

STATION ELEVEN



EPISODE 107
"Goodbye, My Damaged Home"

Written by
Kim Steele

Directed by
Lucy Tcherniak

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

3rd Blue Revisions
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Revision History

Date	Draft	Revised Pages
10/14/20	Production Draft	All
12/7/20	Full Blue	All
12/30/20	Full Pink	All
1/18/21	Full Yellow	All
1/25/21	Full Green	All
1/30/21	Full Goldenrod	All
2/7/21	2nd White Revisions	4-9
2/10/21	2nd Blue Revisions	34-35A
2/11/21	2nd Pink Revisions	30, 34
2/15/21	2nd Yellow Revisions	34-36A, 38-46
2/16/21	2nd Green Revisions	22-22A
2/17/21	2nd Goldenrod Revisions	42
3/1/21	3rd White Revisions	45-46
6/11/21	3rd Blue Revisions	46

Notes: Revisions are marked with (*).

These revisions omit scene 748, when Kirsten wakes up from being poisoned. This story beat now plays in scene A802.

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Cast List

KIRSTEN RAYMONDE.....MACKENZIE DAVIS
JEEVAN CHAUDHARY.....HIMESH PATEL
YOUNG KIRSTEN RAYMONDE.....MATILDA LAWLER
FRANK CHAUDHARY.....NABHAAN RIZWAN

HOODED MAN
VOICE ON THE TV (V.O. ONLY)
FEMALE VOICE (V.O. ONLY)
MALE VOICE (V.O. ONLY)

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Location List

Interior Locations

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - Y0/D1 - DAWN
INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - Y0/D4 - NIGHT
INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - Y0/D10 - NIGHT
INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - Y0/D35 - DAY
INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - Y0/D65 - DAY
INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - Y0/D78 - PRE-DAWN / DAY
INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - Y0/D79 - DAY
INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - Y0/D80 - DAWN
INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - Y0/D0 - NIGHT
INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - Y0/D1 - DAY
INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - Y0/D4 - NIGHT
INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - Y0/D10 - NIGHT
INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - Y0/D79 - DAY
INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - FRANK'S BEDROOM - Y0/D4 - NIGHT
INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - FRANK'S BEDROOM - Y0/D79 - DUSK
INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - FRANK'S BEDROOM - Y0/D80 - DAWN
INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - FRANK'S BEDROOM - Y20/SUMMER - DAY
INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - OFFICE AREA - Y0/D0 - NIGHT
INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - OFFICE AREA - Y0/D13 - NIGHT
INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - OFFICE AREA - Y0/D35 - DAY
INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - OFFICE AREA - Y0/D79 - DAWN
INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - UTILITY CLOSET - Y0/D13 - NIGHT
INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - UTILITY CLOSET - Y0/D35 - DAY
INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - UTILITY CLOSET - Y0/D79 - DAY
INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - FRONT DOOR - Y0/D78 - DAY
INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - Y0/D4 - NIGHT
INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - JEEVAN'S FORT - Y0/D78 - DAY
INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - Y0/D79 - NIGHT
INT. LAKE POINT TOWER - 42ND FLOOR HALLWAY - Y0/D78 - DAY
INT. LAKE POINT TOWER - LAZLOW'S APARTMENT - Y0/D78 - DAY

Exterior Locations

EXT. DREAMSCAPE CLEARING - WINTER - DAY
EXT. DREAMSCAPE PATH - WINTER - DAY
EXT. DREAMSCAPE FOREST - WINTER - DAY
~~EXT. A DARK, WOODED PATH - Y20/D8 - DAY~~

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Day/Night Breakdown

A NOTE ON THIS SYSTEM:

Year Zero dates have the Year (Y0) and then the date (D13).
 Year Twenty dates have the Year (Y20) and then the **story day** (D1-D12) across the entire season, which does not correspond to a calendar date.

<u>SN#</u>	<u>SCRIPT D/N</u>
1-3.....	DREAMSCAPE
4-5.....	Y0/D10
6.....	Y0/D65
7-8.....	Y0/D13
9-10.....	Y0/D0
11-12.....	Y0/D1
13.....	Y0/D79
14.....	Y0/D4
15-16.....	<i>omitted</i>
17-B17.....	Y0/D4
BB17-D17.....	Y0/D35
18-21.....	Y0/D78
22.....	<i>omitted</i>
A22.....	Y0/D78
23-26.....	<i>omitted</i>
27.....	Y0/D78
28-29.....	<i>omitted</i>
30.....	Y0/D78
31-35.....	<i>omitted</i>
36.....	Y0/D79
A36.....	<i>omitted</i>
37-B38.....	Y0/D79
C38-39.....	<i>omitted</i>
40.....	Y0/D79
41.....	<i>omitted</i>
42.....	Y0/D79
43-45.....	Y0/D80
46.....	Y?
47-48.....	<i>omitted</i>

OVER BLACK

CHYRON: "Act 1"

1

EXT. DREAMSCAPE CLEARING - WINTER - DAY

1

Eyes flutter open. As we slowly PULL AND CORKSCREW UP in a CRANE-SHOT, we see **ADULT KIRSTEN** on her back in the snow, breathing shallow breaths. Eyes open, still too worried about where she is and what is going on to try to move...

Around her, we see as we PULL UP, is the wreckage of the battlefield: first one, then two bodies of dead BANDANA BANDITS. Blood on the snow like Sumi-e Japanese ink painting, white and red, a few dots of black-- the kills.

Adult Kirsten looks over and sees the hilt of her GNARLY KNIFE sticking up out of a dead man's chest, a little sword in the stone.

Post-battle. The Winter World part of it doesn't seem right, though... until we place it: what we're seeing is the vibe of the *King Lear* set where Arthur died.

The frame settles just as we see movement at the edge...

2

EXT. DREAMSCAPE PATH - WINTER - DAY

2

Now we track the BOOTS and careful footsteps of a child moving quietly through this wreckage, ground-level.

The child comes to the body of a Bandit, squats, and studies the GNARLY KNIFE in the chest. Come around and see the face--

It's **YOUNG KIRSTEN**. Feral. She sees Adult Kirsten right over there, barely breathing, watching her.

ADULT KIRSTEN
(barely alive)
You found me again.

YOUNG KIRSTEN
You're dying.

She looks at the man's body.

YOUNG KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
He shot you with poison.
(then)
He used to be a dentist.

Adult Kirsten pulls back the sleeve of her coat and sees three THUMB TACK-DARTS have peppered her wrist, right where her tattoos are. She plucks them out one by one, drops them.

Young Kirsten's meanwhile digging into the man's pockets, pulling out little coins and charms before she finds what she was looking for, wrapped in a red bandana: a VIAL WITH A CORK, half-filled with a brackish liquid. She holds it up. There is a piece of masking tape on it that says **SURVIVAL** handwritten in black sharpie.

YOUNG KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

This is the antidote.

ADULT KIRSTEN

Really?

Adult Kirsten gets to her feet, coughs, staggers a bit toward her, holding out a hand.

ADULT KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

Give it.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Chase me.

A standoff between the two Kirstens, as Adult Kirsten doesn't want to play. Before she can respond, Young Kirsten DARTS OFF into the woods. Off Adult Kirsten, exhausted, knowing she has to follow to survive, can't keep up...

3

EXT. DREAMSCAPE FOREST - WINTER - DAY

3

Adult Kirsten moves to a clearing and sees a DOOR, IN ITS FRAME, context-less, upright in the snow.

Apartment 4207. A door in the middle of nowhere, just like that Sidewalk Door in 103. Adult Kirsten stares.

Adult Kirsten looks at it with trepidation, waits several beats and considers, looks at her wrist and sees PHASE TWO of the poison, the lines have grown a bit. Then trudges across the snow and enters, passing into the PITCH BLACK, CAMERA LEADING HER IN until we can't see her anymore...

