

ASCENSION

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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS

A montage unfolds:

- An ELDERLY WOMAN peacefully takes her last breath.
- A newborn BABY CRIES, entering the world.
- A tear rolls down a joyful WOMAN's face at her wedding.
- A determined TEENAGER takes a challenging test.
- A BUSINESS WOMAN leads a high-stakes meeting.
- A FATHER cherishes a tender moment with his son.
- A MOTHER lovingly dresses her daughter.
- GRANDPARENTS share a sweet kiss.
- At a funeral, PEOPLE embrace.

EXT. THE HOLLYWOOD HILLS

The California sun shines on the Hollywood Hills, where grand houses adorned with sprawling pools, green rolling hills, and palm trees create an iconic Hollywood view.

INT. CEDARS-SINAI HOSPITAL - DELIVERY ROOM

A vintage room, frozen in time with its '70s aesthetics; yellowish walls, dim lighting, and metal equipment.

We hear the screams of a WOMAN, around 17, a beautiful blonde with a Marilyn Monroe-like beauty mark, lies on the hospital bed in the throes of labor.

The DOCTOR, 30s, a confident African American enters.

WOMAN

Holy hell!

DOCTOR

This is the moment we've been waiting for. Take deep breaths; we're on our way.

Bigger screams.

DOCTOR

Okay? Ready?

WOMAN

Okay.

DOCTOR

Here comes another contraction. I want you to push. Push. Good, good, good.

WOMAN

What's happening?

DOCTOR

He's crowning. I'm seeing his head. One more big push. One, two, three...

The BABY BOY comes out crying.

DOCTOR

November 2nd, 1973. 12:41 PM.

INT. THE IN-BETWEEN

A place with no distinct boundaries or features; white, cloud-like.

A MAN sits in a director's chair, a side table beside him. We cannot see who he is, only his outline. He's watching the scene of the birth on a monitor.

He picks up papers on the table. It's a Title Page.

It says "Logan Wilson. 1910-1973."

The name and years disappear.

A moment later, it's replaced with "Clark Aisling. 1973 - "

MAN (V.O.)

Completion of level seven.
Ascending into level eight. Are the choices made free will or destined?

A clock appears, frozen at 12:41 PM.

TITLE CARD

ACT ONE

INT. CLARK'S THERAPY OFFICE

A clock ticks, it's 12:41 PM. The office radiates luxury. A sign reads "Dr. Clark Aisling, Therapist & Hypnotherapist" amongst certificates and awards.

CLARK AISLING, 35, of mixed race, handsome, skims through a stack of mail. An envelope labeled "Important -Open Immediately- Collections" stands out. He tosses it aside.

Clark opens a package on his desk. It's a new sign, "Dr. Clark Aisling, Therapist." He replaces the other sign.

Clark logs onto his computer and opens his calendar. It is November 2nd, 2024, a day with no more appointments.

Suddenly, there is a loud KNOCK at the door.

CLARK

Coming.

Clark opens the door, a tall man is standing there.

DAVID LONGING, 30s, sharply dressed, holds a leather briefcase in one hand and paperwork in the other.

DAVID

Clark Aisling.

CLARK

Yes?

DAVID

I've been trying to reach you,
you're a tough man to track down.

CLARK

I don't have any more appointments
today, but please, go ahead and
call if it's urgent.

DAVID

David Longing. Estate planning
attorney.

David extends his hand. Clark shakes it, looking confused.

DAVID
(with a sly grin)
And, you know, I don't get my cut
if you don't take yours. So, here
we are. Review this document, and
let's get that signature.

CLARK
What?
(checks his watch)
Can this wait until tomorrow?

DAVID
You were named a beneficiary in the
will of the late Olga Nuham.

CLARK
Who?

Clark walks to his desk, hands David a business card, and
starts packing his things.

DAVID
Olga Nuham has left you money.

CLARK
I don't know an Olga Nuham. I need
to get going.

DAVID
A sum of \$200,000.

Clark looks up from what he is doing.

DAVID
All you need to do is scribble a
few times and tell me where to
transfer the funds. Simple.

CLARK
Uhh, you have the wrong person.

DAVID
It's clear as day. The will states
that this money will go to Dr.
Clark Aisling. Is this your
address? And this is your practice?

David points at the paper. Clark reads and slightly nods.

DAVID
Just sign here, here, and here...

CLARK

Who is she? Does it indicate our relationship?

DAVID

I can't discuss any other details not outlined in the will. Let's get that signature. I have another client to get t.

CLARK

Maybe my father's side. I know next to nothing about him or them.

DAVID

It's always tricky when this comes up as a surprise. Trust me, I don't enjoy opening up a can of worms in people's lives.

CLARK

Is that common?

DAVID

Sure. Families...enemies, they have secrets.

David notices the "Past Due" bills scattered on the desk.

DAVID

Looks like perfect timing.

CLARK

I don't believe in coincidences.

DAVID

There are conditions to signing.

CLARK

Conditions?

DAVID

You have to sign first. It's part of the agreement.

Clark contemplates and grabs a pen. David has a large grin.

He hands the paperwork to Clark. Clark signs.

CLARK

When do I get the money?

DAVID
A day or two, depending on your
bank.

David takes the signed papers.

DAVID
As for the condition.

David puts on a pair of glasses and shuffles through the
document. Finds it.

DAVID
"She's lying."

CLARK
Who's lying?

DAVID
That's all it says.

INT. CLARK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

The TV illuminates the room where Philip and Scott sit
sprawled on the couch.

Clark pushes through the front door.

PHILIP
Happy Birthday, Dad! How's your
special day?

CLARK
It's been interesting.
(he pauses, glances
around)
Is Mom getting ready?

SCOTT
She isn't home yet.

CLARK
Not home? We need to head out to
Grandma's.

SCOTT
She said something about an
errand...

SUSAN, 30s, not a looker, bursts through the front door, a
wrapped gift clutched in her hands.

SUSAN
(breathlessly)
Sorry, I'm late.

CLARK
Where were you?

SUSAN
I...Yoga class went over.

CLARK
Boys, why don't you get ready?
We'll head out in five. Susan, a
word?

Clark leads Susan to the adjoining kitchen.

INT. CLARK HOUSE - KITCHEN

The fridge's hum fills the silence as Susan pours herself a glass of water. Clark scans her over.

CLARK
Susan, is everything alright?

Susan freezes, caught off guard.

SUSAN
Everything's great, birthday boy!

CLARK
You sure?

SUSAN
What are you implying?

CLARK
It's just... you've seemed distant lately. Missing Scott's honor roll ceremony last week, Phillip's soccer game this week, now this.

SUSAN
(looking away)
It's just been busy lately. That's all.

Clark's expression softens.

CLARK
I don't want to be those absent parents.

SUSAN

I know, Clark. I promise it won't happen again.

Clark is skeptical yet leans in, gently kissing her forehead.

SUSAN

Now, let's not waste any more time. Off to your mom's!

