feet away from me, and then I never see them again.

He leans in close.

CHEZARE

Good thing I'm not a stranger.

NADIA

(going back to her drink)

Watch it, that's my ear.

A bloody-faced COKEHEAD (TERRANCE) falls out of the bathroom.

TERRANCE

Hey! Chez! You fuckin owe me!

NADIA

Ah good. You must be Chez from the matchbook then.

CHEZARE

Let's go.

Nadia and Danny share a look. She picks up his drink and takes a big gulp as Chez pulls her out the door.

18

EXT. THE BLACK GUMBALL - EAST VILLAGE - CONT (3/21/82)

18

Chez steers Nadia away from the bar down Avenue B. She struggles a bit, feeling the drinks.

CHEZARE

I don't think we should go to that bar anymore. Bad atmosphere.

NADIA

Funny how the vibe changes as soon as you rip off a cokehead.

He looks back, sees the coast is clear and grins. They stand by a "COMING SOON" poster of "Sophie's Choice."

CHEZARE

You nervous?

NADIA

No. And just for the record, when you call a woman "nervous," you're drawing on a centuries-old history of men deciding our reasonable reactions to their aggressive behaviors are pathological.

CHEZARE

Want one of these?

He holds out TWO PILLS, one in each palm.

CHEZARE (CONT'D)

Lady's choice. 'Ludes or Beauties?

Nadia picks one up.

NADIA

Holy shit. Black Beauties. I thought these were just legend.
(squints, considering)
Is this some type of gonzo riddle where I lean in to find a way out?

CHEZARE

Gonzo all the way, baby.

This hot guy offering pills seems like her best option.

NADIA

Fuck it, looks like Purim came early this year.

She pops the Black Beauty and pockets the Quaalude.

CHEZARE

(surprised)

I was going to take one.

NADIA

For someone with the home court advantage, you're having a hard time keeping up.

As she dry swallows it, he kisses her hard against a DUMPSTER. Too much tongue. A surprise! GARBAGE flies romantically in the wind. He pulls her down the street.

CHEZARE

Let's keep moving.

19

EXT. VERA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER (3/21/82)

19

Chez and Nadia fast walk down 7th street, in lockstep. He's amped up and sniffing a lot, like he might've done some coke. She's riding high on the Beauty.

CHEZARE

Right now, we're nobodies. Some yuppie bumps into you on the street and their eyes glazed over as if you don't exist. Just because we don't opt in to their *Ozzie and Harriet* version of life.

He stops suddenly, in front of a brownstone.

NADIA

Who do you think I am?

CHEZARE

I think you're a beautiful strong woman who's about to finally get the respect she deserves.

(then)

You got the keys?

NADIA

What keys?

Chez takes it like a game.

CHEZARE

Check your pockets. Actually, more fun, how about I check your pockets for you.

He puts his arm around her, then slips his hand into her pocket. He's very close to her, breathing on her neck.

CHEZARE (CONT'D)

Got 'em.

NADIA

If by "them" you mean my pussy lips in a twist, then mission accomplished.

CHEZARE

Sounds painful.

Chez dangles the set of keys, flashes a sly smile. He unlocks the door and heads in. Meanwhile, Nadia flips open Chez's WALLET -- while he was taking her keys, Nadia picked his pocket. She looks at his ID.

NADIA
(a very hot photo)
Chezare Carrera. Hail, Caesar.

She follows him in.

20

INT. VERA'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER (3/21/82)

20

Chez and Nadia walk into a darkened apartment. Nadia bumps into an OLD RECORD PLAYER, unwittingly turning it on.

NADIA
Shit!

Chez puts his hand over Nadia's mouth. It's kind of hot.

CHEZARE
(whispered)
She's sleeping.

Nadia eyeballs the joint. There's not much she can see, but this apartment seems to belong to an old lady. Antique furniture, crocheted doilies on every surface.

He kneels and reaches underneath a CHAISE LOUNGE in the living room. High, Nadia processes this moment profoundly. Chez stands back up, now holding a WORN LEATHER BAG.

INSERT: The NEEDLE as it drops on the record player. Music starts blaring an old Hungarian folk song. She and Chez make eye contact, then bolt out of the apartment.

