

SUGARPLUM DESTINY Excerpt
By Cindy Yantis

FADE IN:

EXT. MIDWESTERN TOWN -- NIGHT -- AERIAL

Thick night CLOUDS block any view. We are moving toward Earth, as quickly as a shooting star. Zigzagging between clouds. Clouds part to reveal in the far distance--

The Capraesque town of MISTWELL SPRINGS. Lit up like an old fashioned Christmas. Complete with church steeple and domed courthouse.

On the outskirts of town, an enchanted lagoon draws attention.

ENCHANTED LAGOON

A small controlled EXPLOSION opens the trunk of an awesome oak tree. Forms a portal shooting toward the sky.

We shoot down through the tree and out of the portal. Hover over an iced lake. Then roll onto the ground and into a tree.

Through BLURRY HAZE, we watch from behind the tree. Hiding.

QUEEN FLORALESE, 42, appears over the lake. She's a tall beautiful golden fairy. Her long dress unfurls. At her feet, soccer ball-sized translucent purple glowballs bounce and dance at her feet.

Floralese MUMBLES something to them. The glowballs fly off toward Mistwell Springs. Floralese disappears. All blurs together.

WHITENESS.

-- OUT OF WHITENESS appears the sleeping face of --

PRINCESS ANABELLA, 17. Everything about her is sunny; blonde flowing hair, open face, easy beauty. Like her mother, Queen Floralese.

She lies unconscious behind the tree she collided into earlier. The early dawn reflects the gold in her hair.

Behind her Floralese hovers again over the lake, her dress forming a gold carpet. The purple glowballs are back on the carpet. Along with more FAIRIES of varying shapes and sizes.

No one sees the sleeping princess.

QUEEN FLORALESE

Mission Accomplished! Home to
Averleese!

The carpet rolls up with the glowballs in it, forming a tube.

The tube shoots back up through the tree portal. The portal shuts.

Princess Anabella is left behind.

EXT. MISTWELL SPRINGS -- NIGHT -- AERIAL

GRAPHIC TITLE: 17 YEARS EARLIER

Christmas Eve. Town is twinkling.

EXT. CRESCENT LANE NEIGHBORHOOD -- CONTINUOUS

Cozy houses with tidy yards on the tree-lined street. Colored lights and Santa statues adorn the tiled roofs. Christmas trees in picture windows.

A light snow falls.

INT. 222 CRESCENT LANE -- BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Twinkling lights frame the bedroom window.

Just OUTSIDE, snowflakes whirl in a funnel. The snowflakes sprout wings becoming SNOWFLAKE FAIRIES. A translucent purple glowball dances in mid-air amongst them.

Two children, DANNY, 13, and NANCY, 8, are nestled all snug in their beds. Their grandmother, GRANDMA ROSE, 70's, reads to them.

GRANDMA ROSE

While visions of sugarplums danced
in their heads.

NANCY

What's a sugarplum?

GRANDMA ROSE

Hmm. It's a small purple fruit. It tastes very sweet when it's plump and ripe.

Nancy closes her sleepy eyes.

A faint GIGGLE out the window. Danny spins his head toward the sound.

DANNY

Did you hear something, Grandma?

GRANDMA ROSE

It's just the wind, dear heart.

Too tired to investigate further, Danny drifts off.

Grandma Rose kisses each sleeping child's forehead.

GRANDMA ROSE

Sweet dreams, angels.

Shuts off the light and leaves the room.

The purple glowball SEEPS through the window. Hovers over the beds. It POPS becoming MARAPLUM, a jolly plum-colored SUGARPLUM SPRITE. She's a fairy with a plump little body, a round face with very long eyelashes, silver wings and tiny silver feet.

Opens a small ornate pearled box attached to her belt. Tiny bright stars shoot out of it.

Maraplum scoops out a purple handful of stars.

She places her palm on each child's face as she gives them sweet dreams. They giggle in their sleep.

