

LEGEND OF A WEIRD GIRL  
"PILOT"

Written by

Brandy N. Carie

(c) 2020

140 Lacrosse St. #B3  
Pittsburgh PA, 15218  
612-618-3060  
brandyncarie@gmail.com

EXT. FANTASTICAL FOREST - DAY

Sunlight filters through impossibly green trees and shines directly onto the face of PRINCESS CANDACE (14, ethereal, flowing hair). She wears a tiara and velvet cloak and holds a magic staff. Glittering butterflies float around her.

In the shadows of the trees, branches creak and crack!

PRINCESS CANDACE  
Who approaches?

The shadows grow darker; the trees loom and close in.

PRINCESS CANDACE (CONT'D)  
Show yourself! I am not afraid!

In the dark, a pair of red eyes glow. Princess Candace gasps!

DONNA (O.S.)  
Candace!

INT. CANDACE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Lying in bed, totally engrossed in a book with a holographic princess on the cover, is CANDACE MICHAELS (14, gangly, stringy hair, nerdy T-shirt).

DONNA (O.S.)  
Candace! Time to go!

Candace's bedroom would be perfect for an eight-year-old: nearly everything is purple. Books, scarves, and costume jewelry are everywhere. On one wall is a collage of pictures: photos of Candace with two girls, JILL and AMELIA; also, ripped-out magazine photos of the Harry Potter cast and drawings of princesses and knights.

By Candace's feet GRUMPY THE DOG (a fluffy mutt) is asleep.

DONNA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(Now she sounds mad)  
CANDACE!

Candace sits bolt upright. Grumpy bounces up, ready to play.

CANDACE  
Make haste, Grumpy! Adventure  
awaits.

Grumpy licks Candace's face. She giggles and pets him.

**TITLE SCREEN: "LEGEND OF A WEIRD GIRL"**

EXT. JILL'S SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

A softcore girl power pop song plays.

Full moon over a manicured lawn in front of a cookie-cutter suburban house in central Minnesota. A light glows in an upper-story window.

Through the window, three girls chatter in front of a mirror.

INT. JILL'S BEDROOM - SAME

The moon is reflected in the mirror above Candace's head. Candace holds a smartphone in a teal case. She looks at a picture on the phone of a model with a bold color-blocked eye look and compares it to her own clumsy blue eye shadow. Fail.

She tries to wipe the makeup off. It smears across her cheek.

CANDACE

Can't we just have a sleepover?

AMELIA (14, perfect makeup, in charge) squeezes next to Candace in front of the mirror and straightens her teal strapless top. Candace notices Amelia tugging her boobs upward and quickly glances away.

AMELIA

Going to Spencer's party is part of the sleepover!

Amelia hands Candace a makeup wipe and takes the phone out of her hand. She starts scrolling social media.

CANDACE

I thought we were having a Hunger Games marathon.

JILL (14, tiny, anxious) self-consciously straightens her intentionally visible bralette and peeks at an iPod. She suddenly stops the song.

AMELIA

Hey! That is my *anthem*.

JILL

You know I'm only allowed to listen to Christian contemporary!

AMELIA

That is truly tragic.

JILL

My mom is gonna hear us.

Amelia rolls her eyes at Candace, who shrugs.

Jill puts on new music: something slow, soulful, and Jesus-y.

AMELIA

Gross. Whatever, let's go.

Amelia strides over to the window and tugs it up.

CANDACE

Out the window? We are not Bad  
Girls!

AMELIA

Oh my God, calm down.

JILL

*Gosh.*

Candace tugs at her dragon-printed t-shirt. It's a little small. She grabs her sweatshirt and puts it on. It has a giant cross logo and the words "ST. JOHN'S LUTHERAN CHURCH & SCHOOL, K-8".

AMELIA

Come on!

Amelia lowers herself out the window and out of sight. Jill follows, looking back at Candace and beckoning. Candace takes a deep breath.

