

THE MAGIC

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Title sequence shows different sweet angles of AUSTIN, 18, our protagonist, rocking brown hair, a comedic t-shirt, and jeans and CAMERON, 18, male, blonde wearing a black t-shirt and jeans, smoothly jamming out the opening measures of Led Zeppelin's "Since I Been Loving You" on guitar and drums respectively, intercut with a FIELD spotted with snow, empty RAILROAD TRACKS. A bundled-up figure sits cross legged in a CLEARING amongst some forestry strumming a guitar. She looks up, revealing a beautiful face, piercing eyes and a shock of purple hair beneath her furry hood.

The music stops.

INT. HALLWAY - EVENING

A row of closed doors.

AUSTIN (O.S.)  
Are you breaking up with me?!

INT. MUSIC ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Austin has his head hung over the chair's backrest. Mouth gaping.

AUSTIN  
I can't believe this shit.

Cameron silently twirls a drumstick at the drum set.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)  
Are you shitting me Cameron?

CAMERON  
Sorry man.

Austin perks up. He gets up and puts his guitar in its case.

AUSTIN  
(sarcastically cheerful)  
No, don't worry about it. I don't have time to be in a band either.

He puts his jacket on.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)  
We both have classes. I mean, who wants to start college with a bad first semester.

He puts his coat on.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)  
It's not like were going to drop  
out of college and become rock  
stars all of a sudden.

He slings his backpack over his shoulder, making his way to  
the door. He throws his arms open.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)  
WE DON'T EVEN HAVE ANY SONGS.  
(opens door, calmly)  
So, that'd be ridiculous.

He slams the door behind him, leaving Cameron dumbstruck.

INT. AUSTIN'S ROOM

Austin dives face-first into his pillow.

AUSTIN  
AUGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DOUG  
Austin! Shut up.

Austin's roommate, DOUG, 18, a muscular jock, stares intently  
at his computer. Commentary from a basketball game can be  
heard faintly.

Austin continues to lay facedown, surrounded by posters of  
classic rock legends: Zeppelin, Nirvana, Stones.

ANNOUNCER  
Kobe elevates - He got it!

Doug pumps his fist.

DOUG  
Yessss! Wooo!

Austin sits up, sullen.

AUSTIN  
(deadpan)  
How can you be so happy?

DOUG  
What?

AUSTIN  
Never mind.

Austin grabs his guitar and leaves.

INT. DORM HALLWAY

Austin knocks on a door that has the names 'Ben' and 'Steven' playfully decorated on.

A few seconds later, the door opens a crack. BEN's head pop's out.

BEN  
Hey, what's up.

AUSTIN  
Lemme in and I'll tell you.

Austin tries to push the door open but Ben holds it.

He motions with his head back into the room, winks.

BEN  
Little busy.

AUSTIN  
Oh.  
(nervous laugh)  
Sorry.

BEN  
No worries. What's up?

Austin widens his eyes.

AUSTIN  
Now? I thought you were trying to  
get rid of me.

BEN  
Just tell me quick.

AUSTIN  
Cameron dumped me.

BEN  
Ooh. That's rough. Cassie dumped me  
too. Let's bond about it later, but  
right now I got -

He nods towards inside.

AUSTIN  
Right. Yeah. Do that. I'll see you  
later.

Austin turns to leave.

BEN  
Peace out, man.

AUSTIN  
Wait.

BEN  
What?

AUSTIN  
Who's in there?

BEN  
Sam.

Austin cocks his head, curious. Isn't that a guys name?

BEN (CONT'D)  
Antha.

AUSTIN  
Right. Right. Okay. Have fun.

BEN  
Seeya.

Ben shuts the door.

BEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
So where were we?

Austin continues into...

INT. 4TH FLOOR LOBBY

Where he falls against a wall with his guitar and slides to the ground. What am I going to do now?

INT. CHIPOTLE - THE NEXT DAY

Austin sullenly pushes around the meat in his uneaten burrito bowl. Ben slides into the seat across and unwraps his burrito.

BEN  
So, where were we?

AUSTIN  
Got dumped.

Ben takes a huge bite. Talks through his food.

BEN

Right. Me too. Why are you taking  
this so much worse than me?

Austin shrugs, shakes his head, and continues stirring.

AUSTIN

I dunno, maybe because *I* got dumped  
by a guy. Maybe this is what girls  
feel like.

BEN

Could be. Maybe you're on your  
period.

Austin glares as Ben takes another mouthful.

