

Coincidence

By

Gerasimos Rozis

33 Iou Street  
26335 Patras, Greece  
+306932482829  
mrozis@gmail.com

FADE IN:

INT. WASHINGTON - KENNEWICK - KAMIAKIN HIGH SCHOOL - LOCKER ROOM - REALITY 0 - NIGHT

High school GIRLS in soccer outfits, nervous faces, the variety of their skin and hair color makes rainbows blush, they stand stoic in front of their lockers.

Everyone is extremely tense, thinking private thoughts. This is one of those more praying than talking moments.

Coach CARTER (40s), whatever she lacks in stature she makes up for it in confidence, storms inside, draws her players' attention. She positions herself at the middle, takes her moment. She looks determined, maybe angry.

She moves left and right, she's unable to control her emotions, especially her rage.

Carter nods the girls to form a circle around her.

The girls respond. This is a closed circle, arms around, heads are lowered.

Carter, strong and resolute, screams her guts out.

CARTER

OK girls, listen up! Twenty thousand people out there didn't come here today to see some random chicks with sexy butts playing soccer, they came to see you. Every single one of them is praying to God right now, to put your foot down and do what you need to do to win.

None of the girls spares a single blink.

CARTER

In three minutes, two teams will enter the stadium, but only one will come up victorious. Do you believe that anyone will remember tomorrow who lost? None! But they will remember who won.

Carter pauses, her face becomes angrier by the moment.

(CONTINUED)

CARTER

Look into my eyes. All of you, look at me!

The girls establish eye contact with their coach.

CARTER

I don't care if you're sick or tired. I don't care if your boyfriend doesn't love you anymore. I don't care if you're thinking anything else right now, other than those twenty thousand people out there. Love, anger, fear, past memories.. These are the deficiencies of men and they can only make you weak. What I'm asking of you, is to shut them down for ninety minutes.

Carter takes a deep breath.

CARTER

Those people are here to support you and at the very least they expect you to give everything, to the last bit of your strength. If you lose this today, you can always go home afterward and your fathers will say, "*it's OK, it doesn't matter*", but truth is, it fucking does, unless you give everything. They will always be there for you, but you won't make them proud unless you show them that you can bleed, brave pain, don't cry and just carry on.

Carter's eyes move from one girl to another.

CARTER

I want you to run, until you can't walk anymore. Tackle, until you can't get back up. Fight for every ball. If someone checks you, you retaliate, you force them down! I want your fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters watch you kill someone tonight, because this is war for us. Never forget, this is your dream, you are born to do this.

Carter's eyes dart left and right.

(CONTINUED)

CARTER

So, are you going to lose this, and  
go back home and tell your families  
you did your best but still lost  
it?

Girls explode.

GIRLS

No coach!

CARTER

Are you going to win this?

GIRLS

Yes coach!

CARTER

Now, get out there and make your  
parents proud. Make me proud!

Carter, strong and resolute hammers away, the girls jump  
left and right in excitement, even rage. They follow Carter.

EXT. WASHINGTON - KENNEWICK - KAMIAKIN HIGH SCHOOL - SOCCER  
STADIUM - REALITY #0 - DAY

Stands are full. Nothing too exciting to talk about. A  
peaceful CROWD, all ages, like another day at the church.

SERIES OF SHOTS

-- A monstrous TV panel. Shots from the stands.

-- A line of CHEERLEADERS, doing their stuff.

-- Eleven players are out. A casual warm up. It's not  
Carter's girls. It's the RIVALS.

-- The college's MARCHING BAND takes position in the middle  
of the stadium.

TO THE TUNNEL ENTRANCE

Carter's girls, stoically walk through this claustrophobic  
tunnel, anxious to face their destiny.

TO THE BAND

These guys perform like pros. It's their time to shine.

The sound of their music is linked to the stadium's sound  
system. A heavy metal song BLASTS the speakers.

(CONTINUED)

## TO THE STANDS

From peace to hell in less than a second; this doesn't look like a soccer match anymore, but an epic music concert.

The crowd goes up and down, left and right. Every single one of them jumps up to the rhythm.

The vast majority of the people sing along.

## TO THE MIDDLE OF THE FOOTBALL PITCH

Sock and awe; a few too many grimaces dominate the faces of the rivals. Some will say that they already lost this game, before it even starts.

## TO THE SKY

Colorful fireworks light up the night sky. Yeah, this is one of those "*exit night, enter light*" type of moments.

## TO THE TUNNEL ENTRANCE

The whole stadium staggers to the rhythm. Literally.

The music hits the crescendo..

All lined up, Carter's team rushes out of the tunnel.

Determined, the girls sprint to their arena.

All but one, who stands motionless at the tunnel exit. We don't see her face, but the jersey's number on her back beneath her highlighted longhair. She's NUMBER EIGHTEEN. She looks like daydreaming, but her hand tremor suggests something else; nervousness, even fear.

## EXT. WASHINGTON - SOME BEACH - REALITY #1 - DAY

MOTION -- flat out. It's us, we're running. Stumbling and breathing heavily.

We're MIKAYLA HUNTER (19), french braid hairstyle lashing down her large backpack, used as an endurance accessory, tiny shorts revealing her powerful legs, headphones on, and we're running on the never-ending sandy beach..

The cool water laps at Mikayla's feet while her lips swing to the rhythm of her favorite metal song.

Deserted, the coastline is her personal playground.

(CONTINUED)

Her stone cold face says everything you need to know about her. No stress, no pain, no nothing. She's like a cyborg, unaware of tiredness or exhaustion. Yet, some will say this is just stubbornness.

Her quadriceps work overtime.

TO THE OCEAN

A huge wave appears out of nowhere.

Rises uncontrollably.

The ocean BULGES!

TO MIKAYLA

The sound of the sea becomes terror, draws her attention. Mikayla removes her headphones.

Mikayla's legs take a break. Running mode is off.

She gazes at the huge wave.

Her face, once peaceful, now terrified.

With a swift move, she releases her backpack that crashes down to the sand. It was filled with rocks.

She sprints away, far from the water, fatigue and anxiety dominate her. She runs for dear life.

TO THE OCEAN

The wave runs faster than Mikayla, closes the distance.

TO MIKAYLA

Mikayla's eyes dart back and forth between the endless coast and the raging incoming wave.

The wave is so close.

Mikayla looks helpless, runs out of time..

The beach is not sandy anymore. It's full of rocks. The more she runs away from the water, the greater the rocks' size.

Mikayla's legs are the first to fail her.

She stumbles.

Collapses.

(CONTINUED)

Her leg is a bloody mess. She doesn't seem to acknowledge pain however, the danger of the incoming wave is far more threatening than her leg's injury.

She shuts her eyes, surrenders to her fate.

Before the water devours Mikayla, her ears catch some..

EXT. WASHINGTON - KENNEWICK - KAMIAKIN HIGH SCHOOL - REALITY #2 - DAY

SCREAMS. Girls' cheerful screams. Happy and unconcerned, this is a casual soccer training session. Some of them run right and left, a few others do some drills with the balls.

Girls have so much fun, that some of them even laugh.

Carter, hands behind her back, relaxed, supervises everything. She looks pleased, confident.

Some tactics drill; a group of FOUR GIRLS on the offensive, run at full throttle.

Jersey number eighteen, Mikayla, eyes wide shut, stands like a statue to the far left, looks lost in thought. She is not part of the four girls attacking drill. Or is she?

Carter screams her guts out.

CARTER  
Mik! Wake up!

Mikayla snaps out of her oblivion, explodes forward.

A long pass, target is Mikayla.

She receives the ball, controls it expertly.

Head to head with the goalkeeper, scoring looks like an easy task for her.

She takes the shot, that's a powerful shot.

Misses by a few inches.

Mikayla bursts into raging screams, she can't handle failure. Sweating like a pig, she is the only player on the football pitch that takes training too seriously.

Her temper is nothing new to her teammates. No matter her stunning look, she is a girl you don't want to mess with. A soft touch on the back by one of her teammates; Mikayla pays no attention to it.

(CONTINUED)

She sprints back to the defense.

Carter eyes Mikayla. Closes the distance.

CARTER

Mik!

Mikayla trades looks with Carter.

CARTER

Calm down. Take it slow!

Mikayla doesn't look impressed.

Same drill. Restarts.

Another four-girl attacking combo. Mikayla, to the far left, sprints down the line, raises arm, she asks for the ball.

Another stunning long pass, ball lands in front of her.

Mikayla anchors the ball to the ground with ease, again.

TWO DEFENDERS shut her path.

Mikayla artfully dribbles the first one.

The second defender wastes no time. She charges against Mikayla, a power slide and a tackle follows.

Mikayla tips the ball over the defender like a juggler, her body tries the outside route.

The ball gets through; Mikayla does not!

The tackle is brutal, the defender's football boot studs become one with Mikayla's right knee.

Mikayla crash lands, her head slams to the ground brutally. No one can tell if her leg injury is worse than her head's. She is unconscious.

Carter is shocked, just like everyone else in and out the football pitch.

Medical staff is on the run; a trio of DOCTORS, highly concerned, spares no time, bolts toward Mikayla.



INT. SWITZERLAND - CERN - HELEN'S OFFICE - REALITY #3 - DAY

The only thing not gray in there is the single floor-to-ceiling window, facing some really dense vegetation outside. The absence of anything colorful is stunning.

In a state of half organized clutter, a tiny desk strives under the weight of the papers stacked on it; a dozen of pencils, their sole companion.

The walls are infested with various diplomas, awards and trophies. Two words dominate them; *physics* and *Helen Mands*.

Air conditioner blasts at medium; pinned below it around a circle, three pictures, each one contains a single word, perfectly placed around an empty picture frame, which suggests that the latter is meant for her most important trophy, still missing her collection. The words are *pioneer*, *woman*, *fame*.

HELEN MANDS (30s), a plain-faced girl with a haunted expression, men's black suit that matches the color of her skin under a white laboratory robe, stands motionless at the middle of the room, stares at the pictures with the three words. Or is it the blank space in between?

Her gaze turns cold, her voice sounds absolute.

HELEN  
(whispers)  
A few more days and you will be  
mine!

Helen looks satisfied, lowers head, checks her wrist watch.

She moves next to the window.

EXT. SWITZERLAND - CERN - REALITY #3 - DAY

Another day at work. SCIENTISTS pour left and right on the tiny streets of the village around Cern.

A BICYCLIST (30s) draws her attention. He looks in a hurry, like he races with might and main.

The pedestrians part the seas for the bicyclist to get through. All but one; a very young TOMBOY (14), black curly hair stuffed under her soccer cap, no more than ten years old, who's unaware of the incoming danger.

INT/EXT. SWITZERLAND - CERN - HELEN'S OFFICE - REALITY #3 - DAY

Helen watches everything, senses the danger. Remains motionless though, she doesn't seem to care.

The bicyclist hits the brakes.

Too late.

He falls to the ground, the falling bicycle crashes the tomboy's leg.

Helen's eyes are locked on the tomboy, who screams in pain.

Helen shakes her head.

HELEN  
(mumbles)  
So weak, so fragile. So pathetic.

The tomboy's bloodcurdling screams cease abruptly, just if someone pulled the plug on a stereo system.

The tomboy shoots a devilish look at Helen; this is not a look of someone in pain, but instead a warning one.

There is no way the tomboy can see Helen directly, but her sparkling eyes meet Helen's nevertheless.

Helen is shocked, maybe scared a bit.

EXT. WASHINGTON - YAKIMA RIVER - REALITY #4 - DAY

Early morning.

The river passes through the jungle and opaque.

Four COUPLES around twenties, bathing suits, get ready to taste danger.

They hug and kiss, prepare to get wet.

A long rocky river bank, just for their pleasure.

The FEMALES look hesitant. MALES do not.

First two, stare at the river. Deep breaths follow. They trade looks. They can do this!

They dive into the green waters.

Screams of excitement, joy.

(CONTINUED)

## TO THE DISTANCE

A pair of wet sneakers strives under the weight and speed of the muscular calves wearing them. They're short, full of scars, still the calves of a sprinter. They belong to..

A younger version of Mikayla, somewhere around fourteen years old, tiny shorts and a soccer jersey, number eighteen on her back, does some push-ups.

She stands up, sprints in and out the waters.

A set of sit-ups.

Back to running in and out of the waters.

It looks that her training drill has a pattern; strength exercises, endurance.

Her training pace is high.

## TO THE COUPLES

One of the males, EVAN (18), cocky and handsome, spots her. Yes, this guy is the leader of the pack.

He mumbles to FEMALE #1 next to him.

EVAN

Look at that crazy kid.

FEMALE #1

Where did she come from?

## TO THE DISTANCE

Mikayla gets closer. She is completely focused to her training, doesn't look like she has seen any of them.

## TO THE COUPLES

FEMALE #2, steps in.

FEMALE #2

I know her. She wants to be a football player or something.

EVAN

She wants what? This is not Europe baby, only a loser would train to be a soccer star.

(CONTINUED)

FEMALE #1  
(sarcastic)  
And this is how you keep boyfriends  
away.

EVAN  
Or you bring girls closer!

MALE #2, build of a former athlete, comes out of the water,  
eyes Mikayla, stands in her way.

MALE #2  
(yells)  
Eh! Short legs!

Mikayla eyes Male #2, she is not impressed by his size. She  
goes on with her drill.

MALE #2  
Eh, you, this is our spot. Get the  
fuck off!

FEMALE #1  
(to Male #2)  
Come on, leave her alone.

