

## Appendices



**Barbie a Fashion Fairytale Poster (2010)**

## Barbie a Fashion Fairytale Transcript

Barbie: A Fashion Fairytale

(POP MUSIC PLAYING)

*(SINGING) A simple form,  
the perfect line*

*It's coming together  
in your mind*

*A satin bow, electric blue*

*Isn't it something*

*just like a dream come true?*

*A ruffle there, magenta here*

*Feels like magic in cashmere*

*Pop it with a pair*

*of neon heels*

*That's how fearless feels*

*Change the colors,*

*change the lines*

*Life's whatever you design*

*Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh*

*Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh*

*Choose the fabric*

*own your style*

*Make it sweet*

*or make it wild*

*Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh*

*Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh*

*Like life is a*

*Like life is a*

*Like life is a fairytale*

*This is just the beginning of  
something better than I imagined*

*And I see happily ever after*

*In every day*

*Change the colors,*

*change the lines*

*Life's whatever you design*

*Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh*

*Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh*

*Choose the fabric*

*own your style*

*Make it sweet*

*or make it wild*

*Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh*

*Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh*

*Like life is a*

*Like life is a*

*Like life is a fairytale*

*And this is the bedroom I've*

prepared especially for you.  
(YAWNS WEARILY)  
Thank you for giving me  
a place to rest tonight.  
You are very kind.  
(GASPS)  
My, what an enormous bed.  
But of course, darling.  
I would provide no less  
for a princess.  
(LAUGHS)  
(SPITEFULLY) If you  
really are a princess.  
(YAWNS)  
Bring out the peas.  
*"As you try to fall asleep  
"Deep into your room  
we'll creep  
"Eating brains  
is what we'll do  
"To girls with  
princess claims untrue  
"Zombie peas  
have just one need  
"We can't be stopped  
until we feed  
"Though we do not  
move like lightning  
"Bet you'll find us  
pretty frightening"*  
(POP MUSIC PLAYING)  
(SINGING)  
*We are stylin' zombie peas  
We like to tap,  
we aim to please  
We will sing until we sneeze  
We are stylin' zombie peas*  
Peas out.  
Zombie peas? Grace?  
Girl, this is not good.  
(PEAS CONTINUE SINGING)  
*Sequin, Barbie  
doesn't look happy.*  
(GROWLING)  
Whoa.  
Zombie peas are so not  
in the script, Lulu.  
I say five seconds before Barbie  
reaches maximum capacity for "ugh."  
Four, three, two...

Uh, time out.  
Yes. Thank you.  
Please, stop the peas.  
(SHOUTING) *Cut.*  
(BELL RINGING)  
*Is there some reason  
you're interrupting my shot?*  
Uh, sort of, yeah.  
Um, the zombie peas.  
(CHUCKLES) Did I miss  
them in the script?  
(LAUGHS) Of course  
not. They're brand new,  
a little pizazz  
I added this morning.  
(EXCLAIMS)  
Or should I say, pea-zazz?  
(ALL LAUGHING)  
That was a good one. Tweet  
that and put it on my blog.  
(CHUCKLES) *Awesome.*  
*"Pea-zazz." Funny.*  
*You know, it just... It doesn't really  
make sense in the story, does it?*  
Who cares?  
Zombies are hip.  
You want to make something  
cool? Add a zombie.  
Spencer, gimme the  
Google Trends on zombies.  
Number one, Todd.  
You're magic.  
Hear that? Number one  
trend. The zombies stay.  
(SCREAMING)  
*From the top, everyone.*  
*This'll be the one we  
print, I can feel it.*  
Uh, wait. Uh, just one second. Please.  
Todd, your vision  
is so unique, and...  
*Uh, well, it's unique.*  
*But to me,*  
*The Princess and the Pea*  
*is so great*  
*because it's simple.*  
The princess stays true  
to herself  
*even when it's hard and*  
*everyone else doubts her.*

*If the scene gets too...*  
*I don't know...*  
Unique?  
Exactly.  
I just think maybe that really  
cool story will get a little lost.  
What do you think?  
You know that flapping thing you  
were doing with your mouth just then?  
You mean,  
expressing my opinion?  
Yeah, that.  
No more of that.  
(SHOUTS)  
*From the top, people.*  
(BELL RINGING)  
*I think Barbie's*  
*absolutely right.*  
Makes me wish she were the  
one directing this movie.  
Whoa, whoa, whoa.  
Is that what you're  
trying to do, huh?  
Are you making a play  
for my job?  
(NERVOUSLY)  
No. Todd, no.  
I just thought  
we could talk.  
You know,  
two passionate artists  
working together to create something  
amazing that they both love.  
Ah, right.  
Ooh, I think I've got the  
answer. Get off the set.  
Oh. Okay, cool.  
We could talk  
in the commissary,  
or in the coffee shop,  
or maybe...  
Mmm-hmm, no.  
Not us get off the set,  
you get off the set.  
(SHOUTS)  
*You're fired.*  
*Let's take it from the top.*  
*Oh, zombie pea, why don't*  
*you stand in for Barbie, hmm?*  
*I'm fired?*

*Um, maybe you shouldn't have said anything about the zombie peas.*

Hello.

Artistic integrity?

*I still can't believe*

*I was fired.*

I've never been fired.

(BARKS)

(PANTING)

(RINGING)

Hey, Nikki...

(GASPS)

How did you know?

Thanks, Nik. Bye.

(TAPPING KEYBOARD)

*What's up?*

BARBIE: Spencer spilled to the gossip sites.

*Ugh. Look, it's all over the net.*

(BOTH GROANING)

*You really shouldn't believe anything on the Internet.*

*Everyone knows it's run by secret underground mind control experts.*

*What?*

*I read it in Yakity Yak.*

*It's true.*

(SIGHS) The comments...

*"So never liked her.*

*Awesome news."*

*"Always knew she'd go diva."*

Is that really how people see me?

(BARKS)

GRACE: No.

*It's haters being hateful.*

*Ignore it.*

How? Those people are happy I got fired.

And there were lots more like that.

(SIGHS)

*I don't know.*

*If people don't want to see me act,*

*maybe I shouldn't be acting.*

(GASPS)

Of course you should.

