

# STATION ELEVEN



EPISODE 109  
"Dr. Chaudhary"

Written by  
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and  
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Directed by  
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Based on the novel  
*Station Eleven*  
By Emily St. John Mandel

2nd Goldenrod Revisions  
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"Dr. Chaudhary"  
 Episode 109  
 2nd Goldenrod Revisions: 5/26/21

## Revision History

Date	Draft	Revised Pages
11/1/20	Production Draft	All
12/7/20	Full Blue	All
1/29/21	Full Pink	All
2/19/21	Full Yellow	All
2/22/21	Green Revisions	8
2/23/21	Goldenrod Revisions	6-6A, 9-9A
2/26/21	Full 2nd White	All
3/8/21	2nd Blue Revisions	27-31, 33, 35-36
3/9/21	2nd Pink Revisions	29-30, 34, 36-37, 42-45
3/11/21	2nd Yellow Revisions	32, 34, 36
5/19/21	2nd Green Revisions	47-49
5/26/21	2nd Goldenrod Revisions	1-4A

**Notes:** Revisions are marked with (\*).

**THE ONLY CHANGE** this revision makes: **902 & 903** are omitted.

RAMESH, NARGIS, DADU, YOUNG JEEVAN, YOUNG FRANK, and YOUNG SIYA are all omitted.

The CHAUDHARY HOUSE locations are omitted.

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## Cast List

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

DAVE/YOUNG TYLER LEANDER

~~YOUNG JEEVAN CHAUDHARY~~

~~YOUNG FRANK CHAUDHARY~~

~~YOUNG SIYA CHAUDHARY~~

~~NARGIS CHAUDHARY~~

~~RAMESH CHAUDHARY~~

~~DADU CHAUDHARY~~

LARA GABBERT

TERRY PERHAULT

FLORA

ROSE

JUDY

JENNIFER

GWEN

MOUNTEBANC

AUDDIE

NANCY

EVELYN

GRETA

FRANK

KEY

DR. ELEVEN

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## Location List

### Interior Locations

~~INT. CHAUDHARY HOUSE - FRANK & JEEVAN'S ROOM - 2001 - DAY~~  
~~INT. CHAUDHARY HOUSE - 2001 - DAY~~  
INT. LAURA'S CABIN - SUNROOM - Y0 - DAY  
INT. LAURA'S CABIN - DEN - Y0 - NIGHT  
INT. LAURA'S CABIN - KITCHEN - Y0 - DAY / DUSK  
INT. LAURA'S CABIN - BEDROOM - Y0 - NIGHT  
INT. LAURA'S CABIN - STAIRS - Y0 - NIGHT  
INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - Y0 - DAY  
INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - GIRL'S BEDROOM - Y0 - DAY  
INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - BATHROOM - Y0 - DAY  
INT. HABERMAKER'S - BIRTH AREA - Y1 - DAY / NIGHT  
INT. HABERMAKER'S - AISLES - Y1 - DAY  
INT. HABERMAKER'S - SURGERY/ELECTRONICS - Y1 - DAY  
INT. HABERMAKER'S - CAFETERIA - Y1 - NIGHT  
INT. HABERMAKER'S - LOUNGE CHAIRS - Y1 - NIGHT  
INT. HABERMAKER'S - CHECKOUT COUNTERS - Y1 - DAY  
INT. HABERMAKER'S - DRESSING ROOM - Y1 - DAY  
INT. HABERMAKER'S - KITCHEN APPLIANCES - Y1 - DAY

### Exterior Locations

EXT. SHORE OF LAKE MICHIGAN - DOCK - Y0 - DAY  
EXT. WOODS - Y0 - DAY  
EXT. LAURA'S CABIN - Y1 - DAY  
EXT. LAURA'S CABIN - DRIVEWAY - Y0 - DAY / NIGHT  
EXT. LAURA'S CABIN - WOLF CAGE - Y0 - DAY  
EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - FRONT YARD - Y0 - DAY  
EXT. EDGE OF THE SUBURBS - Y0 - DAY  
EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - Y0 - DAWN / DAY / NIGHT  
EXT. HABERMAKER'S - PARKING LOT - Y1 - DAY  
EXT. LARA'S MOTORCYCLE (MOVING) - HWY - Y1 - DAY  
EXT. WILDERNESS - Y1 - DAY  
EXT. SHORES OF DELANO ISLAND - Y20 - 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>
1-4.....	OMITTED
A4.....	Y0/D355
5-6.....	OMITTED
7.....	Y0/D355
8-14.....	Y0/D356
15.....	Y0/D357
16.....	OMITTED
17-18.....	Y0/D357
19.....	OMITTED
20.....	Y0/D357
21.....	OMITTED
22.....	Y0/D357
A22.....	OMITTED
23-27.....	Y0/D357
28.....	Y0/D358
29-B29.....	OMITTED
30-B31.....	Y0/D358
32-A33.....	Y1/D6
34-A34.....	Y1/D7
35-40.....	Y1/D8
41-A41.....	Y1/D9
B41-42.....	OMITTED
43-44.....	Y1/D10
45.....	Y1/D11
46.....	OMITTED
47-48.....	Y1/D11
49-C53.....	Y1/D12
54.....	Y20/D12
55-56.....	OMITTED

1	OMITTED	1	
2	OMITTED	2	*
3	OMITTED	3	*
4	OMITTED	4	
A4	<b><u>EXT. LAURA'S CABIN - DRIVEWAY - Y0/D355 - DAY</u></b>	A4	*
	Silence.		*

WIDE ON A FIELD OF SNOW, a tree-line on the right, visible in the foreground before the woods open to the horizon. At the LEFT edge of frame, standing there on its own, close, is a MAILBOX on a wooden post. Sunny skies but cold wind blowing, no humans in sight. Stillness and elegance. Peace. Canada-for-Michigan beauty. And echoes of... death metal.

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

After a few beats, though, a grumble before a PICKUP with a PLOW RIG appears 500 feet away, moving right to left, before it turns and starts to plow toward the camera. It BLASTS BY CAMERA, leaving an ugly gray-black line of road and the Doppler-shifting LOUD DEATH METAL.

### CHYRON: ALMOST YEAR ONE

But now we hear someone running, panting, as music fades:

JEEVAN (O.C.)  
*Wait, wait!*

Chyron fades as **JEEVAN** crunches out past the mailbox from the left, wearing his blue Dr. Eleven coat and bundled in scarves and layers, confused to find the road... plowed. He turns to watch the plow drive away, though we don't see his POV.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)  
*Who are you???*

He stares a while more, then turns and looks at the new road that's been created. Seems pleased by it.

YOUNG KIRSTEN (O.C.)  
*Hi.*

**YOUNG KIRSTEN** (9), in snowshoes, emerges from the woods, bundled up as well. In her left hand she's holding a sprig of WINTERBERRY. They look at each other.

YOUNG KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

Who was that?

JEEVAN

I dunno, but... We're not snowed-in anymore.

He gestures, hoping she'll be into it. She's not.

5 OMITTED

5

6 OMITTED

6

7

INT. LAURA'S CABIN - SUNROOM - Y0/D355 - DAY

7

HANDS PLUCK RED BERRIES near an herb garden. A form appears beyond them and we RACK TO Jeevan, standing in a doorway. He's eating a CANDY BAR-- commercial and plastic-wrapped. The banana of Before.

Young Kirsten's on the other side of the room with the sprig, textbook style book about herbal medicine open nearby.

JEEVAN

Crazy about the plow, right?

YOUNG KIRSTEN

I hate the road.

Jeevan sees some anger in her, steps in like a grownup with an agenda.

