

The University of Southern Mississippi
The Aquila Digital Community

Honors Theses

Honors College

5-2020

The Pain in Beauty

Kedra C. Brown

Follow this and additional works at: https://aquila.usm.edu/honors_theses



Part of the [Film Production Commons](#)

The University of Southern Mississippi

The Pain in Beauty

by

Kedra Brown

A Thesis
Submitted to the Honors College of
The University of Southern Mississippi
in Partial Fulfillment
of Honors Requirements

May 2020

Approved by:

Vincenzo Mistretta MFA, Thesis Adviser
Professor of Film Production

John Meyer, Ph.D., Director
School of Communication

Ellen Weinauer, Ph.D., Dean
Honors College

Abstract

Conducting research in a creative field is different from that of an academic field such as a biological science or history. Instead of constructing a thesis topic and question, then conducting research to answer said question, one has to come up with a concept and then expound upon that basic idea. This is done through the use of information on the subject and the setting of the given idea. This thesis is a production book for a screenplay titled *The Pain in Beauty* (2020). A production book is a series of documents that contain all the details of the pre-production elements in the filmmaking process. *The Pain in Beauty* (2020) is a short film centered around a beauty pageant that goes wrong on individual levels for each main character. In addition to the screenplay the production book contains a treatment, synopsis, storyboard, and lookbook. There is also detailed notes on the research process used to create this thesis. Each element is formatted to match the film industry standard.

Keywords: Treatment, Screenplay, production book, synopsis, storyboard, lookbook

Dedication

Tanesia Tomlinson:

Thank you for always pushing me to do more than even I sometimes think that I can
achieve.

You are the best mother anyone could ask for.

Acknowledgements

I would like to thank my thesis advisor, Vincenzo Mistretta, for taking the time out of his busy schedule to provide me with the guidance I needed to complete an industry grade production book. Your insight has allowed me to unlock different levels of creative scholarship, each one necessary for a professional career in pre-production.

Additionally, I would like to thank the faculty of the Honors College. During my time as an Honors scholar I was always given any assistance I needed to complete my thesis. Thank you for the continued support.

Table of Contents

List of Abbreviations.....	viii
Research Process.....	1
Treatment.....	5
Screenplay.....	9
Lookbook.....	36
Synopsis.....	37
Main Characters.....	39
Framing and Shot Composition.....	43
Lighting.....	47
Color Palette.....	56
Locations.....	63
Storyboard.....	75

List of Abbreviations

CU	Close Up
CS	Close Shot
ECU	Extreme Close Up
ELS	Extremem Long Shot
EMS	Extreme Medium Shot
FS	Full Shot
LS	Long Shot
MCS	Medium Close Shot
MCU	Medium Close Up
MLS	Medium Long Shot
MS	Medium Shot

The Pain in Beauty

Production Book

Kedra Brown, 2020

Research Process

In film, one has to conduct research with the intent of presenting the correct depiction of any given setting. The story of *The Pain in Beauty* takes place in the world of pageantry. I had little knowledge of the workings of the pageant world so I sought to learn as much as I could. I watched hours of YouTube videos in the form of documentaries, vlogs, and competitions. I used these videos to form a deeper understanding of the inner workings of the pageant world. Two documentaries, *Pre-Teen Beauty Queen*¹ and *Bitches and Beauty Queens*,² stood out to me because both documentaries followed the subjects outside of the respective pageants. This created a deeper understanding of the girl's personalities.

Pre-Teen Beauty Queen is based on a young British girl's dream to break out on the pageant scene. The audience follows Sasha Benington, the 11-year-old subject, on her quest to compete in an American pageant. This documentary stood out to me because it opened my eyes to how important pageantry is to those participants. I also witnessed how far they were willing to go for a shot at the title. Jayne, Sasha's mother, was willing to do anything, including spending more money than the family could afford, to ensure her daughter had a chance at winning the competition. Her drive is what influenced the corruption that was unearthed at the end of my screenplay.

¹

Davis, Alan. (2018, January 5). *Pre-Teen Beauty Queen (Full Documentary)* [Video]. Retrieved from <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4xwM9KxHZ3c>

² Real Stories (2018, February 2). *Bitches and Beauty Queens* [Video]. Retrieved from <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Yyeouz4L5NQ>

Bitches and Beauty Queens documented the contestants quest for the coveted title of Miss India. The documentary followed the women's journey through the competition's training camp to the pageant stage. Throughout the entire documentary, it displayed the relationship between the contestants. As the title suggests, there were those who were willing to do anything to take out their competition and those who competed because pageantry was their passion. I noted this and it later became the inspiration for the relationship between Aamirah and Sasha.

While *The Pain in Beauty* is set in present time, both documentaries were released in the early 2000's. This meant that despite human interactions remaining the same, the subjects of the documentaries lacked common mannerisms that would be associated with women of this era. To garner the information I needed to effectively portray modern characters, I combed through the social media pages of current models and beauty queens such as model Jasmine Tookes. From her video posts, I was able to ascertain a general concept of her demeanor. I used my impression of her to form the basis of my main character, Aamirah Jones. I also observed individuals I came across in my daily life to help create character mock-ups. With these notes, I began the next step of formulating a screenplay.

A treatment is the first draft of a screenplay. It is a detailed outline of the story and the directionality of the film. It is written in the form of a short story that presents the film in its entirety without the inclusion of dialogue. When writing this thesis, the aim was to create a concise story centered around the main character, Aamirah. I wrote the base concept – base because the story itself changed after I gained further knowledge of story writing – of *The Pain in Beauty* and with my thesis advisor's approval, I moved on to writing the script.

A script, also known as a screenplay, is the written portrayal of a film. Words are used to create atmosphere, denote actions, feelings, expressions, movement, and dialogue. I expanded

the treatment into a 24-page draft for *The Pain in Beauty* over a period of weeks with the use of CELTX; a free screenwriting software. After submitting it to my thesis advisor he provided me with valuable feedback in the form of notes throughout the script, highlighting areas that needed work. Overall, he said my story was too linear. He provided me with a stack of books focused on each aspect of the pre-production process. This is where I discovered the concept of a ‘window character.’ A window character is a channel through which the audience understands the main characters thought process. This is a person that the main character confides in about the conflict they are facing. This, in turn, adds to the conflict throughout the story which heightens the drama. I took what I learned and created the final version of the screenplay. In the final version, the character Tina was introduced into the story. With Tina’s addition to the script, the story took on a different ending – from what was written in the treatment – to accommodate her introduction to the plot. I then moved on to creating a lookbook.

A lookbook is a selection of compiled photographs to be used as visual references. This is done to express the director’s vision for the film. The aim is to make others understand the look and feel I intend to achieve. I used Pinterest and Instagram to find images that would depict each element of the film. These elements were the main characters, framing, shot composition, lighting, color palettes, and locations. I then organized them into a document, adding the reference for each image as they are not my own, and words to further explain my vision. After completion, I moved on to creating storyboards.

A storyboard is a graphic representation of how each shot will be played out. Each drawing is done in a square that encapsulates a character’s actions and the shot-scale of the scene. I storyboarded the first four scenes of the script. After drawing each image, I wrote a brief

description to explain what was happening and each shot-scale. After the completion of each individual aspect, I compiled them into one document.

Treatment

The Pain in Beauty

10/09/19

Kedendra Brown

Logline

A competition about congeniality turns unpleasant.

Characters

Aamirah Jones- A young woman who enters the 'miss congeniality' pageant but is tormented because of her mother's former reign.

Brianne Jones- Aamirah's mother who was a former pageant queen that got pregnant and lost her crown as Miss America.

Sasha Duncan- A competitor in the 'Miss Congeniality' pageant that is Aamirah's main tormenter.

Act One

The opening shot is of a visibly distressed Aamirah. She stares at her reflection with tears of sorrow on the verge of being shed. In a sudden move she rips the sash from her chest and throws it to the floor. The story goes back in time to a made-up Aamirah on stage with other beautiful women. All stand perfectly straight with their blank sashes smiling like their life depended on it. This was the preliminary round for the biggest pageant in the state of California "Miss Congeniality." Anyone who won this competition was almost guaranteed a shot at the Miss America crown.

Aamirah looked out at the crowd of people who came to watch the changing of the sash ceremony. Her eyes made contact with the dazzling hazel of her mother's eyes, which stared back blankly. she felt judged but that was nothing new as her mother always corrected her behavior. Looking away, she realized that five girls had already received their sashes. A sash was always seen as a sign of prideful identity. To leave with a blank sash would feel almost shameful. She looked at her mother again before turning away. Out of the 120 girls standing on the stage only 40 would make it to the next phases of the competition.

