

STATION ELEVEN



EPISODE 101
"Wheel of Fire"

Written by
Patrick Somerville

Directed by
Hiro Murai

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

3rd White Revisions
Tuesday, June 15th, 2021

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 3rd White Revisions: 6/15/21

Revision History

Date	Draft	Revised Pages
12/12/19	Production Draft	All
1/6/20	Full Blue	All
1/13/20	Full Pink	All
1/23/20	Yellow Revisions	26-27A
1/24/20	Green Revisions	18-21A, 29-31
1/25/20	Goldenrod Revisions	13-13A, 18-20, 22-25A, 39-39A
1/27/20	2nd White Revisions	2-5, 11-11A, 12-13A, 14-17B, 22-25A, 39-41, 48-49
1/27/20	2nd Blue Revisions	14-17B
12/1/20	2nd Pink Revisions	52-54
1/4/21	2nd Yellow Revisions	52-54
6/3/21	2nd Green Revisions	52-54
6/14/21	2nd Goldenrod Revisions	52-53
6/15/21	3rd White Revisions	53

147 THE CONDUCTOR is no longer in this scene

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Cast List

KIRSTEN RAYMONDE.....MACKENZIE DAVIS
JEEVAN CHAUDHARY.....HIMESH PATEL
MIRANDA CARROLL.....DANIELLE DEADWYLER
CLARK THOMPSON.....DAVID WILMOT
ARTHUR LEANDER.....GAEL GARCIA BERNAL
YOUNG KIRSTEN RAYMONDE.....MATILDA LAWLER
ALEXANDRA.....PHILIPPINE VELGE
FRANK CHAUDHARY.....NABHAAN RIZWAN
~~THE CONDUCTOR.....LORI PETTY~~

DIETER
JEREMY
POST-APOCALYPTIC BOY
SIYA CHAUDHARY
POST-APOCALYPTIC GUY
CARDIOLOGIST
EDGAR
GLOUSTER
TANYA
THE FOOL
USHER
COP
EMT
SUITED MAN
LAURA
TIM
RONNIE
FATHER
CASHIER
YOUNG WOMAN
SINGLE MAN
SECURITY GUARD
TERENCE
GONERIL
CDC SPOKESPERSON
DR. ELEVEN

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Location List

Interior Locations

INT. DERELICT THEATER - LOBBY - CHICAGO - Y20 - DAY
INT. DERELICT THEATER - AUDITORIUM - CHICAGO - Y20 - DAY
INT. THEATER - CHICAGO - Y0 - NIGHT
INT. THEATER - STAGE - CHICAGO - Y0 - NIGHT
INT. THEATER - BACKSTAGE - CHICAGO - Y20 - DAY
INT. THEATER - LOBBY - CHICAGO - 2020 - DAY
INT. THEATER - ARTHUR'S DRESSING ROOM - CHICAGO - 2020 - DAY
INT. THE EL (MOVING) - CHICAGO - Y0 - NIGHT
INT. THE EL - CHICAGO - Y0 - NIGHT
INT. THE EL - CHICAGO - 2020 - DAY
INT. CLARK'S APARTMENT - STUDY - NEW YORK - Y0/D1 - NIGHT
INT. CLARK'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NEW YORK - Y0/D1 - NIGHT
INT. HOSPITAL - KIDDIE ROOM - CHICAGO - Y0 - NIGHT
INT. HOSPITAL - ER - CHICAGO - Y0 - NIGHT
INT. HOSPITAL - EXIT STAIRWELL - CHICAGO - Y0 - NIGHT
INT. GROCERY STORE - CHICAGO - Y0 - NIGHT
INT. LAKE POINT TOWER - LOBBY - CHICAGO - Y0 - NIGHT
INT. LAKE POINT TOWER - LOBBY - CHICAGO - Y0/D80 - NIGHT
INT. LAKE POINT TOWER - HALLWAY - CHICAGO - Y0 - NIGHT
INT. LAKE POINT TOWER - 42ND FLOOR HALLWAY - CHICAGO - Y0 - NIGHT
INT. LAKE POINT TOWER - FRANK'S APARTMENT - CHICAGO - Y0 - NIGHT
INT. LAKE POINT TOWER - 42ND FLOOR HALLWAY - CHICAGO - Y0/D80 - DAY
INT. LAKE POINT TOWER - STAIRWELL - CHICAGO - Y0/D80 - DAY
INT. STATION ELEVEN - OBSERVATION ROOM

Exterior Locations

EXT. THEATER - CHICAGO - Y0 - NIGHT
EXT. THEATER - CHICAGO - 2020 - DAY
EXT. EL STATION/EL PLATFORM - CHICAGO - Y0 - NIGHT
EXT. EL PLATFORM - CHICAGO - Y20 - DAY
EXT. EL STATION - CHICAGO - Y0 - NIGHT
EXT. LINCOLN PARK - CHICAGO - Y0 - NIGHT
EXT. KIRSTEN'S HOUSE - CHICAGO - Y20 - DAY
EXT. SIDE ALLEYWAY - HOSPITAL - CHICAGO - Y0 - NIGHT
EXT. GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT - CHICAGO - Y0 - NIGHT
EXT. STREETS - CHICAGO - Y0 - NIGHT
EXT. LAKE POINT TOWER - CHICAGO - Y0/D80 - DAY
EXT. THE SKY - DAY
EXT. SPACE
EXT. ST. DEBORAH-BY-THE-WATER - JUNE, Y17 - DAWN

STATION ELEVEN



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Day/Night Breakdown

<u>SN#</u>	<u>SCRIPT D/N</u>
1-2.....	Y20 - D1
3-7.....	Y0 - N1
7A-8A.....	2020 - D1
9.....	OMITTED
10.....	2020 - D1
11-13.....	Y0 - N1
14.....	Y20 - D2
14A-15.....	OMITTED
16.....	Y0 - N1
17-18.....	OMITTED
19-22.....	Y0 - N1
23.....	Y20 - D3
24-25A.....	Y0 - N1
26-27.....	OMITTED
28.....	Y0 - N1
29-30.....	OMITTED
31-37.....	Y0 - N1
38-43.....	Y0/D80
44.....	Y20 - N4
47.....	Y17 - N1

In the shadows and darkness of what seems to be a dark forest, a **WILD PIG** picks her way across the ground and sniffs at some blades of grass.

That's right. A wild pig. A *mother* wild pig. Because **SEVERAL PIGLETS** trail her...

This pig has confidence, and this pig knows her way around the forest and its occasional shafts of light. As the pig and her piglets do their thing, we PULL BACK and realize...

This is no forest. Our pig and her babies are blurs in the shattered, blackened, unkempt lobby of a derelict theater. We're still pulling back, trying to...

CRUNK. Pig freezes at the noise at the door. Her baby piglets freeze, sniffing, waiting. After a **CRRRRUUUUNNNNNNK**, the pig's had enough and BOLTS-- her piglets SCATTER EVERYWHERE-- just as the door comes unstuck and OPENS. A single noise just created a shattered family of orphans.

A **POST-APOCALYPTIC GUY** in tattered clothes stumbles in, shines a flashlight around, then steps inside, motioning behind him. A **POST-APOCALYPTIC BOY** (12), follows behind, timid, looking around the strange space as his dad grunts, motions for him to shut the door.

The Guy gets down to business, heads over to a COAT-CHECK area and begins rifling through the pockets of coats. Camera cares about this Boy, though, and his attention is on the faded PLAYBILLS on the wall, and he steps toward them...

Faded and rotten, having survived twenty years in this lobby, the poster the Boy looks at is a playbill for "King Lear". Starring someone named... unclear. A and an R. Maybe an L.

Guy's working in a depressed, mechanical, joyless fashion, casting aside useless items, just another crushed post-flu soul trying only to survive...

Boy's moved on from the playbill, and his attention is now on the partially open door that leads to the auditorium. He glances back to the work of survival, then goes to the door.

Boy makes his way down the aisle of a massive auditorium, shafts of light spiking down as though this is a cathedral. One feels small in such spaces. He's heading for the stage.

As he goes he looks around at all the seats, curious, a history detective. World's been ended long enough that Boy has no idea what humans used to do in a place like this.

Boy gets to the stage and climbs up. Looks at the remnants of the old set dec, tries to decode. If he weren't the product of a post-apocalyptic world himself, and was familiar with the term, he might guess he's looking at a post-apocalyptic set, bouldery and druidic.

Boy looks out at all the seats from center stage. Walks around stage, hearing the fine acoustics, *almost* intuiting what things happened on stages in the pre-pan days...

Boy looks down and sees a simple JESTER'S JINGLEBELL in the cracks of the wood. Picks it up, curious. Jingles it ONCE, and is instantly delighted. Pockets it, moves on.

And as he strolls, daydreaming, a **FIGURE** in the blur and shadows behind him resolves, following him in terrifying silence. Boy doesn't see or hear...

KING LEAR (V.O.)

What was thy cause? Adultery?
Thou shalt not die.

Somehow Boy didn't even hear *that*. *Watch out, Boy! WHERE IS YOUR FATHER? YOU ARE ABOUT TO BE EATEN BY A MAN IN RAGS WHO HAS TELEPORTED IN FROM ANOTHER NETWORK'S VERY EARNEST, SELF-SERIOUS PRESTIGE CABLE LIMITED SERIES ABOUT PAIN, STARVATION, AND HOW ALL HUMANS ARE HORRIBLE AT THEIR CORE...*

But this is not that genre. As if to show it, **CAMERA BEGINS ITS MOVE**, circling Boy as he doesn't notice that terrifying ghost-like presence creeping, instead tries to work this **JINGLEBELL** mystery out, and the mystery of the this **BIG ROOM**, and as he does all this, we begin to **DRIFT IN TIME**, hardly noticing the timespace transit as camera **GENTLY WIPES US BACKWARDS TWENTY YEARS**, returning the rule of law, the internet, all sense of order, and belief in human progress.

