

**GOLDIE**

written by  
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FADE IN:

**INT. MASTER BATHROOM - DAY**

Someone's taking a hot shower. Steam on glass obscures the athletic form of a woman.

She's crying hard. Deep inside the haze...

GOLDIE (20's) hugs herself and weeps. Long wet blonde hair clings to her quivering shoulders. She sports a fresh fat lip. Old wounds and scar tissue sully her alluring curves.

Dark and deep bruises on her forearms shine purple. Blood ebbs out of gashes on her calves and thighs. The pink liquid pools at her feet, then drains out of sight.

GOLDIE (V.O.)  
Most days, I feel like a busted  
doll that no one wants.

Goldie balls up her fists, covers her pale blue eyes. She crumples into a fetal position, wails like a grieving mother.

Over and over again. Louder and louder.

**LATER**

A naked stone-faced Goldie stares at her reflection in a foggy mirror, grabs a SUTURE KIT. She pushes the curved needle through her thigh, stitches up a gash without wincing.

Loop after loop of catgut slowly closes the hole. She pulls the suture taut, knots the wound shut like a pro.

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY**

It's a post-modern open space. No walls in this rectangular low-rise GLASS HOUSE wrapped in steel.

FAMILY PORTRAITS cover the entire top of a bureau. *In the images:* Loving parents hug and flank their blonde toddler. Mother, Father and Child look so happy together.

None of the photos feature Goldie.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

Sunlight pours in through the floor-to-ceiling high windows overlooking the dense FOREST. Thick yellowish porridge bubbles in a pot on the stove.

One of the chairs is on its side and missing a leg. On a shelf, there's an overturned KNIFE BLOCK speckled with red hand prints. More crimson smears across the white cabinets.

From the adjacent room: A needle drops on an old record, static pops until a Torch Song plays. Somber trumpets and clarinets accompany the downtrodden piano. A woman sings:

WOMAN

*Each time I fall in love, I bet my  
all. It seems that everything is  
rosy and then, somehow I never know  
when to say when.*

A naked Goldie enters, hums the tune. She leans over the pot, savors the aroma. Her long blonde hair covers her breasts.

Goldie pours porridge into three bowls on the table. She sits down, holds a big wooden spoon in her hand. Her knuckles are raw and red. Goldie eats and eats and eats.

Until she pushes the empty bowl aside, then grabs the next serving. A glob of hot porridge hits the floor. She scoops it up with her index finger, sucks it off with a loud slurp.

WOMAN

*I should have told my heart to stop  
and count to ten. But then I never  
know when to say when.*

One heaping spoonful of porridge after another disappears into her insatiable maw, until all three bowls are empty.

Goldie grabs a full BACKPACK off a shelf. There's a TEDDY BEAR peeking out the open top. She smiles at the stuffed toy, kisses his black button nose, then pulls out something else.

A heart-shaped GOLD LOCKET dangles on a chain. Goldie dons the necklace. The cheap heart nestles between her breasts.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Signs of a bloody violent struggle everywhere. Overturned tables. Downed bookshelves. Shattered vases on the floor.

BLOODY PALM PRINTS dot the glass wall. The horrific finger painting suggests multiple people were involved.

Dressed for a hike, Goldie enters. She ignores the gruesome chaos around her, walks past a busted coffee table. Blood pools over the glass shards. Two teeth float in the red soup.

Nearby, there's a closed LAPTOP. Goldie sits on the floor, sorts through a stack of mail between her legs.

WOMAN

*My dreams all bore me now. No  
candle lights the lonely nights  
before me now. But then again, and  
again, and again, I find that I  
never know when to say when.*

Something catches her eye. Goldie rips open an envelope.

Inside, there's a homemade housewarming greeting card with an adorable family photo glued on the cover: It's another family of three with a blonde little girl! The song ends.

Her pupils dilate. All the genuine smiles seduce Goldie. She reads the handwritten inscription aloud...

GOLDIE

From our family to yours. Wishing  
you many happy years together in  
your new dream home.

She stares at the photo, FIXATES on the new family. Goldie obsesses over every curve of their faces. She grabs the laptop. The cracked screen flickers to life.

Goldie looks up the residence on Google Earth. It's an idyllic LAKE HOUSE in the woods. She keys the sender's name into the search engine: SARA BERENSON.

She's a non-fiction writer. True crime. Just one book, but it was a best seller. *Girl in a Box: Dissection of a Psychopath*. Goldie reads a book review aloud...

GOLDIE

You won't be able to forget Sara  
Berenson's insights into a broken  
mind, no matter how hard you try.

She closes the laptop, sighs like a teen going through her first crush. Tears of joy roll down her smiling face.

GOLDIE

We're gonna be so perfect together.  
You're my happily ever after, Sara.

**KITCHEN**

Goldie opens the MICROWAVE. She stuffs the laptop, a bunch of cell phones and an iPad into the chamber. Goldie sets the timer for an hour, then presses start.

**EXT. GLASS HOUSE - DAY**

Goldie strides down the gravel driveway. She passes an Audi Q7 SUV with flat tires and a shattered passenger window.

Dried blood cakes the closed door. Someone got pulled out of that broken window by force. The hood's up. A tangled mess of thick black wires hang over the SUV's fender.

Goldie walks beyond the carnage. She shoulders the backpack, leaves behind what's left of the glass low-rise.

The Teddy Bear's head bobbles in the backpack. The GROWL of a large animal freezes Goldie in her tracks.

It's a huge blood-stained WHITE GERMAN SHEPHERD! His muzzle's splattered with fresh gore, wounds all over his torso.

The canine glares at Goldie with dark amber eyes. The big white dog growls louder.

GOLDIE  
Grimm, *platz!*

The hulking shepherd blinks, then drops on his belly and pants like a tuckered out puppy.

GOLDIE  
*Braver hund. So ist brave.*

GRIMM wags his long ivory tail, whines up at Goldie. He paws at his bloody face. There's something stuck in his jaw.

Goldie drops to her knees, comforts her submissive pooch. She reaches into Grimm's throat, pulls out something.

It's a chunk of SAFETY GLASS, probably from the Audi. Grimm licks Goldie's face. She muzzle-kisses her furry pal.

GOLDIE  
Who's a good boy? Come on.

**EXT. FOREST - DAY**

A secluded spot. Thick trees hide this place well. Goldie and Grimm push through the branches, reveal...

THREE SHALLOW GRAVES!

All filled in. Two adult-sized, the last one's just the right size for a little blonde girl.

Goldie smiles at the smallest mound of earth.