Aamirah hid her slight nervousness behind her smile. They were up to number 37 and her name still was not called. 38, 39,

40...Aamirah Jones! She smiled widely making her way to the center of the stage as her age, occupation, and her interests

were called out over the microphone. Smiling broadly at the judges she bowed her head as the host put her new sash over her head and straightened it across her right shoulder. After another walk across the stage she followed the other women off stage and into the room full of mostly crying women. One woman shouted at her telling her that a slut's daughter did not deserve to be sashed. Aamirah saw her mother standing in the door, cold as ice. To anyone but Aamirah she looked unaffected, but she could see the slightest twitch in her mother's left eye. Head high, her mother stepped into the now deathly quiet room and gave Aamirah a hug, offering her congratulations.

Act Two

Sitting in her hotel room Aamirah listened as her mother told her all the mistakes she made, and how disappointed she was that she barely made it through. She studied her mother's face. This always happened during competitions. They had never been close as a mother and daughter should but when Aamirah at the age of 12 expressed her interest in pageants an ocean grew between them. Her mother supported her, but she had grown into the ice lady, coaching her into the 'perfect woman' as her mother liked to say. "Don't slouch your shoulders, don't eat that burger, don't get on that bike you might fall and mar your skin." She had heard her mom say "don't do that" more than she had heard her say I love you. After her mom went back to her own room, Aamirah put on some tights and a big black hoodie. Pulling the hood up over her head she made her way to the bar. If she was seen she would be in a world of trouble, but she needed a drink.

Sitting in the corner, a lady and guy who she recognized as 2 of the 5 judges from earlier sat at the table in front of her. She was the topic of their conversation. The guy spoke about how cold and distant she seemed from the competition which was why she scored the lowest on the interview section. He could not connect with her. The lady expressed how she shouldn't be there she was just like her mother. Aamirah never understood how big of a deal her mother's pregnancy was in the pageant world. It is a rule that the reigning Miss America must be unmarried with no prior divorces or children. Her mother had met those requirements but when serving as Miss America, her mom had met her dad and she got pregnant. Aamirah thought cynically Of course her mom found out too late or she would have gotten rid of her.

After a weekend of recuperating, Aamirah made her way inside the room the girls used to get ready. Laying out her makeup Aamirah was in the middle of applying her makeup when she not just heard but felt a snip. Gasping she looked behind her at the locks of black hair on the floor. She stared in disbelief at the hair coating the floor. She heard Anuka, a runner up from last year and this year's top contender, tells her to go home calling her number 40. Turning back to the mirror she looked at the tear she hadn't realized she'd shed as it rolled down her face. She looked up at the others laughing at her in the mirror. Dabbing away the tear she finished applying the rest of her make-up. Searching for a hair tie she smoothed her now shoulder-length hair into a sleek low ponytail.

For the next couple of days, the girls went through rigorous training. They had to learn the opening and closing numbers. Each day grew more and more torturous for Aamirah. After the hair incident she was called fat repeatedly, left out of group trips, and one by one her stuff went missing. Today was their final national interview. At the call of her name, she was making her way from behind the curtain when she was shoved, sending her flying across the stage. She heard the thunderous roar of the audience's laughter. She laid there in utter disbelief. Finally getting back to her feet she straightened her dress and looked out at the sea of faces. She could see her mother's shocked face in the crowd. Holding her head high she turned and made her way backstage, passed her laughing competitors, and into her dressing room.

Act Three

The opening scene plays again as Aamirah stares at her reflection with tears of sorrow on the verge of being spilled. Staring at her pale face she rips the sash off her chest and throws it to the floor. She starts sobbing uncontrollably. The door behind her opens and her mom walks in. She stares at Aamirah for a second before tentatively making her way to her. Slowly, her mom wraps her in a hug. She said she was sorry repeatedly until Aamirah finally stopped crying. Wiping away her tears Aamirah stared at her mother. She finally understood why her mom pushed her so hard. Why she wanted her to be the perfect woman. She thought she was protecting her, if she appeared perfect then her competitors could say nothing about her.

She gave her mother one final look before declaring that she would win this competition. Her mother gave her the most genuine smile she had seen on her face. Touching up her ruined makeup they made their way out of the room. On the way out Aamirah saw Sasha snickering with some of the other girls in the corner, as a clip

of Aamirah's tumble played on a television screen above them. Walking over, she confronted Sasha for shoving her. She told her how horrible of a person she was before turning to the rest of the girls and calling them sheep. Expressing how nasty it was of them to disrespect her just because her mother got pregnant. As women she thought they should understand that those things happened, no matter the amount of birth control it was never 100% accurate.

The final competition was only 4 days away. In that time, she embraced her unplanned haircut. She got it styled into a blunt bob, she practiced her routine until she could do it with her eyes closed. She walked in her heels practicing the song for her talent portion. During this time, she bonded with her mother, becoming closer than they had ever been. On the day of the competition she enters the dressing room ignoring the neutral expressions of the girls inside. During the competition Aamirah excels. She performs the opening number as if it came naturally to her. Her joy is clearly written across her face. Her vocals during the talent section were flawless, receiving a standing ovation. She walked with her head held high during the swimsuit portion. Making it to the top 10 Aamirah waited calmly. She sought her mother's eyes in the crowd, she saw how proud her mother was of her she was smiling proudly. The final two came down to her and Sasha. Stepping forward they stood centerstage. Holding hands as was tradition they stood in suspense. Aamirah Jones!! Her name was called loudly by the host. She had won.

Screenplay

The Pain in Beauty

Kedendra Brown

Logline

A competition about congeniality turns unpleasant.

1 INT. DRESSING-ROOM- MORNING

FLASH-FORWARD

From above we see the interior of a dimly lit room, the only source of light the plethora of tiny bulbs attached to mirrors lining the wall.

Miscellaneous make-up products lay in various states of desertion atop the surface of the long white marbled counter mounted to the wall.

The top of a woman's black hair comes into view, the brown of her skin illuminated by the bulbs golden glow, as we make a slow descent.

She sits on one of the many seats that run parallel to the mirrors.

The sound of her muffled SOBS fill the empty room.

Her haggard face comes into focus.

Unshed tears on the verge of being spilled rest in AAMIRAH'S golden eyes. With a look of visible distress, she sits staring unblinkingly at her reflection. She observes the downcast look of her almond eyes, the unsmiling fullness of her lips, and the sharpness of her cheekbones against the oval shape of her face.

With a sudden jerk her slim arms reach for the sash around her shoulders. Grabbing it she RIPS it over her head. A violent motion that musses her hair and smudges her perfectly done make-up in the process.

With the remaining tendrils of her anger she throws the sash reading MISS FLORENTINE to the floor.

PRESENT

2 INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

A kind of restless energy fills the interior of the gigantic ballroom hosting the preliminary round of the Miss Congeniality pageant.

In a sweeping glance we see the wide expanse of the glamorous room.

The ceiling looks as though millions of tiny stars were brought to Earth to provide the lighting for the night's proceedings.

Each seat, filled to capacity with audience members, is of a deep-red shade of velvet.

The audience, dressed in formal wear, has their eyes on the stage as they await the results to be produced by the pageants selected committee of judges.

The five judges sit on a raised platform, lit from underneath by a bright white light. They have their heads bent together in a heated discussion.

3 INT. BALLROOM- STAGE- NIGHT

Adorned with sashes over bewitching gowns, smiling as if their life depended on it, an army of perfectly poised beauty queens stand atop the stage as if presiding over their kingdom. The crowd below their subjects.

Each stare straight ahead, like the audience, awaiting their fate.

Aamirah, dressed in a sparkling silver gown that reflects the changing colors of the flickering lights, stands center-stage in the sea of beautiful women.

Her stare is focused on the blinking lights of the MISS CONGENIALITY sign hanging at the back of the room directly across from her.

Eyes shifting to the crowd below she takes in their hopeful yet nervous faces.

Continuing her gaze across the throng of faces she meets the forceful hazel of her mother's.

Everyone else fades away leaving them in a world of their own.

BRIANNE JONES, a well-put-together freshly middle-aged woman dressed in an emerald-green one-shoulder gown, sits staring guardedly at Aamirah.

Aamirah feels the ice of her mother's judgment filled eyes, goosebumps cover her arms.

Reflexively she stands taller, pushes her shoulders back, and tilts her head up.

The spell is broken by the THUNDEROUS applause of the audience.

Barely suppressing a shiver Aamirah looks away as the rest of the room comes back into focus.

