

SeReNa

Episode 1: A Splitting Headache

By

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EXT. MOUNTAININSIDE - DAY

A silhouetted man climbs the sheer-faced mountainside, heedless of the thunderstorm surrounding the area.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Step by step.
Pull by pull.
Climb the mountain that is your own
weakness.

Several flashes of lightning reveal glimpses of athletes working out in an over-the-top gym environment, growing clearer and longer with each flash.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Grow.
Overcome.
Be more than you can be.

As the climber reaches the peak, he is revealed to be one of these athletes standing with a barbell over his head in one hand.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Because that is what you were born
to be.

The man fades into the logo for...

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Olympus Fitness. Rise above
yourself.

INT. MUSE MARKETING - OFFICE SPACE - EVENING

SERENA (26) sits alone at her desk, watching this ad finish on her computer. Then, she switches windows to a detailed branding plan. A stack of papers rests beside her on her desk.

She nods, taps a key, and closes the app.

Glancing at a nearby wall clock, she stands up and stretches her arms over her head, but before she can leave her cubicle, KAROLINE (27) approaches her.

KAROLINE

Hey, Serena.

SERENA

Oh, Karoline. Is there...something you need me to do?

KAROLINE

Oh, not much. Just some extra work to take care of.

Karoline slips past Serena, draws a stack of papers from beneath her arm, and plops it onto Serena's desk. Serena gawks.

SERENA

What? But...

KAROLINE

Come on. You helped me out last time, didn't you? Isn't that what teammates do?

SERENA

Yes, but I--

KAROLINE

So, come on. Please? I have plans tonight, and I can't miss out. I promise I'll return the favor this time.

Serena glances between the clock and the stack of papers several times, and then finally sits down with a sigh.

SERENA

All right. I'll do it.

Karoline squeezes Serena's shoulders with a false smile...

KAROLINE

Thanks. I knew I could count on you.

...and slips away, leaving Serena to sift through the papers and start filling them out.

Watching the spectacle from a nearby planning table are TERRY (33) and MOIRA (32). Terry glances as Karoline struts to the exit while Moira stares into her coffee cup.

TERRY

How many times has she done that?

MOIRA

Eh, I lost count.

Serena turns to Terry and Moira and sighs.

SERENA

I'm sorry about that, Terry, Moira, but you heard what she said. We're a team, all of us here. We need to pick up each other's slack.

TERRY

I wouldn't exactly call someone who dumps all her work on you part of a team.

SERENA

Well, she is the division manager. I'm just a brand strategist. I can't go against her.

TERRY

Well, you're a damn good brand strategist at that, which reminds me...

Terry snaps back to the table, scoops up a piece of paper with an elegant fitness design, and shows it to Serena.

TERRY

What do you think of this?

Serena scans Terry's paper, then glances back at the papers on her desk.

MOIRA

You can worry about the Leaning Tower of Unfairly Assigned Papers later.

Serena snaps back to Terry and scans the paper again.

SERENA

(under her breath)

Uh-huh...yeah...okay.

(to Terry)

This is pretty good so far, but I think the background should be darker. It'll make the foreground elements stand out better.

Terry glances at the paper and nods.

TERRY

Yeah, you're right. Thanks, Serena.

Serena then turns back to her desk and starts for it but then jerks to Moira.

SERENA

Uh, do you need anything?

MOIRA

I'm good. No need for any of your three minds for now.

Serena frowns, then returns to her desk and resumes filing the stack of papers.

MOIRA

Hey, Serena.

She pauses, then turns to Moira.

MOIRA

For what it's worth, I agree with Terry. You are a good brand strategist.

...nods, and then resumes filling the papers.

INT. OFFICE SPACE - NIGHT

Now finished, Serena glances at the clock again, then scoops up the papers and trudges to the nearby drop-off bin, where she leaves them.

Then, she trudges to the exit, clocks out, and leaves the office.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

As she leaves the elevator, she fishes her hand in her pocket, draws her phone, and sees a text from her boyfriend, MIKE (27).

MIKE (TEXT)

Where are you?

Serena texts her reply.

SERENA (TEXT)

OT again. Just finished. I'll be home soon.

She smiles as Mike replies.

MIKE (TEXT)
*OK. Meatloaf and spinach puffs
tonight. Even got boiling water in
case you want tea.*

SERENA (TEXT)
My favorites. Thanks.

MIKE (TEXT)
NP.

Then, she stows away her phone, steps inside her car, and drives out of the garage.

