

PIXIE DUST

A girl is on a hunt for the perfect outfit. After finding a magical hat, she may just gain the self-confidence to discover herself.

OVER BLACK

A school bell CHIMES.

INT. SCHOOL - HALL - DAY

A pair of light-up sneakers dash down an endless path of linoleum floors.

Distant GIGGLES draw nearer.

The sneakers pick up speed. On a mission.

SMACK.

Ceiling tiles materialize, one by one. Floating in mid-air, they drift before a group silhouette, huddled together.

More GIGGLES.

A chubby hand stretches out and pats its surroundings.

A set of matching SCHOOLGIRLS fade into focus.

BIRDIE (10), a girl with a messy braid, pushes her square-framed glasses onto her nose.

The schoolgirls stand next to an open locker. Among them is MEAN GIRL (10), with freshly-curled, red hair, and not one freckle out of place.

MEAN GIRL

Watch where you're going, Four
Eyes.

The ensemble burst into laughter. Birdie collects her belongings, strewn about the hall, a comic book, a pack of colored pencils, and a beat-up journal.

The girls step over Birdie and into the classroom, off the hall.

Birdie's eyes follow them, envious then hurt. She comes back to a piece of paper on the floor, edges frayed, matching her journal. She picks it up and slides it onto the books. Her palm smudges a shoe print stamped across the page.

Beneath the shoe print lay the sketch of a woman, tall and athletic. She, too, has a messy braid. The woman wears a zip-up jumpsuit with knee-high, lace-up boots. In pursuit, she also sports a dark green leather trench coat.

The school bell CHIMES again.

Birdie clutches her books under her arm and scrambles to the classroom.

INT. SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

At the head of the room, stands a woman wearing a kind smile, MRS. MERRYWEATHER (Early 30s).

MRS. MERRYWEATHER
Good Morning, Birdie.

Birdie acknowledges her greeting with a shy nod. Turning to find her seat, she is met with all pupils fixed on her. Mean Girl and her posse smirk. She spots an empty desk next to the window and makes a beeline for it.

VOICE (O.S.)
Good morning, Students and Staff.
Pardon the interruption.

Birdie opens her journal and begins tracing over her sketch.

VOICE (CONT'D)
We have an important announcement
to make. The annual Huntsville Best
Dressed Competition will be
returning.

Birdie stops and perks up.

VOICE (CONT'D)
Tomorrow, show up in your best
attire for the chance to win one
hundred dollars. Winners will be
announced at the end of the day.
Good luck and stay stylish.

The voice forces a jolly laugh.

The class breaks into excited chatter.

MRS. MERRYWEATHER
Alright. Class. Settle down. Take
out your books and turn to page
seventeen.

Birdie can't help but smile. She peers out the window. Falling into a daydream of the tailored possibilities. She would be on the hunt for the perfect outfit.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN SHOPPING CENTER - LATER

The light-up sneakers skip along a sidewalk.

SPLAT

A thick, creamy doe colored ball hits the pavement.

Birdie exclaims.

Lips outlined in chocolate, she grips an ice cream cone and gapes down.

Then, a store window catches her reflection.

Birdie's gape falls on a mannequin draped in a vintage trench coat. A similar color to the one she designed in her sketch.

Birdie drops her cone and rushes into-

INT. THRIFTY EXCHANGE - CONTINUOUS

DING

90s' Pop tunes fill the store. Birdie softly steps to the stuffed clothing racks. Her fingers sift through the array of patterns and material.

With stars in her eyes, she steps into the frame of a full-length mirror. The stars dwindle. Birdie's chocolate outlined lips squish to one side, tilting her head. She examines her profile, hands coming to her round belly.

EDGY GIRL (O.S.)
Can I help you find something?

The store clerk, an EDGY GIRL (20) - rocking a choker necklace, heavy eyeliner, and dark fingernail polish - comes from the other side of the aisle. 'Flora' is pasted in big block letters on her name tag.

Birdie's gaze moves to the coat on the mannequin.

FLORA (EDGY GIRL)
I saw you eyeing that.

Flora retrieves the coat off the mannequin and brings it to Birdie. She slips her arms into the sleeves.

FLORA (CONT'D)
Here. Try this.

FLORA hands Birdie a Pixie Green Berét and winks.

DING.

Another customer. Flora goes to assist them.

Birdie massages the hat between her fingers. She hesitantly positions the Berét on top of her messy braid.

Suddenly-

PIXIE VOICE
Wow! You look amazing.

Birdie searches around for the voice.

PIXIE VOICE (CONT'D)
Yoo-hoo. Up here.

Birdie moves closer to the mirror. She looks to the hat.

PIXIE
That's right. It's me.

Birdie's eyes go wide.

PIXIE (CONT'D)
And may I say, this outfit suits
you well.

Birdie points to herself, questioning.

PIXIE (CONT'D)
You are a shining star.

Birdie sighs.

PIXIE (CONT'D)
You are beautiful.

Birdie takes in the image before her.

PIXIE (CONT'D)
Well, come on. Do a spin.

Birdie slowly turns.

PIXIE (CONT'D)
There you go. Sing it with me.