*Exactly. Let people talk, it doesn't matter.*  
But it does.  
Grace, what if people booed when you ran onto the soccer field?  
Or Teresa, what if people bit into your cupcakes and gagged?  
Would you still make them?  
(CHUCKLES) That happened when I baked Tofu Jalapeno Cakes.  
I did stop making those.  
See?  
Okay, sure, but still...  
(CELL PHONE RINGING)  
*Hello?*  
*KEN: We need to talk.*  
Ken. So, so glad you called.  
*Things aren't right with us and you know it.*  
*They haven't been for a while.*  
What?  
Ken, come on.  
*I'm breaking up with you. Right now.*  
You're not...  
Are you serious?  
What are you saying?  
*It's over.*  
*And if you're smart, you'll forget I exist.*  
*Ken, wait.*  
*I don't understand...*  
(LINE DISCONNECTS)  
Uh!  
Ken just broke up with me.  
(GASPS) No.  
(WHIMPERING)  
Just now?  
On the phone?  
What kind of guy does that?  
I guess a guy with no real emotions.  
*That's not like Ken at all and...*  
(GASPS) Unless

Ken was kidnapped by aliens  
and one of them  
took over his body.  
What?  
*This doesn't  
make any sense.*  
(DIALING)  
(LINE RINGING)  
*ANSWERING MACHINE: This is  
Ken, leave it at the beep.  
He's not answering.*  
Maybe you misunderstood.  
What did he actually say?  
*He said, "It's over. If you're  
smart, you'll forget I exist."*  
Well, does Ken maybe  
speak another language  
*where that means  
"I love you"?*  
*That's it.*  
What are you doing?  
Blocking him.  
From your cell, your e-mail,  
your Twitter. Everything.  
You do not break up  
with someone that way.  
*When I'm done,*  
Teresa and I are getting you  
someplace far away from this set,  
where you can feel  
good about yourself.  
Ooh, like Hawaii?  
I was thinking more like  
Melrose for manis,  
and pedis,  
and iced-blendeds.  
*No, Teresa's right. If I'm going  
to get away, I should get away.*  
Far away.  
Like Aunt Millicent's.  
Is that a store in Hawaii?  
No, my Aunt Millicent.  
She sent me these flowers.  
*She's a designer in Paris,  
with her own fashion house.*  
Oh, I loved visiting it  
when I was little.  
Tons of people, and energy,  
and fabric, and dresses,  
and Aunt Millicent right



in the middle of it all,  
this whirlwind keeping  
everything together.  
Oh, I wanted to be strong  
like her when I grew up.  
*I'm going to go  
see Aunt Millicent.*  
Super-fun. When?  
Now. I can spend the last weeks  
of summer vacation with her.  
*I don't need Ken, I just  
need to book a flight.*  
Want to go to Paris, girl?  
(BARKS EXCITEDLY)  
(LAUGHS)  
And by that, Lulu,  
I mean, ooh-la-la.  
(SOFT ROCK MUSIC PLAYING)  
(SINGING) *Sometimes  
life can be a royal pain  
Nowhere to hide when  
everybody knows your name  
One small trip and fall  
makes the evening news  
Princess in distress  
What's a girl to do?  
I wanna be someone  
Feel something so different  
I wanna throw my head back  
into the wind  
I wanna jump out of my skin*  
ATTENDANT ON PA:  
*Please return your seat back  
to its upright  
and locked position  
for our descent  
into Paris.*  
BARBIE: Paris.  
(BARKS)  
(SINGING) *It's not  
always good to be ignored  
Sure would be nice to have  
somebody hold the door  
Look me in the eyes  
And say with meaning  
You, me...*  
This is close enough, please.  
(THANKS IN FRENCH)  
(SINGING)  
*I wanna be someone*

*Feel something so different  
I wanna throw my head back  
into the wind  
(THUNDER RUMBLES)  
I wanna jump out of my skin  
Into what I've never been  
So free, another me  
They say the grass is greener  
But it's much more than that  
I wonder what I'll see there  
And can I bring it back?  
Ken, you can't help me run lines  
again if you're on the phone.  
I just don't get it. I can't  
get through to Barbie at all.  
I'm sure everything's fine.  
But it's been since yesterday.  
It doesn't make sense.  
Barbie's a busy girl, she'll  
call when she gets the chance.  
In the meantime...  
Okay. But do you have to tape me again?  
I'm not an actor. I  
probably sound like a dork.  
You sound great.  
And the recorder helps.  
This way I can practice when  
you're not actually with me.  
Fine. Just promise me  
you won't play it  
over the PA system at school  
for morning announcements, okay?  
Cross my heart.  
(GASPS) Grace, look.  
Oh, no. Do not tell me that  
boy dumped Barbie for Raquelle.  
Are you kidding me?  
Grace. Teresa.  
Where's Barbie?  
Why do you want to know?  
I can't reach her at all. I've  
called, I've texted, I've e-mailed.  
Nothing's going through.  
Is she okay?  
It's the aliens, isn't it?  
Hey.  
Ow.  
You in there. You must release  
Ken's mind. Do you hear me?  
Ow.*

*Barbie's fine.*

She just wants nothing to do with the  
jerk who dumped her over the phone.

Dumped her?

What are you talking about?

I would never dump Barbie.

You know what, uh, I  
actually need to run.

*Don't play dumb with us,  
she told us what you said.*

*"It's over. If you're smart,  
you'll forget I exist."*

Wait. What?

Raquelle.

*That line. That's part of  
what I read for you yesterday.*

Is it?

Ah, what a coinky-dink.

And you recorded it.

*Tell me you didn't  
play it back to Barbie*

and make her think

I broke up with her.

*I'd be happy*

*to tell you that.*

You really want me to?

Raquelle...

*It was a joke. I never thought  
she'd actually believe it.*

She must have some serious  
doubts about your relationship.

*(SIGHS) Where's Barbie?*

*I need to see her now.*

*Um, she's kind of  
in Paris.*

Paris?

Paris, France?

Since when was she  
going to Paris?

*It's sort of a long story.*

Whatever. Just give me your  
cell. I need to talk to her.

*No. A phone call  
won't cut it.*

Barbie went through  
a lot yesterday.

You know what she needs  
to make everything better?

A grand,  
romantic gesture.

*Don't just call her, get  
yourself on a flight to Paris,  
show up on her Aunt  
Millicent's doorstep,  
and prove how much  
you love her.*  
*Yes. Oh, that's so  
romantic. She'll love it.*  
*Yeah, she will.*  
*That's perfect.*  
*A grand romantic gesture.*  
*I'm on it.*  
I'll book the next flight  
out of LAX.  
The next flight?  
That could be  
hours from now.  
*Why don't we keep running  
lines while you wait?*  
Or not.  
We're getting close, Sequin.  
*Aunt Millicent's fashion  
house is right on this street.*  
Delphine,  
to the left a little.  
Too much.  
Back to the right.  
To the left a little.  
To the left.  
(GROANS)  
Delphine, come.  
(GREETING IN FRENCH)  
Forgive me  
for the interruption  
*but you have a fashion  
sense absolument formidable.*  
Oh, how very nice,  
thank you.  
*I am Jacqueline, of Jacqueline's  
fashion house, voici.*  
Oh, you're a designer.  
So you must know Millicent's.  
Millicent's?  
(LAUGHS CONTEMPTUOUSLY)  
(BOTH LAUGHING)  
*Um, what's so funny?*  
Jacqueline ruined Millicent's.  
*Delphine, you flatter me. But it's true.*  
*She couldn't keep up  
with my genius.*