4

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - Y0/D10 - NIGHT

4

The blackness is seamless, four or five seconds, before we hear rummaging, a drawer, and then a *CLICK!* A lighter lights, and instead of Adult Kirsten's face, we see the three dimly glowing faces of **FRANK, JEEVAN,** and Young Kirsten (in her D10 apartment look now, jacket off) looking at one another, seated at the kitchen table.

CHYRON: DAY 10

Just as they were at the end of 104.

FRANK

Hey Jeev?

JEEVAN

Yeah?

FRANK

You still scared of the dark?

Frank gets up and goes to the window. Both Young Kirsten and Jeevan follow. All three stand at the window, looking out, north and south, up and down the shore. The lights of the buildings are still on.

After a beat, someone steps into frame behind them, watching them as well.

COME AROUND AND REVEAL that no, that's not a psycho from *The Road*. It's Adult Kirsten. Stunned to be where she is. *When* she is. And to remember the feeling of this place.

And the feeling of being close to Jeevan.

5

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - Y0/D10 - NIGHT

5

Frank, Jeevan, and Young Kirsten look out and watch as the POWER GRID FAILS, and the lights dotting the rectangles of other skyscrapers fail as well, plunging all of Chicago into blackness. Now just moon-glow on the lake and stunning starscape light their faces.

JEEVAN

We're fucked.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

It's like a spaceship.

FRANK

It's gonna get cold.

Frank turns, and as he does we see Adult Kirsten still right where she was. For a brief beat it seems as though Frank is looking right at her, but he walks by her, toward the spare room. Jeevan glances back and her eyes go to his, but he turns back to look out with Young Kirsten. **Future Kirsten Ghost Rule #1: They can't see me.**

But maybe more important: that's Jeevan, and she hasn't seen *him* in eighteen years. She steps closer. Not thinking about poison. Just the miracle of getting someone back...

ADULT KIRSTEN

Jeevan.

Future Kirsten Ghost Rule #2: They can't hear me.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Are you actually scared of the dark?

JEEVAN

No.

(then)

I'm scared of... huge things.

Young Kirsten sits crosslegged in front of the window. Jeevan sits down next to her. Looks up at the star-field.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

It's gonna be okay.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

You said we're fucked.

(back to stars)

I am okay.

JEEVAN

When spring comes, we're gonna be out of food. Whoever's left alive will want to find each other.

(then)

We have to think about the future.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Why?

JEEVAN

Because this can't... last.

Jeevan doesn't have more of an answer, stops himself. Adult Kirsten didn't seem to expect this answer. Smile fades ever so much. She knows more than anyone he's right.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

I found a cat.

(then)

It comes in through the grate in my room sometimes. I named it Luli.

JEEVAN

Probably looking for food.

Jeevan looks at her for a beat, she doesn't seem to agree. Frank comes in with a lantern, wearing a *CUBS* cap, holding some layers and scarves and jackets, as well as Young Kirsten's jacket, tosses them their way...

FRANK

So... I have to copy out my manuscript before my laptop dies.

Young Kirsten pulls on her own jacket.

JEEVAN

Why?

Frank doesn't get the question.

FRANK

It's my job.

He heads toward his office. Jeevan looks irritated at his brother, turns back to the stars. Young Kirsten looks at Jeevan, looks back toward Adult Kirsten. Right at her.

ADULT KIRSTEN

You know I'm here. Don't you?

Young Kirsten gives her a look.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

(to Frank/Adult Kirsten)

I'll help.

Young Kirsten's eyes go back to Frank. She passes by Adult Kirsten on her way. She watches her younger self go.

Another glance is enough to realize **Future Kirsten Ghost Rule #3: They can't see me. Or hear me. But she can.**

CAMERA BEGINS A SLOW PAN, follows her to the office. LIGHT STARTS TO CHANGE, THE PINK OF DAWN. We GLIMPSE Young Kirsten through a small square hole in the bookshelf, hard at work helping, scribbling. CAMERA *KEEPS* PANNING, past windows...

6

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - Y0/D65 - DAY

6

WHICH ARE NOW COVERED in a milky translucent layer of frost as well as CUTOUT HEARTS made from POST-ITS, red and pink, because it is Valentine's Day, two months in, and Jeevan is squatted with a baseball mitt in hand, layered in scarves and coats like a madman, waiting for a pitch.

Adult Kirsten is still sitting at the kitchen table.

The skies are pink, the beginnings of what has to be a TIME-DRIFTED SUNRISE. *THWACK*, a baseball finds home in his glove and he winces, impressed.

CHYRON: DAY 65

JEEVAN

Slider?

He rises to throw back. It's Day 65 and the room reflects the two-month jump-- deep February means more beard for Jeevan, his blanket-based FORT on the south side of the apartment, and a lake in the background that appears entirely frozen over. Jeevan squats down to receive another pitch.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

Fastball.

A sudden errant fastball come zipping past, *THUNKING* against the window, which has been weakened by the cold. It *CRACKS* the glass. Jeevan looks at it.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

Perfect.

We see Young Kirsten now, mitt on her hand as well, bundled as well, making an eek-face as Frank comes in, blanket over his shoulders. He is quadruple mummy-wrapped in layers.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

You came out.

Frank stares at the obvious crack. Sees the hearts.

FRANK

That crack's like the broken sky in
your book.

JEEVAN

Great.

FRANK

How's the play.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Not done.

FRANK

Me neither.

Franks turns to go.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(to Jeevan)

You suck at baseball.

Young Kirsten snort-laughes and Jeevan laughs a little, too. But his smile fades as Frank's door closes. The frame settles on that crack in the window and it abruptly becomes--

7

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - OFFICE AREA - Y0/D13 - NIGHT

7

Night. Another time. Stars. No ice on the windows. No crack. No electricity.

CHYRON: DAY 13

A pitch-black lake to the east and skyline to the north. The lights of Chicago are off. There's FRANK, reading *Station Eleven*, ignoring work, piles and piles of legal pads around, post-its everywhere.

YOUNG KIRSTEN (O.S.)

Frank?

He looks up and there's Young Kirsten standing in flannel pajamas, but clearly pajamas fashioned out of a man's pair, snipped and sewn for her. Also wearing her winter coat. She's holding a SMALL PRESENT. Sets it on his desk.

YOUNG KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

I just wanted to say thank you.
For letting me stay here. Merry
Christmas.

FRANK

Shit. I forgot.

He glances over and sees an ADVENT CALENDAR taped to the window, sees all the doors are open.

We just barely catch Adult Kirsten in the b/g, going through a bookshelf, searching, frustrated. But she notices this exchange. He puts down the book, looks around.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I didn't get you anything yet.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

That's okay.

(then)

Can I have that back?

FRANK

Sure. I just keep reading it. I should work. It's good, though. I... relate.

He hands her back the book, pulls out a legal pad. Grabs a dictaphone, puts a bud in his ear.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

To which character?

FRANK

All of them.

She nods, leaves. CAMERA FOLLOWS as she walks past the barricade and toward the utility closet, opens the door...

8

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - UTILITY CLOSET - Y0/D13 - NIGHT

8

Young Kirsten comes in and we see she's already begun redecorating the joint, cardboard on the walls. The beginning of making this *room* Station Eleven.

As she gets into her sleeping bag, she sees Adult Kirsten sitting on the other side of the little room, staring at her. Pissed. ***Future Kirsten Ghost Rule #4: Adult Kirsten Can Be Where Her Attention Draws Her. (Without Walking)***

ADULT KIRSTEN

That didn't happen. I never gave Frank anything.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

This is happening.

ADULT KIRSTEN

(eyeing her)

Is the antidote in the present?

(off look)

Where the fuck is it?

YOUNG KIRSTEN
It was just a present.

ADULT KIRSTEN
What did you give him?

YOUNG KIRSTEN
I just made him something.

Adult Kirsten squints, skeptical, but not sure...

YOUNG KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
I remember better.

ADULT KIRSTEN
I remember some things.

Adult Kirsten leans back, looks around.

ADULT KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
I remember this being a lot more
decorated.

YOUNG KIRSTEN
That's my plan. Who knows how long
we'll be here.

