

FUTURE PERFECT synopsis & closed-caption text

PROLOGUE

A video is projected showing images of repeated patterns found in the micro and macro universe. As it is being shown, the cast “Crowd” led by a child comes on stage to watch. The video fades into blurry colorless images. A voice tells us that that sometime ago a terrible event wreaked havoc in the lands, and in the small city of Properboro, power was seized by a few, and a fence was built around Properboro to eliminate any contact with the outside world. However, for one inhabitant, **Miranette**, curiosity for what was beyond the fence would prove too great to contain.

ACT 1 Morning in a small city named Properboro, set in the near future

The **Crowd** of all ages walks in rigid formation offering generic pleasantries “**Good Morning**” to one another. **Miranette**, a silent young girl runs off and **Paloma**, a teenager, follows her but soon returns alone. **Twelve Adults** from the Crowd tell of four strange occurrences that happened in recent days. The **Crowd** listens. Everyone agrees that three of the occurrences should be reported at once, but that the fourth one should not, as it was void of specific facts.

Youths who have broken free from the Crowd meet in a cave. By venturing beyond the fence into the forbidden zone, the **Youths** were inadvertently responsible for the strange occurrences. **Paloma** enters looking for **Miranette**. They hear the **Crowd** shouting **Miranette**’s name and run out to see the fuss. The **Crowd** scolds “**Miranette**” for her shortcomings and for removing insignia demotions pinned to her sash—an item all youth are required to wear. **Paloma** tries to intervene, but the **Crowd** threatens to send **Miranette** away if she misbehaves again.

The **Crowd** exits and **Miranette** gives **Paloma** her journal to help explain her actions “**Don’t Label Me**”. **Miranette** then shows **Paloma** a string of crystals with a medallion she found but **Paloma** scolds her for keeping any object found beyond the fence. **Miranette** indicates she is ready to run away as **Paloma** is called back home. As **Miranette** sets out, she is met by the **Youths** who, having suspected her intention, give her a jar with chrysalises, a monkey named **Jingle**, seeds and a conch shell. **Miranette** leaves. **Paloma** shows up right after, undecided as to what to do.

ACT 2 Beyond the fence of Properboro, a few hours later

Miranette and **Jingle** come across **Asintmah** and **Oxóssi** instructing their children, **Anahita** and **Tāne**, on the power of imagination “**In a World Without Limits**”. As **Miranette** partakes in the lesson, **Paloma** shows up intending to take her back home, but instead converts to joining **Miranette**. The **Children** are told to take **Miranette**, **Paloma** and **Jingle** to meet **Rosetta** who might know more about **Miranette**’s necklace.

Rosetta, a woman with extraordinary hearing, introduces the travelers to a world of sound. With the use of an earhorn, **Miranette** indicates she can hear the universe, which then **Rosetta** describes to the group “**The Universe Sings**”. **Miranette** plays her conch. **Rosetta** becomes fascinated with it and **Miranette** trades it for a bird-whistle. **Rosetta** says she knows where **Miranette**, **Paloma** and **Jingle** can find a group of unruly artists who make things like the crystals they have. She warns, since it is far, they will need transportation.

Rosetta introduces **Kai**, **Edeyrn** and **Iscovan** to the group. **Tāne** gets a hold of a sword and forces **Paloma** into a fight which **Miranette** interrupts. The **Men** confess that although they greatly admire the chivalrous age of knights, they find that acknowledging one’s vulnerable side can also be a great source of strength “**If You Take the Time to Know Me**”. **Jingle** climbs up a tree and shakes some fruit to the ground.

Kai, **Edeyrn** and **Iscovan** give **Miranette** and **Paloma** scooters to assist them with their journey. **Rosetta** warns the two not to get separated. **Miranette** says goodbye to **Anahita** and **Tāne** and gives **Jingle** permission to remain in his natural habitat.

Miranette rides but gets separated from **Paloma** and then lost. She blows her bird-whistle for help. The sky turns dark and it begins to rains. **Miranette** sits under her umbrella and unscrews the lid on the jar with the chrysalises. She eventually falls asleep.

Two Flutterbys newly emerged from the chrysalises unfold their wings in the morning sun. They fly over to **Miranette** and wake her. **Miranette** joins them in a short dance.

Baubo, wearing a Draglion head, enters unnoticed looking for the rest of her **Draglion**. They startle each other. **Baubo** tells **Miranette** and the **Flutterbys** how much she loves to laugh “**LMBO!**”. **Baubo** cannot understand anything **Miranette** is trying to communicate about being lost. The **Flutterbys** fly off.

Four Youths enter costumed as the **Draglion** body. **Baubo** and the **Youths** convince **Miranette** to be the Draglion’s tail “**Be the Tail!**” With **Baubo** as the head, **Draglion** leaves for the 113th Annual Draglion Parade.