Go see for yourself.  
I know you'll be back.  
Come, Delphine.  
Aw, you're so cute.  
JACQUELINE: Delphine, come.  
*Jacqueline doesn't know  
what she's talking about.*  
Aunt Millicent totally  
would have said something  
if her business  
had been ruined.  
(BARKS)  
Aunt Millicent?  
Aunt Millicent?  
Hello?  
Barbie.  
Aunt Millicent.  
(LAUGHING) *Check me out,  
Barbie. I'm on a roll.*  
(EXCLAIMING HAPPILY)  
Hey. Check you out.  
You like playing chase?  
*Who, moi?*  
I'll be it. Come on.  
(MEOWS)  
(BARKING)  
Sequin.  
*Parbleu. Get away.*  
Whoa.  
Very out of control.  
(SCREAMS)  
I've got you.  
(ALL EXCLAIM)  
(ALL LAUGHING)  
*Oh, I knew we'd have fun with you here.*  
Marie-Alecia,  
this is my niece, Barbie.  
I told you about her.  
*Oh, never a dull moment  
when she's around.*  
Barbie, this is Marie-Alecia,  
whom we all call Alice.  
Nice to meet you, Barbie.  
You too, Alice.  
*Uh, so what's with the rippin'  
power pink roller skates?*  
What? Oh, these? Oh, they're  
contenders for my new hobby.  
*I didn't want to  
tell you on the phone,*

*but I'm closing up shop  
and moving to the country.*  
Huh, so Jacqueline  
was right.  
Jacqueline?  
(SCOFFS) Jacqueline  
has never been right.  
(STAMMERING)  
She... She cheats.  
She copies real  
designers like Millicent,  
and then she spends all her  
time and money promoting herself,  
so the press loves her, and they pay  
no attention to anybody else. Hmph!  
Oh, they pay  
attention to me.  
*It's just the things  
they say are horrible. Ha!  
"Dated." "Washed-up."  
"Irrelevant." Ha!*  
No. I've seen your latest  
lines, they're fantastic.  
Not according  
to my audience.  
*So I ask you. If your audience  
doesn't like what you do,  
does it make sense  
to keep doing it?*  
No. No, it doesn't.  
Exactly. See, Alice? I told  
you Barbie would understand.  
We think alike, you and I. Always did.  
Let me help you pack.  
Of course.  
Tell you what.  
You and Alice get the studio  
upstairs, I'll do the office,  
and we'll have no problem  
getting out of here by Friday.  
Now, can you give me a little  
push towards the office?  
(EXCLAIMING)  
(CRASHING)  
Aunt Millicent?  
(BOTH LAUGHING)  
*She's exactly the same,*  
totally unstoppable.  
Hotdogeteria.  
Excuse me? Did you

say Hotdogeteria?  
Hotdogeteria. Millicent sold  
the fashion house to them.  
Saturday morning  
they gut everything  
and put in  
a hot dog place.  
BARBIE: Wow.  
ALICE: What is it?  
This studio.  
I just remember it so alive  
and magical. Now, it's...  
*"Magical"? Did you say it was magical?*  
Yeah. Crazy, right?  
*And I know it's*  
*massively cheesy,*  
but coming up here  
when I was little,  
I seriously felt like it was a place  
where dreams could come true, you know?  
Yes, yes, I do know.  
I have to show you something. Come on.  
(SEQUIN BARKING)  
Back, you beast.  
Get away.  
(PANTING)  
*A fetch machine.*  
*That's what I'm talking about.*  
How cool is that?  
(YAWNS)  
*Enough with the racket.*  
*Can't a dog get some sleep?*  
(GASPS)  
Ooh-la-la.  
What, you like her?  
Like is not  
the word, Jilliana.  
*Look at her. That exuberance,*  
*that joie de vivre.*  
A dog like that,  
(SIGHS) she makes me  
want to design again.  
Design what,  
a line of clown suits?  
*She's ridiculous.*  
(SCREAMS)  
(GROANS)  
*Ma chÃ©rie, I apologize.*  
Allow me to  
introduce myself.

I am Jacques Rousseau,  
or as you will come to  
know me, your destiny.  
*Nice to meet you,  
Jacques. I'm Sequin.*  
Ah. Sequin.  
A name that shines as bright  
as the beauty who inhabits it,  
my new muse.  
Your what?  
My muse. The new inspiration  
for my fashion genius.  
*Sequin, chérie,  
let me dress you.  
Let me make you  
le toast of Paris.  
You mean the laughingstock of Paris.  
She doesn't know the  
first thing about style.*  
Really? 'Cause I hang  
with Barbie,  
and she taught me  
that real style  
is about fearlessly expressing  
yourself, which I do.  
So if my style  
inspires you,  
I would be honored  
to be your muse.  
*C'est parfait.*  
We begin.  
Come, we measure.  
Ugh.  
*I wasn't going  
to say anything,  
because I thought you'd be like  
Millicent and think I was crazy,  
but when you said you felt  
this place was magical, well...  
I so called it. The Paris  
fashion press is insane.*  
What?  
*What they said about  
Aunt Millicent's designs.  
I mean, look at this dress. It's totally Vogue  
- worthy.*  
Do you really think so?  
*Completely.*  
*Don't you?*  
*I... It's hard to say.*



*Actually, this one isn't  
one of Millicent's.*  
I designed that myself.  
*Alice, I didn't know  
you're a designer.*  
*Oh no, I'm not. I just... I  
dabble sometimes, that's all.*  
In a musty old attic  
all by yourself?  
I love working up here  
because of the history.  
And because of the magic.  
Ever since I started to  
work here, I felt like you,  
that this place was special.  
So I researched.  
It turns out the very  
first fashion house in Paris  
was right here  
in this building.  
Seriously?  
Yes.  
And the more I read, the more  
I found stories of magic here.  
Real magic,  
mystical creatures  
who appear from inside  
an ancient wardrobe  
to help designers  
over the years.  
Oh, oh, look.  
Oh, it does look like  
the same wardrobe.  
It is.  
And I can prove it.  
Several books say you can summon  
its magical creatures in two steps.  
First, you put a worthy  
design in the wardrobe.  
*Oh, I don't know if it's  
worthy, but it's what I have.*  
Next, you recite a chant,  
and to find the chant,  
*the book say, you "read  
the writing on the wall."  
"The writing on the wall."*  
Interesting.  
ALICE:  
I thought the same thing,  
*but there's no*