Young Kirsten goes back to the book, starts to read.

Adult Kirsten looks at her, softening. She knows, exactly,
but her young self doesn't.

YOUNG KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
Just go if you want to go. I hid
the antidote in your pocket.

Adult Kirsten reaches into her pocket, finds that her younger
self is right. Again. She pulls out the vial. Looks at
that "**Survival**". Looks back at Young Kirsten, reading.

YOUNG KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
I knew you wouldn't look there.

Adult Kirsten slides it back into her pocket. Remembers how
she used to just expect adults to leave her. Eventually.

ADULT KIRSTEN
I can stay a little.
(smiles)
There's time.

CUT TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK

"One Note Samba", Getz/Gilberto, warms up the cold vibes
after that exchange...

CHYRON: "Act 2"

9

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - Y0/D0 - NIGHT

9

It's Frank Chaudhary on Day Zero, evening, and he's asleep on his own kitchen floor. More accurately: passed out.

CHYRON: DAY 0

Groggy, he blinks awake, gets up into a sitting position. Sees the water is running at the sink, stands. Turns it off.

Looks at the counter and sees his PHONE, as well as a BLACK ZIPPERED BAG. SYRINGE, a couple BAGGIES. BURNT SPOON. BIC LIGHTER. Sloppy mess of paraphernalia.

He's surprised to see he's got fourteen missed calls. Thirteen from Siya, one from Jeevan. He clicks through some texts, reads, goes to his voicemail. Jeevan. Taps.

JEEVAN (VOICEMAIL)

*This is the one time you should
take my call you hermit idiot.*

Frank's trip into his text messages is then interrupted by a call from "SIYA". He considers for a beat, then answers.

FRANK (INTO THE PHONE)

I spy with my little--

But Frank stops, interrupted, listens for a few beats. We don't hear what Siya's saying.

FRANK (INTO THE PHONE)(CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Okay.

He listens for more beats, then eventually looks at his heroin kit.

FRANK (INTO THE PHONE)(CONT'D) (CONT'D)

No. I don't want him here.

Still listening, he goes to it, gathers things up. Pours a baggie of white powder down the drain, turns the water back on. Digs around some more in the kit, pours some pills down.

FRANK (INTO THE PHONE)(CONT'D) (CONT'D)

(irritated with sister)

I'll have the guard stop him.

Zips the kit up, puts it in a drawer, keeps listening on the phone, runs the DISPOSAL for a beat.

Cane nearby, he grabs it, listening and nodding, leaves the room. Sound of a *SHOWER TURNING ON*. Some light jazz as well brings us to--

10

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - OFFICE AREA - Y0/D0 - NIGHT

10

Frank's all cleaned up and together again, whole place cleaned up, no Dope Kits in sight. Warm light. At his laptop. News Headline: "President Scrambles to Calm Nation."

His APARTMENT PHONE rings, he gets up, limps to it, answers. He listens. We hear Young Kirsten's tinny voice interject--

YOUNG KIRSTEN (ON THE PHONE)
Hi, Uncle Frank!

Sighs to himself.

FRANK (INTO THE PHONE)
Send them up.

He hangs up, looks back at the dark window, only stars and a little of the Chicago cityscape, brightly lit. WE ARE TIGHT ON FRANK'S FACE as the lighting changes, BLUSHES PINK, and another ROTATING TIMEDRIFT begins, takes us across the room, where we see Jeevan asleep facedown on the couch, and the horizon is blooming morning at the window and it becomes--

11

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - Y0/D1 - DAWN

11

ANOTHER SUNRISE. The east is calling.

CHYRON: DAY 1

Young Kirsten stands in the living room, staring at the sunrise. Phone in her hand.

FRANK
Any... word from your parents?

She looks at him, startled. He puts up a hand gently.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Frank. Jeevan's brother.
Remember?

She looks back at the sun.

FRANK (CONT'D)

The first morning I was here, I saw
the sun rise over the lake and I
wanted to live here forever.
Windows facing east, you know...

YOUNG KIRSTEN

I like my room.

FRANK

I don't usually have guests.
(warming)
Sorry about the boxes. The guy who
owns this place stores his files in
there, too...

He looks a beat longer.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Did you just move in?

FRANK

Ten months ago.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

What's your job?

Frank takes a beat.

FRANK

I'm a ghostwriter.
(off look)
That doesn't mean I'm a ghost who's
a writer.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

I know what it means.

He points to the Dabydeen Array: the intricate patchwork of
post-its littering a chunk of his windows.

FRANK

Chuck Dabydeen. That's his life.
I'm writing his autobiography. I
get these tapes from him once a
week in the mail. Memories
scattered all around. Everything's
out of order, though. It's...
still a mess... and he's a dick...

The post-its he pointed at make a completely nonlinear bloom
of different-colored squares on the window.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 ...but it's a job.

YOUNG KIRSTEN
 Don't you have to write your own
 autobiography?

FRANK
 Not if you're rich.

She is up and looking at all the post-its. Frank goes to the kitchen, starts making coffee.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 Listen, Kirsten. My brother does
 weird shit sometimes. He brought a
 bird home once that he found on the
 sidewalk. With a broken neck.
 He's a terrible babysitter. I'm
 sort of a shut-in, we're total
 strangers...
 (shrugs)
 But... we're safe.

YOUNG KIRSTEN
 Jeevan's not a stranger.

FRANK
 What do kids eat?

12

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - Y0/D1 - DAY

12

Quesadillas, Frank. Young Kirsten, still wearing her coat, eating a quesadilla as Frank sips coffee at the table. Frank's using a legal pad to make a list of the rations, but struggling. He looks down at his hand, which is trembling. Withdrawal. He presses it down into the pad to steady it. He glances at her. She's watching.

FRANK
 How's the quesadilla?

YOUNG KIRSTEN
 I had a brother.

Frank catches the past tense...

YOUNG KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
 He died before he was born.

FRANK
 When?

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Four years ago. He would have been at home with a babysitter when Jeevan tried to take me to my house. The babysitter would have let me in. Maybe.

FRANK

I try not to think in maybes.

He goes back to his rations chart.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

What happened to your leg?

FRANK

Someone tried to blow me up.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Why?

FRANK

I was in the wrong place. Sri Lanka. There's a war there that never ends.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

What were you doing there?

FRANK

Writing a story. For a magazine.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

What magazine?

FRANK

Vanity Fair.

(then)

Have you heard of it?

YOUNG KIRSTEN

I don't know.

FRANK

I wasn't supposed to be in the country and I went to this bar, started chatting up the locals. Strangers, no agenda. I talked to a guy for awhile, hired him as a guide, and we walked half a day. I remember a curve in the path. Then I saw... a rooster.

(beat)

Last thing I saw before...

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

(then)

I looked at my guide and he was running away. I took a step and... bang. Blown up.

(uses his hand to show)

I floated...

He again tries to return to his legal pad.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Then what?

Frank looks at her. It's been awhile since anyone asked him any questions.

FRANK

I woke up in a hospital. No idea where I was, what happened. I've got bandages everywhere, thirteen pieces of shrapnel in my hip.

(gestures to his waist)

I start screaming for help. And then I look down, and Jeevan is there, asleep on the floor. So I think I'm either dead... or home.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Where were you?

FRANK

A military base in Germany.

(then)

He got the redeye to Berlin on Siya's credit card.

JEEVAN (O.C)

I flew first class, by the way.

Young Kirsten looks over at Jeevan, who's sitting up, sleepy, hair everywhere. Frank looks at him.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

She never found out.

FRANK

Yes she did.

Jeevan sits down with them. Both brothers smile, Young Kirsten laughs. CAMERA BEGINS TO PAN AWAY FROM THEM, BACK AROUND TOWARD THE WINDOW FOR A TIMEDRIFT... Their light laughter together becomes the sound of struggling, grappling, and when we get back to the window--

13 INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - Y0/D79 - DAY/NIGHT 13

--and see the jagged CRACK in the window again, bigger now, and the windows are even more frosted and frozen. There's someone-- can't tell who but we see a leg twitch-- lying on the floor in the living room...