The **Draglion** arrives at the library and laboratory of **Baubo**’s friend **Leggo** and his dog **Chumpy**. **Miranette** discovers a strange book in the library containing writings on the back of an old chart. **Leggo** shares one of the writings, “**The Seraph**”. **Miranette** gives **Leggo** her journal to add to his collection. **Miranette** notices that the old chart corresponds to the medallion on her crystal necklace.

Leggo is just about to explain the meaning of the medallion when **Chumpy** hears arguing in the distance and runs off. **Miranette** chases after her on her scooter. **Chumpy** and **Miranette** come across **Juniper**, **Verbena** and **Ember** arguing about what color to paint the new bridge for the solstice celebration. Another woman, **Flanna**, is hammering on the bridge. **Juniper**, **Verbena** and **Ember** try to convince **Miranette** that their color is the best “**Blue, Purple & Yellow**”. **Miranette** approaches **Flanna** to resolve the quarrel. Instead **Flanna**, joined by **Four Dancers**, tells them of her troubled experience with another color “**Red is a Trick**”. During **Flanna**’s tale, the image that **Miranette** has sensed for so long finally appears and she shows it to **Flanna**. The **Four Women** surround them and everyone comes to peace.

Chumpy noses at the soil and **Miranette** plants the seeds she received from her young friends. She drapes cloth of all four colors on the bridge indicating to the **Women** it can be painted in all the colors. **Flanna** notices **Miranette**’s necklace and remembers some time back it fell into the water and was rushed downstream. The **Women** let **Miranette** select whatever clothes she likes from a trunk. When she goes to change. **Paloma** arrives, relieved to find **Miranette**’s scooter. The **Women** tell **Paloma** that **Miranette** is safe.

Miranette emerges in clothes of various styles. Suddenly the light of the solstice shines on her crystal headdress creating a kaleidoscope of color. **Miranette**, **Paloma**, the **Women** and a flock of **Birds** swirl around in the wash of color.

Miranette falls into a deep sleep. In her dream, the **Plant** comes to life and the **Crowd** from Act 1 appears and dance rigidly. The **Twelve Characters** from her journey join in and the dance starts to loosen. The **Birds** lead **Anahita**, **Tāne**, **Jingle** and **Chumpy** on a floating island as parts of the **Draglion** trail behind. The **Properboro** form a flower mandala and then a strong wind, brought about by **Two Flutterbys** flapping their wings, disperses it. **Miranette** emerges center and inspires the **Youths** and **Paloma** to join her in aspiring for a better world “**Transcendence**”. **Everyone** joins in.

Miranette awakens from her dream. She is surrounded by **Paloma**, the **Women**, the **Animals**. Having been drawn to the brilliant light, the eight remaining **Characters** she met on her travels arrive. **Miranette** finds her voice and together **Everyone** feels that whenever humans, like particles, interact with one another, they can never be independent from each other. And because of that ‘quantum entanglement’, it is possible for change to be manifested “**200 Million Cells**”, the average rate per minute of cellular regeneration in each person.

Near the end of “**200 Million Cells**”, the Adult Characters freeze as time fast forwards by twenty years. **A group of Youths** come upon the bridge hoping to meet the now legendary **Miranette**. They believe they see her in the audience and run to meet her. The Adult Characters unfreeze and complete “**200 Million Cells**”,

Curtain. The End.

Future Perfect closed-caption text:
Lyrics in regular text, *spoken text in italics*

Future Perfect

Prologue: The City of Properboro in the near future

Just before the oldest member of Properboro was born, a catastrophe wreaked havoc in lands both near and far. The ferocity of this terrible event exposed the longstanding fragile systems holding communities together in these lands.

Whereas some communities advanced with an unprecedented level of cooperation, others elected to close themselves off from the rest of the outside, never again to reopen. Such was the case of Properboro, where a fence was built around the small city.

Decades later, when the catastrophe had long since passed, there were those in Properboro, who, having gained power amidst the crisis, refused to relinquish it. They achieved and maintained this by the destruction of all historical records, and by the use of fear, rumor, innuendo and scary tales.

However, as long as curiosity, intuition, and the interconnected web of life resonates in the human spirit, there will always be those who must heed their calling. And in none can this be found more clearly, than in the case of the most curious and intuitive of them all: Miranette.

Act 1: Morning in a small city named Properboro, set in the near future

Good morning!
Good day!
How are you?
Great!
Have a nice day!

I really should not complain,
we really should not complain,
but still just the same,
to protect all in society
and relieve my own anxiety,
it may be useful to explain.
A thing outside the norm took place
to disrupt my typical day.
Something decidedly was amiss.
And to dismiss
would be remiss.
And to recount this odd event,
providing you give us your consent,
is a thing we simply could not resist!
But of course, you must insist.
We do! We really do insist!
You really must insist!
We do! We really do insist!

