

STRUCTURE

- **Act I (Pages 1–30):**
Storm, accident, near-death, first reality fractures
 - **Act II-A (31–60):**
Multiple lives emerge, rules begin to reveal themselves
 - **Act II-B (61–85):**
Realities collide, stakes escalate, survival clock tightens
 - **Act III (86–110):**
Choice, sacrifice, final convergence, earned ending
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SCREENPLAY

ACT I — OPENING (Pages 1–30)

FADE IN:

EXT. OPEN OCEAN – NIGHT

Black water. Endless.

A **U.S. NAVY AIRCRAFT CARRIER** cuts through heavy seas, its massive hull **GROANING**.

Wind howls like an animal.

WAVES crash over the deck.

INT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER – LOWER DECK – NIGHT

Flashing red emergency lights.

Metal **SHUDDERS**.

Sailors scramble.

This is **JACK HAYES (early 20s)** — young, strong, exhausted. A deck sailor. No rank glamour. Just muscle memory and grit.

He struggles to secure equipment as the ship ROLLS violently.

A SUPERVISOR shouts—

SUPERVISOR

Secure it! Move!

Jack clips a cable.

The deck LURCHES.

A CONTAINER BREAKS FREE.

Chaos.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK – CONTINUOUS

Rain lashes sideways.

Jets chained down, barely holding.

Jack runs—slips—slams hard against the deck.

He struggles to his feet—

A WAVE CRASHES over him, lifts him—

And SLAMS him into a railing.

Jack dangles—barely holding on.

The ship pitches again—

The cable SNAPS.

Jack is ripped from the deck—

EXT. OPEN OCEAN – NIGHT

Jack disappears into black water.

UNDERWATER – CONTINUOUS

Silence.

Bubbles rise.

Jack sinks.

His eyes flutter.

The sound of the storm MUFFLES—

Then distorts—

Then—

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE – DAY

Silence.

Fluorescent lighting.

Jack jolts upright—

Now wearing a SUIT.

A meeting room.

Executives stare at him.

EXECUTIVE

Jack? Your thoughts?

Jack blinks.

Confused.

His hands are dry.

No water.

No storm.

JACK

I—I'm sorry. I—

A CELL PHONE BUZZES.

On the screen:

UNKNOWN CALLER

Jack answers—

CUT TO:

EXT. OPEN OCEAN – NIGHT

Jack's eyes SNAP OPEN underwater.

He thrashes—panic.

Air gone.

Chest burning.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. MOON SURFACE – DAY

Absolute silence.

Jack stands in a SPACE SUIT.

Earth hangs in the distance.

His breath ECHOES in his helmet.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)

Jack, confirm oxygen levels.

Jack stares at his gloved hands.

JACK

What... is this?

CUT BACK TO:

UNDERWATER – NIGHT

Jack sinks deeper.

Vision narrowing.

A SHADOW moves above him—

A SEARCHLIGHT?

Or something else?

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. INNER-CITY STREET – NIGHT

Gunshots.

Jack—now older, hardened—holds a PISTOL.

Police sirens.

A partner bleeds out beside him.

PARTNER

Don't freeze on me, Jack!

Jack's hands shake.

Blood on them.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. OPEN OCEAN – NIGHT

Jack's body goes limp.

INT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER – MEDICAL BAY – NIGHT

Jack GASPS awake.

Violent.

Gagging.

MEDICS restrain him.

MEDIC

Easy! You're back—stay with us!

Jack coughs seawater.

Eyes wild.

JACK

I was—

I died—

They exchange looks.

INT. MEDICAL BAY – LATER

Jack lies still.

IV in his arm.

Rain pounds above.

A DOCTOR checks vitals.

DOCTOR

You were unconscious six minutes.

Jack stares at the ceiling.

Six minutes.

But he lived YEARS somewhere else.

INT. MEDICAL BAY – NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Jack closes his eyes.

The MONITOR BEEPS—

The sound stretches—

DISTORTS—

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. DIFFERENT LIFE – DAY

Jack runs through a jungle.