EXT. TOWN STREETS - NIGHT

Serena drives through the town, passing several noteworthy landmarks, including a diner, a park, a shopping plaza, and a doctor's clinic.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Finally, she arrives at a middle-class apartment building and drives into the parking garage.

INT. SERENA'S APARTMENT - DINING AREA - NIGHT

Mike sits at the dining table, drumming his fingers together while staring into space. Two plates and sets of tableware are prepared. On the kitchen stove rests a steaming kettle.

Then, he stands up as the door opens, and Serena steps inside...

MIKE
(happy)
Serena!

...hangs up her handbag by the door, closes the door behind her, and smiles at Mike while she takes off her shoes.

SERENA
Hi, Mike. Sorry I'm late.

MIKE
Oh, you know as well as I do that
I'd wait as long as it takes for
you to come home.

SERENA

Thanks.

She plops down in the chair across from Mike but notices something missing.

SERENA

Uh, where's the food?

MIKE

Oh, right.

Mike jumps to his feet, scampers to the oven, pulls out the meatloaf and spinach puffs, turns off the oven, and sets them down in the middle of the table.

MIKE

Thanks for reminding me.

SERENA

(embarrassed)

Oh, no problem.

The two of them eat together, catching longing glimpses of each other all the while.

MIKE

Say, are you going to that concert with Ellie next weekend?

Serena pauses, then sighs.

SERENA

I still haven't decided.

MIKE

Well, you can't keep her waiting, can you?

SERENA

I know, and she is my best friend.
I mean...

After taking another bite of her food, she glances at the kettle...

SERENA

Excuse me.

...gets up from her chair, and approaches the stove with her cup in her hand. She grabs a teabag from the nearby cupboard and drops it into her cup, into which she pours some hot water from the kettle.

Then, she returns to the table and plops down across from Mike.

SERENA

Anyway, on one hand, I don't want to upset her by not going. She paid good money for those tickets. But on the other hand...I don't even like metal.

MIKE

I'm sure she'd understand either way.

She nods.

SERENA

If there were two or three of me, maybe I could finally decide.

Mike chuckles.

MIKE

The world couldn't handle three of you.

SERENA

Yeah, maybe not.

Once the tea is ready, Serena takes a deep sip. Mike sniffs the air.

MIKE

Hey, Serena?

SERENA

Yeah?

MIKE

That tea you're drinking right now. It smells different than usual.

SERENA

Oh, I bought it on sale the other day. Not sure why. I guess I thought I'd try something new.

MIKE

Noted.

As Serena sets down her cup, her eyes droop, and she yawns.

MIKE

Are you okay?

SERENA

Yeah, I'm fine. Just a bit worn out from work.

MIKE

Okay.

Mike nods.

MIKE

So, straight to bed, then?

Serena nods.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

In the dim light of a nightstand lamp, Mike and Serena lie together in bed in their respective pajamas, staring at each other.

MIKE

I could get used to this.

SERENA

Me too.

Serena pauses...

MIKE

What?

...then shakes her head.

SERENA

Never mind.

Mike scoots closer to Serena.

MIKE

Come on. You can tell me.

SERENA

I guess, it's just...how long have we been dating now? Almost five years?

MIKE

Uh, yeah. Let's go with that. I mean, it's not like we're in a hurry to get married, are we?

SERENA

I guess not. I don't even know how I'd react if you proposed.

Mike nods, then scoots over to the lamp and reaches for it...

MIKE

Well, I guess we'll save that for later, then.

SERENA

Of course. Good night, Mike. I love you.

MIKE

I love you too.

...and turns it off.

BLACK

SERENA'S POV

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Serena blinks her eyes, staring at the ceiling, but her perspective seems split into three different angles. With a quiet, pained moan, she tries to reach for her head but finds her hand stopping short.

She sets her hand by her side and tries to turn her head to Mike, only to see tufts of her own hair spilling from right beside her. Then, she catches glimpses of duplicates of her own face next to her.

END OF SERENA'S POV

Still lying in bed beside the sleeping Mike, she widens her eyes--all six of them--as she sees that she now has three heads, which all scream in unison at the sight.

Mike jolts awake, scrambles to his feet, and drops his jaw at the sight of Serena's panicked heads all straining at their shared body but otherwise unable to leave the bed.

MIKE

(flabbergasted)

Serena? Is that you?

Serena stops floundering, and all of her heads fixate on him.

SERENA (ALL)
(panicky)
Mike, what happened to me?!

MIKE
I don't know. What happened to you?

SERENA (ALL)
What are you asking me for?!