Mikayla is just a few feet away.

Male #2 lowers his knees, like an American football player  
gets to the defensive, looks ready to block her.

Mikayla ups her pace, loves the challenge.

Non-existent adrenaline, she rushes toward Male #2. Her face  
is confident, determined.

They're so close.

Male #2 extends his arms, dives for the block.

Mikayla fakes a left move, performs a body-spinning dribble;  
Male #2 falls to the ground, Mikayla gets past him.

Everyone looks stunned. Girls laugh at their fallen friend.

Mikayla pauses a few meters away the couples.

Turns, shoots a look toward the others. Shakes her head.

That look, so much sarcasm.

Evan is fascinated by Mikayla, perhaps in love..

(CONTINUED)

EVAN

That girl..

FEMALE #2

My sentiments exactly. Now catch  
her if you can!

Mikayla turns, restarts her running drill.

An unlucky moment, her leg dives deep into the rocky  
surface, she stumbles, crashes to the ground. Mikayla is  
hurt, grabs her knee, rubs it violently.

MALE #2

Idiot!

FEMALE #1

(to Evan)

She's hurt! Go and help her!

Boys look unwilling to help Mikayla.

EVAN

No one moves.

FEMALE #1

Really? Come on, give her a hand!

EVAN

I said no. She deserved it!

No matter the tenderness of her age, Mikayla displays no  
sign of pain or similar emotions. Like she doesn't care  
about her injury, she keeps her eyes on the boys..

INT. SWITZERLAND - CERN - HELEN'S OFFICE - REALITY #3 - DAY

A knock on the door!

Helen turns abruptly.

HELEN

I said I don't want to be  
disturbed!

Nothing, no answer.

Another knock.

Helen bolts to the door, SLAMS it wide open. No matter the  
old age of the man in front of her, Helen pays no respect to  
the crazy Asian scientist who dares to bother her.

(CONTINUED)

Meet Dr STEVENSON (60s), a man whose incomparable scientific wisdom and skillset can be surpassed only by his cocky manners and his killer punch-lines.

STEVENSON

Sorry to bother you boss, but we had to shut it down.

HELEN

What happened? Who ordered the shutdown?

STEVENSON

It was a mechanical failure. Two of the magnets surpassed the temperature threshold. Director ordered the shutdown.

Helen's eyes dart left and right. She's angry.

A piece of paper in Stevenson's palm, changes hands. Helen wastes no time, reads it. She is more desperate than angry.

STEVENSON

Don't worry Doctor. Safety systems performed as expected, no one was put at risk.

HELEN

What the hell are you talking about? Risk is part of your job! I don't care if any of you.. dies, as long as the machine works!

Stevenson is stunned. However he seems to acknowledge both her attitude and her authority.

MALE

There was a large helium leak..

HELEN

Five quadrupoles and twenty four dipoles from three subsectors? And you turned it off for just two kelvins?

Helen squeezes the paper into her fist, turns towards her trophy wall. Mumbles.

HELEN

How can I get a freaking Nobel with so many cowards surrounding me?

Stevenson grows a pair of balls.

(CONTINUED)

MALE

Last time I checked, that prize is awarded for outstanding contribution for humanity in physics. If that quench wasn't stopped too early, what humanity there would be left, to grant you one?

Helen chokes back her frustration. A single nod..

Stevenson walks away, shuts the door behind.

Helen gets next to her trophies' wall. Gazes at her favorite three pictures.

Hands rise, fingers rub her forehead. Some kind of a self-concentration ritual. Shuts her eyes.

HELEN

(Mumbles)

I'll get you one day.

Again. Angrier. Faster.

HELEN

You will be mine. Mine. Mine!

INT. WASHINGTON - SEATTLE - SHRINK'S OFFICE - REALITY #1 - NIGHT

Helen the shrink sits deep in her leather throne, a pen and a workbook on her lap standby for work.

Helen stares at Mikayla's dark curly hair, its color matches the sofa's.

Mikayla, her back turned to Helen, doesn't seem to care.

HELEN

Let's talk about your dream.

That sounds intriguing. Mikayla turns, her huge sunglasses cover half of her face.

MIKAYLA

Again?

HELEN

This is what interests me the most.

(CONTINUED)

MIKAYLA

I have told you everything. A few too many times.

Helen checks her notes.

HELEN

Again. Story sounds different to me every time I hear it.

MIKAYLA

Check your notes doctor. They don't do mistakes like yourself.

Helen is no ordinary psychologist. There goes her calm voice, let the one hell-of-an-attitude-standoff begin.

HELEN

A mistake, is you, thinking that you'll survive these wonderful chats of ours if you keep that attitude. Don't be delusional, you can't get rid of me. Long story short, you're stuck with me.

MIKAYLA

Calm down bitch.

HELEN

No, I will not.

Mikayla stretches her body.

MIKAYLA

Damn girl, I thought all shrinks were trained to say *'yes you're right about this, you're right about that'..*

HELEN

Indeed. But I'm different than the other shrinks. I'm the best but also the craziest of them all, plus I'm a bitch indeed. And kids like yourself, sometimes, make the best of me come out and play. And if you actually want to get rid of this part of me, let's talk again about your dream.

Mikayla looks convinced. Grabs her sunglasses..

(CONTINUED)



HELEN

No need, you can leave them on.  
This time.

Mikayla finds herself the most comfortable position on the sofa. Her voice relaxes.

MIKAYLA

Nine am. Every single morning. I'm  
running. On the beach.

HELEN

Why nine am?

MIKAYLA

Nine thirty we start training, so  
training thirty minutes more than  
the others, means thirty minutes  
better.

Helen takes notes.

HELEN

What do you mean by that?

MIKAYLA

If I want be the best, I have to  
train harder than the rest. Some  
girls may possess greater talent  
than me, so I compensate my talent  
deficiency with more training.

HELEN

Everyone says that you're the most  
talented player in the state.

MIKAYLA

Exactly, that's the problem. There  
will always be someone more  
talented around the country, or the  
world.

More notes.

HELEN

Let's skip that part, what's  
happening in the dream?

MIKAYLA

Well, I'm running, my backpack is  
on, sneakers, shorts and my jersey  
is always the same, everything  
stays the same. Every time. I run

(CONTINUED)

MIKAYLA  
next to the water, and the water is  
so peaceful..

Mikayla takes a deep breath.

MIKAYLA  
All of a sudden, I don't know how,  
but a huge wave is after me. And I  
find myself running away.

HELEN  
A wave out of nowhere, like a  
tsunami?

MIKAYLA  
A single wave, the height of a  
skyscraper. That's no tsunami.

HELEN  
And you sprint away, with all that  
weight on your back?

MIKAYLA  
No. I drop my backpack. I stand no  
chance with all that extra twenty  
kilos on my back.

HELEN  
And then, the wave gets to you?

MIKAYLA  
Yes, I fucking drown myself.

Helen checks her notes.

HELEN  
Are you alone around there? No one  
else is close enough to help you?

MIKAYLA  
None.

HELEN  
Do you actually see yourself  
drowning, you see yourself not  
being able to breathe?

MIKAYLA  
No.

( CONTINUED )

HELEN

You wake up just after that?

MIKAYLA

I wake up just before I run out of breath and usually just after my leg breaks.

Helen leans back to her chair, takes her time.

HELEN

So, let me get this straight. The wave crashes your leg before it drowns you?

MIKAYLA

No, it's not the wave. It's some obstacle. Some rock down there.

Helen checks her notes.

HELEN

Rocks? I thought it was a sandy beach..

MIKAYLA

Sand turns to rocks the more I move away from the water.

HELEN

OK. So your leg twists.. Sorry, cracks, and then you give up!

MIKAYLA

I never give up. I just can't fucking run anymore with a broken leg.

There goes Helen's authoritative attitude, gets back to her happy, pleasant face.

HELEN

You see, that wasn't so hard. I can file a nice report for you now.

MIKAYLA

That means I'm free to go?

HELEN

Yes. We're done. For today.

Mikayla springs up with a jolt, walks away.

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

I'm curious, is it the same leg,  
every time? Same injury?

MIKAYLA

Right leg, knee.

Helen shakes her head, back to her notes.

Mikayla grimaces, sorrow dominates her. She walks away.

INT. WASHINGTON - WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY - LECTURE HALL -  
REALITY #5 - DAY

A huge auditorium. Really huge. Packed with students, eager  
to meet their new professor.

Everyone sits. Laptops, the students' sole accessory.

A WOMAN walks down the stairs, black leather suitcase in  
hand. Putin type of walk. Alpha female. Black suit,  
unimpressed. It's Helen, the professor.

Deafening silence.

Helen gets at the lectern, rests her suitcase to the floor.

She gazes at her audience. Among the students, she spots  
some elder people. Suits all of them.

Expressionless, she awaits..

A YOUNG STUDENT (25) rises, gets next to her. Hands her a  
tiny piece of paper, looks like a post-it note. He rushes  
back to his seat.

Helen looks blankly at the note.

HELEN

Two hundred and twenty two. That's  
thirteen more than last week. So I  
will say this one more, just in  
case your classmates didn't tell  
you.

She takes a step forward. Her face, dead serious.

HELEN

I don't care who you are, or what's  
your scientific background. I don't  
care what's your name, you're just  
a number to me, the number of your

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

seat. This is why you never change it, even if the guy next to you is ugly or forgot to take a shower.

Eyes dart left and right, students check each other out.

HELEN

I don't like cellphones, so kill them now.

Hesitant at first, some students turn their cellphones off. You can use your laptop, but I hate being interrupted that means if anyone wishes to listen to a song or watch a porn-video, leave now.

Some GROANING from the audience dies immediately.

A gigantic projector screen rolls down at the back.

HELEN

This is not a debate lecture. If you have questions, read my notes, everything you need is in there. If you don't understand anything within my notes, then you're just too stupid and you will fail anyway, so just don't bother asking.

Various mathematical symbols and equations rock the screen.

HELEN

This class is optional and the hardest one to pass. So now you know, you still have the chance to walk away. If you want, please do it now and save yourselves from the homework. And do it silently.

Helen checks to see if anyone goes for the exit.

None.

HELEN

This is not philosophy and I don't believe in God. So, for those who may think what a bitch I am, my answer to you, is that your word means nothing to me. Unless you have a Nobel prize too in your closet like myself.

(CONTINUED)

Can't really tell if the audience is mute or really afraid of her.

HELEN

Perfect. Let's begin.

Helen changes tone and manner. Passionate, inspiring, friendly. A completely different person.

HELEN

The many-worlds theory is the most straightforward approach to understand quantum mechanics. It accepts the reality of the wave function. In fact, it says that there is one wave function, and only one, for the entire Universe. It further states that when an event happens in our world, the other possibilities contained in the wave function do not go away. Instead, new worlds are created, in which each possibility is a reality.

On the projector screen, a single title: *'the courageous approach in quantum mechanics'*.

HELEN

For those of you that look puzzled about these extra worlds, don't you worry. We can't really see them, plus if the multiverse theory is true we won't notice the difference. The many other worlds, which are probably infinite, are parallel to our own, but so hidden, than they might as well be populated by ghosts, or best case scenario, by insubstantial projections of yourselves. Or spirits. Or whatever.

The audience looks fascinated, even fretful. Helen's words sound so deep and inspiring.

HELEN

This theory is truly attractive to physicists because it explains many puzzles of quantum mechanics. Think of it for a moment, black holes emit radiation. Conundrums. Can you explain it in any other way?

(CONTINUED)

A short pause.

HELEN

What do you think..

Helen moves next to her desk, eyes her notebook.

HELEN

So what do you think reality is,  
number hundred and two?

A BUZZ out of nowhere. The audience looks around for the 'lucky' student number hundred and two. Murmurs and gentle laughs follow.

Hesitant at first, even scared, Stevenson, geek beyond compare, not young at all for a student, responds.

STEVENSON

Reality is whatever a scientific  
theory says it is.

HELEN

So if the multiverse theory is  
false, you're actually implying  
that the rest of us live through a  
less fundamental reality?

Stevenson is out of words, looks left and right for some piece of advice, no one gives him one.

That's fine, he doesn't need any help.

STEVENSON

What I'm trying to say, is that  
with our current technology, we are  
limited to observations within this  
universe because the universe is  
curved and we are inside the  
fishbowl, unable to see the outside  
of it. And this is our reality. The  
dominant reality. However, outside  
the fishbowl, the chance for  
infinite universes, bubble  
universes, daughter universes,  
mathematical or parallel, and  
limiting our variables to a flat  
space-time shape, there has to be  
something more out there.

A smirk escapes Helen's face. That's a first!

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

My first class wasn't so boring  
after all, was it?

A sign of relief, Stevenson feels like the King in there,  
even for a single moment.

HELEN

Number sixty, if the theory of  
space-time being flat stands, the  
number of possible particle  
configurations in multiple parallel  
universes would be limited to how  
many distinct possibilities?

Another moment of silence. That's a killer question.

STUDENT ONE (23) rises, she doesn't know the answer.

STUDENT ONE

I'm sorry, I don't know.

HELEN

That means you weren't paying  
attention last week. It's ten times  
to the tenth, raised to the power  
of one hundred and twenty two. And  
never stand up again.

Student One dives deep in her chair.

INT. WASHINGTON - SEATTLE HOSPITAL - REALITY #2 - NIGHT

The door to room number eighteen is wide open.

A single hospital bed, Mikayla in it. Silent, peaceful.

Carter sits next to the injured Mikayla.

Mikayla's eyelids try hard to open. They succeed.

