

STATION ELEVEN



EPISODE 102
"A Hawk from a Handsaw"

Written by
Patrick Somerville

Directed by
Jeremy Podeswa

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

3rd White Revisions
Thursday, June 17th, 2021

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 Episode 102
 3rd White Revisions: 6/17/21

Revision History

Date	Draft	Revised Pages
8/26/20	Production Draft	ALL
9/18/20	Full Blue	ALL
10/15/20	Full Pink	ALL
11/30/20	Full Yellow	ALL
1/2/21	Full Green	ALL
1/30/21	Goldenrod Revisions	5-7, 10, 19, 21, 30, 34-35A, 43-45A, 51
2/1/21	2nd White Revisions	37, 44-44A
4/9/21	Full 2nd Blue	All
5/21/21	2nd Pink Revisions	4-22, 25-31, 35-36, 47, 49
5/27/21	2nd Yellow Revisions	6, 8-9, 12, 25-30, 35-37, 42, 44, 47
6/8/21	2nd Green Revisions	8-11, 27-29, 35, 37, 44-45
6/9/21	2nd Goldenrod Revisions	8-9A, 14-15, 25-31, 35-39, 41-49
6/17/21	3rd White Revisions	8-21, 25-31, 35-38, 41-41B, 43, 46, 48-49

THESE REVISIONS AFFECT TODAY'S WORK: F219 & 228 dialogue changes

Dialogue changes: 212, A219, B219, D219, E219, F219, (219 PL added to 212) 219, 220, 221, 228, B248

212 adds a pop back to already-shot 232 without fulling scripting it

E219 places Sayid on the dock while only Cody slides

G219 clarifies Kirsten's action

219 removes Kirsten's giant sword

SCENE 224, ALREADY SHOT, HAS BEEN UN-OMITTED

228 is now EXT. CHUCK WAGON

A931 now includes V.O. from previously-shot 102 scenes

SCENES 232, 237 and 241, ALREADY SHOT, HAVE BEEN UN-OMITTED

243 adds Mountebanc's INVITATION prop to this scene

246 Kirsten is in this scene

B252 clarifies the final shot

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Cast List

KIRSTEN RAYMONDE.....MACKENZIE DAVIS
JEEVAN CHAUDHARY.....HIMESH PATEL
DAVID.....DANIEL ZOVATTO
YOUNG KIRSTEN RAYMONDE.....MATILDA LAWLER
ALEXANDRA.....PHILIPPINE VELGE
FRANK CHAUDHARY.....NABHAAN RIZWAN
THE CONDUCTOR.....LORI PETTY

DIETER
AUGUST
SAYID
WENDY
VLAD
DAN
CHRYSANTHEMUM
CHARLIE
JEREMY
2ND FRENCH HORN
TUBA
S
CODY
LUCY
KAREN
MOUNTEBANC
HALEY BUTTERSCOTCH

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Location List

Interior Locations

INT. KIRSTEN'S TENT - HABERMAKER'S PARKING LOT - Y20 - DAY
INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - CHICAGO - Y0/D0 - NIGHT
INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - CHICAGO - Y0/D3 - NIGHT
INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - Y0/D3 - DAY
INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - Y0/D4 - NIGHT
INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - SPARE BEDROOM - Y0/D3 - DUSK
INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - UTILITY CLOSET - Y0/D4 - NIGHT

FORMERLY 109 LOCATIONS:

INT. LAURA'S CABIN - SUNROOM - Y0 - DAY
INT. LAURA'S CABIN - KITCHEN - Y0 - DUSK
INT. LAURA'S CABIN - BEDROOM - Y0 - NIGHT
INT. LAURA'S CABIN - DEN - Y0 - NIGHT

Exterior Locations

EXT. ROAD - OUTSIDE ST. DEBORAH-BY-THE-WATER - Y20 - DAY
EXT. HABERMAKER'S PARKING LOT - ST. DEBORAH-BY-THE-WATER - Y20 - DAY
EXT. ROAD - Y20 - DAY
EXT. SHORE OF LAKE MICHIGAN - LAURA'S CABIN - Y20 - DAY
EXT. SHORE OF LAKE MICHIGAN - DOCK - Y20/D1 - DAY
EXT. TENT CITY - HABERMAKER'S PARKING LOT - Y20 - DAY
EXT. COSTUME WAGON - HABERMAKER'S PARKING LOT - Y20 - DAY
EXT. BACKSTAGE - HABERMAKER'S PARKING LOT - Y20 - DAY / NIGHT
EXT. STAGES - HABERMAKER'S PARKING LOT - Y20 - NIGHT
EXT. BONFIRE - HABERMAKER'S PARKING LOT - Y20/D1 - NIGHT
EXT. BEACH - ST. DEBORAH BY-THE-WATER - Y20 / DAWN

FORMERLY 109 LOCATIONS:

EXT. LAURA'S CABIN - DRIVEWAY - Y0 - DAY
EXT. WOODS - Y0 - DAY
EXT. SHORE OF LAKE MICHIGAN - DOCK - Y0 - DAY
EXT. LAURA'S CABIN - WOLF CAGE - Y0 - DAY
EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - Y0 - DAY
EXT. WILDERNESS - Y1 - 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-D15) across the entire season, which does not correspond to a calendar date.

<u>SN#</u>	<u>SCRIPT D/N</u>
A904, 907-908.....	Y0/D354
1-10.....	OMITTED
A11-12.....	Y20/D1
13-18.....	OMITTED
A19-E19.....	Y20/D1
A910-911, 913.....	Y0/D356
909, 910.....	Y0/D356
F19-21.....	Y20/D1
22-23.....	OMITTED
923-925.....	Y0/D357
24.....	Y0/D3
25-27.....	OMITTED
28.....	Y20/D1
29-30.....	OMITTED
31.....	Y20/D1
A931.....	Y0/D358
32.....	Y0/D3
33.....	Y20/D1
A931pt.....	Y0/D358
A33.....	OMITTED
B33.....	Y20/D1
34-36.....	OMITTED
37.....	Y0/D3
A37.....	OMITTED
B931.....	Y0/D358
38.....	Y20/D1
B931pt.....	Y0/D358
39-40.....	OMITTED
41.....	Y0/D3
A41-D41.....	OMITTED
42-44.....	Y20/D1
A44.....	OMITTED
45-46.....	Y20/D1
47.....	OMITTED
48-B48.....	Y20/D1
49-A49.....	Y0/D4
50-52.....	OMITTED
A52.....	Y20/D2
B953.....	Y1/D12
B52.....	Y20/D2
53.....	OMITTED

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.

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), older and taller than we knew her back in Chicago, emerges from the woods wearing snowshoes like she knows how to use them, bundled up, looking curiously at the road. This is clearly the girl we met navigate the streets of Chicago with Jeevan last episode, but she is changed and more self-assured. No longer a stranger.

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 doesn't seem to have a strong opinion one way or another.

907

INT. LAURA'S CABIN - SUNROOM - Y0/D354 - DAY

907

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 (i.e., pretending he doesn't have one).

JEEVAN

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

(off look)

No, eight.

Kirsten keeps plucking berries as Jeevan lists.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

Plow guy, just now. 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.

908 EXT. WOODS - Y0/D354 - DAY

908

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.

Jeevan flinches, but she doesn't fire. He squints. A few beats of silence as we realize Kirsten is good at this, she is patient and deliberate. Even the sound of something rising up, something... like *wagon wheels?*... doesn't distract her.

Eventually Young Kirsten *fires*, **CRRRA--**

1	OMITTED	1
2	OMITTED	2
A3	OMITTED	A3
B3	OMITTED	B3
C3	OMITTED	C3
D3	OMITTED	D3
3	OMITTED	3
4	OMITTED	4
A5	OMITTED	A5
B5	OMITTED	B5
5	OMITTED	5
6	OMITTED	6
7	OMITTED	7

8 OMITTED 8

A9 OMITTED A9

B9 OMITTED B9

9 OMITTED 9

10 OMITTED 10

A11 EXT. ROAD - OUTSIDE ST. DEBORAH-BY-THE-WATER - Y20/D1 - DAM 1

--**ACCCKKKK!** Morphs into the *CLOMP-CLOMP, CLOMP-CLOMP* of hooves on pavement... We're on a small sculpture, two twigs bound together with green grass, into a tiny upside-down "t". Two inches by one inch, resting against a wooden stake. Deep greens of a lush summertime Midwest forest are in the background.

A white horse comes into view, someone dismounts. It's **KIRSTEN RAYMONDE** (28), sweaty from the summer sun, approaching a sign that reads "St. Deborah's" with an arrow, indicating a road that veers off the main road.

She sees the little cross down on the ground, goes to it, picks it up. Looks at it for a beat. We see that it's quite similar to TATTOOS that are on her wrist.

An eerie feeling, and Kirsten looks out into the woods. Watching carefully, perfectly still in the summer sun. Eyes ticking. Hyper-aware, scanning. We see her from a disembodied POV from somewhere inside the woods as she looks around...

There's a loud *BANG!* then from down the road, and her head snaps left at a sound, her eyes thin with vigilance, drops the twigs. She climbs back up on her horse, Luli, ranging ahead but now focused on the sound.

With a quiet clicking sound, she expertly tilts the reins and leans Luli back the other way, gives a kick, and Luli begins to canter down the road. As she goes, we see Kirsten draw a **VERY LARGE KNIFE** (*Holy shit*) from a sheath across her back, almost a knight on her way to battle...

We can see now that she's headed for a line of vehicles down the road. Her people. Her home. Horse-drawn wagons. A line of them, how many we can't tell.

But on the front of the first, a Bronco, we can see white text: **SURVIVAL IS INSUFFICIENT**. We see also the forest, life, lake, and rebirth of Year Twenty is an incredible green wonderland of possibility...

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

Kirsten approaches a group of people, horses, and wagons. One of her oldest and most trusted friends, **DIETER (50s)**, at the front, glances, holding a JACK, irritated at the delay.

CHYRON: YEAR TWENTY

He nods toward the flat tire of the wagon at the front. **JEREMY (30s)** is with him, hustling to help.

DIETER

Blew a tire. Twenty minutes.
(indicates Jeremy)
The father-to-be overinflated.

Kirsten nods at Jeremy's apologetic wave. She smiles ever so much, sheaths her knife. Normal for them, a minor inconvenience, but she doesn't like the wagon train being exposed. She watches as the two begin to jack up the wagon.

KIRSTEN

(to Jeremy)
How's Charlie?

JEREMY

Fine. At the back.

KIRSTEN

K. Quick as you can.

She urges Luli on, walks down the train as we see people recline, sip water, see the world of Kirsten in Year Twenty as she patrols wagon after wagon...

... Of people way more chill than her. This group is the **TRAVELING SYMPHONY**, a patched-together tribe of players and musicians, dusty and dirty but happy in their craft and banded together into a self-made family. They are always on tour. They live to bring art to the archipelago of small towns, camps, and communities that are the definition of society, post-pandemic. You'll know them.

She passes **ALEXANDRA** and **SAYID**, both quietly chatting in close quarters between wagons, glances at them, keeps going.

She comes to a pregnant woman seated on the back of one of the rear wagons, **FANNING HERSELF** with a copy of Hamlet. Her dear friend **CHARLIE**, who glances up.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

You want some water?

CHARLIE

I got my camel.

She indicates a **CAMELBACK** on her back, takes a sip. Nods down the road behind them.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Look who's coming.

Kirsten looks up and sees a lone man, who **WAVES**, half-jogging, trying to catch up. This is **DAN**, one of the Symphony's biggest fans.

DAN
What's up!!!!

Kirsten sighs.

KIRSTEN
Oh god. This guy.

11 EXT. ROAD - OUTSIDE ST. DEBORAH-BY-THE-WATER - Y20/D1 - DAY 1

Twenty minutes later and Dan stands before the entire Symphony, pacing.

DAN
Please. No Shakespeare.

Kirsten, dismounted now, stands near Charlie and watches as Dan, ill-at-ease, stands in the middle, mid "audition".

THE CONDUCTOR (50s) skitters away from the group, madly scribbling in a notebook, with a **KEYTAR** strapped to her back, (flaregun) sidearm holstered to her waist; **WENDY** (50s), guitar strapped to her back, beside her best friend **VLAD**, frowning, hating everything. **CHRYSANTHEMUM**, (30s, nonbinary) knitting with two **HUGE BALLS OF YARN**, and near Chrys is **AUGUST** (30s), head costumer, very old friend of Kirsten. August glances at Kirsten, raises his eyebrows.

VLAD
We only perform Shakespeare.

Some cheers of encouragement from the Symphony, despite Dieter's skeptical look. **IOWA** (formerly known as the Second French Horn, same character) shrugs at Dieter.

IOWA
Let him. Sarah's still composing.
She's not paying attention.

Dieter glances. The Conductor is scribbling manically into pages she's losing track of. She is not. Whatever.

ALEXANDRA
C'mon, Dieter. Break a rule.

Dieter rolls his eyes, sighs.

DIETER
Fine.

Dan nods to himself very seriously, hangs his head, getting himself into character. Kirsten sits next to Charlie in the grass, sips from her canteen.

KIRSTEN

Do we even need someone new?

August and Charlie look at one another, Kirsten doesn't see.

CHARLIE

You never know.

Dan's head *snaps* up. He's *in character*. He's miming that he's holding something in his right hand. He looks out at the group with seriousness, raises an Air CB to his face.

DAN

Good morning.

ENTIRE SYMPHONY

Good morning.

AUGUST

Loved this movie...

They all know what Dan's about to do, because he does it every time he auditions...