YOUNG KIRSTEN (O.C. MUFFLED)
JEEVAAAANNNNNNNNNNNN!

A terrifying change, and the great big gear at the center of this story that keeps turning, until it's night again and we're all the way back to the kitchen table, and there's some ND CHRISTMAS MUSIC jauntily playing--

14 INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - Y0/D4 - NIGHT 14

--And everything is okay, and the revolving camera LANDS in the living room area.

CHYRON: DAY 4

The brothers are making that Advent Calendar, both Jeevan and Frank in DIY ugly Christmas sweaters. Jeevan glances and sees Young Kirsten (also in an ugly Christmas sweater) hauling a sleeping bag toward the small UTILITY CLOSET door in the back. She disappears out of sight...

Frank looks a little sick, like he has the (mild) flu.

FRANK
She's moving into the closet.

JEEVAN
Why do all kids love little Harry Potter rooms like that?

FRANK
To make the world small.

JEEVAN
Do you think she's okay?

FRANK
She just found out her parents died. She's eight. She's traumatized.

WE SEE Adult Kirsten, checking the increasingly tangled and lengthening poison lines on her arm, her back against a pillar, turn her head to listen.

Jeevan looks at him, gets up, finds the TV remote...

JEEVAN

That makes three of us.

Jeevan tries the remote to turn on the TV, but it doesn't work. He tries repeatedly, annoyed, aiming in different ways. Frank watches him.

FRANK

How have you made it this far in life?

JEEVAN

You have batteries?

FRANK

Junk drawer.

Jeevan goes to the kitchen. Young Kirsten appears again, goes by, heads back to the spare bedroom for another load...

Frank chops up squares of chocolate. Jeevan's looking through drawers by the sink when he freezes, looking down.

Adult Kirsten, behind Jeevan now, looks down into the drawer, too. Jeevan's examining the DOPE KIT, a few pieces of old paraphernalia visible. Adult Kirsten looks at Frank.

JEEVAN

Hey Frank? Can I talk to you?
Really quick? In private?

Frank looks at his brother. Young Kirsten comes into the room during this tense look.

FRANK

Sure.

Jeevan heads to Frank's bedroom. Soon Frank follows.

JEEVAN

(to Young Kirsten)
Make us more eggnogs?

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Is there a recipe?

JEEVAN

(there's no recipe)
Pour whiskey into eggnog.

BANG. Adult Kirsten looks at her younger self in the kitchen, trying not to listen.

JEEVAN (THROUGH THE WALL) (CONT'D)
What the FUCK, FRANK?

Young Kirsten winces ever so much...

15 OMITTED 15

16 OMITTED 16

17 **INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - FRANK'S BEDROOM - Y0/D4 - NIGHT** 17

Jeevan stands at the base of Frank's room, holding the kit.

FRANK
(calmly)
It's not--

JEEVAN
I'm sorry, *heroin?* We're not
heroin people, Frank. We're *weed*
people. Barely. You *win awards*.

FRANK
I quit. The day you both came.
(then)
I'm clean. It's fine.

JEEVAN
People don't just *quit* heroin.
Aren't you in... withdrawal?

FRANK
(indicates stuffy nose)
I don't have a cold.

Frank just looks back at him. I'm fine. Jeevan does not understand heroin.

JEEVAN
When did you even start?

FRANK
Ten months ago.
(then)
The oxy stopped working.

JEEVAN
So tell the doctor.

FRANK

I did. I tried to get more, but they wouldn't give it to me. I asked Siya. She said no.

Jeevan looks at his brother sadly.

FRANK (CONT'D)

It's not sad. It just is.

JEEVAN

It's not *great*.

FRANK

I can't ghostwrite sober.

JEEVAN

Then stop ghostwriting.

FRANK

It's the only job I can get.

JEEVAN

There are no jobs now.

Jeevan softens.

FRANK

What's happening out there is irrelevant. I haven't been out on assignment in two years. Since... then. Something I needed... is gone.

JEEVAN

It'll come back.

FRANK

Journalists have to *go outside*.

JEEVAN

So write a novel.

FRANK

That's not what I do.

Frank goes and takes the kit from him, tosses it away in a drawer. Jeevan watches him.

JEEVAN

If we have to leave, we'll all leave together. You'll get strong. Your hip can--

FRANK

It's not the hip. Jeevan.

Frank looks at his brother: I'm never leaving this apartment. Jeevan looks back, stares a few beats. Then goes to the door. We see Adult Kirsten there, watching. She's been in here this whole time.

JEEVAN

Then pretend. For her.

He leaves Frank alone in there. Leaves the door open.

ADULT KIRSTEN

Just don't do the play.

Frank can't hear her, because either he's a memory or she's a future-ghost. He stands slowly. Adult Kirsten, urgent--

ADULT KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

When I ask you to be in the play,
don't do the play. Frank!

Frank doesn't hear her. Instead, he has a moment somewhere lost inside himself. Looking out the window but not moving.

Adult Kirsten watches him, then goes to the door.

A17

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - Y0/D4 - NIGHT

A17

Adult Kirsten intercepts Young Kirsten carrying a final few items to the Utility Closet.

ADULT KIRSTEN

Listen to me. Don't write the
play.

(off look)

You stay one day too long.

Young Kirsten looks back at her, confused, but her eyes tick past Adult Kirsten to Frank, standing in the door. He looks at her and closes the door. Adult Kirsten looks over her shoulder, looks back.

ADULT KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

You haven't started yet, have you?

They look at each other, Young Kirsten walks off... Off Adult Kirsten-- oh fuck.

B17

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - Y0/D4 - NIGHT

B17

Frank rejoins the two of them at the table, where Jeevan is entertaining Young Kirsten by making two sponges do a stupid dance on the table. In this time, he's turned the TV on, cable news talking heads, but muted. Young Kirsten's giggling as Frank sits down.

JEEVAN

Cut your chocolate, stop messing around.

(to Frank)

Hey.

Frank unmutes the TV. Jeevan notices-- it's usually his job to let the scary news come in.

VOICE ON THE TV

--happen in phases, I think. Networks and television have already stopped broadcasting. Likely the phone system next, and already it's failing. Power and internet will both hold on, and people who are holed up will continue to find one another online, but this will only conceal the reality that it's already over. We encountered a flu that does not incubate. It just explodes. We were not ready for a one-in-one thousand survival rate. Chicago's not Chicago anymore, it's just two point five million bodies and a--

Jeevan takes the remote, *CLICKS* off the TV, and the three sit in silence for a beat, absorbing what they just heard. Frank looks at Jeevan, sips his eggnog. Frank looks forlorn, staring at the wall of POST-ITS. A feeling of doom descending on him, them... and Young Kirsten notices.

Then, Young Kirsten starts to sing:

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Noël, Noël. Noël, Noël. The First Noël, the Angels did say, Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay. In fields where they lay keeping their sheep. On a cold winter's night that was so deep...

Adult Kirsten watches herself singing, having forgotten this. She smiles. Frank looks at her and smiles a little, too.

OVER BLACK

CHYRON: "Act 3"

BB17 INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - UTILITY CLOSET - Y0/D35 - DAY BB17

TIGHT ON A PAGE OF *Station Eleven*. A panel of Dr. Eleven looking at a few members of The Undersea, including the Rebel Undersea Leader and her Amulet. The frame reads: "I don't want to live the wrong life and then die."

We come up to find Young Kirsten reading calmly, studying the different elements of the page. Windows, glass, Dr. Eleven, and children encountering him.

Her eyes tick to the window nearby. She thinks a beat, sets down the book, stands, and goes to it. She stands looking out of the window, framed just like the book.

FROM OUTSIDE, we see her looking out, too.

YOUNG KIRSTEN
(quietly)
I don't want to live the wrong
life... then die.

C17 INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - OFFICE AREA - Y0/D35 - DAY C17

Frank, in a happier time, wearing his coat and well-groomed, has headphones on and TWO dictaphones out, seems involved in some kind of project with wires connected to each, controlling both devices, stopping and starting...