Carter explodes upwards, grabs her hand.

CARTER

How are you feeling pretty eyes?

Mikayla mumbles.

MIKAYLA

What happened?

(CONTINUED)



CARTER

You got tackled sweetheart. And you crashed your head. A tiny concussion. Nothing too serious.

Mikayla, back to her senses, stares at her leg. The plaster cast around her knee brings her to tears.

MIKAYLA

Is it broken?

Carter chokes back her frustration.

CARTER

No, it's just a small crack. It's nothing, in twenty days or so you'll be back training.

MIKAYLA

It was my fault, wasn't it?

CARTER

It was no one's fault. You were just unlucky.

MIKAYLA

You told me to relax, I gave everything. It was my fault coach. My fault.

CARTER

It doesn't matter. No matter how many times you fall, you will get back up Mik. You have to.

Carter takes a deep breath. Chooses her next words careful.

CARTER

You're the best Mik, and the best do not lower gears. Even in training. Never forget that, no matter what everyone else says. You're born to be the best, and you'll succeed, no matter who will try and tackle you in life, I'm dead certain about this.

Mikayla turns her back to Carter.

MIKAYLA

Please don't tell my parents.

(CONTINUED)

CARTER

Not your parents, nor the press. I  
give you my word. Now rest.

Mikayla shuts her eyes.

INT. SWITZERLAND - CERN - CONTROL ROOM - REALITY #3 - DAY

Equipped with world's greatest brains, dressed in lab robes,  
tens of concerned faces stare at the monitors around.

Helen and Stevenson have a vivid chat.

STEVENSON

I don't like this.

HELEN

Patience is a virtue.

STEVENSON

Operating at thirteen  
teraelectronvolts, you're sure  
we're not playing God here?

HELEN

We run the simulation a hundred  
times. This time, it will work. Or  
at least, it will worth the chance.

STEVENSON

(mumbles)

A chance for our soulless bodies to  
go ballistic.

A BUZZING increasing sound. The room staggers. Looks like a  
small earthquake.

HELEN

(shouts)

Check the temperature threshold.  
Double check fail-safes.

A YOUNG SCIENTIST (30s) checks his computer, rocks his  
keyboard.

YOUNG SCIENTIST

Everything looks normal Doctor,  
standing by.

Tension grows. So does the earthquake.

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG SCIENTIST  
(concerned)  
Energy consumption remains flat.  
Major thermal spikes in sector  
three.

Helen and Stevenson trade worried looks.

HELEN  
Stand by to shut it down.

An OLDER SCIENTIST (50s) at the back, screams his guts out.

OLDER SCIENTIST  
Doctor! Check the signal strength  
at hundred and twenty five GeVs!  
Mass charts! Now!

All of a sudden, all computers are on fire. Mathematical  
diagrams dominate the screens left and right.

Helen and Stevenson stare at one of them.

YOUNG SCIENTIST  
Doctor! Reading full reds!  
Everywhere!

Helen's eyes dart left and right, looks much more excited  
than scared.

HELEN  
I need confirmation.

YOUNG SCIENTIST  
Doctor, we're in the danger zone.  
We'll lose everything!

HELEN  
I need confirmation! Now!

Stevenson, over a computer, gazes at the screen which is  
filled with programming code. A number FLASHES; 125!

STEVENSON  
Hundred and twenty five! I confirm!

OLDER SCIENTIST  
Double checked, I confirm too!

Helen, enraged..

(CONTINUED)

HELEN  
Shut it down! Now!

Various switches toggle up and down.

The buzzing sound fades away, fear retreats.

No one dares to speak a single word. Everyone eyes Helen.

Helen beelines for Stevenson, she checks the numbers on his monitor. Marvels!

Arms explode upwards. RAGING screams of success follow.

HELEN  
I told you so! I did it!

Everyone in the room marvels. Time for uncontrollable CLAPPING and hugging. Winners, all of them.

Stevenson is the only one not sharing their enthusiasm.

Behind a computer, types in various commands.

His face turns serious.

No one looks at him. No one seems to care.

STEVENSON  
(mumbles)  
Doctor!

Helen, lost in thought and hugs, can't hear him.

STEVENSON  
(louder)  
Doctor!

Nothing.

STEVENSON  
(screams)  
Helen fucking Mands!

That was enough to kill all the joy. It's obvious, no one calls Helen like this.

Stevenson draws Helen's attention.

Stevenson eyes Helen, their eyes meet. Stares of shock.

(CONTINUED)

STEVENSON  
What have we done?

EXT. WASHINGTON - KENNEWICK - KAMIAKIN HIGH SCHOOL - REALITY  
#6 - DAY

A soccer match.

The stands are half full.

In game, pace looks high. This is unquestionably not a friendly match.

Mikayla, on the pitch, to the far left, super-active as always. Sprinting up and down like a maniac.

Carter shouts orders left and right. Face so serious.

Helen, a players' agent, fancy red dress, beelines for Carter. Mikayla's teammates on the bench stare at her; Helen's outfit is hard to miss after all.

Carter's ASSISTANT (40s), funny as hell, whispers to Carter.

ASSISTANT  
Mendes is here.

CARTER  
(surprised)  
Who?

The Assistant's eyes play over, a funny grimace follows.

ASSISTANT  
That.. Raiola-wannabe?

Carter gets it. Smirks.

Helen gets next to Carter.

HELEN  
How's my girl?

Carter wastes no time.

CARTER  
Two goals already, we're leading by four.

HELEN  
Stunning.

(CONTINUED)

CARTER  
When does she sign?

HELEN  
Do you see any papers with me?

CARTER  
Then why you're here? Last time I  
checked, you told me she is ready  
to sign.

HELEN  
She is, and we are too.

The crowd ROARS; that's a chat breaker.

To the action, Mikayla's team on the defensive.

It's four against two, Mikayla is one of the latter.

Adrenaline sky rises, Carter is furious, like a bull in a china shop.

The two ATTACKERS go past one of the defenders, Mikayla is the last line of defense.

It's now three against one, what can Mikayla do?

Player with the ball fakes the shot, Mikayla doesn't fall for it.

Attacker short-passes to her teammate.

Mikayla senses the danger, gives everything left in her tank; she power slides.

A perfect tackle on the ball, saves her team..

The attacker tries to jump over Mikayla, but fails miserably! She lands on her leg..

INT. WASHINGTON - KENNEWICK - BAR - REALITY #1 - NIGHT

The bar is stacked with dancing young ADULTS.

Evan and his friends enjoy their drinks next to the bar. Yes, they're undoubtedly the center of attention.

At the far back, on a bar stool, young Mikayla enjoys her beer. Silver dress, high heels, chic hairstyle; she tries hard to look like an adult. She avoids eye contact with any of the bar's patrons.

(CONTINUED)

Evan shoots a look at her. He's stunned by her beauty.  
He spares no second thoughts; Evan beelines for Mikayla.  
Evan's eyes lock on Mikayla's legs the closer he gets.  
Time for his best pickup line..

EVAN  
Are your legs tired, because you've  
been running through my mind all  
day long!

Mikayla, unimpressed, perhaps irritated, lets her beer rest  
on the table, gets ready to leave.

EVAN  
Oh, come on, at least give me a  
chance!

Evan shuts her path.

EVAN  
No, you stay, at least finish your  
beer, I will leave.

MIKAYLA  
Already lost my appetite.  
Goodnight.

Evan grimaces, moves to the side.

Mikayla takes a couple of steps..

EVAN  
What if I tell you that I'm really,  
really sorry?

Mikayla pauses, turns.

MIKAYLA  
Sorry for what?

Evan does not respond. Mikayla establishes eye contact with  
him, like she actually anticipates his answer.

MIKAYLA  
Sorry for what?

Evan stares at the huge bald BOUNCER (40s), who approaches  
silently from the back of the bar.

The Bouncer rests his palm on Mikayla's shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

Mikayla looks shocked.

BOUNCER

Can I see your id ma'am?

MIKAYLA

Don't call me ma'am, and you checked it an hour ago, when you let me in.

BOUNCER

I have to check it again. Sorry to say this, but there are a lot of under-aged girls using fake ids. I'm sure you're not one of those, but I have to be sure nevertheless.

Mikayla grabs her id, hands it over to the Bouncer.

Bouncer eyes the card, rubs it with his fingers.

BOUNCER

Sorry to say this, but next time you want a beer, don't change your age to twenty one. That's just too much.

Mikayla looks desperate. She's busted.

MIKAYLA

Sorry, I'll just leave and I'll never come back.

Mikayla goes around the Bouncer, but he grabs her arm, stops her just before she gets anywhere near the exit.

Mikayla and the Bouncer trade looks.

Evan steps in!

EVAN

(to Bouncer)

My friend!

Evan grabs the Bouncer's arm. He's not intimidated by his enormous size.

EVAN

Please, she's with me. She's already having a hard time with a family situation and I asked her to come here and have a drink with me. Trust me, it won't happen again.

(CONTINUED)



BOUNCER

So, she's.. A family friend, huh?

The Bouncer's eyes dart left and right between Evan and Mikayla. Is this true?

BOUNCER

(to Evan)

I'll let her stay, under one condition. You keep an eye on her for the rest of the night, and no more beer!

Evan slides his arm around Mikayla's waist, pulls her away the Bouncer.

Behind Mikayla's back, Evan fist-bumps the Bouncer. Of course, the whole scene was staged!

Evan whispers to Mikayla's ear.

EVAN

All I'm asking, is five minutes of your time.

MIKAYLA

Why?

EVAN

I saved your ass, didn't I?

Mikayla actually enjoys Evan's manner.

MIKAYLA

I have to wake up pretty early tomorrow. However I'll give you five minutes, but don't pretend you saved my ass.

EVAN

What?

Mikayla launches a huge smile, ear to ear.

MIKAYLA

I saw what the two of you did behind my back.

Evan shakes his head, a smile follows.

INT. WASHINGTON - SEATTLE HOSPITAL - REALITY #7(#2+#6) - DAY

Mikayla, drenched in sweat, jumps out of bed.

Was this another dream? Yes, no? Can't really tell.

She rubs her eyes, anxious, checks her leg.

No plaster cast around her knee, just a bandage, partially blooded. Rubs it gently..

Curious, she removes the bandage.

A few too many scratches reveal underneath, a purple bruise, nothing too serious to worry about.

Both legs to the floor, she tries to stand.

Carter enters.

CARTER

Take it easy love, take it easy!

MIKAYLA

Damn that bitch, she stepped on my leg!

CARTER

I'm sure she tried to dodge you.

MIKAYLA

Most of them try. All of them fail.  
That's nothing new to me anymore.

Carter smiles.

Mikayla stands up, she's ready to leave.

MIKAYLA

Let's go coach. I need to train.

Carter forces her to sit back down.

CARTER

No training today, relax, I have to news for you dear.

Mikayla is all ears.

CARTER

Remember that agent, Helen Mands?  
She came to see you, again.

(CONTINUED)

MIKAYLA  
I know. I saw her.

CARTER  
Any idea why she was there?

MIKAYLA  
That's her job. Scouting.

CARTER  
Not exactly.

Mikayla is curious. Her eyes glow! Hope?

CARTER  
Yes!

Mikayla, back on her feet, hugs Carter like never before.

CARTER  
Medical exams tomorrow,  
psychological tests the day after.  
I checked the contract myself, no  
more college stadiums for you!

Mikayla breaks into tears.

It's Carter's turn to hug Mikayla tight...

CARTER  
Take care of that leg, you'll need  
it tomorrow!

INT. WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY - LECTURE HALL - REALITY #5 - DAY

Another class. Not a single empty seat.

The audience is silent. So is Helen at the lectern.

She daydreams, looks lost in thought.

No one dares to talk or anything, however students are  
concerned, curious. What's happening?

Finally.

HELEN  
Day three notes are already up.  
Download them, read them.

The students shoot looks right and left. Something is out of  
the ordinary.

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

This is a perfect day, for a chat!

Audience groans and mumbles. No more silence.

HELEN

Who was that person..

Helen checks her notes.

HELEN

Number hundred and two.

Once again, Stevenson is the center of attention.

HELEN

Dominant reality. These were your words, correct?

STEVENSON

Yes they were.

Helen looks intrigued.

HELEN

Do you believe that this dominant reality you're referring to, is the one we currently live in, or does it constantly shift depending on our actions?

STEVENSON

Taking into account theories like the grandfather and twin paradox or even the Mandela effect, I believe we can't really tell for sure, but our actions.. Even the actions of just one person, can change our reality, our current universe. And the more actions we take, the more universes we create. However, we don't know if we live in the dominant one..

Helen interrupts Stevenson abruptly.

HELEN

A unique dimension for every distinct possibility.

Helen mumbles, loudly.

( CONTINUED )

HELEN

Nature of chaos and the root for  
all uncertainty. From the  
perspective of a conscious being  
this can be infinite!

Helen rubs her face. Another question, for herself!

HELEN

If anything can happen, do I  
personally have the power to  
achieve a desirable target? My  
dream?

A short pause.

Back to addressing the audience.

HELEN

Interesting theory. A crappy one  
nevertheless.

Stevenson grimaces, didn't see that coming.

Some of the students dare to laugh.

HELEN

OK people, let's put this theory in  
the test nevertheless. Try to catch  
up.

A huge BUZZ. Laptops are on fire, pens on standby.

HELEN

Every choice a life form makes can  
indeed create a new parallel  
dimension, and if you add up all of  
one entity's choices, the total is  
incalculable for it is infinite.  
This means that the dimension we  
exist within is one existence of  
which there are infinite  
variations.