INT. JULIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Clark, Susan, Philip, and Scott sit in an eclectic living room with mismatched furniture decorated for a birthday.

JULIE, Clark's Mother, 60s, a cougar, sings Happy Birthday as she dances in with a cake. Susan and the boys sing along.

EVERYONE

Happy Birthday to you, Happy Birthday to Dad/Clark, Happy Birthday to you.

JULIE

Make a wish.

Clark blows out the candles.

JULIE

How old are ya now?

CLARK

Forty-three. But who's counting?

JULIE

Geez, time sure flies! Feels like I was pregnant with you just yesterday.

Julie hands Clark a gift.

JULIE

Hope you like it!

Clark opens it.

CLARK

It's a puzzle.

JULIE

You like puzzles.

CLARK

I mean, I like to solve them.

JULIE

You know, they say puzzles are good
for your head. Helps keep you sane.

CLARK

I don't like unfinished things.

The boys go to hand Clark a gift.

PHILIP & SCOTT

Here Dad.

Clark opens it. It's a book, "*Many Lives, Many Masters*" by
Dr. Brian Weiss. Clark glances at Susan.

INT. CLARK'S HYPNOSIS OFFICE - (FLASHBACK)

The lighting is dim and soft music is playing. Clark
passionately guides a MALE CLIENT through a hypnotic journey.

MALE CLIENT

(under hypnosis)

I'm in a woman's body, teaching. I
feel happy. I inspire people.

Clark smiles with conviction.

EXT. CLARK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Clark walks out, eager to return home after a successful day.

CLARK (V.O.)

(whispering to himself)

People found comfort in my
sessions.

INT. CLARK'S OFFICE - DAY

MONTAGE:

- Clark's office, once filled with clients, is now empty.
- A newspaper headline: "Tragedy Strikes - Famed Hypnotist's
Client Commits Suicide After Session."
- Clark, tormented, staring at the headline.

CLARK (V.O.)
(voice breaking)
One session changed everything.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. JULIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Clark looks distraught, struggling to say anymore.

SUSAN
Life is unpredictable. It's not
your fault.

CLARK
We all have a choice.

SUSAN
Everything happens for a reason.

CLARK
I hate that saying.

Susan goes to hand him a gift.

SUSAN
Julie, don't get mad.

Clark shakes it.

CLARK
What do we have here?

Clark opens it. It's a *23andMe* DNA testing kit.

CLARK
A DNA test. My father's side has
always been a mystery.
(towards Julie)
A puzzle.
(to his family)
Thank you.

Julie freezes for a second as she cuts the cake.

JULIE
Oh, Susan, you shouldn't have!

Susan looks at Julie and hands slices of cake to the boys.

CLARK
Mom, can you help me with the
coffee?

INT. JULIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Julie starts to make a large pot of coffee.

CLARK
Do you know Olga Nuham?

Julie, caught by surprise, drops the coffee grinds all over.

JULIE
(raising an eyebrow)
Olga Nuham?

CLARK
Who is she?

As she cleans up, there's a brief pause before she responds.

JULIE
Olga, yeah, Olga. What a character!
Always up for a good time. We lost
touch when she moved abroad, you
were just a baby.

CLARK
I was named a beneficiary in her
will.

JULIE
Oh, no. I had no clue.

CLARK
I thought she might be a relative.

Julie's gaze shifts away, her hands fidgeting.

JULIE
Nah, just a close friend.

CLARK
Why would she leave me money?

JULIE
She didn't have much family. Was
always generous. Trust fund baby,
you know how it goes. How much did
she leave?

CLARK

Enough to float business while I figure things out.

JULIE

I didn't realize things were that tight right now.

CLARK

Part of me hoped that this was a clue into my...roots.

JULIE

Sorry sweetie. Speaking of, I don't want you doing that *23andMe* thing. Opening that door now... it feels pointless, doesn't it? I love our family the way it is. Plus, having our DNA on any of these websites, tracking us, and who knows what else they do with it!

Clark wants to say something but doesn't.

JULIE

Clark, what is it?

Clark gives Julie a look.

JULIE

You got it all without him.

CLARK

Do you really not know who he is?

JULIE

Sweetie, come on. Drop it. I don't wanna do this again.

Julie's eyes well up with tears, and her voice trembles.

JULIE

As you know, I was traveling. Dancing and touring was a whole different life.

CLARK

I'm not judging you.

JULIE

I was in Miami, New Orleans, and Austin right before I settled back in LA when I found out the best surprise, I was preggo with you.

Julie holds the pot full of coffee.

CLARK

I guess you're right. Sometimes
it's better not to stir the pot.

Susan enters.

SUSAN

I'm ready for some coffee!

INT. CLARK'S THERAPY OFFICE

Clark sits in his therapy chair, legs crossed, notepad in hand watching...

ERIKA, a stunning woman in her late 30s, exudes an air of sophistication as she struts around the room.

She notices the *23andMe* Kit.

ERIKA

Is this for you?

(beat)

I did something like it. I was
looking for someone.

CLARK

Who?

ERIKA

Couldn't find him.

Erika picks up a picture frame from Clark's desk, the room suddenly heavy with tension.

CLARK

My mother and I at the zoo. One of
the few fun things we did every
year together.

ERIKA

Just you and your Mom?

CLARK

Just us.

Erika stares at the photo, her grip tight, displaying a whirlwind of emotions - anger, pain, fear. She looks up, catching the eye of a woman outside the window.

ERIKA
(whisper)
Mom?

Erika freezes as the woman disappears. She places the picture back on the desk, suddenly overcome with hysterical cries.

CLARK
Erika? Erika, breathe. Breathe in, and breathe out. Take a seat. You are okay. Everything is fine. Let me get you some water.

Erika sits on the couch and grabs a tissue. Clark hands her a water bottle. She takes a sip and a few deep breaths.

CLARK
Erika, bring your attention to the way you are sitting. The couch is supporting you. Allow it to.

Erika fixes her posture and fidgets with her hair.

Clark stares at Erika's ears. They're slightly pointed, like his. He touches his own.

ERIKA
I'm sorry. It's just...I don't know what I have left. My mom's gone, I don't have a career, and the clock's running out...if I can't have this, then what else is there?

CLARK
I understand, Erika. It's natural to feel lost, especially with everything going on. Remember, your worth isn't defined by your career or any single aspect of your life. Will your husband be around later?

Erika looks away. Clark watches her intently.

ERIKA
I'm cooking tonight. He better make it.

CLARK
Sounds like a lovely plan. Our emotions can cloud our judgment, and spending time with loved ones can help ground us.

A tear runs down Erika's cheek.

CLARK
Please call me if you need
anything. Next week, same time.

The office door opens; AMIR, mid-20s, Indian, clean cut, and in the closet, enters.

CLARK
Hi Amir. Be with you in one moment.

Amir sits down in the same spot where Erika sat.

EXT/INT. CLARK'S CAR - DRIVEWAY - LATER

Clark pulls into the driveway of his Victorian-inspired house behind an unknown car. He gives the Prius a weird look.