She pulls the Teddy Bear out of the backpack, kneels down and sets the bloody stuffed toy on the child's grave.

GOLDIE  
(whispers)  
Sweet dreams, Baby Bear.

A moment of silence, then Goldie rises to her feet. She wipes the dirt off her knees, walks away from the graves.

Grimm watches her leave, then lifts his leg and pisses on the kid's grave. The shepherd kicks up dirt with his hind paws.

GOLDIE (O.S.)  
Grimm, *komm*.

Goldie hums a happy tune. An unseen Grimm barks. She hops over a tree root, yells...

GOLDIE  
Let's go! Our happy ending ain't  
gonna write itself!

Grimm catches up to his mistress. Goldie runs ahead. The dog yips and barks, then trots after her. Grimm loves this game.

Beauty and her beast disappear into the forest.

**EXT. FOREST - DAY**

The landscape's smothered with lush green trees.

GOLDIE (V.O.)  
In every fairy tale I've ever read,  
the hero has to find their own path  
to make their dreams come true.

The blade of a MACHETE cleaves thick branches in half, Goldie steps out of the woods into the sunlight.

GOLDIE (V.O.)  
And I'm no different.

Goldie smiles. She admires the majestic view, looks down at the rolling hills and green flatlands.

**EXT. LAKE HOUSE - DAY**

A contemporary luxury cabin with too many windows. The logs embedded in the exterior walls are ornamental, not practical.

Solar panels on the roof soak up the morning sun.

Next to a wooden dock, a family of DUCKS quack.

Set back from the house, is a half-built GUEST COTTAGE. The work site's shrouded in thick opaque plastic.

**INT. LAKE HOUSE - DAY**

Much more cozy than the open space glass house.

The picture window affords a sparkling view of the lake. A fire crackles in the stone-wrapped hearth.

Idyllic family portraits clutter the wall. It's the same family from the greeting card that Goldie found.

**INT. LAKE HOUSE - STUDY - DAY**

Overstuffed bookshelves fill the space. There's a poster for *Girl in a Box: Dissection of a Psychopath* on the wall.

An old sofa sits under a picture window overlooking the forest. All that literature surrounds a modest wooden desk that's pushed into a dark corner.

SARA (30's) runs her hand through her blonde hair. She sighs, talks to LILY (60's) on her SMARTPHONE...

SARA

Lily, I'm not being unreasonable.  
The paperback sales alone--

LILY (V.O.)

Are through the floor now. It's  
been too long since *Girl in a Box*.  
You're out of circulation, Sara.

Around Sara's feet, a BLACK CAT mews. She ignores the feline.

SARA

Give me another extension, I know I  
can finish the new book, I just  
need a little more time.

LILY (V.O.)

As your agent and your friend, I'm advising you to give the cash advance back to the publisher.

SARA

I used it all to finance Todd's new office. We can't even afford to finish the guest cottage.

LILY (V.O.)

Then the publisher will sue and you'll lose your dream home.

SARA

I know it's a lot of money, Lily, but after the Architectural Digest feature comes out, clients will be lining up to hire Todd.

LILY (V.O.)

Want some unsolicited advice from your soon to be ex-agent?

SARA

Sure.

LILY (V.O.)

Go make a wish list. Five things you want to change about yourself.

SARA

Five things? What kind of things?

LILY (V.O.)

Anything you want.

SARA

OK, then what?

LILY

Then fucking burn it. Because no one's gonna wave a magic wand over your career and save it, Sara.

Lily hangs up.

Sara stares at the dormant screen of her MACBOOK PRO. It looks like a black mirror.

She jiggles the mouse. The black mirror turns into a white hot blank page. Sara stares at the blinding screen.

**EXT. LAKE HOUSE - DAY**

A grassy hilltop overlooks the property. High above the home, something reflects sunlight.

**EXT. HILLTOP - DAY**

Thick trees obscure the reflection's source.

Goldie's laying on her stomach, watching the Lake House through BINOCULARS. All her wounds have healed, Grimm's too.

The sleeping shepherd lays on his back. His big hind paws splayed wide apart, exposing Grimm's soft pink belly.

There's an open NOTEBOOK by Goldie's side. It's a spreadsheet of Sara's movements, lots and lots of entries.

GOLDIE (V.O.)  
Every day for the last three weeks,  
Sara goes for an agonizingly long  
bike ride, right about now.

**EXT. LAKE HOUSE - DAY**

Sara exits the house in spandex shorts and a tank top.

She straps on her helmet, then hops on a MOUNTAIN BIKE. Sara pedals down a secluded TRAIL into the thick wilderness.

GOLDIE (V.O.)  
Which makes it much easier for me  
to get to know her better. So, when  
Sara and I finally meet, everything  
will be just right.

High above: Goldie watches Sara leave.

GOLDIE  
Grimm, *achtung*.

Grimm's dark amber eyes blink open. The big white dog sits next to his mistress, pants. Goldie pets his muzzle.

GOLDIE  
*Bleip*, Grimm.

The dog sits on his haunches, watches Goldie walk away. She sniffs her armpits. Yikes, it's shower time.

**INT. LAKE HOUSE - MASTER BATHROOM - DAY**

Goldie rinses lather off her body in the shower. She hums a happy tune to herself.

Foamy waves of soap cascade down her scarred thighs. She leans her head back, washes shampoo out of her blonde locks.

**LATER**

A dry and dressed Goldie wipes down the shower stall with a towel, until all the moisture and fingerprints are gone.

**PANTRY**

Goldie throws the wet towel into the dryer.

She closes the door, selects a cycle and starts the machine without even looking at the device.

Goldie inspects the non-perishable food on the shelves. She opens a box of cereal, pours grainy flakes into her mouth.

**KITCHEN**

Goldie stands in front of the open refrigerator, guzzles milk straight from the jug. She eyeballs a package of HOT DOGS.

**STUDY**

Goldie sits at Sara's desk in front of the MACBOOK PRO. She cracks her knuckles, settles into the leather chair.

She types a password, unlocks the laptop. Front and center is the last thing Sara worked on...

GOLDIE (V.O.)

A wish list?

Goldie gets more and more excited as she reads each item on the wish list aloud...

GOLDIE

Number one: Be open to new opportunities to better myself.

GOLDIE (V.O.)

That's my number one too! I knew it, Sara and I are so much alike.

GOLDIE

Number two: Be strong for my daughter. Number three: Be faithful to my husband. Number four: Make a new friend. Someone I can really talk to and trust.

Tears well up in Goldie's eyes. She touches the screen, her fingertips graze each and every digital letter.

