

INT. PHOTO STUDIO - DAY

High-energy techno music blasts. A blinding FLASH goes off repeatedly.

ANNA BARTON (5'4", a petite brown with soft fur and delicate features) strikes pose after pose against a seamless white cyclorama. She wears a flowing, high-end silk summer dress. She is the epitome of grace.

PHOTOGRAPHER (O.S.)

Beautiful, Anna! Chin up. Give me that mystery. Yes! Now, fierce!

Anna narrows her eyes, giving a sultry look. She is a professional.

Standing by the craft services table are CAITLIN FOSTER (a pink fox applying lip gloss) and SOPHIA ORTIZ (a rainbow macaw adjusting her feathers).

CAITLIN

She makes it look so easy. If I bent my back that way, I'd snap.

SOPHIA

That's why she's the face of the season, honey. Pure elegance.

The music cuts.

PHOTOGRAPHER (O.S.)

And... cut! That's lunch, everyone. Amazing work, Anna.

Anna exhales, her posture relaxing. She walks over to a prop table cluttered with vintage jewelry and scarves.

ANNA

(Smiling)

Thanks, guys. My paws are killing me in these heels.

Anna begins sifting through the props to return a necklace she was wearing. Her hand brushes against something cold.

It is a BRACELET. Heavy gold, encrusted with jade, etched with markings that look older than language. It hums with a faint, unseen energy.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I didn't see this one on the call sheet.

She picks it up. It catches the studio light, shimmering beautifully.

CAITLIN

Ooh, sparkly. Try it on. It matches your eyes.

Anna hesitates, then shrugs.

ANNA

Why not? Just for a second.

She slips the bracelet onto her right wrist.

CLICK.

It fits perfectly. Almost too perfectly. Anna frowns and tries to pull it off. It won't budge.

SOPHIA

Stuck?

ANNA

(Laughing nervously)

A little. I'll get it off at home with some soap. Come on, let's get salads.

Anna grabs her purse, hiding the bracelet under her sleeve, unaware of the faint gold light pulsing against her brown fur.

INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

The bathroom is sleek and modern. Anna stands over the sink, scrubbing her wrist with soapy water.

ANNA

Come... on...

The bracelet is immovable. It seems to have shrunk slightly to fit her wrist skin-tight.

She sighs, drying her hands. She looks at herself in the mirror. She wipes off her makeup, revealing her natural, cute face.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Well, looks like you're sleeping with me tonight.

She flicks the light switch.

INT. ANNA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Anna is in bed, asleep, the room is silent.

Suddenly, the bracelet FLARES with green light.

Anna gasps, eyes snapping open. She sits up, clutching her wrist. It burns - not with heat, but with power.

ANNA

What the--?

A sudden spasm hits her shoulder.

CRACK.

Anna cries out, grabbing her shoulder. Under her silk pajamas, her deltoid muscle visibly swells, snapping the fabric of her sleeve.

ANNA (CONT'D)

No... what's happening?!

She scrambles out of bed, stumbling. Her legs feel heavy. She looks down. Her calves are thickening, the muscle fibers dense and corded, tearing the seams of her pajama bottoms.

She stands up, but the floor seems further away. She is growing.

ANNA (CONT'D)

(Panic rising)

Stop! Please stop!

She stumbles toward the full-length mirror in the corner.

She watches in horror as her petite frame expands. Her shoulders broaden significantly. Her abs harden into a visible six-pack through her shirt, which shreds down the middle. Her arms, once slender, balloon into biceps the size of cantaloupes.

She grows taller. 5'6"... 5'9"... 6'0"...

The wood floor CREAKS under her new weight.

Finally, the transformation stops.

Anna stands panting in the dark. She is now 6'4". She is a mountain of muscle. A bodybuilder's physique on a frame that was once delicate.

She lifts a trembling hand to her face. Her fingers are thick, powerful. She looks at the mirror.

ANNA (CONT'D)
 (A whisper)
 I'm a monster.

MONTAGE - THE NEW NORMAL

Upbeat, quirky music plays.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY 1

Anna, wearing a robe that is now a tight vest, reaches for her toothbrush. She grips it. *SNAP*. She is left holding two plastic halves. She stares at them, sighs, and reaches for the toothpaste. She tries to squeeze gently. *SPLAT*. The entire tube empties onto the mirror in one go. Anna puts her head in her hands.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY 1

Anna tries to open the refrigerator. She pulls the handle. *CRUNCH*. The handle comes clean off in her hand. The door stays closed.

