

THE UNFORTUNATES: Teaser - Jim M.

INT. UNKNOWN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

We open on the back of a girl, 11 or 12. Short hair. Red t-shirt, faded blue jeans. Rimlit by a laptop on a desk in front of her. The girl's thin arms are outstretched, tensely gripping the desk. There are metal cups and pans sitting around the laptop. She's straining, as if trying to cry by sheer force of will.

VOICE ON LAPTOP

... you might experience some naysayers. Some people who say that your power is crap. Useless. That you'll never do any real good in the world with it and that you might as well give up trying...

We cut to the laptop screen. It's playing a video. In it, a 30-something-ish man wearing a red-and-silver jumpsuit addresses the camera. On the chest of the jumpsuit is the symbol of a magnet, U-shaped and cartoonish. He stands before 10-12 kids, all in costumes, and he speaks heroically as music begins to swell.

VOICE ON LAPTOP (CONT'D)

...That you should take the L and just try to live a normal life. But that's not you. (pointing at camera) You're not a quitter...

Cut to the girl illuminated by the glow of the laptop. She's wearing a red t-shirt with the same U-shaped magnet symbol. Her forehead is covered with a light sheen of sweat that catches highlights from the video. On her face, a mixture of strain and almost-crying-ness. Her lower eyelids tremble as the video continues playing. Music swells.

VOICE ON LAPTOP (CONT'D)

No matter what crappy power you've got, no matter what bad situation you're in, no matter what life throws at you... you will not stop trying to make the world a better place...

Her eyes start to fill with tears. She continues to strain, like she's trying to push the tears out. The metal cups start to rattle. Whether from her shaking the desk or something else, we're unsure...

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VOICE ON LAPTOP (CONT'D)

(music reaches a crescendo)
Because you... are... an
Unfortunate.

At that, a single tear drops from her eyes. She gets a look of pride and repeats...

GIRL

I. Am. An Unfor--

Suddenly a thin metal pan flies at her head and knocks her offscreen with a cartoonish *DOOOOOOOOONG*. A beat as the sound finishes ringing out...

She pops up, tears in her eyes and a giant lump on her head, and triumphantly thrusts her fists in the air.

GIRL (CONT'D)

I'M AN UNFORTUNATE!!!!!!

TITLE: *THE UNFORTUNATES.*