No one dares to answer this.

HELEN

OK!

Helen checks her notes.

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

Number seventeen, can one live in a dimension of which there are no variations and another live in a dimension of infinite variations?

GIRL NUMBER SEVENTEEN, nothing remarkable upon her, wastes no time.

GIRL NUMBER SEVENTEEN

The chances are infinite, so yes, it is probable.

The girl who sits next to Girl Number Seventeen, Mikayla, shakes her head in disbelief.

Helen notices.

HELEN

Number eighteen you believe otherwise?

Mikayla, as arrogant as it can get..

MIKAYLA

No chance. Eventually, one of these realities will become the dominant reality and the other will fade away, completely ceasing to exist. Or it's going to be something like.. All the previous realities will assimilate with the dominant one.

Helen looks more impressed than skeptical.

HELEN

The possibility that all of the existing parallel realities can somehow unify. Interesting approach. Still sounds to me like a conspiracy theory though. Care to elaborate?

MIKAYLA

It's actually fairly simple. If your life's dream was the Nobel prize, you have earned your dominant reality. On the other hand I always wanted to be a professional athlete, which means this reality is not my own dominant one, because I have failed. Our

(CONTINUED)

MIKAYLA  
existence today, our common  
reality, shapes on the basis of  
your personal power to choose from  
the infinite pool of possibilities,  
and control the outcome, an outcome  
not-so-random. That being said,  
your cosmic aura or something is  
stronger or let's just say more  
important than mine, so here we  
are, you won, I lost, but still,  
this is the real world for both of  
us.

Helen is out of words. That's something new.

She wants to say something, but instead sets her jaw, says  
nothing. She turns her back, moves to the whiteboard.

Mikayla, unexpectedly, goes on.

MIKAYLA  
Or I simply feel, deflated, just  
because in the lottery of the  
universe I didn't get the right  
number. But you did. Or someone  
else in here.

Helen pauses for a moment. Writes as she speaks.

HELEN  
This is your assignment for next  
week. Seat number, your life's  
dream and how close you are to  
achieving it, scale one to ten. I  
call this, the *Santa Claus* test.

Helen turns, eyes her audience.

HELEN  
I don't want to read the story of  
your life. Be precise, be concise.  
Let's find out who that person is.

Helen rushes away.

Audience GROANS.

INT. WASHINGTON - SEATTLE - SHRINK'S OFFICE - REALITY #8  
(#4+#1) - NIGHT

Helen sits stoic behind her desk.

Mikayla stands by the door, compressed smile on her face.

MIKAYLA  
Can I come in?

Helen is curious.

HELEN  
Mik? Didn't know we had a meeting  
scheduled for today.

Reluctant at first, Mikayla walks inside.

MIKAYLA  
Yes I know. Just dropped by cause I  
need to ask you something.

HELEN  
And you couldn't do it, over the  
phone?

MIKAYLA  
Not really. It's personal.

Helen intrigued, nods Mikayla to sit down.

HELEN  
I'm listening.

MIKAYLA  
It's about my dream.

HELEN  
Go on.

MIKAYLA  
Remember when I was running next to  
the river, and some boys were  
there..

Mikayla lowers head. A clumsy pause.

HELEN  
And their girls.

MIKAYLA  
Yes, whatever. Let's just stick to  
one guy for now.

(CONTINUED)



HELEN

The one who tried to block you.

MIKAYLA

No, the other one!

HELEN

What about him?

MIKAYLA

Well, last night. I actually met him.

Helen is stunned, all ears nevertheless.

HELEN

You met the guy from your dream here, in real life?

MIKAYLA

Yes. I know this sounds crazy but..

HELEN

Where?

MIKAYLA

Just after training. I had a drink, just before I leave, he came and talked to me.

HELEN

And?

Mikayla wears her silliest grin.

MIKAYLA

Well, I didn't leave.

Helen is all ears.

HELEN

Don't be shy. Did you talk to him? Did he talk back? What did you talk about?

MIKAYLA

Well, I didn't leave. And yes, we talked.

Helen, happy and excited, stands up.

( CONTINUED )

HELEN

I don't say this very often, but  
I'm really proud of you Mik.

Mikayla tries to speak a word, but..

HELEN

You see? That was not so hard!

MIKAYLA

But I'm afraid..

HELEN

Afraid of what?

MIKAYLA

That he might be a distraction.

HELEN

Oh, I get it now.

Helen stand, beelines for Mikayla. Sits next to her.

HELEN

Well, from a scientific standpoint  
yes, love can sometimes be a  
distraction.

Helen turns serious.

HELEN

Love can cause pain, stress, deepen  
your greatest negative feelings,  
empower your weaknesses. And for a  
long time I was like you. So many  
books, so much time spent in  
studying how to deal with my  
patients' love issues. Until a man  
came to my life. And he confirmed  
that no matter what science was  
telling me about what is right or  
wrong, I came to the conclusion  
that I was personally getting  
everything wrong. You can't talk  
about love, if you..

MIKAYLA

Never been there.

Helen, back to her happy face.

HELEN

All I'm saying is that love can only make you stronger. You have an empty spot in your heart Mikayla, and your passion for soccer is not enough to fill it up. Love on the other hand, can.

Helen moves back to her desk. Chat is over.

MIKAYLA

Thank you doctor.

A single nod from Helen, a goodbye sign.

Mikayla retires. Just before she exits..

HELEN

Remember those *thirty minutes more of yours, thirty minutes better?*

Mikayla shakes head in affirmation.

HELEN

Love can't hold you back, it can only move you forward. So now you know, better spend those thirty minutes wiser next time.

A smile escapes Mikayla's lips.

INT. SWITZERLAND - CERN - CONFERENCE ROOM - REALITY #3 - DAY

The conference table is infested with people in BLACK SUITS and WHITE ROBES. This is more of a verbal fight than a friendly chat. Troubled faces, these guys' speech volume is their biggest weapon. Only one JUNIOR SCIENTIST (25) does not look willing to engage in this madness; his face is unclear to us, palms over his face, a sign of despair.

A four-star GENERAL rushes in. Helen and Stevenson follow short. Their presence kills the noise.

The three of them take their places around the table.

The General cuts to the chase.

GENERAL

I don't have much time, so please be concise and crystal clear. Your report states that we're missing about sixteen point five percent of

(CONTINUED)

GENERAL  
the total amount of kinetic energy  
used during the experiment. Few of  
the President's advisers were  
utterly worried with your X-3  
report, this is why he sent me here  
in the middle of the night, so  
refrain the scientific crap and let  
me know why this is so damn  
important.

Helen nods Stevenson to start the briefing.

STEVENSON  
General, the law of energy  
conservation states that the total  
energy of an isolated system  
remains always constant. In other  
words energy can neither be created  
nor destroyed. It can only be  
transformed or transferred from one  
form to another.

The General interrupts Stevenson abruptly.

GENERAL  
Come on Doctor, get in there. I'm  
aware with the laws of  
thermodynamics. Where did that  
energy go?

STEVENSON  
(hesitant)  
Well, General, we assume..

GENERAL  
Don't tell me what you assume. Tell  
me what you know. What you're  
hundred per cent sure of.

Stevenson trades looks with Helen.

STEVENSON  
General, we're not sure of  
anything. At the moment, we have a  
couple theories, speculations.

GENERAL  
Is this really your best answer?

There's a clumsy pause as if Stevenson is almost challenging  
himself to say something but he sets his jaw, says nothing.

(CONTINUED)

At the sight of Stevenson's silence, the scientists around the table explode. The verbal war starts again. Nothing really makes sense.

The General is stunned; didn't expect any of this.

Helen springs up with a jolt.

HELEN  
Silence! All of you!

SHOUTS and SCREAMS fade away.

Helen flicks a glance at Stevenson who watches apprehensive.

HELEN  
General, ninety per cent of the greatest minds on this world are working on this as we speak, but for now, all we have, is three different explanations. Three logical alternatives, considering than our knowledge around the secrets of our universe is still very limited. And the most probable theories among these, they're described in our X-1 and X-2 reports. I want to be crystal clear on this. Our problem is the amount of the missing energy, not the missing energy itself.

GENERAL  
Why is that?

Helen eyes Stevenson.

HELEN  
(to Stevenson)  
Doctor.

STEVENSON  
This is something very common with particle detectors sir. Missing energy is carried by particles that do not interact with the electromagnetic or strong forces and thus are not easily detectable, most notably neutrinos. To be more precise, the initial momentum of the colliding *partons* along the beam axis is not known, as the energy of each hadron is split and

(CONTINUED)

STEVENSON

constantly exchanged between its constituents, so the amount of total missing energy cannot be determined. However, the initial energy in particles traveling transverse to the beam axis is zero, so any net momentum in the transverse direction indicates missing transverse energy.

Helen jumps in.

HELEN

Here come our *ghost* particles. After the initial collision, we add up all of the particle vectors that we can see, and assign the neutrino whatever momentum we need to end up with zero. And this is the consensus around missing energy. However, this is definitely not the case here. Neutrinos, cannot possibly account for sixteen point sixty seven per cent of the missing energy. There is no logical explanation, the neutrinos are not responsible for that vast amount of lost momentum. It could be dark matter, a light super-symmetric particle or some other exotic thing we haven't even dreamed up yet, we just don't know for sure.

The General looks confused. The scientific terminology seems to be over his head.

GENERAL

Dark matter, exotic shit, I can't follow you guys.

Stevenson takes the lead from Helen.

STEVENSON

You see General, most of the matter in our universe appears to have gone missing. Cosmologists, astrophysicists, and astronomers can't find it. Worldwide data suggests that five percent of the universe, is actually visible. Another sixty eight consists of dark forces and pure energy, with

( CONTINUED )

STEVENSON  
the remainder, twenty seven per  
cent, dedicated to dark matter. We  
just cannot track it down..

The General interrupts Stevenson again.

GENERAL  
This I can understand. So why  
worry?

Helen wears her authoritative look.

HELEN  
I don't worry. Evan does.

GENERAL  
Evan?

Heads snap left and right, everyone around the table gazes  
at the young scientist who gently removes his palms from his  
face. Meet Evan, young and resolute, a man who appears to  
live in his own world.

HELEN  
(to the General)  
Don't let that young face of his  
fool you. He's one of our  
brightest, but also one of our  
craziest.

GENERAL  
Funny. That's the exact same words  
that NASA guy used.

The General trades looks with Evan.

GENERAL  
So you're the one behind the X-3  
report. Explain it to me.

EVAN  
Actually, it's pretty  
straightforward sir. Sixteen point  
sixty seven per cent times six,  
makes us one hundred per cent. Six  
times we tracked down rising heat  
spikes, unique noise registers,  
symmetrical velocity signatures.  
That's evidence from six collision  
events. Add to this that we're all  
aware about the ability of quantum  
particles being able to occupy two

(CONTINUED)

EVAN  
states seemingly at once, meaning  
both states are able to co-exist in  
different universes. So why are we  
afraid to just speak the truth?

Deafening silence.

STEVENSON  
Instead of a collapse in which  
quantum particles choose to occupy  
one state or another, they in fact  
occupy both, simultaneously.

Helen wears his silliest grin.

HELEN  
This is what we call science  
fiction, not science boys.

The General pays no attention to Helen.

GENERAL  
(to Evan)  
Which means what exactly? Use  
English this time.

Evan looks so confident.

EVAN  
Which means, that the experiment  
was indeed a success, but it didn't  
run just once as we planned, it run  
six fucking times before we shut it  
down.

Evan takes a deep breath. No one else looks eager to speak  
another word.

EVAN  
We created six realities. Six.  
Parallel, unique, different.

MUMBLING and GROANING turn into SHOUTING. The fight is back  
on. Again, everyone SCREAMS his opinion.

INT. WAKEMED SOCCER PARK - GYM - REALITY #7- DAY

North Carolina Courage soccer team logo everywhere around.

This is not the average Joe's gym.

(CONTINUED)



A professional treadmill in the middle, huge TV monitors around it, all types of cables litter the floors.

Mikayla, oxygen mask attached to her face, a few other cables connected to her body, she's put to the test.

Helen stares at the three hyperactive PHYSICIANS who check every single line of data on their screens. Carter sits at the back, anxious.

The only sound in there, the SLAPPING noise of Mikayla's sneakers on the treadmill's rubber surface.

Helen nods.

The moving belt increases speed.

Mikayla adjusts. She is not impressed. The running deck poses no threat to her.

A thumbs up from a Physician follows a smile from Helen.

HELEN

OK guys, I think we're done here.

Treadmill shuts off, Mikayla lowers her pace.

Mikayla's legs come to a stop.

A huge smile, Mikayla trades joyful looks with Carter.

HELEN

Impressive. Catch your breath and follow me please.

Mikayla, stoic, gets off the treadmill, follows Helen.

Carter is on the move too.

INT. WAKEMED SOCCER PARK - X RAY ROOM - REALITY #7 - DAY

Adjacent room. Walls white as chalk. The x-ray machine.

HELEN

Remove your shoes and socks, it won't take more than five minutes love.

Shoes and socks are off, Mikayla slides horizontally into the x-ray machine.

(CONTINUED)

CARTER

Close your eyes, you'll feel better.

MIKAYLA

Don't worry coach. I'm all good. This is my time. Plus, I don't wanna miss a thing.

Helen escorts Carter outside.

INT. WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY - LECTURE HALL - REALITY #5 - DAY

Helen besides the lectern. There is more silence in there, than an abandoned morgue.