21

EXT. VERA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS (3/21/82)

21

Chez and Nadia burst out into the street. The thrill of almost getting caught is exhilarating.

ANGLE ON: An old tenant, DELIA (60), watching from a window in Vera's building. Nadia doesn't notice Delia staring at her, a strange look on her face.

22

INT. NORA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER (3/21/82)

22

Nadia and Chez, making out, fall into the living room of a high-rise apartment. The lights of the city flicker in the windows behind them. It's very 80s, a lot of LACQUER. Chez drops Nadia and the bag on the sofa, pats his pockets.

CHEZARE
Where's my wallet?

Nadia tosses it to him. He takes some coke out of the wallet and begins cutting some lines on the mirrored coffee table.

NADIA

Quick background check. Don't take offense, I do this to every guy I meet.

CHEZARE

My crazy baby.

He leans over the table, does a line, gets passionate.

CHEZARE (CONT'D)

The thing is, they don't want us to move up in the world. The whole system is a racket. It's bullshit. You stay here, you stay here. But no, fuck it. You gotta-- You gotta take control of your life, you know? That's what we're doing. You and me. I love you, baby.

Chez rubs some coke on his gums and gently rubs some coke on her gums, licks it off, she pauses--

NADIA

Sorry, my bladder's fucking my dick tonight. Two secs--

On Chez: *what the fuck did she just say? Who cares.* He starts undressing.

23

INT. NORA'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - LATER (3/21/82)

23

ANGLE ON: The empty mirror over a sink.

We hear some mumbling from Nadia as she flushes, feeling the weight of the long, crazy night.

NADIA (O.C.)

Ah. Jesus. We got this, this'll be great.

ANGLE ON: The sink as she runs the faucet, then looks up--

Sucker punch. In the mirror is the face of Nora, Nadia's mother. As Nadia reaches to touch her own face, her mirror image touches Nora's face in the mirror. Is this real?

NADIA (CONT'D)

Mom?

Nadia turns and sees herself in a FULL-LENGTH MIRROR.

NADIA/NORA
(realizing)
Holy shit.

Nora is pregnant. With Nadia. She's inside her mom, squared.

She lifts up her shirt, takes in her giant, nine-month belly. As the drugs and bourbon rise up in her, she turns and pukes.

CHEZARE (O.C.)
(through the door)
Nora? You alright in there? I'm
gonna open this champagne, okay?

NADIA/NORA looks panicked, reaches for the door handle--

24

INT. NORA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS (3/21/82)

24

Chezare calls out from the kitchen--

CHEZARE (O.C.)
Babe, you want a drink?

Nadia/Nora looks back, horrified, and runs out the door.

25

EXT. FERRAN'S DELI - NIGHT (3/21/82)

25

On Nadia/Nora in her mother's pregnant body as she strides down Avenue B. She lights Danny's smoke, relapsed.

SOUNDTRACK: "Mother" by Danzig plays. A very twisted take on Travolta's strut in *Saturday Night Fever*.

In a series of Texas switches, we see Nadia in her 2022 clothes, while the reflective surfaces show her as a pregnant Nora in 1982 clothes. Nadia/Nora walks past Ferran's DELI and double takes at what could only be FERRAN'S DAD, SALIM, hosing the street outside his shop.

26

EXT. TOMPKINS SQUARE PARK - NIGHT - CONT (3/21/82)

26

A horrified Nadia/Nora walks through Tompkins, BURNOUTS loitering in the park: JUNKIES staying warm by TRASH CAN FIRES, RATS running wild. It's grimier, scarier. As Nadia pulls her coat tight, we switch to see Nora from their POV.

27 **EXT. DELANCEY BOWERY STATION - STAIRS - NIGHT (3/21/82)** 27

"Mother" continues as Nadia/Nora approaches the entrance to the Delancey/Bowery stop. She passes a WOMAN in big SHOULDER PADS trailed by a YUPPIE in a suit, exiting as she enters--

NADIA/NORA
Easy, Michael Douglas. Okay,
where's my fuckin Delorean?

Nadia/Nora heads down into the station.