GOLDIE (V.O.)

And number five I can't even say out loud. My lips won't work. Number five: Write a killer book and save my family.

**LATER**

Cargo shorts down around her ankles, Goldie sits in front of the MacBook Pro. She masturbates to a video.

Slender digits slide up and down between her legs. Goldie watches the screen. She croaks out a long moan.

*On screen:* A fun family outing in the lake.

Sara looks so happy with her husband and daughter. The little girl wears inflatable rings around her arms. She dog-paddles, splashes her mother. Sara pretends to be wounded.

GOLDIE (V.O.)

Sara's a great mom. I wish I had her patience with kids. I know once she trusts me, we can learn so much from each other to save our family.

Goldie moans louder. The rubber soles of her hiking boots writhe and squeak on the polished hardwood floor.

*On screen:* The young blonde girl hugs Sara tight.

DAUGHTER (V.O.)

I love you, Mommy.

SARA (V.O.)

I love you too.

Goldie taps the space bar, pauses the video. She fixates on the frozen embrace. Goldie pleasures herself.

She shudders and climaxes. Goldie pants out the words...

GOLDIE

I love you too, Mama Bear.

**LATER - NIGHT**

RICK (30's) stands tall. He pistons his chiseled sweaty torso against a naked Sara. But he's not the husband in the family photos throughout the house.

Each thrust drives her body against the cold glass, further warps the cold expression on Sara's face.

**EXT. HILLTOP - NIGHT**

Goldie focuses the binoculars. She watches Sara and Rick have sex against the glass.

GOLDIE (V.O.)  
And who do we have here?

Next to her: Grimm snores.

The dog sleeps, rolls over onto an empty plastic wrapper that looks familiar: It's Sara's package of HOT DOGS.

GOLDIE (V.O.)  
Number three: Be faithful to my husband. Wishes don't happen by themselves, Sara. You have to want it more than anything in the world. It all starts with you...

**INT. LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT**

Sara wraps a white blanket around her naked body. She pours herself a glass of wine and drinks deep.

Rick buttons his shirt.

SARA  
Tonight was the last time.

RICK  
You just came three times in a row.

SARA  
I wasn't counting.

RICK  
Liar. Don't ruin a good thing.

SARA  
I don't feel good, Rick. Leave.

**INT. LAKE HOUSE - MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Sara takes a hot shower. She scrubs herself hard, drops the soap. She starts to cry, hugs herself.

On the far side of the steamy room, Goldie watches Sara weep hard! She head-tilts, fixates on her vulnerable target.

Sara doesn't see Goldie caress the glass. Like someone does when visiting a loved one in prison they can't touch.

Steam billows, obscures both women from view.

Sara stands up, turns off the water. She slides open the glass door. The steam dissipates.

Goldie's gone.

**EXT. THE WOODS - BIKE TRAIL - NEXT DAY**

Sara, clad in tight spandex, pedals the mountain bike. She shifts gears, charges a gnarly hill.

Knobby tires hop over an exposed tree root. STORM CLOUDS gather over the distant Lake House.

**INT. LAKE HOUSE - STUDY - DAY**

Goldie double-clicks a folder labeled: "MANUSCRIPTS".

GOLDIE

OK. Let's see how much progress  
we've made today.

*On screen:* Not many pages in the selected text document.

Far too few to be even close to finishing a chapter, let alone an entire book.

GOLDIE (V.O.)

Sara hasn't written a word since  
I've got here. She needs me even  
more than I could've imag--

The Black Cat SHRIEKS under the desk. The feline claws at Goldie's exposed ankle.

She screams, kicks the desk hard. The cat hisses, then flees through the open door. Goldie inspects the fresh deep scratch, winces in pain.

She pumps HAND SANITIZER into her hand from a bottle. Goldie psychs herself up, then slaps the hand sanitizer on the wound. She grunts in pain.

GOLDIE  
(to herself)  
I'm gonna feed you to my doggie  
first chance I get, you fucker.

**EXT. LAKE HOUSE - DAY**

A HARD RAIN falls, punctuated by thunder.

Sara coasts to a stop on the bike. She notices the back door's wide open. Sara slowly approaches the house.

SARA  
Hello? Rick?

**INT. LAKE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

Sara closes the back door behind her, looks around.

*Someone's been sitting at the dinner table.* The chair's still pulled out, as if they left in a hurry.

Thunder rumbles. Rain drops pelt windows.

Something moves behind the closed PANTRY door. Sara slowly approaches the wooden KNIFE BLOCK, grabs a BUTCHER KNIFE.

Sara approaches the pantry.

SARA  
Is that you, Bathsheba?

Under the door frame, she notices a SHADOW! Knife held high, Sara holds her breath, then opens the pantry door.

A can of peaches sits on the floor. Sara exhales in relief, backs into a shelf. The cereal box Goldie ate from falls, JUMP-SCARES the daylights out of Sara.

SARA  
Shit! Fucking Corn Flakes!

The ceiling CREAKS. Sara half-caught that. The intense downpour drowns out most of the sound.

She cranes her neck, listens for a while. There it is again. The sound spooks Sara. She looks up at the ceiling.

**DEN**

Sara walks through the space, looks UPSTAIRS.

SARA

Rick? Is that you?

She waits for an answer that never comes. Sara climbs the old wooden steps. One by one.

**UPSTAIRS HALLWAY**

At the end of the corridor, an open door. The sounds of wind and rustling trees echo down the hallway.

Sara presses her back against the wall, grips the knife. The blade gleams just below her pale throat.

Inching towards the cracked door, Sara reaches out for the knob. She pushes the door open. The old wood groans. The door opens just enough for Sara to see...

The bed's been slept in. *Who's been sleeping in my bed?*

Sara notices an open window. The wind gusts. White curtains flutter around the escape route. Sara looks around outside.

No sign of anyone. She looks up: Nobody on the roof.

SARA

Stay away from me, Rick!

Sara scans the dense tree line, no signs of an intruder anywhere. Sara hugs herself, then closes the window.

**EXT. BIKE TRAIL - NEXT DAY**

Sara pilots the mountain bike up an incline. She downshifts, then pumps her legs hard.

A clearing ahead. She crests a hill, stops at the top.

Sara dismounts the bike and catches her breath. She takes a long drink from a water bottle.

In the dense TREE LINE, someone watches Sara. There's more than one of them. They move around in the darkness.

Sara looks back from where she came. The Lake House is just a small dot now.

A branch SNAPS, spooks Sara. She pivots, looks around. A shadow moves in the tree line.

