

SAMPLE

The Magic We Forgot

screenplay & story by
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INT. MARCEL HOUSE - (DREAM)

A perfect Christmas morning - a tree glows with a thousand lights and a mountain of presents buried beneath. GINGERBREAD MEN cool on the counter. Homemade decorations line the walls.

SARAH MARCEL enters, handing **JACK MARCEL** a cup of cocoa. They hold hands, basking in the wonderful Christmas morning.

LOLA MARCEL (5) in oversized pajamas propels herself down the stairs - socks skirting the edges, one hand on the banister.

She rushes in, embracing her parents in front of the hearth.

Suddenly Lola pulls away, takes hold of her father's shoulders and meets his eyes with an uneasy gaze.

LOLA

Daddy.
(louder)
DADDY!

Something feels odd. The room shifts.

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - MORNING - (PRESENT)

Less magical. Less warm. A mountain of unfolded laundry occupies Sarah's side of the bed. Lola (now 9) shakes Jack, buried face-down in his pillow.

LOLA

Daddy, wake up!

JACK

I'm up.

LOLA

You're not.

JACK

I'm thinking about being up, which is basically the same thing.

Jack rolls, focuses on the bedside clock that reads: 08:15.

He BOLTS upright in a panic - gets himself tangled in the sheets; hops around pulling on his pants backwards; slicks his hair down in the mirror; no time to shave - Lola calmly offers him a freshly pressed shirt.

He slams the alarm clock in frustration. Now it decides to BEEP!

INT. MARCEL HOUSE - LATER

A hastily decorated lopsided tree with scanty gifts. The walls are patched with half-finished homemade decorations.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Lola pours coffee and checks two packed LUNCH BAGS labeled "JACK" and "LOLA", as a disheveled Jack whirls in.

JACK

(to himself)

Get it together, Jack. Jacket.
Aspirin. Coffee. Keys.

Lola offers him a cup of coffee.

JACK

(burning his mouth)

Hot!

LOLA

It's coffee, dad.

He blows on it, sips again, burns his mouth once more.

JACK

Hot!

LOLA

Still coffee.

He opens drawers, finds his KEYS. Slots a slice of BREAD into the TOASTER. Loses his keys, finding them again in his hand.

Jack notices Lola has cleaned the whole kitchen.

LOLA (CONT'D)

I've been up since seven.

JACK

You should've woken me at seven
then!

LOLA

I tried.

Lola munches on MAGIC-PUFFS cereal, fixated on a SNOWGLOBE in front of her, snowing all on its own.

Jack doesn't notice. INSIDE: SANTA in his sleigh, being led by his REINDEER.

JACK

(checks his watch)

Honey, I don't think I have time to run you to school.

LOLA

(shrugs)

Kalea can take me.

Jack does one last hurried check and heads for the door.

LOLA (CONT'D)

Don't forget to pay the water bill.

JACK

They just haven't got my check yet.

LOLA

(holds up an UNOPENED BILL)

But it's still sealed.

He snatches the bill from her hand.

JACK

...I was testing you.

Lola gives him a look. She knows. He knows.

POP! His toast pops up, burnt BLACK. Lola rolls her eyes.

EXT. DRIVEWAY, MARCEL HOUSE - MORNING

Jack bursts from the front door, balancing armfuls of PARCELS, the water bill stuffed in his pocket and a slice of BLACK TOAST in his mouth.

He slips on the ice-covered driveway, somehow he maintains dignity and the parcels. The toast, however, doesn't make it.

JACK

(r.e. toast on ground)

...that's fine. Everything is fine.

He makes it to his rusted VAN held together by duct tape. The faded DECAL on the side should read "MARCEL'S PARCELS".

Via a juggling act, he loads the PARCELS in the back.

INT. JACK'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

FAST FOOD NAPKINS and UNPAID BILLS bury the passenger seat.

Jack tosses the WATER BILL onto the pile. It reads: FINAL NOTICE.

He turns the KEYS in the IGNITION - nothing.

JACK

No, no, no! Come on!

Tries again - only a clicking sound this time.

JACK (CONT'D)

Right, okay, you're going to do this to me today? Fine.

He takes a deep breath and places both hands gently on the DASH - leans in.

JACK (CONT'D)

Listen, I know it's cold and early and I know you're...getting on a bit.

(strokes dashboard)

But I need you to do what you're good at. You're strong, capable and the best van in town - no! In the whole country and-

WHACK! Out of nowhere he smacks the dash and turns the key simultaneously.

A sputter and a guttural sound as the engine kicks into life!

JACK (CONT'D)

(patting the dash)

There she is! My girl.

He takes off as the RADIO kicks in, we hear -

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O)

...we are moments away from what Sahara is calling the biggest announcement in the company's history. Sources suggest they will unveil-

Jack switches it off.

The wipers start. One sweeps with ease, the other trembles and stops half way.

JACK

(*r.e. The broken wiper*)
Yeah. Me too, buddy.

He drives on in the distance out of shot.

INT. STAGE, SAHARA SERVICES ARENA - SAME TIME

A massive CROWD has assembled to witness this spectacle.
Camera cranes glide overhead.

Center stage is dominated by a giant glowing SAHARA logo
with "HOLIDAY 2.0" below.

A fleet of DRONES perform overhead arranging themselves into
a snowflake, a Christmas present, then the SAHARA LOGO. The
crowd watch, mesmerized.

MC

Ladies and gentlemen, it's that
time you've been waiting for!
Please welcome your King of
Convenience. The man who changed
how we shop, how we connect... The
CEO and President of Sahara, Mr.
Victor Sterling!

Music explodes, the massive screens ignite and the crowd
goes wild as **VICTOR STERLING** waltzes on stage, calm and
collected, wearing a sleek headset microphone and even
sleeker suit.

STERLING

Why?

The crowd falls silent in anticipation.

STERLING (CONT'D)

That is my question for you today:
why?

(*beat*)

Why leave joy to chance? Why put
off until tomorrow what you can
have today? Why wait to feel
fulfilled and comfortable? -- We
all know life is complicated enough
already.

Images flash across the SCREENS of long checkout lines and
holiday stress.

STERLING (CONT'D)

How many times have you waited for something that never arrived? Believing that somehow magic would take care of it. -- But let's be honest, magic is not exactly known for its customer service.

The crowd erupts into laughter.

STERLING (CONT'D)

That is why today I am announcing that Sahara will change Christmas forever!

MINI-DRONES carrying Christmas presents join Sterling on stage as the words "SAHARA GLOBAL HOLIDAY DELIVERY INITIATIVE" appear on the screens.

STERLING (CONT'D)

Come Christmas, my fleet of drones will deliver anything your heart desires in minutes, anywhere across the globe. No more disappointment. No more waiting. No more hoping. No more will children have to wonder if they'll be forgotten.

The MINI-DRONES zip over the crowd and drop SMALL PRESENTS onto everyone's laps, getting a huge reaction.

STERLING (CONT'D)

Why believe in magic when you can believe in Sahara?

The crowd explodes into a feverish hysteria as music BLARES and Sterling waves as he elegantly exits the stage.