

Pure Imagination

Written by

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EXT. A SMALL BEACH, ACHILL ISLAND, IRELAND - DAY

DAN curls his toes in the sand, while gazing across at the mainland. Mother nature basking in the sun, displaying every shade of green, and then some.

LAUREN (11) runs down onto the beach and sits beside him.

DAN

Hey Lolo.

He ruffles her hair as she takes off her sandals and digs her feet into the sand. She glances at his notebook, open on a blank page.

LAUREN

What are you doing?

DAN

Look's like this beautiful day has bamboozled my imagination.

She giggles.

LAUREN

Bamboozled? Don't you mean bewitched or enchanted?

DAN

Captivated.

LAUREN

Beguiled.

Dan takes her by the hand, bowing his head.

DAN

Madam Thesaurus.

LAUREN

Mister Curio.

DAN

So how was your day?

Lauren picks up a stone and throws it into the ocean.

DAN (CONT'D)

Let me guess, Mrs Considine.

LAUREN

She's the worst English teacher ever.

DAN

Yeah. And I'm her worst pupil ever.
Or am I? Have you taken my crown?

He tickles her.

LAUREN

Maybe.

The tickling intensifies.

DAN

What did you do?

LAUREN

We had to write a story about the
Island. She got all Historical, so
I gazed out the window and saw a
Leprechaun foaming at the mouth.

They laugh.

DAN

That bad huh? So what did you write
about?

She flings her arms open, with eyebrows raised.

DAN (CONT'D)

Leprechauns?

LAUREN

Leprechaun Zombies.

He cracks up.

DAN

Genius.

He sketches a Leprechaun Zombie in his notebook.

LAUREN

Are you going to put him in a game?

DAN

He is the game.

Dan's mind takes off like a Ferrari.

DAN (CONT'D)

Leprechaun Zombies appear, one
night, under the gaze of a full
moon.

Lauren shakes her head.

LAUREN
Pink moon.

DAN
That's my girl.

Lauren whips out her cell phone.

LAUREN
How cool would it be if you
released it on the day of the next
pink moon?

DAN
Remind me to hire you someday.

LAUREN
Nineteenth of April.

Dan crunches the numbers but Lauren beats him to it.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
Eleven months, five days, seven
hours, and thirty two minutes.

DAN
Seconds?

Lauren shakes her head.

DAN (CONT'D)
Well we've already made a virtual
copy of the Island for that
Motocross game. So all I've got to
do is replace the bikers with
Leprechaun Zombies, that shouldn't
take too long.

Dan returns to his pad.

DAN (CONT'D)
But why are they here and what do
they want? Gold?

Dan sketches a pot of gold.

LAUREN
And smarties, M&Ms, skittles too,
anything that looks like a rainbow.

DAN

Smarties? But they're your favorite. Oh no, what are we going to do? Who's going to save us?

Dan draws Lauren beside the Leprechaun Zombie. Lauren smiles, takes the pencil from his hand, and draws her Dad next to her.

He kisses her on the cheek. They look out over the bay, soaking up the serene landscape as it shimmers under a cloudless sky.

EXT. BULLSMOUTH, ACHILL ISLAND - MORNING

A beautifully renovated cottage overlooking the ocean. A sign out front reads: CELTIC ROOTS GAMING AND TECHNOLOGY. The logo is a tree, in the shape of a shamrock. The roots of the tree are intertwined, like an ornate Celtic knot design.

INT. COTTAGE - MORNING

A large oak table, also in the shape of a shamrock. Dan's COLLEAGUES, Aoife and two other guys, each sit at one of the shamrock's leaves, at their computers.

Dan pins his notebook page to an ideas board. Aoife claps her hands together.

AOIFE

I've always wanted to make a Zombie game.

GUY 1

Not just any zombie game, we're talking Leprechauns here. I can see the movie spin off potential already. Who should we call Tarantino or Spielberg? It's a great idea.

DAN

It was Lauren's idea.

AOIFE

Go Lauren. What would you guys do without girl power, huh?

Aoife fist pumps the air, grinning like a Cheshire cat.