JEEVAN

How many people have we seen now,  
then? Since we've been here?  
Seven?

Kirsten keeps plucking berries as Jeevan lists.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

The guy in the cornfields last  
summer, who ran away. The two  
bandana meth-guys...

YOUNG KIRSTEN

The lady with no eyes...

JEEVAN

...her, yeah, and... the old people  
on the jet-skis. They were great.

Kirsten looks at him chewing on the candy bar.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

We need protein.

8

EXT. WOODS - Y0/D356 - DAY

8

Young Kirsten down on her belly with a rifle, aiming through a scope, and Jeevan standing with binoculars, watching something far off that we can't see.

A couple hundred yards out there's the slightest of movements, and Jeevan flinches, but she doesn't fire. He squints. She *FIRES*.



The shot echoes through the woods. He looks through the binoculars. As he does she gets up and starts trudging that way. He watches her go. He's a beat behind her, always.

JEEVAN

Good shot.

She continues to trudge.

9 **EXT. WOODS - Y0/D356 - DAY**

9

Jeevan walks slowly, harnessed to a wooden sled, hauling the warm, recently-shot DEER. Young Kirsten walks ahead of him.

10 **EXT. LAURA'S CABIN - WOLF CAGE - Y0/356 - DAY**

10

Jeevan's in a BUTCHER'S APRON ("Food is Love"), covered in blood, at the end of the work of cleaning the deer. He is not good at this. He is inside a small square wire-fenced area, maybe ten feet by ten feet, off to the side of the cabin. He is not good at building structures.

Young Kirsten is nearby, reading *Station Eleven*. *The pages (24-25) show Dr. Eleven, who is staring at a burning hunk of wreckage and a bunch of smoldering, gooey alien bodies spread out inside a cavernous landing bay. The text reads, "To the monsters, we're the monsters."*

JEEVAN

With the road open, maybe we can go scavenging again.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

We don't need anything.

She turns back to her book, does not seem interested.

JEEVAN

How about a new book?

YOUNG KIRSTEN

I like this one.

JEEVAN

Why, though? I played the main guy and still don't know. Is it good? Or is it just... what was in your backpack?

(Off look)

Read a line.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

"To the monsters, we're the  
monsters.'

JEEVAN

What does that mean.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

The wolves think you're scary like  
you think they're scary.

Kirsten looks past him, referring to FOUR WOLF PELTS hanging on the side of the cabin.

YOUNG KIRSTEN (CONT'D)  
We're the same.

Jeevan picks up a plate of meat and exits with it, steps out of the cage, struggles to close the door with his foot. Kirsten gets up and helps close it. Gestures to something.

We see that Kirsten has been sitting on TWO CAR BATTERIES near the wolf-fence, wired in a tangle to seemingly electrify the fence. She flips a simple SWITCH wired to the rig.

It makes no sound, nothing happens.

A10 **EXT. SHORE OF LAKE MICHIGAN - DOCK - Y0/D356 - DAY** A10

Jeevan walks down to the frozen lake and the docks and looks out at the white nothing. We see the same slide-- frozen over here-- twenty or thirty feet out, now in frozen-mode.

JEEVAN  
I didn't promise, Frank.  
(then)  
She doesn't even like me.

A WOLF'S HOWL echoes and he turns, fear in his eyes.

11 **INT. LAURA'S CABIN - KITCHEN - Y0/D356 - DUSK** 11

Jeevan and Kirsten eat dinner at the table

JEEVAN  
Did we... grow these scallions?

YOUNG KIRSTEN  
I don't want to leave.  
(then)  
I like it here.

JEEVAN  
It's not safe.

She looks at him. They both just eat as the SOUND OF STATIC rises up in a pre-lap...

12 **INT. LAURA'S CABIN - DEN - Y0/D356 - NIGHT** 12

Jeevan's looking through a PHOTO ALBUM of the LOUCKS family, definitely not his family.

WOMAN (ON THE HAM RADIO)  
*Hello? Anybody out there? Hello?*

Jeevan goes to the HAM RADIO, same as he found in 107, sits down at the mic. Adjusts some dials.

JEEVAN (ON THE HAM RADIO)  
Hi. Someone's here. Hi.

WOMAN (ON THE HAM RADIO)  
*Wow. You sound so clear.*

JEEVAN (ON THE HAM RADIO)  
You, too.

WOMAN (ON THE HAM RADIO)  
*Where are you?*

JEEVAN (ON THE HAM RADIO)  
I actually don't... really know.  
I'm alone. In the woods. Walked  
across the ice last year, and just  
kinda... found a place. We have a  
slide.

WOMAN (ON THE HAM RADIO)  
*Who's we? You said alone.*

JEEVAN (ON THE HAM RADIO)  
I meant I. I have a slide.  
(then)  
Where are you?

WOMAN (ON THE HAM RADIO)  
*By the water. I'm looking for a  
doctor...*

Jeevan looks at the Dr. Eleven jacket, draped nearby couch.

JEEVAN  
I'm a doctor. Family doctor. It's  
in my family.

Static. Jeevan ignores a *THUNK* upstairs, adjusts dials.

JEEVAN (ON THE HAM RADIO) (CONT'D)  
Hello? What's your name?

Another *THUNK* as the static of the radio rises. He tries to find her, then snaps off the radio, clears his throat, stands, looks out the door and up the stairs. *THUNK!*

13

INT. LAURA'S CABIN - BEDROOM - Y0/D356 - NIGHT

13

Young Kirsten's pulling the GNARLY KNIFE from 107 out of the wall, where she seems to have thrown it.

JEEVAN

It's getting late.

She THROWS the knife across the room at the wall. It sticks in to the wood, and based on the holes all around it, this is something that happens often. She goes to get her knife, comes back, takes a stance to throw again. Jeevan watches for some time.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

You're getting... so good.

Kirsten throws. *THUNK.*

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Frank told me your nickname. From when you were kids.

JEEVAN

What nickname?

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Leavin' Jeevan.

*THUNK.*

JEEVAN

I really wish you didn't have that knife.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Are you leavin'? Jeevan?

JEEVAN

No.

14

INT. LAURA'S CABIN - STAIRS - Y0/D356 - NIGHT

14

Jeevan climbs halfway down the stairs before a wolf *HOWLS* and he stops, looking at something ahead of him that we can't see. Holding the rail, he seems angry. Then angrier.

JEEVAN

*FUCK YOU, FRANK!*

15

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - FRONT YARD - Y0/D357 - DAY

15

Sun's just waking up, an SUV is stranded in the middle of a road against a post. One house out of many has no Christmas decorations. Jeevan walks up to the front yard.

He raises the walkie:

JEEVAN (INTO THE WALKIE)  
Pebble Symbol, this is White  
Blossom, over.

He turns into camera and squints, looking UPWARD, as though talking to a higher perch. We don't see where he looks.

YOUNG KIRSTEN (ON THE WALKIE)  
*Blossom, this is Symbol. Copy.*

JEEVAN (INTO THE WALKIE)  
You see anything?

He holds up three fingers. NOW we get the POV shot, looking across the street at the neighborhood snowscape. In the distance, there's a watertower, and from behind her see his three fingers. Then, a GLINT from atop the watertower. We can't see her, but Kirsten is up there, watching.

YOUNG KIRSTEN (ON THE WALKIE)  
*You holding up three fingers.*

JEEVAN  
Good.

He clips the walkie to his belt, goes to the door, opens it.

16 OMITTED 16

17 **INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - Y0/D357 - DAY** 17

A flashlight finds a ROACH and a lighter. Jeevan blazes...