*writing anywhere.*  
Wait a minute.  
*When I did*  
*The Three Musketeers,*  
we shot in this old,  
old French castle,  
and it was filled with  
secret panels and passageways.  
Maybe the writing  
is on the wall,  
but a secret wall.  
But where?  
(HANDLE CLANKS)  
(DOOR OPENING)  
Alice.  
You found it.  
(BOTH READING IN FRENCH)  
(WARDROBE RATTLING)  
(GIRLS EXCLAIMING)  
(GIRLS GASP)  
(GASPS)  
Flairies, fall in.  
*It's amazing.*  
(GASPS)  
The magical creatures.  
(SCREAMS) Where?  
(EXCLAIMING) Are they cute creatures?  
*I certainly hope*  
*you don't mean us,*  
because we are  
not creatures.  
Shyne, Shimmer,  
and Glimmer.  
You're fairies?  
Fairies have wings.  
Observe. No wings.  
We're Flairies.  
We have flair.  
A flair we share.  
And now, look in the Glitterizer.  
(GASPS)  
Alice.  
My dress.  
So, you're the designer.  
A pleasure working with ya.  
Working with me? Oh, I  
just made a plain dress.  
You are the ones  
who beautified it.  
So, when you're not summoned,

you live in the Glitterizer?  
*(LAUGHS) We don't live in it. We travel.*  
We go where we're summoned, and  
help designers all over the world.  
Exactly. We come  
when we're called,  
and if we like what we see, we  
add shimmer, glimmer, and shine.  
*(WHOOSHING)*  
*I'm still learning.*  
We came to life  
in this fashion house.  
*It's our home and the*  
*source of our powers.*  
Wait, if the fashion house  
is the source of your powers,  
would it be really,  
really bad  
if someone gutted it on Saturday  
and made it a hot dog place?  
*(LAUGHING) A hot dog*  
*place? That's so funny.*  
It is a joke, right?  
Hotdogeteria.  
*Which sounds like a joke,*  
*but it's not.*  
But Shyne, if the  
fashion house is gutted,  
*won't we lose*  
*our powers?*  
Not on my watch.  
*Who's in charge of this outfit*  
*and where can I find her?*  
*Uh, Millicent, and she's*  
*down in her office, but...*  
We're on it.  
Flairies, fall in.  
We're going to give this  
Millicent a piece of our mind.  
Grand gesture. I have  
to make a grand gesture.  
*(THUNDER CLAPPING)*  
*(SIGHING) My grand gesture is grounded.*  
*(BLOWING RASPBERRY)*  
*(CELL PHONE DIALING)*  
*(PHONE RINGING)*  
*Ken. Wait,*  
*aren't you on a plane?*  
Sort of. We're grounded in Pittsburgh.  
They're unloading us in a minute,

no clue when we'll take off again.  
Will you get a hotel  
and wait it out?  
(BOY MOCKING)  
(STUTTERS)  
Knock it off.  
No. No waiting.  
(CONTINUES MOCKING)  
(EXCLAIMS)  
Grand gesture,  
remember?  
I need to get to Paris and  
see Barbie as soon as I can.  
*GRACE: How?*  
*KEN: Uh, I'll rent a car.*  
You're driving  
to Paris?  
To Philadelphia.  
(CONTINUES MOCKING)  
Are you finished?  
The planes are  
flying from there.  
(LAUGHS) Oh.  
Oh, wait. Save your money. I have  
a cousin outside of Pittsburgh.  
*He's a farmer.*  
*He's super nice.*  
*I'm sure he can*  
*give you a ride.*  
You really think so?  
(MOCKING)  
Hey, shush. Okay,  
I'll take his number.  
*That'd help a lot.*  
(BLOWING A RASPBERRY)  
Oh, you're not allergic  
to bacon, are you?  
*KEN: No. Why?*  
No reason. Hang up and  
I'll text you the number.  
Thanks a lot.  
A grand gesture.  
(MOCKING)  
(MOCKING)  
(LAUGHS) Yes.  
(BAWLING)  
*No. No.*  
*Oh, I'm so sorry.*  
No, no, no.  
No, no, no, no.

(CRYING)  
(BLOWING NOSE)  
Oh.  
(CRYING)  
(EXCLAIMING)  
We demand the one  
they call Millicent.  
(GASPS)  
We have a bone  
to pick with you.  
(GASPS)  
What in the world?  
(STUTTERS) Aunt Millicent. Millicent.  
Let me give it  
a try, okay?  
Aunt Millicent, I know this is  
beyond wild, but these are Flairies.  
Not fairies,  
no wings.  
We have flair.  
(SNARLS)  
*Exactly.*  
*It's crazy-ridiculous,*  
*but they're majorly real,*  
*and they're the ones*  
*who added the sparkle*  
*to Alice's dress.*  
(EXCLAIMS) Now that is a  
dress to be reckoned with.  
Alice designed it.  
*Oh. It's so intricate.*  
*All the sparkle.*  
*That's their power, they've*  
*done it for hundreds of years.*  
(EXCLAIMS) This...  
This is glorious.  
What the three of you  
add to a dress,  
(STUTTERS) I've never  
seen anything like it.  
This place becomes  
a hot dog stand  
*and that magic goes*  
*ad infinitum, forever.*  
(EXCLAIMS) *I'm only sorry*  
*I didn't meet you years ago.*  
*Right now,*  
*there's nothing I can do.*  
ALL: Nothing?  
I've already

sold the building.  
To get out of the contract  
would cost a fortune.  
*I'd have to design and sell a whole new  
fashion line to make that kind of money.*  
Could you?  
By the end of  
the day, Friday?  
Not a chance.  
And even if I could,  
*people don't like my work  
anymore. It wouldn't sell.*  
*I'm sorry.*  
*But I'm afraid*  
*I can't help you.*  
*Girls, I'm truly sorry.*  
I'll see you later.  
*So, that's it.*  
Come Saturday morning,  
no more powers.  
We really  
wanted to help.  
*I can't stand to think of you  
losing this power. It's not right.*  
WOMAN: (GASPS)  
That dress.  
I've never seen  
anything like it.  
Of course not.  
*It's a supremely  
exclusive original  
from Mademoiselle Alice,  
Millicent's top new designer.*  
You're the first  
to see it, so far.  
(GASPS)  
May I try it on?  
Of course.  
Ooh-la-la.  
Oh, I must have it.  
How much?  
*Tough call.*  
*It's a prime design.*  
*But it's so perfect on you.*  
How about this?  
Are you serious?  
Uh, yes?  
*Oh. It's a steal.*  
*I'll take it.*  
*Don't bother with a bag,*

*I'm wearing it home.*  
I want the whole world  
to see me in this dress.  
(SQUEALING IN EXCITEMENT)  
A steal?  
I know, madness.  
Can you imagine if you had a whole  
line of dresses like that? You could...  
(GASPS) Brainstorm.  
*Aunt Millicent says she can't make  
and sell a fashion line by Friday,  
but you can.*  
Now, that is a plan.  
Ooh. And you can have a big  
fashion show on Friday night  
to show off  
the outfits.  
And raise enough money to save  
Millicent's, and our powers.  
(STUTTERS) *Wait. I'm not  
a designer. I made a dress.*  
But they... They can  
make a fashion line.  
(SNAPS FINGERS)  
They can just magic it up.  
(CHUCKLES) Yes?  
No can do, sister.  
We only enhance designs,  
and they have to be  
designs that inspire us.  
(SIGHS) *But what if my  
designs don't inspire you?*  
Uh-uh.  
No negative thoughts.  
You can do this.  
*We'll move the Flairies'  
Glitterizer into the studio,  
we'll surround you  
with inspiration,  
and then,  
we'll hit the town.*  
I want to see  
all your favorite places.  
Everything that  
gets you inspired to create.  
(POP SONG PLAYING)  
(SINGING)  
*Une bonne journ e  
Une bonne journ e  
Je t'aime, Paris*

