

The Life and Worries of Candace

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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)

Mmmmm 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
Mmhmm... 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

Candace 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.