INT. CLARK'S HOUSE - FOYER

CLARK
Surprise! I'm home.

Clark hears moaning from upstairs. Duke, his French Bulldog, comes up and gives him a lick.

INT. CLARK'S HOUSE - HALLWAY

He rushes upstairs and opens his son's door on the left.

CLARK
Scott, are you having sex again in
my house?

No one.

Clark continues down the hall to his bedroom door. He opens it and finds...

INT. CLARK'S HOUSE - CLARK'S BEDROOM

Susan, sweaty, naked, with an UNKNOWN WOMAN.

CLARK
SUSAN?!

Susan SHRIEKS and gets up from the bed, covering herself with a sheet.

SUSAN
Oh my god. What are you doing home?

CLARK
What the hell Susan? Who is that?

SUSAN
Umm, we met at yoga class.

CLARK
How long has this been going on?

SUSAN
I...uh..I'm not sure. It just happened. One thing led to another, and-

CLARK
Did you forget you were married?
And what are you bi-sexual, a lesbian, or having a midlife crisis now?

SUSAN
Uh...what do you expect, Clark? We haven't had sex in 2 years.

UNKNOWN WOMAN
No wonder.

SUSAN
I..I..I don't know. I'm sorry.

Clark's mouth opens, but no words come out. He turns and leaves the bedroom...

INT. CLARK'S HOUSE - FOYER

And runs downstairs.

SUSAN
Clark! Clark, wait.

Susan is trailing him.

SUSAN
Stop, Clark! Where are you going?
(beat)
Clark, this was a mistake. Let's work on this. We need to talk about it.

CLARK
I need to go, Susan.

SUSAN

Don't just leave me here! Talk to me.

Clark holds onto the wall for a second, catching his breath. Holding back tears.

CLARK

After everything that's been going on? And trying to figure out what's been up with you. I thought we were a team, but now...

Clark goes out the front door towards his car, gets in, and gives Susan a disappointed look.

The car door SLAMS.

INT. CLARK'S CAR

Before he drives away, Clark's phone emits a subtle ding. He checks, an email from *23andMe*: "Submit your Kit Now!" Clark swipes to delete it.

Rain pours down as Clark speeds on the wet road, barely paying attention. The rhythmic beat of window wipers echoes against the windshield.

CLARK

Shit!

As he does, he swerves, TIRES SCREAM, then BAM! The car crashes into a light pole. The world goes black.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. AMIR'S FAMILY HOME - DINING ROOM

Amir enters his very religious modern home, where his Father, MUHAMMAD, is about to eat at the dining room table.

MUHAMMAD
Amir, you're late.

AMIR
Sorry.

MUHAMMAD
I was just saying prayer. Where were you?

AMIR
Um...I had to help Natalia with her studies.

MUHAMMAD
How is Natalia? You ought to bring her around one day.

AMIR
Um hmm.

MUHAMMAD
I need to meet her, Amir. The family expects a ring and babies soon!
(beat)
I looked into some options for medical school. It's been long enough as a nurse. We want doctors in this family. I left the information and books in your room.

AMIR
I applied for Acting schools. I have an audition this week.

MUHAMMAD
That is not a viable career, Amir.

AMIR
I have to get ready for work.

MUHAMMAD
You need to eat.

AMIR
I'm not hungry.

Amir steps out of view from his father, takes a letter out of his pocket, and opens it. "I'm Gay" can be read at the beginning. Amir starts to tear up.

INT. CEDARS-SINAI HOSPITAL - LOBBY

Modern, clean, and eerily quiet.

Amir, in scrubs, heads into the employee break room.

INT. CEDARS-SINAI HOSPITAL - BREAKROOM

Amir puts his things away. As he turns, he bumps right into DOMINIC, muscular and pretty, trying to open his locker.

AMIR
Oh, sorry about that.

DOMINIC
No worries.
(beat)
I'm Dominic. Today is my first day
at this hospital.

Amir turns to Dominic and can barely get his words together.

AMIR
I'm...Amir. I thought I hadn't seen
you before...I would have
recognized you. Sorry, I am not
trying to be creepy.

DOMINIC
Could you give me a hand with this?

Dominic points and Amir smiles. The employee lockers are fingerprint-activated. Amir gently grabs Dominic's hand and puts his thumb on the locker reader. It opens.

Dominic checks out Amir.

DOMINIC
Wow, I feel dumb. Thanks.

Amir smiles. They can't look away from each other.

AMIR
Good luck today.

DOMINIC
Any lunch plans tomorrow?

AMIR
I usually bring - no, I don't.

DOMINIC
Lunch on me. I'll find you.

Amir blushes. Dominic walks away, and Amir watches as he does. He turns around and falls back on the lockers.

DR. SMITH (V.O.)
Amir, can I please have you out
front immediately?

INT. CEDARS-SINAI HOSPITAL - LOBBY

Amir rushes into the lobby. DR. SMITH, 65, a handsome tall man with circular glasses hands Amir a clipboard.

Amir reads the names of the two ICU patients being brought in, Clark Aisling and Erika Scott.

The quiet is shattered as Clark is rushed into the hallway on a stretcher. His eyes are closed and he looks peaceful.

Right behind him is Erika on a stretcher, with MARTHA, Erika's house manager, 50s, a sweet-looking older woman, frantic beside her.

AMIR
(hesitant)
Doc, is there someone else who can
assist with these patients?

DR. SMITH
We are short-staffed today. I need
you.
(evaluates Amir)
Is everything alright?

AMIR
Clark Aisling is my therapist.

DR. SMITH
We have no other choice right now.
I'm sorry. He'll owe you one.

Clark and Erika are brought to beds right next to each other.

INT. CEDARS-SINAI HOSPITAL - ROOM - LATER

A heart monitor beeps, Amir checks Clark's vitals.

AMIR
(to Dr. Smith)
He's looking good.

Clark slowly wakes up. He looks at his arm bandaged up.

Clark looks around, confused.

CLARK
(looks at Amir)
Amir?

Amir smiles.

AMIR
Hi Clark. How do you feel?

CLARK
Am I awake?

AMIR
You've been unconscious for a few hours.

CLARK
What just happened?

AMIR
You were in a car accident. The car...not so good, but you're okay.

Clark takes a moment to collect his thoughts.

CLARK
Something happened. I was somewhere...different.

AMIR
You need to rest.

CLARK
I saw something. Or maybe I felt it. I don't know.

AMIR
Saw something?

CLARK
Yeah, like... another place. But it wasn't a dream. It felt... real.

AMIR
You did hit your head pretty hard.

CLARK
I need to go.
(looks around)
Do you have my phone?

AMIR
The doctor will be in soon. I'll
get it for you.

As Amir walks out, Clark recognizes Erika in the bed next to him, unconscious.

CLARK
(under his breath)
Amir and Erika.

Dr. Smith enters.

DR. SMITH
I'm Dr. Smith. How are you doing,
Clark?

Clark evaluates Dr. Smith. He feels like he knows him.