BEN (CONT'D)

C'mon, eat your food. I'm not gonna  
wait if you start after I'm done.

Austin scoops some food into his mouth.

BEN (CONT'D)

Better.

AUSTIN

It feels like my dreams got kicked  
in the balls.

BEN

I thought girls don't have balls.

AUSTIN

Whatever, Ben. You obviously don't  
care.

Austin angrily shovels another forkful of food.

BEN

Hey! I'm just playin! Look buddy,  
I'm here for you! Two more girl  
jokes. No more girl jokes.

Austin glares.

BEN (CONT'D)

(quickly)

One joke save it for later. Sooo,  
what's goin on.

AUSTIN

I gotta find a band.

BEN  
I'll be in your band.

AUSTIN  
You don't play anything.

BEN  
Sure I do, the triangle. Maybe the bongos.

AUSTIN  
No, I need to find a real band.

BEN  
Maybe you need a girl.

AUSTIN  
No I need a band.

BEN  
Do you *really* though? Maybe you want a band, but *need* a girl.

AUSTIN  
You're the only one who needs a girl.

BEN  
Yeah, me and the rest of the male population. I guess that's why you don't need one.

AUSTIN  
Okay fuck you.

BEN  
No really though. Look...  
(he leans in)  
My older brother told me that college is about two things: Girls, and women. And the **magical transformation** between them.  
(leans back out)  
That's pretty much all I'm here for.

AUSTIN  
I can tell...

BEN  
Whoa hold on.

Ben is staring at the entrance. Austin turns to see the door burst open as --

a smoking hot girl rocking a shock of purple hair hurries to the back of Chipotle, turning the boys heads with her as she passes.

BEN (CONT'D)  
See, that's a woman.

AUSTIN  
(dreamily)  
Yeah...

BEN  
That's what you need.

AUSTIN  
Yeah... Maybe it is.

BEN  
Or maybe something a little less.

AUSTIN  
Less?

BEN  
Let's face it, you're a freshman.  
She *definitely* isn't. AND she's a  
smoking hot babe. You gotta work  
your way up to that and you got a  
looong way to go.

Ben pokes his finger in Austin's face. Austin slaps it away.

BEN (CONT'D)  
Sam's got this friend though,  
Courtney. From what I hear she  
could be your girl.

AUSTIN  
(monotone)  
Why. What do you hear.

BEN  
Well, she's a girl. For starters.  
Apparently she's cute too. Yo, I'll  
set something up with the four of  
us. That'd be sweet.

Austin doesn't care. He's busy staring at the babe with the purple hair ordering her burrito.

AUSTIN  
Uh huh.



INT. AUSTIN'S ROOM - LATER

Austin strums his guitar on his bed. Doug bursts into the room, wet, wearing nothing but a towel.

DOUG  
What's up!

Another strum.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
You know what's goin on in  
(he checks a clock)  
Four minutes.

AUSTIN  
I bet I can guess.

Doug grabs a pair of boxers off the floor and shoots it into his laundry basket.

DOUG  
Game. Time.

AUSTIN  
(deadpan)  
I'm so excited..

Doug flops on his bed.

DOUG  
Yeah boy! So let's mute that guitar  
for uh, about three hours.

AUSTIN  
Can't you just put headphones in?

DOUG  
Yeah. Can you?

AUSTIN  
No.

DOUG  
Exactly. And if you don't have to,  
neither should I. That's fair,  
right? Watch the game with me.

Austin picks up his guitar.

AUSTIN  
I'm good. I'll be in the hall.

DOUG

Peace.

INT. DORM HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Austin exits his room and walks down the hall. As he passes Ben's door he hears the muffled giggles of a girl. He stops.

BEN (O.S.)

Would you call yourself a girl or a woman..?

Austin continues into the...

INT. 4TH FLOOR LOBBY

Austin sits against a wall and strums his guitar violently.

AUSTIN

(singing)

My roommates a dick, my roommates a  
dick. I hope he gets sick and dies,  
oooooh. Ooooooh.

A loud AHEM of a throat being cleared interrupts Austin.

Standing at the end of the lobby is the floor R.A., SARAH, with her arms crossed.

Behind her is SHEILA, the smoking hot girl from Chipotle.

SARAH

I've told you a thousand times you  
can't play in the lounge. You have  
to play in your room.

AUSTIN

But...

SHEILA

You can play on my floor.

AUSTIN

Really?

Sheila crosses the room and calls the elevator.

SHEILA

Sure. I'll never turn away a fellow  
guitarist.