EXT. MISTWELL SPRINGS -- OUTSKIRTS -- A BIT LATER

Maraplum flies through the air as the purple glowball. Followed by snowflake fairies. Dashes toward a wooded area. She joins a myriad of other purple and gold glowballs.

Near an iced lagoon. The glowballs dance, chase and topple over one another.

QUEEN FLORALESE, now 25, hovers. Her gold, silken hair curves down her body. The face of a lady. Skin like snow. Sparkling blue eyes. Wears a delicate diamond crown.

She is very pregnant.

Her hair grows, becoming the huge golden silk carpet. The fairy glowballs gather on top of it.

A FLASH of light opens the PORTAL at the base of the awesome oak tree with a huge knotty trunk and wide branches that spread like arms.

FLORALESE

You have done well. Until next
Christmas Eve! Now, home to
Averleese.

Her silk train rolls up, fairies and sprites in tow. They shoot through the portal, out the top of the tree and across the sky.

EXT. AVERLEESE FAIRY KINGDOM -- MORNING

Green and gold LEAVES the size of pancakes inhabit a tree, the TREE OF DESTINY, that looks like the big sister to the lagoon tree. The leaves are covered in morning dew and seem to take their job of protecting the powerful tree seriously.

Plump, ripe sugarplums are plentiful, caressing nearly every limb. Blending in with the fruit are the tiny sleeping faces of the exhausted sugarplum sprites. The branches cradle them.

The Tree is the center of Averleese, Kingdom of Destiny.

The land is plush with color. Tiny, BLUE WATER NYMPHS appear out of dew drops. The rolling landscape surrounds a warm copper palace and a cobblestone village.

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE -- CONTINUOUS

Doors open onto the Square as TOWN FAIRIES start their day. They're all under five-feet tall, have human-like features, with ears and bushy tails like cats.

Their tails are propellers that allow them to fly and leap hundreds of feet at a time.

EXT. PALACE -- CONTINUOUS

Solid gold front doors open wide. Queen Floralese emerges. Her hair pulled up, cradling her diamond crown. She wears royal garb draped over her pregnant belly. Looks with pride over the kingdom.

FLORALESE

Good Morning, Averleese!

Her voice BOOMS.

With grandeur, Floralese raises her arms. The sun's rays hit a gathering of daffodils. The daffodil tips open up to reveal sweet faces. Their leaves become wings. They fly toward the sun, becoming SUNDANCER FAIRIES.

FLORALESE

It's a new day, Sundancers!

The fairies twitter in unison.

SUNDANCERS

Good morning, Your Grace.

The FOUNTAIN in the town square springs to life.

Floralese removes a gold suede bag from her robe. Scoops out handful of glittering enchantment dust. Tosses it in the air and all the bells of the kingdom RING in unison.

She looks back toward --

PALACE BALCONY

Two royal lady fairies watch over.

MORGANESSA, late 50's, tall, regal, Floralese's mother, silver hair twirled to a point on her head. Powerful presence.

And, TEMPESTA, 25, Floralese's twin sister. Dark intense features in contrast to her sister's bright ones. Hair and eyes black as night. She wears a scowl instead of a crown. Keeps a competitive eye on Floralese.

Morganessa notices.

MORGANESSA

Tempesta, have you done your morning duties? This is an important day for your sister.

TEMPESTA

Every day is her day, Mother. She's the queen and I'm not.

MORGANESSA

It's time you finally accept the gods' choice that she was to be born first. You must learn to be happy with your role.

TEMPESTA

Two minutes, Mother. Two minutes younger shouldn't mean that I'm a lady in waiting, which is practically what I am. I was meant for more.

MORGANESSA

Just try to enjoy the day.

TEMPESTA

I prefer the night.

Tempesta marches off the balcony and across the

COURTYARD

Floralese strolls through the courtyard, tenderly touching the tiny fairies along the way. They bow and exalt her.

She reaches the

TREE OF DESTINY

The sugarplum fairies are stirring. Floralese strokes the trunk of the tree. Suddenly she grasps her abdomen. Moans in pain.

