

THESSIA

Written by

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EXT. UNIVERSITY HALLWAY - DAY.

SOPHIE´S walks on the UNIVERSITY HALLWAY, a road that connects all the FACULTIES, greeting and smiling at everyone while being ignored, but enjoying doing it on purpose.

EXT. ARQUITECTURE FACULTY - DAY.

She arrives at her FACULTY, ARQUITECTURE, known for the big, huge statue of a PEGASUS without wings, located right on the right side of the ENTRANCE.

SOPHIE keeps her pace of greeting everyone. What´S different?

They know who she is, mostly STUDENTS that she helped with tutoring. She may was a nobody for the entire UNIVERSITY, but at her FACULTY? Someone to respect.

INT. ARQUITECTURE FACULTY - DAY.

She arrives at her LOCKER and keeps a few BOOKS. Then takes out an INDUSTRIAL DESIGN BOOK and puts it inside her BAG.

She keeps walking until she arrives in her CLASSROOM.

INT. CLASSROOM 6210 - DAY.

SOPHIE sits and prepares everything she needs on her DESK for when the CLASS starts.

However, once she is set, someone sits beside her, a SENIOR that seems to know her.

SENIOR.

SOPHIE, hi, how were your vacations?

SOPHIE looks at her, she remembers her clearly. Cute and tall with a smile that could upset or make everyone less than her. High pitched voice, too girly and lazy, a FEMME FATALE that has never heard the word "No" directed to her.

SOPHIE.

It was cool, thanks.

The SENIOR expected more talk. She leaves the act aside.

SENIOR.

Look SOPHIE, I´m going to graduate very soon but I´m having trouble with my THESIS.

SOPHIE.
What troubles?

SENIOR.
Well first of all, starting it.
Really, it's super hard.

SOPHIE.
I believe you.

SENIOR.
But not for you, you are the best,
so, would you like to help me?

SOPHIE.
Sure, I'll tell you my price later.

SENIOR.
Oh no dear, don't get ideas, this
are my last days as student. I'm
not going to waste them making a
long, boring book.

SOPHIE.
So what do you want?

The SENIOR looks around and gets near to whisper her.

SENIOR.
That you make it.

SOPHIE pushes away as soon as the SENIOR stops talking. She
looks her in the eyes, with a mocking face.

SOPHIE.
Do you think I'm dumb?

SENIOR.
Come on, you won't get caught,
those guys from HONOR AND JUSTICE
aren't everywhere.

SOPHIE.
No, but they can very well expulse
you for making other student's
THESSIS and work.

SENIOR.
You won't get caught.

SOPHIE.
Of course I won't because I'm not
taking any chance.

A WOMAN quickly looks inside the CLASSROOM and catches SOPHIE on her eyesight.

WOMAN.
SOPHIE TOWER?

SOPHIE.
That's me.

WOMAN.
The DIRECTOR would like to see you.

And the WOMAN goes away, fading as quickly as she looked.

SOPHIE starts picking up her things, the SENIOR keeps pushing, being more annoying than usual.

SENIOR.
So, would you help me?

SOPHIE.
How can I put it simple and easy to accept. Ah yes, no!

SENIOR.
I haven't give you a price.

SOPHIE.
Don't want to, don't need it.

SENIOR.
Everyone needs and wants money!

SOPHIE.
Not me, one of the perks of being smart...is having a scholarship.

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY.

A small ROOM with a BOARD, some pieces from the STUDENT'S NEWSPAPER and pages on the desk.

SOPHIE.
I lost my scholarship!?

The DIRECTOR seems stoic and fearless, from her posture to his expensive and luxurious suit. However, his hands are almost piercing the DESK, while trembling. He's terrified.

DIRECTOR.
I'm afraid so.

SOPHIE.

But why!? I´m an excellent student!

DIRECTOR.

Yes, but, as you know, there is a limit for you to register the renewal of your scholarship and to process it.

SOPHIE.

I know! And why are you taking it away if tomorrow´s the last day?

DIRECTOR.

What?

SOPHIE.

Yes, tomorrow´s the last day to deliver my renewal.