A fifth woman has learned that she has made it to the next round of the pageant.

PAGEANT HOST
SASHA DUNCAN!

A willowy blonde dressed in a glimmering aquamarine gown steps out of line and makes her way across the stage.

Several names are called in an almost distant echo as we focus abstractly on each of their reactions. Each expressing various degrees of excitement.

We see Aamirah's face as her radiant smile slowly dims at the call of each name. Her gaze darts to her mother's then quickly away.

The HOST, a small white-haired male, with a charming personality and warm smile, turns to look at the remaining contestants.

PAGEANT HOST
We're up to 35, only 5 spots left. Remember if you don't make it this time don't be discouraged.

He looks directly at Aamirah

PAGEANT HOST

Take this journey though short as the lesson it is and try again next year.

Turning back to the audience he continues.

4, 3, 2, each name is called in a distant mumble to Aamirah as she stands dejectedly among the 61 remaining contestants. Each of their faces a picture of settling disappointment.

PAGEANT HOST
Aamirah Jones!

MRS. JONES STIFF SHOULDERS RELAX SLIGHTLY.

Barely stopping herself from throwing her hands in the air Aamirah's bright smile returns. Hesitating a moment, she collects herself and walks to the center of the stage.

Her NAME, AGE, and HOBBIES are broadcasted through the loudspeakers mounted high on the ballroom's walls.

Taking the bouquet from the reigning Miss Congeniality she mutters a thank you and turns to the host.

Like she had learned in practice she bends her head. He shifts her sash to the opposite position, right shoulder to left hip.

Aamirah straightens and joins the queue of women now standing to the left of the stage. We see the hostile looks they throw her as she approaches.

The group take their final walk across the stage executing the routine they had practiced for weeks in hopeful preparation for this moment.

They wave and smile at the judges and audience as they exit the stage behind the big red curtain.

4 INT. BACKSTAGE, WAITING ROOM- MINUTES LATER

The excited sounds of loved ones congratulating and comforting contestants fill the medium-sized backroom.

Aamirah stands in a dimly lit corner by herself.

Vanessa, a woman whose attitude makes her appear almost twice her age whispers in disgust to the older woman hugging her.

VANESSA

I can't believe they picked that reject over me.

They both turn to stare daggers at Aamirah before facing each other again.

VANESSA

Her mom must have paid one of the judges.

Aamirah blinks slowly and BREATHEs through her nose as she squeezes her fists.

TINA

Ignore them.

Aamirah jumps, startled by the unexpected voice. Opening her eyes, she meets the hazel gaze of the slender caramel toned brown-haired beauty in front of her.

Aamirah stares at her in silence for longer than necessary.

TINA

Earth to Aamirah.

AAMIRAH

(she blinks coming out of her daze)

Sorry.

(then confused)

who are you?

Tina's response is cut off by a LOUD voice.

PAGEANT ORGANIZER

Ladies and gentlemen if you could please clear the area.

Tina gives Aamirah a little smile and waves as she blends into the shuffling crowd.

5 INT. LODGE HOTEL ROOM- LATER THAT NIGHT.

Aamirah is seated at the edge of the bed in her hotel room, her home for the duration of the competition. She stares at her mother pacing back and forth in front of her.

MRS. JONES

You took too long with your question. You know that comes across as you manufacturing an answer instead of you just giving a genuine response.

(then)

We've practiced this a million times Aamirah.

Her mother's sharp eyes turn to her. Nodding Aamirah drops her head in mock disappointment in an attempt to hurry her mother's lecture along.

Mrs. Jones starts pacing again.

MRS. JONES

(she acts out each action then waves her hands in the air to emphasize her point)

You smile nervously, show the judges you're not made of ice.

MRS. JONES

Human you know, relatable. Then you repeat the question, buy yourself time to think. Then you answer.

AAMIRAH

Yes, mom.

Her mother stops pacing and turns to look at her.

MRS. JONES

You have so much potential.

(then)

You just need more practice. Get some sleep. We'll start first thing in the morning.

Grabbing her purse from its place on the chair by the door she leaves the room without another word.

Aamirah SIGHS as she stares at the closed door.

AAMIRAH

Goodnight to you too, mother.

6 INT. LODGE HOTEL- BATHROOM- NIGHT

Aamirah turns off the tap and studies her make-up free face in the mirror. She notes the limp state of her black hair, the small red spot forming on her right cheek, and the smooth deep chocolate of her skin.

Water droplets run down her face.

Reaching for the folded towel on the counter she slowly dries her face. Dropping the towel, she braces her arms against the counter and leans in for a closer look.

AAMIRAH

You can do this.

Nodding in affirmation to her own words, she makes her way across the expansive bathroom and turns the lights off.

7 INT. LODGE HOTEL- BEDROOM- MOMENTS LATER

Aamirah lays in bed TWISTING and TURNING in an effort to get comfortable. Her efforts are futile. Her mother's words fill her head.

Memories of the day she told her mother she wanted to be a beauty queen haunts her.

INSERT: Her mother's still yet shocked expression.

With a FRUSTRATED GROAN Aamirah KICKS off the sheets and gets out of bed.

Grabbing a pair of leggings and a big black hoodie she puts them on with her favorite pair of pink tennis shoes.

Pulling the hood over her head and partly down over her face she leaves the room.

8 INT. LODGE HOTEL- LOBBY- NIGHT

As she makes her way through the lobby, she sees Tina disappearing around the corner with a tall, dark-haired white male dressed in a sharp black suit, vaguely familiar to Aamirah.

AAMIRAH

(whispered to herself)

At-least one of us is having fun.

Shaking her head and smiling to herself Aamirah enters the bar.

9 INT. LODGE HOTEL- BAR- NIGHT.

The atmosphere in the Lodge Bar is one of calm companionship.

Low UNINTELLIGENT CHATTER with the occasional CLINK of glasses fills the open space of the bar.

Aamirah, with her hood off, sits with her head down at the back of the bar. She runs the polish covered fingers of her left hand over the surface of the table, while her right-hand circles her glass of wine.

She takes a guilty sip.

Startled by the sound of her name she looks up as if she had been caught.

At the sight of 2 of the 5 judges from the Miss Congeniality pageant seated at the table in front of her she discreetly scoots closer to the far side of the booth. She lines her face with the vase of flowers atop the table.

Their conversation filters through.

FEMALE JUDGE

She's just so closed off I could hardly get a read on her.

The male judge nods slowly.

MALE JUDGE

yeah but there's still so much untapped potential there, she just needs to open up and let go a little.

The female judge rolls her eyes as she sips her champagne.

FEMALE JUDGE

I hear that's how her mom used to be in the beginning so maybe it's a family trait... it doesn't matter it's not really much of a competition anyway.

They both laugh.

Aamirah puts her hand over her mouth to stop the harsh words trying to rip their way out of her mouth.

10 INT. LODGE HOTEL- BEDROOM- LATER THAT NIGHT.

Aamirah enters the air-conditioned room and kicks off her sneakers.

Worn out from the day's activities she walks over to the beanbag in the corner of the room and takes a seat. Lifting her left leg, she starts massaging her heel. DROPPING her head on the bag she lets out a huge BREATH.

The judges' words keep running through her mind.

Removing her phone from her pocket she pulls up an old news article about her mother and CLICKS the link to the attached video.

MALE REPORTER

That's right folks, Miss. 'Ice Queen' America is pregnant.

Aamirah's eyes study the collage of photos and videos as they flit across the screen. One video plays in its entirety. Her mother, regal as ever, is dressed in a pink Chanel suit as she addresses a room full of reporters.

REPORTER

Will you keep it?

MRS. JONES

(smiling)

Yes, I will be keeping her.

The video cuts back to the newsroom.

FEMALE REPORTER

Will they let her keep the title?

MALE REPORTER

That's unlikely, if they won't let you be married then they definitely won't let you be unmarried and pregnant.

They both LAUGH at his dumb joke.

FADE TO BLACK:

11 INT. DRESSING ROOM- MORNING

Aamirah sits at her designated table in the dressing room applying make-up. Pink eye-shadow brush in hand she dips it in the pan of brown eyeshadow.

She not just hears but feels a SNIP.

GASPING she turns around and sees locks of black hair on the floor.

Reaching behind her she grabs for where her hair used to be. Sliding her hand up dread hits her as she realizes how much hair was just cut from her head.

Her once butt length hair is now up to her shoulders.

Staring at her hair covering the floor she slowly looks up at the perpetrator.

Sasha, her blonde hair pulled into a high ponytail, with blood-red lips stands smirking down at Aamirah.

SASHA

You should go home 40, you don't belong here.

The SNICKERS of the other contestants fill the room.

We hear her mother's words as Aamirah hovers half out of her chair, ready to pounce on Sasha.

MRS.JONES

You know they'll have nasty things to say about me, about you. They'll do nasty things, things you'll want to beat the crap out of them for, but you have to always remember that if you retaliate, they will make it your fault somehow. Don't stoop to their level.

Swallowing her response Aamirah sits and turns back to the mirror. Studying her unprompted makeover Aamirah wipes the lone tear that escaped during the ordeal.

At Sasha's GASP and Tina's fake APOLOGY Aamirah looks up at their reflection in the mirror. She sees Tina holding a now empty container of setting powder its contents covering Sasha's obviously expensive dress.

SASHA

(she shrieks)

You bitch!!

A LOUD VOICE booms through the closed door.

PAGEANT WORKER

Five minutes before the first round of interviews begin.

The other ladies rush to leave the room while Sasha stomps to the corner to quickly dust herself off and put on a new dress.

Searching her bag Aamirah finds a comb and brush. Searching all around she looks for a hair tie.

Hearing footsteps she looks up at Tina as she approaches.

TINA

Here you can have one of mine.

She accepts it hesitantly then Parts her hair down the center working her hair into a sleek low bun.

Grabbing her abandoned make-up brush she quickly blends her eyeshadow and nods in satisfaction at her reflection.

12 INT. BACKSTAGE - MORNING

NATIONAL INTERVIEW

Aamirah stands nervously behind the curtain waiting for her turn to take the stage. She is one girl away from hitting the stage.

SASHA

Nice bun.

Ignoring her Aamirah remains facing forward.

We hear INDISTINGUISHABLE WHISPERS then LAUGHTER coming from behind her.

Aamirah steps directly behind the curtain as the girl in front of her walks out and into beams of light.

Her NAME is called by the interviewer.

Taking a deep breath, she pastes her smile to her face and moves to step onto the stage.

Two hands touch her back.

Not reacting quick enough, she is shoved from behind the curtain. In slow-motion she makes an ungraceful fall through the black curtains. She hits the Stage's floor with a loud SMACK.

The audience GASPS in unison.

Disbelieving and humiliated Aamirah lays on the floor not moving a muscle. Stopping the rush of tears that spring to her eyes, she braces her hands on the ground and lifts herself off the floor.

Shock gives way to humor as the audience bursts into THUNDEROUS laughter. The sound fills the interior of the room drowning Aamirah in its mockery.

Not meeting the eyes of a single person, she gives herself a moment to collect herself. She brushes away an imaginary piece of lint and runs her hands down her suit pants and the sides of her hair to smooth it.

Head held high she meets the gaze of the interviewer who stands frozen behind his desk. Giving him a smile that doesn't meet her eyes, she nods her head and turns to scan the audience.

Her gaze takes in the shocked face of her mother, they share a brief look.

She makes her way off the stage.

Past her laughing competitors.

Through several dimly lit hallways.

13 INT. DRESSING-ROOM- MORNING

The door SLAMS open as Aamirah rushes into the room.

Shutting the door, she braces her back against it for a moment. She takes deep breaths in an effort to calm herself.

Blinded by tears she makes her way to her assigned station in-front of the mirrored wall.

Aamirah studies her reflection in the mirror. Uncontrollable SOBS escape her throat.

The opening scene repeats.

Aamirah rips her sash from across her shoulders and throws it to the ground.

We see the pearly silk of her sash as it slowly billows through the air. In a noiseless thud it hits the floor. Her title MISS FLORENTINE glares back at us.

The door OPENS in a distant whoosh.

Heeled feet appear in the doorway, opposite the sash.

Aamirah looks up at her mother's hesitant expression through her reflection in the mirror.

Entering the room her mother turns her back to Aamirah.

The CLICK of the lock reverberates through the room.

Slowly Mrs. Jones turns to face Aamirah.

Trying to collect herself, Aamirah brushes her hands across her cheeks in a futile effort as the tears keep flowing freely from her eyes.

AAMIRAH
(said in a harsh tone)
What do you want?

Mrs. Jones does not answer her. Walking further into the room she bends to pick up Aamirah's discarded sash. Turning she grabs the chair to the left of Aamirah and pulls it closer to her. Sitting down she takes in Aamirah's haggard form.

She gives Aamirah a sad smile.

Aamirah studies her mother.

Reaching forward Mrs. Jones holds Aamirah's hands in her own.

MRS. JONES
I'm sorry.

Tears come to her eyes.

Shock covers Aamirah's face.

MRS. JONES

I know that was because of me.

Aamirah looks at her mother in silent disbelief

AAMIRAH

What are you talking about?

MRS. JONES

Just now, on stage.

(then)

I know you didn't trip.

She gives Aamirah a rueful wet smile.

MRS. JONES

You did ballet, you have astronomical balance. It couldn't be the heels you've been in them for half your life.

Short startled LAUGHTER comes from Aamirah.

AAMIRAH

(feeble)

yeah...

Her mother smiles back at her

Aamirah's face takes on a far-away expression as memories flood her mind in a flash of vivid pictures.

FEMALE VOICE 1 V.O.

If it isn't the whore's daughter.

FEMALE VOICE 2 V.O.

Look what the cat dragged in.

SASHA V.O.

You don't belong here, reject.

Coming back to the present Aamirah meets her mother's gaze, her expression shuttering. She pulls her hands from her mothers.

AAMIRAH
Why are you here?

MRS. JONES
(her voice gradually becomes more hysterical)
Because I want to apologize. I know I haven't been the most open person and that I've been too hard on you. I just thought you needed to be prepared for the inevitable.

AAMIRAH
Inevitable?

MRS. JONES
(she gestures around the room)
Yes, this, for everything that's happening now. I knew this would happen and I tried to stop it but of course I couldn't

She grabs Aamirah's hands again.

MRS. JONES
I know when you set your mind to something, nothing, not even mighty old me, can stop you.

She cradles Aamirah's face.

MRS. JONES
When you said you wanted to be a Beauty Queen it was the happiest and most terrifying moment of my life.

MRS. JONES
Happy because pageantry was my first love and I would get to share that with you. But the fear of coming back to a world I left behind took over and when I couldn't change your mind to protect you from the nasty things, I knew were coming I decided to prepare you for it.

AAMIRAH
Well you did a great job, mom.

MRS. JONES
I know I caused irreparable damage to our relationship, but I'll never feel bad for it because I did what I thought was best for you. I never wanted

you to go through what I did. You deserved better than the pain and betrayal I felt from women that should have been my sisters.

A far-away look enters Mrs. Jone's eyes.

MRS.JONES

With the results of one test I lost everything I worked so hard for.

AAMIRAH

(her head tilted to the side)

Did you ever think about not having me?

Mrs. Jones squeezes her shoulders and stares sternly into her hair.

MRS.JONES

Not for one second. I knew I wanted to be your mother the moment I saw those two lines. Your dad and I both.

A fresh set of tears enters Aamirah's eyes.

MRS.JONES

And I'm still just as proud, even more proud now.

Aamirah lets out a watery laugh.

Mrs. Jones pulls her into a tight hug.

A moment of silent companionship fills the room.

Mrs. Jones holds Aamirah at arms-length.

MRS.JONES

If you want to drop out now, I am behind you a 100 percent.

Aamirah smiles at her mother's words.

Shaking her head, she looks her mother in the eyes with a look of determination.

AAMIRAH

No, I have a competition to win.

A slow smile crosses her mother's face.

MRS.JONES

Okay, I know a thing or two about winning competitions.
After all I am the most googled Miss America.

Aamirah laughs and rolls her eyes at her mother's joke.

AAMIRAH

That you are.

14 INT. HAIR SALON- NEXT MORNING

Aamirah looks at her reflection in the salon's mirror.

HAIR STYLIST

(holding the ends of Aamirah's butchered hair)
What did you cut this with?
(then)
a knife.

Aamirah laughs.

AAMIRAH

Something like that.

The tall woman shakes her head, her curls bouncing across her face as she does so.

She turns Aamirah's chair from the mirror and goes to work on fixing her hair.

MONTAGE

Aamirah's head is bent backward over a sink as the stylist rinses conditioner from her hair.

Foils wrap the circumference of Aamirah's head. The stylist stands beside her adding a final layer of bleach to a strand of hair.

Aamirah sits under a hairdryer.

Aamirah bent backward over the sink as toner is washed from her hair.

We see the stylist with sheers cutting the jagged ends of Aamirah's hair into a straight line.

A BLOW-DRYER blows Aamirah's hair through the air.

Flat iron in hand the stylist straightens Aamirah's hair.

END OF MONTAGE

The stylist turns Aamirah to face the mirror.

Seeing her reflection, she GASPS.

AAMIRAH

Wow!

The stylist grins.

15 INT. THE LODGE HOTEL ROOM- LATER THAT NIGHT.

Aamirah and her mom are in her hotel room. Aamirah has an array of outfits lined across the floor and her bed.

AAMIRAH

Nothing fits right.

PLOPPING down she throws her hand up in frustration giving up on finding the perfect outfit.

MRS.JONES

Give me a second.

Her mother leaves the room.

Mrs. Jones re-enters the room minutes later with a garment bag across her arm.

MRS.JONES

It's okay if you say no.

She pulls the infamous Chanel suite out of the bag. The vintage pink skirt and blazer looks fresh out of the showroom, not 22 years old.

AAMIRAH

Is that what I think it is?

Mrs. Jones nods.

AAMIRAH
(she sits up in disbelief)
That's the suite you wore when your crown was taken.

Mrs. Jones nods again.

AAMIRAH
Mom, I'd be honored.

Mrs. Jones smiles as her daughter envelopes her in a hug.

16 INT. PRACTICE ROOM- EARLY AFTERNOON

A swell of anticipation fills the air as the girls buzz with nervous excitement. They enter the training center for the last day of practice and final rounds of interview.

Aamirah waits until the last minute to enter the room.

Feeling all eyes on her upon her she holds her head high and walks to the center of the room.

Sasha meets her half-way. She looks Aamirah up and down and SCOFFS.

SASHA
If it isn't the prodigal's daughter.

Aamirah looks her up and down and turns away from her.

SASHA
Nice haircut. Guess I did you a favor after all.

Aamirah turns back to her.

AAMIRAH
Were you starved for attention as a child? Is that why you pester me so much.

LAUGHTER fills the room.

SASHA
At-least I was planned.

Aamirah grabs Sasha by the lapels of her jacket, pulls her closer and bends so she is looking her in the eyes.

AAMIRAH

You know, I'm starting to think you have an obsession with my mother.

She looks her fiercely in both eyes before releasing her jacket. Aamirah brushes her hands down Sasha's now wrinkled lapel in a sarcastic attempt at straightening it.

AAMIRAH

The next time you open your big mouth and say something rude to me or about my mother I'll put my foot in it.

Smiling brightly Aamirah turns and walks over to Tina who is waving at her from across the room.

17 EXT. INTERVIEW STAGE - LATER THAT DAY

The excited chatter of the audience fills the air.

Aamirah waits calmly behind the door that leads center-stage.

At the CALL of her name she is given the cue by an attendant to exit from behind the door.

Putting on her brightest smile she pushes through the heavy doors.

Some audience members Gasp, clearly recognizing her suit.

Waving like the Queen of England she makes her way up to the stage.

Taking a seat, she faces the same host who had stood frozen behind his desk when she had fell.

INTERVIEW HOST

Nice to finally meet you.

She GIGGLES at his obvious jest.

AAMIRAH

Yes, it's nice to make it here accident-free.

Host and audience LAUGH.

INTERVIEW HOST

How are you this morning?

AAMIRAH

I'm feeling fantastic, ready for tomorrow. Yourself?

INTERVIEW HOST

I'm doing good a bit parched from being out here in this sun.

She nods.

AUDIENCE MEMBER

Nice Outfit.

The crowd laughs.

AAMIRAH

(laughing herself)

Why thank you.

(said to the audience)

Most of you know the origins of this suit.

She points to her mom in the crowd.

Her mom gives her a tiny wave.

AAMIRAH

When that hottie rocked it,

The crowd whistles, and cheers.

Her mother blushes and gives a gracious bow to the cheering crowd behind her.

INTERVIEW HOST

Are you hoping to follow in your Mother's footsteps by winning the competition?

AAMIRAH

(looks at her mother)

You bet I am.

The crowd goes wild CLAPPING and CHEERING loudly.

18 INT. CENTER STAGE FINAL COMPETITION- NIGHT

The purple lights on the walls cover the contestants in a sea of light.

Once more standing like queens over their kingdom they look forward smiling down at the crowd below.

The Host DRONES on in the background.

Given the cue by the pageant coordinator the women walk across the stage as they had learned in practice.

19 INT. BACKSTAGE, WAITING ROOM- MINUTES LATER

Aamirah stands behind the stages curtain. Taking a deep breath, she peeks out into the crowd.

Her mother sees her peeking and shoos her.

Aamirah LAUGHS and drops the curtain back into place.

Turning she sees Tina in the corner mumbling into a walkie talkie; the man from the hotel stands next to her. She recognizes him as one of the Competition's judges.

Their eyes meet. He winks at her as he leaves from behind the curtains. Aamirah watches until he takes his place behind the judge's table.

PAGEANT HOST

Next up is Aamirah Jones. She will be performing an original rendition of Beyoncé's Pretty Hurts.

Taking a final breath Aamirah walks onto the stage.

Giving the audience a smile, she steps up to the mic at the center of the stage.

20 INT. BALLROOM STAGE- NIGHT

The first NOTE OF THE PIANO rings loudly across the room.

AAMIRAH STANDS ISOLATED BY A RAY OF BLUE LIGHT.

Deep silence falls over the room as the first word leaves Aamirah's lips.

As she sings her eyes stay trained on her mother's face.

Mrs. Jones, hands raised over her chest, has tears streaming down her face as she stands enraptured.

The audience sits still for the entire duration of Aamirah's performance.

A collage of her memories of the other contestants being mean to her and of her and Tina hanging out, in short, faded clips, flits across Aamirah as she sings. Her pain bleeds into every word.

The song ends with a graceful run.

For a moment there is silence, RAUCOUS CHEERING fills the entire circumference of the ballroom. The audience rises as a unit to give her a standing ovation.

The man from behind the curtain is the only judge that gives her a standing ovation. He stares hatefully down at the other judges.

Aamirah stands breathing hard looking out across the crowd as she slowly comes out of her daze.

Giving a gracious bow Aamirah turns and walks off stage the echoes of the audience's pleasure following her.

21 INT. BACKSTAGE- NIGHT

Aamirah feels the eyes of the waiting contestants on her.

AAMIRAH
(eyes zero in on Sasha)
Break a leg.

SASHA
(a smug smile covers her face)
That's still not enough to make you win.

LAUGHING to herself Aamirah heads to the dressing room, a happy pep in her steps.

22 INT. BALLROOM STAGE- LATER THAT NIGHT

The main stage is empty.

The host stands on a raised platform to the right of the stage.

PAGEANT HOST
(His hand sweeps out across his body as the
curtain rises)
Ladies and gentlemen, it's time for the annual
swimsuit competition.

MONTAGE

Different women take their walk down the stage.

Sasha receives a moderate amount of applause. Aamirah enters and takes her walk receiving a comparatively higher amount of cheers, marking her as the crowd's favorite to win.

J-CUT:

23 INT. BALLROOM STAGE- LATER THAT NIGHT

The sound of the BUZZING audience.

HOST
In no particular order, the top ten are
(he opens an envelope, at the call of each name
the lady's reaction are shown as they step
forward and out of the line of women)
Rita, Naomi, Gigi, Kim, Aamirah, Zoe, Sasha, Crystal,
Jasmine, and last but not least Karel.

MONTAGE

The top ten stand in a straight line spanning across the stage.

The line shortens as each woman goes and answers their question.

Aamirah gets called to answer her question.

END OF MONTAGE

Aamirah stands beside the host.

PAGEANT HOST

Miss Aamirah, it's a pleasure to have a member of the Jones family here on stage again.

AAMIRAH

Thank you, Paul.

PAGEANT HOST

Your question, what do you think about the system of nepotism? Is it unfair, if yes, what should be done about it?

AAMIRAH

Thank you, Paul, that is a good question.

(she turns to face the judges and audience)

Is the system of nepotism unfair?

(then)

Yes, there is no doubt in my mind that nepotism exists, and it is an unfair practice that unfortunately still plagues society.

MONTAGE

The audience claps.

We see shots of the top ten being cut down to top 5.

AAMIRAH V.O.

What can be done about it?

Top 5 becomes the top 3. Zoe, Aamirah and Sasha stand at the front of the stage.

AAMIRAH V.O.

Well legally there is not much to be done as the ones making the law are more often than not responsible for a great deal of nepotism. If there is to be some control placed on the act of nepotism it has to come from us as a people.