Maraplum, the head sugarplum sprite, stretches awake.

MARAPLUM
 (in a low, ringing voice)
 Your Majesty!

Maraplum scurries down the tree.

FLORALESE
 I didn't mean to disturb you,
 Maraplum. You got in very late last
 night.

The queen is having a contraction.

MARAPLUM
 Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear.

Her voice and giggle like music notes up the scale.

MARAPLUM
 I remember like it was yesterday;
 the Christmas that you were born.

FLORALESE
 Yes, history repeating itself.

She doubles over with the contraction.

MARAPLUM
 It's time, it's time, it's time.

A look of fear crosses Floralese's face.

FLORALESE
 Please summon the King.

PALACE YARD -- LATER

Tempesta sits near the crystal clear lake next to the Tree.
 Angrily tosses sandstones into the water.

TEMPESTA
 It's not fair.

A large black WASP FAIRY circles her head. He has a permanent
 frown and post nasal drip. Tempesta swishes it away.

TEMPESTA
 Not now, Wasp.

It circles her again. This time more insistent. It settles on one of her raven curls, hissing in her ear.

WASP

Your ansssswer hasssss been there all along.

TEMPESTA

What are you talking about?

WASP

The Tree of Desssstiny, Your Highnesssssss.

Tempesta's head whips around toward the Tree. Wasp is sent flying, wing over stinger. She watches through slanted eyes as the happy sugarplum sprites tidy their branched home.

TEMPESTA

(to Wasp)

No. I've told you to stay away from me.

Tempesta runs back toward the Palace, leaving Wasp panting in a pile of sand.

INT. ROYAL BEDCHAMBER -- LATER THAT NIGHT

Floralese is exhausted, in heavy labor. Her family is about her.

LARZON, 30, her husband and King. He is a strong soldier paladin with a handsome face, the mane of a lion and the muscular body of a man.

Morganessa sits near by.

Flying SERVANT FAIRIES serve them tea on a wing. They look like efficient little worker bees.

A tense mood.

MORGANESSA

You must try and relax, my dear.

Tempesta lounges lazily near the window. Angry and bored.

MORGANESSA

Tempesta, please come and hold your
sister's hand.

Floralese reaches out to her. Tempesta looks the other way.

MORGANESSA

This child will be your future
ruler. I suggest you start paying
your respects now.

Floralese's abdomen takes on a faint glow.

FLORALESE

Oh, it's time. It's all so clear
now. I now know the meaning of our
destiny. Sister, you need to take
your place beside me.

TEMPESTA

This may be your destiny, but it's
not mine!

She storms from the room.

EXT. KINGDOM COURTYARD -- NIGHT

Brilliant streaks of swirling light sweep across the sky,
creating AURORA BOREALIS (the Northern Lights). The bright
orange sun-moon appears as well.

Under the balcony, sugarplum sprites and town fairies gather
to greet the new baby princess.

Tempesta plops down on a hill. Stares at the Tree of
Destiny. A lone sugarplum sprite slumbers in a top branch.

Wasp appears. Beckons Tempesta. Mesmerized, she approaches.

WASP

Imagine a fruit, that once eaten,
gives you the power to rule your
own dessssstiny.

TEMPESTA

No. If we eat the sugarplums then
our kingdom will perish and evil
will take over the universe.

WASP

Nonsenssssse. Eat one fruit and will be able to see all destinies; you will be able to form the future you want. A future where you will be queen. You, Tempesssstta, will be all powerful.

TEMPESTA

You're lying, Wasp.

WASP

There's more. Eat the sssssecond piece of fruit and the kingdom will be dessssstroyed as you now know it. Then there will be nothing...and no one standing in your way.

He lets it sink in.

WASP

You will rebuild as its queen and empressssss, controlling not only dreams, but nightmaresssss as well. You, and only you, will rule all.

TEMPESTA

We don't choose our destiny. It chooses us.

WASP

Ah, but what if thissss is your Dessssstiny?

A golden LIGHT from the balcony draws her attention.