DAN

In less than an hour, aircraft from here will join others from around the world. Perhaps it's fate that today is the 4th of July, and you will once again be fighting for our freedom, not from tyranny, oppression, or persecution-- but from annihilation. We're fighting for our right to live, to exist. *And should we win the day*, the 4th of July will no longer be known as an American holiday, but as the day when the world declared in one voice: We will not go quietly into the night! We will not vanish without a fight! We're going to live on! We're going to survive! Today, we celebrate our *Independence Day!*

All the members of the Symphony burst into **HUGE CHEERS** as Dan nails the last lines of the *Independence Day* speech. A lone **TRUMPET** rise up and begin to hear the trumpet solo from Tchaikovsky's "Chanson Napolitaine"... Kirsten mounts up. Sees The Conductor hurry into her wagon, enter, holding her papers, still worried about composing.

DIETER

Let's make magic!

12

EXT. HABERMAKER'S PARKING LOT - ST. DEBORAH-BY-THE-WATER - 12
Y20/D1 - DAY

Retrofitted trucks and Winnebagos drawn by horse, trundle onto a crumbling parking lot. **TUBA** walks out front, playing the trumpet.

The group goes by a rough, yet serviceable STATUE OF A WOMAN with a simple placard that's engraved with "St. Deborah." In the b/g we see LAKE MICHIGAN sparkling through the trees.

The Conductor rides within her wagon, pops her head out through her square window. Kirsten walks beside her.

KIRSTEN

You finish?

THE CONDUCTOR

Harder every time.

KIRSTEN

How do you feel?

The Conductor nods at the statue on their way by.

THE CONDUCTOR

They should make me a saint. It's my twentieth symphony.

KIRSTEN

Yeah, well. You didn't die in a chemical fire.

THE CONDUCTOR

I die every year. Composing. *

Kirsten looks over. *

KIRSTEN

I don't like *Hamlet*. *

THE CONDUCTOR *

That's just your process. *

Kirsten does not accept this, walks ahead to the front of the wagons. The Conductor's eyes light up as she sees-- *

A group of children pouring out of a parking garage, chasing after the Symphony, excited. One boy on a bike. One girl, **LUCY**, is skipping-- *

LUCY

Shakespeare people! Kirsten!

Lucy and the rest of the kids practically run into August, almost dropping a single BASKET she carries with one BOTTLE OF DANDELION WINE, a welcome gift.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Welcome back to St. Deborah-by-the-Water. Is Kirsten here? Or Alex?

AUGUST

You all liked Romeo and Juliet last year, huh?

FRONT OF THE WAGONS

Kirsten, eyeing Lucy, rolls her eyes at the praise of *Romeo and Juliet*, walks up to Alex, who's looking around at the deeper waters of "Lake Michigan". *
*
*

KIRSTEN

Hey. Let's go on a props run. *

Alex smiles at the invitation, pulls her eyes from the sea... *

ALEXANDRA (PRE-LAP)

So I press the button. Tap. Then-- *

13 OMITTED 13

14 OMITTED 14

15 OMITTED 15

16 OMITTED 16

A16 OMITTED A16

B16 OMITTED B16

17 OMITTED 17

18 OMITTED 18

A19 **EXT. ROAD - Y20/D1 - DAY** A19

WE POP SUPER- HIGH AND WIDE, and see the two tiny human moving through a landscape so densely-forested you would think they were in the Amazon.

KIRSTEN

An entire map of everything around
you. And all the cars.

*
*
*

But the frame is SLIDING Laterally as the two go, and we REVEAL THE SHORE OF LAKE MICHIGAN not far away, scope oceanic, a blue line bounding them to the west. Alex holds a CRACKED IPHONE.

*

ALEXANDRA

So I press, "I want a ride," then something happens in a car nearby, and they can see where we are...

*
*
*
*

KIRSTEN

And they'd come pick us up...

*
*

Alex watches Kirsten look out at the woods.

*

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

Take us anywhere.

*
*

ALEXANDRA

How many plays could fit on this
one?

*
*

KIRSTEN

Every play, ever.

*

ALEXANDRA

Lemme just read everything...

(phone to her ear)

Then talk to any person anywhere.

*
*
*

Kirsten looks over at the phone...

*

A FLASH, then, some memory of Kirsten's, where she sits alone in a room, reading *Station Eleven*, then looks up at her phone lighting up. After only a moment, we are back in Y20, long enough for Alex to toss the phone back into the wagon and we see a few more odds and ends; some VACUUM-SEALED BAGS OF BEANS, a small LAMP with no shade or bulb, a PAIR OF JEANS, a couple BOTTLE OF BOOZE, a TIN OF WEED GUMMIES, and a big STUFFED CROW. A sturdy JUG OF WATER rides in the wagon, too.

*
*
*
*

Kirsten's looking out into the trees, lost in thought.

Alex sees her fretting, she pulls out the tin of weed gummies. Opens it. Alex eats one, tries the flavor.

*
*

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)

(prompting Kirsten)

"One Bud."

*

Kirsten nods. Alex continues to chew. She's picking around, looking for more.

*
*

KIRSTEN

Gimme one.

(pops one in her mouth)

Gimme all of them, actually.

*
*
*
*

Kirsten takes away the THC, chews as well.

*

ALEXANDRA

I asked Sayid to meet us swimming.

At the slide.

*
*

KIRSTEN

(points)

Skeleton.

*
*
*

But Kirsten's eyes are focused on something past Alex, who turns. Just visible are the footbones of a skeleton, reclined into the ditch.

*

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

For Yorick.

*

Kirsten takes the tin from her and Alex hustles off to the side of the road, goes down the ditch a bit, assesses the skeleton situation. Muddy more than anything, she can see the white of a skull's face half-buried in the mud. Kirsten comes over and looks. *Is it Jeevan?.... No.*

*

*

ALEXANDRA

Good shape.

*

Alex positions herself near the skull, scoops out mud.

*

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)

Swimming'll be fun.

(takes hold)

Fun's good.

*

*

*

*

Alex yanks, there's a *CRACK* as the skull comes off. She holds it up, tests it in the "Yorick" position. They both laugh together. Start heading off.

*

*

*

ALEXANDRA (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)

AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

B19 EXT. SHORE OF LAKE MICHIGAN - LAURA'S CABIN - Y20/D1 - DAB19

Alexandra flings out over the water, SAILS through the air before PLUNGING into the blues of LAKE MICHIGAN. **SPLASH!** WE ARE WIDE looking out at the water, from the shore, a LONG DOCK pointing out to nothing, A SLIDE floating alone on a PONTOON RAFT at its endpoint.

Sayid sits on the end of the dock, drying off in the sun. Kirsten's in the water nearby, quite stoned. She glances and sees Alexandra surface, swim over toward the shore, and walk out of the water. Kirsten watches Alex go into the trees.

SAYID

How was the props run?

KIRSTEN

Fine. You see the skull? *

Sayid, still dripping, tanning, is so-so on the skull. *

SAYID *

We'll make it work. *

KIRSTEN

Make magic every time. *

He laughs. She gives a high "What?" look to him, begins the breast stroke toward the raft. *

SAYID *

You check inside the cabin? Any sign of him? *

KIRSTEN *

I looked in through the window. Same as always. No sign of him. *

Sayid absorbs this, silent. Kirsten swims out more. *

KIRSTEN (CONT'D) *

It's clear today. You can see Chicago.