THEN HE SEES THE ODD THING: A FULL-SIZED KORG KEYBOARD next to a CAR BATTERY and an AMP, all of it hooked up via a converter of some kind that attaches to the battery and makes a traditional OUTLET. There's also a LAPTOP (closed) connected to THREE PHONES by white USB cords.

He tries the AMP, surprised it powers up. Flips on the KORG. Looks at the keys. Tries one.

LITTLE BOY'S VOICE (FROM THE AMP)  
*Crystals.*

Jeevan jumps a little, hits the key again. Same result, the voice almost haunting the house. Tries another. That one's just a squeal of laughter.

Jeevan sees a BLINKING RED LIGHT on the keyboard's upper panel. Takes a bigger hit. Presses it... and *warm, haunting, rich electronic cords begin to play, a full, sad, yet somehow beautiful song, simple three chords.* Jeevan smiles as some soft percussion comes in, then the smile fades as a *looping sample of a little boy's Christmas wish list.*



Jeevan listens, and he likes it. It becomes his soundtrack for his baked scavenging session...

18        INT. SUBURBAN HOME - GIRL'S BEDROOM - Y0/D357 - DAY        18

Jeevan's holding his open bag as he rifles through the dresser in a kid's bedroom. He stuffs some FROG SOCKS in his bag and a PAIR OF SHORTS before considering a training bra. He picks up a RAINBOW-COLORED CLOWN WIG. He stands there for a second, considering. Camera catches all the frozen little slices of life and time; a full hamper. Toys still out.

A18       INT. SUBURBAN HOME - BATHROOM - Y0/D357 - DAY        A18

In the bathroom, Jeevan rifles through the medicine cabinet, picking through what's in there like a seasoned jewel-thief, knowing the good stuff (prescription medications, Advil, barrettes) from the bad (Q-Tips, obv).

19        OMITTED        19

20        EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - FRONT YARD - Y0/D357 - DAY        20

MUSIC GOES SILENT. We're outside the house again as the garage door shudders a couple times, then JERKS FREE and clambers up, revealing Jeevan with his bag, having just had to open it manually. He's wearing the clown wig. He squints at the sun. He reaches for his walkie.

JEEVAN (INTO THE WALKIE)  
Hey. Look at this wig.

Jeevan glances to the right. A leather-clad pregnant woman in black cowboy boots, wearing a MOTORCYCLE HELMET and aiming a RIOT GUN at him, stands near the porch. Her name is **LARA**.

LARA  
Dr. Chaudhary?

Jeevan looks at her for a moment.

JEEVAN  
Yes.

**BANG!** A BEAN-BAG hits him in the side of the head, dropping him, and then--

Jeevan's not moving. She walks up the driveway and looks down at him, the clown-wig blown off.

She raises up the helmet of her vizor, revealing a curious face. She examines the wig. Then his nametag.

LARA

Is that a... popsicle stick?

Jeevan has gotten hold of his PICKAXE by the handle and now swings it once, HARD, and hits her in the side of the helmet.

She crumples sideways as Jeevan struggles to his feet. Looks at the projectile that got him. Touches the tender wound.

The helmeted woman is still. He notes HANDCUFFS attached to her belt. Looks over and sees a large MOTORCYCLE WITH A SIDECAR parked at the curb. Grabs his walkie, backs away.

JEEVAN (INTO THE WALKIE)

Shoot her. Kirsten! You can shoot.

Jeevan turns, looks out at a watertower rising up in the distance. Squints, looking for anything up there.

JEEVAN (INTO THE WALKIE)(CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Kirsten?

Still nothing.

JEEVAN (INTO THE WALKIE)(CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Kirsten??

Jeevan takes off at a full-on sprint, heading toward the water tower, emergency in his eyes--

21 OMITTED

21

22 **EXT. EDGE OF THE SUBURBS - Y0/D357 - DAY**

22

In a STATIC WIDE of a HUGE FIELD, Young Kirsten sits in the foreground, atop a postbox, **and reads *Station Eleven***, legs swinging, not really hearing him. Far behind her in the field is a huge WATERTOWER.

Behind her, Jeevan emerges from a line of houses in the suburbs, sprinting like Wesley Wallace in *Braveheart*.

JEEVAN

KIRSTEN!!!!!!???

She turns and looks at him running toward the watertower.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)  
KIRSTEN????????!?!?!?

23

EXT. WOODS - Y0/D357 - DAY

23

They're in the middle of the forest. Jeevan stands looking back and forth between his map and his notebook, neither of which he can read. His goose-egg has swollen up, peeking out beneath his beanie.

YOUNG KIRSTEN  
Do you not know north?

JEEVAN  
You're the one with the compass.

YOUNG KIRSTEN  
Let's go back to the road.

JEEVAN  
It's too dangerous. Pregnant Mad  
Max is back there, anyway.

Jeevan's referring to Dadu's compass, which she wears around her neck, still blinged out a bit from its Rebel Undersea Leader costume days.

YOUNG KIRSTEN  
Are you mad at me?

JEEVAN  
Your reading is out of control.

He kneels down. Rifles through the sack of scavenged stuff. Finds ibuprofen, pops a few. Reads labels on the other meds.

YOUNG KIRSTEN  
I'm sorry I wasn't watching.

JEEVAN  
You're supposed to say that *first*.

He's located the oxy he found and takes one of those. He stands, blinks a few times.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)  
I got a thing in here that makes an  
outlet from car batteries.  
(then)  
If it works, you can charge your  
phone. Maybe watch a movie.

Kirsten's trying to seem excited. Wants the olive branch. They start to walk again.

24

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - Y0/D357 - DAY

24

It's a gorgeous winter afternoon and the silence and sky and aloneness carries them for a few beats, another forest road.

YOUNG KIRSTEN  
She's number eight.

JEEVAN  
Huh?

YOUNG KIRSTEN  
The lady who shot you in the head  
with a beanbag. She's number eight  
on the List of Other People.

Jeevan recalls the conversation from this morning.

JEEVAN  
Right, right.  
(thinks)  
You know we actually forgot one.  
Bean Bag lady was actually... nine.

YOUNG KIRSTEN  
Who did we forget?

JEEVAN  
The man from Frank's.

Long silence. Walking. Remembering.

YOUNG KIRSTEN  
I put a snare over there.

She drops her pack, runs off the road toward a tree.

Jeevan drops his pack for a rest, too. Sips some water. Winces, lightly touches his head. Blinks hard a few times.

JEEVAN

So in the house back there... the dad was dead, but it seemed like he died... later? The mom and the kid were upstairs, in bed. But he was in the chair. Way more flesh.

Kirsten comes to her snare, kneels. A bloody stain in the snow near the simple corded noose. Paw prints in the snow.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

He made a song out of his kids.

Jeevan notices Kirsten's backpack tip over nearby, looks that way. A bit of the contents have spilled. *Station Eleven* is right there, near the top. Inside its Ziplock.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

I think he was a DJ.

Jeevan glances her way. She's looking out into the trees. He tosses the book into the snow beside the road.

She turns, starts heading back.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Big Daddy ate our rabbit.

25

**INT. LAURA'S CABIN - DEN - Y0/D357 - NIGHT**

25

The two sit side-by-side watching a movie [*TBD, still waiting on clearance*]. Jeevan has used the AC/Battery adapter to power up an old vintage TV and VCR. He has a Ziplock full of snow pressed against the side of his face. Kirsten is knitting.

JEEVAN

You could charge your phone.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

I'm good.

He looks at her as she knits and watches.

JEEVAN

I can't stay here for the winter.

She looks over. He stands. Jeevan turns off the TV.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)  
You need other kids and I need  
grownups.