TEMPESTA

I want more.

WASP

Yessssssss.

INT. FLORALESE'S BEDCHAMBER -- CONTINUOUS

Golden light bounces around the room. Floralese's belly emits vibrant rays of light.

NORVAL, 50's, the elder sand pimpernel, otherwise known on Earth as a sandman, appears near the ceiling to watch the sacred event. He is tall, willowy thin, the color of golden sand, amber eyes and a bald golden head.

Maraplum, also Norval's wife, assists in the birth.

Larzon's arms are stretched like a cradle over Floralese's body. Rainbow-like rays rise up from Floralese's abdomen.

FLORALESE

(exalting)

Ohhhhhhh!

Rising from Floralese to Larzon's arms is a naked and glowing INFANT.

LARZON

So, this is Anabella, Princess of
Averleese.

Anabella coos and squirms, making her father's face stream enraptured tears.

The BELLS TOLL throughout the kingdom.

Servants and fairies gather in the hallway. They bow deep in reverence to Floralese.

Anabella CRIES, confirming her presence. Floralese reaches for her.

EXT. KINGDOM COURTYARD - SAME

Wasp lingers next to Tempesta under the Tree of Destiny, as the blinding light comes from the Palace. The lone sprite in the tree snores lightly. Clouds roll in. Wind blows.

Tempesta hesitates and... Plucks a sugarplum.

The sky explodes with thunder and lightning. Fairies scatter in the courtyard. Red hairy HOWLING HARLOTS with sharp fangs and angry eyes fly overhead. Their SCREECHES nightmarish.

INT. FLORALESE'S BEDCHAMBER

The RED FLASH enlightens the room.

FLORALESE

No!

She staggers to the window. An earthquake-like shudder overtakes the room.

EXT. KINGDOM COURTYARD

Tempesta holds the sugarplum carefully in front of her, not sure of the next step. Wasp lands on the fruit.

WASP

Tasssste.

She takes a timid nibble out of it.

WASP

More!

Takes a more aggressive bite. Lightning comes out of her eyes and fingertips. She howls with evil and delight.

Turns to the sleeping sprite in the Tree. Tempesta waves her hand over the fairy's head. A NIGHTMARE VISION appears.

NIGHTMARE VISION

The small sugarplum sprite runs slowly through a dark, dreary forest. The trees are dense and tall and their branches become hands grabbing at her. She falls, landing on a carpet of moss. The moss rolls over, swallowing her. She screams.

NIGHTMARE ENDS

The sugarplum fairy rolls from side to side on her branch bed, screaming in her sleep. Tempesta is fascinated.

FLORALESE (O.S.)

Enough!

The sprite wakes with a start. Horrified, she flies off.

Larzon helps a weak Floralese approach Tempesta. She carries her ROYAL SCEPTER, which everyone looks at with awe and reverence. It's made of entwined gold & silver, the head a large crystal prism ball reflecting a kaleidoscope of colors as the sun-moon rays hit it.

They're followed by Morganessa and the ARMY OF CONFIDENCE, all soldier paladins like Larzon, athletically built with chiseled lion-like features and shiny armor.

FLORALESE

Do you realize what you've done?

TEMPESTA

I know that I see all now, Sister. And, what I see is powerful and beautiful. It's my dream and it's magnificent.

MORGANESSA

The worst evil will look magnificent to the evil eye.

FLORALESE

And your vision has always been clouded by your own envy.

TEMPESTA

Ha, you think I'm envious of you now? I have no reason to be, because let me tell you how it's going to be. I'm going to be queen of Averleese and things are going to be very different.

Floralese waves the scepter in front of Tempesta. An ornate oval mirror appears. She primps her hair in the reflection.

TEMPESTA

You all are boring me.

The mirror fogs with condensation. She wipes it with her skirt. A streak of lightning flashes out of the mirror. Shocks Tempesta's hand and burns a hole in her skirt.

FLORALESE

This is the world you would rule.