CHYRON: DAY 35

He looks and sees Young Kirsten holding toilet paper rolls.

YOUNG KIRSTEN
Will you be in my play?

FRANK
Who else is in it?

Jeevan goes by, carrying a small table. He looks over.

JEEVAN
I think we should try having a
fire. In the spare room.

They both look at him like this is a terrible idea.

FRANK

Hold on, hey Jeeve.

(looks at Young Kirsten)

Can both of you... meet me at the table in ten minutes? I need to show you something.

It sounds serious. Young Kirsten nods, as does Jeevan.

D17

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - Y0/D35 - DAY

D17

Jeevan and Young Kirsten both sit at the table, waiting anxiously, as Frank enters the room, holding a dictaphone, and sets it down on the table. He sits as well. Looks at them both.

FRANK

I was working the other day. And I heard something in the tapes. The way he laughed... I couldn't really believe it. And so I enhanced it. And looped it. It's real. It's a way to... stay hot.

Jeevan and Young Kirsten both look concerned Frank has lost his mind completely. Frank takes another beat and sighs, leans forward, presses play.

What sounds like a brief staccato chuckle from Dabydeen play, soon followed by a repeat of the three chuckles, in what sounds like a slightly different rate. And again. And again. Three chuckles, almost like notes, playing again and again. And there's a certain flow to it, as though the chuckles are notes. Vaguely recognizable in the flow.

Jeevan's brow furrows as he listens to the notes, like he recognizes them. He looks at Frank, who is staring at him.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Back in the days when I was a
teenager// Before I had status and
before I had a pager// You could
find the Abstract listening to hip
hop// My pops used to say, it
reminded him of be-bop//

JEEVAN

No.

FRANK

Q-Tip is a God.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I said, well daddy don't you know
that things go in cycles// The way
that Bobby Brown is just ampin'
like Michael// It's all expected,
things are for the looking// If you
got the money, Quest is for the
booking.

The beat kicks. And at that line he stands up, flowing, Jeevan is chuckling at his brother, up and dancing along with Young Kirsten--

FRANK (CONT'D)

Come on everybody, let's get with
the fly modes// Still got room on
the truck, load the back boom//
Listen to the rhymes, to get a
mental picture// Of this Black man,
Black woman venture// Why do I say
that, 'cause I gotta speak the
truth man// Doing what we feel for
the music is the proof and//
Planted on the ground, the act is
so together// Bonafide strong, you
need leverage to sever// The unit,
yes, the unit, yes, the unit called
the jazz is// We deliver it each
year on the street for the beat
'cause// You can find it on the
rack in your record store (store)//
If you get the record, then your
thoughts are adored and
appreciated...

JEEVAN AND FRANK

Cause we're ever so glad we made
it.

Young Kirsten laughs, delighted, dancing.

FRANK

We work hard, so we gotta thank
God// Dishing out the plastic, do
the dance till you spastic// If you
dis, it gets drastic// Listen to
the rhymes, 'cause its time to make
gravy// If it moves your booty,
then shake, shake it baby.

For a brief bit of time, Frank's moving like there's no pain.
CAMERA FLOATS and TURNS TOWARD THE WINDOW, then, until--

18

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - Y0/D78 - PRE-DAWN 18

We see the crack. It's gray-black, pre-dawn light on the
horizon. Things have changed quite a lot in the apartment,
as Frank's office area and his Dabydeen research has grown to
an more impressive size as the piles of rations have shrunk.

CHYRON: DAY 78

Frank and Young Kirsten sit next to one another, absorbing
sun as much as they can. Jeevan is looking through the
window in the one spot with decent visibility.

They're all three wearing another layer of scarves and jackets. Polar vortex has descended.

JEEVAN

I think the whole lake is frozen.
I bet we could walk all the way to
Michigan. Straight east past...
destroyed Navy Pier... destroyed
Ferris wheel, destroyed plane...

Jeevan has one of Frank's smaller TELESCOPES, scanning.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

And we'd avoid bodies.
(thinking)
I didn't think it'd freeze all the
way. That never happens.

Jeevan goes to the porch of his fort, begins flipping through a log of his own. He's at Day 60, and beside it is some red writing with a big arrow. The words say, "SIYA SAYS GO."

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

By the way, I don't think the flu's
out there anymore...

FRANK

You have no data whatsoever.

Jeevan closes the book. Looks at his brother.

JEEVAN

What's the ration estimate on the
food? Frank?

FRANK

Ninety days.

JEEVAN

There's your data. We're gonna
starve.

(starts packing)

We should leave tomorrow.

Frank stares at his brother for a beat, then looks back out.

FRANK

The autobiography's not done.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Neither is my play.

Jeevan looks over at them both, fed up.

JEEVAN

Something tells me neither of you
are gonna finish.

(then)

You guys remember that movie when
that soccer team eats each other?

(to Young Kirsten)

You don't because you're eight.

(to Frank)

Frank?

Young Kirsten nods. Thank you.

FRANK

Alive.

JEEVAN

How'd they get out? They were
proactive.

FRANK

You need more information. They
had somewhere to go. They had a
map. They knew--

JEEVAN

(gestures to the window)

This is all we know!

Jeevan looks at him like-- *dude, what the fuck.* But Frank
looks distant. Given up. Jeevan goes into his fort.

JEEVAN (IN HIS FORT) (CONT'D)

They survived.

Frank doesn't acknowledge that, and instead looks out the
(very frosty) window toward the pink of the sunrise on the
horizon. Young Kirsten does, too, but she glances right as a
pair of BOOTS come into frame next to her. She looks up at
Adult Kirsten, who squats down beside her, looks out as well.

Adult Kirsten looks sadly at Frank in this state.

ADULT KIRSTEN

Hey. Are you okay?

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Where have you been?

ADULT KIRSTEN

Watching.

Young Kirsten looks back at her, and then they both begin to
hear the sound of whispering coming from Jeevan's tent.

JEEVAN (IN THE TENT)
 (whispering)
 I spy with my little eye...

ADULT KIRSTEN
 I thought he only started talking
 to himself at the cabin.

YOUNG KIRSTEN
 He started here.

They both look at the tent.

YOUNG KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
 What's the cabin?

19

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - JEEVAN'S FORT - Y0/D78 - DAY

19

NOTEBOOKS and JOURNALS spread out. Jeevan flips through pages of a notebook called LOG OF HUMANS. No entries. THREE DIY BACKPACKS and THREE SETS OF GEAR are laid out flat, like clothes laid out for little kids before school-time.

JEEVAN
 I don't know. I don't *know*.

Adult Kirsten is in here, too. Watching him talk to a ghost.

Jeevan is talking toward his PHONE, raised up on a kind of SHRINE in the middle of his fort. It is ON and a FAILED CALL to SIYA is visible. Battery in the red.

JEEVAN (INTO THE PHONE) (CONT'D)
 He'll come.
 (listening)
 I'll convince him. Or Kirsten will. With her play. They have a "thing."

Jeevan's unfolding a map of Chicagoland, now, going over the westward-line, the intended path. He's not organized.

JEEVAN (INTO THE PHONE)(CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 Then I'll go across the hall and look west. Get him data. I'm in the red, I gotta go. Bye, Siya.

Jeevan shakily shuts down the phone, gets up to his hands and his knees, annoyed. He grabs a HATCHET from the side of one of the packs, leaves his fort, crawling on all fours.

20

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - Y0/D78 - DAY

20

Jeevan storms toward the front door.

JEEVAN

(shouting)

FRANK? I'M OPENING THE DOOR! THAT
OKAY? GREAT!

Frank's door is closed, no reaction. He walks past the kitchen, still holding the hatchet.

He sees Young Kirsten in her nook, door half-closed, cutting at something with her scissors. Realizes this all... might be seeming a little manic. Glances at the barricaded door, goes to her nook. Peeks in. Calm adult.

She's cutting up cardboard, working on her costumes.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

Hey.