28 **INT. UNION SQUARE STATION - MEZZANINE - NIGHT (3/21/82)** 28

Nadia/Nora emerges onto the Union Square mezzanine. She sees a Michael Jackson BREAKDANCING TRIO. 80s PEOPLE throw DIMES in a TOPHAT. Still in the past. *Shit*. She's hyperventilating.

NADIA/NORA
(to herself)
C'mon, Hansel. Retrace your steps.

She runs to the exit, mumbling to herself as she heads out--

NADIA/NORA (CONT'D)
Astor Place. Ya dumbfuck. Think.

28A **EXT. ASTOR PLACE STATION - NIGHT (3/21/82)** 28A

Nadia/Nora runs down the steps into the station.

29 **INT. ASTOR PLACE STATION - PLATFORM/R32 CAR - CONT (3/21/82)** 29

Nadia waits. The same silver R32 train that brought her from 2022 pulls up. Nadia registers the number:

NADIA/NORA
6622.

In the closed subway door windows she sees her reflection. She's still Nora. She panics as the doors open.

She pops her head in, suspicious. 2022 ADS, people in FACE MASKS, CELL PHONES... She calls to a GOTH TEEN.

NADIA/NORA (CONT'D)
You're in 2022, right?

The GOTH TEEN looks away and puts on AIRPODS.

SUBWAY ANNOUNCER (O.C.)
Stand clear of the closing doors.

She rushes inside, slinks into a window seat. Inside the 2022 car, she appears as herself, Nadia. She eyes her reflection as the car pushes through the tunnel.

30 **INT. LENOX HILL STATION - PLATFORM - CONT (3/21/22)** 30

HERO SHOT: Nadia exits, dazed by the whole experience.

31 **INT. ALAN'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT (3/21/22)** 31

Nadia bangs on the door. No answer.

NADIA
Alan! Open up!

She bangs again. Then, pulls out a SMILEY FACE KEY--

NADIA (CONT'D)
Don't worry, be happy.

As she begins to unlock the door, it swings open.

ALAN
(pained)
For the last time, Nadia, the key is for emergencies. You can't just come by whenever you're in the neighborhood and need to use the bathroom.

He's half-dressed, buttoning up his DRESS SHIRT.

NADIA
How's this for an emergency? The universe finally found something worse than death, being my mother.

ALAN
What?

NADIA
Cool, so just happening to me then?

She barrels in past him.

32

INT. ALAN'S APARTMENT - LATER (3/21/22)

32

Alan's TV is no longer the center of the room. He now has a SEATING AREA -- slightly more adult. Alan watches Nadia pace as he knots his TIE, brow furrowed, taking in her story.

ALAN

I wish I knew what to do, but I'm just not taking the 6 train into my mom.

NADIA

All I'm saying is, maybe we have unfinished business. Like we've leveled up. Or down, or backwards, depending on how you look at it.

ALAN

We've basically spent your past three birthdays at DEFCON-1 in case we started dying again and I'm looking at us and we both look very much alive.

He looks to her, then at his own hands, goes back to his tie.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Whatever it is you're describing---

NADIA

Ask yourself this: are you happy?

ALAN

(on instinct)

Of course I am.

(then)

You know, studies show the act of smiling actually makes you feel happier. Fix the outside, and you fix the inside.

He smiles at Nadia. It's off-putting. She makes a face.

ALAN (CONT'D)

I sent you the article. Didn't you read it?

NADIA

(lying)

Yes.

ALAN

I'm fine. I think this is just what life feels like.

Nadia frowns.

NADIA

Is it though? I mean, you believe me, right? About my mother?

ALAN

Of course I believe you.

Nadia looks at him weird, gets an idea.

NADIA

Proof! I've got proof. Look, you can tell I was really in the '80s 'cause I got a nuclear war pamphlet from a weirdo.

She digs through her pockets but can't find the flyer.

NADIA (CONT'D)

Et tu, pockets?

Alan begins LINT BRUSHING his SUIT JACKET.

ALAN

You can show me later. I'm late to meet this new girl my mom set me up with. It's a date a week now. Anyway, people remember if you're not punctual, it's unattractive.

NADIA

(pulling out her phone)

I gotta say, I expected you to be more on board with this.