Birdie continues. A smile creeps on her face.

PIXIE (CONT'D)
I am beautiful no matter what they
say-

Her twirl accelerates.

PIXIE (CONT'D)
Words can't bring me down-

Birdie giggles.

PIXIE (CONT'D)
I am beautiful in every single way-

Still spinning-

BIRDIE
I AM BEAUTIFUL.

Birdie whirls right into-

FLORA
I guess you like the coat.

Birdie's hand moves to her mouth, apologetic. She catches her balance, grins, and shakes her head in agreement.

BIRDIE
Yes. Very much.

CUT TO:

INT. THRIFTY EXCHANGE - CHECK OUT COUNTER - MOMENTS LATER

Birdie's nose reaches over the counter across from Flora.

FLORA
Alrighty. The coat is gonna be five dollars.

Birdie opens her backpack and pulls out an envelope that says "*Lunch Money*". Counting, she lays five one-dollar bills down.

She jumps. The hat is still on her head.

BIRDIE
How much is this?

FLORA
Eight dollars for that one.

Birdie forages through her envelope. Disappointed, she begins to lift the hat off her head.

FLORA (CONT'D)
For you-

She leans in and whispers-

FLORA (CONT'D)
It's a gift.

Birdie beams. She can hardly contain her excitement.

EXT. THRIFTY EXCHANGE - SUNSET

Birdie bounces out of the store with her new look.

PIXIE
Woohoo!

They pass the melted cone, unfazed.

INT. SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Chalk swiftly moves across a blackboard. Mrs. Merryweather is writing as the students chatter behind her.

Birdie, in her coat, and Pixie perched on her head, sits at her desk by the window. She is adding a Berét to her warrior woman sketch.

BIRDIE
I am beautiful no matter what they
say-

VOICE (O.S.)
Good afternoon, Students and Staff.
Pardon the interruption. The votes
are in. We would like to announce,
the winner of this year's
Huntsville Best Dressed Competition
is-

The class becomes quiet.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Birdie Bernitelli.

Birdie is still intently focused on her drawing.

MRS. MERRYWEATHER
Birdie.

The class claps. Birdie looks up, stunned.

MRS. MERRYWEATHER (CONT'D)
Birdie. You won.

BIRDIE
I did?

Mrs. Merryweather nods. Mean girl rolls her eyes. She looks to her posse but they've given in, they applaud.

MRS. MERRYWEATHER
Go on. Show off your outfit.

Birdie stands.

PIXIE (O.S.)
You see. You rocked this style.

From the back of the classroom, a BOY raises his hand wildly.

MRS. MERRYWEATHER
Yes, Lonnie. Do you have a question for Birdie?

LONNIE
What are you gonna do with the money?

Birdie pauses. She hadn't thought about the money. She just loved the way the clothes made her feel. It came to her-

BIRDIE
I'm going to donate the money to Thrifty Exchange.

Mrs. Merryweather grows a tender smile. Birdie lingers in the moment. She is proud.

MRS. MERRYWEATHER
Alright. Back to work. Shall we?

Birdie sits. A finger taps her shoulder. She looks back. It's one of the POSSE GIRLS.

POSSE GIRL
Your hat is really cute.

Birdie is unsure how to respond. This was one of the girls who had made fun of her all school year.

But then-

Birdie smiles.

BIRDIE
Thanks. I like your necklace.

Posse girl smiles back.

CUT TO:

INT. HOME - ENTRY - EVENING

Birdie kicks off her light-up sneakers. She tosses her backpack and coat by the front door as a litter of cats prance over. Birdie kneels down to give them all her undivided attention.

BIRDIE
Hi you guys. I missed you. Oh.
Hello. Hello.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Birdie? I'm in the kitchen.

She runs down the hall, passing a hanging photo of a man in uniform. The frame reads, *"Our American Hero"*.

INT. HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Stirring a pot at the stovetop is a woman with strong features and a warm aura, Birdie's MOM (Late 30s). The cats flood in and loop around her feet.

MOM
How was your day?

Birdie kisses her mom.

BIRDIE
It was great.

Mom notices Birdie's new outfit.

MOM
Honey. You look wonderful.
(beat)
Where did you get those clothes?

BIRDIE
It was a gift.

Birdie dashes out the doorway.

Yelling after her-

MOM

Birdie, dinner will be done in five minutes.

She shakes her head, light-heartedly.

INT. HOME - BEDROOM

An oxygen tank HUMS. The sunset streams through the blinds. A MAN, looking older than he is, lay neatly tucked in bed.

The door CRACKS open. Birdie pops her head in.

BIRDIE

Daddy.

She goes to the man's side. He doesn't move.

BIRDIE (CONT'D)

I brought you something.

She takes the Berét.

BIRDIE (CONT'D)

If this makes you feel as beautiful as I did, maybe you'll feel better, too.

Birdie places it on her dad's head and clutches his hand.

BIRDIE (CONT'D)

I won a contest today. I wish you could have seen it.

She gently sets his hand down and turns to leave. She catches herself in a mirror. She looks at herself, adjusts her glasses, and smiles. She exits.

FADE OUT:

THE END.