She puts down her knitting, goes over to her backpack.  
Jeevan takes a breath, squints again. Sighs.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)  
My head...

YOUNG KIRSTEN  
Where's my book.

JEEVAN  
Side pocket?

YOUNG KIRSTEN  
What did you do?  
(then)  
Did you take it? When I went to  
check the snare?

She looks at him a beat, then digs into her pack, gets the  
GNARLY KNIFE in its homemade sheath, sticks it in her belt.  
Next she goes and sits next to the door, starts pulling on  
boots. Jeevan, frustrated, puts down the flask.

JEEVAN  
You can't go out there.

YOUNG KIRSTEN  
I don't have to listen to you.

JEEVAN  
*GODDAMMNIT YOU'RE NOT GOING!*

Jeevan bellows it, the sudden temper, and she looks afraid.  
He closes his eyes, head on fire.

YOUNG KIRSTEN  
Why are you so mad at me?

JEEVAN  
I'm not. It's just... Whatever  
happens to you is my fault. Okay?  
(then)  
(MORE)

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

I haven't made a single choice for myself since I met you. And I was just supposed to walk you home.

He stares at her, shakes his head in dissipating anger, grabs his Dr. Eleven coat and pulls it on.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

You made us leave Frank's.

JEEVAN

But we waited too long.

(shrugs)

We stayed for your *fucking play*.

She looks at him, crying now. Jeevan is a monster.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

Don't worry. It's still in the Ziplock. I just saw it and got mad. I dunno.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Okay.

Grabs her rifle and slings it over his shoulder.

JEEVAN

I'll be back soon. I promise.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Okay.

Eventually he goes out, she turns deeper into the house. Then just the sound of doors closing and an empty room.

26

**EXT. LAURA'S CABIN - DRIVEWAY - Y0/D357 - NIGHT**

26

Young Kirsten's watching from the window as Jeevan trudges away. She steps away as he continues to process the fight.

After a beat, we hear a *THUNK*. Jeevan stops. Turns. That sound. Sees her cross the window frame. She's practicing.

**CHYRON: 18 DAYS BEFORE THE WINTER SOLSTICE**

Jeevan moves through the darkening night, away from the cabin, headlamp on his head, rifle over his shoulder.

*THUNK*. He gets smaller and smaller, then disappears completely and it's just midnight in an empty world.



And that is the end of Jeevan and Young Kirsten's time traveling together.

27

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - Y0/D357 - NIGHT

27

We follow Jeevan for awhile as he picks his way along, distracted as he goes over the argument again in his head.

JEEVAN

You *had* to keep Leavin' Jeevan alive? Couldn't resist?

FRANK (O.C.)

We talked. She asked about you.

JEEVAN

Put a little "fuck you" in her pocket on her way out the door? Just remember, Kirsten! He's unreliable.

**GHOST FRANK** is walking behind him in the snow. Free of his cane. Hands stuffed in his pockets like his brother.

FRANK

I didn't think that.

They walk in silence for a beat or two.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

JEEVAN

To get her book.

Jeevan glances, sees the I-know-you look from a brother.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

I dunno.

Frank stops.

FRANK

Let it go.

Jeevan keeps going, we lose Frank in the b/g. He stops, moving to the side of the road, squinting at the weeds and wet gravel.

JEEVAN

Frank?

He looks down the road, checks himself against where he's been, keeps scanning the side of the road until... *there*. *Station Eleven's* in the ditch, a little snowy but surviving.

He never even sees **BIG DADDY**. The huge wolf takes him from the side with a growling leap, just a FLASH of movement, and the impact carries them both out of frame.

We stay here and look at the nice late-night rural stars as the beam of Jeevan's headlamp traces wild, whipping lines of light across the otherwise dark road. There's *Station Eleven* in the road, too. Also, Jeevan's screaming.

JEEVAN (O.C.)(CONT'D) (CONT'D)

AHHHHH!

Big Daddy is on him, tearing at him, of course, snarling amidst Jeevan's cries of pain and panic. *GRUNTS* now from Jeevan, a sudden whining cry from the wolf, then another *LUNGE*, the crunch of a bite and a bone breaking, *CRACK...*

JEEVAN (O.C.)(CONT'D) (CONT'D)

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Those screams were higher pitched. That sound your dog makes playing-tug of war, but with child-like screams....

And then silence. Sniffing.

*BANG!* One shot and then the *YIP* of a wolf, some gasping breathing, someone struggling to turn over...

A SHAKING HAND reaches out and gets a hold of the book lying in the road.

28

**EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - Y0/D358 - DAWN**

28

Jeevan wakes up on his back at dawn. A couple seconds more for the pain to come and him to remember. All of it.

He looks up, and we see the bite-wound on his FOREARM. Pain. Then he looks at his right FOOT, and his eyes bulge. Big pain. He starts breathing fast, tone rising in his ear, looks away, staring dead-eyed for beat after beat...

JEEVAN

(meekly)

Help.

It's very quiet. Not the kind of ask that does much good.

He pulls off his MITTEN with his teeth, digs around in his pocket, pulls out a small POUCH, and struggles to pull a shiny silver reflective SPACE BLANKET over himself.

His light's still on under here. The Ziplock's ripped, and he pulls out the book. Meekly pushes it open and stares at **the first page. A spaceman alone in space. "I remember damage" is the only line.** Jeevan stares for awhile.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

(hoarse)

It's...

(swallows)

...so pretentious.

29 OMITTED 29

A29 OMITTED A29

B29 OMITTED B29

30 **EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - Y0/D358 - DAY** 30

Jeevan walks *VERY* slowly, using the gun as a cane, trying to bear no weight, taking a long time on his working leg to rest between each step. *Station Eleven* jammed into his pocket..

Takes a step. Another step.

The gun's barrel slips on the concrete and Jeevan goes down hard, screams.

JEEVAN

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

He lies still for awhile. Starts to cry.

31

EXT. LAURA'S CABIN - DRIVEWAY - Y0/D358 - DAY

31

We are outside on the road that runs past the Loucks cabin, empty frame for a few beats, just the sound of occasional grunts, shaky breathing through the nose. Jeevan now comes into the frame, and he's not walking.

He's dragging himself one arm-pull at a time, gun around his shoulder, book still in his hand. He can see the beginnings of the driveway, but it's a long driveway, can't quite see the house. And even though it's an attempted scream, what comes out when he opens his mouth is hoarse, barely audible.

JEEVAN

Kirsten.

As he drags, he seems late becoming aware of the motorcycle that's coming down the dirt road, or the CRACKED helmet that its rider now wears.

By the time he turns to see it, it's stopping five feet from him, and the rider's dismounting.

She pulls off the helmet, revealing a mass of curly hair, then her curious face. Her again. Looking worried.

LARA

What happened?

Jeevan's shaking hand pulls the book from his pocket, barely moving, sliding it out. She doesn't notice, is busy examining (being horrified by) his foot.

LARA (CONT'D)

Oh god.

Jeevan's arms go limp. He's out. The book is on the snow.

**OVER BLACK**

The *GROWL* of a motorcycle engine brings us to--



32

OVER BLACK

32

Black. For awhile. Some heartbeats, blurry voices. Then, crisp, Frank's voice, right in Jeevan's ear:

FRANK (V.O.) JEEVAN (V.O.)  
*Jeeve. Come on. Let it go. No, Frank. Come on. No.*

FRANK (V.O.) JEEVAN (V.O.)  
*Just let me die. Let it go. It was bad luck!*

Until the sound of breathing, and some words and numbers--

33

INT. HABERMAKER'S - BIRTH AREA - Y1/D6 - DAY

33

Jeevan wakes up. He's lying on a bed, in a cluster of beds, in what seems to be the bed section of some kind of large, emptied out commercial store a la Target or K-Mart. *But* it's... built wrong, or it's... different. The shelves aren't normal? AS WE PULL UP AND LOOK DOWN ON HIM, he blinks in the bright electric light. And we get the feeling finally... it's kinda hospital-vibes in here.

