

Supernova Blues

Ep. #2

written by

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FADE UP

EXT. EARLY MORNING SKY ABOVE SORENSON MANOR - NIGHT

A brilliant bright light shines quarter-sized of the moon, above an iconic-looking oak tree.

SAMIRA (V.O.)

My name is Samira Said. I am an American born daughter of Egyptian immigrants. I want to say my parents immigrated to America to escape persecution in Egypt or some other worthy cause, maybe because their moderate Muslim beliefs clashed with rapidly expanding Islamic extremism in the Middle East. But honestly, my Baba says he moved to America to escape crony capitalism.

It's a slow pan down, from the brilliant bright light, to a three-story English estate.

A font reads: "Devon, England - Multiverse ..." Digital numbers rapidly click under the locaters, landing on "13952934781165911.00987A (11.A) / 155 Hours to Total Cataclysmic Impact"

SAMIRA (V.O.)

Baba is a very smart businessman who raised me in a very fine home in Orange County. But this is not my house. It's not even an elegant hotel in the English countryside.

INT. LARGE OLDE ENGLISH BEDROOM - NIGHT

Samira lies in bed tossing, side to side, over rosy silk bed covers.

SAMIRA (V.O.)

That's me. I'm not sleeping well in this nice estate, but not because I'm uncomfortable. You see, I found out yesterday that I have only one week to save the entire world.

CUT TO:

Series Open.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SORENSON MANOR DINING HALL - DAY

-A font reads: "Episode Two - Foreboding Optimism"

Samira enters an open dining area to find Jim lumping food from an extravagant buffet table onto a plate.

JIM

Good mornin' Samira. They got us a datgum catered breakfast buffit and everything! Like in a fancy Hilton Hotel, er somethin'.

She watches him.

SAMIRA

What was your name again?

Jim stops, turns.

JIM

We rode together with Robby in that snazzy, chauffeured Jaguar.

SAMIRA

Robby? You mean Robert Smith? He sat up front with the driver and didn't say a word.

JIM

He said call him Robby.

SAMIRA

You're the ghilis who sat in the backseat with me and never stopped talking the entire way here.

JIM

I figured you was listening.

SAMIRA

Oh my god! Listening? It's the end of the world and I nearly prayed it would end just so you would shut up!

JIM

My stories ain't that bad.

SAMIRA

You kept talking and talking our entire way from the airport!

JIM

I'm a high school chemistry teacher, it's what I'm paid to do.

SAMIRA

Whatever. The world is ending anyways.

JIM

Hey, we rode here with thee Robert Smith of the Quantum Q Corporation. Maybe we can save it.

SAMIRA

Robert Smith manufactures quantum computers for defense contractors. If anything he'd be another reason it would end someday.

JIM

He's smart guy.

SAMIRA

Rich doesn't make you smart.

JIM

You're here, ain't ya? And you do work at CERN.

SAMIRA

Yes! I work at CERN and crunch numbers. Numbers don't lie. You and, Robby, are fools to think otherwise.

She looks up, both hands raised palms to face.

SAMIRA (CONT'D)

Heavens to Allah so I am for even being here! I should be in L-A with my family right now!

JIM

Doctor Brett Sorenson is the Einstein of our generation. He flew us from around the world to England, for some reason or another.

Samira lowers her hands, sighs.

SAMIRA

Do you even know what CERN is, or where it's located? It's less than a two-hour flight from CERN to the Bristol airport. Robert Smith arrived in his private Gulf Stream.

JIM

Well. Then at least we then we rode together in a chauffeured Jaguar, with the richest man in the world who owns a Gulf Stream jet.

SAMIRA

He owns a fleet of them.

JIM

You've made my point. And, this mornin' we have a catered buffit.

Jim turns back to the buffet offerings, Samira watches him.

SAMIRA

Billionaires don't ride in Jaguars. That's like a government car or something. Probably M-I-six considering where we are. Yet, you dump food on a plate like an idiot.

JIM

I'll let your mean comments slide off me this mornin' like butter off a cold biscuit.

SAMIRA

A biscuit? Looks like you have enough of them on your plate.

Jim pops various finger foods into his mouth.

JIM

I know you're scared. Reckon all of us are scared.

SAMIRA

Listen to me! I work at CERN!

JIM

I didn't talk the whole way here, you told me that yesterday.

SAMIRA

I am super smart!

JIM
You mentioned that too.

SAMIRA
Like, really super smart!

Jim ignores her, continues perusing the breakfast buffet.