ANNA
 Oh, come on!

INT. BEDROOM - DAY 2

A pile of ruined clothes sits on the bed. Anna tries to pull on a blouse. It gets past her elbows before-- *RIIIIIP*. Her biceps shred the sleeves. She growls in frustration and tosses it onto the pile. She picks up a pair of jeans, looks at her massive thigh muscles, laughs sadly, and throws the jeans across the room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 3

Anna is sitting on the floor because she's afraid of the chairs. She is trying to text on her smartphone. Her thumb covers four letters at once. She tries to tap "Help." *CRACK*. Her thumb goes right through the glass screen. She freezes. She gently sets the phone down on the carpet like it's an

unexploded bomb and curls into a ball.

END MONTAGE.

INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The music fades. The room is dark, lit only by the TV. Pizza boxes are stacked on the table.

Anna sits on the reinforced sofa (she finally risked it). She is wearing a massive, baggy grey hoodie and oversized sweatpants. Even in the baggy clothes, her bulk is evident.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

Anna freezes.

CAITLIN (O.S.)

Anna! We know you're there!

SOPHIA (O.S.)

The doorman said you haven't left since Tuesday. Open up or I'm picking the lock with my beak! And you know I'll do it!

Anna panics. She looks around for a place to hide, but she's too big to hide anywhere.

ANNA

Go away! I'm... I'm sick! It's contagious!

CAITLIN (O.S.)

We don't care! We brought soup and magazines! Open up!

Suddenly, the distinctive *CLICK-CLACK* of the deadbolt turning echoes through the room.

Anna freezes.

SOPHIA (O.S.)

(Muffled)

Just kidding about the beak. You forgot I have the spare key!

The door swings open.

Anna sighs - a deep, resonant rumble from her larger chest. She keeps her back turned, hood up, hands buried deep in the

pockets of her oversized hoodie.

Caitlin and Sophia stand in the doorway, takeout bags in hand. They look at Anna's massive silhouette blocking the light. They look up. And up.

CAITLIN

Whoa. Anna?

ANNA

Don't look at me.

Caitlin and Sophia enter slowly. Sophia kicks the door shut.

SOPHIA

Anna... you're... huge.

Anna flinches. She slowly pulls down her hood. She turns.

She doesn't need to flex. Just the movement of crossing her arms causes the fabric of her hoodie to pull tight against massive, corded muscle. She looks like she could put a fist through the wall by accident.

ANNA

(Voice tight)

It's the bracelet. It won't come off.

She holds up a hand. It's shaking.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I tried to put on my face this morning. The mascara wand snapped in my fingers. The lipstick... I crushed the tube flat trying to take the cap off.

She looks at Caitlin, her eyes pleading.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I spent five years learning how to glide down a runway without making a sound. Now? I can't walk to the kitchen without shaking the floorboards.

She sinks onto the reinforced sofa. It CREAKS loudly under the sudden weight. Anna freezes, looking at the furniture like it's a bomb.

ANNA (CONT'D)
 See? I'm not a model anymore, Sophia.
 I'm a hazard.

She buries her face in her hands - her palms are now large enough to hide her entire face.

ANNA (CONT'D)
 (Muffled)
 Just go. Please. Before I break something else.

Caitlin walks over. She ignores the creaking floor. She sits right next to Anna. She places a small, manicured paw on Anna's bicep, which is now thicker than her head.

CAITLIN
 Anna, look at me.

Anna refuses.

SOPHIA
 Girl, look at her.

Anna finally meets their eyes. She expects disgust. She finds only concern.

CAITLIN
 You are not a freak. You are Anna.
 You're the girl who shared her lunch
 with me my first day on set. You're
 the girl who stayed up all night
 helping Sophia with her taxes.

SOPHIA
 Yeah. And honestly? The muscles? It's
 a look. A powerful look.

ANNA
 It's not me. I'm supposed to be soft.

SOPHIA
 Says who? The agency? Society? Honey,
 you're a goddess. You take up space
 now? Good. Maybe you were meant to
 take up space.