CLARK
I'm still here.

DR. SMITH
You are very lucky. You have a
fracture to your left arm and some
bruising. Physically, you are going
to be okay. You'll be in a brace
for a few weeks. I am prescribing
you some pain meds. One a day for
about a week.

CLARK
Thanks, Dr.

DR. SMITH
Something else came up while we
were running some tests.
Unfortunately, it is not the best
news, but it is good that we have
caught it now.

CLARK
(interrupting)
What is it?

DR. SMITH
From the MRI we see a mass-

CLARK
A tumor?

DR. SMITH
We don't know yet.

Clark is reeling from the news.

CLARK
Oh, my god. Will I be okay?

DR. SMITH
We'll run more tests to determine the best course of action. The accident was a blessing in disguise, allowing us to catch this early. For now, let's get you healed and scheduled for follow-ups.

CLARK
Is this deadly?

DR. SMITH
We will come up with the best treatment depending on the stage. The good news is we caught it.

CLARK
I have so much I need to do...figure out. I've been ...scared.

DR. SMITH
Scared of what?

CLARK
It's like that feeling in your gut and you ignore it.

DR. SMITH
Let's not worry 'till we have to.

Clark takes a moment to process.

As Dr. Smith turns away, he's already worried.

CLARK
I don't know what I will find.

Dr. Smith smiles to himself.

CLARK
Do I know you?

DR. SMITH
It's a small world. Might have
crossed paths before.

Dr. Smith winks at Clark.

DR. SMITH
We'll get you out of here soon,
Clark.

As Dr. Smith exits, Amir hands Clark his bag of belongings.
Susan is at the door.

SUSAN
Can I come in?

Clark gestures for her to enter.

Susan walks over to Clark's bed and puts her hand on his
shoulder.

SUSAN
I was so worried. I need you. I'm
sorry.

Susan is teary-eyed.

CLARK
I'm sorry too. You've been trying
to help, and I've been pushing you
away.

SUSAN
Sometimes it's easier to push than
to be pushed. No one likes to walk
through unknown doors.

Clark takes a deep breath.

CLARK
I chose the door to come back here.
I can't waste any more time.

SUSAN
Okay?

CLARK
I've decided to do the *23andMe* kit.

SUSAN
What about your mom?

Clark shrugs. Susan kisses Clark.

SUSAN
I'm proud of you.

CLARK
Together, we'll get through this.

SUSAN
You're going to be okay.

Susan notices a book on the table, "*Many Lives, Many Masters.*" She picks it up.

SUSAN
You brought the book with you?

CLARK
I don't think so.

Susan hands him the book.

SUSAN
Get some rest so we can get you out
of here.

Susan leaves.

Clark opens the book and starts reading from a bookmarked and highlighted page.

CLARK
Accept what comes - HA.

Clark starts flipping through the book. A flyer falls out.
"*Crystal's Psychic Readings.*"

CLARK
"Do you want to know what is
happening, why it is happening, and
what is to come? Join me in a
spiritual session to unlock your
answers in all aspects of your
life!"

Clark takes out his cell phone.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. CLARK'S THERAPY OFFICE

Clark searches around on the *23andMe* website, but no results or matches yet.

A loud KNOCK shocks him out of his concentration.

CLARK

Jeez.
(confused)
Come in?

Amir walks in.

CLARK

Amir. Hi. I canceled today. I'm taking this week off after, you know, everything.

AMIR

Shoot. I forgot.

CLARK

See you next week.

Clark walks towards his desk.

AMIR

Can we still meet now?

CLARK

(hesitant)
It's been a long few days.

Clark focuses on his computer. Amir watches Clark.

AMIR

I could use your advice.
(slightly louder)
Is there any way?

Clark struggles to come up with a compromise until he glances at the book on his desk "*Many Lives, Many Masters.*"

CLARK

Do you believe in psychics?

AMIR

I think so. I hope there is some kind of plan for us.

CLARK
Are you up for something different?

AMIR
Like what?

CLARK
Hypnosis.

AMIR
Didn't you stop?

CLARK
Do you want to do this?

Amir takes a seat.

CLARK
Tell me how it went.

Amir takes out a letter from his bag and looks at it.

AMIR
(looks down)
I tried. I want to. But I...I don't know. What if they say it's a choice? Which makes absolutely no sense.

CLARK
Fear holds us back.

AMIR
I'm tired... tired of pretending, of hiding. I just want to be myself. They keep pressuring me to meet the girlfriend I made up. When I'm thinking about this guy I have a crush on at work, Dominic.

CLARK
Tell me more.

AMIR
He's new. We just met. It was...exciting. You know, when you get those butterflies in your stomach. It's the best feeling.

CLARK
That's great, Amir. Dating isn't just about someone else; it's about discovering more about yourself.
(MORE)

CLARK (CONT'D)

What's holding you back from
telling your family?

Amir struggles to articulate his fears.

AMIR

Part of me thinks they'll ignore
it. But... but part of me is scared
everything will change. I'm not
sure which is worse. They have this
plan for me... and I want to...run
the opposite way.

CLARK

We all can be guilty of hiding
things or turning a blind eye.
Being authentic to yourself. That's
where true happiness lies.

AMIR

It's not just them, though. It's...
it's me, too. I've spent so long
pretending to be what they expect.

Amir's gaze drops to the letter in his hands.

AMIR

I'm going to tell them. Soon. I
have too.

CLARK

I'm here for you, no matter what.
Lie down. Set an intention.

Amir lies down. Clark takes a deep breath.

CLARK

(tranquil tone)

To begin, I will guide you through
a relaxing hypnotic meditation that
will slowly and gently take you
into a deep, calm state. You will
be aware and awake the whole time,
but your focus will be directed
inward and away from your day-to-
day stresses.

(beat)

Lay back. Close your eyes. Take a
long, slow, deep breath. Hold it in
for a moment, then slowly exhale.
Let all tension fade away.

Amir's eyes begin to flutter and then close.

INT. CLARK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Clark works on the puzzle Julie gave him, the solar system.

Clark's phone makes a DING. Shock takes over as he stares at his phone.

CLARK
Susan!

SUSAN (O.S.)
Yeah.

CLARK
Come here.

Susan enters.

SUSAN
What's going on?

CLARK
I...I...I...

SUSAN
Spit it out.

CLARK
...have a match.

SUSAN
Ahh, oh my gosh! Who? Where?

CLARK
I haven't opened it.

SUSAN
Open it!

Clark opens the email, "You have a match!"

It's from "E.A.," with a ~50% match. Clark opens the message. Susan glares over his shoulder.

CLARK
"Hi, Clark. Would love to meet."

SUSAN
Yes, yes, yes. Meet!

Clark hesitates, then types back.

CLARK

Hi E.A., that would be great. Where are you located? I am in Los Angeles.

Typing dots appear.

CLARK

They're typing.

An immediate response from "E.A."

CLARK

"I am in LA as well. How about tomorrow, 1 PM at Lancers in Burbank?"