SAMIRA (CONT'D)
But I basically have no clue how to
stop a red giant supernova from
destroying planet earth just one
week from today!

Jim places his overflowing plate on the buffet table, turns
back toward her.

JIM
This entire thang, this, this
supernova, now us being here? It's
all just as weird to me as it is to
you Samira!

SAMIRA
I'm sorry. What is your name?

JIM
I'll tell you again, my name is
Jim.

SAMIRA
Yes, yes, Jim. May I ask why you
are not freaking out right now Jim?

JIM
If it helps, you can call me,
Jimmy.

SAMIRA
Jimmy?

JIM
Yep, that's right, Jimmy Dean. Just
like the microwavable breakfast
sausage.

Samira eyes the buffet.

SAMIRA
Actually, Jimmy. I was completely
unaware that sausage is
microwavable. So what is your
expertise, again?

JIM

Like I told you in the Jaguar yesterday, I'm a high school chemistry teacher from Arkansas.

SAMIRA

So, you are going to, somehow, defeat a red giant supernova, hurling enough raw iron out of its core to destroy our entire solar system, with, high school chemistry?

JIM

Now, I ain't never said nothin' like that.

She eyes the buffet.

JIM (CONT'D)

But, I do see you eyin' this here marvelous breakfast buffit. Our briefing with Robby and Doctor Sorenson is in an hour. You better eat.

Samira finally edges closer to the food.

SAMIRA

I only wish I could eat right now. And you're the one standing in front of all this fresh, food, talking about cooking sausage in a microwave oven.

JIM

Give me enough sodium chloride and I could serve you a mummified Egyptian Pharoah for breakfast, reheated in a microwave oven.

He lowers, shakes his head.

JIM (CONT'D)

Oops I'm sorry. You told me yesterday that you're Egyptian.

He looks back up at her.

JIM (CONT'D)

That would be like microwaving one of your ancient relatives or somethin', wouldn't it?

SAMIRA

I said I'm a Los Angeles born
Egyptian!

JIM

Then I reckon you would throw a
little salsa on a microwaved
pharaoh?

SAMIRA

That is most disgusting. Most,
culturally insensitive and
offensive! And. Actually. The
weirdest, funniest thing anyone has
ever said to me.

JIM

Haha funny?

Jim glances over at the food on his plate.

JIM (CONT'D)

Or, like ironically because rich
English people actually used to eat
Egyptian mummies?

She finally cracks a smile.

JIM (CONT'D)

I'd never microwave your ancient
relatives or nothin' like that, but
ya gotta understand where I come
from in Arkansas the term relative,
is well, sorta relative I reckon.

SAMIRA

You are funny, Jimmy Dean.

JIM

So can we be friends, then?

She lowers her head. Then rushes to Jim, throws her arms
around his neck, sobbing.

JIM (CONT'D)

I. I was only. Only tryin' to break
the ice, a little.

SAMIRA

Why are we here?

Jim sort of pats her back, uncomfortably.

JIM

I'm. I'm sorry if I made a bad joke
about your ancient kin folks.

She releases him, wipes tears.

SAMIRA

Oh my god, no I'm sorry. I just
haven't slept or eaten anything for
days. You know. Since, I calculated
this supernova is about to wipe out
our entire solar system.

JIM

Hey. Ain't no prize hog ever
wondered why it's fed so good.

Chuckling, gathering herself.

SAMIRA

What the hell does that mean?

JIM

It means you need to eat somethin'
while you still can.

Samira charges the buffet table.

SAMIRA

I am starving!

EXT. NASA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Wide-shot of NASA Headquarters.

A font reads: "NASA Headquarters / Multiverse 11.A / 154
Hours to Total Cataclysmic Impact"

INT. ADMINISTRATORS OFFICE - DAY

NASA Administrator Roberta Robinson leans against her desk,
center frame, splitting her two closest advisors, Howard and
Stewart, who sit in opposing arm chairs.

ROBERTA

Howard, Stewart, you've both fought
the good fight.

STEWART

I served ten Presidents and sent
men to the moon with less than...

ROBERTA

A calculator Stewart. We know.

HOWARD

You know Madam Administrator, the original moonshot did rely upon instruments...

ROBERTA

With a million times less computing power than a modern cell phone. We know Howard.

HOWARD

I suppose that I did...

ROBERTA

Yes you did tell me that, Howard.

Roberta chuckles.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)

You have both reminded me of that fact at least, a million times.