IN THE MIRROR

The fog clears. In the reflection is a moving picture of sheer despair. The sky is a perpetual gray, the trees are barren. RAG-WEARING PEOPLE walk with hunched shoulders and scowled faces.

Another picture appears with a SKELETAL-FACED TEMPESTA seated on a throne of reed and thorns. WASPS swarm around her head. She smiles and her teeth are jagged.

The mirror fogs. When it clears, Tempesta's present reflection returns.

BACK TO SCENE

The mirror disintegrates. Falls in a pile of sand.

TEMPESTA

Those are not my dreams.

MORGANESSA

No, but that is now your destiny.
If you were to be Queen, nightmares
would become the way of life.

TEMPESTA

I don't believe you. Besides,
nightmares to some might be a dream
come true to others.

MORGANESSA

You don't have to believe me. You
will see it transpire.

TEMPESTA

Okay, Mother. Whatever you say.

Morganessa sighs with resignation. Floralese steps in out of duty.

FLORALESE

Your heart has a hole in it,
Tempesta. I'm ashamed to call you
my sister.

TEMPESTA

You were never my sister.

Floralese fights back tears.

FLORALESE

Now your destiny, and mine, must be
fulfilled.

With that, a battalion of soldier paladins march forward and make a shield around Tempesta.

Wasp buzzes near Tempesta's ear.

WASP

Take another bite.

Tempesta points at the Tree. A sugarplum fruit sails toward her open hand and mouth.

Floralese bats the fruit away from her with the scepter. It sails back to its place in the Tree.

FLORALESE

You'll never be able to take another bite.

The soldiers seize Tempesta and take her to the open gates of the kingdom.

TEMPESTA

You're making a devastating mistake.

She points to the fairies who have all gathered to watch.

TEMPESTA

You are sealing their fate!

Points to the palace balcony.

TEMPESTA

And, she will never see her 21st birthday. So, she will never be queen. I will see to that.

FLORALESE

Never!

Floralese points the scepter at Tempesta. The sky turns black.

FLORALESE

Princess Tempesta, you are hereby banished from Averleese forever. You will live the rest of the your existence in the Land of Nowhere.

The scepter crystal shoots a beam of light at Tempesta. She's cast far away into the darkened sky on a streak of lightning. Followed by red howling harlots and an ARMY OF WASPS.

Queen Floralese discreetly wipes a tear. Then covers the kingdom with a soft gold veil. The sun reappears.

EXT. KINGDOM COURTYARD -- MORNING

TITLE CARD: NEARLY SEVENTEEN YEARS LATER

It's a bright, clear morning. Queen Floralese checks the locks on the kingdom gates with an air of ownership. Tosses glittering dust into the air. Bells of the village RING. The kingdom awakens.

She stumbles slightly as PRINCESS ANABELLA, now nearly 17, runs by her.

Anabella darts into the courtyard and falls over her own lace petticoats. She's now the adorable, sunny, precocious tomboy.

QUEEN FLORALESE

Anabella, Darling. Be careful.
And, don't rip another dress.

ANABELLA

Well, if you'd let me wear a
soldier's uniform then that
wouldn't be a problem, would it?

FLORALESE

That wouldn't be very princess-
like, would it?

Anabella does cartwheels across the courtyard to greet the other fairies in the gardens.

A tall TREE NYMPH extends a branch toward her. Anabella does a high five with the branch.

TREE NYMPH

Morning, Princess.

ANABELLA

Morning, Tree Nymph.

Floralese raises her arms and the thin gold veil lightly takes its place, forming a protective dome over Averleese.

ANABELLA

Why don't you let the Army of Confidence do that, Mother?

FLORALESE

Oh, no.

ANABELLA

Why not?

FLORALESE

You know, Darling. It's my role to protect our kingdom.

ANABELLA

From Tempesta, the Evil Empress of Nightmares.

FLORALESE

Yes. And, one day soon it will be yours.

ANABELLA

I can't think of anything so boring.

FLORALESE

Oh really. And, what would you do differently?