Susan pats Clark on the arm.

CLARK

Great. See you then.

SUSAN

Ask for their name.

Clark responds again.

CLARK

What's your name?

No response. Clark and Susan have a moment and then embrace.

INT. LANCERS DINER - BOOTH

Clark sits alone in a modern diner. He sips coffee anxiously.

He checks his watch, it's 1:15 PM.

He pulls out his iPhone and messages E.A.

CLARK (TEXT)

Hi, I'm here at a booth towards the front. Are you here?

Erika enters, wearing large shades and a stylish outfit, checking her iPhone.

Messages with E.A. disappear. Clark continues to search, but E.A.'s profile is gone.

CLARK

No! This can't be happening.

Clark is frozen.

When he looks up, he spots Erika.

CLARK
(to himself - confused)
Erika.

Erika walks towards Clark's booth. Surprised to see him.

ERIKA
Clark. Is everything okay?

Erika pauses, then sits down.

CLARK
What are you doing on this side of
town?

A WAITRESS interrupts them.

WAITRESS
Can I get you anything, miss?

ERIKA
I'm okay, thanks.

The Waitress turns to Clark.

WAITRESS
Anything else for you?

CLARK
No, thank you. So what are you
doing here?

The Waitress walks away.

Erika pauses before replying.

ERIKA
Oh, I used to come here all the
time. This place was like my second
home. You know, all the studios
around here and the big shots. I'd
hang out, hoping someone would
notice me and throw me in their
next big movie.

Erika gets lost in her thoughts.

ERIKA
Have any dreams that didn't happen?

CLARK

I believe...I think we pave our own course. It is in our control.

ERIKA

What are you doing here?

CLARK

Opening a can of worms.

(warmly)

It's hard to open up, but sharing burdens can make them lighter.

Erika is playing with her earring. As Clark looks into Erika's ears, a flashback emerges.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - (FLASHBACK)

Young Clark, 14, is bullied.

ALEX

(teasing)

Not going to do anything, little elf boy?

INT. LANCERS DINER - BOOTH

David interrupts Clark's daydream.

DAVID

Hello! Clark?

CLARK

David...hi. What are you doing here? Sorry, don't mean to be rude. Erika, this is David.

ERIKA

I -

(beat)

Nice to meet you.

David greets Erika intimately.

DAVID

(winks)

The pleasure is mine.

David and Erika share a strangely familiar greeting.

DAVID

This is about E.A.

Erika looks uncomfortable and stands up.

ERIKA

Nice seeing ya, Clark. I gotta run,
see ya tomorrow.

Erika exits.

CLARK

How did you know about-?

DAVID

Don't worry. I'm not the person you
matched with.

CLARK

The account was just deleted, or I
was blocked.

DAVID

I have some information that might
be a little hard to hear.

(beat)

Have you talked to your Mom?

Clark nods.

DAVID

About all of this? Olga?

CLARK

She said she was an old friend.

David takes out a folder from his briefcase.

DAVID

Interesting.

David watches Clark, eager and on the edge of his seat,
knowing he's about to drop a bomb.

DAVID

Your match...was with Olga.

CLARK

What do you mean?

Clark stares at David.

DAVID

The adoption records were sealed; the family didn't know for sure who the baby was given to for adoption, but after the will, they were pretty sure. We entered Olga's DNA into the site after she passed.

CLARK

That's impossible. This is a mistake.

David hands Clark a document—birth/adoption records from the State of California.

Clark recognizes part of this document, Cedars-Sinai Medical Center stands out. His eyes get wet.

CLARK

She was the one lying.

David gets up and pats Clark on the shoulder.

WAITRESS

Just the check?

Clark nods and takes out his phone to text his mother.

CLARK (TEXT)

You lied. My whole life feels like a lie. Why?

Clark doesn't send it.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. CRYSTAL'S PSYCHIC READINGS

Clark enters a very eclectic, foggy room. Crystals, cards, sage, and candles are everywhere. A big sign hangs on another door "Crystal Fortune, Clairvoyant."

CRYSTAL enters, looking like Professor Trelawney.

CRYSTAL

Clark.

Clark nods. Clark is skeptical yet fascinated by Crystal.

CLARK

Crystal.

CRYSTAL

Yes.

CLARK

You look familiar.

CRYSTAL

I've been around for a long time,
darling. Please, sit.

There's something oddly legitimate about how she does her thing. No evident humor from Crystal. Takes this seriously.

CRYSTAL

I need your hands for this.

And Clark offers them, palms up. She looks at his palms. Closes her eyes for a long beat. Leans her head back a touch. Clark looks around and focuses back on Crystal.

CRYSTAL

...oh...

(then)

...when did you, uh..? Find out?

Clark stares at Crystal. Already, this is weird.

CLARK

...what.

Crystal listens, eyes closed, to whatever voices talk to her. Eerie.

CRYSTAL

...oh never mind, not yet.

And holy shit, does Clark just go still. Crystal closes her eyes, listens, searches, on some kind of journey sitting there - she seems to encounter something.

The lights flicker, a strong wind fills the room, books fall over, and the chandelier above them shakes into darkness.

INT. THE IN-BETWEEN - LIVING ROOM SET

Clark's consciousness drifts into the ethereal realm of the IN-BETWEEN—a place with no distinct boundaries or features. Clark looks like himself.

A camera monitor displays a wide-angle view of a white, cloud-like space. Clark lies alone on the floor. We move into the monitor, entering the room as if it were a window.

Clark stands up, utterly confused, and begins walking forward. The surroundings gradually darken until he is swallowed by darkness. Suddenly, a DING pierces the silence.

A large, bright light flickers on, revealing a leather chaise sofa in whiteness. Clark approaches it and notices a hanging microphone and a large camera as well.

CLARK

Hello? Is anyone there?

Past the camera, a director's chair with a dark figure seated in it catches Clark's eye. Now directly under the light.

CLARK

Hey? Hello!

The dark figure stands up and glides toward Clark. THEO - a tall, handsome, mature man, wearing circular glasses and a sharply tailored suit - holds a cocktail and a script (soul contract).

CLARK

(laughing)

I'm dreaming. Who are you?

The blank space transforms into a living room as furniture, books, and artwork delicately appear.

THEO

Call me Theo. I am your spirit guide.

CLARK

Theo.

Clark, flabbergasted, looks around for signs of exit.

THEO

You got the book.

(off Clark)

Sit.

Clark does as he's told.

CLARK

Spirit guide?

Theo emanates calmness and an all-knowingness.

THEO

Have you ever had a dream, Clark,
that you were so sure was real?

CLARK

I have. Kind of like this.

THEO

How do you define real? If you're
talking about what you feel, taste,
smell, or see, then real is simply
electrical signals interpreted by
your brain.

(beat)

What if you were unable to wake
from that dream world, Clark? How
would you know the difference
between the dream world and the
real world?

Clark stands up.

CLARK

This must be one of those spiritual
awakening dreams.

Clark spots a large door.