They look at each other.

STEWART

Well you had to be there I guess.

ROBERTA

Now get out of here, Gentlemen. We've done our due diligence. The American people and the entire world understand our entire solar system will be wiped out next week.

STEWART

But did we think of...

ROBERTA

We did, Stewart.

HOWARD

But did we consider...

ROBERTA

We have, Howard. President Harris is sending a helicopter to pick me up in an hour. Do you have families or people with whom you can spend this final week? Of planet earth?

HOWARD

No ma'am. This work is my family.

STEWART

I outlived all my family. Including my son and granddaughter. She never wanted kids, so.

ROBERTA

I'd like to invite both of you to spend this last week of life on earth, as we've all known it, as any creature will ever know it or recall it, with me and my family in Houston.

Howard and Stewart look at each other, back at Roberta.

STEWART

I helped mankind walk on a moon that will no longer exist. But it would be the greatest privilege of my life, to do so, Madam Administrator.

HOWARD

I have no achievements, compared to Stew. But I consider serving you as my, footprints on the moon. We were only one year away from landing humans on Mars. And now, not even Mars will exist. Thank you Madam President. It would be an honor.

Her phone rings.

ROBERTA

Probably my daughter, wondering when I'll, when we, will join them in Houston.

Roberta reaches the phone behind her on the Desk. She listens a moment.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)

Of course not Madam President! I had no idea!

Howard and Stewart look at each other, back at Administrator Robinson. Roberta slams the phone down on her desk.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)

Sorenson!

HOWARD

We eliminated Sorenson's device!

ROBERTA

Not according to British Prime
Minister Hale.

HOWARD

That slippery snake!

STEWART

I preferred reality that ran on
calculators!

Roberta drops, shakes her head, eyes closed.

ROBERTA

Dear Jesus don't allow that madman
to destroy every last multiverse of
your precious creation.

INT. SORENSON MANOR WAR ROOM - DAY

It's an industrial-sized control room filled with an army of
techies all seated at work stations. They face a jumbotron
screen that scrolls green computer codes and rapidly moving
digital numbers.

Jim, Samira, and Robby stand with Sorenson, staring up at the
huge screen.

JIM

So let me get this right. This here
multiverse we live in, like here
and now, is the absolute highest
versions of ourselves. The three of
us? It's our highest selves?

SORENSON

So far.

He's pointing.

JIM

But he is a billionaire, she is the
lead particle researcher at CERN in
Switzerland...

SAMIRA

WIMP Researcher.

JIM

Whatever Sam...

SAMIRA

Sam? No one has ever called me that I like it.

JIM

My point is. All I am? Is a High School Chemistry Teacher? In my own home town? This don't seem fair.

ROBBY

You are from Arkansas bro.

JIM

Yeah well ever heard of a little President named Bill Clinton! You know, balanced the federal budget!

SAMIRA

Successfully repaired the Hubble Telescope which led to us even knowing about this Red Giant.

ROBBY

Why did Arkansas just refuse billions in grants from President Harris to improve state healthcare? It's the new American century and Red States like yours still cling to ancient reconstructionist ideology.

JIM

Them's fightin' words pal!

ROBBY

I rest my case.

JIM

I don't care how rich you are, I will not stand here and let you criticize the home state of Bill Clinton and Johnny Cash! Governor Billy Bob Thornton refused those grants because...

ROBBY

You continue to make my case!

SORENSEN

Gentlemen! I assure you, the both of you are best of friends.

JIM

Well I thought I liked him when he told us to call him Robby, but that was before he started talkin'.

SAMIRA

Maya Angelou was raised in Arkansas.

JIM

I knew that.

SAMIRA

I'm not sure I ever liked him, Jimmy. He didn't speak to either of us on our ride here from the Bristol Airport.

JIM

He did say to call him Robby. But he didn't say a word to either of us, after that.

ROBBY

I was terrified, okay? Just like you are terrified, just like the entire world is terrified right now. I'm just as scared as you are!

Robby points at Jim.

ROBBY (CONT'D)

But him! He never stopped talking! About? Squirrel hunting bro! I stopped listening at squirrel hunting, okay!

Samira moves beside Robby, facing Jim.

SAMIRA

You're right he wouldn't shut up!

SORENSEN

The three of you are inseparable, I assure you! It's calculated as one of the risks of this mission.

JIM

Look yawl. I like Samira, and I generally like anyone named Robby.

SAMIRA

I forgot he hunts squirrels for fun.

JIM

Not for fun. Squirrel hunting in Arkansas is humane varmint control. And we eat 'em.

SAMIRA

Ahyy! To think I cried on his shoulder.

JIM

Arkansas ain't perfect but it is my home.

ROBBY

I, literally, just intelligently informed you that people stuck in the reconstruction era are not perfect. The south lost, move on.

JIM

You're no Robby! But definitely a Robert!

ROBBY

What does that even mean? Typical southern racist.

SAMIRA

He did misappropriate my Egyptian heritage.

JIM

I extended a self-deprecatin' poke from me makin' fun of my own culture, Sam. We microwave processed sausage for breakfast! It don't get much humbler than that!

ROBBY

You admit your own cultural deficits. You can't make this stuff up.

She looks up at Robby.

SAMIRA

I was vulnerable. I thought he was funny. He took advantage.

JIM

And I thought you was the most precious little thing I'd ever laid eyes on!

She immediately stands behind Robby.

SAMIRA

Oh my god!

JIM

Samira I thought we were friends.

ROBBY

You need to step back and stay away from her.

JIM

Yawl don't speak English. I said she was precious.

SAMIRA

Heavens to Allah I befriended a misogynistic, Nationalist skinhead.

Sorenson steps between them, throws up his hands.

SORENSEN

Stop this! You are all the best of friends! Indeed, close tribal family! You are soulmates!

Robby looks down at Samira, smiles.

ROBBY

I did sense a connection between us.

She steps back.

SAMIRA

I'm queer bro. Repressed, moderate Muslim queer, but totally queer.

An attractive techie peeks her head from behind a computer screen.

SAMIRA (CONT'D)

Yeah, I noticed ya at this sausage party.

Sorenson glares at the attractive techie, she returns to work.

SAMIRA (CONT'D)

It's why I laughed at Jimmy Dean's joke about microwavable sausage.

ROBBY

It's no joke. Processed food kills thousands of people of color like us, every year.

JIM

Watch your words! This here is lawsuit territory! Many of my students get good jobs at the factory that processes that food.

SAMIRA

Will both of you shut up! This is so sausage party!

The attractive techie peeks out, shakes her head. Samira acknowledges her.

SAMIRA (CONT'D)

I know, right?

Jim addresses Sorenson.

JIM

Doc, none of us have a stock pond catfish whisker in common with a locus shell on a willow tree. I mean, besides we're smart.

He looks at Robby and Samira.

JIM (CONT'D)

I do have a Master's of Chemistry from the University of Arkansas, yawl.

Fanatical jazz hands.

JIM (CONT'D)

Wooo Pig Sooie!

There is awkward silence for a few seconds. Robby and Samira relax, laugh out loud.

ROBBY

That's funny bro! Do it again.

JIM

Wooo Pig Sooie!

ROBBY

I'm sorry but that's funny.

SAMIRA

You're like quirky southern bubba or something, which is different for me but I find you offensively, amusing.

JIM

You think I'm cute. Lesbians always think I'm cute.

SAMIRA

See, that's an entirely inappropriate thing to say. You're cute like a puppy that wets himself. But you!

She punches Robby's chest.

SAMIRA (CONT'D)

You tried to hit on me! During the apocalypse! Who does that?

ROBBY

I'm with Jimmy Dean on this, can you blame me girl?

SAMIRA

Believe me bro, I'd use all of that, whatever, to hit you up for WIMP particle research grants. And still consider you a technocratic asshole who exploits cheap labor to fund the military industrial complex.

ROBBY

My company only provides harmless quantum laptops.

SAMIRA

Whatever.

JIMMY

And I never once hit on Samira. Our vernacular is just so, different. It's like we're speakin' different languages here.

SAMIRA

You called me a precious little thing. Who says that? I'm a scientist!

SORENSEN

You are the best of friends!

JIM

Come on, Doc. I mean we narrowly avoided throwin' hay-makers here. Robert Smith, Samira Said, and Jimmy Dean have nothin' in common whatsoever that would make us best friends in any possible multiverse!

SAMIRA

I agree with Jimmy Dean.

Robby chuckles, takes off his glasses. He shakes his head.

ROBBY

I forget the vernacular for this. What's that old southern expression for surprised dogs or something?

SAMIRA

Jimmy would know.

ROBBY

I'm asking him. Come on, Beverly Hillbillies!

JIM

Now yawl are just insulting me.

ROBBY

My mom used to watch reruns of that show with me backstage, on Nick at Night, when I was like, two.