EXT. JILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Candace trips a little as she jumps onto the grass from the trellis outside Jill's window.

The three girls tiptoe away from the house. As they pass further from the house, Candace starts rapidly clicking her tongue and shaking her head. She backs away into the dark.

CANDACE

Yeah, no. I'm not going.

JILL

What?!

AMELIA

Come on, Candace. There are gonna  
be high schoolers there! Boys!

Candace keeps backing away up the street.

CANDACE

I'm not allowed. Anyway, boys are  
insipid.

AMELIA

Insipid?

JILL

You can't just go back in my  
house! My mom-

CANDACE

Home! I'll just go home.

Amelia and Jill stop on the other side of the streetlight.

JILL

By yourself?

Candace looks around the dark street. She shrugs.

AMELIA

...Tell your mom Jill got sick and  
her mom dropped you off.

JILL

Why did *I* get sick?

Candace nods. She sets off in the opposite direction of the  
other girls, walking down the middle of the darkened street.

CANDACE

(calling back)  
See you in High School!

AMELIA

Wear something cool, ok?!

Candace turns back and waves cheerfully.

Jill and Amelia turn and walk in the opposite direction.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Silence. Rustling leaves. Candace walks. She shivers. She  
zips her St. John's hoodie up a little higher.

She stands up very straight, and pulls her hair behind her  
head like a bun. She puts on a fantasy 'British' accent.

CANDACE

M'Lord! Quick! Let me guide you  
along this treacherous path!  
Dangers lurk in these woods.

She turns to an imaginary person next to her and nods her head solemnly.

CANDACE (CONT'D)

Never fear. I shall protect you-

A growl from just outside the glow of light. Candace gasps!

Two red eyes glare from the dark.

Candace squints and a large canine shape comes into focus. Candace lights up. She loves dogs!

CANDACE (CONT'D)

Hey, puppy!

Candace holds a hand out toward the figure...is it a wolf? Or a dog. It's the size of a Saint Bernard with poofy black fur. A collar is mostly obscured by fur, but where a tag would be hangs a shining BLUE CRYSTAL.

CANDACE (CONT'D)

Come'here! Good boy!

Candace crouches and reaches toward the wolf/dog.

CANDACE (CONT'D)

What a handsome fluffer you are!

The dog/wolf lunges and snarls. Candace jerks her hand back.

CANDACE (CONT'D)

Ow! Bad dog!

She looks at her hand. A drop of blood wells on her finger.

She looks back out and the dog is gone. She sticks her finger in her mouth and darts away down the street, toward home.

EXT. CANDACE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The house looks a lot like Jill's. It's one in a row of similar houses lining a tidy cul-de-sac. It's defining aesthetic choice is a "summer-themed" wreath.

Candace trudges through the unlocked front door. She sucks on her bit finger.

As she enters a light pops on.

DONNA (O.S.)  
Candace?

Overhead, the moon seems to fill the whole sky.

INT. CANDACE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A confusion of hazy swirling images:

THE MOON shines down on THE WOLF.

PRINCESS CANDACE in a long white dress.

THE WOLF snarls. The BLUE CRYSTAL glows.

THE MOON explodes.

THE WOLF lunges at PRINCESS CANDACE, tearing her gown to shreds, scratching her all down her arms and legs, forming a deep pool of red-black blood-

INT. CANDACE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Candace wakes up suddenly. She groans.

She whips the unicorn-patterned comforter off and sees... blood soaking her purple pajama pants. It's her period.

CANDACE  
Dang it.

Just then, CHARLES (10, squeaky, loud) runs by her open bedroom door blaring the siren of a toy fire truck.

CHARLES  
MOM SAYS GET UP WE HAVE CHURCH!

Candace sighs and rolls out of bed.

INT. DONNA'S KITCHEN - DAY

A raw slab of bacon *thwapps* on a cutting board. The manicured hands of DONNA MICHAELS (40s, tired, mom haircut) separate strands of bacon.

