

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOWL -- EVENING

The amphitheater is packed. Last INDIVIDUALS stream in. The ORCHESTRA is ready to give a concert.

Kitty is in awe. Candid and Kurt sit near her.

KURT

Kitty, you must tell me at the end how it was. You're the connoisseur.

KITTY

Will be my pleasure.

Candid glances at Kurt, delighted. The ORCHESTRA BEGINS.

SYMPHONY(IES) SHOULD BE FAMOUS, PALATABLE ALSO TO CHILDREN, AND ENHANCE THE MAGIC OF THE MOMENT.

Kitty follows the concert with passion, and mimes the orchestra. Tears of joy run down her cheeks.

Proud, Kurt sits next to the most enchanting creature he could have ever dreamed of.

Candid rests her head on Kurt's shoulder. She daydreams. Her eyes glitter. Beyond anything her neighbors could ever envision, unfolds her own . . .

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOWL DREAM -- EVENING

. . . where spotlights project archetypes of beauty in electrifying blue all over.

The MAGIC DOLLS make the orchestra. They play in a choreography of breathtaking splendor. Conductor is Abigail.

A bed of violets whose radiant petals open up and close to the rhythm of the music surround this bowl.

WIDER

to see that the bed of violets is in the shape of a huge heart. The heart itself is an island. Mirror-like water surrounds it, and reflects the bowl. Mist covers one corner of the water around the bowl, and dissipates at the shore.

TWO GOLDEN SWANS glide across the water.

In their background, a golden rowboat with FIVE MEN in antique costumes glides out of the mist. The oars move by themselves. The boat heads for the island.

WIDER

to include the ultimate background which is as red as the sunset sky. It reflects in the water. The tiny golden rowboat reaches the island.

STILL WIDER

to comprise a frame of white clouds from whence the tunnel of mist originates.

Groups of individuals make the AUDIENCE. They stick out with their seats from radiant tiers of clouds in the endlessness.

On a golden cloud sit MOSES, holding two tablets, ABRAHAM, JESUS, and SAINT PETER. On a golden cloud nearby, sit BUDDHA, CONFUCIUS, LAO-TSE, and MENZIUS (or other SAGES from the East).

On a silver cloud sit renaissance artists as: LEONARDO DA VINCI, with a pair of his wings fixed on his chair; MICHELANGELO, under a marble arch by him; and TITIAN, in a frame as if he were a painting.

On an azure box cloud sit the forefathers of the Nation: WASHINGTON, EMERSON, and LINCOLN.

The performance ends. As the APPLAUSE fades, Abigail turns to somebody coming from the rowboat. She swings her baton like a magic wand, and points it at who approaches her. Stunned, the individual stops and gives signs to hear.

A spontaneous APPLAUSE breaks out. The conductor is LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN, ready to conduct his NINTH SYMPHONY.

During the performance he gets more and more carried away. His happiness touches everybody.

The symphony ends. Somebody in a powdered white wig steps out from the rowboat and jumps up to the stage. He is MOZART. Playful, he waves at the various clouds.

The Audience responds with smiling faces and nods.

Mozart directs his EINE KLEINE NACHTMUSIK and enchants even the Magic Dolls.

His performance ends. A TRIO out of the STRAUSS dynasty of musicians comes up. They direct a POTPOURRI of their most popular music and kindle the entire scene in its climax.

On Candid with Beethoven who sits behind her, as they hover with a jet ski at Strauss' music on the lake around the bowl. The Two Golden Swans escort them.

Gesticulating and yelling, happy,

BEETHOVEN
(in German)
I can hear again! I can hear again!

LATER

The music comes to its end. The Magic Dolls respond to the APPLAUSE from the various clouds and relax when another APPLAUSE FADES IN FROM THE PHYSICAL BOWL. PEOPLE CAN BE HEARD LEAVING.

Candid sits in a box cloud with Beethoven, and responds to his exhilaration with the sweetest of her smiles.

As from another cloud fades in SACHMO PLAYING HIS TRUMPET, melancholic:

BEETHOVEN
(in German)
Yes, my dear young lady, music is something wonderful.

CANDID
Mister Beethoven, this was such a treat.
Thank you so much.

She kisses him on his cheek, stands up, waves at the Magic Dolls, Mozart, the Strauss Trio, and everybody, steps off of the box cloud, and flies.

She dives by the cloud with SACHMO and blows him a kiss.

