

EXT. DREAM: SKY WITH WHIRL OF LIGHT -- DAY

half in pink tones and half in lilac-blue. The whirl expands as Candid and Angelica Victoria rise underneath.

ANGELICA VICTORIA

Candid?

CANDID

Yes?

ANGELICA VICTORIA

Remember how we whirled in our room?

CANDID

Sure.

ANGELICA VICTORIA

Well . . . be prepared. I'll hold you tight.

They enter the whirl and, hurled up, lose their individuality as the whirl passes through a . . .

EXT. FANTASTIC UNIVERSE -- NIGHT

. . . on top of an upward facing silhouette of a huge head. It looks like Candid's. From the height of its forehead and gaining in diameter, the whirl rises in front of the pinnacle of a stunning creation.

Growing stars and sporadic, SWISHING comets inhabit it. The comets leave behind layers of multicolored manna. Spreading out, the manna feeds the stars. They expand.

Swift, the whirl passes through the darkness without colliding with any of the manna's grains to reach . . .

EXT. BEYOND THE FANTASTIC UNIVERSE -- CHANGING

. . . which stretches over another silhouette-like, lighter profile. It resembles Candid's, and is bigger than the previous.

The background changes from red to orange, yellow, green, bluish shades, violet, to end up in gold.

Exiting the forehead, the whirl with Candid and Angelica Victoria ascends changing into a flashing light along a spiral whose circumference widens. Their words send out lightnings.

ANGELICA VICTORIA (V.O.)

We're soon in our higher octave.

CANDID (V.O.)

Wow, it looks so impressive already.

Spiraling up, the flashing light coils around a planet, and disappears behind it.

The light with Candid and Angelica Victoria takes its own trajectory, and flashes into a . . .

EXT. BRIGHT SKY

. . . where it slows down to emit whirling multicolored petals. From them, Candid and Angelica Victoria emerge, still in an embrace, on top of familiar . . .

EXT. MAGIC DOLLS' HOUSES

. . . and descend to the lawn. Magic Dolls receive them with an APPLAUSE in front of a building which resembles . . .

EXT. CANDID'S HOUSE

. . . from whose windows blue light shines. Candid is enchanted.

ANGELICA VICTORIA

Welcome.

CANDID

I never saw more than one magic house.

(points at house behind)

Looks like . . . nah. -- Is this the blue HOUSE?

ANGELICA VICTORIA

Yes. Come inside, come inside.

They approach the porch. From the rocking bench Two Magic Dolls wave at Candid. She stops, waves back, and walks on, impressed. She and Angelica Victoria enter the . . .

INT. BLUE HOUSE

. . . where Magic Dolls from the former blue room stare at them.

Breaking the solemn silence,

CANDID

I bet I know where the kitchen is.

She moves to the back. All Dolls, including Angelica Victoria, wait, pleased.

She comes back.

CANDID

Guys, this is my home. My house in California.

A spontaneous APPLAUSE breaks out.

MOMENTS LATER

Relaxed, Candid sits on a blue velvet pillow on the floor, behind a low table. Around it gather Sirene and the Magic Dolls of the house.

From the kitchen:

ANGELICA VICTORIA (O.S.)

Candid, you cannot visit us in dreams any more. They're polluted.

CANDID

I've seen what happened.

Angelica Victoria comes and sits down near Candid.

ANGELICA VICTORIA

Tea time.

From the kitchen a big, round platter with a shining blue frame flies in by itself. On top sit saucers, cups, teaspoons, silverware, and cookies. The platter lands on the table.

CANDID

Just like at home.

(beat)

Except the big flying saucer.

ANGELICA VICTORIA

Nothing has changed. We're at a different octave. Anyone like you can come.

Cups filled with tea fly with their saucers toward the various Magic Dolls. Sirene throws a lipstick to Candid.

SIRENE

Try it!

CANDID

Oh, I've seen this before.

SIRENE

It'll sweeten your life that you won't need sugar any more.

As the lipstick does its job by itself on her lips:

CANDID

Makes me already giggle.

(smiles)

Noticed one in your beauty box before  
everything went bananas.