We were walking along the way,
remaining righteously on the road,
when suddenly something fluttered by.

We were so scared we uttered a cry.

How horrible! How horrible!
Describe this monster in the sky.

It had curvy wings, and wavy lines and spots,
white spots!
With two black sticks on top of its head.
Like this!

Before we could blink it flew over the fence.
Before they could blink it flew over the fence.
We plan to report it at once.

It was nine o'clock last night—
Perhaps a bit before—
Or a tad bit after.
I was having my evening cup of tea—
Warm milk for me—
But none for me—
Heartburn!
When suddenly something stirred outside.
We were so scared we wanted to hide.

How horrible! How horrible!
Describe this noise you heard outside.

First a thump—
Then a bump—
Then a crash!
A creature—
We believe—
Knocked over the trash!
But before he got away...
I saw his head—
awful!
I saw his body—
grotesque!
I saw his tail—
ratty!
Before we knew it he scuttled away.
Before they knew it he scuttled away.
We plan to report this today.

It was a perfect summer day.
Partly sunny—
partly cloudy.
We were tending to our garden.
We were watering!
We were pruning!
When suddenly something released a scent.
We were so scared not knowing what it meant.

How horrible! How horrible!
Describe this smell of discontent.

I think on this point we can all admit.
It was spicy, fruity, nutty and tart!
No—citrusy, smoky, pungent and sharp!
It appears on this point we cannot commit!
But more importantly, is that—
But most importantly, is that—
before it could spread we captured it.
Before it could spread they captured it.
We plan to report it this minute.

It happened a short while back.
Something out there,
beyond what we know.
But I cannot say exactly what.
I cannot say exactly what.

Did you see something?
...No.
Did you hear something?
...No.
Did you smell something?
...No.
I felt a feeling,
a feeling about something.
But I cannot say exactly what. What?

Well, a feeling is not tangible, is it?
And none of you can describe it, can you?
Then it really cannot exist, can it!

It would seem that you are right.
It really cannot exist!
And furthermore,
I see no need
to report it at all!
It is good we got that settled.
Have a nice day!

Ready? March!

Scene change

Attention!
This meeting of the Cave-Club is now called to order.

Wait! Miranette's not here!

Too bad. She knows the rules.
Now, all in favor of starting, say "aye".

Aye.

First order of business: Demotion Labels Update. Check your sashes.

Have any of you received any demotions since the last meeting?

Not me!

No demotions received. Next.

Have any of you had a demotion removed for good behavior?

No. Me!

Good Ninn. The rest of you—pathetic!

It's really not that hard—all you have to do is smile all the time and never complain—except when it's to point out other peoples' bad behavior. Look! I've nearly worked off all my demotions. At this rate, I should graduate by the end of the year.

But I still don't get how you sneak out beyond the fence and never get caught.

It's because I'm careful and smart when I sneak out, that's how. Not like the rest of you!

In fact, look what I found yesterday. Show them, Ninn!

What is it?

I don't know... it's so mysterious. The best part is when you blow into it, it makes a crazy sound.

You know, it just occurs to me that those strange things the Crowd was complaining about somehow point to each one of you! So... who was responsible for the flying monster?

I guess we were... but we didn't mean to cause trouble. It began when we were on the other side of the fence and found some things crawling on a branch. They became covered in a kind of fuzzy stuff. We put some in a jar to show all of you.

Cool! Wow!

But we were in such a hurry to get back home, we dropped one of the jars. When we went back, we saw these things in the sky. One must've flown over the fence.

Careless! Well... what about the noisy creature?

He doesn't look anything like their drawings. I found him beyond the fence. He had a hurt arm so I brought him back here. Last night he got away from me by accident. But I'm keeping track of him with this bell. Hey Jingle, come out!

Awesome! Jingle's funny. He's cool.

Call to order! And that weird plant?

I found this plant that had a fantastic smell. I took some seeds so I could grow one in secret.

Weird!

Strange!

But I had a hole in my pocket and some seeds fell out.

Irresponsible!

Quiet! I hear something.

Well, it's Paloma. I thought you didn't want to be part of our cave club anymore.

Forget that! Has anyone seen Miranette?

Not me.

Nope.

I've been looking for her everywhere.

Last month Miranette decided to stop speaking! Now what's she done?

Well... she started to pull off her demotion labels again. The Crowd will banish her if we don't stop her.

See what I'm saying! Miranette will get us all into trouble.

Never mind that now, we need to find her before they do.

Shhh!

Scene change

Miranette, Miranette, Miranette!

Oh, no!

Miranette, Miranette, Miranette!