The second runner up is announced and Zoe walks forward to collect her bouquet.

AAMIRAH V.O.

The reason it flourishes is because of its hushed nature. As a culture, we need to look at instances of nepotism and call it out.

Sasha and Aamirah step forward.

AAMIRAH V.O.

The culture of blind acceptance needs to shift for
there to be a future where everyone is rewarded based
on their own merit.

END OF MONTAGE

The host stands looking at both women who are not holding hands
as is the customary sign of sisterhood.

The host opens the envelope.

PAGEANT HOST

And the winner of the Miss Congeniality 2020 crown is,
(then)
Sasha Duncan!

The audience as a whole gasp.

SASHA

(with an air of smug arrogance)
Told you.

There is suffocating silence as Sasha walks forward and the
crown is placed on her head.

The chant starts slowly from the back of the crowd. AAMIRAH...
AAMIRAH....AAMIRAH. The crowd chants her name in a steadily
rising crescendo until it is the only sound that fills the vast
expanse of the room.

Aamirah still frozen in place slowly turns and faces the
audience. Her eyes meet her mother's whose voice rings a bit
louder than the rest. Stood next to her is Aamirah's father who
has his fingers in his mouth, releasing a series of loud
whistles.

Sasha is handed a mic to say a few words

SASHA

I would like to thank the judges, my family, and all
my supporters.

A loud boo rings out from the crowd.

AUDIENCE MEMBER 2

Give the crown to the real queen, impostor.

Aamirah bathed in a warm ray of light waves down at the crowd as the camera zooms out.

FADE TO WHITE:

24 INT. AAMIRAH'S HOUSE- LIVING ROOM- A WEEK LATER

Aamirah grabs the remote and turns on the TV, turning up the volume.

FEMALE REPORTER 2

The Miss Congeniality pageant has been facing fraud allegations since the conclusion of last week's competition when obvious crowd favorite Aamirah Jones was, as those who attended the event say, "snubbed" in favor of Sasha Duncan. These allegations have now been confirmed by the FBI as two agents which were sent undercover and uncovered hundreds of thousands of dollars have been paid to the Pageant board by Emilio Duncan, father of crowned winner Sasha Duncan, in order to secure the crown.

The Television is turned off.

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END.

Lookbook

Synopsis

Aamirah Jones stands on stage with a group of young women each awaiting their fate as the pageant's judges decide on which forty out of the one hundred women will advance to the next round of the Miss Congeniality Pageant. Narrowly making it through, Aamirah joins the rest of the women backstage. The displeasure of the other contestants isolates her, leaving her standing by herself in the corner of the room. Her mother, Brianne Jones a disgraced beauty queen, enters the now silenced room capturing everyone's attention as she makes her way to Aamirah. Later that night Aamirah sits in the corner of her hotel bar attempting to drink away the memory of her mother's harsh words. She picks up on the conversation of two of the pageant judges seated in front of her. They express their dislike of her, loudly stating their disagreement with the other judges' decision to let her advance to the next round. After a weekend of training Aamirah sits in the dressing room applying make-up when her hair is cut by Sascha Duncan, the queen bee of the pageant circuit. Unable to react, Aamirah halfheartedly ties her now shoulder-length hair in a tight bun to the tune of the others laughter and jeering. The women are called backstage to line up for the first round of their individual national interviews. As Aamirah makes her way onto the stage she is shoved from behind causing her to land face-down on the floor. Forcing herself not to cry she stands and faces the laughing crowd with her head held high. Making her way to the dressing room she rips the sash from her shoulders and begins to cry once she is seated in front of the mirror. Not long after her mother enters the room, upon seeing her daughters distress she too begins to cry. This breaks the layer of ice which has surrounded their relationship since Aamirah's decision to become a beauty queen herself. While holding each other they connect over the hardships they both faced in the world of pageantry, both due to Brianne's unplanned pregnancy and the Miss. Congeniality committee's decision to strip her of her title. Emboldened by the new relationship with her mother, Aamirah embraces her new haircut and begins fighting back against the torment of the other contestants. Using the weeks leading up to the competition she begins a campaign to win the support of the viewers and judges by becoming more personable. During the competition she exceeds everyone's expectation surprising them with her own rendition of Beyoncé's pretty hurts. This leaves her as the crowd's favorite to win. Standing as the last two contestants on-stage, Sasha is crowned the Queen leaving Aamirah the runner up. Dissatisfied by the result the crowd begins to chant Aamirah's

name. The next week a news report details the fraud which had taken place during the competition. It gives the details of Mr. Duncan's, Sasha's father, involvement with the pageant board. Having provided a hefty donation prior to the beginning of the competition he had secured the crown for his daughter's victory.

Main Characters

Aamirah Jones:

Young Black Woman; Age 23. She is tall with long wavy hair which is involuntarily cut short. She has a tough almost cold exterior until she is broken. There is evident sorrow in her eyes. She has an aura of stiff politeness until she faces hardship and comes into herself.



Brianne Jones:

Middle-Aged Black Woman. Mother to Aamirah. Shunned by the Pageant world. Carries herself with an air of icy regality behind which she hides her deep concern for her daughter's venture into the world of pageantry.



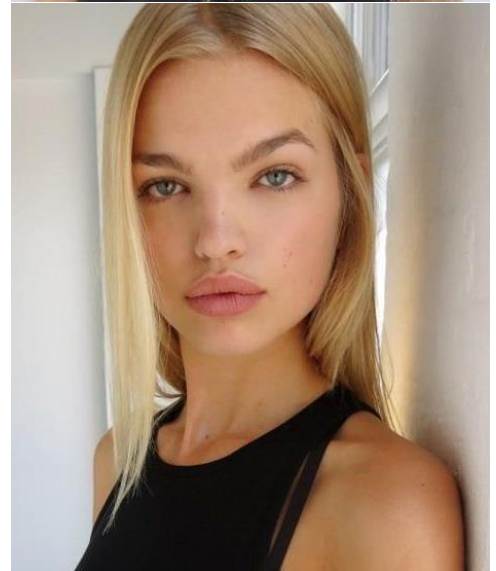
Tina Smith:

Light-skinned African American woman, aged 28. She has a tough exterior that displays her training as an FBI Agent. She has a kind nurturing personality to those she likes.



Sasha Duncan:

Young blonde female; age 22- 24. Her smug expression displays her vindictive nature and her too high opinion of herself.



Framing & Shot Composition

Mirror/Reflective shots



Reference: Paris, Texas (1984)



Reference: The Gift (2015)



Reference: Colours of the Night by Joshua K. Jackson

Frame Within a Frame



Reference: The Grand Budapest Hotel (2014)



Reference: Drive (2011)



Reference: In the Mood for Love (2001)



Reference: Paradise: Hope- Ulrich Seidl



Reference: The Shining (1980)

LIGHTING

Overall Lighting Style/ Color:

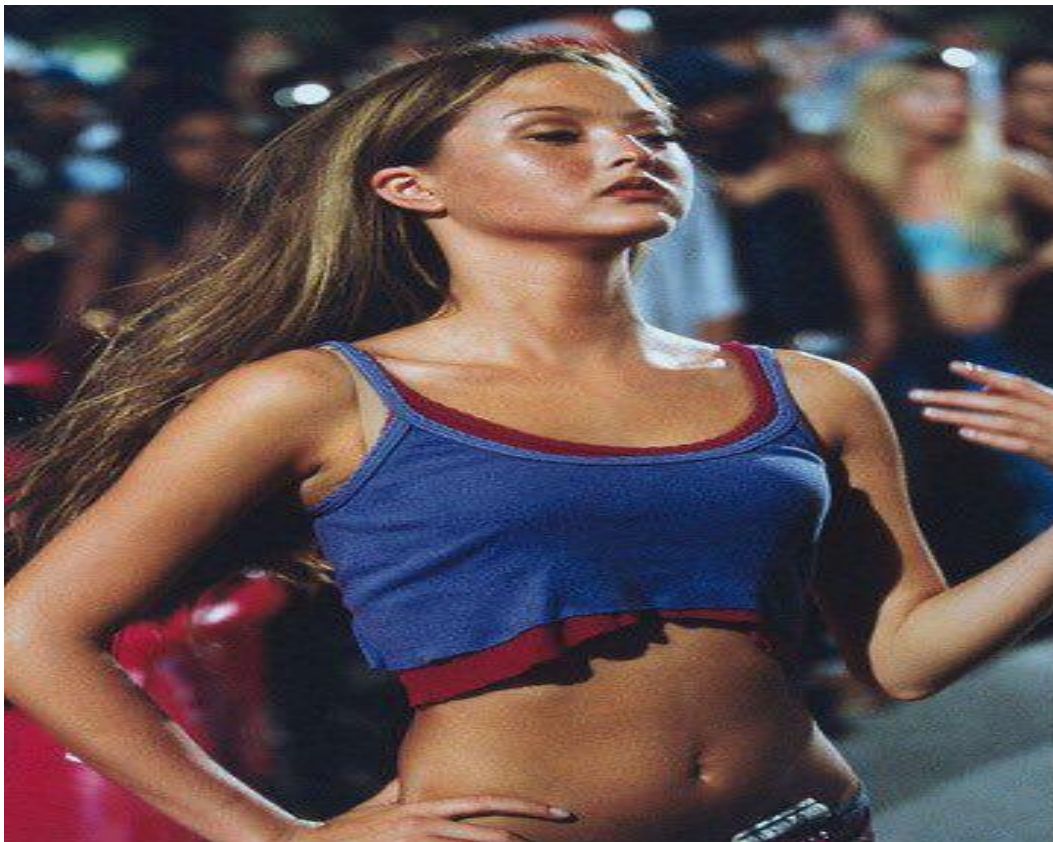
Muted Cool, Warm & Earthy Color Palette; Soft lighting, lowkey lighting for night and intense scenes. High Key Lighting for day to day scenes.



