

INT. MUNICIPAL LIBRARY - DAY

The library is quiet, dust notes dancing in the sunbeams.

KATE HENDERSON (5'2", Cyan Hedgehog) pushes a cart of books. The cart has a squeaky wheel. *Squeak. Squeak. Squeak.*

Kate looks terrible. Her cyan quills are drooping like wilted celery. She pauses, sneezes violently.

KATE
(Nasal, congested)
H-h-choo!

The force of the sneeze rattles her thick glasses. They immediately fog up. She sighs, wiping them on her oversized, pilled beige cardigan.

She turns a corner and freezes.

STEVE HAYNES (Purple Hedgehog) is standing by the philosophy section. He looks immaculate. His purple quills are gelled back perfectly. He is reading a leather-bound book.

Kate's heart audibly THUMPS in her chest. She tries to fix her posture, standing up straight, but a loose quill falls out of her head and lands on her nose.

KATE (CONT'D)
Okay, Kate. Be cool. Just... elegant.

She walks forward. She intends to glide. Instead, she trips over her own untied shoelace.

She stumbles, flailing, and crashes into a display of "New Arrivals."

CRASH!

Steve looks up, startled. He deftly pops the monocle out of his eye, pockets it, and slides on a pair of COOL, RIMLESS GLASSES.

STEVE
Oh dear. Are you alright, Miss?

Kate is buried under a pile of paperback romance novels. She pops her head out. Her glasses are crooked.

KATE
 (Mortified)
 I'm fine! Just... reorganizing!
 Gravity check! Passed!

Steve offers a hand. His hand is manicured and clean. Kate looks at her own hand - clammy, shaking. She pulls back.

KATE (CONT'D)
 I-I have a cold! Don't touch me!
 Contagion!

She scrambles up backward, slipping on the floor, and retreats behind a bookshelf.

Steve watches her go, adjusting his rimless glasses, confused but sympathetic.

STEVE
 Peculiar girl.

EXT. CITY STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

Kate sits on a park bench, miserable. She pulls a tissue out of her pocket; it's shredded. She blows her nose honkingly.

A shadow falls over her.

A scent of expensive lavender and confidence hits the air.

Kate looks up. And up. And up.

ROSE BOUDOIR (5'10", Red Dog) stands there. She is wearing a stunning white trench coat, red heels, and oversized sunglasses. Her ears are perfectly blow-dried.

ROSE
 Honey, that sneeze sounded like a
 dying tuba. You okay?

KATE
 I'm fine. Just my allergies. And my
 life.

Rose lowers her sunglasses. She scans Kate like a Terminator scanning for weaknesses.

ROSE
 Dull quills. Posture of a cooked
 shrimp. Foggy lenses hiding... hmm...
 decent bone structure? Maybe?

Rose sits next to her. The bench tilts slightly under her commanding presence.

ROSE (CONT'D)
I watched you in the library. That purple hedgehog? He's cute. You? You're a disaster. But a cute disaster. Like a pug in a blender.

KATE
Thanks? I'm Kate.

ROSE
I'm Rose. Rose Boudoir. And Kate, darling, you need an intervention. Not a doctor. An architect.

Rose pulls a sleek, golden card out of her pocket.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Meet me here. Tonight. Don't be late. And wash your face.

Rose stands up, spins, and struts away.

KATE
Wait! What is this?

ROSE
(Over her shoulder)
Destiny, darling! And bring snacks!

INT. ROSE'S PENTHOUSE/LAB - NIGHT

Kate steps out of the elevator into a massive, chic apartment. It looks half like a fashion runway, half like a high-tech laboratory.

Mannequins wear haute couture. Beakers bubble with neon liquids on a vanity table.

Rose is wearing a silk lab coat.

ROSE
You came! Excellent. Sit.

She points to a salon chair that looks like it belongs on a spaceship.

Kate sits nervously. She clutches her bag.

KATE

Is this going to hurt?

ROSE

Only your current wardrobe. Now, listen. I have developed a proprietary blend. Vitamins, minerals, collagen, essence of confidence, and a little bit of caffeine.

Rose holds up a syringe gun. It glows with a SWIRLING PINK AND GOLD liquid.

KATE

That's a very big needle.

ROSE

It's a serum, Kate. "The Boudoir Boost." It doesn't change who you are. It just... amplifies the best parts and deletes the crusty parts.

Rose grabs Kate's arm.

KATE

Wait, I'm not sure-

ZAP!

Rose injects her.

INT. ROSE'S PENTHOUSE/LAB - CONTINUOUS

Kate freezes. Her eyes go wide behind the foggy glasses.

KATE

I feel... fizzy.