*My impression is perfection  
Life is a painting  
and we are the color  
Exploration, fascination,  
an inspiration  
Aye, oh, aye, oh, une bonne  
journÃ©e It's a perfect day  
Aye, oh, aye, oh, une bonne  
journÃ©e It's a perfect day  
Come along  
It's a perfect day  
Come along  
It's a perfect day  
Allez, respire  
Feel it flowing,  
ideas glowing  
Life is a fabric  
and we are the color  
Inspiration, innovation,  
a new creation  
Aye, oh, aye, oh, une bonne  
journÃ©e It's a perfect day  
Aye, oh, aye, oh, une bonne  
journÃ©e It's a perfect day  
Breathe, dream, love  
Come along  
It's a perfect day  
Come along  
It's a perfect day  
With you  
With you  
It's a perfect day  
So, you're a farmer.  
Pig farmer.  
So I gathered.  
(GRUNTING)  
Yeah, Sookie here's like a  
pet. I hate to be without her.  
She loves car rides.  
(GRUNTING)  
(CHUCKLES)  
'Course she does.  
We can run you out to Harrisburg,  
you can hop a train there to Philly.  
Oh, that'll be great.  
I appreciate it.  
(SNORTING)  
Uh, excuse me, your  
pig is eating my jacket.  
(CHUCKLES) *Denim. Nice and**



*chewy for her. It's like gum.*  
Say thank you, Sookie.  
Big kisses, baby.  
(KISSING)  
(SLURPING)  
(GROANS)  
Thanks, Sookie.  
(SNORTING)  
I have found  
the hobby for me.  
Stand-up  
paddleboarding.  
(GASPS)  
These dresses. Alice,  
did you make these?  
Oh, well, uh, the Flairies  
really brought them to life.  
*But they're Alice's  
original designs.*  
Do you like them?  
I love them. Oh, I had no  
idea you were this talented.  
With these dresses, you could  
work at any design house in Paris.  
How about Millicent's?  
Barbie.  
(CHUCKLES)  
Just come on.  
(MILLICENT EXCLAIMING)  
*Cumbersome thing,  
isn't it?*  
(EXCLAIMS) *Maybe it's  
the wrong hobby after all.*  
Uh, wait up.  
(SIGHS) I know we're  
supposed to be packing,  
*but we're just not ready to give up  
on Millicent's and the Flairies yet.*  
You did say  
a great fashion line  
could make enough money to save  
the place, right? Aunt Millicent?  
(EXCLAIMING)  
These are from my  
very first fashion line.  
They inspire me.  
Your work always has.  
*Inspires her like crazy. You wouldn't  
believe how many ideas she has.*  
Totally enough for a massive

fashion show here Friday night,  
if you'll  
let us do it.  
*I was hoping maybe you'd  
want to work together on this.*  
Oh, Alice, I would be  
honored to work with you.  
But the last thing you need is  
my reputation bringing you down.  
You girls can do your  
show here, just please,  
*don't be too disappointed if  
it doesn't go the way you hope.*  
(LAUGHS) So, how about  
you both take a break  
and join me  
for dinner upstairs?  
*Mmm, yes.*  
*I'm starved.*  
(LAUGHS)  
*I'd love it.*  
So, tell me everything.  
*What's happening with you and  
that boyfriend of yours, um, Ken?*  
Uh-uh.  
So not going there.  
(TRAIN RUMBLING)  
(TRAIN WHISTLE BLOWING)  
(EXCLAIMS)  
(CLEARS THROAT)  
(SNORING)  
(EXCLAIMS)  
Ah!  
New Brunswick. Everyone  
out for New Brunswick.  
New Brunswick?  
No!  
I missed my stop. I have  
to get back to Philadelphia.  
Uh, you could try catching  
the southbound train.  
Last one for the night  
leaves in one minute.  
No!  
(BELL DINGING)  
CONDUCTOR: All aboard.  
(PANTING)  
(TRAIN WHISTLE BLOWING)  
No!  
(TRAIN ENGINE CHUGGING)

(SIGHING)

*I'm doing it for Barbie.*

*It's all for Barbie.*

(PHONE RINGING)

*Yeah. I'm going*

*to need a cab*

from New Brunswick

train station to Philadelphia.

(INDISTINCT CHATTERING

ON PHONE)

*What? There's no*

*cabs available?*

(INDISTINCT CHATTERING

ON PHONE)

I have to wait

how long?

(THUNDER RUMBLING)

(SIGHS)

*There were those who said,*

*"Non. It cannot be done.*

*"Jacques Rousseau can*

*never top himself.*

*"His work was too magnificent.*

*Too earth-shattering. Too..."*

Too much talking.

Show me already!

(SPEAKING FRENCH)

Note how the outfit bursts with

life, like the muse herself.

Wow, Sequin.

Jacques?

Did you do this?

(PANTING)

(BARKS)

Millicent has had Jacques

since he was a puppy.

He knows as much

about design as she does.

(GASPS) Oh. Light bulb. Pet fashions.

Shimmer.

Shyne. Glimmer.

(EXCLAIMS)

(THUDDING)

Easy on the volume.

(YAWNING)

Flairies need

their beauty sleep.

Come, look.

(GASPS)

Look at that outfit.

Flairies, meet the  
scorchingly stunning Sequin,  
the titanically talented  
Jacques, and Jilliana.  
(SCOFFS)  
Just Jilliana?  
That is one crazily  
cutting-edge canine.  
Does anyone else  
feel inspired?  
Better believe it.  
Shine.  
Shimmer.  
Glimmer.  
(POPPING)  
Great job, Glimmer.  
That one was really good.  
Gold star, Glimmer.  
I almost saw  
something happen.  
*You are beautiful,  
chÃ©rie.*  
And it all comes from your wildly  
adventurous California spirit.  
(SIGHS)  
It is my inspiration.  
Perhaps I was  
wrong, a little.  
Maybe you can have  
style and still be,  
you know, like you.  
A back-pawed compliment,  
but okay.  
Sequin, how  
gorgeous are you?  
Now we have two designers  
for the fashion show.  
Yes, and all  
we have to do  
is create an entire fashion  
line by tomorrow night.  
*So doable. Just don't  
think of the whole show.  
It's like when I get a mega-huge  
script to memorize overnight.  
I can always do it if I focus  
on one line at a time, that's it.*  
You can do  
the same thing.  
*I'm putting these in the*