SARAH  
Cool. Austin, scram!

Austin stands. The doors open, Austin and Sheila enter. As the doors close...

SHEILA  
Bye, Sarah.

INT. ELEVATOR

Austin leans against the corner.

AUSTIN  
You play guitar?

SHEILA  
Bout ten years. What about you?

AUSTIN  
Four.

SHEILA  
Nice.

The elevator shakes, screens, and shudders. Stopped.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
What the hell..? Did it just stop?

Austin slides down the wall onto the floor. He strums his guitar.

AUSTIN  
(singing)  
Kicked off my floor now trapped in  
an elevator. I wonder if life could  
get worse later.

SHEILA  
(singing)  
Well~

Austin stops.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
Don't stop!

AUSTIN  
Oh, sorry.

He strums again.

SHEILA

(singing)

Well, you could be getting eaten by  
an alligator. Ooooooh, or shocked  
with a defibrillator.

AUSTIN

Oooooh.

SHEILA

Oooooh.

AUSTIN & SHEILA

Ooooooooooh.

Austin rattles off a closing riff.

Sheila slide to the floor against the opposite wall.

SHEILA

Not bad.

AUSTIN

Ha.

SHEILA

Hey, you can play alright.

AUSTIN

Thanks.

SHEILA

Geez, try not to sound too  
cheerful.

AUSTIN

I dunno. I'm just going through  
some shit right now.

SHEILA

Isn't everyone? I know I am. But  
you don't see me polluting this  
elevator with negativity. If you're  
gonna bring your rain cloud to my  
floor, I might kick you out too.

AUSTIN

Sorry. I've just been trying to  
write music and having a really  
hard time. And my band, well,  
drummer, just broke up with me.

SHEILA

Bummer. I can't help you with the band thing but I know a great spot to write music.

AUSTIN

Will you show me?

SHEILA

Yeah, but in the meantime gimme that guitar.

Sheila snatches the guitar.

INT. 4TH FLOOR LOBBY

We hear MELODIOUS CHORDS sounding from behind the doors.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. AUSTIN'S ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Ben and Austin are hanging. Ben is texting.

BEN

And you just 'hung out' in the elevator for two hours.

AUSTIN

It was awesome.

BEN

Sweet. Sam and Courtney are coming over. I told her you'd be down to kick it. Ya know, some good old fashion college match-making.

AUSTIN

I can't.

BEN

What?

AUSTIN

Sheila's going to show me her secret spot in a few minutes.

BEN

Her 'Secret spot'? Awww yeah buddy!

AUSTIN

Not that secret spot! Where she writes all her music.

BEN

Oh. That's less fun. Can't you put it off for like, an hour though? You have no chance with her, anyway and these girls are coming through right now.

Ben mimics a scale with his hands.

BEN (CONT'D)

Chance, no chance. Chance, no chance. Hm?

AUSTIN

Nah, she's got R.A. duty in a few hours.

BEN

Duuuuude. You're killing me.

A knock on the door.

BEN (CONT'D)

That's them. You're gonna look like a huge dick bailing like that. I might have to have a threesome because of you.

AUSTIN

Yeah yeah, I'm terrible.

Ben gets the door. Good looking girls, SAM and COURTNEY enter.

Sam hugs Ben.

SAM

Hiii.

BEN

Hey, babe. Guys, this is Austin.

COURTNEY

Hi! Oooh, I love Led Zep!

AUSTIN

Thanks. They're my favorite band, aside from the Chili Peppers.

COURTNEY

Coooool.

BEN

Yeah, well, bad news girls. But Austin's got a sexy date so he won't be joining us today. Boo hoo.

SHEILA (O.S.)

Yo.

Everyone turns. Sheila dominates the door frame.

Austin jumps up. Ben is in awe.

AUSTIN

Sheila!

SHEILA

Let's go.

Austin grabs his guitar and exits. Courtney and Sam are surprised Austin left with such a hot, older woman. Ben smiles, psyched for his boy.

EXT. SNOWY FIELD - DAY

Sheila and Austin step from pavement to grass.

AUSTIN

This is your spot?

SHEILA

This is *only* the beginning, young one.

Sheila walks forward.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Let's go.

Austin follows her into the wilderness.

AUSTIN (V.O.)

So what do you think about when you write music?

SHEILA (V.O.)

I dunno, life. Stuff. Life stuff. Just whatever's going on.

AUSTIN (V.O.)

Uh huh.

## EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS

We see them from far away as Austin jumps from one rail to the other.