Young Kirsten sees that Adult Kirsten is behind Jeevan, back against the wall. Looks back at Jeevan.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

I know it's hard. And I know it's scary. But we're going to freeze to death. Or starve to death. We can't wait for him to get better. You can't just write books and plays forever until the whole--

YOUNG KIRSTEN

I'm finished writing.

JEEVAN

Oh.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

We can do it tomorrow. Then go. But we have to perform it.

JEEVAN

We can. Let's do it now.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

The costumes still aren't done.

(then)

Tomorrow. I promise.

She goes back to work, he's frustrated. He retrieves his HATCHET, goes to the door. Starts pulling at the cart barricade.

Adult Kirsten's eyes focus on her younger self. Young Kirsten looks at her again.

She comes out of the closet and sits near Jeevan.

YOUNG KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
What would you have done? If you
knew the flu was coming.

Jeevan, yanking at carts, looks her way.

YOUNG KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
If you had time to get ready.

JEEVAN
I would have come home earlier.
From LA. Had a couple more months
with my mom before she died. More
with Siya. Frank, too. Just made
the choice I wanted to make.
(then)
I was late for everything.

She sits, thinks.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)
What would you have done?

YOUNG KIRSTEN
Said goodbye to Arthur.

He looks back at her feeling her watching him, pulls more, begins to cut at the duct tape. Jeevan shrugs.

YOUNG KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
I didn't get to say goodbye to
anyone.

Adult Kirsten looks toward Jeevan. Can't disagree.

JEEVAN
So say goodbye now.

YOUNG KIRSTEN
He can't hear me.

Jeevan shrugs, maybe it doesn't matter.

JEEVAN
(over his shoulder)
I'M OPENING THE DOOR, FRANK!
(to her)
We don't even know what Chicago
looks like right now.
(MORE)

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

(shrugs)

Maybe it's fine.

Jeevan has the door cleared.

21 **INT. LAKE POINT TOWER - 42ND FLOOR HALLWAY - Y0/D78 - DAY** 21

There's a *CLICK-CLICK*, and the door opens. Jeevan steps out. He clicks on his headlamp, looks around cautiously, knife in hand, breath visible in the beam of his light. DEAD SILENCE.

He leaves the door open. Starts to move slowly...

Jeevan gets to the door to the STAIRS. He stands in the hallway, staring at the closed door and EXIT SIGN. Like he's considering just going.

Adult Kirsten is now at the end of the hall, watching him. Jeevan looks more at the STAIRS door, and moves one door down, to APARTMENT 4213.

Tries the door. Locked. Looks down at his hatchet.

22 OMITTED 22

A22 **INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - FRONT DOOR - Y0/D78 - DAY** A22

Young Kirsten crosses, sees the dismantled barricade and Adult Kirsten standing there, watching Jeevan as sounds of SMASHING can be heard. They look at one another.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

It smells so bad.

ADULT KIRSTEN

Bodies. You get used to it.

Adult Kirsten goes.

Young Kirsten turns, sees Frank approaching, looking at the deconstructed barricade, holding something in his hand. He looks at the open door for a beat.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

What's that?

FRANK

Oh.

(looks to her)

I owe you a present. From before.

Frank's holding a leather case, opens it, revealing a COMPASS within.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I got this from our Dadu. Our grandfather.

(off look)

I had it in my pocket that day. When I stepped on that mine. It's a compass.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Just come.

Frank shakes her off, just listen. Not that.

23	OMITTED	23
24	OMITTED	24
25	OMITTED	25
26	OMITTED	26
27	<u>INT. LAKE POINT TOWER - LAZLOW'S APARTMENT - Y0/D78 - DAY</u>	27

Jeevan PUSHES his way into the neighbor's apartment, ready for anything...

And Jeevan's surprised by... air. *Wind*. He steps further into the apartment, sparse.

FRANK (V.O.)

Now it's broken...

Jeevan stares toward the windows, steps further in. Sees a piano, and on top of it, a RADIO of some kind rests. Beside it, essentially a huge spool of WIRE. He goes to it. Beside it on the piano top he sees a HAMMER sitting atop a piece of paper. On it is written, "**It's impossible.**"

FRANK (V.O.)
*No matter how you stand, it tells
 you you're looking east. Jeeve
 just made me think of it.*

Jeevan reads the note, then looks toward the windows.

FRANK (V.O.)
*And that time when you were looking
 at the sunrise.*

The center window is SHATTERED, almost all the glass of one frame is gone. Real, cold air is rushing in and Jeevan breathes deep, eyes closed, and pulls it in.

Jeevan takes another step. He stands there, feeling the wind, tilting even a bit like he might even just let go and drop off...

CAMERA IS WATCHING JEEVAN FROM ANOTHER POV. Like... someone's inside this apartment with him.

It's Adult Kirsten. Watching this man on the edge.

Adult Kirsten doesn't see it, but the **spidering poison** has wrapped its way all the way up her arm now. Jeevan goes.

28	OMITTED	28
29	OMITTED	29
30	<u>INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - FRONT DOOR - Y0/D78 - DAY</u>	30

Frank holds out the compass.

FRANK
 It was a good feeling.

Young Kirsten looks down at the compass.

YOUNG KIRSTEN
 I made the whole play just the death scene.

FRANK
 Who am I?

YOUNG KIRSTEN
 Lonagan.

FRANK

So it's... my death scene.

Jeevan steps in, snow in his beard, HAM Radio set clumsily piled in his arms, eyes ablaze with his new experience.

JEEVAN

I found something, Data Boy.

They both see his refreshed confidence as he comes in, goes past them. Young Kirsten takes the compass. Looks at Frank.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Frank thinks we should go east.

CUT TO BLACK:

31	OMITTED	31
32	OMITTED	32
33	OMITTED	33
34	OMITTED	34
35	OMITTED	35

OVER BLACK

Chyron: "Act Four"

36	<u>INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - OFFICE AREA - Y0/D79 - DAWN</u>	36
----	--	----

Frank stands before a unified, perfectly square set of post-its on the window. He looks a little more at peace than he has. Like he's made sense of things.

He then starts pulling the POST-ITS down, one by one, and piling them onto his desk. The sky is pinkish.

CHYRON: DAY 79

A36	OMITTED	A36
-----	---------	-----

37

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - Y0/D79 - DAY

37

Young Kirsten dumps a semi-icy can of beans into a bowl filled with tomato sauce. Breakfast. She stirs it. We hear static in the background. Jeevan is seated at the kitchen table with the HAM radio, searching for a clear signal. Young Kirsten serves them, then returns with three small glasses of PINK YOO-HOO.

Jeevan looks up. Young Kirsten nods. Jeevan goes back to the radio. Static continues to hum in the background. Young Kirsten drinks hers. She then pulls three handwritten and stapled scripts out of a folder.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Call-time is noon.

Jeevan glances at the script.

JEEVAN

There's not much light, Kirsten,
and I--

Suddenly, A VOICE. They all stare at the radio. It's a fuzzy connection but sure enough, a woman's voice is trying to come through. He adjusts the dials.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

Yes. Yes yes. That's *right now*.

Jeevan leans toward the mic. The three of them listen. The woman's voice is high and sweet.

FEMALE VOICE (ON THE HAM RADIO)

--*why you're doing this to me.*
When I can't find you, I get
scared. Where are you?

MALE VOICE (ON THE HAM RADIO)
Minneapolis.

FEMALE VOICE (ON THE HAM RADIO)
So nothing's gotten rotten yet?

Static again. They all sit with that.

FEMALE VOICE (ON THE HAM RADIO) (CONT'D)
*The whole Mississippi is bodies. I
don't know how they got in there
but it's plugged up. You could
walk down it and come visit if--*

CLICK. Jeevan has turned off the radio. Silence.

JEEVAN
Tum mujihe akela chhod rahe ho!

FRANK
Nahi. It's just math.

Jeevan looks back in anguish at his brother's calm.