Dead set in her strange ways.

Will not follow the rules.

Will not wear the labels

assigned to children in schools.

She is not normal.

She refuses to speak.

She wanders off aimlessly

with mischief to seek.

Miranette, Miranette, Miranette!

Dead set in her strange ways.

We have given her test after test,

and tests to ensure

she succeeds like the rest.

Given the choice of "A" or "B" or "C",

she often answers with “D”.
Given “False” or “True”
she circles them both,
as if point or
counterpoint will do.

No efficiency, no proficiency,
this girl contributes nothing
to our industry.
She does not say a word
she talks only with her hands.
How are we to know
what she understands?

Miranette, Miranette, Miranette!
Dead set in her strange ways.
If she cannot fit in
she cannot be allowed to stay.

We have done all we could
to help our daughter thrive.
Our one greatest fear is that
she will not survive.

Our quest for conformity
must not fail
to prevent what happens
beyond the pale.

Remember this, remember this.
Creating this perfect future
is our best defense
to prevent what happened
beyond the fence.

*Paloma, she has a fondness for you.
Please see what you can do.*

Scene change

I don't understand you, Miranette. Don't you realize how serious this is? Do you really want to be banished?

That's not fair, Miranette—of course I miss hanging out together. I miss sneaking off beyond the fence, exploring things, collecting things. But it's just not worth it anymore. Getting banished—it's serious. You're never allowed to return, you know! And now that I've worked so hard to try to fit in, I only have one demotion left.

Well, maybe it's not important to you, but I'm tired of being the oldest person in Properboro still having to wear this stupid sash. It's humiliating and—why would you even care about how I feel? You're the one who stopped speaking to me.

You want me to read your journal?

“Everything inside me feels twisted and turned inside out. Something’s out there calling me but I can’t describe it. It’s blurry—but I know it’s real. I won’t be ridiculed for saying what I see, saying what I feel. I won’t speak anymore. Not until I’m heard —really heard. And I’ll never let them demote me again. Never.”

Being unwanted is the worst.
You try to fit in
but find you can’t.
They call me different,
they say I lie,
they think that I don’t ever try.

But they never have time
to let me show who I really am.
That somedays I’m a daydreamer,
a daughter, a discoverer,
and a keeper of journals and pets,
and all sorts of unusual things.
It seems to me that people only see
nothing but negativity.
I beg and plead, don’t label me.

What if each of you were the same?
If there were thousands of you,
how would that make you feel?
Looking in the mirror,
do you see your flaws?
Asking if you’ll ever be enough?

Maybe they do behind
their porcelain masks
afraid of what we might see
or dare to ask.

That somedays they too
are daydreamers,
daughters, discoverers,
and keepers of journals and pets,
and all sorts of unusual things.
It seems to me that people only see
nothing but negativity.
I beg and plead, don’t label me.

Don’t see me as a label,
or a package to be boxed
to fit neatly on your shelf.
Rather see me as possibility
proceeding onto life itself.

That somedays I’m a daydreamer,

a daughter, a discoverer,
and a keeper of journals and pets,
and all sorts of unusual things.
It seems to me that people only see
nothing but negativity.

I beg and plead, don't label me.
Don't Label Me!

Scene change

I guess I can understand you a little better now. You want to show me something else?

Wow! You found this...out there by the stream? It's so shiny.

No, I don't know what the medallion means.

*Stop it, Miranette! You know you can't wear that around here.
Put these back on.*

Where are you going?

Paloma, you need to go home now! Your mom's furious!

Just a minute!

She says "now" or you'll get a demotion.

OK!

You're determined to leave? With or without me?

Paloma, you're in big trouble!

I can't go with you. I can't get into trouble like I did before.

I need to go. I'm sorry.

We snuck out to see what's going on.

Are you really going to exit Properboro?

You really want to go all that way?

Aren't you afraid?

Isn't Paloma going with you?

Of course she's not! Paloma learned her lesson.

What if you wander off and meet some of the banished people?

Or meet the people who exited?

That's just a rumor! No one has ever really chosen to exit Properboro.

Did too!

Did not!

I think you're very brave.

Me too!

Take this. The things in this jar will fly one day. I even put a light inside so you can watch them. Just unscrew the lid when they're ready to come out.

Take Jingle. He'll keep you company. His arm is almost better and he needs to go back to his tree.

And here are some seeds to plant in a special place.

Here. I have no idea what it is but it makes a crazy sound. Just don't try it until you're far away from here. I don't want to risk a demotion for bringing it in.

Have you seen Miranette?

Yeah. She just left.

But she looked really sad.

We thought you wouldn't have let her go alone.

I told you! She learned her lesson!

Didn't you, Paloma?