SARA  
Hello?

Another unseen twig breaks. Fear grips Sara by the throat.

SARA  
Who's out there?

She slowly backs up towards the mountain bike, her eyes always scanning the tree line.

*That's why she doesn't see someone standing behind her!*

Sara backs into that someone. She SCREAMS, jump-scaries the daylight out of herself. Sara spins around.

PETER (20's) leers at Sara. He's dressed head to toe in hunting camo gear and thick boots to match. Peter strokes his matted beard, licks his lips...

PETER  
Easy now. What's the fuss, ma'am?

SARA  
Someone's following me.

Sara points at the tree line. Peter laughs, spits chewing tobacco on the ground, then yells:

PETER  
Come on out, boys.

Three more BEARDED HUNTERS step out. They hold their rifles, stare at Sara in her tight spandex.

PETER  
See? Nothing to worry about. We're all friends here.

Peter and his crew flank Sara.

SARA  
What're you doing out here?

PETER  
We're on the hunt for some young does. Right, boys?

The trio of hunters have a good chuckle. One of them blocks Sara's path to the bike.

SARA

It's breeding season for deer. You can't hunt here.

PETER

Oh, I got myself a special permit.

SARA

I don't believe you.

PETER

You wanna see it? I don't know.  
Whaddya think, boys?

The Hunters glare at Sara. One of them plays with her hair.

PETER

Should I whip out my special permit  
for the pretty lady?

SARA

I don't want any trouble.

PETER

You live in that lake house all by  
yourself, don't you?

SARA

I'm a married woman.

PETER

Sure, you are. Must get real quiet  
on that lake at night. All by your  
lonesome in the woods. No man  
around to protect you.

Peter adjusts his crotch, then rubs his musky thumb back and forth over Sara's lips.

PETER

Maybe I'll pay you a visit one  
night and rut you like the doe in  
heat that you are. You'd like that,  
wouldn't you?

Sara backs into a Hunter. Peter grabs her shoulders. Sara quivers in his tight grip.

PETER

Say, "I want you to rut me like the  
doe in heat that I am." Say it. And  
maybe I'll let you scurry on home.

One of the Hunters gropes Sara's breasts from behind. Peter grabs her by the throat, poised to squeeze much harder.

PETER

Say it. Say it. Say i--

SARA

I... wa... want you to r... ru--

Sara can barely manage syllables. Peter spits as he shout-whispers into her ear...

PETER

Rut me! Say it like you mean it.

Sara shakes her head no, then starts to cry. She knows what's gonna happen to her if she says those words--

GOLDIE (O.S.)

Sara? Is that you?

Peter and the three hunters spin around. Goldie sits on a mountain bike. It's very similar to Sara's model.

Eyes wide with hope, Sara pushes past the men. She doesn't recognize Goldie, but smiles and waves at her...

GOLDIE

Where have you been?

SARA

I got lost on the trail.

GOLDIE

Everyone's waiting. Come on. You don't want to be late for your own birthday party. Do you?

SARA

No, I don't.

Sara stares at Peter, then hops on her bike. She starts to pedal down the trail towards home. Goldie follows her.

PETER

Happy Birthday, Sara. I'll come pay you that visit, real soon.

Goldie lags behind Sara. She grins and WINKS at Peter. He sticks his tongue out at her, waves goodbye...

As if Peter and Goldie know each other!

**EXT. BIKE TRAIL - DAY**

Goldie catches up to Sara. The two women share a smile.

SARA

Thank you. You just saved my life.

GOLDIE

You're welcome. Looks like there's a storm headed our way.

SARA

Follow me. My place is nearby.

GOLDIE

Really? I didn't know anyone actually lived out here.

In the distance, STORM CLOUDS gather around the Lake House.

**INT. LAKE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

Rain pelts the roof. The storm's here to stay.

Goldie sits at the KITCHEN table. She leans back, props up her right ankle on another chair.

Sara checks the ankle. Goldie winces.

SARA

What happened?

GOLDIE (V.O.)

Sprained it this morning jumping out of your bedroom window.

But Goldie doesn't say that aloud...

GOLDIE

I caught a rock at a bad angle after I saw those backwoods fucks circle-jerking around you. Where's your husband? And that cute girl?

SARA

In the city. Let me take a look.

Sara pulls an ACE BANDAGE out of a drawer.

Goldie enjoys being tended to. Sara wraps the injured ankle in silence, until she asks an awkward question...

SARA

I'm sorry. I hate to ask, but where have we met before? Do you live around here?

Goldie stares at Sara, poker-faced.

SARA

I've felt like a total ass for the last thirty minutes.

GOLDIE

Why?

SARA

I have a confession to make. I can't remember your name.

Sara laughs, a nervous chuckle. Goldie laughs too.

GOLDIE

That's because we've never met.

SARA

Then how did you know my name?

GOLDIE

I have a confession to make too.

## DEN

Heavy rain still falls. Goldie sits on the sofa, her sprained ankle propped up on a soft cushion.

Goldie finishes drying her hair with a towel, then reaches into her BACKPACK on the coffee table...

She pulls out a dog-eared paperback copy of Sara's book, *Girl in a Box: Dissection of a Psychopath*. The spine's cracked.

As if the pages have been read a hundred times. Even though Goldie had never even heard of Sara until two months ago.

SARA

You're a fan? How the hell did you get this address? It's private.

GOLDIE

My friend gave it to me. Your husband designed her new home.

SARA

You mean Todd's glass house?

GOLDIE

Yes, I was crazy about it and then she showed me that gorgeous picture of you and your family. What a truly perfect moment. You three look so happy together.

Goldie's "sincerity" catches Sara off guard.

GOLDIE

I snuck a peek at the return address on the envelope. I'm sorry. I know I shouldn't have come here and invaded your privacy.

SARA

No, you shouldn't have.

Sara finishes wrapping Goldie's ankle. The two women sit in silence for a moment.

They stare at each other, until...

SARA

But I'm incredibly grateful that you did, Goldie.

GOLDIE

Thanks, that means a lot to me to hear you say that. I'm really sorry for barging into your life. I had no right, but I think this meeting happened for a reason.

Thunder booms outside. The downpour intensifies. Goldie pulls a folded ENVELOPE out of her pocket, sets it on the table.

SARA

What is that?

GOLDIE

It's your next best seller.

Sara sighs.

SARA

Look, I appreciate what you did for me today, but my agent--

GOLDIE

I know this story can help us both.

SARA

I'm really sorry, I can't accept unsolicited material.