Older.

Scarred.

Being hunted.

Gunfire erupts behind him.

CUT TO BLACK.

SUPER:

QUANTUM SAILOR

END OF ACT I

ACT II-A

FADE IN:

INT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER – MEDICAL BAY – NIGHT

Jack lies staring at the ceiling, eyes open too long.

The storm pounds the hull like fists.

A heart monitor BEEPS—steady.

A NURSE checks his IV.

NURSE

Try to sleep. You're lucky.

Jack turns his head.

JACK

How long was I out?

NURSE

Six minutes.

Jack swallows.

JACK

It felt like... years.

The Nurse offers a practiced smile—dismissive, kind.

NURSE

That's shock.

She leaves.

Jack is alone with the beeping.

He closes his eyes.

The BEEP stretches...
warps...
becomes—

EXT. CORPORATE CITY – DAY

Jack jolts awake in a suit again.

A skyline of glass and money.

He sits at a polished table in a boardroom.

A nameplate in front of him:

JACK HAYES — VP, OPERATIONS

An EXECUTIVE (50s) watches him.

EXECUTIVE

So... do we cut the ships or not?

Jack's mouth opens—nothing comes out.

A woman beside him—**MAYA (30s)**—looks worried.

A wedding ring on his finger. Different from his Navy one.

Jack touches it like it's foreign.

JACK

I—I need a minute.

The Executive frowns.

EXECUTIVE

We don't have minutes. We have shareholders.

Jack stands too fast, chair scraping.

He walks out.

INT. CORPORATE HALLWAY – CONTINUOUS

Bright. Quiet. Controlled.

Jack's breathing is wrong for this place.

He presses his palm to the wall to steady himself.

A SECURITY GUARD approaches.

SECURITY GUARD

Sir, are you okay?

Jack looks at his own hands—clean, manicured.

He hears OCEAN WIND faintly under the silence.

JACK

Where am I?

The Guard's expression tightens.

SECURITY GUARD

You're at Hayes Global.

Jack blinks.

JACK

That's not—

That's not real.

The Guard reaches for his radio.

Jack bolts.

EXT. CITY STREET – DAY

Jack spills into traffic noise.

People stare.

He staggers to the curb.

A bus roars past.

In the bus window, Jack sees—

Himself.

In a Navy uniform.

Drowning.

He flinches hard.

A phone in his pocket vibrates.

He pulls it out.

On screen:

MOM CALLING

Jack answers before he can think.

JACK

Mom?

A voice—warm, alive.

MOTHER (V.O.)

Baby, you still coming by Sunday? Your father's grilling.

Jack's throat tightens.

He doesn't have parents on the ship. He barely has time to call anyone.

JACK

Yeah. Yeah—Sunday.

The voice shifts.

MOTHER (V.O.)

You sound strange. You taking those sleeping pills again?

Jack looks up at the sky.

The clouds move wrong—too smooth, too perfect.

A low rumble grows.

Not thunder.

Jet engines.

Jack turns—

An F/A-18 streaks overhead.

Too low.

It leaves a trail that looks like a crack in the air.

Jack's eyes widen.

JACK

No... no, no—

The street bends.

The buildings warp like heat haze.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. OPEN OCEAN – NIGHT

Jack's eyes snap open in black water.

He's afloat—barely.

Waves slap his face.

He coughs seawater, panicked.

In the distance—

The carrier is a moving city of lights.

Too far.

Jack tries to swim.

A wave smashes him sideways.

He loses orientation.

The ocean is endless.

INT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER – BRIDGE – NIGHT (INTERCUT)

Officers stare at radar.

A RESCUE COORDINATOR shouts into a mic.

RESCUE COORDINATOR

Man overboard. Sector grid alpha-four. Deploy helo.

A young sailor—**PETTY OFFICER RAMIREZ (20s)**—watches, jaw clenched.

RAMIREZ

That's Hayes.

Someone looks at him.

OFFICER

You know him?

Ramirez nods once.

RAMIREZ

He's... solid. He won't quit.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN – NIGHT

Jack's arms burn.