The gray-black hazy outline of a skyline is there, miles and miles in the distance.

SAYID *

Can you imagine what it's like in there? Ferns in the buildings... *

As she treads water and floats, we hear what sounds like a HUGE AIRPLANE COMING IN FOR A CRASH-LANDING BEFORE WE--

C19 INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - CHICAGO - Y0/D0 - NIGHT C19

ARE TIGHT ON **YOUNG KIRSTEN**, standing at the window the moment the plane crashed, looking up and to the right and then tracking the airplane's angle and she reacts to the crash and then the slow rolling and tipping of the Ferris wheel. She stares as FIRELIGHT begins to reflect on the glass in front of her face, staring as the wheel and Navy Pier burn.

D19 EXT. SHORE OF LAKE MICHIGAN - LAURA'S CABIN - Y20/D1 - DAY19

Kirsten lingers there for a moment more, staring off, stoned or something else. Kirsten glances toward the dock, becomes aware that there's no sign of Alex anywhere. She scans, still calm. *

KIRSTEN
Where's Alex? *

Kirsten swims toward Sayid-- her line of sight is blocked by the dock as she reaches the ladder, pulls up. Their stuff-- the red wagon, their clothes and packs-- are on the dock... *

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
(to Sayid)
Did you see where Alex went?

Alarmed now, she starts scanning... And sees Alexandra on the beach about thirty yards away, talking to two strangers. *

A man and a teenager. Kirsten's already out of the water. *

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
Fuck. Sayid. *

The boy CLOCKS Kirsten there, pulling on some clothes, grabbing her GNARLY KNIFE. Doesn't bother with the sheath. *

SAYID
What's wrong?

KIRSTEN
Strangers. Come on. Something's off with beard guy. *

He looks, squinting. *

SAYID
Hold on, hold on.

But Kirsten is moving fast in their direction, picking along rocks expertly, knife glimmering in the sun.

KIRSTEN

Hey!

The man, the teenager, and Alexandra all look over at her. Kirsten's closer now, and can see the man is handsome, with kind eyes. Exhausted. His crutch and booted leg looks like the road's been hard.

*

*

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

Step back from them. Alex.

*

*

ALEXANDRA

(sorry my mom is crazy)

Kirsten. This is David and Cody.

Sayid comes picking his way up behind Kirsten. The man, **DAVID** (30s), puts up a friendly hand, puts a hand on **CODY'S** shoulder and has him step back with him.

KIRSTEN

What did he say to you?

ALEXANDRA

He said *hi*. Then I said... *hi*.

DAVID

No, I get it, I get it.

From behind, Sayid puts a calming hand on Kirsten's bicep, Black Widow to her Incredible Hulk.

SAYID

They're fine. I met them back with the troupe. With my eyes and ears.

*

Kirsten looks at Sayid, suddenly feeling like the only one in a group who's pulled weapons. David steps in, saving--

DAVID

We're from Hamilton, just passed through St. Deborah's, found out The Symphony was on the way. Had to stick around.

*

*

(then, to Kirsten)

We actually saw you perform up on Mackinac Island ten years ago.

*

(glances, Cody nods)

We're just... huge fans.

*

Kirsten stares for a beat before a reflexive, charming, flattered smile appears on her face.

KIRSTEN

Oh.
 (lowers blade)
 Thank you.

Sayid nods at Kirsten's terrifying knife, gives an encouraging look to her to put it the *fuck* away... She awkwardly lowers it.

ALEXANDRA

What plays did you see?

David is clocking Kirsten's tattoos, the upside down 't's. Didn't seem to hear the question. *

CODY

Coriolanus. And Taming of the Shrew.

Alexandra nods, looks at Kirsten. Like-- see? *They passed the test.* Kirsten's now watching him clock her tattoos. *

KIRSTEN

Should we all have some snacks?

Kirsten starts picking her way back. David nods, sure. Seems to have recovered from whatever rattled him.

DAVID (PRE-LAP)

I guess I had some idea that we'd find some medicine. For my wife. *

E19

EXT. SHORE OF LAKE MICHIGAN - DOCK - Y20/D1 - LATER

E19

Kirsten, Alexandra and David all sit on the dock, Sayid nearby with his legs hanging off the end of the dock, watching Cody use the slide. The RADIO FLYER WAGON is nearby. Kirsten has provided a BAG OF NUTS, and she watches, chewing one, as David produces a small BAGGIE OF MUSHROOMS. Sees Kirsten staring at them. *

DAVID

Picked 'em along the way. Chicken of the Woods. I used to eat 'em when I was a kid. Harder to find back then.

Offers to Kirsten and Alex. Kirsten's a no. Alex is still focused on David's emotional energy. Sadness. *

ALEXANDRA

(to David)
 His mom died there? In Detroit? *

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)

You must have felt so desperate.
She's sick, you fall and get hurt.

*
*

DAVID

She was gone by the time I got back
to her and Cody.

*
*
*

(then)

Part of me thinks we'd have been
better off all getting killed.

KIRSTEN

Why?

SPLASH! Cody again.

*

DAVID

I'm not sure I can raise him right.
Out here. Without a mom.

*

KIRSTEN

Isn't he like seventeen. Eighteen?
(maybe too much)
He's pretty much grown.

*
*
*

SPLASH. David glances at the contents of the Radio Flyer.
Sees the skull. Then the crow. Then the iPhone.

*
*

ALEXANDRA

Tell me your wife's name and I'll
sing a dirge for her tonight.

DAVID

Rose.

*

Kirsten and he share moment, eyes locked. Behind the trees
and cabin above, a RED FLARE trace across the sky. Kirsten
and Sayid watch it.

SAYID

Uh oh. Red.

Alex turns. Looks disappointed.

KIRSTEN

Now we really do have to go.

David turns and squints up at it.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

Four hours to curtain.

*

Kirsten turns to go. *

DAVID
Can I ask you about those tattoos? *

Kirsten turns back. Looks at her arm. Holds it up. *

KIRSTEN
These?

DAVID
What's the symbol? *

KIRSTEN
People I've killed. *

David absorbs this, eats a mushroom. Cocks his head. *

DAVID
To the monsters, we're the
monsters. I guess. *

Kirsten freezes. Stares at him. *

KIRSTEN
(vaguely friendly)
What's that from? *

DAVID
Just came into my head. *

Cody nods like a teenager embarrassed about his dad. One
more lingering beat, and Kirsten turns, moves on. *

We POP WIDE FOR THE END OF THE SCENE, as the three go and the two stay, summer warmth and bright skies that become--

A910 **EXT. SHORE OF LAKE MICHIGAN - DOCK - Y0/D355 - DAY** A910

A SUDDEN BLEAK TIMEDRIFTED GRAY. AN ICY HELLSCAPE. The same place, slide there, but Year One. The lake is blue-gray ice and the sky is gray. A blurred form fills part of the frame.