ANGELICA VICTORIA

Won't happen here.

Candid's lips are done. The lipstick flies back.

CANDID

Thank you Sirene.

(looks around, distracted)

You have all these windows . . .

ANGELICA VICTORIA

Here the outside light would never  
interfere with our blue tone.

CANDID

What happened with the other gals?

Are they . . . in another light region?

ANGELICA VICTORIA

Candid, we all had a look at your house.

(beat)

After all, you had it made as we thought  
it out for you on a subtle level.

Candid smiles.

ANGELICA VICTORIA

Anyway, we had a house built for each  
magic room.

CANDID

Rainbow Village.

(beat)

Where can I see Vervain, Heather . . .  
Agrimony?

Somebody KNOCKS at the door.

ANGELICA VICTORIA

Come in!

The door opens. Agrimony, Heather, and Vervain stand in the  
doorway.

CANDID

Wow. We were just talking of you.

On Angelica Victoria, smiling,

CUT TO:

INT. RED HOUSE -- LATER

as Magic Dolls of the former red room surround Candid.

CANDID

You know, when all I found in your  
room were flower-patterned materials,  
I was a little disappointed. The buds  
didn't soothe me either.

Commotion is on in one corner in the back. Agrimony holds a  
dress with a pattern of agrimonies. Giving it to Heather,  
the agrimonies change to heathers. Heather passes it on to  
Vervain, and the heathers fade to vervains.

To Candid,

VERVAIN

For you.

Amazed,

CANDID

For me?

Vervain nods, and offers the dress with both hands. Candid  
accepts it with both of hers. Liveliness breaks out when  
near the vervains, heathers and agrimonies reappear on the  
dress.

As the sleek plants embrace one another:

CANDID

Do they want to embrace me too?

VERVAIN

Precisely. Try it!

MINUTES LATER

Utterly dazzling, Candid steps into the room in her new dress.  
A paragon of beauty and elegance, she surprises everybody.

From the back, Agrimony passes a stylized agrimony bud to  
Heather. In her hands it changes into a heather. From it,  
it fades into a big vervain in Vervain's hands, and Vervain  
places it in Candid's hair.

VERVAIN

The final touch.

(MORE)

VERVAIN (CONT'D)

It will change to whatever flower suits you for each occasion, or disappear when it doesn't match.

CANDID

Ever thought of inviting any fashion designers from Milan? Or Paris?

VERVAIN

YOU will be our ambassador of fashions on Earth.

CANDID

You need to be bold to introduce a fashion of endless fantasy . . .

Abigail swings in through the open side window. Her trapeze carries her to the lampshade hanging from the middle of the ceiling. Swift, she grabs it to stop her momentum, and remains in the air above everyone.

ABIGAIL

Don't you have boldness, Candid Hope?

CANDID

Boy, YOU surely have it. -- Hi Abigail.

ABIGAIL

Hi. -- You're the link, Candid Hope.

CANDID

No excuses.

ABIGAIL

There are enough lonely and sick kids who could use relief.

VERVAIN

Enough adults hungering for inspiration.

AGRIMONY

Souls in agony.

ABIGAIL

(to the Dolls)  
Mind if I take her with me?

VERVAIN

No.  
(to Candid)  
Candid?

Candid turns to Vervain, Heather, and Agrimony, waiting for their approval.

VERVAIN

See you.

HEATHER

Thanks for coming.

AGRIMONY

Till later.

Pointing to her new dress,

CANDID

Thank you sooo much.

ABIGAIL

Come! Fly over with me!

Candid steps onto the table, grabs a cord of Abigail's trapeze, and lifts herself up. Prompt, she and Abigail fly out, pass by the . . .

EXT. MAGIC DOLLS' HOUSES -- DAY

. . . in front of which their trapeze cords hang from a fir branch.

CANDID

Weeeee . . .

They fly into the . . .

INT. VIOLET HOUSE

. . . where Abigail stops the drive by holding onto the lampshade.

Candid hops down onto the table beneath her feet, and jumps off. Abigail fixes the handle on the lampshade, and picks a handle with shorter cords for in-house usage.