Next to her, a waste bin. At the far back, the blackboard is covered with a huge black cloth of some kind.

Helen goes through a bunch of papers. They're stacked in four packs.

HELEN

Hundred and thirty four, have a dream of becoming a billionaire.

Helen shoots a smiling look at her audience.

HELEN

I have news for you, you're in the wrong business. Trash.

Helen throws the first pack into the bin.

HELEN

Fifty seven. Actors, models, doctors.

Helen wears her silliest grin.

HELEN

A few surgeons and anesthesiologists, three men in here want to become gynecologists?

A few smiles.

HELEN

I admire your honesty people, but studying advanced physics has nothing to do with becoming a physician! Or a beauty queen.

(CONTINUED)

A GROANING outburst.

Helen quickly kills it with a hand gesture.

Second pack of papers, to the trash bin.

HELEN

Astronauts, fighter jet pilots, a  
submarine commander.

Helen cannot hide her surprise.

HELEN

Lawyers, two sales managers, a  
mercenary? Well, I can see the  
originality in the latter, but read  
my lips. What the fuck people? What  
the fuck?

Third pack to the trash.

HELEN

What remains, is fourteen  
interesting answers. And this is  
what we're going to work with.

Helen moves next to the whiteboard. She removes the cloth.

On the blackboard, there are three word-filled columns.  
Fourteen rows that include professions, seat numbers and a  
number from one to ten.

ON THE WHITEBOARD

Column one, among others; elite screenwriter, cern lead  
scientist, infamous soccer player, shrink, officer of the  
science and tech adviser, sports agent, nuclear physicist,  
inventor, forensic scientist..

Column two; 12, 102, 18, 201, 45, 91, 154..

Column three; 8, 9, 8, 9, 9, 7, 8..

BACK TO SCENE

HELEN

Fourteen dreams, fourteen seats,  
just those who seem to believe  
they're so close in achieving them.

Helen pauses. A deep breath.

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

What's interesting enough, is that one of those matches my own.

Crowd turns curious, MUMBLES.

HELEN

You won't figure it out. But you're welcome to try nevertheless.

Mumbling dies.

HELEN

So, let's begin with our screenwriter. Take notes people, this is your homework.

Helen checks her notes, shoots looks left and right for the screenwriter-wannabe.

Pens and laptops are on fire.

HELEN

Number twelve wants to write the next best thing in Hollywood, a blockbuster for the ages. She believes that she's close, eight out of ten. So number twelve, what does an eight means for you?

All eyes on the black short-hair tomboy NUMBER TWELVE (20).

NUMBER TWELVE

I have optioned three screenplays so far, low budget mostly, I have an manager who works for a big agency, have finished another eleven features and about thirty shorts so far, so I guess, it's just a matter of time.

Helen looks impressed.

HELEN

I'm curious, what makes a writer great? In your opinion?

NUMBER TWELVE

Vision, confidence, resilience to failure, good knowledge of the industry, hope..

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

And what makes a screenplay great?

NUMBER TWELVE

A compelling story, powerful characters, desire, a character's journey, the climax, crisis, tragedy..

HELEN

And considering you have the skills and wisdom around all these, you're still here and not back home writing. Why is that?

NUMBER TWELVE

Writing is my hobby. And my hobby currently can't pay all of my bills.

HELEN

Makes sense.

Helen takes a few steps backwards. Stares at her students.

HELEN

So, number twelve sounds sensible, she lives in the same reality that the Tarantinos, the Scorseses, the Cohens, the Coppolas, the Kaufmans and a few others dominate the industry, yet she believes that she can jump on the bandwagon sooner or later. Is there a chance she will make it? Is there some other universe that she has already achieved her dream? Is there anything that can change her future, her destiny in this reality? Can she emerge from the bottom of the pile, and become an award winning writer? In any probable universe?

No one speaks a single word. Not even Number twelve looks willing to answer this.

HELEN

This is one more of those damned lists dominated by men. So, who believes that she will an Oscar some day, huh? Anyone? No one?

Mikayla dares the unthinkable, raises hand.

(CONTINUED)

HELEN  
Yes, number eighteen?

MIKAYLA  
Diablo Cody did.

Helen, surprised, thinks hard for an answer; she didn't expect this!

HELEN  
Was she.. black?

MIKAYLA  
No. But I don't think that the universe gave a shit about the color of her skin back in the day.

Helen chokes back her frustration.

HELEN  
It's not that simple.

Mikayla engages, again.

MIKAYLA  
Actually that's the easy part. What is hard, is for you to accept the reality that only one in here will eventually win, and we just can't tell who that person will be. Maybe it will be here, who knows.

Helen raises hand.

HELEN  
That's enough. You made your point.

Silence.

Helen gazes at Mikayla, she's not a fan of her cockiness.

HELEN  
Whatever. That was our first case study people, it's up to you to decide whether her reality will be the dominant one, when compared to the rest of our lab rats.

INT. WASHINGTON - SEATTLE - SHRINK'S OFFICE - REALITY #8 -  
DAY

Mikayla angrily chews her gum like she wants to fall out of  
her mouth. Helen notices.

HELEN

Is it anxiety, or this is just you?

MIKAYLA

The latter.

HELEN

In that case, I don't like it.

Helen grabs the trash bin next to her desk, brings it  
forward, just an inch away Mikayla's mouth.

Mikayla spits out the gum, looks annoyed.

HELEN

Can I ask you you're always so  
angry?

MIKAYLA

I'm not angry. I'm determined.

HELEN

You just spit out the gum like you  
wanna draw some blood girl. That's  
definitely not determination.

MIKAYLA

You forced me to do something I  
didn't like.

HELEN

Do you always act like that?

MIKAYLA

Do you always force people to do  
something against their will?

HELEN

Do you always act like a jerk when  
you do something wrong, like for  
instance when you mess up in  
training? You hate taking orders  
right?

Mikayla is speechless.

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

No one is perfect. You make mistakes, that's all. But when someone corrects you, offers you a piece of advice, you just tell them to fuck off.

MIKAYLA

You're wrong. Soccer is my life. I train hard to be the best, I give everything every single time the ball is in front of me..

Once again, Helen interrupts Mikayla abruptly.

HELEN

Yeah, yeah, I get it. But I didn't ask you that. Let me rephrase my question. Perhaps you can answer this better than before. Did that boy you met the other day make you feel any better? Did it distract you from achieving your dream? What else do you wanna do with your life, when you're not on the football pitch? Don't you want a family? Kids? Is there anything else than just soccer?

MIKAYLA

No, not really. All I care about is be healthy, play ball.

Helen smirks.

HELEN

You don't take this seriously, do you?

Nikayla responds with a funny grimace. Who cares?

Helen turns, mumbles silently.

HELEN

Maybe a Prozac can change your perspective about life.

Helen catches the mumble.

MIKAYLA

The roar of the crowd is better than any drug to me doc. You can keep your Prozac. The rush of a

(CONTINUED)



MIKAYLA  
goal, the spirit of the game, a hot  
dog and a pop. For me, that's  
heaven on earth right there.

HELEN  
And this is why you see yourself  
failing Mik. Your dreams are not  
some random otherworldly  
projections of the future that  
occur involuntarily..

Mikayla grins, her weird looks is priceless.

HELEN  
Be a soccer star in not everything.  
You think you made a deal with the  
universe or the devil to be the  
best. And you try hard to make it  
happen. Well, I have news for you  
girl. Your dream is there to kick  
you in the nuts every time you  
think failure is some deal breaker.  
You don't need to be afraid about  
some career ending injury, but you  
need to evaluate the means to get  
to the top, no matter the obstacles  
you face. Even if some bad shit  
happens, it will be there to remind  
you the obvious. Live your life to  
the max, enjoy our species' most  
fascinating benefits, make friends,  
enjoy love.. Do things.. Cause  
football is not everything.

Mikayla looks irritated.

MIKAYLA  
We call it soccer, not football.

HELEN  
(frustrated)  
Jesus girl!

Mikayla turns serious.

MIKAYLA  
I know what you're saying. Think of  
soccer when I'm on the pitch, rest  
of the day, think of everything  
else.

(CONTINUED)

HELEN  
Bulls eye!

INT. SWITZERLAND - CERN - CONFERENCE ROOM - REALITY #3 - DAY

Some kind of a sterile, safe room. A four people meeting takes place; General, Helen, Stevenson and Evan.

General looks utterly worried. He violently rubs his face, scratches head, stares at his fingers, clenches fists; everything upon suggests he struggles to fathom Evan's surreal approach.

GENERAL  
(to Evan)  
Let's accept for a moment that your theory is correct, and they're wrong..

EVAN  
There is no other logical explanation sir. I'm right and they're wrong, no doubt about that.

Helen engages. Not the best moment to do that..

HELEN  
That's some crazy ass theory you came up..

General shuts her down.

GENERAL  
Stop.

General turns to Stevenson.

GENERAL  
What do you believe?

Hesitant at first, Stevenson breaks his poker face.

STEVENSON  
In the mid-twentieth century, the *many worlds* theory first speculated that multiple versions of reality branch out from one another as distinct entities existing in discrete locations, without any interaction. However, there is another, newer theory, which suggests that all of these infinite

(CONTINUED)

STEVENSON

multiple worlds overlap and occupy the same region of time and space simultaneously, just like a quantum state.

GENERAL

You're talking about multiple worlds existing simultaneously. Are there any differences among them?

STEVENSON

All possibilities must be taken into account. For example, in some universes the dinosaur-killing asteroid missed Earth. In others, South America was colonized by the Greeks. Under this interpretation, some worlds in parallel universes would be nearly identical. In others, the *Butterfly Effect* is responsible for completely different outcomes.

Stevenson pauses. He eyes Evan, nods him to go on.

EVAN

Each universe is equally real; it isn't that one universe is the truth while others are bizarre copies or lesser in any way.

General looks confused.

GENERAL

So there is a chance we created some parallel universes with dinosaurs infesting our planet for example? Is this what you're saying?

HELEN

No. They're talking about the *Mandela effect*.

GENERAL

What's that?

Helen gazes at Evan and Stevenson like she asks for permission to take the lead.

Permission granted.

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

Over time a few minor details surrounding significant events, and therefore our perception of these events, might somehow change and may continue to improve in the years ahead. In other words, the space-time continuum that appears to be the backbone of our collective, three-dimensional, physical reality might have a ripple in it. It also may have produced a sister, parallel universe, which has birthed different scenarios, events, identities, constructs, and relationships.

EVAN

It might also mean that our tiny, insignificant brains are slowly evaporating and can no longer handle every detail that flashes across our eyes. As we forget events, out of fear, we attempt to reassemble them in our imperfect minds.

General shakes head in disbelief.

GENERAL

And there is no way we're able to identify them? See them? Touch them? Feel them?

HELEN

No. We're talking about dimensions beyond length, breadth, depth and time, we're talking about some insanely huge numbers of energy, where particles can be tracked disappearing and then reappearing back into the classical four. And parallel universes are hidden within these dimensions but in a gravitational variety in which light cannot be propagated, a fact which makes it nearly impossible to explore them.

Deafening silence.

Helen takes a deep breath.

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

Yes. It's a theory. Perhaps a possible one, but unquestionably not the case here. And I'm willing to bet my bottom dollar on this.

Stevenson and Evan remain speechless. They don't seem willing to take a stand against Helen.

GENERAL

You're willing to bet your place here as project leader?

Helen, disturbed, braves her frustration.

HELEN

(confident)

If I'm wrong, Dr. Stevenson can take my place.

GENERAL

Fair enough.

INT. WAKEMED SOCCER PARK - X RAY ROOM - REALITY #7 - DAY

A continuous BUZZ, random CLICKS every now and then.

Mikayla's head is the only part of her body that survives the X-RAY machine's radiation.

Drenched in sweat, her sealed eyes watch a dream.

EXT. WASHINGTON - SOME BEACH - REALITY #1 - DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)

It looks like Mikayla's initial training drill; same beach, same outfit, same accessories.

This time however, her face is different; anxious, worried. Can't really tell why, perhaps it's all about muscle pain.

Ocean BULGES. Same wave. Rises.

Mikayla notices, gets rid of her backpack and headphones, storms away the raging wave.

The water is faster than Mikayla, her eyes dart back and forth between the wave and the endless beach..

The water in next to her.

She staggers, survives the fall.

(CONTINUED)

One last time, she looks backwards at the wave..

END DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY - LECTURE HALL - REALITY #5 - DAY

Lots of GROANING and MUMBLING.

Helen's happy face is on.

HELEN

Really, this is not a joke people,  
I just don't get it. I don't have a  
problem with that person among you  
who wants to be a janitor, maybe  
it's some kind of family tradition,  
but studying advanced physics, how  
can that help? Plus, that man  
thinks he's so far away from  
achieving his dream. A five?  
Really, a five?

Helen turns sarcastic.

HELEN

I wonder, is it so hard to get a  
janitor's degree nowadays?

Crowd explodes in LAUGHTER.

Helen raises hand, every single noise from the audience  
gently fades away.

HELEN

Even if the theory of what we're  
discussing here today, the theory  
of parallel, almost identical  
timelines exist, there is no chance  
such a prominent student like  
yourself, whoever you are, is a  
janitor over there.

A hand rises, that's Stevenson's.

HELEN

Yes, number one-0-two?

STEVENSON

We cannot rule out the possibility  
that in some other universe South  
America was colonized by the  
Greeks, or the dinosaur-killing  
asteroid missed Earth, can we?