**FOUR DAYS BEFORE THE WINTER SOLSTICE**

He sees that his forearm is bandaged, that he's hooked up to an IV. This is... very strange.

JEEVAN  
 (hoarse)  
 Hello?

A pregnant woman in boxer shorts and a t-shirt walks up, eating a Snickers. This is **FLORA**, who smiles when she sees he's moving, then double takes, stops.

FLORA  
 OMG.

JEEVAN  
 Where am I?

FLORA  
 Let me get Terry. Fuck.

She patters over to a pillar and pulls the INTERCOM receiver, holds a button, and we hear the WHINE of it above before--

FLORA (ON THE INTERCOM) (CONT'D)  
*Terry, he's awake.*  
 (looks)  
*Beds and Birthing. He's not dead.*

He stares at her as four more pregnant women walk up, then another three from another direction. Jeevan is staring at more gathering pregnant women as **DR. TERRY PERHAULT** (40s) moves thorough them, toward him.

TERRY

Okay, okay. No gaper's block.

She walks up to Jeevan, a stethoscope around her neck, baller fanny pack, holding a bottle of *Perrier*.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Good morning, doctor. You've been shang-hied. How's the head?

Still offering that *Perrier*.

JEEVAN

Is this... the afterlife?

TERRY

No. Life's comeback.

JEEVAN

I don't--

TERRY

It's a solstice miracle.

(indicating Lara)

Lara delivered you. To us. I needed another doctor or I knew I'd end up with a mass grave out back in the employee parking lot.

(then)

What were you doing 276 days ago?

JEEVAN

There's a little girl!--

TERRY

--The vernal equinox.

JEEVAN

Lady, I need to fucking go.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

There was a nine-year-old girl at  
that cabin.

Terry looks at Lara. Lara looks angry, turns and strides  
away. Terry digs through her fanny pack, pulls a syringe,  
injects it into his bag. Terry looks back at Jeevan.

TERRY

Those women are heroes.

(thoughtful)

We lost close to nine billion last  
year. Next week, we get fifteen or  
sixteen post-Pandemic babies back.  
It's a fucking... time-bomb of joy,  
Doctor.

JEEVAN

(fading)

I'm not a doctor.

Jeevan's looking around, past the women at the beds, the  
aisles. Jeevan passes out.



TERRY  
You're a doctor.

A33

INT. HABERMAKER'S - BIRTH AREA - Y1/D6 - DAY

A33

A mom-to-be named **JENNIFER** slowly pushes a spinning FLOOR WAXER back and forth as she polishes an aisle. Terry is standing above Jeevan as his eyes flutter open.

TERRY  
The Blackout Baby Boom of '65.  
Familiar?  
(off look)  
Power fails for 13 hours from  
Ontario to New York. Exactly nine  
months later, to the day, an  
enormous spike in births across the  
region. Maternity wards become  
overwhelmed. There's only one  
problem.  
(gestures)  
The story I just told is not true.

JEEVAN  
I... don't know *what the fuck*  
*you're TALKING ABOUT!*

Jeevan's anger is enough to get him sitting.

TERRY  
I have a dozen women in this birth  
center who are pre-natally  
synchronized.

JEEVAN  
I don't care--

TERRY

I believe every one of them will  
give birth at the exact same time.  
In four days.

Terry looks afraid, now, and Jeevan calms himself.

JEEVAN

I don't know you. I don't know any  
of these people!

TERRY

I'm so sorry about the amputation.

Terry pulls the sheet aside, showing a crisp, white, neatly  
bandaged nub where a foot would usually be.

TERRY (CONT'D)

You would have died.

Jeevan stares at the bandage, shaking his head, tone rising  
in his head.

34

**INT. HABERMAKER'S - BIRTH AREA - Y1/D7 - DAY**

34

Jeevan's head SNAPS UP and he looks around, sees Terry seated  
in a WHEELCHAIR next to him, reading glasses on, highlighting  
sections of *Gray's Anatomy*. She glances at him.

TERRY

That's your baby.

Jeevan realizes there's a CABBAGE PATCH KID on his chest.

TERRY (CONT'D)

To practice.

**CHYRON: THREE DAYS BEFORE THE WINTER SOLSTICE**

Terry stands, digs into her fanny pack, pulls out the same  
syringe. Goes to his IV bag. She's poised with the needle  
at the bag.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Are you a doctor?

Jeevan sees Lara walking by, rounding the corner, pushing a  
cart of MEDICAL SUPPLIES. He directs his attention to her.

JEEVAN  
Her name is Kirsten.

Terry, frustrated, injects.

A34

INT. HABERMAKER'S - BIRTH AREA - Y1/D7 - NIGHT

A34

Jeevan wakes up in the darkness, to someone shaking his shoulder, slowly realizes that all the beds around him are occupied by sleeping residents of the store.

LARA  
(whispering)  
Hey. Jeevan.

He finds Lara near him, beside his bed.

LARA (CONT'D)  
I didn't know you had a kid.

JEEVAN  
How do you know my name?

LARA  
The HAM radio. *You said you were alone.*

Realization dawns on Jeevan, finally. The HAM.

JEEVAN  
I was...  
(snapping back to it)  
Can you help?

LARA  
But I went back. The second I heard it. There wasn't anybody there, Jeevan.

Jeevan looks like a man looking for logic that holds...

JEEVAN  
Of course not... That's our action plan.  
(off look)  
Go back to where you lost each other. If you lose each other.

LARA

When?

JEEVAN

When it's safe.

LARA

It's never safe.

Jeevan lets that settle into him. The sadness about Kirsten gets him, here in the dark. He starts to cry quietly.

LARA (CONT'D)

I made you a pair of socks.

She hands a pair of SOCKS, one small, one big. Lara slips away. Lara comes back with a pair of MOONBOOTS.

LARA (CONT'D)

And some boots. There's a prosthetic in there. I made it out one of those... things that go in shoes.

She goes. Jeevan holds his moonboots tight.

35

**INT. HABERMAKER'S - BIRTH AREA - Y1/D8 - DAY**

35

DAYTIME. Somewhere off in the store, voices, echoes. Something's happening. There is a single OREO-LIKE COOKIE on his chest.

**CHYRON: TWO DAYS BEFORE THE WINTER SOLSTICE.**

Jeevan sits up in the bed, and the cookie slides. He clocks the wheelchair.

He twists, takes a beat... and one-legged hops to it. Awkward. He looks over toward the sounds, worried. No sign of anyone. He sits. He takes a beat... and pulls out the lines from the IV.

Jeevan eats the cookie.

A *SCREAM* echoes behind him.

And suddenly he's moving, stealth, ducked down, heading for the entrance.

36

INT. HABERMAKER'S - AISLES - Y1/D8 - DAY

36

Jeevan navigates the maze of aisles for awhile until he comes to a T-Intersection, sees the checkout lanes and the doors.

Another *WAIL* from down the aisle. Getting extreme. Jeevan ignores and pushes to the exits. They don't open. Tugs.

Jeevan turns and sees **ROSE** in the shadows, near the far side of the doors. She turns and looks at him and he smiles awkwardly, bows his head. He's been seen trying to escape.

ROSE

You're the one who's pretending.

Jeevan looks at her for a beat. Does what he never does.