JIM

Well doggies?

ROBBY

That's it! Well Doggies. I know what our connection is.

JIM

This is ridiculous Doc.

SAMIRA

It's worse than that.

ROBBY

Hear me out.

Robby pulls a small cloth from his expensive suit and wipes his spectacles. Samira looks at Jim.

SAMIRA

I suppose he does own a fleet of Gulf Stream jets.

JIM

I could care less if he has a spaceship Sam. The three of us have nothing in common to link us in any possible multiverse.

Robby laughs.

SAMIRA/JIM (CONT'D)

What's so funny?

Robby slips his glasses back on his face.

ROBBY

My dad is a musician. He actually played off-stage synthesizers with a Gen-X band called Living Colour.

JIM

Yeah, I've heard of them.

(Singing)

Cult of personality, cult of personality.

SAMIRA

I have no idea what you two are talking about.

ROBBY

You're Samira Said.

SAMIRA

So.

ROBBY

Tell me you are not named after Samira Said. The famous Egyptian pop star.

SAMIRA

How did you know that?

ROBBY

I took my first steps backstage at a music festival. I was raised in music from around the world. Is Jimmy Dean, like the Big Bad John, Jimmy Dean, from Arkansas?

JIM

Olton, Texas actually. Seth View
claims him. Near Plainview.

Robby points at Jim.

ROBBY

He's Jimmy Dean. Or James Dean.
Where you named after Jimmy or
James Dean?

JIM

Jimmy. But I reckon I prefer Jim
now that I'm a teacher. What's your
point Robby?

ROBBY

I'm not Robby. Only my parents call
me Robby. I don't know why I told
you guys to call me Robby then
never said another word during our
ride here. But. I'm Robert Smith.
I'm named after Robert Smith of The
Cure.

SAMIRA

We do all sort of have W names.

JIM

Bein' named after singers is our
connection?

SORENSEN

Yes Jim it is. In a bottom level
multiverse and timeline where you
are all miserable misfit slackers.
It is that connection that draws
you all together.

JIM

I do like The Cure. But, I ain't
never even heard of Samira Said.

ROBBY

She's like, the Beatles of the Arab
speaking world.

Jim smirks at Robby.

ROBBY (CONT'D)

No diss on Arkansas bro I only know
that because my dad played synth
for her band at a show in Morocco.

SORENSEN

We've wasted valuable time.
However, the three of you needed to
discover quantum connections on
your own terms.

SAMIRA

Doctor Sorenson I completely
understand quantum entanglement.
The big bang produced three
distinct twin particles that each
of us share with Red Giant
Centurion 1-A-7-B.

SORENSEN

Now supernova.

SAMIRA

Yes of course. But humans have
always shared entanglement with,
with an infinity of particles out
there in the universe. Across all
multiverses.

Sorenson turns toward the crowd of computer techies.

SORENSEN

Zero in!

He turns back to the giant screen in front of them. Multiple
digital numbers rapidly click on the jumbotron, landing on
"13952934781165911.00987ZZ (11.ZZ). The numbers flash bright
red.

SORENSEN (CONT'D)

This is it!

JIM

The multiverse of miserable misfit
slackers.

SORENSEN

Understand, Jim, that multiverse
dimensions are proven in our
timeline because we exist in the
highest collective level of
decision-making among every person
alive at the moment including Elvis
Presley.

ROBBY

That guy will never die. He's older
than Keith Richards.

SORENSEN

Yes well, this lowest multiverse, you see on the screen is struggling, shall we say? To make good collective decisions. Multiverse timelines are still only theoretical in this lower-level world.

JIM/SAMIRA/ROBBY

The multiverse of miserable misfit slackers.

SORENSEN

That's why our particular world, our highest collective multiverse, is in jeopardy due to this supernova. While this lowest multiverse suffers nothing but a bright light in the sky due to Red Giant, well, now Supernova Centurion 1-A-7-B.

SAMIRA

You still have not answered my question.

JIM

Yeah Doc. Your book on multiverse physics is standard reading in undergrad school. Every potential decision we make, splits into infinite multiverses of possible outcomes. Each solidified from the perspective of the observer. We all know that.

He smirks at Robby again.

JIM (CONT'D)

Even us high school chemistry teachers in Arkansas know the standard model of quantum physics.

ROBBY

But. I'm with Samira on this. Why us? Statistically, there might be, nearly one million people alive right now in our multiverse who share quantum entanglement with particles in that supernova.