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.

911 **INT. LAURA'S CABIN - KITCHEN - Y0/D355 - DUSK** 911

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 a *THUNK-- THUNK--* cuts in in Pre-Lap...

913

INT. LAURA'S CABIN - BEDROOM - Y0/D355 - NIGHT

913

Young Kirsten's pulling the GNARLY KNIFE-- yes, the one she just pulled on David, and has been pulling on people for years and years-- 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.

909

EXT. WOODS - Y0/D356 - DAY

909

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

910

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

910

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.

F19 INT. KIRSTEN'S TENT - HABERMAKER'S PARKING LOT - Y20/D1 - ~~FDAY~~

Adult Kirsten sits alone in her tent, staring off in a trance, hard to read, much like the younger version of herself, when Jeevan first found her. August pokes in a head.

AUGUST

Wanna see your knives?

He unrolls the cloth he's holding to reveal several KNIVES of different shape and size. He points one by one--

AUGUST (CONT'D)

I'd say boot, right? For the switchblade?

*

*

Kirsten SNAPS it open, looks at the blade.

*

KIRSTEN

(quoting)

This likes me well.

AUGUST

I'll have Chrys sew the rest in.

*

(then)

*

You okay?

*

KIRSTEN

I'm good.

*

G19 EXT. TENT CITY - HABERMAKER'S PARKING LOT - Y20/D1 - DAY G19 *

Kirsten steps out of her tent and looks around the colorful tent city that's sprung up around her, then turns and sees the Costume Wagon parked nearby. Charlie and Jeremy are there, laughing with a small group of musicians. She watches Jeremy shake hands with Tuba. Thinks a beat. Goes that way.

*

19 EXT. COSTUME WAGON - HABERMAKER'S PARKING LOT - Y20/D1 - 19
CONTINUOUS

Jeremy dotes over Charlie, who sits in a wheelchair with the local Midwife, **KAREN**.

*

*

KAREN

You came to the right town.
Deborah's Vernal spirit guides us
both. You build life. We bridge.

*

Dieter pats Jeremy on the shoulder, looks at Charlie.

DIETER

I hoped we'd get a last performance
with you both, but it wasn't meant
to be.

KIRSTEN

What wasn't?

Charlie looks at Kirsten, who has arrived to hear the end of
this. Dieter silently backs away a bit.

DIETER

I'm gonna go work on casting.

JEREMY

Gonna go check on the...
thing.

They both leave in different directions. The rest clear out
as well, leaving only the two. Kirsten looks at Charlie.

CHARLIE

We're getting off the wheel.

(then)

I didn't want to say anything until
I knew.

KIRSTEN

But everyone else knows.

Charlie sits in the wheelchair, looking up at her.

CHARLIE

I was gonna tell you after.

(then)

Karen thinks a newborn out there on
the road isn't safe?

KIRSTEN

Who's Karen?

CHARLIE

The midwife.

KIRSTEN

What about wolves here? The baby
could get eaten.

CHARLIE

This is why I didn't tell you.

Charlie breathes deep, nods at her, puts up a hand.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Contraction.

Kirsten goes to her.

20 EXT. BACKSTAGE - HABERMAKER'S PARKING LOT - Y20/D1 - DAY 20

Dieter approaches Dan, who's carrying an armload of BACKDROPS and helping out with the grip-work. Gets his attention with a friendly smile, and Dan nods, sets down what he's carrying.

DIETER

Dan. Welcome to the Symphony. We have an emergency. *

DAN

I'm so--

DIETER (CONT'D)

--I'm going to need you to play Queen Gertrude tonight.

Dan turns an off-green white. Dieter holds up a hand. *

DIETER (CONT'D)

Of the seven possible Gertrudes, skill-wise, three are critical musicians for The Conductor's *brilliant* new score. Two refuse to do Hamlet because of Gil-- *

DAN

Who's Gil?

DIETER

I can't get into it. That's a yes? *

DAN

I have to say yes. *

DIETER

Yes. *

21 EXT. HABERMAKER'S PARKING LOT - Y20/D1 - CONTINUOUS 21

Charlie grimaces through another contraction.

CHARLIE

What's happening with Alex? I heard she's with Sayid now.

Kirsten's upset. Charlie sees.

KIRSTEN

Did Jeremy talk you into it? Karen and Jeremy? *

CHARLIE

Jeremy's just in Jeremy's world. *

KIRSTEN
Why I don't date actors.

CHARLIE
You dated me. And Jeremy.

Kirsten doesn't respond.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Hey. Stop.

Kirsten does, crosses her arms. Comes around.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
I want to stay.
(then)
The Symphony's my family. You too.
That doesn't end because I take a
season off.

KIRSTEN
We've never been apart.

CHARLIE
Since Year Three. I know.

KIRSTEN
It would be better for The Symphony
if you came. With the baby.
You're an incredible Gertrude.
Being a mother will only make that
more true. This is a choice.

Charlie's warm smile turns to confusion.

CHARLIE
What?

KIRSTEN
It's selfish.

CHARLIE
I'm starting a family.

KIRSTEN
You just said the Symphony's your
family.

Both seem to realize they've reached the heart of the matter.
Kirsten looks over her shoulder, sees Karen following, giving
them space.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
She can get you there, right? I
should go help.

*

Nothing left to say.

CHARLIE
Break a leg...

KIRSTEN
Deliver a... baby.

*

Kirsten heads off, back toward the wagons...

YOUNG KIRSTEN. (PRE-LAP)
Are you mad at me?

22 OMITTED 22

A22 OMITTED A22

23 OMITTED 23

923 **EXT. WOODS - Y0/D357 - DAY** 923

WE ARE IN THE SNOW AGAIN, IN THE BEFORE, in the middle of the forest. Jeevan stands looking back and forth between his map and his notebook, neither of which he can read. He seems... incredibly irritated.

YOUNG KIRSTEN
Jeevan. 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.

924

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - Y0/D357 - DAY

924

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

Long silence. Walking.

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.
I think he was a DJ.

She turns, starts heading back.

YOUNG KIRSTEN
Big Daddy ate our rabbit.

Jeevan looks at her empty snare.

JEEVAN (PRE-LAP)
I can't stay here for the winter.

925

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

925

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

JEEVAN
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)
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.

She sees that this is indeed him verifying that he did something to her book. She's right.

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.

He did not say goodbye.

24 INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - CHICAGO - Y0/D3 - DAY 24 *

WE ARE BACK IN THE APOCALYPSE, Jeevan pouring a can of SPAGHETTI-Os into a bowl, popping open the microwave, sliding the bowl inside. Still on twitter, shaking his head, not believing what he's seeing.

Frank's at the table, sitting at his laptop, working. Day 3. Jeevan looks harried, sleepless, poorly-shaved. He glances at his brother as he waits for his lunch.

JEEVAN

Some intern's taken over the Fox account. It's... kinda hilarious.