DIRECTOR.

It was one week ago, SOPHIE.

SOPHIE.

What? WHAT?

DIRECTOR.

Look, I´m sorry but...

SOPHIE.

No, DIRECTOR, let´s see, I´m here, we can sign the documents and done! No more problems!

DIRECTOR.

SOPHIE, your scholarship has already been given to someone else.

SOPHIE.

I´m sorry?

DIRECTOR.

That´s why the forms are important.

SOPHIE.

You gave MY scholarship to somebody else

DIRECTOR.

Technically is not yours...

SOPHIE.

To whom?

DIRECTOR.
 (trembling)
 I'm not allowed to...

SOPHIE.
 WHOM!?

DIRECTOR.
 It doesn't matter. The point is,
 your scholarship is no longer
 available.

SOPHIE.
 No DIRECTOR, the point is, I need
 this scholarship. Without it I can
 't study. Is there something you
 can do? I can do?

DIRECTOR.
 Look, you can renew the scholarship
 again, no problem, but for the next
 semester. Right now, it's just not
 possible.

SOPHIE.
 So, what now?

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY.

A long ROOM square-shaped with tables full of students
 studying or watching TV and the FOOD at the back, with a line
 that, if someone new saw it, would think it'll take months to
 end.

At one TABLE, SOPHIE is storming off while complaining with a
 GIRL. Her eyes are focused on her but her sight seems lost in
 outer space. At first glance, she doesn't look so centered.

SOPHIE.
 A JOB! Can you believe it!? I am
 one of the most respected students,
 I gave him who knows how many
 PRIZES and he pays me like this!

The GIRL seems lost, thinking on something else.

SOPHIE. (CONT'D)
 Oh and you won't believe it, he
 even offered to take a SABATIC
 SEMESTER. Who does he thinks I am?
 A MILLENNIAL?

SOPHIE takes a deep breath and sits, defeated. The GIRL blinks, like he returned from a long trip.

GIRL.

You done?

SOPHIE.

I am.

GIRL.

Look, as your best friend I am supposed to offer you a shoulder to cry on and accompany you on your "bitch" behavior on complaining the FACULTY's DIRECTOR.

SOPHIE.

Just say the but.

GIRL.

You knew about the renewal and you, once again got cocky.

SOPHIE.

I don't get cocky...!

GIRL.

Delivering a one month work in a week, practicing your speech an hour before the presentation and erase your entire team's final diorama to make your own in less than a day.

SOPHIE changes her composure. She's uncomfortable.

SOPHIE.

...too much.

GIRL.

And the only way I see to fix the situation is for you to get a job. However, taking on accounting your problems with authority and the fact that you get nervous easily, maybe leaving for the SEMESTER sounds good.

SOPHIE.

Jeez, thanks JENNY.

JENNY.

Now, there's another way.

SOPHIE.
Oh, do tell!

JENNY's about to talk but SOPHIE knows where this is going. She rejects the idea, almost like she saw her thoughts.

SOPHIE. (CONT'D)
Oh no, absolutely not!

JENNY.
He must have money you can borrow from, doesn't hurt asking.

SOPHIE.
I promise I won't bother him unless it was an emergency.

JENNY.
SOPHIE, this is.

SOPHIE evades the solution, JENNY stays quiet about it.

SOPHIE.
I'll think about it. Thanks.

JENNY.
Your welcome. So, while you think about it, what are you going to do?

SOPHIE.
Well, I'm going to make a CV and try to nail an interview. I'm officially on this SEMESTER but I need to save money to pay for the next one so, I'm going to do two things: worrying about the classes and protect every penny with my very dead soul.

JENNY.
Sounds fun. Your entire situation made me think, what if INDUSTRIAL DESIGN isn't for me?

SOPHIE.
What? Why?

JENNY.
If I'm honest, I just got in INDUSTRIAL DESIGN to be with you, I never had any interest for a career of any kind.

SOPHIE.

No JENNY, that's bad! So wait, I dragged you into this?

JENNY.

Not quite, I wasn't planning on studying but my PARENTS wanted to and you seemed eager to spend time together so, here I am.