JIM

I'd estimate seven-hundred-thirty-thousand-and-five. I minored in statistics.

ROBBY

I misjudged you.

JIM

Well doggy.

SAMIRA

And still no answer of why I am standing here with two other people, named after our parent's favorite singers, not spending my last week on earth with my actual family?

SORENSEN

Oh that's simple. Multiply Jim's estimate of seven-hundred-thirty-thousand-and-five by seven-octillion particles of matter in the human body, by an infinite number of possible particle combinations across multiverses, then divide by roughly one-point-three billion neurons in the prefrontal cortex of the human brain. Divided by the amount of numbers listed on that screen.

Robby and Samira look at Jim.

JIM

I said I minored in statistics but I'm not a human calculator.

ROBBY

I'd need one of my quantum computers.

Samira shows them her palm, sort of blinking and rolling her eyes, crunching numbers in her head.

SAMIRA

The calculations are correct!

SORENSEN

Yes Samira, the answer is three sets.

(MORE)

SORENSEN (CONT'D)
Centurion 1-A-7-B shares three
particles in it's core,
specifically entangled within the
frontal lobes of your three brains,
respectively. It's how you can save
our world.

They all look at the jumbotron.

JIM/SAMIRA/ROBBY
The multiverse of miserable misfit
slackers.

SORENSEN
Precisely. Those three entangled
particles in the core of Centurion
1-A-7-B will repel all positively
charged multiverses and align with
the only negatively charged
multiverse available.

Sorenson points emphatically at the jumbotron.

SORENSEN (CONT'D)
That multiverse!

SAMIRA
I understand now. I mean, logically
there is no way a supernova so far
away could hurl megatons of iron at
our solar system like it is
engulfing us in it's nebula. But we
crunched the numbers at CERN and
that's exactly what it's doing.

SORENSEN
If the three of you can charge the
entangled particles inside your
brains positive, in that low level
multiverse, then the corresponding
entangled particles in the
supernova will also charge
positive, repelling debris from all
known multiverses.

JIM
That don't answer nothin' to me.

Jim points at the jumbotron.

JIM (CONT'D)
I'm a miserable slacker in that
dang timeline up there but what the
hell can I do about it now?

ROBBY

He's right. We all respect you sir, or we wouldn't be here. But the decisions we made in that, slacker verse up there, formed stone solid particles of that reality, years ago.

JIM

This ain't no Back to the Future here Doc! Time travel is still impossible even for us in this here, smart multiverse.

SORENSEN

That's the point. You are all just as smart in Multiverse Eleven-point-ZZ, as you are here! We simply need you three to positively charge the entangled particles inside each of your own brains in that lowest multiverse, to save our own world.

ROBBY

We need our miserable slacker selves to think positive.

SORENSEN

Precisely! Gravitational waves travel at the same speed as photons but not those entangled particles inside the most destructive core of the star. Those core-centered gravitational waves arrive in approximately one week, and will be experienced by those of us in this highest multiverse as a total apocalypse.

JIM

So, you're sayin', we got only one week for our slacker selves to find the meaning of life?

SORENSEN

Not the meaning of life, Jim, just a positive thought about your futures.

(MORE)

SORENSEN (CONT'D)

If those slackers accomplish positive brainwave charge by the time core gravitational waves arrive to us, in one week, then any debris from the supernova will become near miss.

ROBBY

Our world wont end?

SORENSEN

Oh, perhaps junks of iron will pass between us and the moon. But the three sets of entangled particles in that supernova will charge positively across all multiverses at that point and save our entire world.

SAMIRA

Yes, you keep saying that. But, I mean, that's theoretical even for us in this multiverse.

ROBBY

And there is still nothing we can do about any bad decisions we made in that slacker multiverse up there on the screen. Period, Doctor Sorenson. I know enough about the quantum computers I manufacture to realize even that much.

Jim steps back, sighs, looks at Robby and Samira.

JIM

My head is swimming like a crawdaddy swooped from a crawdad hole and dumped in the Mississippi River.

Robby approaches the Jumbotron, yells.

ROBBY

Get a life!

He turns back toward Jim and Samira.

JIM/SAMIRA

(Yelling)

Get a life!

ROBBY

We did the best we could.

SAMIRA

I should get to L-A as soon as possible.

ROBBY

My parents are in New York City. Let's get out of here.

JIM

I'll tell you what. We're here right now. And we're all soulmates or somthin', out there, somewhere. I say we party tonight then head out tomorrow. Samira, invite that cute girl on the front row to join us.