Act 2: Beyond the fence of Properboro, a few hours later

Now today's lesson is a 'zuzazuza' important one, right, Oxóssi?

Yes, Asintmah! The "zingadogglebiggaboggle" of them all. It requires the use of our...imagination!

Look! It seems we have some visitors. Now children, don't stare. They've just never met anyone from 'downstream' before. Come join us.

Yes! Don't be shy!

In the world of imagination, there's room for everyone.

*In the world of imagination,
exists a world without limits.*

*But to travel there
we need a bit of help.*

Just a bit!

Right in front of your feet

is your imagination garb.

Put it on,
and zip it up nice and tight.
Zip! Zip!

Limitless possibilities
await each of you.
So today let's discover
just a few.

Every house would have a waterfall,
a coral reef with schools
of brightly colored iridescent fish.
With a garden full of nectar
for pollinating things,
for flying things,
for crawling things,
for even slippery slimy things.
Squish! Squish!

Limitless possibilities
await each of you.
So today let's discover
just a few.

And there'd be
fireflies and dragonflies,
dragonfish, starfish,
starfruit, dragon fruit
firelight and starlight.

You'd keep the clouds in your pockets
and anytime you want
you'd pull them out
to feel them in your hands.

You would shape them anyway you like,
release them high into the sky
for ev'ry single person to enjoy.

Hear, hear!

Can there be sharks and bats?
And spiders and vultures?

And there'd be
fireflies and dragonflies,
dragonfish, starfish,
starfruit, dragon fruit
firelight and starlight.

I'd race alongside gazelles and ostriches,

and wolves and baby kanga-kangaroos.

I'd fly with flocks of flamingos,
seagulls and starlings,
pelicans, geese and ducks.

Quack! Quack!

And there'd be
fireflies and dragonflies,
dragonfish, starfish,
starfruit, dragon fruit
firelight and starlight.

We'd travel west
with all our friends
for one whole day
on our magical floating island.
Share a never-ending sunset,
until in one quick flash,
the sun finally sets
and the sky
turns from orange
to a deep dark black.

In the world of imagination,
exists a world without limits.
But to travel there
we need a bit of help.

And there'd be
fireflies and dragonflies....

"Zingadogglebiggaboggle!"

We'll be sure to take this world of imagination with us wherever we go! But right now we're wondering where this shiny object might've come from.

Hum... not quite sure.

It's really important.

There are many artists living at the very edge of these lands who make 'zuzazuza' things.

There's someone who might know. Anahita and Tāne, take them to see Rosetta!

Yeah!

Some starfruit lollipops for your trip.

Be sure to be back before dark.

Thank you 'zuzazuza' much.

Scene change

Rosetta!

Ah... ha... just as I thought! I recognized your footsteps but then I heard two other ones and a jingling sound I'd never heard before. The mystery is solved. So... you've discovered my latest acquisition. With it you can hear sounds you've never imagined. Try it. What do you hear?

I hear... fish swimming deep in the sea.

Sorry—that was my stomach.

I hear... a snail... eating grass.

I hear...umm...I think I'll try this direction... snow falling on the mountains.

And what about you?

What is it?

Absolutely incredible!

What do you hear?

I believe our friend has discovered... the sounds of the universe!

Every star is a note,
every solar system a new scale,
a different arrangement of the patterns.
The song is sometimes harmonious,
painted in nebulas and nuclear fusion
burning a thousand different colors,
singing the song of birth of atoms,
commingling and building something new
for the first time or the seventh
or the seven millionth.
Sometimes the song is dissonant,
all sharps and flats.
Banging out off-key
as a giant collapses into a speck,
as the beautiful thousand colors
implode into a pinpoint black hole,
too dense to hold a tone,
or fragments off into a supernova.
The universe sings its song,
beautiful or not,
but who is there to listen?

Interesting... I don't have one of those. Want to trade it for this? And some instruments for you.

Do you happen to know who made the necklace Miranette's wearing? Oxóssi and Asintmah thought you might.

Do I? Artists! That's who! Nocturnal free spirits with no respect for the circadian rhythms of life. Even though they live at the very top of these lands, I can still hear their tools clank, clank, clanking, and their voices bicker-bicker-bickering at all hours of the night.

Well,... we really need to get there. Can you help us?

I cannot. But my friends Kai, Edeyrn and Iscovan most likely can. Follow me.

Scene change

Thank goodness! A lively ensemble to provide us respite from the labors of our day. We were just critiquing our latest design. What do you think?

You design clothes?

Why certainly.

So you can wear what you want? Is that even allowed?

Allowed? Whoever would stop us?

But what about your friend here? I see she is wearing a most unique necklace. Did you know in olden days, it was believed that crystals, just like yours, expressed the light of the heavens and manifested transcendence?

Wow!

Look!

Fascinating relics and artifacts, are they not? They belong to a bygone era when brave knights roamed the vast lands performing chivalrous deeds.

The knights wore impenetrable armor like this, to defend themselves from the swords and arrows of their adversaries.

Oh! That is quite dangerous!

I am a Knight—and you are the beast! I will hereby slay you in half.

No, I am a Knight—and you are the beast! I will hereby slay you in quarters.

You can't be a Knight—you're a girl!

You can't be a Knight—you're too young!

Forget that. I will slice you into little pieces and feed you to the wolves.

Not before I cut out your insides and give them to the creatures!

Oh boy!

Be careful!

They're sharp!

Don't get hurt!

Tāne!

Stop! Stop! Stop!

Kneel, if you please. For your wisdom, brave...umm...

“Miranette”

...we knight you “Miranette the Wise”.

Yes. To think we once believed we could solve things in this way.

In our younger days
we imitated the knights.
For many years
we wore their armor.

Until one day
we came to uncover
something that would
make us all the stronger.
We discovered we could show
our vulnerable side,
a side more tender.

And by showing
our full character
instead of just a part,
it would make us
all the stronger.

If you take time to know me,
you will truly know me,

If you take time to know me,
you may still not know me,

If you take time to know me,
you will never forget knowing me.

You may learn of my faults,
that I hide a lot of myself
from people,
that I am proud,
confident and strong.

If you take time to know me,
you will meet
a different individual,
a different fingerprint
in the world.
You will find hidden chapters
in the book of my life.

You will fall in love.
You will love me for me.
You will realize I love you.

If you take the time to know us
we will grow together,
and make everlasting memories.

All of this vulnerability has made me parched.

Ah, freckle-fruit. The most delicious fruit in the land. But only someone with nimble hands can get it.

I think Jingle wants to pick them for us. Is that right? Let's take off your bandage first.

I think you're right, Miranette. It does seem like Jingle wants to stay in the trees so he can be his true self too. She says you can stay.

Hooray! Freckle-fruit every day of the year! Yum!

Uh um... Good Sirs, these 'dames' are on an urgent quest of their own. You wouldn't happen to have some transportation they could use?

I believe we do have a scooter from our younger days.

Perhaps even two.

Ah... excellent!

Now, put one foot here and push with the other foot.

You're doing great. Fine job.

Keep going. Don't stop.

Follow this path very carefully. And remember... don't get separated and certainly don't get lost!

And remember...when you finally reach those artists, tell them to restrict their activities to daytime hours! My ear detects a particularly strange creature with twelve legs, no wait! Ten legs, now its two legs... lurking about. All the more reason to get these children home.

Wait, Miranette! You're going too fast!

Scene change

Oh, Baubo, Baubo, Baubo, now where'd the rest of you go? Thought it was draggin' behind you. Not funny! Oh, Baubo, seems you've lost your tail. Not funny! Oh, Baubo, can't join the 113th Annual Draglion Parade without your behind. Automatic disqualification!

Mercy!

Yikes!

Eek!

Goodness gracious me!

Ha! Ha! Ha!

What iridescent creatures!

They make me want to laugh.

Ha! Ha! Ha!
What a delectable treat!
It makes me want to laugh.

Let me tell you.
It all started
the day I realized,
I realized I had a unique purpose
for being on this earth.

A unique purpose
no one else could fulfill.
No one - only me!

I've a way to
make people laugh.
Ha! Ha! Ha!

I love to laugh!
LOL! LMBO!
I love to laugh.
And before you know,
I'm out-of-control!
It's voracious,
it's vivacious!

And before you know,
it most certainly becomes contagious!

LOL! LMBO!

Deep down in my belly
live little giggles that jiggle,
wiggle and squiggle.

They sizzle and fizzle,
start to bubble up,
then little by little
one by one
pop out.

I love to laugh!
LOL! LMBO!
I love to laugh.
And before you know,
I'm out-of-control!
It's voracious,
it's vivacious!

And before you know,
it most certainly becomes contagious!
LOL! LMBO!

Baubo, by the way. And you?

Mira...

Uh huh.

...nette...

I see.

lost...

oh goodness!

...crystals!

*Gracious me! Can't understand a thing dear but sounds rather serious. Not exactly my department!
But I do know someone intelligent, in a rather odd sort-of way, named Leggo who could possibly...*

Rrroooaaarr!

*Attention! Well, it's about time the rest of me showed up; one, two, three, four... and goodness
gracious sakes alive, where's five? Automatic disqualification!*

*I told you!
Wrong turn!*

*It's your fault!
Didn't listen!*

*Not to fear! So dear, it looks like you will have to be the rear! The 113th Annual Draglion Parade waits
for no one!*

The tail is the best part really,
it's useful for so many things.
You can brush away the flies,
grab tree branches,
balance as you fly up in the sky.