Figure catches up to camera, settles center stage...

KING LEAR (FIGURE)

Die for adultery? No.

The theater is packed. Three-thousand people in the audience stare, ensorcelled by a famous man at the height of his craft and powers. The King he's playing has recently lost his grip on sanity. The year is 2020. The place is Chicago...

KING LEAR

The wren goes to 't, and the small
gilded fly does lecher in my sight.

And the actor is **ARTHUR LEANDER** (51). Not *quite* A-list anymore, Arthur still has all the magnetism. Shakespeare? Sure. I'll play anything. As for his audience tonight: Arthur's focused and locked in. He's got them.

KING LEAR (ARTHUR) (CONT'D)

Let copulation thrive, for
Gloucester's bastard son was kinder
to his father than my daughters got
'tween the lawful sheets. To 't,
luxury, pell-mell, for I lack
soldiers. Behold yon simpering
dame, whose face between her...

A pause. A tiny hiccup. A ripple in the spell.

KING LEAR (ARTHUR)(CONT'D) (CONT'D)

(remembering)

... forks presages snow, that
minces virtue and does shake the
head to hear of pleasure's name...
... The fitchew, nor the soiled
horse, goes to 't with a more
riotous appetite. Down from the
waist they are centaurs, though
women all above...

GLOUCESTER looks over, waiting for him to continue. Awkwardly waiting. Someone COUGHS in the audience. We STAY ON ARTHUR, sweaty and now looking concerned, not able to remember his lines, no scripty to ask as the other actors realize their celebrity lead's close to flubbing it...

GLOUCESTER

(trying to help)

Oh, let me kiss that hand!

KING LEAR (ARTHUR)

Let me wipe it first. It smells of
mortality.

GLOUCESTER

O ruined--

KING LEAR (ARTHUR)

Down from the waist they are
centaurs.

Arthur looks a little unsteady on his feet now. He reaches for a styrofoam column and awkwardly touches it.

It wobbles. A chuckle in the crowd, but it was unintended comedy. Arthur's losing them. He looks at Gloucester. Arthur's brow furls. That line was not the right line.

OUT IN THE CROWD, JEEVAN CHAUDHARY (30s), seated in the audience beside his girlfriend **LAURA**, has noticed the repeated line. Jeevan looks concerned. Watches Arthur rubbing his own shoulder.

JEEVAN

(to Laura)

He's having a heart attack.

LAURA

(whispering)

He's acting.

JEEVAN

(whispering)

No. *Look.*

Jeevan sees a new pained confusion bloom across Arthur's face. There's something about it, about this whole situation. Arthur out there on an island. Everyone just watching.

ARTHUR

Not right now.

Jeevan instinctively STANDS UP, middle of a crowd of several thousand people. Many of them notice.

LAURA

(whispering to Jeevan)

What are you doing? Sit down!

Jeevan does the exact opposite, surprising himself and everybody else by CLIMBING OVER seats and people, heading toward Arthur. People mutter and gasp, theater's energy now tracking *this guy*, a new madman entering the story.

JEEVAN

Sorry, 'scuse me. Sorry. Fuck.
My bad.

The crowd starts muttering, moving. An **USHER** tries to get to Jeevan, looking alarmed...

USHER
(whispering to Jeevan)
Sir!

Even Arthur's watching Jeevan curiously.

KING LEAR (ARTHUR)
The wren goes to it.

And all at once, Arthur Leander collapses into a heap onstage. Seems to unlock everyone from the bizarre scene. No longer "audience," **SCREAMS** in the audience as people realize it's not part of the play, it's just an emergency.

A bunch of **FAKE SNOW** gets released as Gloucester goes to a knee, shakes Arthur's shoulder, turning him onto his back.

ARTHUR
Not right now.

GLOUCESTER
Art?

ARTHUR
She's coming back.

EDGAR, frozen, looks down at Arthur's straining, gasping stare. Arthur's eyes are bugging out as his back arches; he *tries* to breathe. More gasps from the crowd...

EDGAR
Oh my God. Jesus Christ. Oh *Arthur?*
Jesus.

GLOUCESTER

Jeevan **REACHES STAGE**, getting ready to perform CPR, not knowing what he's doing. Arthur's surprised eyes are fading.

JEEVAN
(over his shoulder)
IS THERE A DOCTOR?

The yell **BOOMS** out over the audience, now lost in a blur of suspension of disbelief confusion. Some people are out of their seats. Some watch like it's just another scene.

Jeevan starts performing CPR on Arthur, even though he doesn't know how to perform CPR. But we've all seen *ER*.

PUMP. PUMP. PUMP. The **CURTAIN** starts to close.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

(frantic)

I don't know how to do this!

(doing it)

Does anybody know how to do this?

Not much movement from his three-thousand friends over his shoulder as the curtain continues down and finally reaches the floor. No more audience, but the emergency continues, Jeevan *pumps*, players and crew watch, white flakes fall. **THE FOOL** watches dumbfounded.

THE FOOL

He's gonna be fine.

GLOUCESTER

Can we stop the snow? Bill?

JEEVAN

(to everyone)

HOW CAN THERE NOT BE A DOCTOR HERE?

But there is. A **CARDIOLOGIST**, an audience member from the crowd, has rushed in through the chaos and is there beside Jeevan, cool and confident, taking over, gently moving Jeevan aside. Jeevan now sees Arthur's eyes locked onto his own...

GLOUCESTER

Can someone *please* turn off
the fucking snow?

CARDIOLOGIST

I need a defibrillator.

PUMP. PUMP. PUMP.

JEEVAN

(to nobody)

HE NEEDS THE PADDLE THINGS!

Jeevan realizes more people, most of the cast and crew, are around the scene, now, frozen in this crisis, some covering their mouths, some crying already.

A **STAGEHAND** runs into the stage area holding a large canvas bag and dumps it near the Cardiologist.

CARDIOLOGIST

Unpack it. You.

Jeevan pulls out MACHINERY but fumbles with it--

JEEVAN

I don't know... I'm not...

Jeevan pulls out an awkward tangle of pads and wires, *not* the kind of thing from *ER*, hard to know what to do with the little pads, and the Cardiologist leans over and EXPERTLY flips a couple switches.

CARDIOLOGIST

Open his shirt. There, open it.

Jeevan opens up Arthur's shirt as the Cardiologist takes the pads and applies them. Arthur's *still* making intense, direct eye contact with Jeevan.

CARDIOLOGIST (CONT'D)

Clear!

THWOOMP. Arthur's body ARCHES. Jeevan looks away. Sees three young girls watching, all in costume, here to play the child-versions of Regan, Goneril, and Cordelia. **YOUNG GONERIL** in particular looks alarmed.

CARDIOLOGIST (CONT'D)

Charging again.

(to Arthur)

Stay with me, Sir.

Jeevan and Arthur have locked eyes again. This time, Jeevan looks and sees Arthur's open hand beside his hip, like he's been asking with his eyes this whole time. Jeevan finds himself reaching down and taking it. Arthur's making a gurgling, airy sound, like he's trying to speak. Jeevan leans.

The Cardiologist turns and twists a knob, waits for the charge. Notices the hands, the lean.

CARDIOLOGIST (CONT'D)

Don't.

Jeevan straightens, pulls his hand away. People are crying. Cardiologist waits...

JEEVAN (PRELAP)

Chaudhary.

COP (PRELAP)

What?

THWOOMP. Art's eyes have closed. All at once it's clear the king is dead. Whatever comes next is for the living.

4

INT. THEATER - STAGE - CHICAGO - Y0 - TEN MINUTES LATER

4

Jeevan watches from the side of the stage as two **EMTS** work on Arthur. He holds his **JACKET** under his arm. A **COP** stands next to Jeevan, notebook out.

JEEVAN

Chaudhary.

The Cop stares at him.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

C-H-A-U-D-H-A-R-Y.

Things have cleared out back here. The Fool has his Jester hat off, messing with his bells nervously, and is talking on a cell phone; the **EARL OF KENT** and the **DUKE OF CORNWALL**, still in costume, mutter quietly in a corner. A **CARPENTER** stands sadly looking at Arthur's body.

COP

American?

Jeevan looks back at him for that extra quarter-beat.

JEEVAN

Yeah.

COP

And you didn't know the victim?

Jeevan's eyes have drifted over to **YOUNG KIRSTEN RAYMONDE** (8), the real name of that Young Goneril, one of the three young girls who was watching before. She's still here, looking at the EMTs.

JEEVAN

I was in the audience. 'Scuse me, sorry.

EMT

9:22. Call it.

Jeevan moves away, crosses past Arthur's body and inserts himself between it and little Kirsten, who's still staring, fascinated and unable to look away.

Jeevan squats down to be eye-level with her, sets down his **JACKET**. Her eyes tick from the body to his.

JEEVAN

Hey, are you...?
(looks over his shoulder)
(MORE)

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

Don't look at him. Weren't you in the play? What's your name?

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Kirsten.

JEEVAN

Where's your mom or dad?

YOUNG KIRSTEN

I have no idea.

The EMTs are now having a quiet conversation with a **SUITED MAN**. Jeevan stays focused on Kirsten.

JEEVAN

Who takes care of you when you're here?

YOUNG KIRSTEN

The wrangler.

(off look)

Tanya. They call the person who looks after the kids the wrangler.

JEEVAN

Like you're cows.

Kirsten finally looks back at Jeevan. Jeevan looks at the gawkers around, shrugs.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

Any of you guys seen Tanya?

No one really responds. He looks back at Kirsten, offers a hand.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

Come on. Let's go find her.

Kirsten looks at Arthur's body for another moment, then looks at the hand. She eventually takes it. They go.