The attractive female techie stands.

SORENSEN

Sit down Jill, you know what's about to happen.

Jill sits down.

JIM

Let's party like it's nineteen-ninety-nine. Yawl ever heard that old song?

ROBBY

Prince was the bomb.

SAMIRA

My aunties love Prince!

JIM

Then tomorrow Robby, you fuel up one of them private jets of yours and return us each back to our own neck of the woods, so we can kiss our families.

ROBBY

Done!

SAMIRA

I might even smoke an American Spirit tonight.

JIM

Doc, get us a gallon of Jägermeister and a carton of American Spirits.

SAMIRA

Do you have a guitar in this mansion? I can play guitar

ROBBY

I'd love to hear that.

JIM

Then we fly out tomorrow, go kiss our families. Then our own sweet asses, goodbye.

ROBBY/SAMIRA

Jimmy Dean!

Sorenson sighs.

SORENSEN

I will never understand tribalism, but I'm not an Anthropologist.

Sorenson turns back toward his army of techies.

SORENSEN (CONT'D)

Ready the device!

The jumbotron flashes extremely bright colors, as a minion walks into the scene and hands everyone protective eyewear.

SORENSEN (CONT'D)

Cover your eyes!

The entire room is bathed in bright swirling colors, swooshing sounds grow loud.

SORENSEN (CONT'D)

(Shouting)

You must each convince yourselves to make one positive decision toward your futures! Rewire the entangled particles in your brains toward positively charged outcomes!

Samira, Robby and Jim all look around the spectacle, as their hair begins to blow back in a sudden wind.

SAMIRA

What did he say?

JIM

This is freakin' me out!

ROBBY

It's like a PHISH show without mushrooms!

The lights and wind are a vortex now, engulfing the trio, as Sorenson shouts at them from outside the swirling tornado of colors.

SORENSEN

(Shouting)

This is very important or the entire multiverse structure, indeed the existence of every known and possible human universe will collapse in a vacuum.

JIM

We are on mushrooms Robby! That old man drugged us!

SORENSEN

Do not make physical contact with yourselves! Do not allow your lower selves to observe your higher selves do you understand?

(Shouting louder)

It is very important!

The vortex of lights swirl faster, as fuzzy static sounds arrive with fleeting music, as if someone is shuffling old AM radio stations.

SAMIRA

Oh Allahu Akbar! Get me out of this and I will wear a scarf and not just for fashion like my aunties!

ROBBY

Did you hear what he said?

JIM

I heard him! But it's the end of the world so I'm just gonna kick back and enjoy this!

SAMIRA

He's saying something else!

ROBBY/JIM

(Singing)

Because tonight we're gonna party like it's nineteen-ninety-nine!

SAMIRA

Will you two shut up he's saying something else!

SORENSEN

(Shouting)

One positive thought each! About your future! Will save our world!

JIM

I'm trippin' man what is he talking about?

SAMIRA

All I know is the calculations are correct!

SORENSEN

(Shouting)

You have one week before the entangled particles arrive to earth!

ROBBY

(Shouting)

Jim! It's up to us to save the world!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DANTE'S NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

The stage. An attractive Karaoke singer fronts a live band during Dante's Karaoke from Hell Night.

A font reads: "Portland, Oregon - Multiverse ..." Digital numbers rapidly click under the locaters, landing on "13952934781165911.00987ZZ (11.ZZ) / 154 Hours to Gravitational Wave Impact"

Only the drummer notices Jim, Samira, and Robby tumble onstage, out of nowhere, behind him. He keeps playing.

- The rest of the live karaoke band and LUCY, the karaoke singer, remain oblivious that three people appeared out of thin air, onto the nightclub stage.

LUCY

(Singing)

Just a smalltown girl...

The drummer sort of watches Jim, Samira and Robby gain their composure, but continues drumming live band karaoke night.

ROBBY

These mushrooms or whatever he gave us are legendary!

JIM

He is Einstein.

SAMIRA

More like Frankenstein!

JIM

Yep. We are probably lying in a lab somewhere. But as a chemist I gotta admit a triple combined consciousness trip is a new one on me.

SAMIRA

There is no telling what he is actually doing to our bodies!

ROBBY

Our brains might be linked together in some sort of neuro connection or something.

SAMIRA

How do we get out of this?

JIM

I'm not sure we can.

SAMIRA

Allah Akbar I should be with my family in L-A right now!

Jim notices bouncers, standing offstage.