The tail is the best part really,
it's useful for so many things.
Wag it when you're happy,
hide it when you're scared,
raise it when you want to feel grand!

Some have fingernails,
some have toenails,
each of us has our scales.
And there's one thing for sure
in all fairytales:
Draglions must have their tails!

Be the tail!
Won't you be the tail?
Be the tail!

Onwaaaaard!

Roar!

Scene change

Oh Chumpy! Do I really have to dust these books again?

[Bark]

It's only been 10 years.

[Bark]

All right. But you know how much I hate having things out of sorts.

Leggoooo! Chumpyyyy!

Personified! It's Baubo. Lock the door!

A most invigorating parade!

What's this? "A Quaedam faceta draco leo" ...

Huh?

... a humorous kind of dragon-lion... Latin!

The reason for our surprise visit is...

I've read about them, of course.

... can't remember now.

However, I don't believe I have actually seen one until this very moment. Oh, better not touch those books. My books are very... Oh, better not touch those bottles. Chumpy is very meticulous about her scent concoctions!

In fact, she's quite a famous olfactologist!

Huh?

Latin!

Correct! From the word 'olfactology' the chemical study of smell. Did you know that Chumpy's nose is 100,000 times more sensitive than ours? Her specialty is finding the perfect soil for gardening. We are hoping to capitalize on her talents so she can support my passion for books. Alas, I have no new ones to read. My books, my precious books! Young lady, I told you not to touch those!

I'm sorry.

Well, well. Here I was thinking I'd read everything in my library, but it appears that I overlooked this one "Six Hundred and Twenty Three Observations from a Young Mind" and, what's this...it doesn't

appear to be a regular book at all, but a box made to look like a book; with observations written on the backs of anything and everything—even on the back of this old chart! And I have you to thank for finding it! Well, I just can't resist reading a bit.

This last one seems most intriguing! It's about a fiery angel!

A seraph came to me one night
and this she had to say.
“Child, while you slumber,
the world will seize the day.”

She told me then of prodigies,
of names lost long ago.
Their faces gone from memory,
but whose stories we should know.

As the seraph left,
my spirit rose from the abyss.
I wanted to join her
she blew a parting kiss.

Out into that night I walked
and as I saw her fly,
I knew we were immortal
and our hopes would never die.

Transcending all that came before
is where my path is bound.
Remaining awake now is my choice -
my feet on sacred ground.

Returning to my crib
no longer of an infant mind.
My soul requires
answers I must find.

*The girl seems quite taken with your story,
although we much prefer the comedic works!*

Alas, I still have a dilemma. After this, I will have no new books to read.

Here, Leggo!

“Miranette's Daydreams”.

Hum... very interesting. I don't believe I have a copy.

*Look, Leggo!
Wow!*

*Hey!
Neat!*

Look!

Remarkable! The circle on this chart seems to be a drawing of the same medallion on your necklace and... what's this? It seems to indicate that later today an extremely rare celestial phenomenon will occur...

Chumpy! Oh dear, oh dear!

She's too fast for me to chase after. Please bring her back.

Scene change

Yellow's too bright!

Purple's depressing.

But, blue matches the water.

Blue's for babies.

Yellow's boring.

Purple is so elegant.

Purple's for royalty.

Blue's too dark.

Yellow is truly radiant.

Shush! Hey you! See this new bridge? We need to paint it in time for the solstice but we can't agree on the color. So you decide!

Blue's best. Don't you agree?

Purple's best. Don't you agree?

Yellow's best. Don't you agree?

Don't you agree?

Blue is comfort,
the symbol of the water.
Blue reaches as high as the sky.
It makes you feel alive.
When you have water,
you survive.

Maybe purple is my favorite color
because it's the color
of my walls in my old house.
Even though it now surrounds
another girl who's built
a new life in there.

I used to hate the color yellow.
It was ugly
like the cracks in the streets.
It was ugly
like bruised knees on a lady
and broken teeth on a man.

Blue is also sadness I feel;
It tangles itself around my throat,
as I choke back the hardest of tears,
the hardest of feelings.

Maybe purple's my favorite color
'cause it's the color
of my first blanket
my aunt made for me.

But then I looked again,
and I found warmth
in the yellow morning
that wrapped around me
like a silk ribbon.

Maybe because purple reminds me
of plums, grapes and elderberries.

So I get up.
I walk towards the comfort of blue.
With each step
I fight to undo my blue knot of pain,
knowing if I get stuck again,
I'll eventually rise to reach blue.

Sunflowers of yellow
pushing through
the darkness of the ground.

Knowing if get stuck again....
Purple reminds me of plums...
Sunflowers of yellow...