CLARK

Why does it look like a living
room, TV set?

THEO

The world is a set.

CLARK

What does that even mean?

THEO
It's all connected. We play
different roles throughout time,
throughout lives.

Clark heads to the door.

THEO
I'd suggest you stay with me,
Clark.

CLARK
I don't have to. This is my dream.

THEO
(grabs Clark by his arm
and brings him back to
his seat)
You mustn't go through that door.
Really. It's not your turn.

CLARK
That's okay. I don't need a turn.

Clark heads back to the door.

THEO
I don't think you quite understand.
That is not your ultimate
destination. This is the in-
between.

CLARK
Am I -?

THEO
There is no alive or dead here.

CLARK
How did I get here?

THEO
A version of you is always
here...and there. I have brought
you here now.

CLARK
I'm just going to pass the time
until I wake up.

Clark walks around and then runs back to the door.

THEO

Clark! I'm afraid I have not properly explained to you the basis on which this system operates.

A spotlight beams down on Theo.

THEO

The rules of the in-between derive from your own. They are the product of your own image and the image of those who share the rules. Be warned - you cannot change the rules of an order without destroying the order. Your existence is a reflection of yourself.

CLARK

So I make the rules?

Clark contemplates.

THEO

I want you to look at me and listen to me very carefully to what I'm saying.

Theo looks directly into Clark's eyes.

THEO

This is not a dream. Neither yours..nor mine. It's your choice. If you go through that door...you cannot go back.

Theo glides his arm and another door appears.

THEO

Or follow me through this one to uncover truths that could change everything.

CLARK

For better?

THEO

Go with your gut.

Theo stands in front of the new door.

Clark glances back and forth between the two doors. He clenches his fists, bites his lip, and runs his fingers through his hair until he finally walks towards Theo.

CLARK
I need to go back.

THEO
Now, let me show you something.

They walk through the door to other sets. We see a "museum of sets" of Clark's life appear. Holograms recreate Clark's life milestones in different sets, playing in an endless loop.

CLARK
It's...my life.

A SERIES OF **FLASHBACKS** AS HOLOGRAMS IN SETS:

Clark and Theo walk from the living room set to another area. Each set is a vivid moment from Clark's past on Earth. They enter the next set.

A young Clark, age 7, takes the last bow at the school play and runs off stage to find Julie. The other kids embrace their parents and relatives, no one is there for Clark.

CLARK
Mom had to work late that day.

Clark, age 17, opens the mailbox, takes out a letter from Cornell University, and opens it. It says, "Congratulations! You have been accepted for the fall semester."

CLARK
Cornell was my dream school. We couldn't afford the tuition.

Clark's dorm room, age 20, opens a manila folder with the label "Cedars-Sinai Medical Center" and reads the documents inside. A mystery. Most of the information is blacked out. It provokes a strong, emotional reaction in Clark.

CLARK
I tried to find him, my father.

Outside of a building with a sign that says, "Dr. Clark Aisling." Clark, age 36, is excited about the opening day of his Therapy practice.

With a bunch of PEOPLE, Clark cuts a large red ribbon by the front door with a pair of giant scissors.

CLARK
Opening my practice. I thought that would...

Clark notices the last set, a hospital room with a hologram of Clark in a hospital bed.

CLARK

Is this-?

THEO

This is now. Not the end.

INT. THE IN-BETWEEN - LIVING ROOM SET

Clark and Theo are back in the original set and take a seat.

CLARK

What the hell was that? A nice depressing look at my life. Thanks.

THEO

You need to look at the silver linings in each situation. What path did it lead you on instead? No energy towards anything is a waste.

Clark looks around for any clues to leave.

THEO

You are searching for your father—answers from your mother.

(beat)

I know you don't believe in fate, Clark.

CLARK

I don't like the idea that we are not in control of our lives. It's a way for people to not take responsibility. They are made that way.

(beat)

What do you want from me?

THEO

To help. Let go of what happened with your patient. She was always going to commit suicide, Clark. It had nothing to do with you.

CLARK

I have let it go.

THEO

You haven't. You need to complete your contract.

CLARK

Contract?

THEO

Each life has goals set. The completion of these goals allows you to ascend to a higher soul level before each reincarnation.

CLARK

Soul level?

THEO

There are ten.

CLARK

What is my goal?

THEO

I'll show you. You've been here before. You won't remember, but you'll still be you. Everything's less intense here.

CLARK

I'm done with this.

Clark heads to the first door and this time tries to open it. It won't open.

CLARK

You lied.

He keeps trying to open it.

THEO

We're all here to do what we're all here to do. This is to help you.

CLARK

I don't believe you.

Visibly frustrated, Clark looks around and starts to run into the darkness towards the right. Theo watches.

Seconds later, Clark runs onto the set from the left.

CLARK

Come on!

Theo grabs Clark's hand.

THEO

Let's start here.

Clark and Theo disappear into the darkness.

EXT. THE SOUL WORLD

We see a specific group of 3 energies, SOULS, visually they are half-formed translucent human shapes in the spirit world: they resemble Clark, Amir, and Erika. They are singing, laughing, and playing.

Different beautiful sceneries pop up around them (a beach, a rainforest, a house). More SOULS join, they are everywhere, trying out various tasks from fishing to swimming, cooking to photography, and even basketball. They are all in a state of bliss and ease, learning to create.

A younger group of soul energies gathers around a version of Crystal. Now an ethereal woman with high cheekbones, wire-framed glasses, and a dark cloak. They follow her into the Soul Council Chamber.

EXT. THE SOUL WORLD - SOUL COUNCIL CHAMBER

A large circular room. A few members of the council sit behind a curved table. The room is packed with soul councilors, spirit guides, and new and old souls.

Clark and Theo sit to the side, looking in on the past.

CLARK

Oh, for Christ's sake. What's this?

THEO

This is the past.

CLARK

The past?

THEO

Yes, in the spirit world.

CLARK

The what?

THEO

You might call it heaven or the afterlife. It's a place where all souls come before and afterlife.

CLARK

(addressing the souls they
are watching)
Hello! Hello! Can you help me?

THEO

They can't hear you. This is..like
a film. Watch.

Crystal stands up, surveys the room, and clears her throat.

CRYSTAL

Welcome new souls to your
beginning. The first of many lives
ahead of you. I am Crystal. As we
prepare you for your first ride,
you must know that there are two
ways through life: the way of
pleasure and the way of joy.
Pleasure is intentional; it only
wants to please itself, to have its
own way. It finds reasons to be
unhappy when all the world is
shining around it. Joy, on the
other hand, doesn't try to please
itself; it accepts being
disregarded and insults and
injuries. No one who follows the
way of joy ever comes to a bad end.

PAST CLARK waves to his group to leave.

PAST CLARK

(under his breath)

I'm not ready to go back to earth.
It's too soon.

PAST THEO comes up to Past Clark.