FRANK (CONT'D)
*Hum dono ki madad karte hue tum
nahi bachogey. Aur tumhara bina
yeh nahi bachegi.
(then)
Yahi ek tareeka hai ki tum aleke na
raho.*

Adult Kirsten still doesn't speak the language, but language is overrated. She knows exactly what Frank just said.

Frank seems to have been relieved of a burden. He lightens up, takes a deep breath.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Let's do the play.

38

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - Y0/D79 - DAY

38

TIGHT ON JEEVAN in a HOMEMADE DR. ELEVEN COSTUME, as he stands looking out the window, coffee mug in hand.

DR. ELEVEN (JEEVAN)
*I get tired of sifting through the
wreckage.*

Jeevan turns his bulky costume-- we can see it all now, and it's impressive: a blue SNOWMOBILE SUIT, decorated with gizmos and gadgets to stand in for Dr. Eleven's tools.

He is on a "stage" in front of the cracked glass, between two pillars, window behind them.

CAPTAIN LONAGAN (FRANK) (O.C.)
I get tired of watching you sift.

Frank, dressed as Captain Lonagan, DIY Buck Rodgers look here, gets up from the couch, goes to the stage.

CAPTAIN LONAGAN (FRANK) (CONT'D)
*What are you looking for? There's
nothing out there.*

DR. ELEVEN (JEEVAN)
Whatever didn't break.

We can see the RUST-ORANGE MECHANICAL SEA-HORSE MOUNT of Young Kirsten's REBEL UNDERSEA LEADER as she crouches in hiding, waiting for the assassination moment, holding her KITCHEN-KNIFE DAGGER. Adult Kirsten is near her.

ADULT KIRSTEN
Don't be nervous.

YOUNG KIRSTEN
I'm not.

Young Kirsten looks at the poison spiderwebbing on her arms.

YOUNG KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
You should go. It's so gross.
(off look)
Where's the antidote?

ADULT KIRSTEN
(not lying)
I poured it down the sink.

Up on the stage, the scene continues--

DR. ELEVEN (JEEVAN)
*Why did you pull me onboard? Why
did you let me in here?*

CAPTAIN LONAGAN (FRANK)
Protocol. Or I was lonely.
(then)
*This strange and awful time... was
the happiest of my life. You're
the only friend I've ever had.*

Jeevan, affected by the line, looks down at his script. This is getting real.

DR. ELEVEN (JEEVAN)
*You're going to die. And I can't
stop it.*

CAPTAIN LONAGAN (FRANK)
That's true for everyone.

Jeevan looks back at his script again. Looks up.

DR. ELEVEN (JEEVAN)

Good point.

Young Kirsten's cue prompts her to SLIDE OUT of her spot, now, and creeps up slowly behind the tv, toward Frank.

CAPTAIN LONAGAN (FRANK)
*Where did you come from, Eleven?
What were you doing, floating out
there by yourself?*

DR. ELEVEN (JEEVAN)
*I was trying to come home. You're
the only one left who knew me from
before.*

CAMERA FINDS ADULT KIRSTEN closer to stage. She hops up onto an end table, holds a blade to Frank's neck--

REBEL UNDERSEA LEADER (YOUNG KIRSTEN)
Turn on the engines!

Lonagan stiffens, feeling the blade against his neck. Frank closes his eyes, both hands up.

CAPTAIN LONAGAN (FRANK)
I can't do that.

REBEL UNDERSEA LEADER (YOUNG KIRSTEN)
*Why not?
(waits)
I'm tired of that answer!*

She drags the knife across his throat. As Frank grabs for the wound, a RED RIBBON falls from his neck, obviously held by him until this moment. SFX. He looks at her.

REBEL UNDERSEA LEADER (CONT'D)
You should have listened.

Frank drops to his knees as Young Kirsten backs away, knife up toward Dr. Eleven. Knife up, she keeps backing, squeezing past a pillar, crouching to watch.

DR. ELEVEN (JEEVAN)
(to Rebel Undersea Leader)
*You idiot! You need him to
survive!*

Jeevan goes to Frank, holds his brother in his arms.

CAPTAIN LONAGAN (FRANK)
Goodbye, Eleven.

Jeevan sees on Kirsten's homemade sides the last line of the play: Goodbye. He looks back at Frank. Refusing to say it.

FRANK
Say your line.

From the kitchen, Adult Kirsten watches a different stage. While Jeevan is resisting, shaking his head, she's looking at Young Kirsten.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Say it.

Young Kirsten, crouched where she is, is hyper-focused, waiting... until the spell is broken with Luli wandering by just in front. But that doesn't make sense. Not until she leans forward, looks right toward the door, past the pillar, and sees--

A **HOODED MAN**, forty or so, weakened and emotional, is standing in the hall, watching the play. The **GNARLY KNIFE** dangles at his side, held limply. Young Kirsten freezes. Adult Kirsten, nearby, sees herself see the man.

ADULT KIRSTEN
(calmly)
Come on. Call out to them.

Young Kirsten scuttles toward the kitchen.

YOUNG KIRSTEN
JEEVAN! FRANK!

Frank and Jeevan scramble to their feet as Young Kirsten lands near her adult self. Adult Kirsten puts a protective hand on her shoulder.

ADULT KIRSTEN	FRANK
Kirsten run. Right now.	Kirsten run. Right now.

ADULT KIRSTEN (CONT'D)	JEEVAN
Lock the door.	Lock the door.

After one last look, she darts away.

A long silence at the triangle of men stare at one another, all of them in their mutual costumes. Adult Kirsten has not run off with her young self, and lands near the fridge, waiting, watching the scene go down. She knows it well.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)
Whatever you need, man... it's safe.
(clocks knife)
We're safe.

HOODED MAN

Leave.

His voice is soft, exhausted. He's still sad from watching the play. He looks toward Jeevan.

HOODED MAN (CONT'D)

I live here.

Frank clocks this comment while Jeevan plays ball...

JEEVAN

(like a calm mugging
victim)

Okay. You live here. You can have
the place. We're all packed up.
It's fine. Right, Frank?

Jeevan's cheating toward the island, putting his body between the Hooded Man and a path to Kirsten's room.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

(watching the guy warily)
C'mon Frank. Let's go.

Frank looks at his brother.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

We're all packed up. We were just
leaving. Frank!?!?

Frank continues looking into Jeevan's eyes. Behind Jeevan, Adult Kirsten is deeper in the frame, also watching.

FRANK

I'm really sorry...

JEEVAN

(barely audible)
Don't.

Frank looks back at the Hooded Man.

FRANK

I'm not leaving, man.
(then)
It's my home.

The Hooded Man immediately walks forward--

JEEVAN

No no no no--

--and DRIVES THE KNIFE INTO FRANK'S BELLY, and Jeevan rushes at the man, screaming, just as he does, driving him back on his bum foot, all the way to the big post in the living room. The two bodies SLAM into the post as Frank staggers backward and falls onto his back.

Adult Kirsten stands near the fridge, having ushered her younger self away. But she has stopped, and is watching with calm and kindness in her eyes as the two men fight.

Camera PUSHES IN on Adult Kirsten for a long, slow time as she stares at the action. We push so long the camera pushes past and above the action, in fact, and keeps moving closer and closer to Kirsten's face.

Until she's had enough and turns away, is about to leave frame just as we MATCH TO:

A38

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - UTILITY CLOSET - Y0/D79 - DAY

A38

TIGHT ON Young Kirsten, breathing hard.

ADULT KIRSTEN (O.C.)
I know how you feel right now.

Adult Kirsten is there on the other side of the room.

YOUNG KIRSTEN
(not listening)
JEEVAANNNNNNN!

JEEVAN (O.S.)
Stay in your room!

ADULT KIRSTEN
It's okay. He survives. You leave
here with him.

YOUNG KIRSTEN
Frank too?

Adult Kirsten watches Young Kirsten's heart breaking.

ADULT KIRSTEN
But you'll see him again.

Young Kirsten clocks the no inherent in the answer,
compassionate and honest.

YOUNG KIRSTEN
We shouldn't have done the play.

ADULT KIRSTEN
(understanding)
This didn't happen because of the
play. It's not your fault.
(then)
It's just what happened.