GOLDIE

But we're friends now, aren't we? I just saved your life, Sara. You said so yourself.

SARA

The truth is: I can't take on any new projects. I've got so many ideas brewing and my new book will be coming out very soon.

GOLDIE (V.O.)

Liar liar, pants on fire.

GOLDIE

I see. Congratulations.

SARA

Thank you.

GOLDIE (V.O.)

How could she reject us? We followed all the fairy tale rules. I saved the fucking damsel in distress. Where's my wish?!?

Sara's SMARTPHONE chimes, spooks her. She reads the message, sighs. Sara types a quick response, then puts the cell down on the coffee table in front of Goldie.

SARA

Excuse me. Would you like a glass of wine before you go?

GOLDIE

Sure. Thanks.

Goldie puts on a smile. Sara leaves. Goldie's face screws up in frustration. Until she fixates on Sara's phone...

GOLDIE (V.O.)

Wish number one. Always be open to new opportunities.

She picks up the phone, scrolls through the recent activity, then grins. It's a bunch of texts from Rick...

RICK: *I want you right now.*

SARA: *Go away. You and I are done.*

RICK: *I say when we're done.*

SARA: *Leave me alone.*

SARA (O.S.)  
(yells from kitchen)  
White or red?

GOLDIE  
(yells into kitchen)  
Red. The darker the better.

Goldie types with her thumbs: *Come over tonight and ass-fuck me against that glass until I beg for mercy.*

Sara's approaching footsteps click across the hardwood.

Goldie deletes her reply from Sara's message history. She puts the smartphone back on the coffee table. Just before Sara returns with the wine.

GOLDIE  
So, what's the plot of your book?

SARA  
I really can't tell you what it's about yet.

GOLDIE (V.O.)  
I'd say it's about three fucking pages, Sara. Why do they always have to lie? Now she'll probably change the subject.

SARA  
How's your ankle? Do you live in town? I can give you a ride--

GOLDIE  
Forget it. I can see now that I made a mistake coming here and opening up to you.

SARA  
Excuse me? You're the stalker here. Not me.

GOLDIE  
I know, but it's raining--

SARA  
Get out of my house. Now.

Sara opens the front door, watches the heavy rain pour. The women stare at each other. Goldie slides her boots on, winces in pain. She hobbles up to Sara, gets in her face...

GOLDIE

I should've let them rape you.

Goldie limps out of the house. Sara shuts the door, leans against the barrier. She exhales in relief.

Sara notices Goldie's ENVELOPE on the coffee table. She picks up the sealed document, tosses it in a WASTE BASKET.

**EXT. HILLTOP - NIGHT**

A dry Grimm lays under a tree, yawns.

Rain pours down on Goldie. She stands tall, trains the wet binoculars on the Lake House below.

**INT. LAKE HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT**

Sara lounges on the couch, drinks wine. She ponders Goldie's envelope that's sticking out of the waste basket.

Until there's a KNOCK at the front door. Sara looks at the time: It's almost midnight. More knocks, harder this time.

Could that psycho be back? Sara notices the steel deadbolt's UNLOCKED. She grabs the metal CORKSCREW.

Sara inches towards the door.

SARA

Who is it?

No answer.

SARA

I told you to leave me alone. I'm not interested in your book--

Someone POUNDS on the door hard.

SARA

Go away you crazy bitch, or I'll call the cops!

The banging stops.

Sara holds her breath, listens.

Nothing but silence. Sara inches up to the door, corkscrew in hand. Until she finally locks the deadbolt.

Sara leans back against the door. She closes her eyes, sighs in relief and takes a few cleansing breaths, until...

RICK (O.S.)  
Back door was open.

Sara opens her eyes, covers her mouth.

A rain-soaked Rick flashes a Cheshire Cat grin. His soaked T-shirt clings to his heaving chest. Rick's drunk.

SARA  
What're you doing here?

RICK  
Are you ready for me?

SARA  
Ready for what?

Sara holds the corkscrew in front of her, like a weapon. She backs away from an advancing Rick...

Right up against the glass that Goldie referred to in the text. Rick chuckles. He likes this game.

RICK  
I like to play games too.

SARA  
Stay away from me. Or I'll--

RICK  
Corkscrew me to death?

Rick yanks the corkscrew out of Sara's grip, throws it across the room. He runs his fingers through her hair.

SARA  
Go home, Rick. You're drunk.

RICK  
And you're getting fucked against  
that glass until you beg for mercy.

Rick kisses Sara's unresponsive lips. She resists.

SARA  
Don't touch me. I love my husband.

RICK  
I don't care.

He kisses Sara again, pins her against the glass. Sara cries out. Rick hand-gags her, muffles the scream.

Rick's pants drop to his ankles.

Sara squirms against the glass. Rick pushes hard against her slender frame, grunting as he forces himself ins--

A hard KNOCK at the door upstages Rick.

He stops thrusting. One hand covers Sara's mouth. His other index finger pressed tightly to his lips.

Rick and Sara stand in silence. Another knock-knock.

GOLDIE (O.S.)  
(outside)  
Sara? Are you still up? Please  
answer the door.

Relief washes over Sara. She pulls free of Rick.

Sure, it's that crazy bitch. But she's the lesser evil here, or so it seems to Sara...

RICK  
Get rid of her.

SARA  
(yells)  
Go away or I'll call the police.

GOLDIE (O.S.)  
Sara, that's the only copy I have  
of my idea. I need it, please.

SARA  
Come back tomorrow.

GOLDIE  
It'll just take a second. Come on,  
Sara. Please?

Rick nods yes, releases Sara. She retrieves the envelope from the trash, then unlocks the front door.

Goldie stands in the doorway. She looks over Sara's shoulder into the house: No sign of Rick.

SARA  
Take it. I don't ever want to see  
you again or I'll prosecute.

Sara forces the envelope into Goldie's hand, then mouths the words: HELP ME. She slams the door shut on Goldie.

Rick steps out of the shadows.

From behind, Rick's hands clamp down on Sara's shoulders, retract her into an unwanted embrace.

RICK  
Good girl.

Rick pushes her against the glass, she resists. He pulls down Sara's pants, grinds his torso against hers, until...

GOLDIE (O.S.)  
Back door was open.

The voice spooks Rick. He pulls up his pants. Sara distances herself from him, grabs the IRON POKER by the fireplace.

RICK  
She told you to come back tomorrow.

GOLDIE  
But I'm lonely.

A soaked Goldie plays with her long blonde hair. Rick likes what he sees. Sara watches Goldie toy with Rick.