ANIMATION SEQUENCE START

The transformation begins. It is comical and exaggerated.

THE QUILLS: Kate's dull, loose cyan quills suddenly shiver. With a loud *POING!*, they stiffen. They begin to grow, turning a vibrant, electric cyan. They curl at the ends perfectly, shimmering with natural gloss.

THE ACNE: We zoom in on her cheek. The stubborn acne simply dissolves like sugar in water, revealing a clean, smooth, zit-free complexion. Her skin glows with a porcelain texture.

THE GLASSES: Kate blinks. Her eyes glow slightly. The thick, foggy glasses crack down the middle and fall off her face. She blinks again, revealing stunning, large violet eyes with long lashes.

THE BODY: This is the big one. Kate grimaces as her spine creates a loud *CRACK-POP* sound. She begins to stretch. Her legs elongate. Her torso lengthens. Her waist snatches in. She shoots up from the chair.

ANIMATION SEQUENCE END

Kate stands up. She wobbles. She is now TALL.

Rose looks up at her. Rose is 5'10". Kate is now...

ROSE
5'11". Dang. I'm good.

Kate looks at her hands. They are slender, elegant, no longer clammy.

She rushes to a full-length mirror.

Kate screams. It is a scream of joy, but deep and resonant, no longer nasal.

KATE
Who is that?!

ROSE
That is Kate Henderson. Version 2.0.
The "Pro" Model.

Kate turns to the side. She does a pose. She realizes her old clothes - the sweatpants and cardigan - are now comically short. The pants are capris. The sleeves are 3/4 length. The cardigan is tight.

KATE
I can see! I can breathe! My nose
isn't stuffy!

ROSE
Of course not. Allergies are for
peasants. Now, we have a problem.

Rose gestures to Kate's outfit.

ROSE (CONT'D)
You look like a supermodel who got
(MORE)

ROSE (CONT'D)
lost in a dumpster. We are going
shopping.

INT. SHOPPING MALL - NIGHT (MONTAGE)

Upbeat pop music plays.

A) THE WALK - Rose struts down the mall corridor. Kate tries to follow. She is not used to her new height. She walks like a baby giraffe - knees knocking, flailing arms. Rose stops. She demonstrates a hip sway. Kate tries. She nearly knocks over a potted plant with her hip. Rose facepalms.

B) THE DRESSING ROOM - Rose tosses clothes over the stall door. Kate steps out wearing a neon green jumpsuit. Rose gives a thumbs down. Kate steps out wearing a gothic Lolita dress. Rose gags. Kate steps out wearing a sleek, midnight blue cocktail dress that matches her cyan quills perfectly. It hugs her new slender frame. Rose tears up. She holds up a "10" scorecard.

C) THE SHOES - Kate stares at a pair of 4-inch stilettos. She puts them on. She stands. She is now towering. She takes one step and ankles wobble dangerously. Rose hands her a slightly lower, elegant wedge. Kate walks. She pivots. She strikes a pose.

D) THE HAIR/QUILL SALON - Rose is buffing Kate's quills. They sparkle. Kate looks in the mirror and smiles. For the first time, it's a confident, charismatic smile. The dorkiness is gone from the surface, but her eyes still hold that sweet warmth.

END MONTAGE

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE - DAY

The next morning. The sun is shining.

Kate and Rose walk down the street.

Kate is wearing the midnight blue dress (modified for day wear with a chic blazer) and the wedges. She moves with a fluid, liquid grace. Her cyan quills bounce rhythmically.

Heads turn. An Anthropomorphic Orange Droopy-Eared Dog drops his ice cream. An Anthropomorphic Blue Bird with Yellow Beak rides a bicycle into a lamppost.

KATE

Rose, everyone is staring. Do I have something on my face?

ROSE

Yes. Beauty. It confuses them. Get used to it. Now, look at 12 o'clock.

Across the street, at an outdoor cafe table, sits STEVE HAYNES. He is sipping tea and reading.

Kate freezes.

KATE

I can't. I can't do it. My knees are shaking.

ROSE

Your knees are gorgeous. Go over there. Ask to share the table.

KATE

What if I sneeze? What if I say something stupid about gravity?

ROSE

(Grabbing Kate's shoulders)
Kate. Look at me. You are 5'11" goddess of cyan fury. You don't sneeze. You exhale glitter. Now GO.

Rose pushes her.

Kate stumbles slightly, catches her balance, and turns it into a runway walk.

She approaches Steve's table.

Steve is engrossed in his book.

Kate clears her throat. It is a clear, melodic sound.

KATE

Excuse me. Is this seat taken?

Steve looks up.

His cool, rimless glasses practically slides down his nose. He looks at this tall stunning creature with shimmering cyan quills.