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

No, we cannot possibly know.

STEVENSON

So it's not utterly impossible for  
our friend in this room to be a  
janitor somewhere else, is it?

Helen clears throat. She doesn't look willing to engage with  
Stevenson over this.

HELEN

And that brings us to specimen  
one-O-two. That is you, isn't it?

This is Stevenson's number indeed. He remains speechless.

Fun chat is over, this is Helen's new case study. Pens and  
laptops are ready to do their job.

HELEN

So, seeing you here instead of  
Switzerland, means that this is not  
your dominant reality, is it?

STEVENSON

Can't really tell.

HELEN

And what this means exactly?

Helen points to the board.

HELEN

I can see a nine there.

STEVENSON

I've been a CERN partner for the  
last seven years, just not a  
project leader yet.

HELEN

(mumbles)

You're just unlucky I assume.

STEVENSON

Luck has nothing to do with it. In  
all the projects I participated,  
the lead scientists were better  
than me, end of story. And this is  
why I keep studying more and more,  
so I become better and one day,  
lead my own project.

(CONTINUED)

Helen takes a break, thinks of her next words carefully.

HELEN

In what kind of projects do you work on? Currently.

STEVENSON

Advanced physics. Multiverse theory.

Helen smirks.

HELEN

Well, that explains it.

STEVENSON

Explains what?

HELEN

Your shocking wisdom.

Helen pauses, a deep breath.

HELEN

So, one-0-two is close or not? Is this his dominant reality and we're doomed, or not?

Some students gaze at Stevenson, others take notes. Yes, he looks like the winner so far in this experiment.

Helen eyes the board.

HELEN

Number eighteen, what say you?

MIKAYLA

Well, he looks like a winner to me. At least so far!

HELEN

So your dream is dead, right?

MIKAYLA

No, not really. Unless I..

Mikayla's lips still move, however we can't listen to what she says. Strangely enough, time pauses for everyone else..

CUT TO:



EXT. WASHINGTON - SOME BEACH - REALITY #1 - DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Mikayla stares at the wave, shuts her eyes.

Sand on the beach turns into a green field's lawn..

FADE TO BLACK

Carter's raging SCREAM.

CARTER

Jump!

FADE IN:

EXT. WASHINGTON - KENNEWICK - KAMIAKIN HIGH SCHOOL - REALITY #6 - DAY

The attacker's shoe studs meet Mikayla's knee, crash it.

Mikayla's body slams down to the ground. SCREAMS in pain.

She grabs her knee, tears of despair slide down her face.

END DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. WAKEMED SOCCER PARK - X RAY ROOM - REALITY #7 - DAY

Bulging eyes suggest Mikayla's nightmare is over. She looks petrified, that dream felt so real.

The X-ray machine shuts down. No more noise, no nothing.

Helen storms inside, Carter follows her short.

HELEN

That was it. Will have the results  
in ten minutes. Get dressed!

Carter stares at Mikayla, identifies her frightened face.

Carter helps Mikayla up.

CARTER

Are you OK love?

MIKAYLA

(mumbles)

Yes coach, I'm fine.

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

She's so excited that's all!

Mikayla forces herself a smile.

INT. SWITZERLAND - CERN - HELEN'S OFFICE - REALITY #3 - DAY

Helen gazes at her wall, a single letter-size page hangs from her trembling palm.

A KNOCK on the door.

Helen turns, her voice is filled with sorrow.

HELEN

Yes?

STEVENSON (V.O.)

It's me Doctor.

Helen moves next to her desk, sits down.

She adjusts her hands in a lowered steeple position.

HELEN

Come in.

Stevenson enters, a large pack of papers under his arm, his face so serious.

He looks stunned by Helen's calm behavior, perhaps afraid of some sudden outburst of hers, looks hesitant to say a word.

Helen eyes the paper file.

HELEN

Is that..?

STEVENSON

Yes. The DoD report.

More sad than death himself, Helen eyes her wall.

HELEN

You think they made the right call?

STEVENSON

Can't really tell.

HELEN

Sure you can.

(CONTINUED)

Stevenson remains speechless. He doesn't look willing to engage in any kind of verbal duel.

HELEN

Come on, at least give me this. Do you actually think we fucked up? We changed the future? Our future?

Stevenson's hesitant stance shifts into a confident one; head up, chin out, one palm grips the other behind his back.

STEVENSON

No, we didn't change any future. But Evan's report, his data analysis, provides a solid answer to our missing energy.

HELEN

So we didn't change anything, just created something new, yet something we will never find out.

STEVENSON

Maybe.

Helen and Stevenson trade looks. A moment without words.

STEVENSON

However, DoD acted poorly.

HELEN

What do you mean?

STEVENSON

Me instead of you? Really?

HELEN

Don't underestimate yourself Doctor.

STEVENSON

I'm not. All I'm saying is that I will never achieve what you have done so far. It's not about scientific knowledge you know, it's also about leadership, guts and the will to take this one step further. They acted poorly Helen, they shouldn't have removed you from this project.

Helen feels justified pride..

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

Thank you.

Helen stands up, gets next to her wall, eyes the blank space between her pictures.

Stevenson knows what this is reserved for, smirks.

STEVENSON

Perhaps you get that Nobel prize in one of the parallel worlds you created.

Helen turns, wears her silliest grin.

HELEN

Who cares about a Nobel?

Stevenson is curious.

STEVENSON

Then what is it for?

Helen looks lost in thought. Moves next to the window.

EXT. SWITZERLAND - CERN - REALITY #3 - DAY

One of those busy days.

SCIENTISTS pour left and right, anxious to get to work.

The same Bicyclist draws her attention, he races for dear life, ignores everyone on his path.

The pedestrians dive left and right, Bicyclist goes through them. With her back turned to the incoming danger, the Tomboy performs some basketball dribbling routine with her soccer ball.

Bicycle is just a moment away the Tomboy.

INT/EXT. SWITZERLAND - CERN - HELEN'S OFFICE - REALITY #3 - DAY

Helen watches everything, remains apathetic nevertheless.

HELEN (V.O.)

All women have a fate.

The soccer ball hits some kind of an invisible stone on the road, Tomboy loses control of it.

(CONTINUED)

HELEN (V.O.)

However, very few manage to shape  
it themselves.

Ball banishes sideways.

HELEN (V.O.)

And there are even less, colored as  
myself. Yes, we will always  
struggle.

The Bicyclist hits the brakes.

The Tomboy swiftly moves sideways, goes after her ball.

HELEN (V.O.)

Yet, every now and then, there will  
be one that will have the universe  
on her side.

The bicycle passes by an inch away the Tomboy, no crash this  
time, no nothing.

HELEN (V.O.)

And up until now, I was under the  
impression that it was on mine.

The Tomboy grabs the ball, stares at Helen's office.

Tomboy launches a smirk.

INT. SWITZERLAND - CERN - HELEN'S OFFICE - REALITY #10 (#3)  
- DAY

Helen retires her out-of-the-window view.

HELEN

This is a men's world Doctor and  
such a world has no place for a  
black queen to rule, just white  
kings left and right. You asked me,  
what I want the most. Well, I want  
one of those shiny leather thrones  
no woman has ever possessed, I want  
one of the holy grails of men, I  
want the middle seat in the  
grandstands not some random one at  
the cheap seats. I want everyone to  
look at me, and say *You're the man*  
*Helen, you're the man!*

Stevenson is puzzled. What is she talking about?

(CONTINUED)

STEVENSON

I'm not sure what throne you're talking about, but I'm dead certain that such a day will come sooner or later, and you will totally Captain Kirkin' it.

Helen grabs that single page, moves next to her wall, pins it to the empty space.

She shoots a thankful look at Stevenson, retires her office.

INT. WAKEMED SOCCER PARK - CONFERENCE ROOM - REALITY  
#9(#7+#1) - DAY

The conference room is just a round table and four chairs. The only non-white thing in there, the home team's logo on the wall.

Carter and Mikayla are dead silent, yet their eyes speak so much, obviously they talk about the medical results.

Helen storms inside, paper file in hand, sits down. Her worried face suggests that something is going wrong.

An x-ray slides on the table, Helen stares at Mikayla.

HELEN

You never told me you broke your leg not too long ago.

Carter and Mikayla trade shocked looks.

Carter sounds definite.

CARTER

What are you talking about? She never broke her leg!

Mikayla sounds iffy about this, yet her brain looks like working overtime.

MIKAYLA

I just injured my leg once or twice, but never broke it. This, this can't be for real.

Mikayla eyes Carter, looks desperate.

MIKAYLA

Coach, what is she talking about?

(CONTINUED)

CARTER

Listen to me, this is a joke. Let's  
run the test again. One more time.

HELEN

There is no point. My boss called  
this off already.

Mikayla's tears are all the words her mouth can't say.

Carter is angry.

CARTER

Run the test again. That's just  
crap. I'm telling you.

Helen takes a deep breath.

CARTER

Come on, give her another chance!  
Please!

HELEN

Sorry.

Carter hugs Mikayla tight.

Helen stares at Mikayla, grins decisively.

HELEN

I want you to know that I have  
great faith in you Mik. I give you  
my word, I won't stop trying.

Helen feels Mikayla's face, establishes eye contact.

HELEN

Take the week off, get some rest.  
When you come back, I'll be ready  
for you. And I want you to be ready  
for me too.

Mikayla nods in affirmation.

Helen retires.

INT. WASHINGTON - SEATTLE - SHRINK'S OFFICE - REALITY #8 -  
DAY

A knock on the door.

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

Come.

Mikayla enters, she looks so scruffy and untidy. She moves to her couch, sits down, doesn't speak a word.

More curious than shocked about her looks, Helen engages.

HELEN

What an interesting new look! How much did you pay for that hair?

Mikayla says nothing.

HELEN

And these clothes, did you mug a homeless or something?

Mikayla can't take this anymore.

MIKAYLA

Yeah, be the reason one more person cries today. Be a cunt.

Helen is not impressed.

HELEN

So, you didn't just steal someone's clothes, you got his manners too.

Mikayla shuts it. Sadness dominates her.

Helen notices, turns serious. She knows Mikayla wants to get it out of her system.

HELEN

Wanna tell me what happened? Was it Evan?

MIKAYLA

No.

HELEN

What then?

MIKAYLA

Can't really tell.

HELEN

You can't or you don't want to?

(CONTINUED)



MIKAYLA  
You won't believe me.

HELEN  
Try me.

MIKAYLA  
I didn't pass the medical tests.

HELEN  
Really? Why?

MIKAYLA  
The x-rays. They saw it.

HELEN  
Your knee.

MIKAYLA  
Yes.

HELEN  
And they let you go? Over an injury  
that took place like ten years ago?

MIKAYLA  
I lost everything.

Helen moves next to Mikayla, grabs her palm.

HELEN  
You can't be serious.

MIKAYLA  
I'm retiring. And yes, my decision  
is final.

Helen launches a smile.

HELEN  
You know, the very first time we  
met, I thought that you were one of  
those crazy young bitches who  
aren't able to distinguish an  
illusion from reality. I was under  
the impression that you were  
drowning in a sea of dreams,  
otherworldly fantasies, but for you  
everything was real. But since  
then, deep inside me, I always  
knew.

(CONTINUED)

MIKAYLA

Knew what?

HELEN

You're afraid so much of reality,  
that you crafted these dreams of  
yours just to hide underneath,  
you're using metaphors for  
everything you can't fathom, don't  
have an answer, or you just don't  
want to deal with.

MIKAYLA

And that's your expert opinion  
after fourteen sessions?

HELEN

The wave killing you. Those couples  
on the beach. That night out with  
Evan!

Mikayla rubs her face. Fixes her hair.

MIKAYLA

Evan is real you know. I did have a  
drink with him.

HELEN

Is he?

MIKAYLA

Yes.

Helen moves back to her desk.

HELEN

That's very interesting.

Helen checks her notes.

Again, and again, goes through everything, like looking for  
something in there.

HELEN

So, if Evan is actually real, how  
did you break your leg in the first  
place?

Mikayla wears her serious face.

MIKAYLA

A guy on a bicycle. He ran over me  
when I was fourteen. I never saw  
him coming. Busted my knee.

(CONTINUED)

Helen pauses for a moment. Chooses her next words carefully.

HELEN

Are you sure Evan is an actual person? Are you certain he's not another..

MIKAYLA

Another figment of my imagination?

HELEN

Yes.

MIKAYLA

Nope. He is real alright.

INT. WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY - LECTURE HALL - REALITY #11 (#5)  
- DAY

The only source of light is the projector's.

Various scientific data and complicated equations rock the screen. In the middle of all this math madness, there are two concentric circles; the outer circle reads '*observable universe*', the inner one reads '*problems*'.

Helen is not there, the Young Student stands next to the lectern, his laptop is on. It's not his first lecture, yet his nervous face suggests he can't screw this up.

YOUNG STUDENT

To date, the notion of parallel universes or a multiverse or whatever, remains purely hypothetical. There exists no observed or experimental evidence for their existence. This would seem to indicate that, if they exist at all, they do not interact with our universe at all, or if they do interact with our universe, it is in a way that we have not yet been able to observe and identify.

A laptop click.

The circles on the screen disappear, a few more math equations take their place.

YOUNG STUDENT

Now, if we were really able to identify them using some sort of a

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG STUDENT  
mathematical formula, it would look something like that. Yet, to be able to access any of the higher dimensions, one needs to be in a state where time stops for that entity.