His body starts to shake—cold.

He hears something.

Not the storm.

A faint rhythm.

Like... a heartbeat.

He looks around—nothing.

Then the sound grows louder.

BASS. Distant. Impossible.

Jack's vision tunnels.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. OAKLAND STREET – NIGHT (ALTERNATE LIFE)

Neon. Sirens. Chaos.

Jack is older—harder.

A handgun in his hand.

A friend—**DRE (20s)**—leans against a wall bleeding.

DRE

You gonna stand there or you gonna move?

Jack's breathing is shallow.

He looks down—his shirt is soaked with blood.

Not seawater.

Blood.

He hears the OCEAN under the street noise.

JACK

This isn't—

I'm not—

Dre grabs him.

DRE

You with me or you dead.

Shots ring.

Jack ducks behind a car, returns fire—

His training is there. Real.

His hands move like a sailor securing a line—muscle memory crossing worlds.

A bullet hits the car window.

Glass explodes.

Jack flinches—

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. OPEN OCEAN – NIGHT

Jack coughs, choking.

A wave rolls him.

He swallows water.

His lungs scream.

He can't do this.

Not alone.

Then—

A FLASH of light in the distance.

A helicopter searchlight sweeping.

Jack raises an arm weakly.

JACK
(hoarse)
Here...!

The light passes over him—keeps going.

Jack's arm drops.

His face sinks close to the water.

Despair.

The heartbeat sound returns.

Louder.

He closes his eyes.

INT. NASA TRAINING FACILITY – DAY (ALTERNATE LIFE)

Jack snaps upright in a gym.

White walls. Clean.

He's wearing a training suit.

A COACH blows a whistle.

COACH

Hayes! You spacing out again?

Jack looks around.

A massive centrifuge nearby.

Astronaut candidates jog in place.

Jack's name is on a locker:

HAYES, JACK — MISSION 7

He touches the locker like it's proof.

Then he sees a poster on the wall:

“STAY AWARE: HYPOXIA KILLS.”

Jack freezes.

Hypoxia.

No oxygen.

Drowning.

It's the same.

Jack whispers to himself.

JACK

It's all the same.

A woman approaches—**DR. LEE (30s)**.

DR. LEE

Jack, your levels dropped yesterday. You need rest.

Jack stares at her.

JACK

How do I get back?

Dr. Lee frowns.

DR. LEE

Back to what?

Jack grips his head.

The room pulses. The lights warp.

He hears the storm.

He hears Ramirez calling his name faintly.

The worlds overlap.

Jack stumbles.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER – MEDICAL BAY – NIGHT

Jack jolts upright in the bed, gasping.

He rips off the pulse clip.

Alarms chirp.

The Nurse rushes in.

NURSE

Hey—hey! You're safe!

Jack grabs her arm, desperate.

JACK

I'm going back and forth.
I'm drowning out there.
I'm— I'm dying in pieces.

The Nurse tries to calm him.

NURSE

You're having post-traumatic—

Jack shakes his head violently.

JACK

No. Listen to me.
When I lose air—
I wake up somewhere else.

She hesitates. Concern grows real.

NURSE

Doctor—

Jack swings his legs off the bed.

He's unsteady.

JACK

I need to get on deck.

NURSE

You can't—

Jack pushes past her.

INT. CORRIDOR – NIGHT

Jack stumbles through narrow passageways.

The ship groans.

Water leaks from overhead pipes.

Sailors rush by.

Ramirez spots him.

RAMIREZ

Hayes! What the hell—?

Jack grabs his arm.

JACK

You gotta tell them—

If I go back in the water—

I might not come back.

Ramirez looks at him like he's broken.

RAMIREZ

You already went back. They pulled you out.

You're here.

Jack's eyes are frantic.

JACK

I'm not always here.

Another roll of the ship throws Jack into the wall.

His vision blurs.

The corridor stretches.

The lights flicker.

Ramirez's voice becomes distant.

RAMIREZ

Hayes—Hayes!