FRANK

You don't need a whole can. It's for her.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

*

FRANK (CONT'D)

We need to ration. We've gone through more in two days than we should in a week.

Jeevan doesn't respond.

FRANK (CONT'D)

We also need to work on ventilation. Because you stink.

Jeevan looks over at the closed door Kirsten disappeared through a couple days ago.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Has she eaten?

Jeevan shakes his head, no. Looks. Then goes over to Kirsten's door and knocks. No sound from inside. He gets down on the floor, sets the noodles down. Jeevan looks back at his brother, unsure. Then gently knocks.

JEEVAN

Kirsten?

25 OMITTED 25

26 OMITTED 26

27 OMITTED

27

28 EXT. CHUCK WAGON - HABERMAKER'S PARKING LOT - Y20/D1 - NIGHT *

Kirsten, in full costume now as Hamlet, stands against a wall like a statue. Someone nearby is hyperventilating. Dan. She's annoyed. Trying to focus. All daylight is gone and we have shifted to a gloomy BLACKNESS. An orange band wraps around her eyes. She stares blankly. Left again. *

JEEVAN (V.O.) *

Kirsten? *

A FLASH now in the apartment, Y0. Abstract, like snow falling. But it's Young Kirsten, shreds of paper falling around her in slow-motion... *

Back in this timeline, Dan breathes heavily, glances at her. We hear Act One, Scene One of *Hamlet* unfolding. *

DAN

I can't go on.

Kirsten puts down her sword, comes over to him. Alexandra walks in, in costume as Ophelia, stands back in the shadows, watching... Dieter, holding his Skull Crown, is nearby too.

DAN (CONT'D)

How can I play Gertrude? I'm not a mom. My mom's... gone. *

KIRSTEN

Have you ever heard of Arthur Leander? From Before?

DAN

I've heard of *The Orion Soldier*. *

KIRSTEN

He gave me my first acting lesson.
(it's easy)
"Don't think too much." *

DAN

That's it? *

KIRSTEN

Just... focus on me. I'm all there is. I'm your son, Hamlet. I just came home. But I'm distant. *

DAN

Because you're sad.

*
*

A quiet moment then as the sentence hangs awkwardly.

*

KIRSTEN

Great. Just... stop thinking.

*
*

This seems to land with Dan, who calms down a bit. Alexandra, still in the shadows, listens carefully. Kirsten notices Alex there, watching her.

Iowa goes by as Kirsten heads toward the stairs, begins to climb. As she does, we HEAR the action onstage--

*

MARCELLUS (CHRYSANTHEMUM) (O.C.)
*Let's do't, I pray; and I this
 morning...*

Kirsten climbs the stairs, rattled by the accumulation of the day's interactions... that little cross, the swimming hole, Charlie's announcement, Alex... We hear Dieter--

DIETER (O.S.)
Heave!

--then the sound of moving and grinding from within the stage. Kirsten knows the sound, is settling into character, trying to focus... TIGHT ON KIRSTEN BEFORE WE HARDCUT TO--

29	OMITTED	29
30	OMITTED	30
31	<u>EXT. STAGES - HABERMAKER'S PARKING LOT - Y20/D1 - LATER</u>	31

WIDE OF THE ENTIRE STAGE, deep into Hamlet's second scene, with Laertes making his case to Claudius about going back to where he wants to be...

LAERTES (AUGUST)
*My thoughts and wishes bend again
 toward France, and bow to them your
 gracious leave and pardon.*

CLAUDIUS (VLAD)
*Have you your father's leave? What
 say, Polonius?*

POLONIUS (TUBA)
*He hath, my lord, wrung from me my
 slow leave...*

Kirsten, above them all, stares out at the crowd. Her eyes tighten when she sees someone in the crowd... David, the father from the watering hole. Looking up at her.

Cody and a girl we'll know as **HALEY BUTTERSCOTCH** beside him.

CLAUDIUS (VLAD)
*But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my
 son--*

Kirsten doesn't miss a beat.

HAMLET (KIRSTEN)
*A little more than kin, and less
 than kind.*

CLAUDIUS (VLAD)
*How is it that the clouds still
 hang on you?*

HAMLET (KIRSTEN)
*Not so, my lord! I am too much i'
 the sun.*

She comes down to their level, approaches Dan. Dan then turns to her. He looks terrified, staring into her eyes.

GERTRUDE (DAN)
*Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted
 colour off, and let thine eye look
 like a friend on Denmark.*

Dan delivers his lines in a crackling, strange falsetto, steeped in a hardcore Cleveland accent, and the crowd, after a brief second absorbing this new voice, laughs with delight.

GERTRUDE (DAN) (CONT'D)
*Do not for ever with thy veiled
 lids seek for thy noble father in
 the dust...*

Kirsten's eyes flicker in the torchlight...

A931

INT. LAURA'S CABIN - SUNROOM - Y0/D358 - DAY

A931

Young Kirsten's eyes flicker, sitting watching a movie VERY LOUDLY in the porch of the cabin, holding her GNARLY KNIFE, testing its edge. Frozen like a statue. She's been alone here for two weeks. **KNOCK KNOCK. KNOCK KNOCK.**

JEEVAN (V.O.)
*Kirsten! Kirsten! What's
 happening in there?*

*
 *
 *
 *

GERTRUDE (DAN) (VO)
*Thou know'st 'tis common; all that
 lives must die, general, universal.
 Passing through nature to eternity.*

32 **INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - SPARE BEDROOM - Y0/D3 - DUSK** 32

A FLASH NOW of Young Kirsten sits crosslegged on the floor, coloring in her HORSES COLORING BOOK, same as she had back in Arthur's dressing room. She's coloring inside the lines.

Across the room, Kirsten's phone buzzes and lights up. She doesn't see a text from "Dad".

33 **EXT. STAGES - HABERMAKER'S PARKING LOT - Y20/D1 - NIGHT** 33

Back to Kirsten on stage, now, as though she did not expect that very subjective flash of a memory to come to her here.

Dan waits. In fact, Kirsten looks, for a beat, a bit like Arthur looked, right before he had a heart attack.

HAMLET (KIRSTEN)
 (quietly)
Ay, Madam. It is common.

She looks out at her audience...

A931pt **INT. LAURA'S CABIN - SUNROOM - Y0/D358 - DAY** A931pt

... And in that cabin, Young Kirsten tilts her head, like she can just barely hear something over the loud sounds of the TV. She flips it off. Listens.

GERTRUDE (DAN))(V.O.)
*If it be, why seems it so
 particularly with thee?*

A33 OMITTED A33

B33 **EXT. STAGES - HABERMAKER'S PARKING LOT - Y20/D1 - NIGHT** B33

Kirsten-as-Hamlet looks out at the audience, tears welling in her eyes.

HAMLET (KIRSTEN)
*"Seems," madam? Nay, it is. I know
 not "seems."*

34 OMITTED 34

35 OMITTED 35

36 OMITTED 36

37 INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - CHICAGO - Y0/D3 - NIGHT 37 *

Jeevan is up on a stepladder, working on some kind of air-ventilation system, as Frank on the floor guides him.