Reference: Helter Skelter (2012)



Reference: Tales of Hoffman (1951)



Reference: 2 Fast 2 Furious

Soft Lighting: Dreamlike and Hazy



Reference: Mrs. Henderson Presents (2005)



Reference: Mrs. Henderson Presents (2005)



Reference: Mrs. Henderson Presents (2005)



Reference: Pinterest

Low-Key Lighting: Dark Shadows mixed with Midtones and pockets of Highlighted Areas.



Reference: The Ghost of Cassie



Reference: @Film Lights on Instagram



Reference: Tutus & Tea- Serenade, *David Koch theater* (2007)

Mood Lighting: set to match the emotion of the scene



Reference: *Peaky Blinders* (2013)



Reference: Euphoria (2019)



Reference: Andreas Kock's 'Stalker' Series



Reference: The End of the F#cking World (2017)

Interior/Practical Lighting: Ambient lighting tied to the feel and emotion of each scene.



Reference: Tresde- Architectural Visualiz Studio



Reference: Daniel Dewar- Pinterest



COLOR PALETTE

Three Main Color Schemes

(Lighting & General Mise En Scene)

1) Red Brown

Glamour, Competition, anger, the past



2) Blue Purple

Used to indicate Anger, Hopelessness, and challenges.



3) Yellow Green

Used to give a whimsical feeling and to provide hope.



Examples

Blue Purple



Reference: Raw/Grave (2016) @Color Palette Cinema



Reference: Lost in Translation (2003)



@colorpalette.cinema

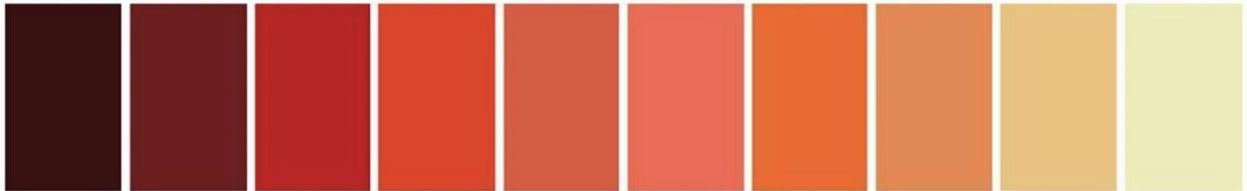


Reference: Scarface (1983)

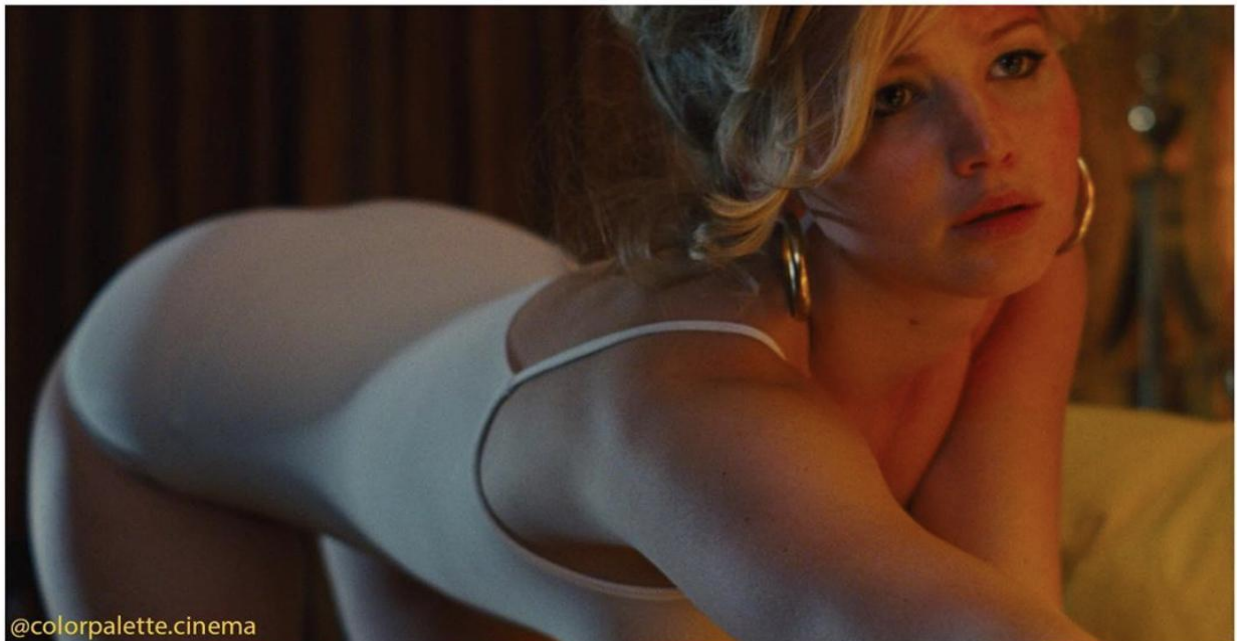


Reference: Atomic Blonde (2017)

Red Brown



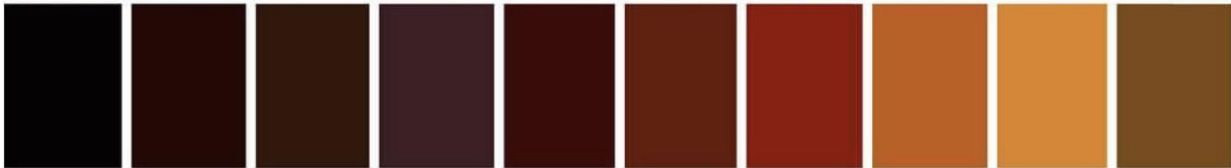
Reference: Raise the Red Lantern (1991)-@Color Palette Cinema



Reference: American Hustle (2013)- @Color Palette Cinema



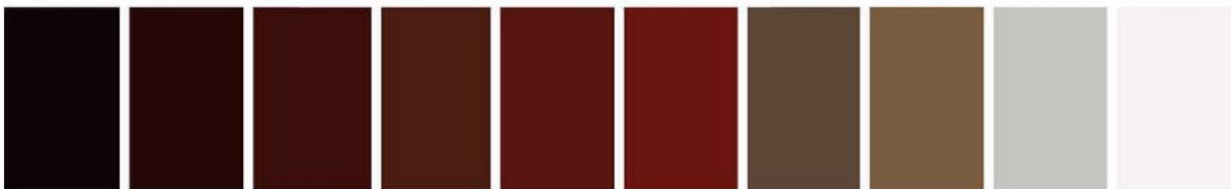
@colorpalette.cinema



Reference: In the Mood for Love-@Color Palette Cinema



@colorpalette.cinema



Reference: cries and Whispers (1972) - @Color Palette Cinema

Yellow Green



Reference: My Week With Marilyn (2011)



Reference: Amélie (2001)- @Color Palette Cinema



Reference: The Loyal Tenebaums (2001)- @Color Palette Cinema



Reference: Lolita (1997)- @Color Palette Cinematography

Locations

General Town Exteriors: Well-kept Rich Community





Lodge Hotel



Aamirah's Hotel Room





Lodge Hotel Bar





Miss Congeniality Pageant Stage





Dressing Room:

Note: There should be Chairs running parallel to each mirror.





