

M Y S T I C A

" R a m i f i c a t i o n s "

Episode #13

by
Karl Kaufmann

Projects4TV@yahoo.com

323-469-5155
323-850-5128

FADE IN:

EXT. MISTY LANDSCAPE

In electrifying blue light advances a brand new Aero 8. The roadster's postmodern lines trail its high beams into the mist and disappear in it.

Silent, the car reemerges. Its exhausts paint a rainbow in aquamarine tones over the surreal vista.

MOMENTS LATER

The silvery vapor on the ground solidifies until it brakes the car's momentum. The Aero 8 comes to a halt.

At the steering wheel sits AMY, an Irish beauty reminiscent of Angel Mystica, in a colorful scarf.

A feminine, bigger than life hand descends and picks up the car as if it were in scale. Amy gets excited.

As the hand holding the car moves out of frame,

CUT TO:

INT. MYSTICA'S HIDEAWAY, HEAVEN -- DAY

where the same hand deposits the auto on the windowsill. Amy glides out of the car as if absorbed by the hand itself. She morphs into it and her image floats up the pink sleeve, expanding.

On Angel MYSTICA in her blazer behind the model car. From her emerges Amy contouring herself in a standing position at the windowsill next to Mystica.

MYSTICA

It's not going to be easy.

Amy curbs her euphoric grin.

AMY

I'm glad I had the roadster to leave to Joe.

MYSTICA

Relax, Amy!

AMY

I sense something good will happen out of that.

MYSTICA

You've got the car of your dreams. Over here.

AMY

If he only stopped thinking on me --

MYSTICA

Joe is no longer your hubby and he'll
get over his loss.

Filled to the brim with expectations Amy just nods in consent.
Mystica points at the horizon in front of them.

MYSTICA

I barely ever take anyone up here.

AMY

I don't want to know the details.

MYSTICA

Don't you want to peek into what's
expecting you?

AMY

No. Not yet. Only the good side.

MYSTICA

Well, if you don't want to see the
whole picture, shall I rather lift you
back into your desires?

AMY

That's my favorite world. At the
moment.

(insecure)

But do help me, if you can. Please.

MYSTICA

All the good gals in Irish looks... to
them I'm perennially assigned.

Preoccupied, sensing something,

AMY

"Good gals," huh?

Mystica's smile fades.

AMY

You know my most ardent wish.

MYSTICA

Rejoice, Amy! I was about to tell you
that it has been bestowed upon you. I
stopped you for that.

AMY

YOU've thickened the fog under my car?

Mystica nods, meaningful. Her eyes sparkle. Speechless with joy, Amy merges back into Mystica as she hugs her, and shrinks. As Mystica grabs the little Aero 8, Amy's waning image descends along Mystica's sleeve and drops out of her hand. Amy glides back into the driver's seat.

On approaching Angel PENUMBRA, waving at Amy,

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. MISTY LANDSCAPE

as Mystica's hand places the car where it was.

Peeking down through the mist in the blue light,

MYSTICA

Keep driving. But your road is winding.

AMY

Pleasure. Sitting in this.

MYSTICA

(chuckles)

We do have Reuben, a filmmaker who had to have an entire film set on these latitudes to feel happy. -- Never seen a soul so attached to a car though.

AMY

In this car I could drive for a thousand years.

(melancholic)

If it weren't for that other desire.

MYSTICA

What intense distractions humans need to bear their pain.

AMY

I'm so grateful I had a daughter. Imperfect. Yet alive and kicking.

(beat)

I miss her.

(increasingly touched)

And that heaven has granted me this wish now. Wow. Thank you, thank you so much.

MYSTICA

No such thing could be had for the asking, not even for top money out on Earth. Your own daughter wouldn't understand --

AMY

I don't wanna know that.
(trembles)
I sense something, Angel Mystica.
Jasmine gave me the creeps before she
was born.

MYSTICA

You'll be giving the creeps to her.

Shocked,

AMY

I don't wanna know that either.

MYSTICA

Take it easy.

AMY

Your pledge comforts me with the
certainty I could only imagine. And
that's all I need.

MYSTICA

Next time you ought to be a boy.

AMY

Boy or girl, next time I wanna be named
after this.

She glances at the hood, hits the steering wheel, switches on
the lights, and the Aero 8 glides away.

On the withdrawing car as it dissolves in the mist,

CUT TO:

EXT. TOPANGA CANYON -- DAY

JOE LEGMAN (50) athletic, drives a well kept 30-year-old fire-
red 4+4 with wire-wheels. MUSIC from a couple of decades
past BLASTS from the open roadster.

He comes up from the Valley to drive down to Malibu. He pulls
his Morgan aside on an empty spot with vista, and stops.

He turns off the ignition, observes the landscape, and turns
to the empty passenger seat. It morphs into one with Amy.
She turns toward him and smiles irresistibly sweet.

He comes closer to kiss her, she fades away, and

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TOPANGA CANYON -- AFTERNOON

on the same car, same place, under heavy clouds. Looking younger, Joe hugs Amy who is in the driver's seat. She looks the same and wears the same scarf as before. MUSIC enchants the moment. First raindrops fall onto them. They ignore them.

The rain intensifies. Amy and Joe jump out. They put up the soft top and side windows, having fun while getting wet.

LATER

Through the windshield in the falling rain they can be seen hugging, undisturbed by a THUNDERCLAP.