Jack's ears fill with the ocean.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. OPEN OCEAN – NIGHT

Jack is back in the water.

But now—

A LIFE RAFT is nearby.

It wasn't there before.

He kicks, lunging.

His hand touches the raft's edge—

Then a wave slams him down.

He loses grip.

But he saw it.

It's real.

Jack coughs, forces air.

He realizes something:

The worlds aren't random.

They're responding.

Like... a system.

Jack speaks to the ocean, furious.

JACK

You want choices?

Fine.

He takes one deep breath—

Lets himself sink a little—

The heartbeat sound grows—

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CORPORATE GARAGE – NIGHT (ALTERNATE LIFE)

Jack bursts into a parking garage.

He's in a suit but running like he's being hunted.

Maya appears—terrified.

MAYA

Jack! What's happening to you?

Jack grabs her shoulders.

JACK

Tell me one thing—
Do we have a boat?

Maya blinks.

MAYA

A boat?

Jack's eyes lock.

JACK

Anything that floats.

Maya points, confused.

MAYA

Your father's cabin—Lake Travis. Why?

Jack nods—like he just found a breadcrumb.

Lake. Water.

A controlled water.

Not the ocean.

Jack realizes:

If he can steer this life toward water—
maybe he can learn to control the jump.

His phone BUZZES again.

UNKNOWN CALLER

Jack answers.

All he hears is the storm.

Then Ramirez's voice, faint.

RAMIREZ (V.O.)

Hayes... keep fighting... we're coming...

Jack's eyes fill.

He's connecting.

He whispers.

JACK

I hear you.

A loud BANG.

The garage lights flicker.

The air cracks.

Jack is yanked sideways—

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. OPEN OCEAN – NIGHT

Jack surfaces, choking.

And there—

The helicopter's searchlight sweeps again.

This time it stops.

It locks onto him.

Jack waves with everything he has.

A winch cable drops.

A RESCUE SWIMMER hits the water, moving toward him.

Jack laughs and cries at once.

Then his vision blurs.

The heartbeat sound returns—violent.

Jack fights it.

Not now.

Not now.

He claws at consciousness.

He locks onto the rescue swimmer's face.

Anchors himself.

The swimmer grabs him.

RESCUE SWIMMER

I got you! Don't let go!

Jack grips him—tight.

The cable pulls them up—

Jack's eyes roll back—

He's slipping—

But he holds.

He holds.

INT. HELICOPTER – NIGHT

Jack is hauled inside.

Crew members work fast.

Oxygen mask.

Warm blanket.

Jack shivers uncontrollably.

The RESCUE SWIMMER grips his shoulder.

RESCUE SWIMMER

Stay with me.

Stay here.

Jack's eyes flutter.

He sees, for a half-second—

A city skyline.

A moon.

A gun.

Then the helicopter cabin snaps back.

Jack inhales oxygen like it's religion.

He's here.

For now.

EXT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER – NIGHT

The helicopter lands.

Jack is rushed off.

Ramirez watches from the deck, relieved.

Jack is wheeled past him.

Jack reaches out—grabs Ramirez's sleeve.

JACK

(weak)

It's not over.

Ramirez looks down at him.

RAMIREZ

What isn't?

Jack's eyes close.

JACK

Me.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT II-A

ACT II-B

FADE IN:

INT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER – MEDICAL BAY – NIGHT

Jack lies strapped to a gurney, oxygen mask fogging with every breath.

A DOCTOR (40s) watches his vitals. Concerned. Curious.

DOCTOR

You were hypothermic. Severe oxygen deprivation.

But your brain scans don't match the blackout time.

Jack opens his eyes.

JACK

Because I wasn't gone.

The Doctor doesn't react. Just notes it.

DOCTOR

Hallucinations are common—

Jack grabs the Doctor's sleeve with surprising strength.

JACK

I'm not hallucinating.

I'm *traveling*.

Beat.

The Doctor gently removes Jack's hand.

DOCTOR

Get some rest, Sailor.

He exits.