B38

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - Y0/D79 - DAY

B38

After ROLLING A BIT, Jeevan **ENDS UP ON TOP OF HIM, HANDS BOTH AROUND THE MAN'S NECK**, but he does not have the advantage long, and soon the man reverses him and is grabbing at his ASP, trying to deploy it at an awkward horizontal angle.

Frank, lying prone and only hearing this fight, pulls the knife out of his belly.

Jeevan struggles to prevent the Hooded Man deploying the asp, his costume mashing and breaking, as they rise up before again falling backward and the Hooded Man's head **THUNKS** on the corner of the marble kitchen island...

The Hooded Man lies moaning, half-conscious, somehow not still. Jeevan sees the ASP and picks it up, looks down at the man's head. Takes a beat. Knows what he has to do.

As he contemplates, CAMERA FINDS FRANK on the ground, and we hear the sickening *THUD* of that weapon landing in the Hooded Man's skull, though we don't see it happen. Frank closes his eyes at the sound.

Frank's eyes open back up, lies gasping, staring up. Jeevan is soon with him down on the floor, seeing the weapon, the mortal wound.

FRANK

I'm okay. My armor.

Jeevan gets down near Frank, looks at the knife.

JEEVAN

You can't take it out like that,
Frank, I don't think. We need
Siya...

Jeevan pulls his phone from his front pocket, hands slippery with blood. Finds Siya's contact and tries to call her, but the battery almost instantly goes to spinning wheels.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

No. No no no no. C'mon.

Frank is looking right at him, trying to get his attention with his hand meekly looking for his.

FRANK

Jeevan.

Jeevan sees the hand and takes it. Jeevan looks.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Siya's dead.
(then)
I wanna lie down.

He stops trying to save his brother, and just holds his hand. Frank lies still. They stay like that in silence for some time. Then Frank dies.

C38 OMITTED

C38

D38 OMITTED

D38

39 OMITTED

39

40 INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - FRANK'S BEDROOM - Y0/D79 - DUSK 40

Jeevan finishes dragging Frank onto the bed, closes the door. Jeevan is panting from the exertion again, dissociative, messing with the sheets, covering Frank, placing his own phone with him on the bed, unsure what he's supposed to do.

Adult Kirsten sits, staring at him, too, eyes wet with tears. Jeevan notices his eyes are open and gently closes them.

ADULT KIRSTEN

You never said goodbye.

Jeevan abruptly walks out of the room, closes the door. Adult Kirsten slides down against the door, back to it, staying here for awhile longer. Looking right at Frank.

41 OMITTED 41

42 INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - Y0/D79 - NIGHT 42

Jeevan holds the jacket and gets on his knees in front of the bathtub, which is filled with water, a rind of ice floating on the top. He PUSHES the jacket into the water, scrubbing away the blood, hyper-focused on this one task holding him together, hands freezing until he...

Stops. Takes a breath. Calms himself.

YOUNG KIRSTEN (O.C.)

Is that man gone?

We turn with him. Young Kirsten has timidly emerged.

JEEVAN

We're safe.

He turns back to half-heatedly working the jacket.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

(barely holding it
together)

I thought your play was good.

Young Kirsten hears it, comes in, and hugs Jeevan. He grabs onto her and buries his face in her shoulder, sobbing, finally letting it out. Young Kirsten holds him.

43

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - Y0/D80 - DAWN

43

Jeevan takes apart his fort, mostly for the rope and the tarp. He looks at the three PACKS ready to go, leaves Frank's stuff. He sees his CUBS hat, reaches down and grabs it, puts it on. He sits down in front of the window. Looks out and watches their last SUNRISE.

CHYRON: DAY 80

Young Kirsten is up and standing near him, now. Dressed and ready. Looking at the sun coming up. One last one.

JEEVAN

C'mere.

He helps her put it on. She is quiet, stoic as he does, and as he kneels to help her with her jacket. He can't help but notice the legs of the dead man emerging from the kitchen.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

You were really good. As Dr.
Eleven. I almost made you Lonagan.

She says it flatly. He looks back to her, worried about what that means, and buttons her up for the cold.

JEEVAN

What happens next? In the book?

YOUNG KIRSTEN

It's the two of them. Dr. Eleven
and The Rebel Undersea Leader.
(then)
For awhile.

Jeevan goes back over by his fort to look for any last items. Young Kirsten looks back at Frank's door, follows blood-- the way Jeevan obviously dragged Frank-- like a path.

44

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - FRANK'S BEDROOM - Y0/D80 - DAWN

44

Inside Frank's room, Adult Kirsten sits with her back against the door, crying quietly, having been doing so for hours. Frank's a few feet away in the bed.

45

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - Y0/D80 - SPLIT SCREEN

Young Kirsten goes toward Frank's door, puts a hand on it.

I/C WITH SCENE 744:

We **SPLIT SCREEN** so we can see both Kirstens, separated by the door. Adult Kirsten turns her head, sensing she's there.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Come.

ADULT KIRSTEN

I'll catch up. Just go with Jeevan.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Come now.

ADULT KIRSTEN

I can't.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Open the door...

With sudden strength and amazing speed, Adult Kirsten pulls her GNARLY KNIFE, housed in a sheath in her sleeve, and STRIKES HARD AT THE DOOR, pushing the blade THROUGH THE WOOD, so much so that its point appears on the other side of the door, right next to Young Kirsten's face.

Young Kirsten's brow hardens. Adult Kirsten couldn't control the reaction, regretful--

ADULT KIRSTEN

I'm sorry.
(then)
Just go with Jeevan.

Young Kirsten steps away from the door, looking at the tip of the blade, then goes back out to the kitchen. She retrieves the GNARLY KNIFE (the one Frank pulled from his belly), wraps it in a bandana, and puts it into her backpack as Jeevan watches.

Jeevan goes to the door. So does she. They look at each other-- both calm. He opens the door and they leave.

Leaving us alone in the apartment. Just the body of the intruder, the body of Frank deeper inside, and the ghosts.

46

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - FRANK'S BEDROOM - Y? - SUMMER - DAY

TIGHT ON ADULT KIRSTEN now, the feel is continuous, her back still against the door, knife still there, embedded in the door. She's staring at the bed.

We widen and REVEAL THAT--

A THOURAND YEARS PASSED ON THAT CUT. IN THE Y1000 VERSION OF THIS ROOM, gray dust and rot having taken over, rotted the linens, dried everything to a crisp.

It seems hot in here, and Adult Kirsten has stripped down to just a tank-top. The black spiderwebbing poison covers both arms, snaking close to her heart and also in a thick line of vines across the front of her neck. CHYRON HITS.

ADULT KIRSTEN

I should probably go now.

Adult Kirsten stands up. Looks down. And in what's left of the bed, not Frank, but FRANK'S SKELETON. She kneels down near the mattress.

ADULT KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry that I didn't understand how hard it was for you. I was too young. Plus, I just loved it here.

(then)

I'm an actor, still. Now I'm in a little family of people, artists, who put on Shakespeare plays. We're called The Traveling Symphony... "symphony" because there's music. Nothing's started over, but nothing's come back, either. We're in an in-between place.

(then)

There are towns up and down the shore. They're like islands, these safe stops along the way. And we hop from one to the next in a huge circle, every year. I like my life. I miss you. I miss Jeevan, too.

(finally)

The worst things happened in the first one-hundred days. They're still called that: the First One Hundred. That's when desperate people... like him... would do anything.

(MORE)

ADULT KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

But I was safe here for eighty of
them. In your home. I survived
because of you.

She stands up.

ADULT KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

And I just wanted to say thank you.

(then)

Goodbye, Frank.

She looks out Frank's window. It's gorgeous: an aquamarine rebirth of Lake Michigan, having swelled up over Chicago and into buildings like a new Pleistocene, birds and life floating on the lily pads of Ferris Wheel cars, washed up against the Hancock Building. She smiles at how pretty it's become.

CUT TO BLACK.

*

47 OMITTED

47

48 OMITTED

48

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