LATER

Amy drives with Joe down the canyon.

JOE
I'm getting jealous.

AMY
No reason. There's nobody next to you. Apart my little Mog and she sleeps in the garage...

JOE
And all your house dwellers?

AMY
Oh, I forgot to tell you, just got another sweet little tabby. Oh, he's so cute.

JOE
Wonder if they'll all be sitting next to our guests at our wedding banquet.

AMY
Hmmm.

On them driving on,

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TOPANGA CANYON -- DAY

as handfuls of rice fall onto the car's shining spare wheel.

Pulling along plenty of noise-producing TIN CANS tied to the bumper, the roadster withdraws with Amy steering it in her bridal gown. Looking back, happy, Joe waves from the passenger seat.

LATER

Riding up the mountain road, still in her wedding outfit,

AMY

You see now, the advantage of using my little car?

JOE

I would have still preferred my good old American wagon. We could have taken all the gifts with us.

AMY

I just need you. This car's the right size.

JOE

Now don't tell me you wanna drive down to Baja with this?

AMY

Isn't that honeymooning in style?

JOE

Where we gonna load our luggage?

AMY

(glances at her watch)
Ooooh, I know a place...

JOE

For the luggage?

AMY

No no no no no.

Their Morgan swiftly turns onto a side street and drives on.

They approach a...

EXT. HOUSE WITH SWIMMING POOL

...and stop in a secluded angle. She gestures for him to get out quietly and follow her.

They stop at a hedge which surrounds the house.

AMY

What d'you think of it?

JOE

It's a little out of the way...

AMY

Come.

JOE

Amy, this is private property.

AMY

Don't worry. There's no dog, not even a puppy. And I haven't taken you here to break in.

JOE

Whoa, I should hope so.

They come to the back of the house and stand in front of a swimming pool with a trampoline.

AMY

You see this?

JOE

Yes?

AMY

As a kid dad used to take me with him when he visited a business friend. Norman. Norman Johnson.

JOE

Here?

AMY

(nods)

He enjoyed watching me swim and dive. I reminded him of his daughter. He lost her together with his wife.

JOE

That's a sad story.

AMY

Anyway, Norman offered me that whenever I wished to come for a swim I would always be welcome.

JOE

Is that what you wanna do?

AMY

I was hoping for him to be here.

JOE

How d'you know he isn't?

AMY

His car isn't around.

JOE

Was he at the wedding?

AMY

Noooo, Norman's a reserved man. He'd love to see me in my bridal gown, imagining his daughter.

JOE

Now let me guess: to see you swim in your bridal gown?

AMY

Actually, you got it almost right.

JOE

Almost...

AMY

What I want you to do is to step onto that trampoline. With me.

They climb up onto the trampoline. He lifts her up in his arms and walks to the front.

JOE

You ready?

AMY

What a question.
(cunning grin, screams)
We're ready!

NORMAN comes out with a still camera.

NORMAN

Wonderful, Amy.

AMY

Say cheese!

JOE

Okay. Cheeeese.

AMY

And in we go into our future.

Norman snaps off a number of frames as Joe and Amy jump into the pool, and continues shooting as they are in the water.

JOE

Your father's friend?

Amy nods.

JOE

Hello Mister Johnson! What a surprise.

AMY
(to Norman)
Thank you.

NORMAN
Thank you! That was great.

They get out of the pool. Norman kisses Amy on her cheek,
she makes sure not to soak him.

Shaking hands with Joe,

JOE
Pleased to meet you. The unofficial
photos are generally the best.

NORMAN
Young man, you've got yourself one
heck of a bride.

JOE
Hear! Hear!

NORMAN
Congratulations.

JOE
Thank you. She didn't tell me you're
a photographer.

AMY
(to Joe)
Imagine seeing these pictures once
you're a grandpa.

Joe twists her toward him and kisses her.

On them, through Norman's viewfinder,

DISSOLVE BACK TO:

EXT. TOPANGA CANYON -- DAY

as Joe takes out a number of prints from the glove compartment.

On prints of the wedding seen before.

As he observes them, singling out specific ones:

NURSE (V.O.)
Mister Legman?

JOE (V.O.)
(pants)
I've just rushed by from the exhibition.

NURSE (V.O.)
Mister Legman --

JOE (V.O.)
Where is she?

NURSE (V.O.)
She wanted the baby.

JOE (V.O.)
How's she doing?

NURSE (V.O.)
Mister Legman, she wanted the baby.

JOE (V.O.)
How's Amy?

NURSE (V.O.)
Your wife wanted the baby to live.

JOE (V.O.)
What d'you mean?

NURSE (V.O.)
Mister Legman, she said you'd know
what name to give to your daughter.
The second you had agreed on.

JOE (V.O.)
The second we had agreed on...

INT. LIVING ROOM, JOE'S HOUSE -- EVENING

JASMINE (18), reminiscent of Mystica, enters. In a shirt and gym shorts, she carries a cake with lots of candles. Joe sits on a couch opposite to a treadmill for stationary running. He goes through computer printouts of 3D exhibition booths. SOFT MUSIC plays in the background.

JASMINE
Happy birthday, Dad.

JOE
Thank you, Jasmine.

JASMINE
D'you like the music?

JOE
You picked well. Thank you very much.

Jasmine gets a bottle of champagne and brings it to the table as he puts aside his sheets. He opens the bottle. She sits down.