He acknowledges with a nod, and as he keeps playing,

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOWL -- MORNING

on Candid and Kurt, the only people in the Bowl. He sleeps with his head leaning against hers.

A golden light tails a tiny Candid as she descends from the sky. She reaches the physical head of Candid, touches her crown, integrates into it, and the golden light streams into physical Candid. She wakes up.

CANDID
Kurt.

KURT
Yes?

They realize that they are by themselves.

CANDID

Kurt, wake up!

KURT

Yes, darling.

Kitty approaches. She holds a platter with donuts and two cups of steaming coffee.

KITTY

Good morning. Care for coffee?

CANDID

Sure. Morning cappuccino at the bowl.

Kitty puts the platter on a chair in front of them, and leaves.

She returns with her violin, and PLAYS to Candid and Kurt as they breakfast.

On them as they appreciate her touch, and enjoy their solitude,

CUT TO:

EXT. MISTER FOX'S HOME -- DAY

as Mister Fox has a conversation with Luke Gross. At first they walk, and later sit in armchairs at a table in a gazebo.

In a well-played detached way,

LUKE

I know that I'm on everyone's lips all the time, but this project is not supposed to be public knowledge yet. How did you come to know of it?

MISTER FOX

Nightmare Enterprises has its sources and, anyway, Hollywood's not much more than a flea in my vista.

LUKE

A flea that's worth more than a golden calf. -- Why did you invite me over?

MISTER FOX

Nightmare Enterprises wants to expand. I and my board of directors . . . we can't wait for new challenges.

LUKE

What d'you want?

MISTER FOX

I definitely favor a stronger involvement in the media.

LUKE

Acquire one of the majors?

MISTER FOX

We're testing the territory . . . An interest in the studios was always there.

LUKE

Aha.

MISTER FOX

Their product, at times, quite matches our Nightmare Enterprises' philosophy.

LUKE

I can see that. So what's the object of your desires?

MISTER FOX

It's the IDEA which I value.

LUKE

The idea? Of a doll maker?

MISTER FOX

Fascinating. Just fascinating.

LUKE

Well, but why would I need your assistance?

MISTER FOX

Because MONEY is always a good assistant. It's even more, it's energy, it's life, it's blood.

LUKE

What d'you want? Provide the financing?

MISTER FOX

That might be one aspect.

LUKE

What rate?

MISTER FOX

This is not the issue. Why don't you sell me the project? I'll pay top dollar. Leave the rest to me.

LUKE

Hmmm . . .

MISTER FOX

Think it over. No struggles with banks, or fretting with studios, a wonderful vacation instead of endless sessions with attorneys --

LUKE

But why would I NOT want your worries? I'm a producer, I love it that way.

MISTER FOX

If you love it like that, I can massively help you out that way as well.

LUKE

Why are you so keen on this project?

MISTER FOX

Because it underscores the very issue of all my undertakings.

LUKE

Alright, I'll consider your cravingly hot investment efforts in my production in due time.

(beat)

If not before, so in my next project.

MISTER FOX

You better consider this one, otherwise there won't be a next time.

Luke Gross stands up, unimpressed, ready to leave.

LUKE

Let me get the script's 252nd draft done.

MISTER FOX

I'll give you a week. No games.

LUKE

We'll do lunch. Goodbye.

They shake hands and Mister Fox will not let lose.

MISTER FOX

Any offer you receive . . . I will double.

LUKE

I'll keep it in mind.

EXT. CANDID'S HOUSE -- DAY

A gust of wind moves the hand-painted, oval-shaped sign framed in ornamental iron at the street. The sign announces:

"CANDID HOPE, DOLL MAKER"

At the front door, which is ajar, a sign specifies that:

"THIS IS THE HOUSE IN WHICH CANDID HOPE'S MAGIC DOLL WORLD WAS BORN. FOR GUIDED TOURS CALL MAGIC DOLLS INC. AT 1-800-555-HOPE."

INT. BEDROOM -- DAY

Mona closes the window blinds, and switches on the projector by remote. A green ray in the shape of the keyhole-like archetype beams through the room and appears on the wall.

Unable to stand the vibes, Mona switches the lights on, the projector off, and dials a number on her cell phone.

MISTER FOX (V.O.)

(through cell phone)

Yes?

MONA

Mona.

CUT TO:

INT. MISTER FOX'S HOME -- DAY

He is at his desk.