Jack stares at the ceiling, knowing he's alone with this.

INT. MEDICAL BAY – LATER

The lights dim.

The BEEP of the monitor slows.

Jack closes his eyes—carefully.

Not surrendering.

Testing.

The sound of the ocean creeps in anyway.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE TRAVIS – DAY (ALTERNATE LIFE)

Sunlight. Calm water.

Jack stands on a wooden dock.

No storm.

No chaos.

A CABIN behind him.

Laughter inside.

MAYA (O.S.)

Jack? You coming in?

Jack turns.

Maya—alive, smiling, pregnant.

A life jacket hangs nearby.

Jack touches the water with his foot.

Still water.

Controlled.

Safe.

He exhales for the first time in days.

INT. CABIN – DAY

Warm. Real.

Family photos line the walls.

Jack sees himself older—happy.

He touches a photo.

MAYA

You okay?

Jack nods.

JACK

Yeah. I just—

I don't want to forget this.

Maya frowns.

MAYA

Forget what?

Jack freezes.

He realizes—

This life doesn't *know* about the others.

And it doesn't want to.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. NASA HABITAT – NIGHT (ALTERNATE LIFE)

Alarms BLARE.

Red lights flash.

Jack floats in zero-G, tethered.

A breach alarm screams.

DR. LEE (V.O.)

Oxygen dropping—Jack, you have seconds!

Jack fumbles with a seal.

His visor fogs.

No water here.

Just vacuum.

Jack realizes—

Every reality kills him differently.

But the trigger is always the same.

No air.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. OAKLAND STREET – NIGHT (ALTERNATE LIFE)

Gunfire.

Jack ducks behind a dumpster.

Dre bleeds out again.

Again.

This life is looping.

Stuck.

Jack realizes something terrifying:

Some lives don't progress.

They *trap* him.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER – MEDICAL BAY – NIGHT

Jack jerks awake—sweating.

He rips off the oxygen mask.

He breathes—deep, intentional.

He's learning.

He looks at the monitor.

Heart rate spikes when he panics.

Drops when he focuses.

Jack stares at the screen.

JACK

(whisper)

It's not random.

INT. CARRIER – ENGINEERING SPACE – NIGHT

Jack sneaks out—IV still taped to his arm.

He finds **CHIEF ENGINEER WALLACE (50s)**—grizzled, brilliant.

JACK

Chief... how long can a brain survive without oxygen?

Wallace studies him.

WALLACE

Depends.

Why?

Jack chooses his words carefully.

JACK

If someone was... hovering.

Not dead. Not alive.

Wallace sighs.

WALLACE

Six minutes before damage.

After that—

you're not coming back the same.

Jack nods.

Six minutes.

That's the window.

INT. MEDICAL BAY – NIGHT

Jack lies back down.

He stares at the ceiling.

He controls his breathing.

Slow.

Measured.

He closes his eyes—

Not letting the ocean take him.

He *chooses*.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE TRAVIS – SUNSET (ALTERNATE LIFE)

Jack stands on the dock again.

This time, he's aware.

He kneels.

Touches the water.

Feels it.

He looks up at the sky.

No cracks.

No distortions.

This world feels... finished.

Complete.

Maya approaches.

MAYA

You've been distant all day.

Jack turns to her.

This is the temptation.

Stay.

A life without storms.

Without drowning.

Jack swallows.

JACK

If I told you I didn't belong here—

Maya smiles gently.

MAYA

Everyone feels that sometimes.

Jack shakes his head.

JACK

No. I mean—

here.

Maya's smile fades.

The sky darkens—just a fraction.

This world *reacts* to doubt.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. OPEN OCEAN – DAY (REALITY)

The storm has eased.

But the sea is still hostile.

Jack floats in memory—feels the cold.

He remembers the life raft.

He focuses on that image.

A system responds.

INT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER – MEDICAL BAY – NIGHT

Jack wakes—smiling.

He figured something out.

INT. MEDICAL BAY – LATER

The Doctor returns.

Jack sits upright, calm.