Blue's best. Don't you agree?
Purple's best. Don't you agree?
Yellow's best. Don't you agree?
Don't you agree?

Don't bother with Flanna. She refuses to speak.

Red.

Red is a trick.
You never know if it will be good or bad.

To some—
it is the color that runs through your veins,
your heart. the color of life.
The color that flushes over your face
in the winter wind.
The color of a beautiful person's scarf
as they dance in your arms.

To others—
you're bad, unfit!
It is the color of violence, danger.
It is the color representing
all the lives that were damaged in my city
from the young to the old.
The one thing they all shared
was they bled red.

I'm afraid to walk down the streets
of my own home,
if I should call this home.
I walk towards you,
you're afraid too.
Stereotypes plunder through our minds.
And in a matter of seconds...
misunderstanding...
red lights flashing...
harmed by our neighbors,
harmed by our "saviors."

Beat! Beat! Beat!
Your heart which breaks as you fall.

Red! Red! Red!
The color of blood.
The last thing you recall.

Life.
Something that has been given—
not to be taken with a bias
that kills your dream.

How am I supposed to have faith
when all I see is pain?
People in pain we choose not to see.
Instead we say, "I'm glad that's not me."
People harming people,
yet we are ninety-nine percent the same.
Red stop sign: Stop!

Then one day a mural
appears for all to see:

"Zero harm, zero pain today in my city,"
we read, and we believe it to be true.
"Zero pain today in my neighborhood,"
"Zero pain today on my block."

We repeat it over and over and over.
Until the violence stops.

Red—
the color of determination,
of courage.

Red—
the color of love.

[Sniffing]
You must have something special in that sack.

Just these seeds.

[Barking]

I think Chumpy wants you to plant those seeds right here.

My necklace! You're the one who found my necklace! It fell into the stream and I couldn't catch up with it and now I know why. You were meant to find it—to make the long journey here and bring it back to this place! and to show me your vision.

Ah! The summer solstice is about to start.

Its light shines here only once a year.

Time to get ready.

Look, you'll find lots of cool things in that old suitcase over there.

Yeah! Put on whatever you want.

I finally found her!

Don't worry, she's safe!

She's trying on some clothes.

I think she wants to surprise us.

Scene change

Transcendence.
What we've done before
doesn't serve us anymore.

Like a tree's unwanted leaves
my tears fall down.
Like broken heart-shaped needles
my tears fall down.

Transcendence.
I pray for a better day
I may never see.
I cry myself to sleep.
I need help along my way.

Transcendence.
What we've done before
doesn't serve us anymore.

Transcendence.
What we do today
the world is yearning for.

Transcendence.

Chumpy, old girl, here you are!

Most iridescent spectacle!

A rainbow of hues!

Luminescent! Mesmerizing!

Harmonious!

Zingadogglebiggaboggle!

Miranette's finally waking up. Miranette, you've been asleep for days. Can you hear me?

Yes. But the light...

What did you say?

Yes. But the light you saw...that's just a small part of it.

I am a paradox;
I am solid yet
I am the empty space
between particles.

I am a paradox;
I am ever now,
I am never now,

I am always becoming,
I am always expanding.
I am entangled with you,
you are entangled with me.
We are entangled with everything.

Quantum entanglement: a physical phenomenon that occurs when particles are generated, or interact, or share spatial proximity such that the quantum state of each particle cannot exist independently of the state of the other particle, even when they are separated by a great distance...

Ripples in space and time
evolve into me and mine.

We're composed of billions of cells constantly dying and regenerating; Therefore the only constant is change.

But change doesn't begin with me
nor does it begin with you.

Once entangled we can never be separated.

You can shout and stamp your feet,
you can sing, write, or fight all you want;

but you'll never leave a single dent in the
ground by yourself.

I am becoming whole.

But together:
let's split the earth
in a million more ways than one.

I am changing gracefully, imperceptibly.

At a rate of 200 million cells per minute,

Reborn, rejuvenated, refreshed. An individual of my own making and choosing. Becoming my future aspirations.

Amazing, loved and powerful
is what describes these human beings.
Everything in us is beautiful.

We are brave, imaginative, curious, vulnerable, intuitive, funny, smart, and loved.

And so are each one of you!

Twenty years later – same location

Are we almost there?

Yah... we've been walking forever.

Is this the right way?

Stop complaining!

What's her name again?

Mira... Mira...

Miranette!

She's the reason the fence got taken down!

What fence?

You don't know about the fence?

We're supposed to find her when we get to the colored bridge!

I don't see any bridge.

There it is!

So, where is she?

Hey! Is that her?

That's her!

Are you sure?

It could be!

Let's go!

Race you!

Wait for me!

Returns to twenty years earlier – same location

And together, we will have
become our future perfect.
Future perfect.

[End of opera]