Jeevan suddenly looks at Frank, frowning like they both heard something. They both look over toward Young Kirsten's door. Jeevan hops off the ladder, goes to it, starts knocking. Frank rolls over, concerned. Knocking harder.

JEEVAN
Kirsten? Open the door!

A37 OMITTED

A37

B931 EXT. LAURA'S CABIN - DRIVEWAY - Y0/D358 - DAY

B931

Young Kirsten steps out of the front of the cabin and down the driveway, out to the winding small road out front.

HAMLET (KIRSTEN) (V.O.)
*'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good
 mother, nor customary suits of
 solemn black, nor windy suspiration
 of forced breath...*

Looks south. Looks north. Empty woods. Then sees the motorcycle tracks. Follows them with her eyes.

Then she sees *Station Eleven*, sitting by itself.

Tentatively, she walks toward it.

HAMLET (KIRSTEN) (V.O.)
*Together with all moods, forms,
 shapes of grief... that can denote
 me fully. These indeed "seem".*

There's blood splattered on the cover. She picks it up, hand shaking. Blood smears on the page-tips.

[The text on that page reads: "**I feel this again for the first time.**" The image is one of Dr. Eleven, lying on his back on the Observation Deck. Above him, looking down at him curiously, is Captain Lonagan]

Young Kirsten sucks in a big breath. Looks down the road.

YOUNG KIRSTEN
 JEEEEEEVVVVVAAAAANNNNNNNNNNN!

38 EXT. STAGES - HABERMAKER'S PARKING LOT - Y20/D1 - NIGHT

38

Kirsten stares at Dan, who is crying now, too. She is only part-here, part in that memory, awash in emotion, barely controlling the monologue. Dan is her focal point. She centers on him.

HAMLET (KIRSTEN)

*For they are actions that a man
might play. But I have that within
which passeth show...*

(beat)

*These but the trappings and the
suits of woe.*

The FIRELIGHT flickers against her face as she ends the speech, still on stage, tears welling down her face.

CLAUDIUS (VLAD)

*'Tis sweet and commendable in your
nature, Hamlet, to give these
mourning duties to your father...*

Having controlled whatever swell of emotion just came from... seemingly nowhere, her breathing becoming more calm.

B931pt **EXT. LAURA'S CABIN - DRIVEWAY - Y0/D358 - DAY**

B931pt

Young Kirsten stands, staring down the empty road. No sign of Jeevan. She screams again, holding the book, terrified and alone. As we POP WIDE to a snowy, desolate place, we begin to hear the bright chords of a GUITAR, a group song, a cheerful fiddle...

39 OMITTED

39

40 OMITTED

40

41 **INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - CHICAGO - Y0/D3 - NIGHT**

41

*

Jeevan listens at the door for a second, squints. Silence. Looks at Frank. Starts to reach for the doorknob when. **CLICK.** It unlocks, and Young Kirsten looks back at him.

JEEVAN

We thought we heard... screaming.

As he says it, Jeevan looks back into the room behind her. Kirsten seems to have SHREDDED her coloring book. The papers are ripped and scattered around the room.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

I got weird texts.

She holds out her phone to him, and his eyes light up as he scrambles to take the phone.

Jeevan looks at the phone, a text-chain under the contact "Mom", a long line of unanswered texts from Kirsten and one blue response at the bottom:

"The body of the owner of this phone is located in the morgue at Lakeview Memorial Hospital. Do not come here."

He clicks the second text. From "Dad".

"The body of the owner of this phone is located in the morgue at Lakeview Memorial Hospital. Do not come here."

Jeevan looks back at her blank expression.

JEEVAN

Why don't you come out here with Frank and me?

Frank watches from behind Jeevan. Kirsten looks at him, then looks back up at Jeevan.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

I don't even know how many days it is until Christmas.

Jeevan glances at Frank.

JEEVAN

We have a calendar. We can-- we can figure it out. It's-- it's twelve, no, eleven days away.

(looks at Frank)

Right?

FRANK

Right. Eleven.

Kirsten steps forward, puts her arms around Jeevan's waist, and buries her head in his stomach. Her cries turn to sobs. Jeevan looks over at Frank. Frank just watches.

JEEVAN

It's okay, it's okay. It's okay, honey. I'm so sorry.

Jeevan kneels down and hugs her back, closes his eyes.

YOUNG KIRSTEN

Everyone's dead.

Jeevan tears up now, too. Looks at his brother.

JEEVAN

Not everyone.

A beat longer, and the riff of a *FIDDLE* rises up...

*

A41 OMITTED

A41

B41 OMITTED

B41

C41 OMITTED

C41

D41 OMITTED

D41

42

EXT. BONFIRE - HABERMAKER'S PARKING LOT - Y20/D1 - NIGHT 42

A bright-eyed, spent, deliriously happy post-show Kirsten **BEAMS** with joy as Charlie gently hands the baby over to her and she takes her into her arms.

KIRSTEN

It's a BABYYYYYYYYYYYY!

It's a full-on **BONFIRE AFTERPARTY** out here in the parking lot, by the way. The Symphony has transformed into a hootenanny, with guitars and fiddles and mandolins jamming, whiskey and wine flowing, music a mashup of pop and folk and hiphop all mashed together.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

I'm so glad it's a girl.

CHARLIE

We're thinking *Gloria*.

Kirsten's attention is pulled briefly by Alexandra and David talking near the fire. She looks down at the wrapped, sleeping newborn.

JEREMY

I wanted Gary. Boy or girl.

KIRSTEN

Got Daddy's nose.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Hopefully Mommy's brain.

Kirsten's looking down at the baby, smiling a little sadly now. Charlie watches her. Jeremy goes to hoot and hollering with the band. Very drunk. Kirsten looks up at Charlie.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

I was being selfish.

CHARLIE

Not selfish. Sad. *I'm sad.*

(then)

But this isn't goodbye. You'll come back. I'll be here.

Kirsten looks at her, not totally buying it...

KIRSTEN

But you don't know that.

CHARLIE

I know... whenever someone goes or someone dies... or leaves... I know how hard it is. Kirsten.

Kirsten, looks out and sees David sitting beside Alex, talking.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
I want it to be different for her.

Alex stands up. Kirsten's eyes narrow.

KIRSTEN
I understand.

43

AT THE EDGE OF THE RING

43

A strange man wearing a suit, **MOUNTEBANC** (40s) steps past some people and approaches The Conductor as Alexandra begins helping her off with her costume.

MOUNTEBANC
Excuse me. You seem to be in charge here, correct?

The Conductor glances. He nods toward the WHEEL on the side of the wagon denoting the many cities the Symphony visits.

MOUNTEBANC (CONT'D)
I am an emissary from a community that has until now *never once* revealed its existence to the rest of the world. And I come to you with an invitation. The FIRST invitation.
(he hands her a FORMAL INVITATION CARD, very pleased)
We invite The Traveling Symphony to visit us at The Museum of Civilization.