RICK  
Are you lost, angel?

GOLDIE  
No. Are you, Rick?

RICK  
How do you know my name?

GOLDIE  
Sara told me all about you.

RICK  
She did? How nice of her.

GOLDIE  
Yeah. We had a good laugh about you over some wine. Didn't we, Sara?

SARA  
We did.

Rick notices the two wine glasses on the coffee table. He sizes up Goldie fast, like good cops tend to do...

RICK  
What happened to your foot?

GOLDIE  
Some jerk-offs were harassing Sara.

RICK  
Really? And what did you do?

GOLDIE  
I made them leave her alone.

Goldie glares at Rick. Neither one blinks. Until Rick looks over at Sara...

RICK  
That's not true. You made that up.

SARA  
She's telling the truth.

RICK  
Sara's very lucky to have a friend like you looking out for her.

GOLDIE  
Yeah, I keep telling her that, but she never listens to me. Maybe you can talk some sense into her.

Rick chuckles.

RICK  
So, are you here in town for business or pleasure?

GOLDIE  
A little of both.

RICK  
Then quit the role playing and join the party.

GOLDIE  
I don't think I'm up for your needle dick fumbling around inside me tonight. Best be on your way.

Rick advances on Goldie, gets in her face.

RICK  
This little game of Let's Pretend isn't over until I say it's over.

GOLDIE  
I'm not afraid of you. I've known  
men like you my whole life.

RICK  
You don't know me that well.

Rick glares at Goldie. Until the GROWL of a DOG freezes Rick  
in fear. He turns around...

Grimm eyeballs Rick. The hulking white shepherd bares his  
massive incisors, growls louder.

GOLDIE  
Oh, I know your type all too well,  
Rick. Grimm, *gib laut*.

Grimm barks at Rick, then charges him. The vicious white dog  
snaps his jaw inches from Rick's crotch. Again and again.

RICK  
Call off your dog.

SARA  
Get the fuck out, Rick. Now.

Rick puts up his hands, backs away. Every time he retreats a  
step back, Grimm advances on him. Rick opens the front door,  
glares at Sara for a while...

This isn't over. Rick leaves.

Sara locks the door, then relaxes.

SARA  
What a fucking day. I didn't know  
you had a dog.

GOLDIE  
Grimm, *pass auf*.

Grimm stops growling, lays in front of the entrance. He rests  
his head on his front paws, guards the door.

SARA  
Thank you. Again.

GOLDIE  
Thanks for giving me my pitch back.  
You want to call the cops?

SARA  
No. Rick's a deputy sheriff.

That fact catches Goldie off guard.

GOLDIE  
Are you going to be alright alone?

SARA  
Yeah, I'll be fine. I think.

Sara puts on a smile. Goldie hobbles towards the front door.

GOLDIE  
Grimm, *fuss*.

Grimm rises up next to his mistress. Goldie opens the front door, then looks back at Sara...

GOLDIE (V.O.)  
Come on, Sara. Be open to new opportunities.

GOLDIE  
Goodbye, Sara.

Beauty and her beast step outside. Goldie shuts the d--

SARA  
Wait. Give me your pitch.

Goldie grins. She turns around, envelope in hand. Sara takes the crinkled document.

The two women share a smile.

#### **NEXT DAY**

It's raining outside. Sara sits on the couch, nurses a cup of coffee. She Skypes with her DAUGHTER on her MacBook.

*On screen:* BROOKE (7) beams at her Mother. Long blonde locks flank her cherub face...

BROOKE (V.O.)  
I miss you, Mommy.

SARA  
I miss you too, Babbling Brooke.

BROOKE (V.O.)  
Did I tell you I got an A on my math test?

SARA  
You did? I'm so proud of you.

BROOKE (V.O.)  
I wish school were over already.

SARA  
Me too, princess. Me too. Put your  
Daddy on for me.

*On screen:* Brooke blows her mother a kiss. Sara pretends to catch it. She air-mails a kiss back to Brooke.

BROOKE (V.O.)  
I love you, Mommy.

SARA  
I love you too.

*On screen:* Brooke waves goodbye to Sara. She steps aside, her father tells her to get ready for school.

*On screen:* TODD (30s) is dressed for success. He finishes buttoning his silk shirt, knots his tie.

TODD (V.O.)  
How goes the battle, sweetheart?

SARA  
Great, I'm actually in the home stretch. It feels good to be this close to The End.

TODD (V.O.)  
Awesome. I can't wait to read your new pages. E-mail them to me?

SARA  
They're not that ready yet. But they will be. Soon.

Sara looks at Goldie's envelope next to the laptop.

TODD (V.O.)  
I'm sure Lily will be thrilled.

SARA  
How are you doing?

TODD (V.O.)  
I've got a meeting with a hedge fund group. They want a steel and glass high-rise in Palo Alto.

SARA  
That sounds great. You look great.

TODD (V.O.)  
You do too. Come home, Sara.

SARA  
Let's put a pin in that? My head's  
into work right now. OK? Please?

TODD (V.O.)  
OK, but that pin's been in our  
marriage for six months. Is it ever  
going to come out, Sara?

Todd ends the Skype chat. Sara silently ponders the question.

### **STUDY - LATER**

The pitch envelope sits unopened on Sara's desk...

Much to Goldie's dismay. Her face inches away from the envelope, she scrutinizes every crinkle.

GOLDIE (V.O.)  
Well, this partnership's off to a  
shitty start.

### **DEN**

Goldie opens the GRANDFATHER CLOCK, moves the small hand three minutes ahead.

Her frustrated face reflects in the circular glass.

GOLDIE (V.O.)  
The clock is slow. Sara is slow.  
Everything is fucking slow.

### **EXT. HILLTOP - GOLDIE'S TENT - NIGHT**

It's a starry night, crickets chirp.

White paws and bare feet stick out of a camouflaged TENT.

A bright SHOOTING STAR streaks across the sky, its blazing golden tail lights up the night.

Inside the tent: A CELL PHONE chimes. An unseen Goldie stirs, fumbles about in the dark. Grimm barks. Goldie hushes him.

A lantern glows inside the tent. Goldie's silhouette whips to and fro, looking for the ringing phone.

GOLDIE (O.S.)  
Grimm, get off the phone.

Grimm groans, then exits the tent. The dog lifts his leg against a tree trunk, urinates.

Goldie pops out of the tent, a big grin on her face. She's bathed in starlight, as if blessed by the heavens.

GOLDIE (V.O.)  
Only one person in the whole wide world's got this number. I'm so excited. Fuck. What do I say?