INT. CLASSROOM - MORNING

The KIDS try to stay awake as Mrs Considine drones on about Peig Sayers, an Irish writer. Lauren gazes out the window and sees an enchanting female Leprechaun, with flaming red hair and freckles.

The Leprechaun peers in the window at Mrs Considine. She then sticks out her tongue, blowing a raspberry at the teacher. Lauren giggles.

MRS CONSIDINE

Lauren pay attention.

Lauren sits up straight, eyes on her Teacher. Mrs Considine continues her monotone account of Peig and her life.

Lauren looks out of the corner of her eye at the Leprechaun, who plucks a tin whistle, made of pure gold, from her pocket. She plays 'Down by the Sally Gardens'.

Lauren is mesmerized by the beautiful tune, until BOOM. She jumps as her Teacher pounds on her desk with her fist.

MRS CONSIDINE (CONT'D)

Go sit in the corner.

The Leprechaun stops playing and sadly waves goodbye. Lauren waves back.

MRS CONSIDINE (CONT'D)

Imaginary friends at your age? It's time to grow up young lady.

A few classmates giggle. Lauren marches over to the corner.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Lauren dumps her schoolbag onto the floor and throws herself onto her bed. She spots something under her pillow. Lauren can't believe her eyes. It's a tin whistle, made out of gold.

She picks it up and reads the engraving: *PURE IMAGINATION*. She brings it to her lips and plays a few notes.

INT. COTTAGE - DAY

A drawing of the Leprechaun girl, playing her tin whistle, is now pinned to the board, under the heading: LEPRECHAUN QUEEN.

Dan and the others sit around the shamrock table busy at work, on their computers, bringing the game to life.

MONTAGE: TIME FLIES WHEN YOU'RE HAVING FUN

- Lauren splashes her Dad as they swim in the ocean on a warm summers day.
- Lauren, dressed up as the Leprechaun Queen, gets sweets from a neighbor on Halloween night.
- A Christmas tree stands bare because Lauren and her Dad are busy decorating one another. Lauren hangs a reindeer from her Dad's ear, giggling.
- Lauren's eyes pop, as she looks out of her bedroom window, it's snowing.

END MONTAGE

EXT. BACK GARDEN - DAY

Lauren tosses a snowball at her Dad, then hides behind a snowman that looks a lot like a Leprechaun.

A cease-fire is called when SALLY, Lauren's Mom, arrives from inside the house, carrying a tray with mugs of hot chocolate.

Lauren grabs her mug but something is missing.

LAUREN
Mom you forgot..

But before she can finish, her Mom hands Dan the tray and snatches the Leprechaun hat from the snowman. She rummages around inside it, and pulls out a packet of smarties, like a Magician.

Lauren smiles.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
Thanks Mom. I love you.

Lauren kisses her on the cheek.

INT. COTTAGE - DAY

One of the guy's hooks up his computer to a projector, displaying his screen onto the wall. Dan and the others watch as a Leprechaun Zombie's big green hat is knocked off his head.

This causes his head to spin around on his shoulders, before popping off like a champagne cork. Smarties spurt out of his neck, forming a rainbow, before raining down onto the ground.

Everyone laughs.

EXT. THE BEACH - DAY

Lauren sits by herself, tears streaming down her cheeks. A strong wind propels dark clouds towards the Island.

She holds a pamphlet entitled: Afghan Refugee Girls' Primary Schools, Khyber-Pakhtunkhwa Province, Pakistan.

Lauren stares at a classroom photo of Afghan girls, about the same age as her. Dan jogs down onto the beach, his heart breaking when he sees her tears. He takes her in his arms.

LAUREN

Take me with you. I want to make a difference too.

DAN

But you do that everyday.

He wipes away her tears.

LAUREN

I don't want you to go.

DAN

It's only for a couple of weeks.

LAUREN

One million, two hundred and nine thousand, and six hundred seconds.

DAN

Wow you really know how to argue a case. But the most important thing about time is.

Dan pauses, scooping up some sand. He holds it in his fist. The grains trickle out, raining down on Lauren's feet.

