

LEGEND OF A WEIRD GIRL
"PILOT"

Written by
Brandy N. Carie

WGA Registration #:2070999
(c) 2020

27155 Silver Oak Ln. #2229
Santa Clarita, CA 91387
612-618-3060
brandyncarie@gmail.com

EXT. FANTASTICAL FOREST - DAY

Sunlight filters through impossibly green trees onto PRINCESS CANDACE (15, flowing hair), in a tiara and velvet cloak. Her glowing staff is surrounded by glittering butterflies.

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

PRINCESS CANDACE
Who approaches?

The shadows grow darker; the trees 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

Sprawled across her bed, engrossed in a book with a holographic princess on the cover, is CANDACE MICHAELS (15, stringy hair, nerdy T-shirt).

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

Candace's bedroom is perfect for an eight-year-old, an explosion of purple, strewn with fantasy novels and costume jewelry. On one wall is a collage: photos of Candace with two girls (JILL and AMELIA), glossy 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)
CANDACE!

Candace sits bolt upright, and Grumpy bounces over playfully.

CANDACE
Make haste, Grumpy! Adventure
awaits.

Grumpy licks Candace's face and she giggles, petting him.

TITLE SCREEN: "LEGEND OF A WEIRD GIRL"

EXT. JILL'S SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

A softcore girl power pop song echoes through the dark.

Full moon over the manicured lawn of a cookie-cutter two-story in central Minnesota. Light glows in an upper window.

Through the window, three GIRLS chatter and preen.

INT. JILL'S BEDROOM - SAME

Light glints off VISCOUS RED LIQUID that spreads languorously across a white vanity and dribbles onto plush white carpet.

JILL (OS)

Oh man!

JILL (15, tiny, anxious) uses a sock to wipe up what is revealed to be...spilled liquid lip gloss. She throws it out.

The moon glows in the mirror above Candace's head. Oblivious to the mess at her elbow, Candace studies a smartphone in a teal case, comparing a picture of a model with a bold color-blocked eye to her own clumsy blue shadow. Fail.

She swipes at the makeup and it smears across her cheek.

CANDACE

Can't we just have a sleepover?

AMELIA (15, perfect makeup, in charge) squeezes next to Candace in front of the mirror and tugs her tits upward under her teal strapless top. Candace averts her eyes.

AMELIA

The party is part of the sleepover.

Amelia hands Candace a makeup wipe, snags the phone from her hand, and scrolls social media.

CANDACE

I thought we were having a Hunger Games marathon.

Jill self-consciously picks at her bralette, peeks at an iPod, and suddenly stops the song.

AMELIA

Hey! That is my *anthem*.

JILL

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

AMELIA

Public school kids don't listen to Christian Contemporary.

JILL

We're not public school kids.

Amelia snatches a photocopied flier and waves it around.

AMELIA

We're about to be.

She drops the paper and Candace picks it up.

INSERT: ST. JOHN'S LUTHERAN SCHOOL...Unaccredited...Must Close by State Order

Jill starts a new song: something soulful and Jesus-y.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Gross.

CANDACE

St. John's will reopen! Right?

AMELIA

They can't make me go back. This is our chance to be NORMAL teenagers!

JILL

Shh! My mom hates teenagers!

Amelia strides 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 too-small dragon-printed t-shirt, then dons a zippy sweatshirt with a giant cross logo and the words **ST. JOHN'S LUTHERAN CHURCH & SCHOOL, K-12.**

Amelia lowers herself out the window, followed by Jill, who beckons Candace from the sill. Candace takes a deep breath.

EXT. JILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Candace stumbles as she jumps from trellis to grass.

As the three girls tiptoe into the night, Candace rapidly clicks her tongue, shakes her head, and backs up.

CANDACE
No. Nope. I'm not going.

JILL
What?

AMELIA
Come on, Candace. There are gonna be public 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 go inside! My mom-

CANDACE
I'll just go home.

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

JILL
By yourself?

Candace looks around the dim, familiar suburbia and shrugs.

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

JILL
Why did *I* get sick?

Candace curtsies elaborately and sets off in the opposite direction, down the middle of the darkened street.

CANDACE
(calling back)
See you Monday!

AMELIA

Wear something cool, ok?!