JEEVAN

Yes.

She receives this well, nods, looks back out. She pulls out a RING OF KEYS.

She unlocks the doors.

ROSE

If you see someone named Dave...  
tell him to get here already.

Together, they pull open the doors, the room to snow and wind. Jeevan pushes himself outside.

A36

**EXT. HABERMAKER'S - PARKING LOT - Y1/D8 - DAY**

A36

Jeevan wheels his way outside and takes in MASSIVE SNOW MOUNDS bounding the parking lot. He absorbs the scene, continues out into the white snowy lot.

And then: A JEEP is right here for the taking.

Jeevan positions, ready to move that way, but then he sees--

A WOMAN staggering through the blinding white, toward the door, all bundled up. Swaying slightly, saying something. Holding her very round belly. This is **GWEN**.

GWEN

(calling)

Is this the place? The baby place?

Jeevan hesitates, looks once more at the Jeep. Looks back at her, Gwen collapses into a heap on the concrete. OFF JEEVAN, tough to be a good samaritan... can't escape it, he's Jeevan.

37

**INT. HABERMAKER'S - SURGERY/ELECTRONICS - Y1/D8 - DAY**

37

Inside it's nice and warm. There's an operation.

**JUDY** lies on a coffee table, numbed but not unconscious. Terry's preparing to conduct surgery with a few others assisting with barebones supplies. Tickling the tummy.

TERRY

Was I right? You didn't feel it?

JUDY  
It's... incredible.

TERRY  
Your baby's coming out today.

Terry indicates Flora and Judy's partner, **GRETA**, who are up near her head, trying to distract her. Terry moves down to the abdomen, looks out at the group watching. Scalpel in hand. Deep breath. Looks up. Hesitates because--

Jeevan STANDS on one-foot, shivering, panting, covered in snow, holding himself up with the wheelchair.

Gwen is *in it*, eyes closed, limp. They all look.

JEEVAN  
She needs help.

Lara and several others rush to help them, take the wheelchair. Lara holds him up for balance.

JENNIFER  
We'll get her warmed up.

Jeevan watches her go. Terry is still up in her surgery theater, watching, pleased. But her attention is on Jeevan, seeing excellent progress. (On a difficult timeline.)

TERRY  
Would you like to assist, doctor?

JEEVAN  
No thank you.  
(looks at Lara)  
I'm not ready.  
(looks ahead)  
But... I'll observe.

She turns back, begins the surgery. TIGHT ON THAT SCALPEL UNTIL WE MATCH CUT TO--

38

**EXT. LAURA'S CABIN - WOLF CAGE - Y1/D8 - DAY**

38

THE BLADE OF A GNARLY KNIFE slicing roughly through the EXPOSED STOMACH ORGAN OF A LARGE DEAD WOLF. It's Big Daddy. The half-dissected version of him, anyway.

The squirt of blood this time sprays Young Kirsten, who stands over its body, laid out on the same PICNIC TABLE where Jeevan cleaned their deer a few weeks ago.

She's visibly changed after two weeks entirely on her own. Taut with vigilance and poor sleep, but stronger, too, from tracking and killing this lone wolf.

She frowns into the VISCERA, a mess of tendon, muscle, and organs. Looks over her shoulder at GRAY'S ANATOMY, which is splayed open on the deck to a spread showing the human internal organ system. Particularly the stomach.

No evidence of Jeevan. She pets the wolf's head.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

I thought you ate Jeevan. But you didn't. He just left.

39

**INT. HABERMAKER'S - CAFETERIA - Y1/D8 - NIGHT**

39

*CELEBRATION.* Jeevan sits in his wheelchair with a blue "It's a Boy" hat on his head, holding a glass of champagne, looking numb as he watches the residents of this K-Mart dance in front of the tables of the cafeteria.

Judy's in a DIY HOSPITAL BED on wheels, awake but exhausted-seeming, smiling as she watches. Her little baby's wrapped up like a burrito in her arms.

Lara stands a little apart, dancing away, having a good time. Her hand drifts to her belly. She catches Jeevan looking at her and dances over to him.

She smiles at him, keeps dancing. He tries to turn and leave, but she stops him.

LARA

C'mon. You--

JEEVAN

Did you really go?

Lara nods.

LARA

Maybe she'll circle back.

It's sincere.

JEEVAN

She will.



Lara goes out to the dance floor. Beckons him. But he's not biting. Jeevan downs his champagne and turns the chair, shaking his head at the lunacy of this whole place. Sees Terry alone in a barcalounger, far away from the crowd. Arm-dancing. He rolls that way.

40

**INT. HABERMAKER'S - CUSTOMER SERVICE - Y1/D8 - NIGHT**

40

Terry looks at him as he rolls up. She's drinking Grey Goose from a plastic travel mug.

TERRY

I'm sorry about the foot.

(sighs)

I became a widow last year, and I imagine the feeling's very similar.

Jeevan just nods.

TERRY (CONT'D)

You forget sometimes. You see what you saved. Patient sees what they lost. It's a... dissonance.

(then)

What mauled you?

JEEVAN

A wolf.

TERRY

And who was the girl?

JEEVAN

Someone I ended up with.

TERRY

But you wouldn't have saved her if you had known where it would lead, right?

(off look)

I didn't exactly plan this, either. There's no why. That's like asking why I chose Boulder for undergrad. Upward rise from there...

Jeevan says nothing, eventually reaches for the bottle.

TERRY (CONT'D)

I got fired by Good Samaritan in Pittsburgh.

(MORE)

TERRY (CONT'D)

I ran a Ponzi scheme with the orderlies. Lost my medical license. So. I was home when every other doctor died. Then my husband. Then... I walked through mountains of the dead, gathering supplies. To make this.

Jeevan looks off, thinking of Siya.

JEEVAN

My sister was a doctor. My grandfather, too. He died right in front of me.

TERRY

Then you're already qualified.  
(then)  
The courage to bear witness to death is the job. The courage to be there.

Jeevan takes a long beat, thinking on that.

JEEVAN

I don't want anyone else to die.  
Or get hurt. Or be in pain.

Terry nods, receiving it.

TERRY

Where's your cookie?

JEEVAN

I ate it.

TERRY

It was an example of five centimeters.  
(Then)  
Don't worry. We have more.

She walks off toward the backroom. Jeevan looks over toward the dance-party, where the residents are kicking it.

41

INT. HABERMAKER'S - CHECKOUT COUNTERS - Y1/D9 - NIGHT

41

Jeevan moves tentatively with A CANE, making his way along the picked-over shelves, practicing walking with it.

**CHYRON: ONE DAY BEFORE THE WINTER SOLSTICE**

He sees **ROSE** by the store entrance, apparently kneeling, eyes closed, palms together. Whispering.

When he gets closer, he sees that she is sitting on a yoga ball.

JEEVAN

Hey there.

She GASPS in surprise, turns to see him, and he goes to her, just as she realizes it's him.

ROSE

Wow. Doctor. Terrifying.

JEEVAN

Never interrupt a praying person.

He helps her up.

ROSE

It's okay, it's okay. I'm just waiting.

He makes to go off her smile...

ROSE (CONT'D)

Can I ask you something?  
(off look)

Do you really think it's good to bring a baby into the world?

Jeevan thinks.

JEEVAN

It's never the right time.

ROSE

Your girlfriend said that to you, it sounds like.

Nods, can't argue.

JEEVAN

Who are you waiting for?

ROSE

Just... someone I ended up with.

Rose's eyes light up as they track Lara walking with an armful of old t-shirt down the hallway, heading toward the dressing rooms. Jeevan watches her, too.