DAN (CONT'D)

Don't waste your time counting the grains, when all they ask of you is that you make your mark.

He makes an imprint of his hand on the beach. Lauren makes an impression of her own hand inside of his. Together they draw a heart around them.

Dan kisses her on the forehead. They look up at the ominous clouds, as the first few drops of rain begin to fall.

DAN (CONT'D)
What do you see?

Lauren shakes her head, she's not in the mood to play.

DAN (CONT'D)
Come on Lolo, what do you see?

She looks at her Dad. A raindrop lands on his nose. She laughs, then casts her gaze towards Kildavnet tower, an old stone fortification.

LAUREN
I see a Princess in shining armor.

Dan looks over and sees Princess Lauren standing tall, at the top of the tower, in full armor.

DAN
Oh no, that's not a Dragon, it's a
T-Rex.

The ground shakes as they watch the T-Rex charge towards the tower, leaving massive footprints in the sand.

LAUREN
He roars. The Princess pinches her
nose. A T-Rex with bad breath? Our
Dino King needs something minty
fresh.

Princess Lauren launches a packet of smarties into the T-Rex's mouth. Dan laughs.

DAN
Smarties?

LAUREN
Look, he loves them as much as I
do.

This time the T-Rex's roar is sugar coated.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
See how happy he is.

But the Princess and the T-Rex vanish into thin air, as Lauren's eyes fall back to the photo of the girls on the pamphlet.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
I can imagine anything, except not
having a Mom and Dad. They must be
so sad.

DAN

Not all of them are Orphans.

Lauren throws her arms around her Dad and squeezes him tight. Dan gives her a good old bear hug as the drizzling rain suddenly turns into a downpour.

He takes her in his arms and carries her up the beach, towards their home.

EXT. HOUSE - MORNING

Dan and Sally embrace.

SALLY

Call us when you get there okay?

DAN

You know I will.

They kiss. Dan turns to Lauren. She can't hold back the tears any longer. He wraps her up in his arms.

DAN (CONT'D)

Hey, no time for tears, otherwise
I'll be back before you've finished
writing my story.

LAUREN

No way, I'm a fast writer.

DAN

What am I going to be this time? A
Detective? A Clown?

LAUREN

I'll surprise you.

DAN

Like you always do, I love you so
much.

He kisses her on the cheek.

LAUREN

Love you too.

Dan climbs into his Jeep.

DAN

How about an Irish Indiana Jones?

He strikes his best Heroic pose. Lauren giggles.

SALLY
Not with a name like Dan Cassidy.

DAN
At least I look the part.

He winks and starts the engine. He looks at Lauren.

DAN (CONT'D)
Or you can call me King Achill or
Dextrous Dan, if you like.

Lauren runs over for a final hug. Dan finally drives off down the lane, blowing them both a kiss.

Lauren opens a timer application on her phone. Her Mom looks on as she starts the countdown from fourteen days.

SALLY
Time moves like the wind, it'll
carry him home sooner than you
think.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

The children hang on Mrs Considine's every word, as she speaks of Cu Chulainn and his legendary tales. But even chariots and mythical creatures can't stop Lauren from thinking about her Dad.

She slips the pamphlet out from under a book, on her desk, and studies the Afghan girls. She glances out the window. Desert as far as the eye can see.

EXT. KHYBER-PAKHTUNKHWA PROVINCE, PAKISTAN.- DAY

A birds eye view of a large refugee camp in a desolate, bone dry, landscape.

INT. PREFABRICATED STRUCTURE, REFUGEE CAMP, PAKISTAN - DAY

AFGHAN GIRLS huddle around four Apple Mac Laptops, taking turns at playing around with an animation software.

Dan, and an Afghan WOMAN, assisting him, move around helping the girls. Dan observes AMIRA, a girl the same age as Lauren, with intense emerald eyes.

Amira draws a girl in her notebook who is flying, using the large sleeves of her robe as wings. Dan crouches down beside her.

DAN

Wow, that's a beautiful drawing.

Amira looks at him. The Woman translates. Amira smile