Nadia reads through her missed text messages.

NADIA (CONT'D)

Shit. I gotta go check on Ruth. What happened to that other girl? The one with the, uh...

ALAN

Dog?

NADIA

Teeth?

ALAN

That was three months ago.

NADIA

That's too bad. I liked her.

ALAN

What's going on with Ruth?

NADIA

Back at Lenox Hill. Never ends.
Fender bender but like, revoke her
license already. She'll be alright,
but I should go check in.

ALAN

Tell her I said hi. Isn't it late
for a hospital visit?

NADIA

She's a New Yorker, Alan. Plus,
she's the only person who might
actually know what was going on
with my mom and Chez.

ALAN

Who's Chez?

NADIA

Some type of Paul Snider character.
I don't expect you to get that.
Star 80 reference. Deep cut. To be
clear, that coke-head is not my
dad, Alan. I know who my dad is and
he's primarily alcoholic.

ALAN

Nadia. Should I be worried about
you?

NADIA

Took the words right outta my
mouth.

Nadia touches his shoulder, then heads out.

NADIA (CONT'D)

Hey. You're loving and you deserve
love. Call me when you're inside
your mom, you fuckin' sicko.

Alan smiles to himself, touched by her gesture of support.

Ruth is still awake, sitting up in bed. Nadia walks in,
taking in all the MACHINES beeping gently around her.

NADIA

What's happening? I thought you'd be home by now.

RUTH

Oh, it's nothing. They're just running some tests, I'll be out of here tomorrow.

Nadia nods and sits by her side.

NADIA

Do you remember an old boyfriend of my mom's? Chezare Carrera?

Ruth searches her memory. Forty years later, it's hazy.

RUTH

Oh God. Your mother had terrible taste in men. He was probably a conman. Your mother couldn't resist a conman.

Nurse Jada enters, checking EQUIPMENT to monitor Ruth.

RUTH (CONT'D)

(can't help herself)

This is Nadia. She's my honorary daughter.

NURSE JADA

Nice to have someone to look after you. Can I have your arm, dear?

Ruth hands over her arm to Nurse Jada, who is now very much in Nadia's way. Nadia gets up, uncomfortable, eyes the exit.

NADIA

(getting Ruth on track)

So, Chezare...

RUTH

(remembering)

Chezare. Oh! He was around when your mother lost the family money--

NADIA

--the Krugerrands?

RUTH

That guy was an outstanding prick.

Nadia connects the dots, stands as Nurse Jada starts to hook Ruth up to the machine. It's a lot.

NADIA

So, how're we looking here?

NURSE JADA

Why don't you wait outside and
we'll call you back in.

RUTH

No, no, don't be crazy. It's late.
Go home, sweetheart. I'll call you
in the morning.

Nadia takes a moment, considering. Heavy scene. She jumps at
the easy out, gives Ruth a kiss on the head and heads out.

NADIA

Okay. Love you, Ruthi.

34 **INT/EXT. EAST VILLAGE BAR - NIGHT (3/21/22)** 34

Alan sits across from his date, EMILIA. Her ponytail bobs as
she chatters animatedly. PUSH IN on Alan as he nods, smiles
tightly, going through the motions but not really there.

35 **EXT. LENOX HILL STATION - STREET - NIGHT (3/21/22)** 35

Nadia heads toward the station, resolute. She pauses at the
stairs, then heads down. Nadia is choosing the subway.

36 **EXT. ASTOR PLACE STATION - NIGHT (3/21/22)** 36

Alan loosens his tie as he walks down the subway steps.

37 **INT. ASTOR PLACE STATION - TURNSTILE - NIGHT (3/21/22)** 37

Alan swipes his METRO CARD.

38 **INT. 1982 SUBWAY TUNNEL/R32 CAR - NIGHT (3/21/82)** 38

The train barrels through the tunnel past camera, full speed.

THROUGH TRAIN WINDOW: the lights flicker on Nadia/Nora's face
as the tunnel streaks by in reflection. Blackness.

SFX. THE SCREECHING OF THE TRAIN AS IT STOPS.