SOPHIE.

Ok, let's do this. I'll work on my situation and you think if you want to change career and for what.

JENNY.

Great, I may choose PHI...

SOPHIE.

(Hits table with palms and very hard)

NO PHILOSOPHIE! Sorry, I'm so sorry, you think about it, ok? It's your decision, I gotta go, again, sorry. Bye!

SOPHIE leaves the TABLE and the CAFETERIA. JENNY stays still, like she's thinking.

JENNY.

Not PHILOSOPHIE, got it.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY.

SOPHIE's walking peacefully, at least from the outside, ignoring the STUDENTS talking, running or preparing their bag packs on their LOCKERS. While she's thinking on all the possible outcomes of her situation and how to fix every problem, her peace is broken.

SENIOR.

SOPHIE, how's it going?

SOPHIE.

You again?

SENIOR.

Oh I don't think you can have the luxury of being...well, you.

SOPHIE.

What's that supposed to mean?

SENIOR.

I heard about it, that you lost your scholarship. Now how will, one of the top students, keep attending school? How unfortunate!

SOPHIE.

Fine, you made your point. What do you want?

SENIOR.

To help you.

The SENIOR hands her a small piece of PAPER.

SOPHIE.

W-what is this?

SENIOR.

My price. Do you want it? Help me with my thesis.

SOPHIE snaps and takes the SENIOR to an EMPTY CLASSROOM.

INT. EMPTY CLASSROOM - DAY.

SOPHIE.

Look...

SENIOR.

Oh, SOPHIE, you dog.

SOPHIE.

Yeah, no, never. Anyway, you don't get it, do you? If I do this, could get expelled. Besides, how can I trust you?

SENIOR.

Are you kidding me? If you do my thesis and I want to screw you, I screw myself! Even after delivering it, I could be at fault for plagiarism.

SOPHIE.

You're right.

SENIOR.

So, we are bond to life to never discuss any of this. Convinced?

SOPHIE doubts, feels how her moral code's being teared apart.

SOPHIE.

I don't know, let me think about it. Give me time.

SENIOR.

All right, you have one day. Here's my fake email account, send your answer here. Also, don't use your personal one.

The SENIOR hands her the PAPER and an innocent smile.

SENIOR. (CONT'D)

See you around, SOPHIE.

The SENIOR leaves the ROOM. SOPHIE gets near a TRASH CAN to throw the PAPER away but saves it, tempted with the offer.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY.

JENNY's looking at her table, covered entirely with CAREERS PHAMPLETS with information about all the FACULTIES in the UNIVERSITY. She just sees them, one by one, without touching one, like she was dissecting them on her mind.

JENNY.

(Grabs ELECTRICAL ENGINEER)

I could be an ELECTRICAL ENGINEER, they design and make electrical products, build all the components and applications and can develop manufacturing process to...oh, PHYSICS. Never mind.

Takes the PHAMPLET and puts it in the discard file, at the end of the TABLE.

JENNY. (CONT'D)

(Grabs MEDICINE)

MEDICINE...Hi, I'm DR. JENNY, we just finished our tests and your SON has STENDHAL SYNDROM. Don't worry, he'll be fine, just never take him to any MUSEUMS...Good pulse? Can't risk it.

To the discard pile.

JENNY. (CONT'D)

(Grabs COMMUNICATION)

Thanks but no thanks.

Again, discard pile.

JENNY stops when sees a specific PHAMPLET among the others. She takes it and opens it, reads it very quickly and puts it back on the table.

JENNY. (CONT'D)
GRAPHIC DESIGN. Interesting.

INT. CAFETERIA - NOON.

The most quiet time at the CAFETERIA. Even the TV's are off and almost all of it is empty, something a quiet and centered SOPHIE thanks for.

SOPHIE.
All right, time to work on a CV!

SOPHIE stares at the SCREEN, stuck on her thoughts.

SOPHIE. (CONT'D)
All right, time to look for how to
make a CV!

After pressing some KEYS, she finds the answer she's in need.