5

INT. THEATER - BACKSTAGE - CHICAGO - Y0 - MOMENTS LATER

5

We're in the crowded backstage area now, where droves of performers and crew still chatter in hushed tones. A couple of cops. People in suits, theater management. Chaos. Jeevan pushes through, holding Kirsten's hand.

He releases it, looks into the group.

JEEVAN

See her?

Jeevan looks down and sees that this girl is standing frozen. She's holding her dress in one fist, messing with a **LARGE AMULET** around her neck, costume jewelry. Kids aren't supposed to see such things. Jeevan's seeing that whatever adrenaline hit he's coming down from, this girl's in shock.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

"Young Goneril."

(then)

That's who I was. "Young Goneril."

(points)

That's old me.

Kirsten nods toward **GONERIL**, who's at the other side of the room, shaking her head and talking into a phone.

Jeevan sees a man in the crowd who looks vaguely like him...

JEEVAN

There's old me.

He tries to eye her into liking his joke, but it doesn't get him anywhere. They move around together, still scanning.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Do you think Arthur's dead?

JEEVAN

If he is, he was doing what he loved most in the world at the exact moment he died.

(then)

That's cool, right?

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Acting is what I love most in the world, too.

It's a little performative. A little precocious and annoying, actually. Jeevan looks for a beat...

JEEVAN

It's good you both have something.

SWOOSH. Just then, Kirsten is enveloped in a hug by a crying woman, so powerfully she's almost lifted away from Jeevan. This is **TANYA**, the wrangler, finally wrangling.

TANYA

Oh my God, honey! Are you okay?
(glance to Jeevan, who the
fuck are you)
Thank you.

Tanya rushes Kirsten away--

TANYA (CONT'D)

I have to go in the ambulance. One
of the other moms can get you home.

--and she and Jeevan share a last look before she waves and
disappears into the crowd.

Jeevan faux-waves, straightens up. Knows no one at this grim
macabre gathering. He pats his pocket, looking for his
phone. Not left, not right, not back, not chest. Remembers
where his jacket is.

6

INT. THEATER - BACKSTAGE - CHICAGO - Y0 - NIGHT

6

Jeevan walks out from a sidedoor, onto the set of Lear,
wreckage from the event spread everywhere. There's still
flakes of snow everywhere, but the room has emptied.

His jacket lies near where he first talked to Kirsten, and he
snags it, digs, finds his phone as he goes over near the set
and sits on a boulder. No new texts, so he types...

"Looking for you. You in lobby?"

He waits for bubbles. No bubbles.

"Crazy... he diced"

Autocorrect.

"Diced."

JEEVAN

Fuck.

"*died"

No bubbles.

6A

INT. THEATER - CHICAGO - Y0 - MOMENTS LATER

6A

From a HUGE WIDE showing the ENORMOUS amphitheater, empty now, a tiny little Jeevan pushes his way out under the curtain, then awkwardly hops down, navigates the pit, goes to an aisle. Slowly walks up across the huge room...

7

EXT. THEATER - CHICAGO - Y0 - NIGHT

7

UNTIL HE'S BUNDLED UP OUTSIDE IN THE COLD WINTER NIGHT.
Chicago in the deep freeze. Oddly normal the further we get
from that stage. Jeevan feels a buzz and looks at his phone:

"not feeling great, went home. cu here?"

He puts the phone away. She left. During *that*.

JEEVAN

Unbelievable.

Cabs and traffic moving by, smokers, and a little down the
sidewalk, Jeevan sees that same SUITED MAN who was talking to
the EMTs while he was talking to Kirsten. This time, the
SUITED MAN is speaking to a number of **PAPARAZZI**, who are
huddled near him, recording with various devices. Across the
way, a legit NEWS VAN pulls to a stop in the snow. This
guy's a publicist. Arthur's death is big news.

SUITED MAN

All I can tell you is that tonight,
Arthur Leander fainted due to
dehydration and has been taken to
Northwestern for monitoring. He's
doing fine.

Jeevan squints at the bullshit. Impressive. He then turns
away from it, looks down the sidewalk and sees Kirsten
standing alone, big coat on over her Young Goneril dress,
backpack and hat and mittens and boots, looking straight up
at the sky like she sees something.

Jeevan steps over her way.

JEEVAN

What happened to Tanya the
Wrangler?

Kirsten looks.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Hi.

She's shivering. Jeevan only glances as the ambulance RUSHES
BY, lights blazing, siren blaring. Kirsten looks, too. The
paparazzi all FIRE OFF a round of photos, trying to get it,
as the Suited Man walks off into the night.

YOUNG KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

She's in there. With Arthur.

They watch the ambulance go.

JEEVAN

How do you usually get home?

YOUNG KIRSTEN

I take the el with Tanya.

Jeevan closes his eyes, shakes his head.

JEEVAN

C'mon. Then I'll walk you to the el.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

I can't go with a stranger unless Tanya or my parents say it's okay.

Jeevan looks at her, squats down, holds out a hand.

JEEVAN

Jeevan Chaudhary. Nice to meet you. You're Kirsten, right?

They shake.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

Now we're not strangers.

Kirsten looks relieved, and they head off together. As they walk, we are WIDE ON THE STREET. They pass a **COUGHING MAN**, who stops to pull out his handkerchief as our TITLES silently wipe onscreen beneath them...

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

... as we TIME DRIFT to a different day altogether. No reason not to take it as tomorrow...

7A

INT. EL TRAIN - CHICAGO - 2020 - DAY 1 - TWO WEEKS EARLIER 7A

MIRANDA CARROLL (40s) sits on the train, organizing two **MANILLA ENVELOPES**, obviously nervous and jittery, uncomfortable about the people around her, scratching at the top of one of the envelopes with a **SHARPIE**. There seems to be an important system here, though we can't tell what it is. On one envelope she has written **Leon Prevant** and on another she is in the middle of writing another name. **Arthur L-e-a-**
....

8

EXT. THEATER - CHICAGO - 2020 - MOMENTS LATER

8

Miranda (40) approaches the same theater, heels clicking, and she only glances up for a moment at the MARQUEE advertising **ARTHUR LEANDER** and **KING LEAR** by **WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE**. Her brow darkens, tight expression as she PULLS OPEN a door.

8A

INT. THEATER - LOBBY - CHICAGO - 2020 - CONTINUOUS

8A

...AND STEPS INSIDE. She closes the door behind her and SILENCE takes over the small space. She steps to a PLAYBILL, looks at it. Smiles just a little. She doesn't see the figure behind her, at the door now, watching silently.

ARTHUR (O.C.)

When I got your text last night I
told myself I wouldn't do this.

Miranda turns. COME AROUND and see Arthur standing near the steps, hands in his pockets, casual and confident. (Or pretending to be). The first look between them catches them both a little off guard. Little earthquakes in the heart.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Linger. Waiting.

MIRANDA

Hi, Arthur.

ARTHUR

How long's it been?

MIRANDA

A gazillion years.

He watches her, hunting for the answer to the age-old question *WHY THE FUCK IS MY EX HERE?* She feels his scrutiny as they embrace. But the hug quickly goes from the feeling of awkward to the feeling of home...

ARTHUR

Is it strange to tell someone you
haven't talked to in that long,
"I'm coming to Chicago. I have one
hour. Can we meet?"

He pulls back, looks at her.

MIRANDA

Not to me.

ARTHUR

Is everything okay?

She nods nervously.

MIRANDA

We should talk.

He takes her bag for her. After he turns, Miranda steadies herself, follows him in...

9

OMITTED

9

10

INT. THEATER - ARTHUR'S DRESSING ROOM - CHICAGO - 2020 - 10
LATER

The nicest dressing room in the theater, and Arthur's got a few of his own things scattered around. Miranda sits at a couch and chair while Arthur finishes making tea.

ARTHUR

They gave me a Shakespeare coach.
And my father, if he wasn't dead,
would have died laughing if he
heard that term.

MIRANDA

I'll bet.

Miranda has relaxed now, watches him put it together. Arthur comes over with the tea on a tray. Takes extra care to place a couple delicious, small cookies in front of her.

Miranda eats a cookie. Awkward silence as she crunches...

Another awkward moment, these two groping for some kind of common ground after so many years apart.

ARTHUR

Until yesterday I didn't think I
would ever see you again.

Miranda just waits...

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Miranda... Why are you here?

She looks. Pulls out one of those envelopes. Arthur eyes it warily. Miranda is hesitant, but steady.

MIRANDA

I finished.

AND THE DOOR OPENS. Without a word, Kirsten walks in, shuts the door, sits down on the floor, and begins to draw in a book of HORSES. Ignoring the olds.

Arthur sees Miranda is frozen, looking at Kirsten.

ARTHUR

That's just Kiki.
(off look)
She's in the play.

Arthur is up, takes the envelope from her, begins ripping it.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

What is it?

Arthur pulls out... what seems to be a book.

COME AROUND TO SEE it's a graphic novel called *Station Eleven*. The cover features DR. ELEVEN, somewhat mysterious due to the gold-hued reflective face-shield, looking out at a strange seascape of water and bridges. Seems to be holding a steaming cup of coffee.

Kirsten has come up to look with Arthur.

YOUNG KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

Who is he?

ON ARTHUR for a long moment, looking down. Shrugs.

ARTHUR

The asshole who ruined my life.
(to Miranda)
Why would you bring this here?

MIRANDA

I'll go.

She stands, gathers her things.

ARTHUR

No. Hold on. Wait.

Arthur is drifting back toward his chair, looking down at the book. He sits. Begins paging.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Just wait ten minutes.

Miranda relaxes as he leans back, continues paging through the book. Kirsten, confused, looks back at Miranda.

MIRANDA

I'm the artist.