She looks at the ringing phone, then answers...

SARA (V.O.)  
Hello? Shit. Did I wake you? Shit. I should've waited, but I can't stop thinking about your--

**INT. LAKE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

Grimm lays on the floor. Sara stares at the big white dog, then regards Goldie sitting at the dining table...

SARA  
Does he like cats?

GOLDIE  
He loves cats. Don't you, Grimm?

Grimm pants, wags his long ivory tail.

GOLDIE  
But he's not too fond of guys.

SARA  
I know how he feels.

The two women share a laugh.

**EXT. LAKE HOUSE - DAY**

Goldie's walking normal, all healed up now. She looks right at home in Sara's spandex shorts.

GOLDIE (V.O.)  
For the next week: We'd work in the morning, then go for a bike ride.  
(MORE)

After a quick shower that I no longer have to conceal, I head home to my Grimm. It's a perfect ritual.

Sara exits the house, safety helmet in hand. She's clad in similar gear. Goldie watches Sara do warm-up stretches.

GOLDIE (V.O.)  
I wish I could shower with her.

GOLDIE  
You sure Todd won't mind?

SARA  
Take it. He never uses the bike.

GOLDIE  
Why not?

SARA  
He says he's afraid he'll get lost in the woods. Even though I had a GPS installed.

GOLDIE  
So where's the helmet?

Sara regards the WORK SITE for the unfinished COTTAGE.

#### **INT. COTTAGE - DAY**

The framework of the COTTAGE sits on an unfinished concrete slab. It's all shrouded under thick translucent plastic.

A blurry Goldie approaches. She lifts the plastic, notices Todd's bike and helmet.

On a nearby makeshift shelf: A big cordless NAIL GUN loaded with long thick roofing nails.

Next to that power tool, an AXE and HATCHETS hang between nails on the wall.

Goldie mentally catalogs the inventory of weapons.

In a corner: There's a new BOBCAT mini-dozer with big knobby tires. Goldie looks in the cockpit, a key's in the ignition.

Goldie's eyes are drawn to a hand-held industrial STREET SAW.

GOLDIE (V.O.)  
Hello, gorgeous.

It's the heavy duty model, the one construction crews use to carve up city streets like a cake.

Goldie grips the industrial saw by both handles, wields it like a chainsaw.

GOLDIE (V.O.)  
Someone's gonna get their skull  
split wide open this with beast.

SARA (O.S.)  
(yells)  
Did you find it?

Goldie sighs, puts down the shiny street saw.

She grabs the helmet, notices a ROPE COIL nearby. Goldie gets an idea. She grins, then grabs the thick rope.

GOLDIE (V.O.)  
Think I'll use this to yank Sara  
out of her comfort zone. She really  
needs to loosen the fuck up if  
she's ever gonna write our story.

SARA (O.S.)  
Come on, let's go.

Goldie runs her finger over the STREET SAW blade's jagged teeth, fourteen inches of flesh-ripping steel. She sighs.

GOLDIE  
(yells)  
Coming!

#### **EXT. BIKE TRAIL - DAY**

Sara and Goldie stop their mountain bikes, take a break.

SARA  
What about your family? Aren't they  
going to be worried about you?

GOLDIE  
No one's worried about me. Except  
for Grimm.

SARA  
How did you and Grimm meet?

GOLDIE  
Through his previous owner.

SARA  
What happened to the owner?

GOLDIE  
He died.

Sara eyes the ROPE COIL around Goldie's shoulder...

SARA  
So, what's the rope for?

GOLDIE  
Follow me and you'll find out.

Goldie mounts the bike, stares at Sara. She pedals down the trail fast.

Sara scoffs, then stares at the bike getting smaller and smaller. Goldie never looks back. Not even once.

#### **EXT. WADING POOL - DAY**

A hidden idyllic tributary of the river ends here.

Sara and Goldie lay on their stomachs. The women sunbathe on the rocks surrounding the water.

Goldie lounges in a wet tank top. Sara wears a revealing bathing suit. The ROPE COIL sits between them.

High above the secluded spot: A craggy ROCK FACE overlooks the idyllic swirling pool.

#### **ROCK FACE**

Someone crouches in the shadows near the edge. They leer down at Goldie and Sara.

It's Peter! He fixates on Goldie, watches her sprawl out and stretch in the midday sun.

Peter sighs, runs his hand through his matted beard, then down his dirty hunting pants.

#### **WADING POOL**

Goldie bolts upright, looks up at the Rock Face. She squints into the shining sun, shields her eyes.

Peter's gone.

SARA

So, how did you come up with the idea for the main character?

GOLDIE

I wanted to tell a story about a sad little girl who never got what she wanted, until she took it from the world with her bare hands.

SARA

Why do you think she kills all those innocent families?

GOLDIE

Because they're not just right.

SARA

For her?

GOLDIE

For anyone.

SARA

Walk me through your character's process. How she feels.

GOLDIE

This is how she feels.

Goldie pulls off her wet tank top, revealing many SCARS on her torso from her victims. Sara stares at the old wounds and hard scar tissue.

SARA

Who did this to you?

GOLDIE

People that were supposed to take care of me. People like Rick.

SARA

I'm done with him. I swear.

GOLDIE

I know you are. Ever since that night you've been different.

The two women share a smile.

SARA

So, I'm dying to know. Why did you bring that rope?

Goldie smirks, tosses the rope coil to Sara.

GOLDIE  
Trust exercise.

### ROCK FACE

Goldie and Sara TANDEM-CLIMB the cliff. The rope's knotted around their waists, tethering them together.

Sara tries to keep up with Goldie...

SARA  
I'm having second thoughts.

GOLDIE  
Hurry up.

They're half way to the top. Fifty feet to go, forty.

Sara pauses, looks down at the tiny bikes below.

SARA  
We should turn back.

GOLDIE  
Sara, don't be such a pussy.

SARA  
I'm not a pussy.

GOLDIE  
Yes, you are. A fucking dried up pussy that couldn't write for shit until I showed up.

SARA  
Ha-ha. Very funny. I see what you did there.

Goldie reaches the top. She looks down, sticks her tongue out at Sara and tugs on the rope...

GOLDIE  
Come on. Get up here, pussy.

Sara chuckles, then speeds her ascent.

Goldie reaches out, their fingers almost touch.

Sara loses her grip on the cliff!

Goldie watches her plummet. A screaming Sara falls towards certain death.

Until the taut rope snaps her back!

The thick cord pulls Goldie towards the cliff. She grunts, tries to undo the nylon knot around her waist.

