

Rain Girls

An Original TV Series

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Teenage girls don't share well at the best of times. So when Zara and Kai are asked to share a high school, a love interest and a set of super powers, things are bound to get complicated fast. Our Rain Girls can control water molecules. Well, most of the time. The rest of the time the pool boils, the kettle freezes solid and a number of high school gang-bangers are hospitalized for severe dehydration. Given that they live in Vancouver in the heart of a rainforest on the coast of an ocean, opportunities to get into trouble with water abound. What the hell happened to them that left them with this weird talent, and what the hell they can do about it is a complete mystery. It could be that John X, an alien/human hybrid, and the high school janitor, is supposed to be their tutor. Maybe. All three wandered out of the woods together after going missing during a class trip. But since all three also suffered varying degrees of memory loss, it remains to be seen whether John X is the mentor they need or the enemy they fear.

Adolescence sucks. Being weirder than your friends sucks even more. But the biggest suck of all is getting caught up in some kind of intergalactic war with two opposing alien races using Earth and humanity as game pieces. Especially since you don't know the rules, can't tell the good guys from the bad, and didn't ask to play. It makes keeping it all secret somehow the easiest part of the day. They are good at secrets our girls. Zara, swim team superstar and a-list clique member hides her charity scholarship status and white-trash home life. Kai covers an obsessive compulsive disorder and obscenely wealthy parents with questionable business connections to the Japanese Yakuza by adopting a Goth exterior and bitchy attitude. But developing a training regime for two neophyte superheroes is a pretty tough thing to keep under wraps; there are families to lie to and snoopy science teachers to avoid; underworld low-life to practice on and suspected aliens to surveil. Friends? Dating? Pop-quizzes in history class? You've got to be kidding me.