Candid sits down, relaxes, and glances around. She rests her head on a pillow, and brushes metallic strips hanging down over it.

CANDID

Your angel candle DID have a special touch.

Rocking back and forth,

ABIGAIL

. . . Until a Nightmarelander misused it for his . . . experiment.

CANDID

You were doing great on the unicycle.

ABIGAIL

Just my image. He used it to fool you.

CANDID

That's why none of you spoke in the circus.

ABIGAIL

The entire swindle wouldn't last.

CANDID

But it intrigued me.

ABIGAIL

Mister Fox and the judge were testing your nerve. Instead, they rediscovered their own weakness.

CANDID

I was just curious how far that circus number would go.

ABIGAIL

Your spirit is their dilemma and our amusement.

Mist rises from the floor. The flowers on Candid's dress fade.

ABIGAIL

Candid! This is a warning. Something must be going on in your house on Earth.

CANDID

You got an alarm signal linked all the way to it?

ABIGAIL

I sense it is in the kitchen. Let's find out.

CANDID

How?

Pointing out of a window,

ABIGAIL

See that house out there? With the moon behind?

CANDID

Yes, it's one more copy of my house.

ABIGAIL

That IS your house. EVEN INSIDE.

CANDID

What?

ABIGAIL

We had it built for you, for whenever you'd come. But in this realm the house has another feature.

CANDID

Which would be?

Abigail stops rocking. She picks a third handle which hangs at the lampshade.

Ready to fly out,

ABIGAIL

Open that window all the way and step up.

Candid does as requested.

ABIGAIL

Ready?

CANDID

Ready.

They fly off to . . .

EXT. CANDID'S HOUSE -- CHANGING

. . . half way to which their trapeze hangs from a sturdy tree. On one side of it is daylight, on the other night. Candid and Abigail swing through the time shift and reach Candid's house under a full moon.

They catch hold of an awning on a window. Candid is not at ease.

ABIGAIL

Anything you don't like?

CANDID

Let's swing back and make a broad jump out sideways to get up to the roof.

ABIGAIL

Sure.

Abigail does as asked and both, with their second attempt, land on the roof. Two skylights attract them.

CANDID

See? No one will spot us.

ABIGAIL

No one can see us anyway. But, sure, this gives us a good perspective.

The skylight reveals that everything in the . . .

INT. SHOWROOM

. . . is as in Candid's, with dolls sitting everywhere.

On the fishbowl in the gloom. The little goldfish is nervous and semitransparent.

Peeking down from the roof of . . .

EXT. CANDID'S HOUSE

. . . to Abigail, worried,

CANDID

Anything wrong with him?

ABIGAIL

Don't worry.

SOMEBODY can be heard COMING TO THE HOUSE and STOPPING AT THE PORCH.

Candid and Abigail stare at each other.

The door is pulled open from outside.

CANDID

What's going on?

ABIGAIL

Candid, we see what is due to happen.

CANDID

You mean we are in the future?

ABIGAIL

Everything, every drama, every disease, every recovery happens here BEFORE it shows out in the world.

CANDID

My dolls must know something about it.

ABIGAIL

What is DUE to happen unveils itself  
to our eyes. But the course of events  
can be altered.

CANDID

So what I'm learning may help to create  
a different result?

ABIGAIL

Precisely. Owing to your deeds you've  
earned this privilege.

LATER

Candid and Abigail still wait on the roof.

CANDID

You sure this experiment works?

ABIGAIL

This isn't an experiment, Candid.  
These are the potential facts.

INT. SHOWROOM -- NIGHT

At once, Kitty enters. Semitransparent, she wears gloves.

Following her from the roof of . . .

EXT. CANDID'S HOUSE

. . . nervous,

ABIGAIL

Who's this?

CANDID

A customer.

Kitty glances around, and exits.

Abigail comes closer to Candid.

ABIGAIL

Whatever you see, don't panic. No one  
will hear you anyway.

Candid nods.

Kitty reenters the room. She carries sleeping Candid. She  
is semitransparent like Kitty.

Attentive, Candid and Abigail observe the action.