PAST THEO

Clark, it is time. You chose this.
One day, you won't be able to
reincarnate like me. Take it as a
blessing. Believe it or not, I
would give anything to return to
earth knowing what I know now. Oh,
and a slice of New York pizza!
Let's head to the discussion.

Clark is contemplating.

CLARK

No wonder I didn't want to go back.

Theo smirks.

CLARK

Who's my father?

Theo does not say anything.

CLARK
(angry)
I've had enough.

THEO
I know it's hard for you, trust me.

INT. THE SOUL WORLD - CONFERENCE ROOM

Clark and Theo watch as Past Clark and Past Theo are brought into a conference room for a spiritual round-table discussion.

This room is old and more intimate. There is a large round table with high-back chairs.

Crystal sits at one end of the table, slightly elevated.

Theo and Clark are looking in.

CLARK
Why don't I remember any of this?

THEO
You're not supposed to. In a pure soul form, you will.

CLARK
Am I being judged in a courtroom?

THEO
Something like that. We just finished reviewing your most recent past life, Logan.

Crystal places both hands face down on the table, staring at Past Clark. With an eerie smile, she begins.

CRYSTAL
You have evaluated with your peers and guides your past journeys, the successes, and the failures.
(beat)
We have created a few journeys that would benefit each of you. They are not easy. When you choose certain paths, you give up others.
(beat)
After you choose, your contracts will be ready.

Three large keys float up from the table in front of Crystal. She guides them towards Past Clark. Crystal waves her arm to the left, acknowledging a tall glowing door.

PAST THEO
(to Past Clark)
You are next to step into the Ring
of Destiny.

PAST CLARK
I am not sure about this, Theo. I
think I need more time before I go
back to Earth.

PAST THEO
You are ready. You know which key.

Past Clark takes the keys and heads to the giant glowing door with Past Theo.

INT. THE SOUL WORLD - RING OF DESTINY

Past Clark and Past Theo are inside a large dome-like room. It seems that at any second, all the screens in this dome will turn on, and they will be engulfed in the image.

Clark and Theo watching in.

CLARK
The ring of destiny?

THEO
It is a review—a destiny plan.

CLARK
I know what you're doing.

Theo smiles.

CLARK
Give me answers! Closure is what I
seek. My origin, my story - I need
to know. All those times I longed
for a father, to make him proud, or
simply for his help... I didn't
have any of that.

Theo holds up the script from when they first met; on the front, it says "CLARK."

THEO

Did you ever think that might be by design?

Clark grabs the script.

CLARK

I'll figure it out myself.

Theo waves his hand back to the Ring of Destiny.

THEO

And this is the part where you choose your plan, your parents.
(reluctantly)
Be patient, Clark.

Clark pins Theo against the side of the Dome. His eyes are burning with rage. Theo is relaxed, not surprised.

CLARK

I've put up with your charade long enough. Give me something to help me. Now!

Theo takes a moment, then...

THEO

949-818-2220. You will only remember this number when you think of a dream.
(smiling)
Even though this is not a dream. Your time back is dependent on you making the right choices.

CLARK

How do I know what the right choices are?

THEO

When the time is right, I will bring you back to a time to understand.

Past Clark, in the center of the room, takes one of the keys, puts it into this tall podium, and turns it.

Clark is about to say something. As he does, the dome lights up extremely bright.

INT. CRYSTAL'S PSYCHIC READINGS

Crystal shines a bright light onto Clark's face. Clark is passed out, his head in his arms on the table.

CRYSTAL

Times up.

Clark wakes up in a panic.

CLARK

I remember. I remember what happened after the crash.

CRYSTAL

Sometimes it takes a few times.
Good luck!

Crystal leaves the room.

Crystal comes back.

CRYSTAL

Oh, Clark. Theo says good luck.
Adios!

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. JULIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Julie is spread out on the couch watching TV - terribly sick. Dirty tissues lay and medicines scattered all over.

INT. JULIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Clark pours the soup from the stove into a large round bowl.

He takes out the *23andMe* Kit, rips off all labels from the testing tube, and places it on a tray with the soup.

INT. JULIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

CLARK

It's hot.

Clark places the tray on the table.

JULIE

Thank you for coming by, sweetie.
Don't get too close.

CLARK

Of course. I brought a COVID test
in case.

Clark points to the tube on the left.

CLARK

Just spit up to the line.

Julie picks it up and starts spitting into the tube. She finishes and hands it to Clark.

CLARK

Enjoy the soup; let me know if you
need anything else. I am just a
call away. Feel better.

Julie starts to eat. Clark is about to leave then turns back.

CLARK

When I received the inheritance
money. I was told something I
wanted to ignore.

Julie looks directly at Clark.

CLARK
Why, Mom? Why have you lied all
this time?

Julie takes a deep breath.

JULIE
I don't know what you're talkin'
about.

CLARK
Please, don't.

JULIE
I was afraid this day might come.

CLARK
Go ahead.

JULIE
We had a deal. You're mine and I
didn't wanna share you. I thought I
was protecting you. Us.

CLARK
Now she's dead.

JULIE
I'm sorry, sweetie. I shoulda told
you.

CLARK
I have family out there. It's time
I find out the truth.

Clark looks at the tube and heads back into the kitchen.

INT. CLARK'S THERAPY OFFICE

Clark and Erika stare at each other. Clark has a painful
headache.

ERIKA
I've been thinking about what you
said. It's hard to open up.

CLARK
Time to open your can of worms.
Walk me through what happened.

ERIKA

I had...a psychotic break. It
seemed like the best
option...quick...final.

Clark leans in with a 'go-on' face.

ERIKA

I left your office last week and
Jeremy called.

INT/EXT. ERIKA'S CAR - PARKING LOT - (FLASHBACK)

On the phone, Erika enters her brand-new Mercedes Benz.

JEREMY

I will not be able to make it to
dinner tonight.

Erika mutes the phone call; her face turns to anger, and she
SCREAMS at the top of her lungs. Erika unmutes the phone.

ERIKA

Did something come up?

INT. CLARK'S THERAPY OFFICE

ERIKA

I was furious. Then, I went home.

EXT. THE SCOTT'S ESTATE - BACKYARD

The backyard is pristine, offering stunning city views.

The outdoor speakers play a throwback, "Who Will Save Your
Soul" by Jewel. Martha cleans and dances by the infinity pool
until she's startled by a dead bird floating in it.

She grabs the pool net to remove it but hears a loud
commotion from inside the house. Martha drops the bird back
into the pool and rushes inside.

INT. THE SCOTT'S ESTATE - KITCHEN

ERIKA

AHHHH!

Erika knocks the two bags of groceries on the spotless
kitchen counter over. Food spills out everywhere.

Martha comes in and sees the groceries on the floor.

MARTHA

Mrs. Erika, is everything okay?

ERIKA

Martha! Can you please clean up this mess? I'm gonna freshen up.

INT. THE SCOTT'S ESTATE - BEDROOM

Erika sits at her vanity, scrutinizing herself in the mirror. A framed photo falls from the wall. She picks it up, revealing a headshot from her acting days. Beside it, her USC theater diploma hangs.