This sends Kirsten right back to her coloring book, and she begins to draw again. Miranda watches her, sips her tea.

It's suddenly very peaceful in here. We hear the sounds of the train as his eyes tick up to hers, then Arthur settles in, focused, flips a page. Kirsten draws as Arthur turns the pages, and we TIME DRIFT AHEAD TO--

11

EXT. EL STATION/EL PLATFORM - CHICAGO - Y0 - NIGHT 1

11

SHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHWWWWO0000000O000PPP. Two weeks later and Arthur's dead, who knows about Miranda. The El thunders by as Jeevan and Kirsten climb the exterior steps of the station. They come to the turnstile, Jeevan looking down the tracks at the train bending away.

JEEVAN

We can grab the next one.

He looks the other way down the track, hopeful and slightly desperate. No sign of anything. He looks at her, waiting for her as she digs around for her phone. To find it she has to PULL OUT one of those MANILLA ENVELOPES ("Leon Prewant"), still closed, that we saw Miranda with two weeks ago. **HUH.** Somehow Kirsten has ended up with one. But it's not open.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

Is that your dad? Leon Prewant?

YOUNG KIRSTEN

No.

She stuffs the envelope away and taps her phone. Jeevan looks around at the nearly-empty platform. So cold. So alone. When he looks back, she has her phone to her ear.

JEEVAN

Any word from your parents?

She shakes her head.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

My mom usually doesn't answer when they're out, though.

JEEVAN

Lincoln Park, you said?

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Yeah.

JEEVAN

I live in Rogers Park.

Kirsten SWIPES, goes by without a word.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

We're both park people.

Jeevan takes a beat, wondering if he's done enough to be a responsible person.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

I can ride with you to your stop
and just... keep on going.

He swipes himself through as well, goes and stands next to her on the platform. She looks at him.

YOUNG KIRSTEN
Tanya walks me to my door.

Jeevan stares back. Right. On the hook for more work.

JEEVAN
You know Tanya's a terrible
wrangler, right? You're out here
with a stranger.

Kirsten looks slightly uncomfortable.

YOUNG KIRSTEN
But you're not a stranger.

JEEVAN
That's right, forget I said that--

YOUNG KIRSTEN
--You're Jeevan. We met.--

JEEVAN
--I'll walk you to your door.

They both stand side by side in the cold. Jeevan rubs his hands together, tucks them into his pockets.

YOUNG KIRSTEN
Thank you.

LAURA (PRELAP)
*I can't answer right now but I'll
call you back! Probably!*

12

EXT. EL STATION/EL PLATFORM - CHICAGO - Y0 - LATER

12

Frigid. Still no sign of a train. Kirsten and Jeevan sit side-by-side. She's on Insta, he's got his phone to his ear.

JEEVAN (INTO THE PHONE)
Hey, it's me again. I'm gonna be a
little later, I have to drop
something off. But I...
(then)
I wish you hadn't left. Hope
you're feeling better. Bye, Laura.

He glances down at her rapidfire movement through Insta.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

You should save your battery.
You're in the red.

Kirsten ignores. Screen too strong.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

What happens if it dies before you
plug it in again? Do you die, too?

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Who's Laura?

JEEVAN

My girlfriend.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Are you going to get married?

JEEVAN

Probably, yeah. Think so.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

What kind of job do you have?

JEEVAN

I'm a reporter. *Like* a reporter
or... Freelancer. I was a
cultural critic slash...
photographer. Blogs. I create
content. I don't have a job.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

So you were like a paparazzi guy?

JEEVAN

Basically, yes. I had a website.
But I shut it down and moved back
here last summer.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Why?

JEEVAN

Because it was gross.

Kirsten swipes around, glances just a little...

YOUNG KIRSTEN

I thought you were a doctor.

JEEVAN

Interesting. Because I--

YOUNG KIRSTEN

How did you know how to do all that
EMT stuff with Arthur?

Kirsten FINALLY looks up from her phone. Knocked off from
the story he was about to tell, he's unprepared...

JEEVAN

I just learned that watching *ER*.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

You were the first one in the
theater to know.

Jeevan looks thoughtful for a moment, takes a breath.

JEEVAN

Or just the first one who stood up.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

How did you know?

Leans back and stuffs his hands down into his pockets. A
little bit impressed by himself, actually.

JEEVAN

I don't know.

There is a SCREECH as the train finally pulls up, the lights
flicker. Soon it grinds to a stop. He stands, so does she.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

It must be hard not knowing what
you want to be.

JEEVAN

It takes awhile.

They step on the train.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Yeah, I'm eight.

JEEVAN

Uh-huh.

Doors close and it goes.

13

INT. THE EL - CHICAGO - Y0 - LATER

13

Train's rolling along. Kirsten sits. Jeevan's standing now, looking down at her phone, which goes dead. Jeevan looks at the spinning wheel as it's shutting down.

JEEVAN

Do you know your parents' numbers
by heart?

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Yeah.
(looks over)
In my phone.

Just then, his phone rings in his pocket. He looks. A picture of a smiling woman with a SPARKLER and her name, **SIYA**, beneath it. He turns, watches out of the windows of the el.

JEEVAN (INTO THE PHONE)

I spy with my little eye
something...
(looks at Kirsten's boot)
... blue and pink.

SIYA (ON THE PHONE)

When was the last time you had a
panic attack?

JEEVAN (INTO THE PHONE)

Not since I moved back. Why?

SIYA (ON THE PHONE)

Will you promise not to have one if
I tell you something fucked up?

JEEVAN (INTO THE PHONE)

Can't keep that promise, so...

SIYA (ON THE PHONE)

Have you heard of the Georgia Flu?

Jeevan glances back at Kirsten, moves away down the car. He ends up close to a **BIG GUY** and a **LITTLE GUY** sitting next to one another, both watching something on a single shared phone. Sounds like sports.

JEEVAN (INTO THE PHONE)

The thing in Asia?

SIYA (ON THE PHONE)
Mostly Europe. Hold on.
(then, yelling)
FUCK YOU!
(MORE)

SIYA (ON THE PHONE) (CONT'D)
*DO YOU THINK I CARE AT ALL, SAM?
NORTHWESTERN ER JUST SENT THEIR
OVERFLOW TO US!*

(then, nice)
Hi. Okay. Sixteen year-old flew
in from Moscow last night,
presented with flu symptoms early,
by mid-morning we've got twelve
more, same symptoms, all from the
same flight.

BIG GUY
AHHHHHHHHHHH!

Big Guy pushes Little Guy, celebrating. Jeevan stands.

JEEVAN (INTO THE PHONE)
Sorry, Siya. Hold--

The train JERKS, then, and Jeevan has to grab a rail to keep
on his feet.

SIYA (ON THE PHONE)
The first O'Hare employee came in a
couple hours later. She's dead.
Are you getting me yet?

JEEVAN (INTO THE PHONE)
Okay. Yeah. That sounds bad.

Jeevan takes a few casual VERY DEEP BREATHS, nodding,
friendly with his sister.

JEEVAN (INTO THE PHONE) (CONT'D)
Laura and I are in a fight. I got
fired from the flower shop again.

SIYA (ON THE PHONE)
*Don't turn my calls into things
about you. Do you remember SARS?*

Jeevan, looking off, stares at the city.

JEEVAN (INTO THE PHONE)
I believe so.

SIYA (ON THE PHONE)
You told me to call you if there
was ever a real epidemic, and I
knew what was coming. You made me
promise. **RONNIE, WHERE THE FUCK IS
MY TAMIFLU?**

SIYA (ON THE PHONE) (CONT'D)
So. Anyway. I'm calling.

Jeevan closes his eyes as Siya starts to rapidfire download:

SIYA (ON THE PHONE) (CONT'D)
In a half-hour the CDC is gonna
make an announcement that the flu's
been contained. Americans should
just go about their days. No
airports closing, no emergency
measures.

(then)
They're lying. This is a planned
response triggered by a Pentagon
assessment of a catastrophic event.
That's really good. It'll buy you
time.

JEEVAN (INTO THE PHONE)
(eyes now darting)
*Okay but this... this happens.
This happens? Is it happening?*

Kirsten looks up, for the first time noticing this
conversation seems a little tense.

SIYA (ON THE PHONE)
Get Frank and get out of the city.
It's your best chance at surviving.

JEEVAN (INTO THE PHONE)
Surviving?

SIYA (ON THE PHONE)
If you can't get out in time,
fortify Frank's apartment and make
a ventilation system. He'll be
high up, away from street bodies.
Wait at least two months. Then go.

Jeevan sinks down to a seat, breathing, hands in his hair,
then stands up again. Nowhere to go.

SIYA (ON THE PHONE) (CONT'D)
A bomb's about to go off. No
treatment plan can contain it.

JEEVAN (INTO THE PHONE)
You're seriously saying I should--

LITTLE GUY
YYEESSSSSSS! Yes yes YES!

Jeevan jumps a bit at the scream...

SIYA (ON THE PHONE)
The world's ending!
(then)
Repeat it back.

Jeevan opens his eyes, looks out as the train slows.

JEEVAN (INTO THE PHONE)
The world's ending.

SIYA (ON THE PHONE)
Text me when you get to Frank's.
Send a picture on the Chauddy
chain.

Phone BUZZES in his hand. Little Guy laughs a PIERCING
laugh. Jeevan looks over at him. Big guy looks pissed.
[*Production note: let's use these guys as needed throughout.*]

JEEVAN (INTO THE PHONE)
I'm about to have a panic attack.

Jeevan, head down, continues to breathe fast, through his
nose, trying to control it, holding the phone tight.

SIYA (ON THE PHONE)
Jeevan. Do you remember the time
you barfed strawberry Yoohoo on
Jenny Kempken?

Jeevan opens his eyes. Nods.