38A **INT. ASTOR PLACE STATION - PLATFORM - NIGHT (3/21/22)** 38A

Alan stands on the platform, watching in shock as a 1960s train pulls in and stops in front of him. *Holy shit.*

39 **INT. ASTOR PLACE SUBWAY PLATFORM - NIGHT (3/21/82)** 39

HERO SHOT: the doors open on Nadia/Nora as she steps off.

40 **INT. ASTOR PLACE STATION - PLATFORM - NIGHT (3/21/22)** 40

HERO SHOT: Subway doors open to reveal Alan, staring into the car. Off his face, reacting in awe. *It's real.*

40A **EXT. ASTOR PLACE SUBWAY PLATFORM - NIGHT (3/21/82)** 40A

PUSH IN on the ominous Astor Street hub as Nadia/Nora emerges, ready for revenge.

41 **INT. NORA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (3/21/82)** 41

Nadia/Nora enters the apartment and heads for the bag on the couch. She opens it. Buried in SCARVES and MEMENTOS--

NADIA/NORA
Bingo, bitch.

--*suspicion confirmed.* Inside: 149 GOLD KRUGERRANDS. She pulls one out. *Holy shit.*

CHEZARE
(suspicious)
Hey, baby. Where'd you go?

Chez, now in nothing but Speedo underwear and gold chains, sits up in bed as Nadia/Nora quickly shuts the bag. He sees this.

NADIA/NORA
(quickly lying)
I went out for cigarettes.

Chez holds up a full pack on the nightstand. It has a distinctive green packaging. MENTHOLS. Her mom's brand.

NADIA/NORA (CONT'D)
(remembering, grossed out)
Benson and Hedges Ultralight
Mentholated 100s. Right.

CHEZARE

You got pregnancy brain?

She gestures to the Krugerrands.

NADIA/NORA

Whose place did we rob?

CHEZARE

What are you talking about?

NADIA/NORA

My grandma? You stole Vera's Krugerrands?

CHEZARE

Your grandma? Whoa whoa whoa. I didn't do jack shit. We. You and me. Together.

He stares, trying to make sense of her erratic behavior.

CHEZARE (CONT'D)

What's going on with you, Nora? Are you having second thoughts?

Nadia sits on the bed, not answering. Chez watches warily. She catches herself as her mother in a mirror by the bed. She grabs the Menthols and lights up, coughs.

NADIA/NORA

(playing it cool)

No. No. I'm all in.

CHEZARE

Okay.

He doesn't buy it. Chez turns the light out and rolls over. Nadia/Nora lies next to him. The ember flares in the dark.

CHEZARE (CONT'D)

Baby. You sure you're okay? Your heart's beating so fast.

Nadia/Nora abruptly gets up.

CHEZARE (CONT'D)

Where are you going now?

NADIA/NORA

Leak. Pregnancy brain, pregnancy bladder.

Chezare looks uneasy. He doesn't trust her.

42 **INT. NORA'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - LATER (3/21/82)** 42

Nadia looks hard at Nora's reflection in the mirror, considers her next move.

NADIA/NORA

They're right there. Just get them back. It's all right there for you.

Just then, a sound in the living room. As she turns, she hears the front door SLAM SHUT. She runs out of the bathroom.

43 **INT. NORA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS (3/21/82)** 43

Chezare is gone. His stuff is gone. *The bag is gone.*

NADIA/NORA

(calling out)

Chez?

No answer. Chez stole the money. Her heart breaks a little for Nora. As her anger rises, she runs out.

44 **INT. NORA'S APARTMENT - SPIRAL STAIRWELL - CONT (3/21/82)** 44

She looks over the railing. This speedy fucker is already way ahead of her, peeling out the front door. She gives chase.

45 **EXT. NORA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT (3/21/82)** 45

Nadia/Nora runs outside, looking for any sign of Chezare, spots him running into the park--

NADIA/NORA

This motherfucker.

46 **EXT. TOMPKINS SQUARE PARK - CONTINUOUS (3/21/82)** 46

Nadia/Nora runs into Tompkins, looking in all directions but he's long gone.

As the camera wraps around her, we switch between seeing Nadia and Nora as the upbeat piano chords ring out--

SOUNDTRACK: Harry Nilsson's "*Wasting My Time.*"

END OF EPISODE.