BACKSTAGE

Note: Should be semi-dark with colored lighting.



HAIR SALON

Note: Needs white walls and minimalistic decor so the focus is on the actors and their emotion.



Practice Room

Note: Wide Open Space with mirrors lining the wall.



Outdoor Interview Stage

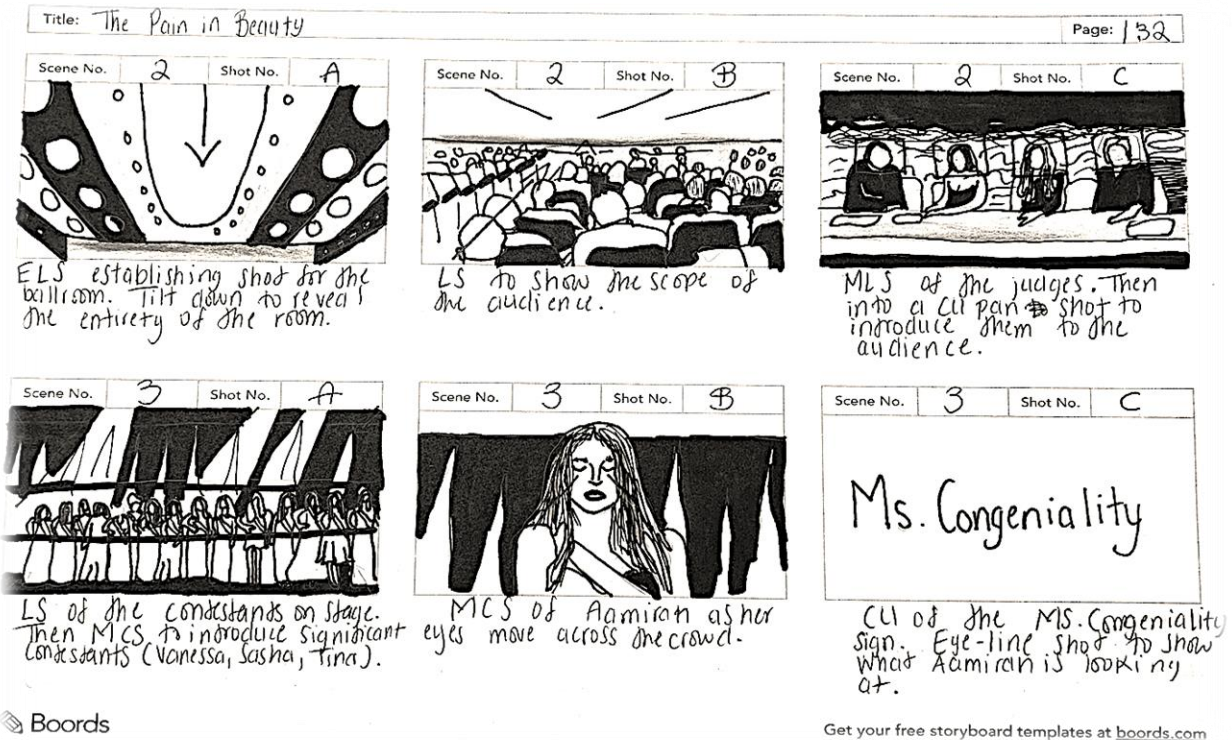
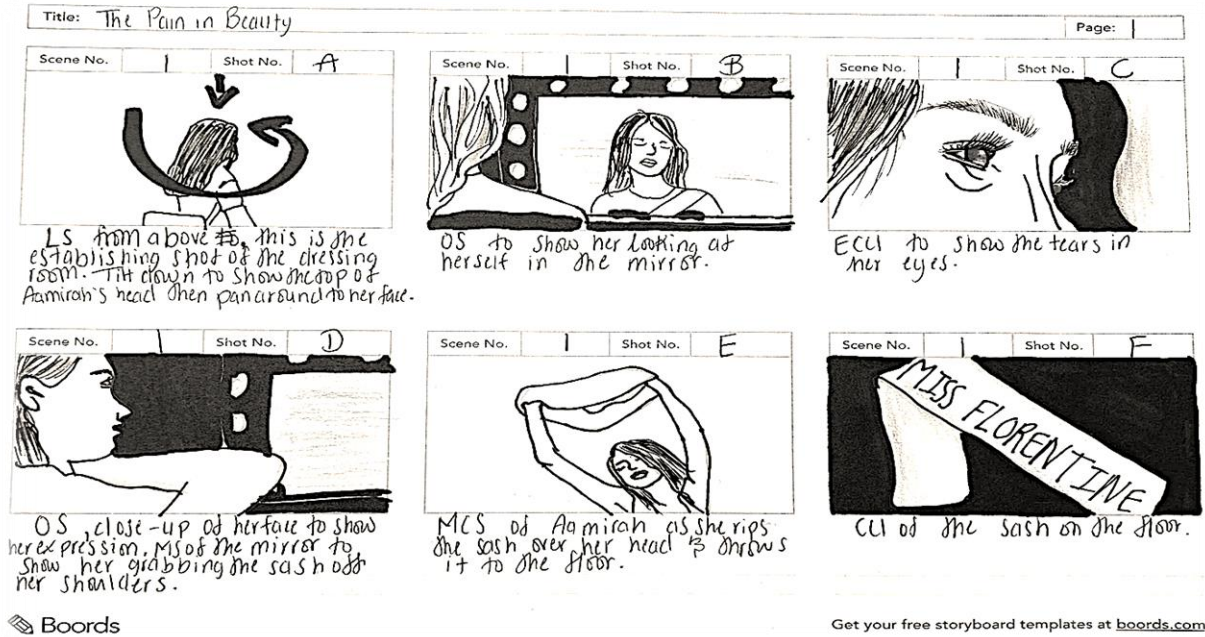
Note: A stage built in front of the practice center, should have a path leading from the building to the stage. There should be barricades separating the audience from the stage.



Pageant Ballroom

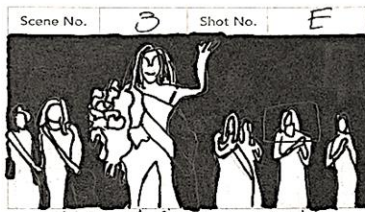
Note: Should have high ceilings with many lights attached⁸⁵ to give the illusion of stars, rows of red velvet chairs. There should be a judge's podium in front of the stage.

Storyboard





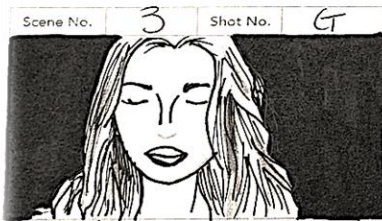
MCs of Mrs. Jones. The background fades to black as she is Amirah look at each other. Shot-reverse-shot with 3B.



MCs of Sasha receiving her flowers & walking across the stage. CU of Amirah looking to establish the conflict between.



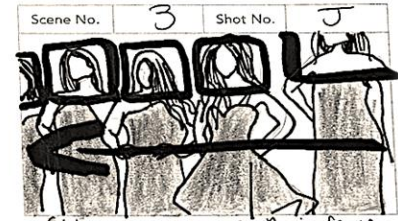
LS to show each character's new position. CS of host as he calls their names. CS of characters as their names are called.



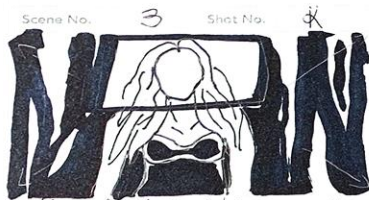
CS of Amirah as her smile slowly becomes less bright.



MS of host addressing the contestants.



CU. Pan across ~~the~~ faces of the contestants who are still waiting to hear their name.



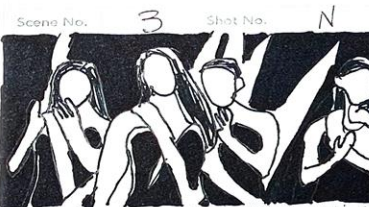
MS of Amirah as her name is called. Zoom to show her expression. Zoom out to show her walk across the stage.



MS of Amirah receiving her flowers into CU as the host talks to her. She turns & walks to the Top 40 line.



FS of the girls in line. Zoom to CU to show the dirty looks they give Amirah as she comes closer.



MS of the contestants walking across the stage, waving to the audience as they exit.



MS of the crowd. Pan across their faces. Zoom into notable characters (Sasha & her parents).



CU of Amirah as she stands alone in the corner. She looks at the crowd in front of her.

The End.