Mike closes his eyes, rubs his head, and takes a deep breath.

SERENA (ALL)
Say something!

MIKE
(calming down)
Okay, uh, just take a deep breath.

Serena's heads pause, then close their eyes and take deep breaths themselves.

MIKE
Right. Now, uh, let me help you up.

SERENA (MIDDLE)
Oh, thanks.

SERENA (LEFT)
Yeah.

SERENA (RIGHT)
Thank you.

Mike shuffles to Serena's side of the bed and pulls her to her feet, letting her lean on him while she tries to balance. Once she stabilizes, he backs up and looks up and down her body.

MIKE
Okay, uh...you really have no idea
how this happened?

All of Serena's heads start shaking but stop as they bump into each other and wince.

SERENA (ALL)
(under their breaths)
Ow.

Mike nods.

MIKE

Uh-huh. So, next question...uh,
never mind.

SERENA (MIDDLE)

What do you mean never mind?

SERENA (LEFT)

You can tell me...er, us...I
mean...rgh.

SERENA (RIGHT)

Just say it, Mike, please.

Mike nods again.

MIKE

Okay. Which of you is the real
Serena?

Serena points to herself but her hand stops short of
reaching any of her heads.

SERENA (ALL)

Me.

(to each other)

No, you're not. I am!

SERENA (MIDDLE)

No, I'm the real Serena!

SERENA (LEFT)

You liar! I'm the real Serena!

SERENA (RIGHT)

Don't listen to them, Mike! It's
me! I'm the real Serena!

SERENA (MIDDLE)

No, listen to me!

SERENA (LEFT)

No, me!

SERENA (RIGHT)

Me!

Serena's heads start yelling over each other, each insisting
that she's the real Serena.

Eventually, they reach up to each other and start pulling their shared body back and forth in an uncoordinated one-woman wrestling match, grunting and straining all the while.

Finally, Serena stomps on her own foot...

SERENA (ALL)
(agonized)

Ow!

...and falls backwards onto the bed, her arms splayed out to either side and her heads grimacing.

MIKE
Okay...so, you're all Serena.

Serena's heads nod.

MIKE
Guess you're going to need to learn
how to walk all over again.

SERENA (MIDDLE)
I guess so.

SERENA (LEFT)
Could you help us up?

SERENA (RIGHT)
Oh, but check our foot first.

MIKE
Right.

Mike massages Serena's foot, prompting a slight wince from each of her heads, and eventually lets go.

MIKE
I don't think anything's broken.
Here. Let me help you walk.

SERENA (ALL)
Thanks.

He helps Serena back to her feet, holding onto her hands while she struggles to stand.

MIKE
Now, let's take it slow and easy,
okay?

Serena's heads nod together.

SERENA (ALL)

Uh-huh.

MIKE

First, your right foot.

Mike steps back, and Serena steps forward.

MIKE

Now, your left.

Another step.

MIKE

Right. Left. Right. Left.

Mike and Serena pace together throughout the bedroom until Serena can walk reasonably well on her own.

MIKE

Good.

As Serena's heads smile to themselves, they wobble for a moment before grabbing back onto Mike.

SERENA (MIDDLE)

Sorry, Mike. We're still trying to work this out.

MIKE

You're better at this than I'd be.

SERENA (LEFT)

Right. Well, I don't think you'd want to be like this anyway.

SERENA (RIGHT)

Too much hassle.

Mike nods, then lets Serena stand back on her own. He pinches his chin for a moment...

MIKE

Can I poke your cheek?

SERENA (MIDDLE)

Which one?

MIKE

(hesitant)

Uh, any of them, I guess.

The middle head leans forward, and Mike pokes her cheek. Then, he glances between the left and right heads.

MIKE
Did you two feel that?

The left and right heads shake, careful not to hit the middle head this time.

MIKE
Weird. How about I tickle your arm?

Serena shrugs.

SERENA (RIGHT)
Go for it.

Mike tickles Serena's arm, and all of her heads giggle.

SERENA (LEFT)
Yeah. Really weird.

The heads all glance at each other, then at Mike.

SERENA (MIDDLE)
I...think we need to call Ellie
over here.

MIKE
Yeah, good idea, but first, we
should get cleaned up.

SERENA (LEFT)
Good idea. We did just wake up,
after all.

SERENA (RIGHT)
Can't let Ellie see me...er,
us...like this.

Serena wobbles to the closet, opens the door, and steps inside, turning on the light and closing the door behind her.