SOPHIE. (CONT'D)
Here it is! A CV must have a high
quality PHOTO, your name, age and
current ocupation. The next
information you should put in, is
your previous jobs and your
responsabilities on them, your
studies and what abilities or
knowledge you have on your favorite
or worked areas. Sounds easy!

SOPHIE opens a BLANK PAGE and begins writing.

SOPHIE. (CONT'D)
Ok, a PHOTO, name...SOPHIE TOWER,
20 years old and STUDENT. Previous
jobs, no, studying at AMERICA
UNIVERSITY and knowledge...

She snaps her fingers, then her neck and she starts writing and writing, non stop, without realizing the amount of space she was filling in. Even the sound of her fingers pressing the keys is the one things that makes more noice in the entire building.

SOPHIE. (CONT'D)
Excellent, we now have...10 pages!
Now let's see the suggested amount
of...

(MORE)

SOPHIE. (CONT'D)

(clicks)

CV of 1 page are recommended. What? 1 Page? How can professionals put all their information on 1 page? Oh well, doesn't hurt, maybe because not everyone knows so much.

She saves the CV.

SOPHIE. (CONT'D)

Ok, I got a CV. Now let's send it to all this 60 vacancies I found! With luck enough, something will land, hopefully those with MANAGER on them, sounds nice.

SOPHIE makes the ritual again, fingers and neck snap, with cocky eyes and confident smile.

SOPHIE. (CONT'D)

Let's hit it!

SONG EYE OF TIGER sounds, parallel with every KEY pressed by SOPHIE and the SUN fading away.

INT. GRAPHIC DESIGN FACULTY - NOON.

JENNY looks at a BOARD full of other STUDENT's works, while she waits her turn to talk with the GRAPHIC DESIGN FACULTY DIRECTOR. She's unimpressed by them.

GRAPHIC DESIGN DIRECTOR.

JENNY MENDOZA?

JENNY.

Here.

GRAPHIC DESIGN DIRECTOR.

Hi, I'm VICTOR, nice to meet you. Please, come with me.

They go to VICTOR's OFFICE, labeled as CAREER DIRECTOR.

INT. GRAPHIC DESIGN DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY.

An organizational mess. POSTS ITS everywhere, designs laying all over the DESK, a CALENDAR with pretty confusing appointments and a pile of FILES.

VICTOR.

Sorry for the mess. Now, tell me, how can I help you?

JENNY.
I'm thinking on changing careers.

VICTOR.
Very well, where are you now?

JENNY.
INDUSTRIAL DESIGN.

VICTOR.
Oh, that's an interesting change.
And why GRAPHIC DESIGN?

JENNY.
Honestly I don't know, I never felt
motivated enough to study a whole
career, studying for 4 to 5 years
seems like a waste of time.

VICTOR's surprised and a bit confused.

VICTOR.
Very well...what do you see in
GRAPHIC DESIGN?

JENNY.
I like to draw, I'm not great at it
but it relaxes me. I like that.

VICTOR.
That's a good first step. Well,
JENNY, I think it's great that you
want to change careers...

JENNY.
Thanks.

VICTOR.
But I think you shoudn't.

JENNY.
Why?

VICTOR.
It's clear you don't know what do
you want, so, before changing, may
I suggest you take a CAREER
ORIENTAL EXAM?

JENNY.
Curious, I never thought that.

VICTOR.

You can go to DIRECTION and ask for one, I think it's the best thing to do. And when you take it and see the results, if you still want to change, I'll be here.

JENNY.

Great. Bye.

JENNY leaves the OFFICE like nothing happen.

EXT. UNIVERSITY ENTRANCE - NOON.

SOPHIE's walking to the BUS STATION. Her phone rings and stops to answer it.

SOPHIE.

Hello?

MAN.

Hi, I'm looking for SOPHIE TOWER?

SOPHIE.

This is her.

MAN.

Hello SOPHIE, I'm talking from ANTHONY's PIZZAS, I saw your email and I would like to give you an interview.

SOPHIE.

Absolutely, in what area.

MAN.

Was a waitress!