JEEVAN (INTO THE PHONE)

Yes.

SIYA (ON THE PHONE)

Everyone had chocolate, but you found that one expired strawberry and you were like... What? I *like* strawberry. And then you barfed on her when we were playing...

(laughing)

... when we...

JEEVAN (INTO THE PHONE)

Sardines.

SIYA (ON THE PHONE)

Sardines! And you were like, "It was good."

JEEVAN (INTO THE PHONE)

I remember.

Siya stops laughing about it, takes a breath. Silence for a few beats as Jeevan realizes a new problem.

SIYA (ON THE PHONE)

I loved you so much for drinking that Yoohoo.

Jeevan's eyes dart back and forth as the train slows.

JEEVAN (INTO THE PHONE)

Why?

SIYA (ON THE PHONE)

Remember. No panic attacks.

CLICK.

The train stops and the doors opens. Jeevan walks out onto the platform without even looking for Kirsten.

Jeevan's ears ring in the silence and he sits down, gasping for breath.

He curls into the fetal position, snow and ice be damned.

And then it's quiet.

He rocks a bit, eyes closed, moaning.

He opens his eyes and sees two small, blue and pink winter boots in front of him. Someone has written **Kirsten R.** in black sharpie along the base.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Are you okay?

Kirsten stands holding her things. He stands and brushes himself off. Kirsten watches him.

JEEVAN

I'm fine. Let's go find your house.

Together they walk off.

14 **INT. EL PLATFORM - CHICAGO - Y20 - DAY 2** 14

AND IT IS TWENTY YEARS FROM NOW. The same spot, summer instead of winter, day instead of night, and wild floral greens--tree branches, vines, bushes, and flowers, twist and calmly rock in a gentle breeze. A FOX scurries away as the POST-APOCALYPTIC GUY and POST-APOCALYPTIC BOY come into frame, single-file, not talking. The buildings in the background seem to be dilapidated, crumbling...

Boy's got his JINGLEBELL, held tight in his hand. Glances at it, then gives it a good jingle. Pleasing. The POST-APOCALYPTIC GUY glances back, irritated, and Boy puts the jinglebell away. SURVIVAL IS SERIOUS BUSINESS as...

14A OMITTED 14A

16 **INT. CLARK'S APARTMENT - STUDY - NEW YORK - Y0 - NIGHT 1** 16

CLARK THOMPSON (50), dapper and disheveled, at a desk with a long list of handwritten names, sits in his robe in his home office. An iPad with a fancy leather case is nearby. Clark's GOLD ZIPPO is in evidence somewhere, too.

CLARK (INTO THE PHONE)
I wanted to tell you this directly.
(then)
Arthur... died last night.

He looks suddenly extremely confused by whatever's just been said to him. Listening to multiple sounds. Following a maze, then hearing words again.

CLARK (INTO THE PHONE) (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry. He had a heart
attack on stage. Doing Lear.

His eyes tick over to a SMALL TV on the wall, where the news, muted, shows an empty podium against a outdoor backdrop.

CLARK (INTO THE PHONE) (CONT'D)
The publicist set up his calls to
come to me, apparently. I haven't
been answering, but this one's been
calling so much...

CHYRON reads: "CDC Expected to Make Statement."

Clark searches for a remote.

CLARK (INTO THE PHONE) (CONT'D)
Just... heart failure. They said.
I don't know how much you've been
in touch...

Clark listens for a beat, again extremely confused.

CLARK (INTO THE PHONE) (CONT'D)
Miranda? What did you say?
Miranda?

The call seems to have been lost. He tries again, nothing. Sits quietly for a moment after hanging up the phone before crossing out **Miranda Carroll** from the list.

Clark sees a CDC SPOKESPERSON at the podium, unmutes the TV.

CDC SPOKESPERSON
*--this outbreak has been contained
and will not impact the eastern
seaboard. We are not recommending
changes to the FAA's daily
operations...*

His boyfriend **TIM** (40s) appears in the doorway, comes to him, begins massaging his shoulders.

TIM
Looks like your flight's safe.

Clark mutes the TV again.

CLARK
Sleep another hour. We don't have
to leave until seven.

Tim stops massaging. Clark looks up at him.

TIM
I can't come.
(then)
*Hi, let's get a celebrity across an
international border. It's just...*

CLARK
What? It seems like a nightmare?

TIM
It's not selfish for me to take
care of myself.

Clark knows he's on the losing end of a fight.

CLARK

What are you saying?

TIM

I'm saying we should talk. When
you're back.

CLARK

This is my burden. You're right.
You can't share my weight every
time. I accept this.

17 OMITTED 17

18 OMITTED 18

19 **INT. CLARK'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NEW YORK - Y0 - LATER** 19

Clark comes in with a rolling suitcase, the suit he plans to wear on the plane draped over his arm. He's still in his PJs. He opens the fridge, gloriously stocked, and looks around. Sees nothing promising. He goes to the freezer, grabs a big bottle of vodka, and soon--

20 **INT. CLARK'S APARTMENT - STUDY - NEW YORK - Y0 - LATER** 20

Clark sits looking at his phone, drinking vodka from a sixteen ounce water glass.

ON THE TV, we see images of what look like unrest in Tokyo. People running. Police waving batons. Clark raises his eyebrows, aims the remote.

CLARK

No fucking *thank you*.

Kills the TV, tosses remote, back to phone. He taps APPS, starts RE-DOWNLOADING GRINDR.

21 **EXT. EL STATION - CHICAGO - Y0 - NIGHT 1** 21

Jeevan pushes through the turnstiles as he and Kirsten come out onto the sidewalk and walk, back to the darkness and cold. Jeevan's head is buried in his phone, watching a livestream of that same CDC announcement, looking ill. Shuts it off. Looks around at the world anew, swallows.

JEEVAN

How far is your house?

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Not that far.

He looks over at her, sees she's still stuck to him.

JEEVAN
I'm busy tonight.

22

EXT. LINCOLN PARK - CHICAGO - Y0 - NIGHT

22

Jeevan and Kirsten move down a quiet sidewalk, crunching in the snow. Jeevan's in his phone still, twitter now, looking at a "#GeorgiaFlu search, face tensed up.

YOUNG KIRSTEN
What happens if your phone dies?
Do you die?

Jeevan doesn't answer. His joke isn't working on him.

YOUNG KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
Can you slow down? I have snow in
my shoes.

JEEVAN
No. Come on.

She hustles to keep up. He passes a group of three people trying to PUSH a stuck car out of the snow, doesn't consider stopping to help for a second. He glances up at the apartments around him, at the people inside of a bar he passes. They don't know. Nobody knows.

He tries Frank's number, walking, not noticing as Kirsten gets in front of him.

JEEVAN (INTO THE PHONE) (CONT'D)
This is the one time *you should*
take my call YOU HERMIT. IDIOT!

His voice echoes as he walks. Kirsten's trying to keep up.

YOUNG KIRSTEN
I think Tanya and Arthur were
boyfriend and girlfriend.

JEEVAN
Fits for Arthur. I'd believe
anything about Tanya.

YOUNG KIRSTEN
Do you think she loves him?

JEEVAN
Definitely not.

Jeevan's looking around at the houses, but he does note the past tense. People inside, living regular lives.

They reach an enormous Lincoln Park stone house-- a dark house, lifeless, but obviously worth a lot-- and Kirsten looks up, moves ahead of him, opens up the gate.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

This is it.

She gives him a (surprising) hug, unselfconscious, like they've known each other for years. He absorbs it.

YOUNG KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

Bye Jeevan.

She trots away toward the door. Jeevan stares blankly. Suddenly their journey is over. And with her going, he's all alone to face Siya's words by himself...

JEEVAN

I can't leave until you go in the door. Midwesterner thing...

Watching her, he puts his phone to his ear and tries Laura. After a few rings--

LAURA (ON THE PHONE)

I can't answer right now but I'll call you back! PROBABLY!

Jeevan hangs up, seeing that no one has answered Kirsten's door. Kirsten looks back at him. Rings the doorbell again.

JEEVAN

Don't you have a key?

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Tanya has it.

JEEVAN

What about your neighbors?

Kirsten looks at one of the next-door houses.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

My dad hates the neighbors.

Jeevan, frustrated, points at a different house.

JEEVAN

What about those neighbors?

YOUNG KIRSTEN

They're really old.

An ambulance siren echoes through the night.

JEEVAN

Tell me one person in the world who
cares about you. Kirsten. Please.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Arthur.

He shoves his hands in his pockets.

JEEVAN
That came out wrong.

YOUNG KIRSTEN
I'm freezing to death.

Jeevan lets that stand in the cold air.

JEEVAN
Come on. Come run an errand.

Kirsten looks at her house, starts crunching back toward him. She reaches the gate. Jeevan opens it.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)
I can't leave you here.

Jeevan gives one last look down the eerie, empty road, cold wind blowing, they walk off together, out of frame, but we STAY HERE, sit on this house...

23

EXT. KIRSTEN'S HOUSE - CHICAGO - Y20 - DAY 3

23

WHICH IS NOW BROKEN AND CRUMBLING on one side, twenty years later, and entirely covered in ivy. The windows are shattered and a small TREE grows out of one of them.

From a side-window, a small dark figure thumps down into the gangway. Post-Apocalyptic Boy. He looks back up at the window for a beat, then runs away.

SIYA (PRE-LAP)
Are you guys having fun today???

BUNCH OF KIDS (PRE-LAP)
YYYYAAAAAYYYYYYYYYY!

24

INT. HOSPITAL - KIDDIE ROOM - CHICAGO - Y0 - NIGHT 1

24

We are in a small, brightly painted "Kiddie Room", back in Chicago, and seven or eight **LITTLE KIDS**-- *different* kids, clearly from different families-- all watch the screen as a hand goes to the monitor and clicks it to a channel. Waving and excited bright eyes on all of them, but every kid is wearing a paper-cotton FACEMASK as well.