ROSE (CONT'D)

We need new words... Who was the last person you met? Before?

(then)

Who was the first you met After?

Rose turns back to look out at the snowy, blocked doorway.

A41

INT. HABERMAKER'S - DRESSING ROOM - Y1/D9 - NIGHT

A41

Jeevan walks down the hall with a copy of *Gray's Anatomy*, seeming better with his cane today. He passes the dressing rooms and sees Lara, looking at herself in the mirror, wearing a fresh shirt. He watches. She looks. He nods.

LARA

I can't wait for my clothes to fit again.

(looks back in mirror)

Her name is Gwen. The woman you brought in.

He nods, she goes back to looking at herself.

JEEVAN

I... need help.

Jeevan stands looking at her.

LARA

What? What, Jeevan.

He stands silently, then reaches out to touch her shoulder carefully. She steps toward him slowly.

LARA (CONT'D)

What are we doing? Are we hugging?

Still, he's silent, just pulls her close. They stand together, holding one another.

LARA (CONT'D)

Here. Be on me.

(then)

Are you okay?

Jeevan doesn't answer for quite some time.

JEEVAN

Yeah.

Jeevan's eyes are closed, smelling her hair, holding her, almost frozen. Absorbing something.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

What's it like to be pregnant?

LARA

It's good. And scary. There's a person inside of me.

(then)

I don't like strangers.

**CHYRON: THE WINTER SOLSTICE.**

The chyron comes quietly, the hug ends quietly. Jeevan steps away, looks at her.

He steps out of the dressing room, takes a breath. Goes.

B41 OMITTED

B41

42 OMITTED

42

43

INT. HABERMAKER'S - KITCHEN APPLIANCES - Y1/D10 - DAY

43

Jeevan, concern in his eyes, moving quickly down an aisle, sweat on his brow, walking with his cane, is in go mode.

He's in scrubs, wearing a FANNY PACK of his own. He's trying to catch up with **NANCY**, who's doing the labor walk in Kitchen Appliances, holding her belly. Here we go.

JEEVAN

Nancy! Nancy. Come on. Come to the beds. We're all set up.

He gets to her, puts a calming hand on her shoulder, gently leads her. She's quietly nodding as she moves, stays in her breathing.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

It's safer to be together.

He reverses her, and guides her back the other way, looking around and scanning the aisles.

TERRY (ON THE INTERCOM)

*Did you find Nancy?*

JEEVAN

(screaming upward)

YES, WE'RE COMING!

They go around another corner and we--

44

INT. HABERMAKER'S - BIRTH AREA - Y1/D10 - DAY

44

OPEN UP and see ground zero of the maternity ward, which is the same section where Jeevan woke up. This time, most of the beds are occupied by women in various stages of active labor, and as Jeevan guides **NANCY** to a bed, he looks over at a wailing **FLORA**, just at the end of pushing, and **TERRY** is there, holding the baby with a smile before passing it into Flora's arms and darting to another bed.

JENNIFER (O.S.)

Hi, Doc.

Jeevan turns to find **JENNIFER** holding a brand new baby of her own, which she just self-delivered. Her umbilical cord is still connected, and disappears up beneath a long football jersey she wears.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Can you hold her? I think there's two. Terry wasn't sure.

Jeevan takes the baby, trying to seem calm and assuring, even though Jennifer seems much more in control than him. **LARA** approaches, breathing heavily, in labor.

LARA

Hi. Can I help?

JEEVAN

Two? Twins?  
(to Lara)  
Aren't you in labor?

LARA

I can be in labor and help.

JEEVAN

Okay. Right.



LARA

Cut the cord. She's having twins.

Lara takes Jennifer's baby from Jeevan while he unzips his fanny pack, clamps Jennifer's umbilical cord, and cuts.

JENNIFER

Can I have hot tea?

LARA

How about some water, Jenn?

Jennifer nods, whatever, and gets down onto her hands and knees and shoos Jeevan as he overprotectively guards her.

Jennifer *WAILS*.

JENNIFER

I'm fine, Doctor. We're good.

LARA

I'll be here with her. Go find someone who needs help.

He nods and heads on. He passes another mother, **EVELYN**, naked inside a KIDDIE POOL filled with water, in labor and making low, powerful sounds. She nods at him, and he nods back-- keeps on moving.

He finds **GWEN** in a bed, PUSHING HARD, teeth gritted.

GWEN

*DOCTOR?*

JEEVAN

Yup, Gwen. okay, okay.

Jeevan nods, takes a deep breath, and gets down on Gwen's level, totally unaware what to do, holding his hands in the general vicinity.

GWEN

You're doing great, Jeevan.

JEEVAN

Thanks. You-- You're doing great.

GWEN

*AHHHHHHHHHHH!*

JEEVAN

Make whatever noise makes you feel powerful. That's beautiful.

She keeps pushing, and as she does, he's calming down, settling into the role...

JEEVAN (CONT'D)  
That's... that's good. This is beautiful. This is really beautiful.

The baby comes. Jeevan's there. He immediately gets the CRY he wants, gets the baby to Gwen, skin-to-skin, before she wraps him in a special-seeming BLANKY. Jeevan sees that there are tears in her eyes as he cuts the cord, and that it's not just joy but profound relief from a tension she's been holding for many, many months, and it's coming out--

A woman's SCREAM, different than the other screams we've been hearing, because it's pain, turns Jeevan's head and he looks across the ward.

TERRY (O.S.)  
Jeevan! I need you.

Jeevan sees Terry at a bed, goes there. She is with Rose, still in her pink dress. And she's hurting.

Terry is on the bed, feeling with one hand on Rose's lower belly. Glances at Jeevan.

TERRY (CONT'D)  
Dystocia. I missed it. The baby's stuck, the tilt is bad. I can help her. You need to be here.  
(indicates Rose's face)  
Help her here, Jeevan.

Jeevan, scared, gets close to Rose. Looks her in the eyes as Terry switches places.

TERRY (CONT'D)  
His shoulder is stuck, Rose, so I need to turn him and pull as I turn you... But, I can't turn with too much force, because you'll crush the baby's bones. And you'll feel it happening...

JEEVAN  
Hey. Rose.

ROSE  
What's happening?

JEEVAN  
I don't know.

And she's gone, and Jeevan is low and following orders, and Rose is SCREAMING NOW as Terry, up on the bed, applies pressure and twists.

ROSE  
Is Dave here?

JEEVAN  
Not yet. You're going to see him.

Jeevan looks lost, shaking his head, looking, feeling, waiting... and then... some hope.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)  
You're doing good.

ROSE  
Is my baby gonna die?

JEEVAN  
You're doing good. You're helping.

Terry leans more, Rose SCREAMS--

45

**INT. HABERMAKER'S - AISLES - Y1/D11 - DAY**

45

Silence. It's over.

We are on the back of snowy, **HOODED TRAVELER** as he strides through Habermaker's, hood up, looking around for anyone. The store is quiet, and the only sound is his quiet steps.

**CHYRON: DAY 11.**

We haven't seen him yet, but this is Rose's partner. He moves through the darkness.

FLORA (PRE-LAP)  
*I was expecting to have so much  
trouble with latching.*

The **HOODED TRAVELER** continues past the gentle wreckage of birth and moves past faces we know, until he lands at Terry.

46

**OMITTED**

46

47

INT. HABERMAKER'S - BIRTH AREA - Y1/D11 - NIGHT

47

Jeevan sits on the edge of Flora's bed, having a moment to himself, looking down. But not at his foot. Peaceful. Absorbing.

His eyes go to Lara, who's come around the corner, now wearing a wraparound baby carrier. With a baby in it.