JACK

If I go unconscious again—
don't give me oxygen immediately.

The Doctor stiffens.

DOCTOR

That's not—

JACK

You'll kill me if you do.

The Doctor studies him.

Really looks.

DOCTOR

Explain.

Jack hesitates.

Then commits.

JACK

I'm dying in other lives.
And learning from them.

Silence.

The Doctor exhales.

DOCTOR

You're saying your brain is...
processing parallel outcomes.

Jack nods.

JACK

I need time inside it.

The Doctor considers—then quietly locks the door.

DOCTOR

If you're wrong, I lose my career.

Jack meets his eyes.

JACK

If I'm right, you save my life.

Beat.

INT. MEDICAL BAY – NIGHT

Jack is alone again.

He removes the oxygen mask.

Just for a second.

The room darkens.

The heartbeat sound returns.

Jack doesn't panic.

He leans into it.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. MOON SURFACE – NIGHT (ALTERNATE LIFE)

Jack stands alone.

Earth distant.

Silent.

He realizes—

This life offers perspective.

Distance.

He breathes slowly.

He watches Earth spin.

He understands:

The storm isn't punishment.

It's a **crossroads**.

Jack whispers.

JACK

I choose.

The stars distort.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. OPEN OCEAN – NIGHT

Jack is back—floating.

But now—

The life raft is right beside him.

He grabs it.

Climbs in.

He's not rescued yet.

But he's alive.

And awake.

INT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER – MEDICAL BAY – NIGHT

Jack GASPS—oxygen floods his lungs.

The Doctor rushes in.

DOCTOR

You went flat for eight seconds!

Jack smiles—exhausted but victorious.

JACK

Eight seconds was enough.

INT. BRIDGE – NIGHT

The Captain watches the storm calm.

Radar clears.

CAPTAIN

Log it.

Storm anomaly concluded.

But Jack knows—

It isn't over.

INT. MEDICAL BAY – DAWN

Jack looks out a small window.

The ocean is calm.

Too calm.

He knows the truth now:

One life will eventually *lock him in*.

And one will let him live.

Jack whispers to himself.

JACK

I'm not done yet.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT II-B

ACT III

FADE IN:

INT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER – MEDICAL BAY – PRE-DAWN

Soft light leaks through a porthole.

Jack sits upright, fully conscious now. IV removed. Oxygen nearby—but untouched.

The DOCTOR stands with a tablet. Hesitant.

DOCTOR

Your vitals stabilized.
But your brain activity—
it's still... fluctuating.

Jack nods. Calm.

JACK

Because it's deciding.

The Doctor studies him.

DOCTOR

Between what?

Jack looks toward the porthole—endless water.

JACK

Between staying alive...
and choosing a life.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK – DAWN

The storm is gone.

Gray calm. Steel and ocean.

Jack steps onto the deck, escorted by RAMIREZ.

Wind snaps at their uniforms.

RAMIREZ

They grounded you.
You're not touching a line for a while.

Jack half-smiles.

JACK

That's probably smart.

They stop near the railing—the place Jack went over.

Jack looks down at the water.

It looks ordinary now.

Too ordinary.

INT. JACK'S MIND – TRANSITION

A faint HEARTBEAT returns.

Not loud.

Persistent.

Jack closes his eyes.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE TRAVIS – MORNING (ALTERNATE LIFE)

Still water.

Birds.

Jack stands on the dock again.

Maya pours coffee behind him.

This time—she sees something different in his eyes.

MAYA

You're leaving.

Jack turns slowly.

JACK

I can't stay here.

Maya swallows. Knows it's true.

MAYA

Is it because of the ocean?

Jack shakes his head.

JACK

Because this place doesn't need me to choose anything.

The sky darkens slightly.

A ripple moves across the lake—unnatural.

This world is destabilizing.

Maya reaches for his hand.

MAYA

If you go, you don't come back.

Jack squeezes her hand—gentle.

JACK

If I stay...
I don't live honestly.

She nods. Tears well.

The world trembles.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. MOON SURFACE – NIGHT (ALTERNATE LIFE)

Jack stands alone again.