INT. CLOSET - MORNING

Her heads all glance in different directions, her hands jerking about as she points between different shirts and pairs of pants.

SERENA (ALL)
(musing)
Hmm.

They all fixate on the hanging shirts and dresses and sift through them, the hands still jerking somewhat.

SERENA (LEFT)
What about this t-shirt?

SERENA (RIGHT)
Ooh, the new sun dress looks cute.

SERENA (LEFT)
That thing? I don't know why we
bought it. Purple's not our color
at all. Besides, I've wanted to
wear this shirt for weeks.

SERENA (RIGHT)
Well, we can't exactly all fit
through one neck hole anymore. If
we tried, that t-shirt could rip.

SERENA (MIDDLE)
Why don't we go with a tank top?
That should accommodate all of us.

They pause, then try to reach for three different tank tops.

SERENA (ALL)
(overlapping)
Let's wear this one./Let's wear
that one./How about that one?

They all glance between each other and tense up but then
relax.

SERENA (MIDDLE)
Look. I understand your
frustration, here, but let's not go
through that again.

SERENA (LEFT)
Yeah, you're right. I've had enough
broken toes for one lifetime.

SERENA (RIGHT)
Well, technically, we didn't break
our toes, but point taken.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Mike is now dressed in a dark blue and yellow-striped
t-shirt and brown cargo shorts. Each of two plates on the
counter has an omelet, and an assortment of pancakes is
cooking on the stove's griddle.

As the bedroom door opens, he watches Serena--now dressed in a black tank top and blue shorts--wobble towards the dining table.

SERENA (LEFT)
Ooh, smells good.

MIKE
Thanks. Pancakes are almost done too.

SERENA (RIGHT)
Thank you.

He hands Serena her phone...

MIKE
Oh, and here's your phone.

...which she accepts...

SERENA (MIDDLE)
Thanks again, Mike.

...and activates. She fumbles with it but manages to type a message.

INT. ELLIE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

ELLIE (27) is passed out on the couch with her arm hanging over the edge. Several empty beer bottles lie on the floor nearby. The TV scrolls through numerous shows and movies on stream.

Her phone blips a notification, and she sits up with a hungover groan. Picking up the phone, she sees Serena's message:

SERENA (TEXT)
*My plzwavce! rIKghght nolw!
UJrgfemnt!*

She raises an eyebrow but shrugs to herself, slips off the couch, and shakes her head clear. Then, she dusts herself off, slips into her shoes, opens the front door, and leaves.

INT. SERENA'S APARTMENT - DINING AREA - MORNING

Serena cuts off a piece of omelet with her knife and tries to lift it to her mouths, but her hand halts and jerks from side to side, at which her heads grimace.

They stop and glance first between each other, then at Mike.

SERENA (ALL)
(sheepish)
Uh...

He stands up and sidles beside Serena.

MIKE
Try eating in turn.

SERENA (LEFT)
Me first.

Serena's middle head nods.

SERENA (MIDDLE)
And then, we go me, right, left,
me, right, and so on.

SERENA (LEFT)
Sounds good.

SERENA (RIGHT)
It does make for a consistent
pattern, but we'd still need to
make sure we all get an equal
share.

MIKE
Let me help with that.

Mike cuts the omelet and pancakes into as equal thirds as he can manage. Then, he sits back down in his own seat.

SERENA (ALL)
Thanks, Mike.

MIKE
No problem.

Serena's heads start eating in turn, as stilted as her movements are. Mike resumes eating his own portion.

The doorbell rings, and Serena's heads all turn to the door.

SERENA (ALL)
I'll get it.

She stands up, wobbles to the door, and opens it to see Ellie.

SERENA (ALL)
Hi, Ellie.

ELLIE
Hey, Seren...
(turning flabbergasted)
...aah?!

Serena's eyes narrow as Ellie's mouth hangs agape. Mike shrugs and sneaks a bite of pancake. Then, Ellie shakes her head clear, rubs her eyes, and scans Serena's three-headed form.

ELLIE
I suppose this explains the angrish text earlier.

SERENA (MIDDLE)
Yeah. I...er, we...are still trying to make this work.

ELLIE
Yeah. Three drivers in a clown car.
Can't imagine what that's like. So,
what'd you want me to do about it?

Serena's heads glance between each other, then step aside.

SERENA (RIGHT)
I don't know. Help us get through this somehow, I guess.

Ellie cannot help but crack a smile.

ELLIE
Of course, Serena...s. What are friends for?