On screen, everything disappears. A large number dominates the projected area; 299792458 m/s.

YOUNG STUDENT  
That state can be attained by either traveling at the speed of light, or being inside a black hole near its singularity and staying alive!

A few SMILES.

YOUNG STUDENT  
So far, I know alright that the only verified source for such an accomplishment is, you know, Hollywood!

More LAUGHTER and GROANING.

YOUNG STUDENT  
I can think of at least two guys who somehow managed to enter a black hole and not only saw their own alternate reality, but also interfered with it, changed their future.

A short pause.

YOUNG STUDENT  
But! This is science fiction. Because in such a state no solutions develop, just..

Another mouse click.

On screen, everything disappears. Next image, the two concentric circles from the first slide.

YOUNG STUDENT  
Problems! The list of paradoxes around this is as long, as the theories around our race most fascinating unknowns. Why does time

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG STUDENT  
seem to flow only in one direction,  
where all the antimatter go, what  
happens in the gray zone between  
solid and liquid, does the universe  
have purpose and meaning?

The Young Student's passion skyrockets.

YOUNG STUDENT  
Are we alone in the universe, what  
is consciousness, can we live  
forever?

A familiar voice kills the Young Student's lecture. That's  
Helen's voice.

HELEN (V.O.)  
I think you're taking this a bit  
too far.

Projector is off, lights are on.

The Young Student trades looks with Helen who sits in his  
chair at the very first row.

YOUNG STUDENT  
Indeed, sorry about that.

HELEN  
Proceed.

YOUNG STUDENT  
However, if any of this is real,  
what happens when two realities  
interact, or blend? One dominates  
the other? One changes the outcome  
of the other in such a way that the  
result is a new one? A third  
reality?

Helen rises.

HELEN  
Thank you.

The Young Student steps down, Helen takes over.

Helen at the lectern, checks her notes.

HELEN  
Let's put this theory to the test.  
Number one hundred and two. What's  
your dream in life?

(CONTINUED)

All eyes on Mikayla. Her own dart left and right.

MIKAYLA

Love. Family. A nice job I guess.

HELEN

You misunderstood my question dear.  
I meant what do want to become when  
you grow up?

MIKAYLA

A nice person.

Helen is curious.

HELEN

That means, no lawyer, no doctor,  
no astronaut?

MIKAYLA

No.

HELEN

I'm under the impression that  
you're trolling me girl, aren't  
you?

MIKAYLA

No ma'am, I'm not.

HELEN

OK, let me rephrase the question.  
In this reality, you have no  
dreams. What about any other?  
Hypothetically speaking.

Mikayla takes her moment.

MIKAYLA

Perhaps a soccer player. If it  
wasn't for my injury.

Helen smirks.

HELEN

Were you any good?

Mikayla looks confident as hell.

MIKAYLA

I was the best.

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

There you are. In some reality you may achieve that dream of yours you know. Perhaps, you never break your leg, in that universe.

MIKAYLA

How do you know I broke my leg?

Helen pauses. A rare moment without words.

HELEN

That was an estimated guess.

Helen sucks her lips into her mouth. Looks skeptical.

HELEN

Strange. I'm sure, somehow, you busted your knee. Did you ever talk to me about that?

Mikayla is stunned.

MIKAYLA

No, I don't think so.

HELEN

The wacky Mandela world. Wow, just Wow!

Helen packs her papers up. That's the end of the class.

HELEN

That's it for today people, see you next week.

Vivid CHATS turns to BUZZING, students rush outside, most of them in pairs. Not Mikayla though, she paces away alone.

Helen at the back nods the Young Student to come close.

The Young Student gets next to her.

Helen gazes at Mikayla walking out, whispers.

HELEN

When was the last time we had a *Santa Claus* test?

The Young Student sounds absolute.

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG STUDENT  
Three years ago.

INT. WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY - OUTSIDE THE LECTURE HALL -  
REALITY #11 - CONTINUOUS

Mikayla paces outside, eyes lowered.

EVAN (V.O.)  
I always wondered what you were  
feeding them.

Caught by surprise, Mikayla stares at Evan who leans against  
the wall, arms crossed, poker faced.

MIKAYLA  
Them?

Evan eyes Mikayla's legs. His lips explode sideways, smiles  
from ear to ear.

EVAN  
These are the calves of a soccer  
legend, much better than a top  
model's!

Mikayla blushes, looks away.

EVAN  
Didn't know you were attending  
Mands' class!

MIKAYLA  
Didn't know you were stalking me!

EVAN  
Stalking? No! After you? Of course!

Mikayla tries hard to hide her embarrassment.

EVAN  
So, I know you're a girl who likes  
beer, but, it's a bit early for  
that. Wanna have a coffee?

Mikayla shakes head in affirmation.

Off they go.



INT. WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY - HELEN'S OFFICE - REALITY #11 - DAY

This office is identical to the one in Cern. Color, air conditioner, desk, a dozen of pencils on it, everything is exactly the same.

On the wall of Helen Mands' fame and glory, there is no blank space; a work of art in the form of a diploma, a 2019 Nobel Prize certificate draws all the attention.

Yet, the pictures with the words around it are not the same as the last time we saw them. They are *conquer*, *androcentrism*, *me*.

Helen storms inside, gets behind her desk. Looks troubled.

A pile of papers emerge from her drawer, Helen goes through them, like searching for something.

A pack of papers, labeled 2017.

Her eyes bulge.

She rests everything else to the floor.

She hesitates for a moment, looks unwilling to proceed.

A deep breath. Turns the page.

INT. WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY - LECTURE HALL - DAY - 3 YEARS AGO - FLASHBACK

A three years younger Helen stands at the lectern. This class is no silent morgue; lots of inconsistent CHATTER and MUMBLING takes place, however Helen doesn't seem to care.

Helen raises hand, a tiny post-it note hides in her palm.

HELEN

May I have your attention please?

Nothing. Crowd is not impressed.

HELEN

The Santa Claus winner boys and girls. Don't you wanna find out who that is?

Noise fades away, everyone wants to hear this.

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

Eleven months ago, I selected seven candidates and last week your votes brought this number down to three. The Nobel prize physicist, the orthopedic surgeon and the sports legend.

Helen smirks. Crowd responds with loud SMILES.

HELEN

Don't laugh at the results because you came up with this result. And do not laugh at your fellow students, cause they actually came so close, while you are still so far away.

Smiles die in the blink of an eye.

HELEN

You all know that I included myself in the first seven, and I assume that some of you voted for me out of curiosity, maybe to have some fun, perhaps you wanted a higher grade?

Audience GROANS.

HELEN

Well, one more year is coming to an end, and once again, I failed to enter the list, thus I'm not the winner. It's either Josh Barns or Gloria Danes.

Half of the class stares at JOSH BARNES (30) while the other half looks for Gloria.

Helen gazes at Josh.

HELEN

Yes, Josh is here, but Gloria is not. And before anyone jumps the gun on her, she called me yesterday. You all know that she's an intern at Johns Hopkins. What you don't know, is that as of today, she's a resident and about three hours ago, she performed a successful knee surgery on a thirteen years old girl who suffered an accident.

(CONTINUED)

Audience looks excited. A smattering of APPLAUSES.

HELEN

You know what this means people.  
She's our winner. Awesome news for  
her, bad news for you. This is her  
reality boys, not yours.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY - HELEN'S OFFICE - REALITY #11 -  
DAY

Among the paper file, there is an abstract from a newspaper.

Helen's finger moves along the lines, some of them are  
highlighted with a yellow marker.

Among others we read,

*"young prodigy Gloria Danes", "orthopedic surgeon", "studies  
advanced physics", "anterior cruciate knee ligament  
injury"..*

Helen rubs her face, eyes the ceiling.

Back to the newspaper, near the end.

*"successful operation on a thirteen years old, who suffered  
an accident when a bicyclist run her over and crashed her  
knee"*

Further down, a black and white picture of a smiling young  
girl on a hospital bed, plaster cast around her knee, shakes  
hand with a doctor. The caption reads *"Doctor Danes checks  
on M.H. after the child's knee operation"*.

Helen daydreams. Mumbles.

HELEN

Mikayla Hu..

A shiver runs through Helen's body.

HELEN

Can't be.

Helen shuts the paper file, throws it down on top of the  
rest papers.

She stands up, moves next to the window.

Sun shines in all its glory.

EXT. WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY - CAMPUS LAWN - REALITY #11 - DAY

The campus courtyard is hundreds of students carrying packs of books, yet no one pays attention to the latter. This is all about boys looking for their better half, or girls choosing their significant other.

A couple of coffee cups sit by the weeping willow. Next to them, Mikayla and Evan have a playful chat.

EVAN

Is Mands giving you a hard time?

MIKAYLA

Nah, she's OK.

EVAN

Is she? Everyone else thinks she's a bitch.

MIKAYLA

Well, maybe a bit, but she earned it you know.

EVAN

Yeah, yeah, the Nobel prize in her closet. I heard the story.

MIKAYLA

So, what about you?

Evan smirks.

EVAN

What about me?

Mikayla sounds so straightforward.

MIKAYLA

You're famous, handsome, you can have any girl you want.

Mikayla pauses.

EVAN

What's the question?

MIKAYLA

Why me?

Evan thinks of his answer.

(CONTINUED)

EVAN

I'll tell you why, only if you tell me what you were doing that night at the bar, drinking on your own.

Mikayla shakes head, silently agrees.

MIKAYLA

I was ready to sign for the North Carolina Courage soccer club, but I failed the medical tests. Some old injury.

EVAN

Really? THE North Carolina Courage?

MIKAYLA

Yes.

EVAN

That means your career as a player is over?

MIKAYLA

I guess so. No team is gonna invest in me after this.

EVAN

I see.

Evan takes a deep breath.

EVAN

Yet, this is what you love the most, isn't it?

MIKAYLA

It is.

EVAN

Does that old injury of yours hurt while you're playing?

MIKAYLA

No, not at all.

EVAN

Then who cares? It's your dream, all you have to do is believe in yourself, take it slow, try again. Nothing is over until the fat lady sings you know.

A smile escapes Mikayla's lips.

(CONTINUED)

MIKAYLA

I answered yours. What about my question?

EVAN

Well, besides being awfully sexy, you're not like the rest. You don't strive for attention nor you seek for it. You're a girl doing whatever she wants, you're feisty, you set your own rules.

Mikayla blushes.

EVAN

I can go on you know.

MIKAYLA

No need.

TO THE DISTANCE

Some STUDENTS play volleyball.

Couple DUDES ride their bicycles near them. Their pace is slow that it make you wonder how they stay on them.

The ball banishes towards Mikayla and Evan, flies an inch away the bicyclists heads, forces them to stop.

TO MIKAYLA AND EVAN

The ball gets next to Mikayla, who pins it with her foot, although seated.

TO THE DISTANCE

The students stare at Mikayla, nod her to throw them the ball back. SCREAMS follow.

TO MIKAYLA AND EVAN

Evan eyes Mikayla.

EVAN

Show me what you can do.

Mikayla stands up, moves the ball forward, prepares to take the shot.

INT./EXT. WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY - HELEN'S OFFICE - REALITY  
#11 - DAY

The SCREAMS draw Helen's attention. Her eyes dart left and right between the students and Mikayla.

She tries hard to spot the girl's face, the blinding sun rays make it too hard for her.

Succeeds nevertheless, identifies Mikayla.

HELEN  
(mumbles)  
Hunter.

Mikayla takes the shot.

INT. WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY - CAMPUS LAWN - REALITY #12 (#11)  
- DAY

The ball flies high and fast like a rocket.

The ball's trajectory looks good, it goes straight for the target; the students.

The ball reaches its highest point.

Like an eagle locked on its prey, gains momentum on the way down.

The Students stare at the ball, one of them takes a few steps forward, closes the distance to the bicyclists; it seems that the ball will drop next to them.

The ball comes down hard and fast, it's very close...

Crashes the head of one of the bicyclists, who drops to the ground, dazzled and in pain.

INT./EXT. WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY - HELEN'S OFFICE - REALITY  
#12 - DAY

Helen is stunned.

HELEN  
Deja vu.

Helen turns to her wall, eyes her pictures. Shocked.

INT. WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY - CAMPUS LAWN - REALITY #12 - DAY

Evan bolts upright, grabs Mikayla's arm who watches the bicyclist apprehensive.

He smiles.

EVAN

Let's get out of here.

Mikayla responds with a smile. They run away.

TO THE DISTANCE

Students laugh at the floored Bicyclist.

No one spares a moment to help him get up.

TO MIKAYLA AND Evan

Hundreds meters away the incident, they get around a building, looks like it's time to hide.

With their backs against the wall, they trade looks and funny smiles.

Their hands are locked together.

Is it just the adrenaline, or something more?

Smiles fade away. Faces turn serious.

Hands still connected.

Lips close the distance.

They kiss.

They hold the moment too long, until..

Evan's lips break away, wears his straight face.

EVAN

Who cares about what they said.  
Just go after your dream, keep  
trying, prove them wrong.

Helen's eyes grow big, shine like never before.

She shoots a glowing smile, silently agrees.

She grabs Evan's hand, they run away again.



INT. SWITZERLAND - CERN - CONFERENCE ROOM - REALITY #12 -  
NIGHT

The meeting is three EXECUTIVES dressed in their most expensive suits and four glasses of champagne. No papers, no worried faces, just a vivid chat.

The General rushes in, draws their attention.

EXECUTIVE #1  
General, welcome.

The General sits down.