ANABELLA

I would find her and fight her. That's why I want to train with Dad's army.

FLORALESE

Her power is unknown, but we can only assume that it's growing. Your destiny is to stay here and train in the right way for your role.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. PALACE PARLOR -- LATER

Anabella sits impatiently in etiquette lessons. Morganessa is the teacher.

MORGANESSA

And, what's the proper response
when you receive a gift from a
kingdom elder as opposed to a
neighbor along the street?

Anabella gazes out the window. The Tree of Destiny comes
into view. Student sugarplum sprites and sand pimpernels are
starting to gather.

MORGANESSA

Anabella?

ANABELLA

What was the question again?

The courtyard bell RINGS signalling the change of classes.
Anabella darts off.

ANABELLA

Sorry, Grandmother!

MORGANESSA

Oh, child.

EXT. KINGDOM COURTYARD -- CONTINUOUS

Destiny Class at Tree of Destiny. Anabella is out of breath
as she joins the young sugarplum sprites and sand pimpernel.

One is STARNEL, 18, a young sand pimpernel, the spitting
image of his father, Norval, who provides the destiny lesson.

The sand pimpernels generally float above the ground. The
sprites bounce rather than walk. They all settle in for
class.

NORVAL

Now, the human world lives between
good and evil, between light and
darkness.

Norval snaps his fingers and the sugarplums light up the Tree
of Destiny like a Christmas tree.

NORVAL

Who can tell me what destiny is?

Hands go up. He points to BONNAPLUM, 16, a student sprite.

BONNAPLUM

It's the path our lives are
supposed to take.

NORVAL

Very good. Yes, it's predetermined
by the gods.

ANABELLA

Is it always right? And, how do we
know when destiny is happening?

Norval snaps his fingers. The sugarplum lights go out.
Starnel clumsily tries to snap his fingers but can't.

NORVAL

There are no simple answers,
Princess.

He strokes the Tree of Destiny.

NORVAL (CONT'D)

The questions that people ask are:
What is my purpose? What am I
supposed to do with my life? Do we
choose our destiny, or does it
choose us?

STARNEL

I'm glad we already know our
destiny.

NORVAL

Yes, as you know, the sugarplum
sprites plant the dreams on
Christmas Eve, and then we
pimpernels nurture them each night
so the people can sleep and
continue to dream. And, if they
listen and follow the meaning in
these dreams they will find their
right path, their true calling.

ANABELLA

Sounds complicated.

STARNEL

Yeah.

NORVAL

It will come naturally in time.

Just then SONGBELL BIRDS sing loudly from the palace tower.

STARNEL

Someone's dream just came true!

NORVAL

That's what it's all about,
students. Someone found their way.

ANABELLA

Does anything ever go wrong?

NORVAL

When darkness and evil are at hand -
yes.

She considers this as she caresses a sugarplum.

EXT. KINGDOM COURTYARD -- LATER

Larzon leads the ARMY OF CONFIDENCE through a disappearance exercise. A group of teenage soldier paladins toss enchantment dust in the air. On cue some disappear. And reappear.

Floralese watches from a distance.

LARZON

Well done. And, when the time is right, the head of your class will have the opportunity to be named, as I was, the Prince of Confidence and will take his place in the Queen's court.

Most of them pay no attention to Larzon. One is two beats behind. Another is busy picking a flower.

One young charming soldier paladin, EMERON, 19, listens intently. He has chiseled jaws, a twinkle in his eye and thick blonde curls. His movements have a careful precision.

An eruption of GIGGLES. Anabella has joined the troops. She is agile and quick. Quicker than most of the boys.

Anabella sidles up close to Emeron.

LARZON

Alright men. Get ready for the
dissolve.

They toss their dust in the air. One by one they dissolve
into disappearance.

Emeron tosses his dust. Anabella gets inside his sphere and
disappears with him.

SOLDIER #1

Sire! The Princess!

Larzon CLAPS his hands twice. All of the student soldiers
reappear, along with Anabella.