She steps inside, and Serena closes the door, wobbles back to the dining table, and sits down. Ellie watches Serena eat while Mike stands up with his plate cleaned and heads to the sink.

ELLIE
So, how'd that happen, anyway?

SERENA (LEFT)
(with her mouth full)
No idea. We had a cozy--

The left head swallows.

SERENA (LEFT)
(gasping)
Sorry.
(normal)
We had a cozy time with Mike last
night--

The right head swallows her bite of food.

SERENA (RIGHT)
We were still a normal, one-headed
Serena.

SERENA (LEFT)
Yeah, what she said. And the next
morning, when we woke up, we were
like...

Serena gestures between her heads.

SERENA (LEFT)
This.

The middle head swallows her bite and nods assent. Ellie's eyes widen.

ELLIE
Oh, my god. You don't think it's
some kind of bizarro STD, do you?

Serena's eyes widen.

SERENA (ALL)
(alarmed, overlapping)
What?! No way! It wasn't like
that!/No, no, no! We didn't get
that cozy!/Ellie, please! Tell us
you're joking!

Ellie laughs.

ELLIE
(amused)
I know. I'm just funnin' ya.

Serena's heads pout with a huff and finish the last of their food.

SERENA (RIGHT)
Wait a second. What time is...?

The heads all look at the nearby clock, see the time, and widen their eyes.

SERENA (ALL)
(panicky, overlapping)
Oh, my god! We're late!/Oh, no! We
have to go!/Oh, we're so dead!

Serena jumps out of her chair but trips, screams in triplicate, and falls on her faces.

SERENA (ALL)
(muffled)
Ow...

Mike crouches down beside Serena.

MIKE
Are you okay?

She lifts her heads to face Mike and props herself up on her elbows.

SERENA (LEFT)
Of course, we're not okay. We just
realized we're late for work.

SERENA (MIDDLE)
We still have to help with that
marketing plan. The team needs us.

SERENA (RIGHT)
Oh, Mr. Latimer is going to kill
us.

Ellie crouches down beside Serena.

ELLIE
Can't you just call in sick?

Serena's heads turn to Ellie, then glimpse each other.

INT. MUSE MARKETING - CEO OFFICE - MORNING

ABE (55) sits alone in his office, sifting through a substantial stack of papers on his desk, when his ears perk to the sound of his desk phone ringing. He sets the papers aside and picks up the phone.

ABE

Muse Marketing. Your thoughts made real. How can I help you?

He pauses.

ABE

Ah, Ms. Forrester. How are you this fine day?

He nods.

ABE

Yes, no need to worry. Your health is more important than your attendance, but don't forget. The pitch meeting with Olympus Fitness is in two months.

He raises an eyebrow.

ABE

...Is someone there with you?

He nods, his eyebrow still raised.

ABE

Uh-huh. Yes. Yes, take your time. I'll get you approved for remote work. Don't worry.

His eyebrow lowers.

ABE

Yes. Don't worry. I'll make sure your coworkers know as well.

He nods again.

ABE

You're welcome. Take care. Hope you feel better soon.

After a brief pause, he hangs up and resumes sifting through the papers but stops after a double take on one page.

INT. SERENA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Serena lowers her phone, all of her heads smiling at Mike and Ellie.

ELLIE

See? Told you he'd be reasonable.

SERENA (RIGHT)

Yeah. You were right.

SERENA (LEFT)

Thanks, Ellie.

SERENA (MIDDLE)

You too, Mike. Breakfast was delicious.

Mike chuckles.

MIKE

(bashful)

Aw, you're too sweet. All of you.

Serena's heads giggle along with Mike.

SERENA (MIDDLE)

So, now that we've got that out of the way, we need to see a doctor. Just in case.

SERENA (RIGHT)

But how are we going to get there without people crowding around us?

MIKE

I've got an idea.

INT. MIKE'S CAR - MORNING

Mike drives, Ellie sits in the passenger seat, and Serena--dressed in an oversized trench coat and floppy hat--sits in the back seat.

SERENA (LEFT)

How did you talk us into this, again?

MIKE

You agreed to it.

ELLIE

Where'd you get that stuff, anyway?

MIKE

My Invisible Person costume from last year's Halloween.

Serena's middle head chuckles.

SERENA (MIDDLE)
Oh, yeah. That.

SERENA (LEFT)
You weren't very convincing. No
offense.

MIKE
None taken.

SERENA (RIGHT)
A for effort, though. Maybe, next
time, you could wear a white
skin-tight body suit.