Candace waves cheerfully as Jill and Amelia walk away.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Rustling leaves. Candace shivers as she walks and zips her St. John's hoodie up a little higher.

She straightens her spine, pulls her hair behind her head like a bun, and assumes 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 and nods 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 when a large canine shape comes into focus, she lights up: she loves dogs!

CANDACE (CONT'D)

Hey, puppy!

Candace holds a hand out toward a figure the size of a Saint Bernard with poufy black fur. Wolf or dog? Where a tag would be hangs a gleaming BLUE CRYSTAL.

CANDACE (CONT'D)

Come here, Good boy!

Candace crouches and reaches for 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 down to see blood, welling on her finger. She looks up...and the dog's gone. She jams the bite in her mouth.

EXT. CANDACE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

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

Candace trudges through the unlocked front door, sucking her finger. As she enters a light pops on.

DONNA (O.S.)

Candace?

Overhead, the moon seems to fill the sky.

INT. CANDACE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A confusion of swirling images:

THE MOON shines down on THE WOLF.

PRINCESS CANDACE in a long white dress.

THE WOLF snarls and the BLUE CRYSTAL glows.

THE MOON explodes.

THE WOLF lunges at PRINCESS CANDACE, shredding her gown, scratching her legs, forming a pool of red-black blood-

INT. CANDACE'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Candace wakes up suddenly, groaning.

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

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. CANDACE'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Plain white tile with two kiddie toothbrushes in a cup.

QUICK SHOTS AS: Candace doesn't look *down there* as she wipes blood from her thighs with wet toilet paper that shreds apart in gooey pink clumps. She tears a MASSIVE MAXIPAD from its wrapping and sticks it to pink cotton underpants.

INT. DONNA'S KITCHEN - LATER

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 downstairs in a denim skirt, the pad visibly bulking out her butt through the skirt as she descends.

She sniffs appreciatively and her gaze lands on...raw bacon. Huh.

Candace's dad, DOUGLAS (40s, balding, pinched) peers over a paperback through square glasses.

DOUGLAS
Lookin' a little fuzzy, eh
Chewbacca?

Candace blushes down at her OWN HAIRY LEGS.

CHARLES
HA HA HA CHEWBACCA!

Charles zooms around the room making honking sounds with his mouth that do not remotely resemble Chewbacca noises.

DONNA
Really, Douglas? That's what you
have to say to your daughter?

Donna slaps the bacon onto an electric griddle.

DOUGLAS
What?

DONNA
She's not allowed to shave.

DOUGLAS
Why not?

Donna aggressively cracks an egg.

DONNA
She's a child!

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

Rainbow sherbet melts into a brown puddle at the bottom of a soggy paper cup. Candace slurps.

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, watching him.

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

Candace tips melted ice cream into her mouth.

CANDACE
Can I have more?

Donna glances from the sad child to the hungry one.

DONNA
Sure, honey.

She hands her credit card to Candace, who holds it like a priceless treasure.

CHARLES
But where will Dad live?

LATER:

Candace licks a six-scoop chocolate-syrup-soaked monstrosity.

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

DONNA
With both of us on different days.

Donna glances at Candace's giant ice cream.

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

Candace yawns hugely, and looks away, licking her lips.

CANDACE
...Sure.

CHARLES
But *Mom-*!

Donna turns back to her weepy son.

INT. DONNA'S KITCHEN - DAY

The second Donna, Candace, and Charles enter, all eyes find a conspicuously empty spot on the counter, covered in 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. Candace is alone.

She sniffs...edges toward the fridge...opens it: inside is some tantalizing uncooked bacon.

She leans in...and sniffs it...leans closer, reaching her hand toward the bacon...and notices a LONG BLACK HAIR growing from the bite on her finger.

A THUMP from upstairs. Candace glances up and closes the refrigerator. She grasps the hair on her finger with her other hand and plucks it, wincing.

EXT. DAVIS HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Candace, Jill, and Amelia stand outside Donna's Minivan in their "first day" outfits: Amelia looks like an Abercrombie ad, Jill is safe in Gap neutrals, and Candace has added a corduroy blazer to her denim skirt.

Christian purity girl music floats through the van's open windows: **Barlow Girl** by Superchick.

DONNA
Don't forget, your Dad is picking
you up to go to his...new...house!

Amelia looks at all the kids streaming into the school, parentless, effortlessly cooler than them.