ANABELLA

Yeah! Woo-hoo!

LARZON

Anabella, you were much too close.

EMERON

(defensively)

I didn't know she was there, Sire.

Anabella and Emeron glare at each other. A competitive but
interested air between them.

LARZON

Anabee, you know this is not your
place.

ANABELLA

But, Daddy why not? Why couldn't I
be the first Queen of Averleese who
was also a soldier in the Army of
Confidence?

The soldiers hide their snickers. Anabella glares at them.

LARZON

The rules are written. You would
be much happier if you would just
accept this.

ANABELLA

I'm so bored with etiquette and
charm lessons.

(MORE)

ANABELLA (CONT'D)

Who cares how many times the bell has to ring for weddings and dignitaries? I would be so much more powerful if I learned to fight.

Anabella huffs off, but not without stealing a glance at Emeron. He gloats just a little.

FLORALESE

Oh, this girl.

In her ear:

LARZON

She's you, you know.

FLORALESE

What, defiant and stubborn?

LARZON

No, ambitious and smart. And, I would never admit this, but it's probably not a bad idea if she learned some other tactics to protect herself as she nears her coronation in four years time.

Floralese peruses the horizon. Concern in her eyes.

FLORALESE

So, how do the new troops look?

Larzon watches Emeron.

LARZON

Not bad... some of them... possibly.

Emeron stumbles over his foot, unaware he's being watched.

FLORALESE

Possibly not.

EXT. AVERLEESE PALACE YARD -- DAYS LATER

Near the Tree a circular path skirts a cobblestone wall with a floral gate.

Anabella plays nearby with FOLLIWIGGLES, roly, polly fuzzy little fairies that look like oranges and lemons. They roll on top of her as she tickles their bellies.

Tosses one of them in the air like a baseball. It gets away from her. She turns to catch it and runs into Emeron.

They both fall down. Their bright eyes lock.

EMERON

There you go, getting in my space again.

ANABELLA

You don't own the space, you know.

EMERON

You really should watch where you're going.

ANABELLA

Actually, you're on palace grounds so this is my space. This is my kingdom.

EMERON

Not yet, it's not Princess.

ANABELLA

You can't speak to me that way. In fact, you must do as I say.

EMERON

No, I don't. Not for a long time yet. You're just a girl.

Anabella gets in his face, nearly as tall as him. It disarms him.

He grabs her wrist, pulling her to him. Kisses her squarely on the mouth. She lingers a bit, surprising herself. And, him.

Pushes him away.

ARABELLA

I could have you arrested.

EMERON

Yes, you could.

The ground SHAKES. GASPS and SQUEALS across the kingdom. They stumble into each other again. He whispers in her ear.

EMERON

Are you alright?

Tongue-tied, she dashes toward the palace.

PALACE BALCONY

Floralese emerges and ANNOUNCES in a voice that magnifies.

FLORALESE

The time has arrived. Come!

PALACE COURTYARD - FLORAL GATE

LIGHT appears between the cracks in the cobblestone wall around the gate. The stones split. Creates a portal.

Silver light explodes from the portal.

A momentary silence is deafening.

Out of the portal floats a whirl of snowflake fairies.

Teeny tiny PERIWINKLE PERIDOTS and BUTTERFAIRIES follow behind. They look like colorful birds with hands and feet and create a fanfare of music by batting their wings.

Floralese rises above the courtyard.

Her gold silk hair once again encircles her body, becoming her dress and long train behind her. She's twice as tall now.

FLORALESE

My little friends.

The kingdom gathers around.

FLORALESE

Finish your final preparations. The dream mission leaves at midnight. And, tomorrow we celebrate the birthday of our dear Princess Anabella.

They all CHEER.

Anabella crouches on the palace steps next to Morganessa, who straightens Anabella's twisted waistline.

MORGANESSA

It's hard to believe this tomboy
will be Queen one day.

INT. ANABELLA'S BEDROOM, PALACE -- NIGHT

Anabella sleeps. A cluster of orange and lemon folliwiggles snore harmoniously on the pillow next to her. The night is quiet.