Candace trudges down the stairs in a denim skirt, sniffing at the delicious smell. Her gaze lands on the raw bacon. Huh.





MEAN LITTLE BOY

Puppy!

His HARRIED MOTHER (28, turtleneck) shushes him.

Candace tries to tuck her legs under the pew.

MEAN LITTLE BOY (CONT'D)

Puppy!

Harried Mother gives him a piece of candy, which he shoves in his mouth, staring at Candace.

Candace frowns. Donna holds the hymnal right in front of her and Candace's face as strains of the synth organ begin.

INSERT: Hymn 153, "Stricken, Smitten, and Afflicted."

EXT. CHURCH PARKING LOT - DAY

Douglas gets into the Minivan and waves at the kids as he pulls away.

CHARLES

Why aren't we going with Dad?

Candace watches the minivan pull out of the parking lot.

A NOSY CHURCH LADY (60s, floral dress) cranes her neck at Donna & the kids as she walks by...extremely slowly.

Donna glares at the Church Lady and takes Candace and Charles by the hand. She heads toward a shop across the street: Freeze'N'Brew.

DONNA

Who wants ice cream?!

INT. FREEZE'N'BREW COFFEE & ICE CREAM SHOP - DAY

Rainbow colored ice cream melts into a brown puddle at the bottom of a soggy paper cup.

Candace slurps a huge bite of ice cream.

Charles's lip quivers and a tear drips from the end of his nose into an untouched cup of vanilla.

Donna clutches a mug of coffee and watches Charles.

DONNA  
This doesn't change how much we  
both love you, honey.

Candace tips melted ice cream into her mouth. Charles sniffs.

DONNA (CONT'D)  
This is better for everyone.

Charles blinks aggressively.

Candace throws the empty cup in the trash.

CANDACE  
Can I have more?

Donna glances from weepy Charles to Candace.

DONNA  
...Sure, honey.

She hands Candace her credit card. Candace holds the credit card like it's a priceless treasure.

CHARLES  
But where will Dad live?

LATER:

Candace plops down with a six-scoop monstrosity, covered in chocolate syrup. She licks it.

CHARLES (CONT'D)  
But where will WE live?

Donna rubs Charles's back.

DONNA  
With both of us. On different days.

Donna glances at Candace's giant ice cream.

DONNA (CONT'D)  
Candace are you feeling ok?

Candace swallows her ice cream. She yawns a *huge* yawn and looks away. She licks her lips.

CANDACE  
...Sure.

CHARLES  
But *Mom-*!

Donna turns back to Charles.

INT. DONNA'S KITCHEN - DAY

Donna, Candace, and Charles enter the kitchen and all eyes immediately fall on a conspicuously empty spot on the counter top covered with crumbs.

CHARLES  
Where's the toaster?

DONNA  
Dammit, Douglas.

Charles begins scream-crying.

CHARLES  
You never used to say swear words  
before you were a divorced person!

Charles runs away upstairs.

DONNA  
Charles!

Donna follows him up the stairs.

Candace is alone. She sniffs. She edges toward the fridge. She opens it. Inside is some uncooked bacon.

She leans in...and sniffs it. She leans in more.

She reaches her hand toward the bacon...and notices a long black hair growing out of the bite on her finger.

A THUMP from upstairs. Candace glances upward and closes the refrigerator. She looks at the hair on her finger, grasping it in her other hand. She plucks it, wincing.

EXT. DAVIS HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Donna's Minivan door rolls shut. Christian purity girl music floats through the van's speakers. Ideally "Barlow Girl" by Superchick.

Candace, Jill, and Amelia stand outside the car in their first day of school outfits: Amelia looks like an Abercrombie ad, Jill is safe in Gap neutrals, and Candace...has the denim skirt and a corduroy blazer. Through the window, Donna yells: