

**Goapele**  
**"First Love"**  
**Label: Skyblaze/Columbia**  
**Production: MotivFilms**  
**Director: Major Lightner**  
**Treatment: Dana Fabbro**  
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### **The Vibe**

Goapele takes us on a fairy-tale voyage through her hearts memory of that one unforgettable love. A series of beautifully flowing images capture Goapele as she recalls these tender memories, gracefully conveyed through a softly filtered lens and carried along by the melodic breeze of her voice.

Each series of flashbacks comes to us, sparked to Goapele's memory as she watches carefree children at play. When a young child's soap bubble lifts skyward, we are carried inside it—and in to the colorful world of Goapele's memory, at once tender, touching and honest.

### **The Video**

The video opens on Goapele, as she watches young children having fun at a local playground. The tones are warm and summer-y, reflecting the easy rhythm of the track. In particular, one couple of kids catches her eye—a little prince of a boy does all he can to capture the attention of his tiny, would-be princess. When all else fails, the boy blows her a soap bubble, the plastic wand delicate in his tiny hands.

With a wistful heart Goapele watches as the delicate bubble lifts skyward on a gentle breeze. We move in close on the bubble, closer—until we are inside it, surrounded by the azure blue sky all around. Below, Goapele soulful voice lifts us higher, until even she is out of sight, as our bubble fades up and in to the bright, sunlit sky, taking us along...

...until we touch down to earth on a lush carpet of grass, where Goapele and her love sit on a simple blanket, what's left of a romantic, simple picnic lunch spread out. We're in Goapele's heart-memory of a time when like two young children, she and her first love were carefree.

The camera captures different angles and facets of this memory, dancing on a breeze as it were—like the soap bubble. The frames feel buoyant and just-tethered to earth—we're simply witnessing Goapele's life-moments, without intruding. At times, light refracts and infuses the frame in rainbow prism, reminding us we're voyagers peering through this soap-bubble memory. Until, after what seems a lifetime-in-a-second-wrapped-in-a-glance...

...we're back. Present day again, finds Goapele in her apartment. In the kitchen, her mind's a thousand miles away, but her hands are in the sink—washing dishes. When Goapele playfully shoos her calico cat from the sink, her hand sends up a cloud of bubbles from the sink. As she reaches out to one, she remembers a magical moment...

...a romantic dinner, under a canopy of stars pin-lighting a midnight sky. The intimate moment is captured, held and relayed to us through our prised perspective—but this time, the prism shows us something more. Goapele and her love leave the restaurant,

but in a heated argument she pulls away from him, heartbroken and leaves him wounded on the sidewalk.

When we move back to the prism that revealed them together at the rooftop table, they're no longer there—a single rose sits unclaimed in a vase. We push in slowly on the vase, finding a glass prism to escape in to and we're gone....only to be transported back to present day, where we find Goapele soaking in a bathtub. Candlelit, shadows dance off the wall as Goapele reminds us how she dreamt of fairy tale loves.

As a single, delicate bubble rises from the mountain of bubbles covering her, we track past the shadows, up and in to the bubble as perspective shifts and we can see Goapele below us reaching out, as we fade...

...and find ourselves floating by Goapele and her love, sitting on a park bench. Autumn's in full glory and a shower of red and gold leaves surround them. As Goapele and her love make peace and heal the past however, we're not witnessing them through a prism anymore. Their moment is reflected in real time filtered only through the lyrical journey of Goapele's voice. As they leave the park bench, arm in arm—the shower of autumnal leaves around them is replaced—by soap bubbles.

Large, small—there's soap bubbles everywhere, taking magic flight on the breeze. In the bubbles we see Goapele's history with this first love, from the moment they met, through the good times and bad, every moment held delicately in a tiny memories afloat on an autumn breeze. As we pull back, we see we're at the park where we started our journey with Goapele. Seasons have changed, time has passed. And at the swing-set, our young prince stands proudly, soap bubble wand in hand—while by his side, his tiny princess holds his hand and blows bubbles which fill the sky as far as we can see.

### **The Edit**

Cued to the rhythmic flow of the track, our images will strike that just right balance between composition and the simple finesse of watching everyday events reveal their own magic. Goapele's richly lyrical voice can guide our images gracefully with a minimum of obvious editorial intrusion. Our images are at once clean and modern, but still retain the warmth of the track's emotion.

Our varying perspectives will be achieved with seamless transitions—we'll move in and out of bubbles, locations and scenes using smooth fade outs/ins to maintain a fluid continuity of story. In the end, an elegant, unobtrusive blending of images to voice, voice to narrative and narrative to emotion will present the poetry of Goapele's vocals as beautifully and unadulterated as they naturally are.