A bright strobe of LIGHT flashes through her window. Then a second strobe. Anabella stirs. A third strobe awakens her.

She's drawn to the window. Upon what she sees, she quickly dresses. Plunges the startled folliwiggles into her pocket.

EXT. AVERLEESE PALACE YARD -- CONTINUOUS

The radiant beam comes from the huge, luminous sun-moon.

The light then bounces off the Tree of Destiny and shines steadily onto Floralese.

Her golden hair train becomes a thin layer of spun silk covering the grounds. Hundreds of the pearl DREAM BOXES rise up on the silk carpet.

The dream mission team joins her on the carpet.

FLORALESE

Each box is filled with a year's
worth of dreams. Guard them wisely.

Bonnaplum opens her box. Hundreds of TINY STARS swirl out. DREAM VISIONS are reflected in each, making a beautiful collage.

One star dream vision shows a BOY hitting a home run. Another shows a WOMAN being sworn in as President. Yet, another shows a HOMELESS MAN helping a GIRL out of a tree.

The box closes. The stars dissipate.

BEHIND A CLUSTER OF SLEEPING DAFFODILS

Anabella hides. Then slips, unseen, under the folds of her mother's dress carpet.

FLORALESE (CONT'D)

Troops.

Confidence soldiers encircle the enchanted portal in a ring of protection. A select few soldiers join the mission team.

Snowflake fairies hover around Floralese's head. Wings flutter like glitter.

She waves to Morganessa on the BALCONY.

MORGANESSA

See you on the other side of Epiphany.

FLORALESE

Snowflakes! Lead the way!

Charges into the portal with her train in tow.

INSIDE THE PORTAL

Swirls of twinkling lights and fluttering wings create a tunnel for the Christmas Eve Dream Mission.

Anabella SQUEALS. Peeks from under the folds of the train as she soars through the glowing tunnel.

EXT. SKYVIEW -- CONTINUOUS

Aurora Borealis swirls across the sky. The dream tunnel looks like a shooting star. It splits off into HUNDREDS of light tunnels. They shoot across the sky in all directions across the Earth.

The largest tunnel heads toward -

EXT. TOWN OF MISTWELL SPRINGS -- NIGHT -- AERIAL VIEW

Mistwell Springs is lit up for Christmas Eve.

Modest homes with snow-covered rooftops. Christmas trees lit in some windows. In other windows, people sleep in their beds.

EXT. WOODED LAGOON -- NIGHT

A FLASH. The oak tree portal opens. Floralese shoots out, hovering over the iced lake with a SPINNING GLOBE by her side. The globe serves as a GPS. She surveys the blinking dots all over the globe.

Her train unrolls, releasing all of the fairies.

Anabella spills out, hits her head solidly on a tree. Makes her dizzy. No one sees her.

The folliwiggles roll out of her pocket and under a bush, giggling with glee.

Sugarplum sprites explode off the trees with the tiny pearl boxes attached to their belts.

The fairies play tag in the branches.

FLORALESE

(her voice hums)

Scatter about. The night will be
short with many people sleeping,
waiting to dream.

Anabella watches in awe as the fairies leave on their dream mission. They become purple glowballs and streak toward town.

She spies a pearl box that someone dropped. Picks it up along with a loose bag of magic dust.

Confidence soldiers patrol the area. Emeron turns and she sees his face. She GASPS making him look in her direction. Trying to hide, she throws her head back. Bumps it hard against a low branch. She falls, unconscious.

EMERON

Someone there?

SOLDIER

Let's go, Men.

Emeron glances one more time then follows the other soldiers into the woods and disappears.

Floralese follows them in an sparkle of dust.

TIME CUT TO:

SEVERAL HOURS LATER

Floralese hovers over the lagoon as the tired dream mission rolls up into her dress train.

FLORALESE

Mission accomplished.

She sweeps the team into the tree portal. The portal seals up after her.

Anabella, still unconscious, is left behind.