SOPHIE's dead expression covers her entire face.

SOPHIE.

Wai...tress?

MAN.

Yes, I believe you could really nail the job. What do you say?

SOPHIE's teeth grinding makes her hard to answer. Takes a deep breath and remembers her situation.

SOPHIE.

Sounds great sir.

MAN.

Excellent, can you come by in 2 hours?

SOPHIE.

The interview's today?

MAN.

Yes, if you can, of course. This is the best day for me, sorry.

SOPHIE doesn't want this but she has nothing better to do.

SOPHIE.

Absolutely, I'll be there at 8.

MAN.

Very well, or as you young people say, that's neat! See you later.

SOPHIE walks away from the BUS STATION while calling JENNY.

EXT. URBAN STREET - NOON.

SOPHIE.

(Leads her to the record voicemail)

Hey, sorry, I won't make it today, I have an interview. It's not what I was expecting but it's something. I'll complain with you later.

SOPHIE ends the phone call and keeps walking down the road.

INT. SOPHIE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NOON.

The inside of the LIVING ROOM is darker than outside. The TV's on, repeating an old VHS movie while a tired WOMAN with a WAITRESS uniform lies on the couch, sleeping and snoring.

There's clothes everywhere, very well folded and the TABLE between the COACH and the TV covered in PLATES.

SOPHIE breathes and first turns off the TV. Takes a BLANKET and covers the WOMAN with it. Moves a very elegant SUIT with a TAG, HELEN TOWER, to the CLOSET.

She closes it and sees a PHOTO of her, the WOMAN and ARTHUR, who's graduating, hanging on the wall. She overhears a memory from her MOM.

HELEN.

My beautiful BOY finally graduated from UNIVERSITY! Now I may not have finished HIGH SCHOOL, but you are going to be better than me. I promise to do my best.

SOPHIE gets near the WOMAN and kisses her forehead.

SOPHIE.

Good night MOM.

SOPHIE takes the PLATES to the KITCHEN but stops to look at something on the WALL.

SOPHIE. (CONT'D)

And screw you, DAD.

SOPHIE walks to the KITCHEN, away from a dusty UNIVERSITY DEGREE on PHILOSOPHY hanging on an abandoned WALL, with the name of AARON PIERCE on it.

INT. SOPHIE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NOON.

SOPHIE turns the lights on and washes the used DISHES. When finishing, she looks at the CLOCK.

SOPHIE.

Ok, still got time.

She then cleans the OVEN, the FLOOR and leaves FOOD preparing for tomorrow. SOPHIE, worned out, checks the CLOCK.

SOPHIE. (CONT'D)

7:50. There's no way I'm arriving on time! MAN this sucks, I needed to go, I'm the worst!

SOPHIE sits on one of the CHAIRS and takes out her PHONE. She's ready to call JENNY, but searches for another number.

She seems to found it but is reluctant to call. Her hands are trembling and her eyes shows nothing but worry. Hits dial.

SOPHIE. (CONT'D)

(picks up)

Hello?

ARTHUR.

Hi, LITTLE SIS, what's up?

SOPHIE.

Hi ARTHUR, not much, I just arrived home, it's pretty late now.

ARTHUR.

Yeah I can imagine, It's like almost 2:00 A.M. Here.

SOPHIE.

Oh I'm so sorry, I'll call later!

ARTHUR.

No, no, it's ok, I can't sleep anyway, big EXAM tomorrow. Anyway, how are you? How was your first day of the semester?

SOPHIE.

It was fine, I actually have a question, I was actually calling for that.

ARTHUR.

Oh yeah, totally, whatever you need. By the way, how's MOM doing?

SOPHIE.

You know, working 2 jobs, she's actually tired now.

ARTHUR.

What? I told her not to overwork herself. She's ok?

SOPHIE.

She's fine, I'll keep an eye on her, don't worry.

ARTHUR.

You are the best! Now, what did you wanted to tell me?

SOPHIE's words are lost. It's hard to ask for MONEY when you never needed it, or wanted to asked for it.