Earth hangs in silence.

This place offers clarity—but no connection.

No one to save.

No one to lose.

Jack exhales.

JACK

Not here either.

The stars distort—collapse inward.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. OAKLAND STREET – NIGHT (ALTERNATE LIFE)

Jack ducks gunfire.

Dre bleeds—again.

The loop resets—again.

Jack stops moving.

Lets the bullets hit the wall beside him.

JACK

This isn't living.
It's punishment.

The street FREEZES.

Time pauses.

The world fractures.

This reality rejects him.

INT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER – FLIGHT DECK – DAY

Jack opens his eyes.

He grips the railing—steady.

He understands now.

These worlds aren't *options*.

They're **tests**.

And the real question isn't which life is best.

It's which one he's willing to be fully awake in.

INT. MEDICAL BAY – DAY

Jack lies on the bed again—voluntary.

The Doctor stands nearby.

Nervous.

DOCTOR

If you induce another hypoxic episode—
I can't guarantee—

Jack finishes for him.

JACK

That I come back.

The Doctor nods.

Jack meets his eyes.

JACK (CONT'D)

But if I don't choose...
something else will choose for me.

The Doctor exhales.

Signals to a NURSE.

They prepare emergency equipment—ready but restrained.

Jack removes the oxygen mask himself.

Places it beside him.

CLOSE ON: JACK

Calm.

Focused.

He slows his breathing.

The HEARTBEAT grows.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. OPEN OCEAN – NIGHT (THE THRESHOLD)

Jack floats—not struggling this time.

The sea is calm.

Too calm.

The water around him SHIMMERS.

The ocean becomes a mirror.

Reflections of other Jacks ripple across the surface:

—Corporate Jack

—Astronaut Jack

—Street Jack

—Family Jack

They surround him—silent.

Not judging.

Waiting.

Jack speaks—soft, resolute.

JACK

You're all real.

But you're not all *me*.

One reflection steps forward—**FAMILY JACK**.

Warm. Safe.

Another—**ASTRONAUT JACK**.

Detached. Elevated.

Another—**STREET JACK**.

Angry. Trapped.

They fade one by one.

Finally—

Only **SAILOR JACK** remains.

Wet. Cold. Afraid.

But awake.

Jack looks at him.

JACK (CONT'D)

You don't get to escape.
But you get to choose how you survive.

The reflection nods.

The water PULLS Jack under—

INT. MEDICAL BAY – DAY

ALARMS BLARE.

Jack's heart rate drops.

The Doctor watches—seconds ticking.

DOCTOR

Hold... hold...

Jack's brain activity SPIKES—then stabilizes.

The Doctor signals.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Now!

The oxygen mask is pressed to Jack's face.

Air FLOODS his lungs.

Jack GASPS—

Eyes snap open.

Anchored.

Here.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK – LATER

Sunlight breaks through cloud cover.

The ocean sparkles—indifferent.

Jack stands with Ramirez, looking out.

RAMIREZ

You scared the hell outta medical.

Jack smiles—quiet.

JACK

I scared myself.

Ramirez studies him.

RAMIREZ

You different.

Jack nods.

JACK

Yeah.

INT. CARRIER – CHAPEL – DAY

Jack sits alone.

Not praying.

Listening.

Still.

The heartbeat is gone.

Peace replaces it—not relief.

Acceptance.

EXT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER – SUNSET

The ship cuts through open water.

Purpose restored.

Jack leans on the railing.

Not romantic.

Not heroic.

Real.

He pulls a small OBJECT from his pocket—

A piece of rope he was tying the night he went overboard.

Frayed.

Unfinished.

Jack reties it.

Clean. Correct.

Secure.

FINAL IMAGE

Jack stands watch on the deck.

Awake.

Present.

The ocean rolls beneath him—not an enemy, not an escape.

A responsibility.

FADE OUT.

SUPER:

**EVERY LIFE IS REAL.
THE ONE YOU LIVE IS THE CHOICE.**

THE END