SIYA (O.C.)

Wow! Everyone's so excited!

Reveal **SIYA** (30s, Indian-American), sympathetic eyes, white cotton bunny mask over her mouth.

SIYA (CONT'D)

My name is Dr. Chaudhary.

SIYA (CONT'D)

Everyone's still feeling okay?
Yeah? Any coughing, any sore
throats? Anyone feeling hot? No?

The kids shake their heads. They all laugh *really* hard, and Siya smiles, waves, goes to the door. Looks back.

SIYA (CONT'D)

All of your parents are getting
really good treatment right now,
okay? Stay warm!

She leaves. And we follow her out into--

25

INT. HOSPITAL - ER - CHICAGO - Y0 - CONTINUOUS

25

A hallway, where the door closes and takes a few steps, then stops, takes a breath. And is overwhelmed by a **FIT OF COUGHING**. She doubles over, surprised by the force of it.

Siya straightens up. Gathers herself. Looking down.

SIYA

Fuck.

Pulls her phone and sees 4 *Missed Calls* from Jeevan. Looks, pockets it, shuts down the phone. Tilts her head, pockets her phone, walks on and rounds a corner into--

Relative calm. Orderlies and doctors here and there, yes, but this place is quiet. Good amount of empty gurneys set up all along the walls. She looks right and sees a nurse, **RONNIE**, bending to join her. They walk.

SIYA (CONT'D)

I'm infected. Just the hack.
Who'd you Lifeline?

RONNIE

My ex-husband. You?

SIYA

One of my brothers won a Pulitzer when he was twenty-three, the other one owes me eighteen grand and eats cereal for dinner.

RONNIE

Which one is that?

SIYA

Jeevan. He's a disaster.

TERENCE sees them as they go by, hustles up to go with them.

SIYA (CONT'D)

Anything else from the CDC? Have we seen the rep yet?

RONNIE

That rep's in an underground bunker by now.

TERENCE

They said the Tamiflu shipment was around the side.

SIYA

Hold on one sec for me you guys.

They turn collectively. They reach a closet, Siya pulls out a saline bag and a needle kit, rolls up her own sleeve, hands Ronnie the kit and holds out her arm as she continues to dig in the closet. As she does all this and Ronnie gets the drip into her, she continues to speak in even, clear bursts.

RONNIE

Who'd you Lifeline?

TERRENCE

I just tweeted "Bye".

Ronnie looks at Siya just as Siya is downing a couple pills, then looks down at her phone. Ronnie does, too.

A couple beats.

RONNIE

Oh shit. Dotson's dead.

Ronnie hands Siya the bag as she tapes up the needle in her arm. Siya holds it up. Terrance stares at her.

SIYA

What?

(then)

Oh shit am I in charge?

25A

INT. EXIT STAIRWELL/EXT. SIDE ALLEYWAY - HOSPITAL - CHICAGO -
YO - MOMENTS LATER

The three all hustle down a small flight of stairs together, then push out into the cold to find a TRUCK parked, back already open, DRIVER wearing big headphones, going over the paperwork near the open door. They go around back and see the load of Tamiflu.

SIYA

Would you want to know Tamiflu
doesn't work? If you were dying?

TERENCE

I want to hear that shit works.

FATHER (O.S.)

Excuse me.

They see a **FATHER** holding a DEAD KID in his arms walking up.

FATHER (CONT'D)

Where do I take her? Do I just
take her in this way, or...?

Terence nods, offers to take him in, leads him to the doors.

TERENCE

I'll be back.

Ronnie and Siya circle out and look toward the front of the hospital. Hundreds more people are out here, backed up to the street, trying to get in, escape the cold. The snow's coming down. There's some shoving. Cars parked crazily everywhere, ambulance trying to get in but blocked...

RONNIE

Guess word got out.

Siya looks at Ronnie, sees it for what it is.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

You worried about your brothers?

SIYA

No. They've got each other.

Siya grabs a box of Tamiflu and heads inside, Ronnie follows suit. We WIDEN OUT to show the clambering souls out here, loudly yelling and calling for help, until we CUT TO:

28

INT. GROCERY STORE - CHICAGO - Y0 - NIGHT

28

GENTLE MUZAK PLAYS as Jeevan and Kirsten stand just inside the doors of a brightly-lit 24-hour grocery store. His phone's out and he's trying Siya again. No answer.

JEEVAN

Okay. I just have to get a couple things, drop them at my brother's.

He grabs a basket, steps in, heads toward produce. Kirsten follows like it's the most normal thing ever.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Do you have money?

JEEVAN

Of course.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

You don't have a job.

JEEVAN

But I have money.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

How?

(then)

From your celebrity website?

Jeevan selects some bananas, examines them.

JEEVAN

Yes.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

How?

JEEVAN

If the celebrities died or had sex with each other.

He continues on, Kirsten continues right with him.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

What's it like having a brother?

JEEVAN

Annoying.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Why?

Jeevan, for the first time, notices there are a lot of questions. Looks at her, moves on. They leave produce completely, move into chips and junk food.

JEEVAN

Brothers and sisters know you too well.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Was that your sister on the phone?

JEEVAN

Yes.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Is she a doctor?

JEEVAN

Yes.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

What did she say?

Jeevan keeps walking.

YOUNG KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

Jeevan. What did she say?

Looks like he's going to blow... then has an idea.

JEEVAN

Do you like YooHoo?

YOUNG KIRSTEN

She talked for way longer than that.

JEEVAN

No, no. The *drink*. Come on, come on. You're gonna love it.

He waves her to follow, sets off.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Is that... chocolate milk? I'm not allowed to have sugar. I can't break the rule even on a sleepover.

JEEVAN

It's fine. C'mon. It's the best.

They head over to the aisle with drinks in the cooler, and Jeevan finds the YooHoo, grabs one for her and one for himself. Chocolate for his brother.

He stares down at the three bottles in his basket, breathing through his nose, lost in a memory.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

What?

JEEVAN

Now's when I usually would... have the panic attack. But I already had it. Back there.

He looks over at her, stares into her eyes for a beat. Breathing. Seeming to... calm down now.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

Kinda like I planned ahead.

He looks at Kirsten.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

Come on. We need a lot more than this.

He turns and they stride down toward the registers now, Jeevan walking with purpose. He nods at the **CASHIER**, who's messing around on her phone, hardly notices him as he dumps the basket. He nods to a stack of newspapers and firewood as he bananas away.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

(to Kirsten)

Just wait over there.

(to the cashier)

I just have to get a few more things.

Both Kirsten and the Cashier watch Jeevan struggling to yank a big cart out of its neatly organized stack and we

HARD CUT TO:

29	OMITTED	29
30	OMITTED	30

31

INT. GROCERY STORE - CHICAGO - Y0 - NIGHT

31

SUDDEN MUNDANE SILENCE AND MUZAK. SIX CARTS, each of them absolutely OVERFLOWING with goods, and Jeevan covered in sweat, panting, smiling politely through the Beep beep beeps.

The Cashier scans the last of his items in his sixth and final cart. After she BEEPS a final bag of peanuts, she and Jeevan both look over to the total on the register: **\$9,323.21**. He shakily pulls a checkbook out of his pocket.

JEEVAN

(awkwardly)

Wonder what it would have said if we'd gone over ten-thousand. Ha.

(to Kirsten)

Because there's no more digits.

CASHIER

We can't take a check.

JEEVAN

Do people really pay for groceries with checks? Still?

He puts the checks back in his pocket.

CASHIER

When they're fake.

He smiles, friendly, reaches into his wallet, looks at two credit cards. Sighs.

First pulls the Visa. Looks at Kirsten, who looks back. Then, with hesitation, slides it back in and pulls out his Mastercard.

He slides it into the machine. Waits as the Clerk hits a few buttons. Watches the pulsing "Processing" on the machine...

After quite a wait, the machine beeps with an "Accepted", and the world's longest receipt starts printing from the register.

JEEVAN

Never any doubt.

He goes to the carts, begins trying to figure out a strategy.

CASHIER

Hey, excuse me. Is this about the thing? The Georgia Flu?

Jeevan looks over, surprised to hear the simple question.

CASHIER (CONT'D)
 Did something happen? Should I
 be... going somewhere?

Jeevan sighs, glances at Kirsten, looks back. Nods.

JEEVAN
 You should get home.

32

EXT. GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT - CHICAGO - Y0 - MOMENTS LATER

Snow falling lightly now, and Jeevan works to use the last of five BUNGEE CORDS to lock his six carts together into one unruly, huge SUPERCART as Kirsten stands nearby in the snow, her costume dress still dirty in the muck.

YOUNG KIRSTEN
 Why did you say that to the man?
 (then)
 Jeevan.

He keeps working.

YOUNG KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
 Why did you tell him to go home?

Keeps working, blocking it out.

YOUNG KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
*When are you taking me home? My
 parents don't know where I am!*

JEEVAN
 Look, Kirsten. I know this is all a little scary, but, um, they say there's a health scare coming and people are supposed to get inside. With food. The problem is we can't reach your parents. Or anyone who knows you exist, apparently.

YOUNG KIRSTEN
 I don't know anyone's numbers.

A bungee SNAPS his hand and he cries out.

JEEVAN
FUCK!

YOUNG KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
 That's not *FAIR!*

Kisses his hand. Shakes his head in frustration.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

You have to make a choice. For yourself. If you want to go back to your house and try to get in, that's okay. We can get you a cab, we'll figure it out. Or... you can come with me and stay the night at my brother's apartment.

(MORE)

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

It's nice, it's up high. It'll be safe. We're good people. I promise.