ARTHUR. (CONT'D)

Look, you don't have to tell me, once in a while we face issues we have to overcome but, we don't have to do it alone. Whatever the problem you are facing, I know there's a solution for it.

SOPHIE.
And what if the solution
is...morally wrong?

ARTHUR.
Sometimes, we have to think by
ourselves and worry about us before
others. It's something I would
never say, but I recently learned.
If you can save yourself, do it and
repair the damage later. However,
if it's too much for you, there's
always another option.

SOPHIE.
I don't think there is.

SOPHIE takes a deep breath and clears her throat.

SOPHIE. (CONT'D)
Anyway, how's life treating you in
SPAIN? Having fun?

ARTHUR.
I'm...doing fine.

SOPHIE.
Are you drunk?

ARTHUR.
NO!...I was. Seriously, this KEBAB
's are magical, they take the
alcohol out of your system!

SOPHIE.
Didn't you went yesterday to a BAR?

ARTHUR.
What are you, a COP?

SOPHIE.
No, what are you, YOUNG?

ARTHUR.
Woah there, 25 is young!

SOPHIE.
You're half of 30!

ARTHUR.
I won't stand this attack on
myself, thank you very much.

Both laugh. Now it's different, SOPHIE's more determined to survive, no matter the cost.

SOPHIE.
I have to go.

ARTHUR.
Me too, but hey, all this scenario,
is hypothetical, right?

SOPHIE.
Totally, don't worry.

ARTHUR.
Great! Well, gotta find my
apartment. Later!

SOPHIE.
Later.

The PHONE CALL ends. SOPHIE gathers her hair and makes a PONY TAIL from it. She takes a deep breath and leaves the KITCHEN.

INT. SOPHIE'S HOUSE, SOPHIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Montage of SOPHIE preparing her NOTES, LAPTOP and gathering all her BOOKS of INDUSTRIAL DESIGN. BED tidy, ROOM's still a mess but TABLE ready to work.

She takes her PHONE and makes a call to a new number.

INT. SENIOR'S PARTY - NIGHT.

SENIORS everywhere, drinking and dancing all over the place. Among the ones celebrating is an almost wasted SENIOR that offered SOPHIE to work on her thesis.

The SENIOR answers the PHONE.

SENIOR.
Hello?

SOPHIE.
It's SOPHIE, I accept.

SENIOR.
Excuse me?

SOPHIE.
To work on your thesis, I'll do it.

SENIOR.

How did you got this number? I just gave you my email.

SOPHIE.

You're GRACE, one of the most popular SENIORS in the FACULTY. It was easy to get your phone.

GRACE.

Wait, you stalked me?

SOPHIE.

Not really but you should at least hide your PHONE from FACEBOOK.

GRACE.

Noted. So, you're in.

SOPHIE.

Yes, for the amount we agreed but, I want half of that before.

GRACE.

No way.

SOPHIE.

And in exchange I'll send you half the work. Take it as a warranty.

GRACE's stalling but she's way more loose thanks to her beer.

GRACE.

Sure, what the hell.

SOPHIE.

Done, send me what you have on this email to start. Send, be sure to erase the message

GRACE.

Right away, but before that, your alias. How should I know you?

SOPHIE stares at the word THESIS on her notebook.

SOPHIE.

Call me...THESSIA.

SOPHIE hangs off, leaving GRACE with chills.

GRACE.

Very well...THESSIA.

We go back to SOPHIE's ROOM, where we see her going through the information that GRACE sended her. Once every occasion, she judges silently the work and quality. Others, not so much. The rest, just followed by looks of desperation.

She proceeds to type on her LAPTOP while comparing notes. While the CLOCK on her ROOM ticks, she keeps writing and working. Even the SUN hides and rises in what seems seconds from hr perspective.

She gets up to scale and draw on a blueprint. Does the MATH, takes NOTES, goes back to the LAPTOP and repeat. After more than 5 CUPS OF COFFEE, night's back again.

The next day, SUNDAY has arrived.

SOPHIE.
I'm done! I just finished half of a
THESIS! GOD I'm the best!

She opens her EMAIL account as THESSIA and writes an email.