MISTER FOX

Punctual. I like your efficiency.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

MONA

Everything looks fine, just this . . .

(mocks)

"archetype of beauty" bothers me. But hell, if this is the improvement they want AND the cover-up of my intentions --

MISTER FOX

SUPER cover-up.

(stresses, though unsure)

At ANY . . . level.

MONA

. . . then I guess I shouldn't complain.

(cynical)

When the kids will be guided through
the house and approach the bedroom, it
will turn dark, and the light will
bamboozle them.

MISTER FOX

Just as it happened in the doll maker's
dreams.

MONA

(matter-of-fact)

Aren't I inventively cruel, Uncle Foxy?

MISTER FOX

After you've performed this blast, my
filthy, little nightmare guerrilla,
your reputation will be restored.

MONA

You really think so, Uncle Foxy?

MISTER FOX

Yes, prodigal niece.

MONA

Thank you so much. I started feeling
homesick for Nightmareland.

On her, daydreaming,

CUT TO:

EXT. CANDID'S HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

as Mona exits, locks, and leaves for a back street.

LATER

Candid arrives. She parks on the street, walks to the front
yard, stops, and takes a deep breath.

On her, as her mood settles down to a slower pace,

CUT TO:

INT. SHOWROOM -- DAY

on dolls placed all over. "DO-NOT-TOUCH" signs remind of a museum. Candid walks through it, and on to the . . .

INT. KITCHEN

. . . where everything is as it used to be.

She takes a seat at the table. The CLOCK STRIKES FIVE. The cabinet opens by itself. To Candid's surprise, three china tea cups and the entire service move out. They float through the room and land on the table in front of her.

CANDID

. . . It's a Friday. But why three?

Angelica Victoria fades in to half transparency, and serves the tea.

ANGELICA VICTORIA

Hello, dear.

CANDID

Angelica Victoria.

ANGELICA VICTORIA

How good that you have found the time to come to our old meetings.

CANDID

Felt homesick after this pristine world.

ANGELICA VICTORIA

And how is it?

CANDID

Sweet. I'm sure, some of you guys must have intervened to remind me.

ANGELICA VICTORIA

Which was not easy.

CANDID

(admits)
I know.

ANGELICA VICTORIA

Candid, you've accomplished an enormous amount of work. You've brought back fantasy to so many children.

CANDID

It went all the faster since no Nightmarelander bothered me the past years.

ANGELICA VICTORIA

Oh, be on the alert. I don't want to scare you -- that's anyway impossible, as we know.

(chuckles)

CANDID

. . . But certain forces will never like my deeds.

ANGELICA VICTORIA

And try to destroy you.

EXT. CANDID'S HOUSE -- DAY

Kurt approaches in his open convertible. At peace when he notices Candid's car, he gets out of his, and walks to the house, curious. He enters the . . .

INT. SHOWROOM

. . . and stops as the conversation in the . . .

INT. KITCHEN

. . . goes on.

CANDID

Yeah, I feel so, too. He's been so helpful over the years.

ANGELICA VICTORIA

He'll take good care of the dolls corporation.

CANDID

You always sounded like his proud ancestor.

ANGELICA VICTORIA

I'm proud of you, young colleague.
(beat)

So, what would you like?

CANDID

You're talking of my retirement, right?

ANGELICA VICTORIA

Yes. Events have been set in motion.

CANDID

Calm down. We're such good peers, I should remain at his side. My departure into your world can wait.

Kurt steps inside, approaches Candid who sits with her shoulders to him, and kisses her on her head.

KURT

Thank you.

CANDID

I'm glad you're here.

Kurt notices a third cup standing at the table.

KURT

(to Angelica Victoria)
Tea for three?

ANGELICA VICTORIA

Like in old times. Take a seat.

A large glass plate floats through the air and lands on the table. A cake materializes on the plate and a writing fades in on top, wishing:

"HAPPY BIRTHDAY, KURT."

Numerous burning candles appear on the cake.

KURT

Wow.

He blows them out one by one. One flame resists his efforts.

CANDID

Let's see what it melts into.

KURT

(to Angelica Victoria)
How did YOU know of my birthday?

ANGELICA VICTORIA

All your personal facts are recorded in the chronicles of the Eternal Bliss. You're an open book to us.

KURT

(jokes)
New world order . . .

ANGELICA VICTORIA

Nope. Everlasting cosmic melody.