CAITLIN
 You have to own it, Anna. Hiding in
 the dark isn't going to shrink you
 back down. This is who you are now.
 (MORE)

CAITLIN (CONT'D)

And we love you. With or without the pythons.

Caitlin squeezes Anna's arm. Anna looks at the bracelet, still on her wrist, glowing faintly.

ANNA

You really think... I can still be beautiful? Like this?

SOPHIA

(Patting Anna's shoulder with her rainbow feathered arms)

Beauty isn't a size, Anna. It's a vibration. And right now? You're vibrating at a very high frequency. Now get up. We're going out.

ANNA

What? Now?

CAITLIN

Yes. And wear something tight. If you've got it, flaunt it.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

The sun is bright. The street is bustling with cars and pedestrians.

The door to an apartment building opens.

ANNA steps out.

She is wearing a custom-altered outfit - spandex leggings and a cropped tank top that shows off her ripped abs and broad back. She stands a full head taller than most people on the street.

People stop. They stare.

Anna shrinks in on herself slightly, hunching her massive shoulders.

ANNA

Everyone is staring.

SOPHIA

Let them stare. Give them a show.

Caitlin walks on her left, Sophia on her right. They are her entourage.

As they walk, Anna straightens her spine. She notices that the looks aren't fear - they are awe. A little girl points at her and whispers "Wow" to her mother.

Anna cracks a small smile. She takes a deep breath, her chest expanding. She feels... strong.

Suddenly-

SCREEEECH. CRUNCH.

Ahead of them, at a busy intersection, a compact car has stalled in the middle of the crosswalk. Smoke billows from the hood.

The driver, an elderly orange rabbit, is panicking. Behind him, a massive DELIVERY TRUCK is blaring its horn, trying to turn, but the stalled car is blocking the only lane. Traffic is gridlocked.

RABBIT DRIVER

(Yelling)

It won't move! The engine seized!

A crowd gathers, grumbling. "Move it!" "We're late!"

CAITLIN

Oh no, that poor man.

Anna looks at the car. Then she looks at her hands. She feels the power humming in her veins.

ANNA

Hold my purse.

Anna hands her small bag to Caitlin.

She strides into the intersection. The crowd parts for the 6'4" bear.

She approaches the rear bumper of the stalled car.

ANNA (CONT'D)

(To the Rabbit)

Put it in neutral, sir!

RABBIT DRIVER

What? Young lady, this is a ton of
(MORE)

RABBIT DRIVER (CONT'D)
steel! You can't-

ANNA
Just do it!

The Rabbit shifts the gear.

Anna squats down. Proper form. She grips the bumper. Her massive thighs tense, ripping the fabric of her leggings slightly. Her biceps bulge, veins popping against her brown fur.

She grunts.

GRRRRRAAAAH!

She doesn't just push it. She *lifts* the back tires off the ground slightly to reduce friction.

With a roar of exertion, she shoves the car. It rolls forward effortlessly, picking up speed. She pushes it clear across the intersection to the safety of the curb in under five seconds.

The intersection is clear.

Silence.

Then-

APPLAUSE.

The crowd erupts. The truck driver HONKS a rhythm of thanks. The Rabbit runs out, shaking Anna's hand vigorously.

RABBIT DRIVER
Thank you! Thank you! You're a
superhero!

Anna stands there, chest heaving, adrenaline rushing. She looks at her muscles, glistening with sweat in the sunlight. They aren't monstrous. They are useful. They are powerful.

Caitlin and Sophia run over, beaming.

SOPHIA
Did you see that?! You tossed that
sedan like it was a salad!

CAITLIN

That was incredible, Anna!

Anna looks at the crowd, then at her friends. She stands to her full 6'4" height, no longer hunching. She brushes a stray hair from her face and strikes a pose - one hand on her hip, the other flexing slightly, chin up.

It's a model pose, but reinvented. Stronger.

ANNA

(Smiling)

You know what? I think I might need a new wardrobe.

SOPHIA

Honey, we are going to the tailors right now.

CAITLIN

The world isn't ready for the new Anna Barton.

Anna laughs, a deep, joyous sound. She wraps her massive arms around both of her friends, lifting them effortlessly off the ground into a group hug.

ANNA

No. But I am.

Anna sets them down and turns to walk down the street, her head held high, the sunlight glinting off the ancient golden bracelet on her wrist.

FADE OUT.

THE END