JIM

I think we should go with it for now.

ROBBY

I've tripped on shrooms before. Definitely go with the flow!

Samira approaches the DRUMMER.

SAMIRA

Where are we?

DRUMMER

Either sing or get off the stage!

JIM
 We asked for an end of the world
 party! We sing, I reckon.

Samira and Robby look at each other.

SAMIRA/ROBBY
 Jimmy Dean.

They walk around the band and join Lucy, centerstage. She drunkenly shares her microphone with them.

LUCY
 (Singing)
 Don't stop...

JIM/ROBBY/SAMIRA
 (Singing)
 Believing!

LUCY
 (Singing)
 Hold on to that feeling...

SAMIRA
 (Singing)
 Street light people, oh woo oh...

The band hits an end chord. A DJ's voice is heard.

DJ
 That was Lucy everybody, joined by
 friends. Next up on the stage at
 Dante's world famous Karaoke from
 Hell is Ryder!

Bouncers escort the four singers offstage. LUCY grabs Robby.

LUCY
 You. Very good!

ROBBY
 Guys!

JIM
 This is S-N-G level shit, here.

ROBBY
 You know that show?

JIM
 Of course I do, go with it. We
 might be in some sorta of neuro-
 holodeck or something.

They follow Lucy to the back bar area. Her attractive friends applaud as they reach them.

LUCY
This is Chaeyoung and Lisa.

JIM
My name is Jim.

ROBBY
I'm Robert Smith.

JIM
He's Robby!

SAMIRA
I'm Sam.

The three young, attractive Asian girls engulf them. CHAYOUNG steps up on a footrest, under the bar.

CHAEYOUNG
Our flights are cancelled, so I'm buying Kamazi shots for everyone the rest of the night!

Lucy looks at Robby.

LUCY
We're stewardesses!

ROBBY
Of course you are.

Lisa nestles Samira.

SAMIRA
Jimmy Dean said go with it.

EXT. NASA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Wide-shot of NASA Headquarters.

A font reads: "NASA Headquarters / Multiverse 11.ZZ / 144 Hours to Gravitational Wave Impact"

INT. ROBERTA'S OFFICE - DAY

Administrator Burnside enters Roberta's new office. She's scouring data on her computer screen.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE
You've been at it nearly a day now
Miz Robinson. Any luck?

She looks up at him.

ROBERTA
I'm only a neuroscientist sir. I
fear your ask is above my pay
grade.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE
If the Brits are right about this
then there are no pay grades. Fox
News is now reporting information
from British Intelligence that
suggests we may all die.

ROBERTA
The cube farm upstairs might be
right about this sir. I see nothing
in our data that suggests anything
to fear from that supernova
Centurion 1-A-7-B!

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE
Fox News is reporting it!

ROBERTA
Uh. Then maybe we should ask them
where to find this information.

Burnside looks back at Howard.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE
Howard keep the pizza flowing.

HOWARD
It's been twenty-four-hours of
nothing but pizza, sir.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE
We're on a taxpayer budget here!

HOWARD
Yes sir!

Burnside looks down at Roberta.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE
I miss budget stalemates, Roberta.
I miss simpler times when we argued
about what special interest groups
would benefit from our decisions.

ROBERTA

Again, that's above my paygrade
sir.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE

Hell it's above all our paygrades.
Keep searching for, something.
Anything I can tell the President.

Burnside motions at Howard, they turn to leave Roberta's
office.

ROBERTA

Although.

They stop, rush toward her computer.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE

I'm listening!

ROBERTA

It's nothing.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE

Nothin' is better than everything
we have now! Isn't it Howard?

HOWARD

Um. I'm not sure what you mean.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE

She's got nothin'!

HOWARD

Um.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE

Shut up Howard! What do you got Miz
Robinson?

ROBERTA

Nothing. Except an intense flash
and spike in atmospheric readings
over Oregon. Like a very large
meteor suddenly entered the
atmosphere with no apparent
sightings. No official nor
unofficial reports. No internet
footage of the event. Like, no one
saw it happen. Nothing. An event
that large should show up by now,
in at least public domain.

(MORE)

ROBERTA (CONT'D)
Somewhere on the internet or
something. Like I said, it's
nothing, sir.

Burnside whips a phone out of his suit pocket.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE
We'll have a Marine task force
scouring the entire Pacific
Northwest within the hour.

He holds the phone to his face.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE (CONT'D)
Get me the President! Now!

FADE TO BLACK