*window with the dresses,*  
then I'll work the net  
to spread the word.  
We'll get swarms  
of people, I know it.  
Hey. You forgot  
your change.  
Oh, thanks.  
(WIND BLOWING)  
Oh, man.  
(EXCLAIMING)  
(PANTS RIPPING)  
No way. No way.  
(WIND BLOWING)  
(EXCLAIMING)  
Cold breeze.  
*Remember,*  
*it's all for Barbie.*  
Hey. Does anyone have  
a safety pin? Anyone?  
(GIGGLING)  
*That's the ticket line?*  
(SIGHS)  
MAN:  
Hey. Nice shorts, buddy.  
(PEOPLE LAUGHING)  
Dog fashions?  
Oh, really? On a little doggie model?  
Ooh, I want to see.  
*The model doesn't matter.*  
*What matters is it's a smart*  
*idea, so we need to take it.*  
Okie-dokie. But how do we make  
ours that sparkly and shiny?  
*I don't know.*  
*It makes no sense.*  
*Millicent's is closing.*  
*She has no designers.*  
But those outfits in the  
window, they're magnificent.  
*Like nothing I've ever*  
*seen. C'est impossible.*  
(CHUCKLES) *That's funny. You*  
*think the outfits are impossible,*  
*I think what's impossible*  
*are the teeny tiny models*  
floating through the air  
on sparkles.  
What? Where?  
Oh!

(GRUNTING)  
Um, my neck...  
Just show me.  
But I can't...  
I need...  
Oh, whatever.  
There.  
(SPEAKING FRENCH)  
What are they?  
They must be responsible for  
the new styles at Millicent's.  
Ah. Which means  
I have to make them mine.  
We only need to wait  
for the right moment.  
(SNORING)  
(DELPHINE CHUCKLING)  
Delphine! (EXCLAIMS) No. Not the plaid.  
*They're moving.*  
*It's almost time.*  
(EXHALING DEEPLY)  
(DOOR CLOSES)  
FLAIRIES: *"Sparkle shower,*  
*that's our power*  
*"We glow clothes*  
*that always wow her*  
*"How many outfits*  
*will we make?*  
*"One, two, three, four*  
*"Shine 'em up*  
*then shine some more*  
*"Five, six, seven, eight*  
*"Make sure every one*  
*looks great*  
*"Sparkle shower..."*  
FLAIRIES: Hey, what do  
you think you're doing?  
*Ambush. Oh, no.*  
*Who's behind this?*  
(FLAIRIES SHOUTING)  
*What's happening?*  
(SHOUTING)  
Get back,  
Flairie-nappers.  
You have no idea  
who you're dealing with.  
(GIGGLING)  
Oh, you're so cute.  
Cute?  
(EXCLAIMS)

*We can't get out of here.*  
(DOOR OPENING)  
I'll let you out  
at some point,  
but not until you help me.  
*Ah-ha. A ransom situation.*  
*What's your price?*  
Simple. Glitterize my designs  
like the ones at Millicent's.  
Delphine, bring over  
my newest designs.  
*Um, we don't really*  
*have anything new.*  
*Without Millicent's*  
*designing,*  
*we didn't have*  
*anything to copy.*  
Just grab whatever you can  
find, they'll make it look good.  
(SCOFFS)  
I got nothing. You?  
*Hey, maybe you should go to the fashion*  
*show at Millicent's tomorrow night.*  
*Alice's designs*  
*are incredible.*  
*Excusez-moi? I won't go*  
*to Millicent's fashion show*  
because I'll be here,  
having my own fashion show,  
*complete with everyone*  
*who's anyone in Paris.*  
Now, make  
with the magic.  
*Here's the deal. We're not*  
*inspired by these dresses.*  
*If we "make with the magic,"*  
*we don't know what will happen,*  
*but it probably*  
*won't be good.*  
You're stalling.  
*She's not, it's true.*  
*You really*  
*don't want us to do it.*  
Delphine, spritz them.  
(EXCLAIMS)  
Oh, no, cheap perfume.  
(SCREAMING)  
It stinks.  
Okay. We'll do it.  
Just remember,

we warned you.  
Shine.  
Shimmer.  
Glimmer.  
(POPS)  
Ooh, Glimmer, I think I saw a  
little something with that one.  
*I wonder*  
*if it's the nails.*  
I knew you were stalling.  
My dresses are beautiful.  
*They're beautiful now, but I'm*  
*telling you, that magic's not stable.*  
Blah, blah, blah.  
Lies, lies, lies.  
The dresses are perfect.  
Just like all my dresses  
will be from now on.  
Thanks to you, my pets.  
Come, Delphine.  
You really are so cute.  
JACQUELINE: (INDISTINCTLY)  
Delphine. Come.  
Uh, coming.  
(LAUGHING)  
The magic is not stable, and  
we have to get out of here  
*before those*  
*"designers" find out.*  
Shyne. Shimmer.  
Glimmer. We're back.  
Wait till you see the  
new fabric we have.  
Think maybe they went up into the attic?  
I'll go look.  
Sequin? Jacques?  
Jilliana?  
(DOGS BARK)  
Have you guys  
seen the Flairies?  
Hmm, weird.  
(FOOTSTEPS ECHOING)  
Incoming.  
(EXCLAIMING)  
Aunt Millicent.  
Oh. Parkour.  
What?  
French obstacle-jumping.  
I've seen young people  
doing it around the city



and I've been  
practicing all day.  
(LAUGHS) You are the  
coolest aunt in the universe.  
Thank you.  
Uh, have you  
seen the Flairies?  
*They weren't up in the  
apartment with you, were they?*  
Oh. No.  
(PANTING)  
They're not  
in the attic either.  
They're gone.  
*They can't be gone. We're  
trying to save their powers.  
There's no way  
they'd leave.*  
(EXCLAIMS)  
What are we going to do?  
Alice, did you make  
both of these dresses today?  
Mmm-hmm.  
Even after what we talked  
about, that all your effort  
might not be enough to save the  
fashion house and the Flairies.  
I still had to try.  
Not that it matters.  
*The designs need the Flairies'  
help, and they're gone.  
Well, I know I don't have  
glitterizing powers, but...  
Maybe I can help.*  
You, you want to help  
with the fashion show?  
Really? But last night, you said...  
Oh, I know what I said,  
and I meant it.  
*Lately, critics haven't liked my  
fashions at all, but I love to design.  
Plus, I'm newly inspired  
by you.*  
By me?  
You're brave enough  
to follow your passion  
no matter what  
people might say.  
*That's true style. And I've always  
fancied myself a woman of style.*

Oh, yes. You're my inspiration.  
To design with you...

Oh, it is a dream  
come true.

(CHUCKLES)

*So, it's settled then. What time  
tomorrow is this fashion show?*  
8:00.

