

## The Life and Worries of Candace

By: Sophia Cousino

An author selects an eccentric young woman as the subject matter for their new book through an unconventional "audition" and interview process that draws the two of them into an unexpected and intimate relationship.

INT. AUDITORIUM STAGE - DAY

The stage is completely dark, only the barely perceptible figure of a woman is visible.

CANDACE (V.O).  
Every now and then I'm shocked by the  
overwhelming tangibility of my  
character.

The bright stage lights come on illuminating CANDACE (20s,  
has an extensive collection of cable knit sweaters)

CANDACE (V.O)  
It's stifling

Candace gets settled center stage and stares into the lights  
for a moment, squinting.

CANDACE  
(Shouting)  
Hi, my name is Candace

AUTHOR(O.S.)  
Hi Candace, start whenever you're  
ready

She nods.

She looks down, taking a minute to gather herself. She looks  
back up.

CANDACE  
Okay... a little about me.

She takes another moment.

CANDACE  
Let's see... My mom says things like  
"cleanliness is next to godliness" a  
lot. I think people who believe that  
must be...really afraid...and probably  
perpetually unhappy... maybe that was  
just her. Candace pauses for a moment,  
thinking.

CANDACE  
But I also think people who say and  
believe things like

"ignorance is bliss" are characteristically flawed in some

ways too.

She laughs

CANDACE

Naturally, I spend a lot of time thinking about what's "right" or "good," and it irritates me that I'm overly consumed with philosophy by virtue of being alive

She brushes through her hair with her hands

CANDACE

I wish existing could just be enough, you know?

Candace starts becoming a bit fidgety.

CANDACE

Um... let's see...

She lets out a deep breath

CANDACE

I'm overwhelmingly worried all the time about the evolution I am undergoing as a growing member of the human race...You know? It's scary looking back in time onto an unrecognizable reflection of myself. And I'm convinced that's just kinda how life always is: growing and changing and... becoming different. Feeling uncomfortable in your skin all the while.

She looks around.

CANDACE

What else...

After a moment's thought, Candace reaches into her back pocket for her phone.

CANDACE

Oh, I have a really cute dog.

CUT TO:

INT. AUDITORIUM HOUSE - DAY

There is a table with peoples' awkwardly posed pictures scattered all over. (TAKEN ON THE AUDITORIUM STAGE NOT PROFESSIONAL HEADSHOTS) Candace is one of them.

AUTHOR (20s reads a lot of Dostoevsky) and EDITOR'S (20s has perpetual coffee breath) hands are reaching in and moving the pictures into two categories.

AUTHOR (O.S)

He seemed strikingly egotistical... I don't know it just made him very difficult to identify with

EDITOR (O.S)

Mmmm I know what you mean. The constant name dropping was a bit... nauseating.

They laugh

Editor reaches for a picture of a different woman.

EDITOR

She was kind of fun?

AUTHOR

She was

EDITOR

Ya know? Like I'd like to talk to her at a party?

AUTHOR

She'd probably have a bit too much to drink though.

EDITOR

That doesn't always have to be a problem.

AUTHOR

Of course you'd think that Sandra.

EDITOR

Well... I'm moving her over here

Editor moves the girl's picture over to one side of the table. Author's hand then reaches for Candace's headshot.

AUTHOR (O.S.)  
I liked her

Author begins to move her picture over

EDITOR (O.S.)  
Yea there was something about her  
right?

AUTHOR  
Mmhm... super drawn to her...

CUT TO:

INT. CANDACE'S ROOM - DAY

Candace moves an audition flier over on her desk to reveal  
her journal. She grabs it and a pen

Candace walks out of her room with the two items

INT. CANDACE'S LIVING ROOM - CONT.

She walks into her living room and sets her notebook on the  
table and settles down.

She writes the date on a fresh page

She stares off for a while tapping her pen to her chin.

She begins to write

On the page, she is finishing writing the words, "food  
combinations that shouldn't work."

Suddenly, her PHONE RINGS.

[INTERCUT: AUTHOR'S OFFICE - DAY]

AUTHOR  
Hi Candace, this is -----

CANDACE  
Hi, how are you?

AUTHOR  
I'm doing well. I just wanted to give  
you a quick ring to tell you that we'd  
love to work with you on the book.

CANDACE

Oh. Really?

AUTHOR

Yea, we were really inspired by your audition.

CANDACE

Wow, I'm flattered.

AUTHOR

Listen, I'd love to meet with you sometime soon to begin the interviewing process.

CANDACE

Okay, great, I'm pretty free this week.

AUTHOR

How does Sunday at 2 O'Clock work for you?

CANDACE

Sounds good!

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Candace and Author are mid conversation. They are talking deeply about their respective philosophies on life.

CANDACE

You know how there's a part of your brain that doesn't know or care about what's best for you?

AUTHOR

I'm not quite sure what you're getting at but keep talking

Author is jotting notes down in a journal.

CANDACE

Like there's this innate part of me... and maybe everyone, that lacks the ability to filter out my emotions when I'm making decisions. So I'll do things that I know are not good for me because they feel good. And I guess this makes me wonder if we're like... hardwired for self destruction.

AUTHOR

Mmm I see.

Author takes a moment to ponder as they look over their notes.

AUTHOR

Maybe survival has a lot to do with finding the balance between what feels good and what we know to be good for us. We can't have too much or too little of either one right?