(then)

I'm not allowed to say you have to because that's kidnapping, I think, but also, you know...

(then)

People should choose for themselves what they want.

Kirsten, an eight-year-old, looks over her shoulder, back toward her house. Looks back at him.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

I'm eight.

JEEVAN

I know, but...

Both Jeevan and Kirsten look over, then, as the CASHIER, wrapped in a jacket now, comes out of the sliding doors and jogs away out of the parking lot.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Why?

Kirsten looks suddenly alarmed, looks back at him.

JEEVAN

Just. You have to choose.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Fine.

(looks around)

I'll walk home.

Jeevan can hardly look at her.

JEEVAN

Just take a cab. Do you have money?

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Yes.

JEEVAN

Okay. It's fine.

He goes back to work. She watches him. For awhile.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

It was nice to meet you.

She turns and *WE SEE THE FAÇADE FALL*, see how heartbroken she is. She begins walking across the parking lot. Jeevan stares, ow, nods, holding himself back. Had to be done.

Keeps nodding, absolutely the right call. Because this is an *emergency situation*. He watches her going. *Had to be done. A grownup is a person who...*

Oh, please. He pulls his phone, looks at it.

JEEVAN

Hey Kirsten! Hold on!

She stops. Doesn't turn. Jeevan makes up a story:

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

This is... crazy, but your parents just texted me.

(lets it hang)

I left that message? Before?

Maybe you didn't see. And they just got it?

(bullshitting at will)

Yeah. Their car got stuck in Lake Forest they said so they want you to spend the night at Frank's place. With us. It turns out your mom knows him from work things so they're fine with it.

(smiles)

It also turns out the world's not ending. I was wrong.

(shrugs)

So that's good.

Kirsten's fists come unclenched, she exhales. She then turns, walks back.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Okay.

JEEVAN

Okay.

He turns, readies his carts.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Okay.

She joins, takes hold of the two handles of the cart, takes a breath, and leans with all her weight, just barely getting the beast moving. Jeevan leans with all his weight.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

Frank's gonna be excited.

33

EXT. STREETS - CHICAGO - Y0 - LATER

33

Jeevan, his jacket off and tied around his waist now, loses momentum at a very small grade and has to push with all his might, anchoring a foot into a lightpost, to get up.

They're close now, just a block away. He stops to catch his breath, pulls his phone. Tries Siya again. Nothing. Tries Laura. Nothing.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Jeevan?

He looks up, sees her pointing. He looks over and sees an SUV sitting diagonal in an intersection, its nose up against a mailbox, as though it's been in the gentlest of crashes.

Lights still on, engine still running.

JEEVAN

(to Kirsten)

Hold on one sec.

Confused by it, he leaves his carts for a moment and goes to it. It's been here long enough for snow to have accumulated on all the windows.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

Hello?

Nothing. He takes a few steps forward, then reaches out and WIPES SNOW from the driver window.

He takes an abrupt STEP BACK when he sees what's in there. A **SINGLE MAN**, shirt and tie, slumped over, eyes barely open, shallow breaths, looking at him. There are blood and vomit stains on his shirt.

SINGLE MAN

(through the window)

I have to get to Houston.

The man's hand starts groping for the button to open his window. Jeevan steps back, holds up a hand.

JEEVAN

Don't, don't open it.

(retreating)

I'll call an ambulance for you.

I'll have an ambulance come.

The guy just looks.

SINGLE MAN

I have to get to Houston.

JEEVAN

Don't open it, man.

(nods)

I got a kid with me.

All the while stepping away. Jeevan's not gonna mess with this guy. Eventually, before the window can come down, Jeevan turns and goes back to his carts.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

(to Kirsten)

Help me. Don't worry about him.

They begin to push. Doesn't look over when he hears faintly the guy's voice.

SINGLE MAN

(meekly)

I have to get to Houston.

Jeevan ignores and continues.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

What's wrong with him?

JEEVAN

Don't look. Just keep going.

34

INT. LAKE POINT TOWER - LOBBY - CHICAGO - Y0 - MOMENTS LATER

A **SECURITY GUARD** sits with his feet up, playing FORTNITE on his phone, not really noticing Jeevan pull his carts up outside, wipe himself down, put on his jacket, and step inside.

The Security Guard finally glances up as Jeevan comes in, drenched in sweat, and gives a quick smile.

JEEVAN

Hi, I'm the brother of Frank Chaudhary up on the, ug, forty-second floor. I think? I've got some things with me. And my niece.

Jeevan gestures to the carts outside on the sidewalk. Kirsten stands out there, too. The Security Guard looks.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

Our niece. Both Frank's and mine...

SECURITY GUARD

I gotta call up.

JEEVAN

That's fine. He knows we're coming. Jeevan. His brother. Kirsten his niece. We're getting ready for his Christmas party.

The Security Guard picks up the phone, taps some numbers, waits as he looks at Jeevan, who smiles back. On the other end, after a few rings, someone seems to answer.

SECURITY GUARD

Good evening, Mr. Chaudhary. I've got a Jeevan down here.

JEEVAN

Hey Frank!

SECURITY GUARD

Says he's your brother. He's with your niece.

(beat)

Wants to come up. They've got some items for your Christmas party.

Jeevan watches, tense, as he waits. The Security Guard nods, a little, slowly hangs up the phone. Looks at Jeevan.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

Freight elevator's that way.

The Security Guard points, and Jeevan is already hustling out toward Kirsten.

JEEVAN

Thank you!

(to Kirsten)

Come one come on come on come on.

35

INT. LAKE POINT TOWER - HALLWAY - CHICAGO - Y0 - LATER

35

Jeevan pushes the sixth cart into the large freight elevator, two rows of three each, pleased that there's actually enough room for him. Kirsten's up on top of one of the carts. He steps in and pushes "42". As he does--

FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)

Hold that, please!

Jeevan glances, presses the "Close Door" button a couple times. But before the doors can fully close--

A GIANT LAMP wedges itself in between the doors, and they open again. A **YOUNG WOMAN** stands, smiles prettily, panting and out of breath.

YOUNG WOMAN

I'm so sorry. This thing is huge...

(noticing Kirsten)

Oh, hello. Can I squeeze in with you guys?

The woman looks at the steely young girl. Looks at Jeevan.

JEEVAN

It's really full.

YOUNG WOMAN

I think if we just kind of angle it I can squeeze right there? I'm only going--

JEEVAN

(loudly)

It's *fucking* full.

The woman's eyes go wide. Jeevan's used up his ability to be polite. The kind smile of the woman turns to confusion as she backs up a little. The doors close. The silence is deafening.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

There wasn't enough room.

He taps 42 a couple more times. Looks at Kirsten, who looks down, as the elevator starts going up.

KNOCKKNOCK! BANGBANGBANGBANG!

JEEVAN (PRELAP) (CONT'D)

Frank! Open the door, Frank!

36

INT. LAKE POINT TOWER - 42ND FLOOR HALLWAY - CHICAGO - Y0 36
MOMENTS LATER

JEEVAN

Come on, Frank! Open it!

Jeevan bangs at his brother's door for another few beats until we finally hear--

FRANK (INSIDE)

Hold on, hold on.

The relief on Jeevan's face is palpable when he hears his brother's voice. He closes his eyes, stops knocking as he waits. We hear the locks unlock, and the door swings open.

FRANK CHAUDHARY (25), Jeevan's brother, leans into his CANE and stares at Jeevan. Glasses, poorly shaven. Utterly unsurprised to see the panic on his brother's face.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Jeev.

He looks at Kirsten.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Little White Girl.

JEEVAN

All of this is coming in. Back up.
This is Kirsten. Kirsten, Frank.
DO YOU KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING?

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Hi.

FRANK

Hi.

(then, to Jeevan)

No. What's happening?

JEEVAN

*Back up, back up. Get in. We have
to get this stuff inside.*

Frank pushes past his brother and looks down the hall. All six shopping carts are lined up behind Jeevan. Frank just looks as Jeevan goes to the first one.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

Have you talked to Siya?

FRANK

I've been working.

JEEVAN

The world's ending. Actually
ending.

(to Kirsten)

Sorry, I lied! It is.

(to Frank, sorry)

It's the apocalypse.

FRANK

Yeah, and I'm on deadline.

Jeevan pushes his brother back with the cart...

37 INT. LAKE POINT TOWER - FRANK'S APARTMENT - CHICAGO - Y0 - 37
CONTINUOUS

Frank's apartment is nice, and pretty spacious. What's immediately noticeable is the killer view of Lake Michigan. Navy Pier right down below, lights amazing.

Jeevan leaves the cart and runs back for more. Frank looks at the cart. Looks at Kirsten, who's taking off her coat.

FRANK

What are you wearing?

YOUNG KIRSTEN

I'm Young Goneril.

Frank picks up a carton of cigarettes from one of the carts, shaking his head.

YOUNG KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

The production has two of us.

FRANK

How do you know my brother?

YOUNG KIRSTEN

We met at the play.

Frank looks back at her kindly, calm but trying to diagnose the situation.

FRANK

Where are your parents, Hon?

Jeevan hustles in with two more carts, pulling one behind him. He shoots them both into the room and disappears again.

JEEVAN (FROM THE HALL)

I talked to Siya at the hospital before, but she's not answering anymore... She told me this thing, this Georgia Flu... apparently it mutated. The CDC's lying...

Jeevan appears with two more carts, pushes them in as well. Disappears again. Frank turns, looking at the carts.

FRANK

Jeevan, let's talk outside, okay?

Frank steps a little toward the door, past the carts. Jeevan appears with the last cart. Looks at him. Pulls his phone, puts his arm around his brother, takes a selfie of them both.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Sit down. Calm down, okay? Did you-- did you pay for all of this?

Jeevan typing furiously.

JEEVAN
It's the flu.