STEVE

I... uh... I believe... no. No, it is
decidedly vacant. Please.

Kate sits. She crosses her legs elegantly.

STEVE (CONT'D)

(Flustered)

I must say, I don't usually see... I
mean, have we met? You seem familiar,
yet entirely new.

KATE

Maybe in another life. I'm Kate.

STEVE

Steve. Steve Haynes. A pleasure.

A WAITER (Anthropomorphic Male Yellow Cat) arrives instantly,
ignoring everyone else

WAITER

What can I get for the lady? On the
house? Everything on the house?

KATE

Just an iced tea, please.

She smiles at Steve. Steve is mesmerized.

STEVE

You have... remarkable quills. The
symmetry is quite mathematically
pleasing.

KATE

(Laughing)

Mathematically pleasing? That's the
most romantic thing I've heard all
day.

Steve blushes.

EXT. PARK - WALKING -LATER

They are walking together. Rose is hiding behind a bush in
the distance, giving Kate a double thumbs up.

STEVE

It's rare to meet someone who
appreciates the Dewey Decimal System.

(MORE)

STEVE (CONT'D)
Most find my fascination with
organization... tedious.

KATE
Tedious? It's the backbone of
civilization. Without order, we're
just animals wearing clothes. Well, we
are animals wearing clothes, but you
know what I mean.

Kate snorts when she laughs. A loud, unladylike *SNORT*.

She freezes. She covers her mouth. The old Kate just leaked
out.

KATE (CONT'D)
Oh my gosh. Excuse me. That was...
unrefined.

Steve stops. He looks at her. A slow smile spreads across his
face.

STEVE
You know, there was a girl in the
library yesterday. She was clumsy. But
she had that exact same laugh.

Kate stiffens.

KATE
Oh? Did she?

STEVE
Yes. I wanted to talk to her,
actually. She seemed... spirited.
Behind the allergies.

Kate looks at him, surprised.

KATE
You wanted to talk to her? Even though
she was a mess?

STEVE
(Shrugging)
Perfection is boring, Kate. Connection
is rare.

Kate softens. She relaxes her "supermodel" pose and slumps
just a tiny bit, looking more comfortable.

KATE

Well... maybe she just needed a good night's sleep. And a very aggressive personal shopper.

STEVE

(Chuckles)

Perhaps. Would you... like to have dinner? There's a lecture on quantum mechanics, followed by tapas.

KATE

Quantum mechanics and tapas? Steve, you're speaking my language.

EXT. STREET CORNER - SUNSET

Steve kisses Kate's hand.

STEVE

Until tonight, Kate.

He walks away, floating on air.

Kate watches him go. She turns around and SPRINT-RUNS (awkwardly again) toward the bush where Rose is hiding.

Rose steps out.

KATE

Did you hear that? He liked me BEFORE the serum!

ROSE

Wait, that's your takeaway? You're a statuesque glamazon and you're happy he liked the snotty version?

KATE

Yes! Because it means he likes me. But...

(She strikes a pose)

...he's definitely going to enjoy looking at this version more.

ROSE

Darn straight. You're welcome, by the way.

KATE

Rose, how can I ever repay you?

ROSE

Well. I am 5'10". You are now 5'11".
I'm going to need you to wear flats
when we go clubbing so you don't
outshine me too much.

KATE

Deal.

Kate hugs Rose. It's a genuine, warm hug.

ROSE

Careful! The coat is silk!

KATE

(Whispering)

Thank you.

ROSE

(Softly)

You always had the spark, kid. I just
gave you the batteries.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A fancy place. Kate and Steve are at a candlelit table.

Kate looks radiant. Steve looks happy.

STEVE

So, tell me, Kate. What is your
secret? How does one achieve such...
luminosity?

Kate adjusts her glasses (which she put back on, but they are
now stylish, thin frames).

KATE

Oh, you know. Good diet. Exercise. And
a best friend who happens to be a mad
scientist of fashion.

She winks at the camera.

INT. ROSE'S LAB - MOMENTS LATER

The camera cuts back to where the magic happened.

Rose is humming to herself, mixing a new serum in a beaker.
This one is neon GREEN.

A shy, awkward LAVENDER DUCK waddles in. She wears thick glasses, oversized overalls, and clunky orthopedic sandals with socks. She looks incredibly dorky.

LAVENDER DUCK

I heard you do makeovers. Can you...
make me as beautiful as a swan?

Rose stops mixing. She turns slowly, lowering her sunglasses. A mischievous grin spreads across her face.

ROSE

Sit down, darling. Let's get to work.

She snaps her rubber gloves.

FADE OUT.

THE END