CANDACE

Yea... That's a good point.

They both sip on their drinks.

AUTHOR

It's really great to talk with you, Candace.

CANDACE

Yea, you too.

Author stares at Candace

AUTHOR

Are you free right now? Can I take you somewhere?

Candace looks a little surprised at this proposition.

CANDACE

Sure.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Candace and Author are walking along a sunny trail in a park.

AUTHOR

Ah, how comforting a little sunlight can be.

Candace chuckles.

AUTHOR

What?

CANDACE

Do you always speak in poetic verse?

AUTHOR  
(laughing)  
I suppose I do.

CANDACE  
That adds up... You're right though. The  
sunlight is great.

AUTHOR  
Makes you feel human again.

CANDACE  
You have trouble feeling human?

AUTHOR  
Sometimes... yea...you don't?

CANDACE  
No. Can't seem to escape that  
condition.

Candace ventures off, ahead. The part of the trail they are  
on is now shaded.

AUTHOR  
Where are you going?

CANDACE  
In search of more sunlight!

Author runs up to meet Candace.

AUTHOR  
I think you're really great.

CANDACE  
You too.

They walk side by side. After a while, the Author reaches for  
Candace's hand. They hold hands as they walk.

Candace gives Author a smile.

MONTAGE:

INT. HOME - NIGHT

Candace sits at a table alone, Author comes from behind her  
with a pot in hand.

Author serves them both food and gives Candace a quick kiss



on the forehead before sitting across from her to eat.

They laugh and smile.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The two are dressed up, walking home from an event hand in hand.

EXT. FIELD/PARK - DAY

Candace lays on the Author. They both are writing in their journals.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

The two of them peruse the stacks of a library.

INT. HOME - NIGHT

They are watching a movie together.

END MONTAGE

INT. HOME - MORNING

Candace wakes up next to the sleeping author.

She looks at them sleeping for a while, she brushes through their hair.

She grabs what she thinks is her journal and opens it up with a pen in hand. She opens it to an early page

The chicken scratch like handwriting on the pages of the journal indicates it is not Candace's

She goes to close the journal, but she catches a glimpse of her name.

EXT. HOME - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Candaces is speaking inaudibly. Her expression indicates a somber tone.

AUTHOR (V.O.)

Candace is very comfortable with me now. She's divulged a lot about her childhood in the comfort of my arms. I know Sandra is unhappy with this change of plans, but it will result in

the best final product.

INT. HOME - DAY - CURRENT

Candace is confused.

She flips to a new page.

EXT. PARK - DAY - FLASHBACK

Candace is laughing hard.

AUTHOR (V.O.)

Candace often snorts when she laughs.  
I don't find it all that charming, but  
I think some readers may.

INT. HOME - DAY - CURRENT

Candace begins to shake Author awake, with her gaze still  
fixed on the journal pages.

CANDACE

what is this?

Author is acclimating to their awoken state.

AUTHOR

What?

CANDACE

-- what is this?

She tosses the journal onto the author.

AUTHOR

(Groggy)

Why were you reading that?

CANDACE

Why are you writing about me like I'm  
some kind of experiment?

AUTHOR

That is a complete invasion of my  
privacy-

CANDACE

Oh shut up! Invasion of privacy...

AUTHOR

You knew I was writing a book about you.

CANDACE

I didn't know that you'd fake falling in love with me to get a more intimate glimpse at who I was. That was not my understanding of this situation!

Author is dumbfounded.

CANDACE

Is that all this was?

Author has nothing to say.

CANDACE

(Holding back tears)

I let you see me. That wasn't for anyone else, that was for you. Or at least for who I thought you were. You need to call this thing off. I don't.. I don't consent to this project anymore.

AUTHOR

It's been done.

CANDACE

What?

AUTHOR

It's been sent to the publisher.

CANDACE

Get out.

Author gathers their things and leaves. The FRONT DOOR  
SLAMS SHUT.

Candace is alone in her room.

She paces for a moment.

She sees her rightful journal on her bedside table and picks it up. She thoughtfully flips through the pages.

She sets it back down and grabs her phone, she does a quick search and puts it on speaker as she continues to pace her

room.

PUBLISHER (THROUGH THE PHONE)

Hello

CANDACE

(putting on her most pretentious voice)

Hi... this is Sandra, Author's editor.

PUBLISHER

Oh hi Sandra, how are you?

CANDACE

I'm doing okay thank you. But I've actually realized I've made a huge mistake.

PUBLISHER

Oh no

CANDACE

Yea, I've actually sent over an incorrect draft of Author's project. Would it be possible to mail the correct manuscript to you?

PUBLISHER

Certainly, let me just make a note to be on the lookout for a new copy.

CANDACE

Great, thank you so much for your help.

PUBLISHER

No problem.

CANDACE

Bye

PUBLISHER

Bye bye.

INT. AUTHOR'S HOME - DAY (WEEKS LATER) Author enters their home with a package in hand.

They carefully pull out a book

CANDACE (V.O)

The Life and Worries of Candace

Author looks perplexed. They open the book to the dedication page.

CANDACE (V.O)  
To the parts of myself, so authentic,  
they seem to whisper

my name.

Author is dumbfounded, they turn one more page.

CANDACE (V.O)  
(whispering)  
Candace...

THE END.