MILLICENT: Perfect.

*Who's up  
for the challenge?*

I am.

Me, too.

(BARKING)

(LAUGHS)

*Then let's get to work.*

*Lights up,  
let's rock the runway*

*This time  
we'll take the fun way*

*What's in,  
you gotta let it out  
Dig deep for inspiration  
Try on your new creation  
Stay true,  
that's what it's all about  
Don't let the doubters, shouters,  
pouters turn you inside out*

*Don't let 'em  
bring you down*

*You've got to move it,  
groove it, choose it*

*Now is the time  
to prove it*

*Four, three, two, one*

*Get your sparkle on*

*Go show this world  
where you belong*

*All it takes is a  
little faith, believe it*

*Get your sparkle on*

*Listen to your heart  
and feel it beating strong*

*When you're in doubt,  
glitter it out every time*

*Get your sparkle on*

*Show this world  
where you belong*

*All it takes is a  
little faith, believe it*

*Get your sparkle on  
Listen to your heart  
and feel it beating strong*  
FLIGHT ATTENDANT: *Welcome to  
our non-stop flight to Paris.  
And a special welcome to all our  
passengers attending Veggie-Con.*  
I hope I can get  
a vegetarian meal.  
(CLEARS THROAT)  
(SIGHS)  
(ALL SNORING)  
(FIREWORKS EXPLODING)  
(GASPS) *The Flairies.*  
Mmm?  
Yeah?  
(FIREWORKS CONTINUE)  
*Quoi? Jacqueline?  
She stole them?  
Then it's up to us  
to get them back.*  
Ah, what is that?  
Oh, could it be?  
ALL: *Jilliana.*  
(GREETING IN FRENCH)  
*Now, let's see.*  
No, no.  
(SPEAKING FRENCH)  
(ALL CHEERING)  
*Beauty, brains and brawn.  
Ha! Now, that's stylish.*  
Yes!  
(LAUGHS)  
I did it. I am in Paris.  
(KISSING)  
(EXCLAIMS IN DISGUST)  
(SPITTING)  
Taxi.  
(SIGHS)  
*Please take me  
to Millicent's fashion house.*  
(ANSWERING IN FRENCH)  
(TIRES SCREECHING)  
(CARS HONKING)  
(GROANS)  
(SIGHS)  
(YAWNING)  
No way. No way.  
Alice! Aunt Millicent!  
Is everything okay?

Okay? This is beyond  
redonculously outrageous.  
MILLICENT: But how?  
Shyne, Shimmer and Glimmer,  
at your service, ma'am.  
You came back.  
*Technically,*  
*we didn't leave.*  
We were  
Flairie-napped.  
But if you are back...  
Yes. Now we can have  
a fashion show tonight.  
Whoa, conclusion-jumper.  
We're not the magic here,  
those designs were perfect.  
We just sparkled them  
a little bit.  
The room, on the other hand...  
Is wickedly mind-blowing.  
Affirmative.  
We are so saving this  
place, and your powers.  
*Now let's just hope*  
*people show up.*  
(SPEAKING FRENCH)  
(SPEAKING FRENCH)  
Why have we stopped?  
Flat tire.  
No one is available to change it  
for at least an hour, so we wait.  
*An hour? But don't you*  
*know how to change a tire?*  
Of course I know  
how to change a tire.  
Great.  
So, are you gonna change it?  
(SHOUTING) I am the driver.  
I do not change tires.  
(SIGHS)  
Just pop the trunk, please.  
I'll change the tire.  
Tourist.  
(METAL CLANKS)  
(KEN GROANS)  
*Monsieur.*  
*So nice to see you.*  
(CHUCKLES) You really think you  
can make enough money tonight  
to keep me from

tearing this place down?  
You gave me your price.  
I'll do the best I can.  
(LAUGHS)  
Good luck with that.  
Thank you.  
We'll need it.  
Still just the  
Hotdogeteria guy?  
Yeah, is it just me,  
or is he pretty serious  
for a guy in a weenie suit?  
*All too serious. He can't  
wait to close us down.  
I don't understand.*  
Where is everyone?  
Our website rocks,  
and I linked us everywhere.  
People should be fighting  
over those seats.  
People will come.  
I have faith.  
The two of you  
gave that to me.  
We just need to be patient.  
(AUDIENCE CHATTERING)  
*It's the night  
of my dreams, Delphine.*  
Even Lilliana Roxelle  
is here,  
the most famous  
fashion critic in Paris.  
Once I show these dresses,  
I will forever be known as the  
top designer in all of Paris.  
Wish me luck.  
Okay, good luck.  
(SCOFFS) *I don't need  
luck. I have talent.*  
A talent for getting  
what I want.  
(APPLAUDING)  
(SPEAKING FRENCH)  
As you all know, I have  
long been the toast of Paris.  
But this collection is  
the pinnacle of my career.  
*I call it  
"Just Rewards."*  
(AUDIENCE CHEERING)

Jacqueline?  
Not now, Delphine.  
But, Jacqueline...  
Delphine, I am breathing in  
the sweet smell of my success.  
Uh.  
*Why does the sweet smell of my  
success smell like la gym sock?*  
(CROWD EXCLAIMING DISGUSTEDLY)  
Jacqueline.  
(GASPS)  
No!  
*It's the Flairies' magic.  
They said it wasn't stable.*  
(CRYING) No.  
*This can't be happening.*  
Oh, that smell.  
I've heard of trashy clothes,  
but this is ridiculous.  
Is that Millicent's?  
Whatever it is, it has  
to be better than this.  
*I'm already  
out the door.*  
No. Oh, wait.  
This is not my fault.  
I was tricked.  
Come back.  
This is supposed to be  
my masterpiece.  
*My "Just Rewards."*  
That is definitely  
a fashion "don't."  
*Yes. It's packed!*  
The whole room is packed.  
(GASPS) *That is Lilliana  
Roxelle. She's here.*  
Really?  
Where?  
We love Lilliana.  
Oh, looks like everyone  
really did come out tonight.  
Er...  
Are you nervous?  
Only to the point of not  
being able to breathe.  
Me, too.  
You? But you've been  
doing this forever.  
I know. But that was before

everyone said I was out of style.  
And if we fail now...  
*You won't. Don't you see?*  
*You've already succeeded.*  
But how?  
Barbie.  
*It's true.*  
I know how hard it is to believe  
in yourself when it seems like  
*the world is against you, but*  
*that's what you've both done.*  
You believed.  
And look at the results.  
*It's magical.*  
It really is.  
ALL: Oh.  
*Let's rock this party.*  
(UPBEAT CLUB MUSIC PLAYING)  
(AUDIENCE APPLAUDING)  
Thank you, thank you.  
*Tonight, Millicent's presents*  
*a very special line*  
that celebrates staying  
true to your passion.  
*We call it*  
*"A Fashion Fairytale."*  
(AUDIENCE APPLAUDING)  
(SINGING) *Une bonne journ e*  
*Une bonne bonne journ e*  
*Je t'aime, Paris*  
*Une bonne journ e*  
*Une bonne, une bonne journ e*  
*Come on*  
*It's a perfect day*  
*Come on*  
*Come along*  
*It's a perfect day*  
*Come along*  
*It's a perfect day*  
*Come on*  
*Come along. Come on*  
*Come along*  
*Come on*  
*Life is a fairytale*  
*Life is a fairytale*  
Oh, yes.  
How about we finish  
this off with a bang!  
I like your attitude, sister.  
Shine.