EXT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - PARKING LOT - MORNING

Mike parks his car in the parking lot, then leads Serena and Ellie out of the car. The three/five of them take only passing notice of onlookers.

INT. WAITING ROOM - MORNING

The group approaches the check-in desk and signs in. Then, they take their seats in the waiting room. Serena stirs in the trench coat and tries to adjust the hat to accommodate her heads.

Soon, the DOCTOR (40) arrives with a clipboard in his hand.

DOCTOR
Forrester?

Serena stands up and the hat falls off her heads. The doctor, otherwise unfazed, nods and turns to the hallway.

DOCTOR
This way.

Mike and Ellie stand up and walk beside Serena, supporting her as she continues to wobble. Another patient gawks at Serena, but Ellie leers at him.

ELLIE
Hey, eyes to yourself, bub.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Serena is now dressed in a patient gown, sitting on the exam table while the doctor steps back from her. Mike and Ellie watch in a corner of the room. Ellie is filming on her phone.

SERENA (MIDDLE)

How are we?

DOCTOR

Well, I'll have to run some more tests later, but for now, I can safely say that disregarding the obvious, you're physically in excellent condition.

SERENA (LEFT)

Define "excellent".

DOCTOR

Your reflexes are symmetrical, your pulses are steady--

SERENA (RIGHT)

Wait. Pulses?

DOCTOR

That's right. I've detected three heartbeats in your chest.

Serena looks down at her chest in triplicate, and then touches it in different spots. Her heads glance between each other, their shared chest, and the doctor.

SERENA (RIGHT)

So, we're healthy, then?

DOCTOR

Remarkably so. I'd call you a medical marvel, but honestly, you're just well-organized.

ELLIE

(chuckling)

Like a biological group project that actually works.

SERENA (MIDDLE)

Barely.

The doctor nods, glances around the room, fishes a pamphlet from the wall, and hands it to Serena.

DOCTOR

Here. This should explain your condition more thoroughly.

Serena's heads read the title: "*Anatomical Anomalies for Dimwits*". They look at the doctor with raised eyebrows.

SERENA (RIGHT)

Is it really that common?

The doctor shrugs.

DOCTOR

Not particularly, but it happens often enough.

Ellie sidles up beside Serena.

ELLIE

(reading the subtitle)

"Now with diagrams."

Serena's heads cannot help but crack smiles at Ellie. They then turn to the smiling Mike and smile back at him. Finally, they turn to the pamphlet, which Serena opens, reading through until she reaches a section on multiple heads.

Serena's left head looks up at the doctor.

SERENA (LEFT)

Can't you fix this?

DOCTOR

Well, um...

SERENA (LEFT)

If you have all this info, you must know a way to get me...

The other heads snap to the left head.

SERENA (LEFT)

I mean us...back to normal.

DOCTOR

I'm afraid it's not that simple.

SERENA (LEFT)

What do you mean?

DOCTOR

For one, I still need to run those tests just to figure out how your anatomy works, let alone what caused your transformation or how to return you to normal.

SERENA (RIGHT)

That could take months.

DOCTOR

Correct. Even if I did know how to reverse your transformation right now, is that really what you want?

Serena pauses, her heads glancing first between each other, then at the doctor.

SERENA (ALL)

(overlapping, hesitant)

Yeah./Of course./Definitely.

SERENA (RIGHT)

But...that's assuming it's even possible for us to get back to normal.

DOCTOR

Correct again, but I'll do what I can. For now, why don't you just go home and rest?

Serena nods in triplicate.

EXT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - PARKING LOT - DAY

The group heads back to Mike's car and stops beside it.

SERENA (MIDDLE)

I still can't believe this is happening to me...us.

ELLIE

Yeah. I wonder what would happen if you lost one of your heads.

SERENA (ALL)

(appalled)

Ellie!

ELLIE
(laughing)
I kid. I kid.

SERENA (MIDDLE)
It's not funny!

Mike puts his hand on Serena's shoulder.

MIKE
Hey, Serena.

All of her heads turn to Mike.

MIKE
Since the doctor doesn't know the
cure, why don't we find it
ourselves?

They look at each other and nod assent.

SERENA (MIDDLE)
Good idea, but where do we start
looking?

Ellie winks at Serena and gives a thumbs up.

ELLIE
Only one way to find out, and hey,
even if there's no way, you're
still you, right?

Serena's heads nod at Ellie, then turn to Mike as he grasps
her hand.

MIKE
Don't worry, Serena. One way or
another, we'll help you get through
this if it's the last thing we do.

The heads nod and smile at Mike.