GENERAL  
So, what you do have for me?

Executive #2 offers the General a glass of champagne.

GENERAL  
That means good news I guess.

EXECUTIVE #3  
The best of news.

General tastes his champagne. Marvels.

EXECUTIVE #1  
Phase one is complete. We're ready to launch it. All we need, is your green light.

GENERAL  
There is nothing to worry about then, are you sure about this?

EXECUTIVE #2  
We can't be sure for anything General, this is the first time we're gonna perform the collision, yet all simulations worked as planned.

EXECUTIVE #1  
All fail-safes are in place General. If anything goes wrong, it's up to us to terminate the system.

The General takes his moment.

(CONTINUED)

GENERAL

OK, you have the green light.

Executive #3 grabs his glass, raises it; a toast!

EXECUTIVE #3

For all mankind!

EXECUTIVE #2

To the secrets of the universe!

The General smirks, follows short nevertheless.

GENERAL

To not shoot a black hole up our  
arses.

EXECUTIVE #1

Or beam you over to another  
dimension!

CHEERFUL laughs.

They drink.

GENERAL

So, who's leading this?

EXECUTIVE #2

We have three names available sir,  
it's up to you to decide.

GENERAL

Who?

EXECUTIVE #1

Doctors Stevenson, Mands and  
Hopkins.

EXECUTIVE #2

Doctor Stevenson has been a project  
leader in two other occasions,  
ALICE and CMS, Doctor Hopkins was  
in charge of the ENQUIRE, Doctor  
Mands, our most promising and  
talented around here.

The General does not look impressed.

GENERAL

Who's a *he*, because I'm sorry to  
say this, but I don't trust women  
for this.

(CONTINUED)

EXECUTIVE #2  
Stevenson.

GENERAL  
Perfect.

The General stands up, another swig of champagne follows.  
He retires in a hurry.

EXT. WASHINGTON - KENNEWICK - KAMIAKIN HIGH SCHOOL -  
DOMINANT REALITY - DAY

A hot day, sun looks in top form.  
The campus looks very alive.  
Students pour left and right in a hurry.  
Most of the building's windows are open.  
One of them..

INT. WASHINGTON - KENNEWICK - KAMIAKIN HIGH SCHOOL -  
SHRINK'S OFFICE - DOMINANT REALITY - DAY

The same office as the one in Seattle.  
Helen reads a three-pages report, looks lost in thought.  
She pauses every now and then, writes something down.  
Mikayla sits across her, stoic, her face looks so calm.  
The silence is deafening.  
Helen turns to the last page. We see her name at the bottom,  
just her signature is missing.  
Helen rests her pen.

HELEN  
So, what are you gonna do now?

Mikayla smiles, doesn't looks hesitant at all.

MIKAYLA  
Go out with Evan again.

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

I'm talking about soccer.

MIKAYLA

And I'm talking about something far more important. And pleasant.

HELEN

Love?

MIKAYLA

Yes!

HELEN

You really like him don't you?

Mikayla responds with a greater smile.

Helen lowers her eyes.

HELEN

Have to admit, I didn't see that coming.

MIKAYLA

You once told me that there are far more important things than soccer.

HELEN

True that.

Helen and Mikayla trade looks. A rare moment without words.

HELEN

Still, love doesn't mean you cannot go after your dreams.

MIKAYLA

No, it doesn't.

HELEN

So, what are you going to do now?

Mikayla understands what Helen is really asking about.

MIKAYLA

I love soccer. Yet, this time, I'll take it slow and see what happens.

HELEN

You? Take it slow?

(CONTINUED)

MIKAYLA

I understand you know. Passion  
sometimes blinds you. I won't do  
the same mistakes twice.

Helen' head tilts up and down, she looks impressed.

She grabs her pen, signs the last paper.

HELEN

I guess this is it.

Mikayla turns curious.

MIKAYLA

What do you mean?

HELEN

I mean, your psychological  
evaluation is over. You're free to  
go.

Mikayla tries hard to digest this.

HELEN

Your mind was never the problem  
Mik, your eyes were. You couldn't  
see clearly what you were missing.

MIKAYLA

I thought I was here because of my  
anger management.

Helen smiles.

HELEN

What anger?

A beat.

HELEN

I will have the papers sent to the  
Principal right away.

Helen checks her wristwatch.

HELEN

If you move fast enough, you won't  
miss today's training.

EXT. WASHINGTON - KENNEWICK - KAMIAKIN HIGH SCHOOL -  
DOMINANT REALITY - DAY

Not the usual another-day-at-the-office training session.

Carter looks extremely stressed, stares at her girls who work hard on the pitch. They're sweating like pigs, everyone seems to take this very seriously, like they want to prove their worth.

Carter's anxiety however, doesn't derive from the girls on the pitch, but the one that is missing; Mikayla.

All of a sudden, Mikayla pops out of nowhere, her casual outfit suggests she's not ready to train.

Carter eyes Mikayla, closes the distance.

CARTER  
Hello pretty eyes.

Mikayla looks so serious.

MIKAYLA  
Morning coach.

CARTER  
How are you feeling?

MIKAYLA  
I'm good.

CARTER  
Didn't expect you back so soon.

MIKAYLA  
I know.

CARTER  
So, you thought about this?

MIKAYLA  
More or less.

CARTER  
And?

Mikayla takes a deep breath. She gazes at her teammates..

MIKAYLA  
I feel like..

Carter awaits Mikayla's decision in breathless anticipation.

(CONTINUED)

MIKAYLA  
Putting my cleats on!

Carter bursts into smiles.

HELEN  
Hurry up!

Mikayla rushes away, to the changing room.

Helen stares at Mikayla running away.

Exhales in relief.

She turns upwards, shoots a look at the sun.

For a moment she resists the blinding light.

She smiles.

She can take this no more.

She shuts her eyes.

FADE TO BLACK:

SUPER: NOT LONG AFTER..

The sound of SCREAMS accompanied by TRUMPETS and DRUMS.

FADE IN:

EXT. WAKEMED SOCCER PARK - SOCCER STADIUM - DOMINANT REALITY  
- NIGHT

Stands are full. That's more than fifty thousand FANS out there. Not a single seat is empty.

On the football pitch, a MUSIC BAND, CHEERLEADERS, YOUNG BOYS AND GIRLS carrying various flags, swing to the DEAFENING music.

Fans jump up and down like madmen, with the song's bass lines thumping against their brain.

The huge TV monitor, reads *Home 0, Away 1*.

TO THE TUNNEL ENTRANCE

Sweating like pigs, frustrated faces, this is a team of WOMEN, not a girls'. They're dead silent, but their bodies speak the truth; they're losing, and it's time for the second half.

(CONTINUED)

At the far back, Mikayla stands alone. Physically exhausted, she mumbles uncontrollably, like blaming herself for the result. Her eyes shut, she looks like daydreaming.

TO THE MIDDLE OF THE FOOTBALL PITCH

The rival team, determined, is not impressed by all this chaos. They're winning this so far.

TO THE SKY

Colorful fireworks light up the night sky.

TO THE TUNNEL ENTRANCE

Carter's team exits the tunnel.

Confident, the girls sprint to their arena. All but Mikayla.

Mikayla, lost in thought, fingers shaking, doesn't sprint to the football pitch.

SERIES OF SHOTS

-- Young Mikayla, on the beach stares at the huge wave rising fast, going after her. This time, she doesn't run away. She retires her backpack, removes her music player's earphones. She shoots a devilish look at the wave. Yes, she's not afraid of it anymore.

The wave attacks Mikayla, who opens her arms like she doesn't care about the outcome. She YELLS!

-- The Kamiakin High school tackle incident, Mikayla is floored. She screams in pain but she wastes no time, braves pain, gets up fast, closes the distance to the player who tackled her, goes for a head butt. Her teammates manage to hold her back. A red card from the referee to her opponent, is enough to ease her wrath.

-- The shrink's office; Helen and Mikayla trade looks. Their faces look so peaceful.

HELEN

No matter how hard you train or how many sacrifices you make, your greatest enemy will always be your own self. And that is exactly why most people fail. Those who achieve their dreams, are the ones who have beaten their fears Mik, cause they don't care about failure.

(CONTINUED)



-- Washington university. Another lecture. Hall is full, just Mikayla's seat is empty.

HELEN

Failure can only make you stronger.  
Make you more persistent, more  
determined.

Helen beelines for Mikayla's empty seat. Her eyes are fixed on the seat number.

HELEN

Even if everything looks like going  
backwards instead of forward, it's  
always the few that will raise  
their heads, and gain strength,  
where only dismay exists. It's just  
the very few, that will fight  
against all odds, and achieve their  
dreams, meet their destiny.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

TO THE TUNNEL ENTRANCE

A hand connects with Mikayla's.

Mikayla's tremor stops abruptly.

She turns, stares at Carter.

CARTER

Everything in life, comes down to  
its defining moment. For you, this  
is it. And I cannot turn the tables  
on this.

Carter eyes the rest of her girls.

CARTER

They cannot either.

Eyes back to Mikayla.

CARTER

But you can. This is your forty  
five minutes moment. Use everything  
deep inside you. Use your love,  
control your anger, face your  
fears. Life is too short, live to  
the max! This is your forty five  
glory minutes girl. Get out there  
and make us proud.

(CONTINUED)

Mikayla nods in affirmation. Sprints to the field.

FADE TO BLACK:

The VOICE of a professional SPORTSCASTER.

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)

With five minutes to go, this is by a distant mile one of the best games I have ever witnessed. Do you think men's soccer is better? No, it's not! And do you know why? Because they don't have Mikayla! She's just nineteen years old, but oh dear, she's already a star!

FADE IN:

The night sky. We look down, beneath the stadium's blinding white lights..

Mikayla's team on the defensive. She intercepts the ball just outside the penalty area.

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)

Another brilliant clearance from Mikayla.

Mikayla expertly dribbles a player, and another.

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)

Brilliant skills from Mikayla, the threat has disappeared. Still five minutes to go.

Just before the midfield, Mikayla is up against two more opponents, who are pressing the action.

Mikayla launches the ball away, none of her teammates follow. They don't seem willing to attack, but stay back, catch their breaths.

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)

Hunter clears the danger.

Mikayla eyes the ball, this looks like a lost ball rolling slowly towards the other side of the field.

All of a sudden, she explodes forward, gives everything.

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)

Oh my days! Look at her, there is so much more left in her tank! This

(CONTINUED)

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)  
is exactly why Helen Mands was so  
desperate in signing her!

No one else is after that ball, a throw-in looks inevitable.  
But no!

Mikayla saves the ball, explodes forward, a counter attack,  
a chance for a goal.

The ROARING crowd is up on its feet.

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)  
(screams)  
Come on girl! Finish it! Finish it!

Between Mikayla and the GOALKEEPER, two DEFENDERS close the  
distance on Mikayla. This looks like a do or die for them.

Mikayla eyes left and right for a teammate, no one is there  
to assist her.

The first defender butt-checks her hard, Mikayla resists the  
blow, clears her with ease.

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)  
Brilliant skill from Mikayla,  
surging forward with real menace  
here.

One more defender to go through.

The defender tackles Mikayla brutally; she clearly goes for  
her legs, not the ball..

Mikayla tips the ball over the last defender, she jumps over  
her too.

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)  
And another dribble. Otherworldly  
skills from the youngster!

The defender's boot studs meet with Mikayla's leg.

She stumbles, but the blow is unable to take Mikayla down.

She regains her footing, a smirk escapes her lips.

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)  
Loot at her smile! Smile of an  
angel, face of a tiger!

Face to face with the goalkeeper, Mikayla takes the shot..

(CONTINUED)

FADE TO BLACK

The fans' RAGING screams. No doubt, it's a goal!

FADE IN:

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)  
Mikayla, bloody hell! Yes, this is  
our promised land!

At the far corner of the football pitch, Mikayla's teammates  
crash her under their arms. Wild celebrations follow, a few  
girls perform a long sprint down the pitch.

ON THE SCOREBOARD

Tables are turned. Score is three to one.

A hat-trick from Mikayla Hunter.

Fireworks BLAST the night sky.

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)  
What a night for everyone to  
welcome our own Mia, our own  
Michelle, our own Abby, our own  
Carlie.

IN THE LUXURY SUIT

A group of black SUITS and BOW-TIES. Noisy and hyper-active,  
they CLAP their hands.

Among them, Helen smiles from ear to ear.

SUIT ONE (70s), seated in his leather throne, cigar between  
his fingers, a smile from ear to ear decorates his face,  
turns, stares at Helen. He looks like the big boss in there,  
yes, he's the team's owner.

Suit One stands up, handshakes Helen.

SUIT ONE  
That girl is truly one in a  
million. What a star! You're the  
man Helen! You're the man!

HELEN  
Thank you sir!

SUIT ONE  
You were right you know. Even when  
I hesitated, even when those bloody

(CONTINUED)

SUIT ONE  
x-rays blurred my decision, you  
insisted. And you proved me wrong.

HELEN  
I just did my job sir. Just did my  
job.

SUIT ONE  
Helen, trust me when I say this,  
but in the lottery of the universe,  
you just got the right number for  
us! Well done my dear, well done.

Suit One points to his seat.

SUIT ONE  
Come on, don't be shy.

Helen prances through all the guys in there, moves next to  
the owner's seat.

Sits down.

Eyes full of envy gaze at her, she doesn't care.

She shuts her eyes, permits herself a smile.

SUIT ONE (V.O.)  
The first term in your contract. I  
get it now.

FADE OUT.