FLORA

You don't have to keep pretending that you're like a *medical* doctor.

JEEVAN

I'm not pretending.

FLORA

You're a healer.

Lara comes to him, and he looks at the wrap job. He goes around behind her to help.

JEEVAN

How's your stranger?

LARA

I'm going by your place on my way to Delano. Tomorrow. You need a ride?

He's looking past her at something.

JEEVAN

Yeah. I gotta get back.

Lara follows his eyes and she sees the back of the hoodie across the way in the diner-- Terry is talking to someone.

LARA

Who's that?

Jeevan seems to know. He heads toward another bed...

48

AT THE BEDS

48

Jeevan lands at Rose's bed. She lies still, eyes closed, and we realize she's not alive. He takes a moment to look once more at her face. He covers it.

JEEVAN

He just got here. She's telling him that Rose didn't make it.

Jennifer is in a nearby bed, both babies with her, sleeping.

JENNIFER

But the baby lived.

Jeevan, troubled, leaves Jennifer and Lara and walks toward the small cafe, which is definitely called HaberDogs.

Jeevan approaches "**DAVE**" (13), who's with Terry, holding a baby wrapped and burritoed in his arms.

TERRY

Courage won. She delivered.

(then)

Dr. Chaudhary helped Rose feel safer.

He turns. What's *first* most notable is that he's... a kid.

What's also notable to us, but none of the people here, is that Dave is **YOUNG TYLER**. Weatherbeaten and a bit more rugged than we remember him from 105, it's still unmistakable. He's sad. Been crying.

DAVE

Thank you.

Tyler/Dave looks at Terry, unsure what to do. Looks back down at the baby.

DAVE (CONT'D)

If I leave the baby here, will it die?

TERRY

More likely she'll die if she goes with you, David.

(glances at Jeevan)

I'm sorry to say that.

Tyler/Dave nods, seems kinda true, and hands the baby to Terry.

TERRY (CONT'D)

I'll find someone. Mothers just... keep coming here.

She goes back toward the beds.

JEEVAN

Do you want to see Rose?

Tyler/Dave looks at him for a long time.

DAVE

There's no before.

Jeevan watches as Tyler/Dave leaves.

JEEVAN

Was he the father?

TERRY

Never really got the story. Seemed more like... she adopted him.

49        **EXT. LARA'S MOTORCYCLE (MOVING) - HWY - Y1/D12 - DAY**        49

The motorcycle blasts down the open highway, weaving around the occasional car sitting in the middle of the road. We see Jeevan is riding in the sidecar wearing goggles and holding the baby-carrier.

TERRY (V.O.)  
*I love goodbyes. Death's worse.*

50        **INT. HABERMAKER'S - CHECKOUT COUNTERS - Y1/D12 - DAY**        50

Jeevan, dressed to travel, stands near the doors with his cane, turns to find Terry coming. She's got his wolf-shredded Dr. Eleven jacket. Except it's sewn up on the forearm. All better. He notes. She hands it over.

TERRY  
I did surgery on your jacket.

He puts it on.

TERRY (CONT'D)  
Names are funny. When my husband died... I figured why not. Take his name. You'll miss him less.

JEEVAN  
So what's your real name?

TERRY  
Deborah.

She hands him a NAMETAG, engraved at the store. It says, "Dr. Chaudhary."

TERRY (CONT'D)  
I didn't know which one you preferred. I guess you're both.

He sees Lara approaching, ready to ride. One last look at Terry. He takes it, goes to the doors. As he does--

TERRY (CONT'D)  
Thank you.

51        **EXT. LARA'S MOTORCYCLE (MOVING) - HWY - Y1/D12 - DAY**        51

WE DRONE ABOVE AND SLIGHTLY-NOT-OVER-THE-HIGHWAY as we follow Lara's motorcycle motoring its way through the snow-spotted country highway system, moving through the forest.

52      EXT. LAURA'S CABIN - DRIVEWAY - Y1/D12 - DAY

52

The motorcycle grumbles up to the same spot it grumbled before, right where Lara found Jeevan. She kills the engine and Jeevan gets himself out, still getting used to his prosthetic. He's also still getting used to the BABY strapped to him. He has a family. He looks down the driveway, at where his last one used to be.

The house. Still and empty. Lara takes the baby from him, takes the carrier-wrap.

LARA

You okay?

JEEVAN

Yeah. I'm just thinking.

He tilts his head, sees movement inside the house.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

Wait here, okay?

LARA

Okay.

53      OMITTED

53

A53      INT. LAURA'S CABIN - DEN - Y1/D12 - DAY

A53

Jeevan pushes into the main area of the cabin, where he spent nearly a year alone with Kirsten. It's silent. Eerie. Not too different than how he last saw it. Sees his books. Sees the herb garden. Then sees THE COMPASS.

It's in the middle of the kitchen table, all by itself.

FRANK (O.S.)

She's gone.

Jeevan turns to look at him.

JEEVAN

Yeah.

FRANK

Everybody's gone.

JEEVAN

I know.



FRANK

You're exhausted. You're not okay.

Jeevan, eyes gleaming, stares at his brother like he's going to push back. But then he slowly sinks to the floor, to his knees. He starts to cry, drops the compass.

JEEVAN

I'm not okay.

Folds forward. Frank looks at him sadly, steps up, puts a hand on his shoulder.

FRANK

You got her here. She'll find someone. She's good at it. She found you.

Jeevan holds onto his brother's legs and cries.

B53 **EXT. WILDERNESS - Y1/D12 - DAY**

B53

FERAL KIRSTEN walks away from the frame, deeper into the wilderness. Heading toward the smaller blue dot that is Dr. Eleven, deeper into the wild.

C53 **EXT. LAURA'S CABIN - Y1/D12 - DAY**

C53

FROM THE DRONE, we are HIGH UP OVER THE CABIN, high enough to see the white ice of the lake, which we fly over until it turns to blue ice, we keep going, and then it's--

54 **EXT. SHORES OF DELANO ISLAND - Y20/D12 - DAY**

54

NINETEEN YEARS IN THE FUTURE, coming in across blue water, until we see... a little motor boat with a man inside. Headed toward an island.

**CHYRON: YEAR 20. DELANO ISLAND.**

**Y20 JEEVAN**, in his fifties now, hair flecked with silver, cardigan game strong, looks out. Behind him, domestic livestock, the sense of a home O/C. TWO FIGURES approach, headed toward the dock, but Jeevan's looking down the shoreline at his TWO SONS (19, 16), wading.

JEEVAN

Frank! Key! Come back! You're never gonna find it!

(MORE)

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

(then to someone close)

Frank dropped my stethoscope  
underwater. They are so stupid.

**Y20 LARA** (40s) steps up, kisses him, and Jeevan puts his arm around her. Jeevan's daughter **AUDDIE** (11), wearing his old Dr. Eleven jacket, is behind her, holding his doctor's bag.

LARA

So are you.

JEEVAN

Where's Auddie?

Jeevan's pretending he can't see her. Auddie's trying to hold her "mad face." Can't.

LARA

I dunno.

JEEVAN

What'd you tell her?

LARA

That sometimes you do housecalls.  
But you'd come back. You always  
do.

Lara leaves him there. He squats down, looks at Auddie.

JEEVAN

Only a few days. Promise me I'll  
see your face again.

AUDDIE

I promise.

He takes the bag from her, gives her a big hug.

JEEVAN

I love you. Take care of your big  
brothers. They need you.

Mission noted, she runs away, after her mom. Jeevan turns, looks out at the water, waiting to get picked up, alone...

**CUT TO BLACK**

55 **OMITTED**

55

56 **OMITTED**

56