Shimmer.  
(EXCLAIMING)  
Glimmer!  
(AUDIENCE APPLAUDING)  
(BARKING)  
Glimmer.  
*You didn't just enhance that  
dress, you transformed it.*  
You, my friend, have  
found your true talent.  
I did?  
Oh, I did.  
(ALL EXCLAIM)  
(KEN PANTING)  
Barbie?  
Barbie!  
Ken?  
Ken!  
Barbie, I would never  
break up with you.  
I didn't. I promise you it  
was all a misunderstanding.  
The minute I found out, I knew  
I had to see you and talk to you,  
but you had already left  
and, and...  
(AUDIENCE FALLS SILENT)  
(PIN DROPS)  
(CHUCKLES NERVOUSLY)  
Did I show up at a bad time?  
(LAUGHS) No. You showed  
up at the perfect time.  
And all the way to Paris.  
*It's the most romantic thing  
I could ever imagine.  
That's what I wanted.*  
A grand romantic gesture  
to prove how much I love you.  
And I do.  
(SIGHS)  
I love you, too.  
(AUDIENCE CHEERING)  
(ALL CHEER)  
(ALL LAUGHING)  
This is great and all, but unless  
you've got a huge pile of money for me,  
*I'm still tearing this place  
down in the morning.*  
(ALL GASP)  
(GASPING)



*Amazing show. I'd like to place an  
order right now for 10,000 pieces.  
10,000 pieces? From this line? Our line?  
Absolument, I can write you  
a check immÃ©diatement.*  
(SQUEALING EXCITEDLY)  
That would be lovely.  
Please make the check out  
to the giant hot dog.  
*Uh, that's it.  
We did it.  
Millicent's and the  
Flairies' powers are safe.*  
Yes. Magic happens  
when you believe in yourself.  
I have never been  
so impressed by a new line.  
It was magical.  
*I'd love for you all to come to my  
Black, White, and Pink party tonight. Hmm?*  
(GASPS)  
*Oh, we'd love to come.*  
I'll send transportation. Hmm?  
Your show was fantastic.  
(SCOFFS)  
No thanks to you.  
This is true, and we...  
(CLEARS THROAT)  
I apologize.  
Seeing your line, it has a passion  
unlike anything I've ever seen.  
*I wish I hadn't been  
so awful to you.*  
I would have loved  
to work together  
and maybe  
learn something.  
Jacqueline, wait.  
We accept your apology.  
Your designs might be copies,  
but they're not without talent.  
Perhaps we can all  
work together some time.  
(GASPS)  
(THANKING IN FRENCH)  
But first, you might want  
to make three more apologies.  
Oh, you're right.  
Whoa, snazzy rides.  
Wait. I have an idea.

Glimmer.  
(HORSES WHINNYING)  
(EXCLAIMING)  
Glimmer, that was amazing!  
Glimmer, do you realize  
what you're doing?  
Your magic works when you  
transform things into something new.  
(CHUCKLES)  
You are a designer.  
A designer?  
*I'm a designer?*  
*I'm a designer!*  
Come, your newly designed  
carriages await.  
SPENCER: Barbie, Barbie.  
(PANTING)  
Thank the stars of Hollywood  
Boulevard I found you.  
Spencer? How did you find me here?  
I saw your post  
for your fashion show  
and I got here  
as fast as I could.  
Barbie, the studio  
wants you back.  
They have a new movie that they  
really need you on as director.  
So, will you consider it?  
Hmm. I'll consider it.  
But first,  
we have a party to go to.  
Barbie, you're magic.  
(PANTING)  
*(SINGING) Get your sparkle on*  
*Show this world*  
*where you belong*  
*All it takes is a*  
*little faith, believe it*  
*Get your sparkle on*  
*Listen to your heart*  
*and feel it beating strong*  
*When you're in doubt,*  
*glitter it out every time*  
*Lights up,*  
*let's rock the runway*  
*This time*  
*we'll take the fun way*  
*What's in,*  
*you gotta let it out*

You are so cold, darling.  
Let me warm you  
with my fire.  
(CLEARS THROAT)  
(GIGGLES)  
Oh.  
(POKING)  
(CHUCKLES)  
*Don't let the doubters, shouters,  
pouters turn you inside out  
Don't let 'em  
bring you down  
You've got to move it,  
groove it, choose it  
Now is the time  
to prove it  
Four, three, two, one  
Get your sparkle on  
Show this world  
where you belong  
All it takes is a  
little faith, believe it  
Get your sparkle on  
Listen to your heart  
and feel it beating strong*  
(FIRECRACKERS BURSTING)  
*Get your sparkle on  
Show this world  
where you belong  
All it takes  
is a little faith...  
A simple form,  
the perfect line  
It's coming together  
in your mind  
A satin bow, electric blue  
Isn't it something  
just like a dream come true?  
A ruffle there, magenta here  
Feels like magic in cashmere  
Pop it with a pair  
of neon heels  
That's how fearless feels  
Change the colors,  
change the lines  
Life's whatever you design  
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh  
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh  
Choose the fabric  
own your style*

*Make it sweet  
or make it wild  
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh  
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh  
Like life is a  
Like life is a  
Like life is a fairytale  
A bubble skirt, a sequined top  
A feather belt  
Try it, well, why not?  
A different look  
You're free to choose  
Isn't it something,  
loving the crazy shoes?  
Your hair is up  
You've got it down  
You're revving up,  
ready to fly now  
You're shining from your head  
down to your heels  
That's how fearless feels  
Yeah  
Change the colors,  
change the lines  
Life's whatever you design  
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh  
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh  
Choose the fabric  
own your style  
Make it sweet  
or make it wild  
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh  
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh  
Like life is a  
Like life is a  
Like life is a fairytale  
This is just the beginning of  
something better than I imagined  
And I see happily ever after  
In every day  
Change the colors,  
change the lines  
Life's whatever you design  
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh  
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh  
Choose the fabric  
own your style  
Make it sweet  
or make it wild  
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh*

*Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh*  
*Like life is a*  
*Like life is a*  
*Like life is a fairytale*  
*Like life is a*  
*Like life is a*  
*Like life is a*  
*Like life is a fairytale*  
*Like life is a*  
*Like life is a*  
*Like life is a fairytale*