FRANK
The flu made you buy groceries?

Feels a buzz, pulls his phone and sees the selfie on text.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Why did you send that picture to... Chaudy Chain?

JEEVAN
For Siya. And it's not a normal flu. It's the *Georgia* Flu.

KIRSTEN'S ATTENTION has been drawn to the big windows, so huge they're like the deck of a space station. She approaches the glass and puts her fingers on them, looking down at the lights of the pier.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)
Siya called me.

Kirsten looks south, squints, watching a little light out above the lake, away from the buildings.

Frank's just eyeing his brother warily.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)
I'm not having a *fucking* breakdown, Frank. Okay? I'm not... manic.

FRANK
I didn't say you were.

JEEVAN
Turn on the TV for a minute and you'll see that--

Jeevan stops, his eyes focused on the big windows and Lake Michigan. He steps in. Seems frozen. Because there's a sound. Low, droning. Hard to place. The others hear it, too, look as well.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

What is that?

Frank turns and looks as Jeevan continues looking. Kirsten places a finger on the glass, still watching.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Maybe it's *that*.

AND THEN SUDDENLY A 747 BLASTS BY THE WINDOW, shaking the entire building, the sound deafening, and Frank and Jeevan rush to the window and see as...

It CRASHES into the NAVY PIER, sweeping under the FERRIS WHEEL, HALF-EXPLODES upon impact as it skips into the lake, sending a huge fireball up into the night sky, setting off another explosion somewhere in the bowels of the pier.

The three watch then as the Ferris Wheel slowly tips over and PLUNGES into the lake, shattering ice and coming to rest laying sideways, mostly underwater.

Their three faces are painted orange by the fire in the distance. They're high up and far away, but the explosion can still be heard here. Frank, speechless, swallows once. Feels his phone buzz. Jeevan does, too.

On Frank's screen, a little HEART pops up. Siya hearted it. Frank furrows his brow, looks down, lowers the phone.

FRANK

We have to go get her.

JEEVAN

She said to come get you.

Jeevan, a little further down the line with regards to processing the apocalypse, steps over to the door, takes hold of the knob. Brother stares at brother.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

And... make a barricade.

Eventually, Jeevan closes the door, to us as well, as camera sits outside in the hallway. Waiting.

38

INT. LAKE POINT TOWER - 42ND FLOOR HALLWAY - CHICAGO - Y0/D80
- DAY 1 - CONTINUOUS

We sit here for a long moment, then hear... a snare drum. ***Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat-TOONK***, and the ***KICK*** introduce Gladys Knight and the Pips "Midnight Train to Georgia." We PUSH IN on that door, listening to brass and piano...

And just as Gladys starts us off with the opening lines-- "*L.A. proved too much for the man...*", that door opens, and a different Jeevan entirely steps out.

Skinnier. Bearded. Wearing a huge pack on his back. And holding a kitchen knife shakily in his hand. Like he has no idea what he'll find out here.

Behind him, Kirsten appears, different as well. Thinner, steelier. Also with a pack. Longer hair.

It's eighty days later. Seven and a half billion people have died since Arthur died. And they've been up here. The whole time. This is now **POST-APOCALYPTIC JEEVAN**. And with him, **POST-APOCALYPTIC KIRSTEN**. Their journey's just beginning.

Carefully, Jeevan and Kirsten step out, looking around the abandoned, darkened hallway. We *glimpse* behind them: a pile of empty shopping carts, but who knows what else is in there. And what happened to Frank in there.

Jeevan looks back once more, pulls the door closed, and goes out to find... what's left.

39 **INT. LAKE POINT TOWER - STAIRWELL - CHICAGO - Y0/D80 - DAY** 39

Jeevan and Kirsten stumble downward in the dark stairwell, flashlight out, and come upon a couple of **BODIES**, badly decomposed, huddled together in the corner. He shakily moves by them, not quite able to look away. Kirsten too. Gladys sings it: "...The world he left behind, not so long ago..."

40 **INT. LAKE POINT TOWER - LOBBY - CHICAGO - Y0/D80 - DAY** 40

Everything's frozen. Snow inside. Jeevan ignores the dead body of that SECURITY GUARD as he struggles to push furniture away from the entryway to the building. Kirsten stares at it. Someone had the same idea he had, just at a larger (and probably less effective) scale.

Half the glass on these doors is broken, Jeevan sees, once he pushes everything away. Jeevan looks over. Sees a big unruly LAMP there, lying on the ground. He recognizes it. Oh yeah. That lady.

Gladys: "... Goin' back to find... a simpler place and time..." Jeevan pushes Kirsten through the hole, then follows her to:

41 **EXT. LAKE POINT TOWER - CHICAGO - Y0/D80 - MOMENTS LATER** 41

THE OUTSIDE WORLD. Fresh air. Snow tunnel. Stillness. The two creep along the antry area of the building.

An oddly beautiful SCULPTURE OF SNOW has been built by a hole in the carport overhang. Gladys: *"I'd rather live in his world, than be without him in mine..."*

Jeevan looks at Kirsten.

JEEVAN

Let's get to the lake.

And we'll leave Jeevan and Kirsten there as we PULL STRAIGHT UP AND AWAY and start to see more of downtown Chicago-- dark, semi-broken, full of bodies, our first glimpse of this post-flu reality as we keep going up...

"...world, world, is his... his and hers alone..."

42 **EXT. THE SKY - CONTINUOUS**

42

...and the Earth REVOLVES out from under us as we head up and away from Chicago, see Lake Michigan now as it zooms away to the east, taken by Earth's spin, and as we continue up, we start to see North America, the oceans...

43 **EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS**

43

And Gladys Knight and the Pips keep singing to us as we move away from Earth out into SPACE, past SATELLITES and SPACE JUNK and then past the INTERNATIONAL SPACE STATION and away from Earth.

Then past the moon, the Earth getting smaller as we keep heading deeper out into the Solar System, passing Mars first...

Gladys: *"But he still found out the hard way that dreams don't always come true..."*

There's the sun, shining bright over there in the distance...

We're so far out now that we can hardly see the Earth as we TURN and see Jupiter. We head toward something nestled in near one of that big planet's moons...

But that's no moon.

As we creep toward it, we slowly realize it's some kind of... space station. Not *just* a space station, though. Not like that piddly little thing back by Earth. This is magnificent. Enormous. Spherical. A gem of light afloat in the darkness and nothing. This is **STATION ELEVEN**.

We keep heading toward it-- toward a thin band near its equator. Observation windows, some of them busted, but the one we're heading toward is sound, and as we get closer, we see there's a figure there, looking out...

We head toward him.

Closer, closer, Gladys still singing as we get close enough to see. It's a man. A solitary man. Watching all.

We float closer and see that he's wearing a LARGE HELMET, the glass on its exterior a golden hue, his face indiscernible,

But we saw him enough times in that book to know who we're seeing. This guy's... that guy.

It's DR. ELEVEN. The glass of his helmet is CRACKED. His coffee is IN HAND.

44 INT. STATION ELEVEN - OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS 44

Dr. Eleven stands at the control station, looking out the window toward Earth, toward the sun. He looks down at an ORRERY, a brass schematic of the solar system, clockwork and geared. The music stops.

The ORRERY springs to life, then, and the Earth moves around the sun a total of TWENTY TIMES. And we see all twenty, in eerie silence, zipping fast.

He sips his coffee and looks out. The spinning globe of the Earth slows and stops as we PULL UP AND AWAY FROM HIM SLOWLY, looking down, watching him watch, TICK-TOCKING...

CORDELIA (ALEXANDRA) (PRE-LAP)
*...Though he had bit me, should
 have stood that night...*

Of this ephemeral voice in the space station, we CUT TO:

45 OMITTED 45

46 OMITTED 46

47 EXT. ST. DEBORAH'S-BY-THE-WATER - JUNE, Y17 - NIGHT 47

A STAGE. A different version of a stage than where our story began, this one made out of THREE LARGE WAGONS linked together (or... Winnebagos?).

We are *outside* instead of inside, there's LAKE off in the distance, the Earth has changed. But someone's still performing *King Lear*.

We PUSH IN on the center section of the stage, where four actors are in the middle of a scene. Onstage there are BOULDERS scattered, and at the back of stage, a gentle snowfall, some analog special effect making magic.

CORDELIA (ALEXANDRA)
*'Tis wonder that thy life and wits
 at once had not concluded all.*

CAMERA PUSHES, and we feel an orchestra on the right, hard to see in the shadows, but a clustered group creating score, bows moving on violins, violas. We are PUSHING OVER a crowd * seated on the ground, all watching, rapt.

A young actor **ALEXANDRA** looks at a figure slumped center-stage, seated in a wheelchair. Near her are **DIETER** (50s) and **JEREMY** (30s), their attention also focused on the slumped figure. We KEEP PUSHING into this production of *King Lear*.

CORDELIA (ALEXANDRA) (CONT'D)
*How does my royal lord? How fares
 your majesty?*

The slumped figure at the center of things is **KIRSTEN RAYMONDE**, alive and well and come full-circle, eyes closed, crown on her head, now the lead like Arthur, seeming to be dead like Arthur, too, until... Lear's eyes open.

KING LEAR (KIRSTEN)
*You do me wrong to take me out of
 the grave. Thou art a soul in
 bliss, but I am bound upon a wheel
 of fire... that mine own tears do
 scald like molten lead.*

She rises out of the wheelchair, takes a step, looks at Cordelia, the "wings" of her costume now fully apparent and extended, Lear suddenly powerful, very *much* alive--

CORDELIA (ALEXANDRA)
Sir, do you know me?

KING LEAR (KIRSTEN)
*You are a spirit, I know.
 (then)
 Where did you die?*

Kirsten, the one who didn't, waits for an answer.

SMASH TO CREDITS