*
*
*

The Conductor notices a massive, jagged scar across his head. He smiles politely.

ALEXANDRA
What's The Museum of Civilization?

MOUNTEBANC
A place that values human culture. And the past.

Costume off now, The Conductor looks at him for a longer beat, assessing him, reading him.

THE CONDUCTOR
We don't leave the wheel.

She turns and walks away, leaving Mountebanc with Alex, having failed. Alex smiles, shrugs, goes as well.

ALEXANDRA

I like the name of your town.

44

BY THE FIRE

44

Jeremy takes a huge SWIG of whiskey and HOOOTS!

JEREMY

I'm a motherfuckin' *father*!!!!

The Symphony cheers, and Charlie laughs at all the merriment.

A44

OMITTED

A44

45

IN A SLEW OF LAWN-CHAIRS

45

Dieter looks over at Wendy.

WENDY

You were good tonight.

(clarifying)

You're usually... not. I like ghosts.

DIETER

Thanks.

Dieter looks over. Wendy rolls her eyes, drinks, then reaches over and puts a hand on Dieter's knee.

WENDY

Who's in your tent these days?

DIETER

No one.

46

NEAR THE BONFIRE

46

ALEXANDRA

Everyone *everyone everyone*!

Alexandra is up by the flames, now, standing on a crate. Sayid is beside her, holding just a fiddle.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)

Thank you to all of the midwives
and doulas from the birth center.
This is where the wheel begins.

There are cheers in the crowd.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)

Every summer, it's the same. The
Traveling Symphony comes back!
(waits for cheers)
And Kirsten Raymonde brings down
the house!

Kirsten beams, waves to the crowd and all the cheering.

*

47 OMITTED

47

48 NEAR THE BONFIRE

48

ALEXANDRA

(to the crowd)

I met a new friend today, and I
promised him I'd sing a dirge for
his wife. But it's for all of you.
And all the lost.

Sayid raises his bow, begins to play the first melancholy
lines from "A Lyke Wake Dirge". [See APPENDIX 1 for full
lyrics.]. The sound is haunting, warbling.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)

(singing)

*This ae neet, this ae neet,
Every neet and all...*

A48 EXT. A BONFIRE - HABERMAKER'S PARKING LOT - Y20/D1 - LATER 48

In the lawn chairs, Wendy's head has now come to rest on
Dieter's shoulder, and he puts his arm around her. She's
crying as she listens to Alex sing.

B48 ON A NEARBY LOG

B48

As Alexandra sings, Kirsten picks her way around the fire,
heading toward David, who sits alone on a log. She slowly
makes her way through the crowd and sits beside him. He
glances, nods at her.

DAVID
You were incredible.

KIRSTEN
Not really. But thank you.

He stares at her.

DAVID
You're *charged* with Day Zero pain.
It's like you never left.

A *CLINK* sound draws her attention. She sees he's got a GOLDEN ZIPPO out, is clinking it open and closed.

KIRSTEN
Chicken of the Woods don't grow up north. You don't have your crutch anymore. Your accent keeps drifting. And... you're creepy.

He hears the danger in her voice.

DAVID
It's important that Cody and I join the Traveling Symphony. We won't be with you long.

David opens his mouth to speak, but before he can, Kirsten pulls out her *GNARLY KNIFE*. Presses it to his throat.

KIRSTEN
That's not possible.

He glances at the blade, and her, frozen by it. But continues on as though there's no knife:

DAVID
Then your friends are going to start to disappear. First... Alex. The Conductor, maybe? Sayid. Charlie and Jeremy... they're staying with the baby, but who--

David *GROANS*, his eyes suddenly *BULGE*. That's because Kirsten has *stabbed her SWITCHBLADE into his stomach*.

KIRSTEN
No.

He is stunned, mortally wounded, and he slides backwards off the log, onto the ground behind it. Kirsten lets him slide off her knife, puts it away. She stands, looks out at the party. No one has noticed.

She lingers, watching him. Glances back at Alex, still singing. Looks back.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
Where did you hear that line?
(impatient)
"To the monsters, we're the
monsters."

David, lying on his back, stares up at the stars, shocked, eyes wide.

DAVID
The Prophecy. *

Kirsten watches him a beat. She walks away. Alone on the ground, David mouths the first few lines of "The Prophecy"... *

DAVID (CONT'D) *
I'm glad I found you when I did. *

49 **INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - Y0/D4 - NIGHT** 49

FRANK CHAUDHARY stands alone in the kitchen of the apartment in Y0, attaching the last of the post-its of his rationing system to the cabinet. He steps back. Nice and orderly. Has a moment alone, then a thought. Glances at slightly-open door of the Utility Closet....

A49 **INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - UTILITY CLOSET - Y0/D4 - NIGHT** A49

And finds that Kirsten's in a small closet, just big enough for her. This is the Kirsten we know from 101, innocent, inviting. She smiles at Frank.

She clicks on the light, looks up, and he gives her a little smile. She's on the ground with *Station Eleven* in her lap.

FRANK
What's that?

YOUNG KIRSTEN
A book. Arthur Leander gave it to me.

Frank comes closer, sits next to her. Looks at the first page, which she's looking at. DR. ELEVEN just floats alone in space. Frank reads the caption:

FRANK
"I remember damage."

Frank's a few pages in, looking at Dr. Eleven, still floating in space, staring in awe at the majesty of Station Eleven, the back of his helmet foregrounded against a spherical space station.

50	OMITTED	50
51	OMITTED	51
52	OMITTED	52

A52 **EXT. BEACH - ST. DEBORAH BY-THE-WATER - Y20/D2 - DAWN** A52

Party's over. Dawn. ON KIRSTEN, remembering, coming out of a tent. We see it unzip, she is naked inside, we see S asleep and akimbo inside, too. Kirsten wraps a blanket around herself and steps out of the tent...

FRANK (V.O.)
"Then escape."

She walks across the beach toward where she stabbed David to check the body.

And finds... no body. Sees blood, follows it a few beats, where it eventually disappears. She looks up, around... David is gone. She did not kill him.

And he's out there. Somewhere.

B953 **EXT. WILDERNESS - Y1/D12 - DAY** B953

FERAL KIRSTEN walks away from the frame, deeper into the wilderness.

FRANK (V.O.)
"Then I found it again. My home."

Heading toward the smaller blue dot that is Dr. Eleven, deeper into the wild.

B52 **EXT. BEACH - ST. DEBORAH BY-THE-WATER - Y20/D2 - DAWN** B52

Back in Year Twenty, Kirsten sees Haley Butterscotch staring at her from down the ravine. Kirsten watches her curiously.

Another feral little girl. Another ratty-haired orphan. Kirsten watches her. Haley watches back.

FRANK (V.O.)
"My home."

After a beat, Haley turns and runs. Off Kirsten, looking out at the sea of the lake... *

*

53 OMITTED

53