ERIKA

Did none of it.

She places the photo face down and smells the red roses.

ERIKA

Buy my own fucking roses.

Erika picks up a negative pregnancy test next to the roses, then looks at herself in the mirror, tears welling up.

She gets her journal from the drawer, filled with highlighted instances of Jeremy canceling on her. As she begins to write, her pen nearly tears the paper.

ERIKA

Jeremy CANCELS on dinner plans AGAIN.

New Page.

ERIKA

Dear Jeremy and Family. I am SO tired...

INT. THE SCOTT'S ESTATE - BATHROOM

Erika opens the Hollywood glam medicine cabinet. She takes out a canister, pours about 20 pills into her hand, and takes them all, looking at her reflection in the mirror.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. CLARK'S THERAPY OFFICE

ERIKA

Martha found me unconscious in my room.

(beat)

Then I saw you at the hospital.

CLARK

How are you holding up?

ERIKA

I felt... lost, I guess. It's like I've been trapped in this version of myself that I don't even recognize anymore.

CLARK

How does the new version of Erika look?

ERIKA

I want... I need to find myself again. The dreams I buried.

(she hesitates, then continues)

Divorce in my family is looked down upon, but while I was in the hospital, I had this strange dream with my Mother. She told me everything would be okay. It's like... a sign, maybe.

CLARK

Were you close?

ERIKA

She was my biggest cheerleader.

CLARK

Have you dreamt of her before?

ERIKA

No, not since she passed.

CLARK

Do you think it was real?

Erika smiles through her tears.

ERIKA

I want to believe it was. That maybe, just maybe, she's still looking out for me.

CLARK
Dreams can be powerful that way.

ERIKA
Thank you.

CLARK
Always.

Erika smiles and gets up to leave.

Clark sits deep in thought. The realization sinks over Clark.
The number.

CLARK
949-818-2220.

Clark immediately types the number into his phone to call,
and as he does, a name pops up, Dr. Smith.

CLARK
Dr. Smith?

INT. HOSPITAL - FRONT DESK

Clark enters the hospital determined. Amir is at the desk.

CLARK
Amir, can I see Dr. Smith?

AMIR
Hi Clark, do you have an
appointment?

CLARK
No. It's an emergency.

Amir is looking at the computer.

AMIR
Dr. Smith is booked today. Are you
here for your follow-up? Let me see
who else is available.

Dr. Smith walks down the hallway into an office.

CLARK
Forget it.

Clark follows Dr. Smith.

INT. HOSPITAL OFFICE

Dr. Smith is at his computer. Clark walks right in.

DR. SMITH

(surprised)

Clark. Is everything alright? How are you feeling?

CLARK

Hi, I'm...confused. A few headaches.

(beat)

I...I just have a few questions-

DR. SMITH

I'm quite busy. I believe we have an appointment soon for your results.

CLARK

It will only be a minute.

DR. SMITH

(hesitant)

What is this about?

CLARK

It's a bit hard to explain.

DR. SMITH

(apologetically)

Another time, Clark.

CLARK

Strange coincidences have been happening. After the crash, I had an odd...dream; I received a phone number. Does this number sound familiar: 949-818-2220?

Dr. Smith gives Clark his full attention.

DR. SMITH

That's my number.

CLARK

It was given to me with the direction that it would help find my father.

DR. SMITH

You were on painkillers after the crash, you most likely overheard me giving it to someone. Look, Clark, I need to get back to my work. We can talk about this another time.

CLARK

What do you know about my father?

Silence.

CLARK

Have you been involved with adoption cases?

Dr. Smith nods.

CLARK

You can help me then.

DR. SMITH

Most of that information is confidential, Clark.

Clark throws the adoption records he received from David on Dr. Smith's desk.

CLARK

Maybe this will help.

DR. SMITH

How did you get these?

CLARK

Olga Nuham passed away, my birth mother.

The quickest moment of shock crosses Dr. Smith's face.

DR. SMITH

Let's talk tomorrow.

CLARK

Fine, tomorrow.

Clark leaves the office.

Dr. Smith walks over to a file cabinet, opens it with a key, and takes out a folder. Inside it's an old birth certificate. The first name is "CLARK" with a baby picture stabled to it.

Dr. Smith takes out his phone, goes to his contacts, finds Julie Aisling and hits call.

INT. CLARK'S OFFICE

Clark picks up the picture we saw earlier with his Mom.

CLARK

Who are you?

He pops one of his pain pills and plops down on the couch with *"Many Lives, Many Masters."*

INT. "CLARK'S" NEW OFFICE - (FLASHBACK)

It is as if the office had a complete renovation, and we are thrown back into the late '70s: wood-paneled walls, large funky lamps, and a maroon shag rug.

Clark wakes up on a tufted vintage sofa, totally disoriented.

Clark feels his arm; his brace is gone and no pain. He looks around the office.

CLARK

What the hell is going on?

Clark realizes the office looks completely different.

CLARK

Where am I? Where is my brace?

Clark starts frantically looking around.

CLARK

I feel fine.

Clark continues to look around until he glances in a mirror. Clark, expressionless, studies his reflection. Complete shock takes over his whole being as he sees a different person on the outside. This man is white and much older in his 60s.

Clark is a new person. He just woke up a different man.

CLARK/LOGAN

Oh my god, what the? Who am I?

Clark starts making faces in the mirror and checking out his new face and body. Clark walks over to his desk, and he notices the nameplate says, *Logan Wilson, Attorney At Law.*

CLARK/LOGAN

Logan. Logan. Omg, Logan?!

There's a KNOCK at the door. Clark freezes.

Another KNOCK. Clark tiptoes towards the door.

CLARK/LOGAN

Coming.

Clark slowly opens the door.

CLARK/LOGAN

Hi. Sorry, can I help you?

OLGA, 17, a very pregnant beautiful blonde with a Marilyn Monroe-like beauty mark, stands nervously at the door.

OLGA

Logan?

CLARK/LOGAN

No, I'm not. Sorry. I think I got a bit lost here.

OLGA

Oh, sorry. I thought I had the right office.

Olga looks at the door - It says *Logan Wilson, Attorney At Law*. Clark looks at Olga. He's curious.

CLARK/LOGAN

I can leave a note if you'd like.

OLGA

Sure. Please tell him Olga came by.

CLARK/LOGAN

And what was this meeting about?

OLGA

The adoption case. For my son.

CLARK

Olga?

OLGA

Yes. Olga Nuham.

Clark/Logan is speechless. It clicks. It's washing over him now. All of it.

CLARK

And how old is your son?

OLGA

He is due November 2nd.

Everything about this...just feels right.

OLGA
Is everything okay?

CLARK/LOGAN
Oh wow. I am sorry about all this!
I am Logan. I get so many prank
solicitors this is my...way to
filter them.

Clark/Logan does not have fear but childlike curiosity.

CLARK/LOGAN
What's today's date?

OLGA
Today is July 9th, 1973.

FADE OUT.

THE END