SOPHIE. (CONT'D)
GRACE, half of your THESSIS is
complete. See you tomorrow for my
PAYMENT. Stay sharp, THESSIA.

Clics send, throws herself at the BED and falls asleep so deeply she awakes until next MORNING, when she receives an EMAIL from GRACE.

SOPHIE. (CONT'D)
Met me at the ENTRANCE of the
SCHOOL? Ugh, fine.

EXT. UNIVERSITY ENTRANCE - DAY.

SOPHIE arrives and sees GRACE on a hidden place.

GRACE.
All right, show me.

SOPHIE.
Sure thing.

SOPHIE hands her a bunch of PAGES. By the amount, they must be at least 100, maybe more.

GRACE.
No way! You really did this on just
a weekend?

SOPHIE.

Yes. Now, pay.

GRACE takes out an ENVELOPE with the MONEY they agreed on. SOPHIE counts it, it's really there.

GRACE.

Looking forward to keep working with you, SOPHIE.

SOPHIE.

Same.

Both walk towards the FACULTY but GRACE briefly stops her.

GRACE.

I may need to warn you...

SOPHIE.

Oh no, what happened?

GRACE.

Nothing serious! I may have slip out that a certain someone called THESSIA was helping me...on my THESIS...on a party full of desperate SENIORS...

INT. UNIVERSITY HALLWAY - DAY.

SOPHIE pushes her aside and goes inside the HALLWAY, seeing POSTERS on the WALLS. "LOOKING FOR THESSIA", "OFFERING BIG MONEY FOR HELP" or "WHERE'S THESSIA" are some of the sentences on the POSTERS.

SOPHIE.

This can't be happening.

GRACE.

Hey, supply and demand. You have clients now. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have a lot of things...to do.

GRACE leaves with her THESIS and SOPHIE stays on the HALLWAY, trying to keep it cool.

INT. ORIENTATION OFFICE - DAY.

JENNY's waiting on the COUNTER. A WOMAN arrives with an ENVELOPE sealed for her.

WOMAN.

Here you go, dear, the results from
your ORIENTATION EXAM.

JENNY.

So, this EXAM will tell me what
career should I study?

WOMAN.

Not really, it just tells you the
things you are the BEST at and
those that you like. The decision
is still yours.

JENNY takes the ENVELOPE, staring scared at it.

WOMAN. (CONT'D)

Open it up when you feel better.

JENNY nods and leaves the OFFICE.

INT. UNIVERSITY HALLWAY - DAY.

JENNY arrives with a worried SOPHIE, seeing the surroundings.

SOPHIE.

Hey, did you fixed your problem?

JENNY.

Yeah, I took an ORIENTATION EXAM
and the answers are inside.

SOPHIE.

That's cool, did you opened it?

JENNY looks at the ENVELOPE, still unsure.

JENNY.

Don't feel like it.

SOPHIE.

It's ok, do it when you want.

JENNY.

Will do. So, how about you?

SOPHIE.

Well, it's a long story but...I'm
going to need your help.

JENNY.

With what?

SOPHIE.

That.

We see how SOPHIE and JENNY look at the HALLWAY, full of SENIORS asking themselves about the mythical THESSIA, hanging POSTERS on WALLS and asking other STUDENTS about her.

The FACULTY now knows THESSIA and her adventure starts now.

INT. HONOR AND JUSTICE OFFICE - UNKNOWN.

A DARK ROOM with JUDGES WARDROBES, HAMMERS and other LAW gimmicks. On a CHAIR there's a JACKET with the HONOR AND JUSTICE LOGO on it with the name ABRAHAM on it.

In front of that, a STUDENT is looking at a illuminated BOARD. On it there are POSTERS and PHOTOS pinned, connected to a drawing of a SHADOW at the center. There's a name at the bottom of that page, THESSIA.

The STUDENT is biting a PENCIL while looking at the BOARD. He's dressed like a BUSINESS MAN, except for the TIE, which is badly adjusted.

STUDENT.

Who are you...THESSIA?

We see his FACE, determined to find the truth. The game has just started.

END OF PILOT.