Sheila stops and points into the woods. Austin's eyes follow her finger.

SHEILA (V.O.)  
Like, see that tree?

AUSTIN (V.O.)  
Which?

SHEILA (V.O.)  
Doesn't matter.

They continue walking.

AUSTIN (V.O.)  
Okay... Sure.

SHEILA (V.O.)  
Think about it.

AUSTIN (V.O.)  
Okay.

SHEILA (V.O.)  
What do you think?

AUSTIN (V.O.)  
I dunno. It's green.

SHEILA (V.O.)  
And?

AUSTIN (V.O.)  
Big.

## EXT. FOREST

They dodge between trees, crunching leaves and snow.

SHEILA (V.O.)  
What about the life it gives from oxygen? How it provides homes for who knows how many animals? How it's probably older than anyone you know.

AUSTIN (V.O.)  
I didn't think of that.



SHEILA (V.O.)  
You got to. That's the magic.

AUSTIN (V.O.)  
The magic?

SHEILA (V.O.)  
The truth.

AUSTIN (V.O.)  
I'm sorry, what?

EXT. CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

Shelia runs ahead into the clearing. She spins towards Austin with her arms spread wide.

SHEILA  
The magic! The truth! The music!

Austin emerges from the trees.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
And if you don't get it, there's nothing else I can teach you.

AUSTIN  
Is this the spot?

SHEILA  
Yep.

Austin surveys the scene.

AUSTIN  
Mhmmm. Nice.

Austin makes his way to the center. They stand only a few feet apart.

SHEILA  
So...

Sheila inches closer, purple tufts of hair falling over her face.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
Would you say this is a good place for a sexy date?

Austin's eyes widen, he looks around nervously.

AUSTIN  
You heard Ben.

SHEILA  
Yeah.

Austin opens his mouth to speak but Sheila cuts him off.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
Austin, look. You're a sweet guy. You're funny, nice, even kind of cute. But I don't want you to get the wrong idea about us. I'm a senior and you're a freshman. I'm graduating in a few months and I can't get attached to anyone still in college. I'm looking for a man. But you're just a boy. And one day you'll transform into a man and you're going to find an awesome girl who totally loves you and deserves you. And I know you'll be so happy with her. You won't even remember my name.

Sheila steps back.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
I'm really sorry, but I have to be on duty in 30 minutes.

AUSTIN  
(sullen)  
It's okay.

Sheila walks backwards towards the woods.

SHEILA  
I'd still love to hear your music when you write something. Now that you know the secret.

Austin manages a weak smile.

AUSTIN  
Yeah. Thanks for telling me. Have fun on duty.

Sheila smiles, turns, and disappears into the forest.

Austin stands for a second, then collapses onto the floor with his head in his hands.

He opens his guitar case, pulls the guitar out, and begins to play a BEAUTIFUL MELODY.

As the melody plays, we SEE

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS

Sheila walking across the railroad.

The music continues, seamlessly transitioning into

INT. AUSTIN'S ROOM - A MONTH LATER

Austin playing for Ben, who nods his head with the rhythm, his arm around Sam.

Courtney stares dreamily at Austin.

Doug has his headphones in. He pumps his fist.

DOUG

Kobe!

GIRLS

Shhh!

DOUG

Sorry, sorry! It's a nice song though.

GIRLS & BEN

Shhh!

DOUG

(muted)

Geez.

The song continues into

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - TWO MONTHS LATER

Austin plays into a microphone set-up.

A PRODUCER bobs to the rhythm, monitoring levels on the sound board.

The music continues into

INT. APARTMENT - FOUR MONTHS LATER

Sheila is sitting on a couch listening to Austin's song on the radio. Her mature BOYFRIEND walks into the room with two beers.

BOYFRIEND  
What's this crap?

He goes to turn off the radio. She stop him

SHEILA  
Leave it! I like it.

BOYFRIEND  
Whatever.

As he walks away, Sheila rolls her eyes at her boyfriend. Can I love this guy who doesn't appreciate great music?

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Austin and Courtney stroll together holding hands. They hear his song playing inside on the radio.

COURTNEY  
Oh my god! That's your song!

She shoves him playfully. He smiles.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)  
Why won't tell me how you came up with it?

AUSTIN  
I can't. That's the magic.

Satisfied, Courtney kisses him on the cheek, then looks ahead. Austin glances at her. He's happy to be with her but clearly his mind is on someone else.

Camera PANS to the sky.

ROLL CREDITS.