The knot won't come undone.

Goldie plants her boot against a rock. She skids to a stop just inches from the edge!

GOLDIE

Sara!

Sara tries to pull herself up, fails. She hangs limp and twirling. Sara looks down at the spinning water.

SARA

I can't reach the rope.

GOLDIE

Try again. You can do this.

Sara psyches herself up. She reaches up for the rope. She's so close, almost there.

Her muscles give out. Sara hangs limp, grunts.

SARA

I can't do it!

GOLDIE

Try harder. Or I'll cut you loose.

SARA

What did you say?

GOLDIE

Your family needs you, Sara.  
What're you going to do?

SARA

Shut up. Just shut your mouth.

Goldie pulls out her HUNTING KNIFE, presses the jagged edge against the nylon rope.

GOLDIE

I promise, I'll take care of Brooke  
as if she were my very own.

SARA  
Fuck you! I will fucking end you!

GOLDIE  
Come on up here and try, bitch.

Sara growls, pulls herself up. One hand over the other.

GOLDIE  
That's it! Keep going! Almost...

Goldie reaches out, pulls Sara to safety. Both women lay side by side on the ground, gasping for air.

GOLDIE  
I knew you had it in you.

Sara rolls over on top. She CHOKES Goldie with both hands, stares into her bulging bloodshot eyes.

SARA  
If you ever lay a hand on my  
daughter, I'll fucking kill you.

Goldie turns blue. She can't breathe. Her eyes flutter...

Until Sara finally lets go.

Goldie rolls over. She coughs hard, rubs her red neck. Goldie smells Sara's musk on her hand.

GOLDIE (V.O.)  
I didn't know she had it in her. I  
think I just came.

GOLDIE  
I'm sorry, Sara. I was just trying  
to motivate you.

Sara stands near the rocky edge, tries to untie the knotted rope, fails again and again.

GOLDIE  
Here, let me get that.

SARA  
Stay the fuck away from me!

Sara slips, falls backwards off the cliff!

Goldie lunges, reaches out for Sara. Their fingertips graze, as their eyes go wide. Too late.

Sara plummets! The rope yanks Goldie over the edge!

The two women free-fall. The nylon umbilical cord flutters between their bodies.

Goldie and Sara scream.

They descend a hundred feet, end over end. Until the pair splashdown into the wading pool!

### WADING POOL

Goldie coughs, swims for the stony shore. She pulls herself to safety, yanks on the rope...

It's dead weight!

GOLDIE  
Sara? Sara! Sa--

GOLDIE (V.O.)  
I could let her die here. No one would ever be the wiser. Sara's death would be our little secret.

She pulls out her Hunting Knife, presses the blade against the rope. Goldie contemplates cutting the nylon cord.

GOLDIE (V.O.)  
No. She's the only one that can tell our story to the world. She's the only one that can help us.

GOLDIE  
Sara!

Goldie tugs on the rope with all her might. She dives under the water. The rippling surface settles.

She's been down there too long.

Goldie surfaces with Sara in hand. She lays Sara flat on the shore. Goldie performs CPR.

GOLDIE (V.O.)  
Breathe for me, Sara.

No signs of life from Sara.

GOLDIE  
Come on. Don't quit on me.

Goldie breathes into Sara's mouth.

GOLDIE (V.O.)  
I need you.

GOLDIE  
Sara, wake up!

She pumps Sara's chest again and again. Until Sara coughs up water, gasps for air.

Goldie smiles. She cradles Sara's head, helps her sit up.

GOLDIE  
Welcome back, Mama Bear.

**EXT. LAKE HOUSE - DAY**

Goldie and Sara walk their mountain bikes the last few hundred yards down the trail. They both look exhausted.

SARA  
Why did you call me: Mama Bear?

GOLDIE  
It's something my stepfather used to say. My mother was Mama Bear. He was Papa Bear. And I was--

Something rustles in the treeline.

The women freeze. A twig snaps, then another.

SARA  
What is it?

GOLDIE  
I think we have a visitor.

Sara tenses. Could it be Rick again? Or Peter?

Goldie stands between Sara and whatever's out there. The women scan the thick tree line.

No signs of life. Until another branch snaps. Something charges through the underbrush towards the women!

Grimm bounds out of the woods. He jumps up on his big hind legs, solicits Goldie for affection. Sara relaxes.

SARA  
That's amazing he followed you all the way here from your hotel.

GOLDIE  
Grimm, *schlechte hund. Platz.*

Grimm drops to his belly, looks away from his mistress.

SARA  
He's very well-trained.

GOLDIE  
Not well enough to stay home when  
he's told to.

SARA  
He's probably as tired as we are.  
Why don't you both stay for dinner?  
Would you like that Grimm?

The big white dog licks his chops, barks approval.

**INT. LAKE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Grimm sleeps on the floor, a gnawed STEAK BONE wedged between his big white front paws.

Sara and Goldie finish their breakfast for dinner.

GOLDIE  
Best French Toast ever.

SARA  
My grandmother was a wizard with a  
cast iron skillet.

Sara clears the table, rinses plates in the sink. She sighs, puts down a dirty glass. Sara faces Goldie...

SARA  
I'm sorry that I choked you. I  
don't know what came over me.

GOLDIE  
I said those things to piss you  
off, boost your adrenaline.

SARA  
You really did push my buttons.

Goldie nods yes, joins Sara at the sink. They wash dishes.

SARA  
But you were right about me. Rick.  
The book idea. Everything so far.

GOLDIE

I feel the same way about you and the book. Everything's just right.

SARA

Hey, we should have Lily sign you as a client. I'll call her--

GOLDIE

That's OK. We can deal with her after the book's done. I trust you.

Goldie smells something rank, Sara too. They wince.

SARA

Did that come out of your dog?

GOLDIE

I'm afraid it's only the beginning.

SARA

How about some wine by the fire?

GOLDIE

Sounds perfect.

Sara darts into the pantry. Goldie smiles to herself. She scrapes maple syrup off a dish...

GOLDIE (V.O.)

This is where we truly belong. I know I've said that to you before. But I really mean it this t--

Goldie sees Peter standing outside!

He stares at her, loaded CROSSBOW in hand. Goldie drops a dish in the sink.

The crash rouses Grimm. He sniffs the air, growls.

GOLDIE

Grimm, *ruhig*.

Grimm stops growling. His black nose twitches, he grumbles.

Outside: Peter takes off his hunting cap. His hair's matted and greasy. He smiles at Goldie, waves to her.

Sara exits the pantry.

Goldie turns away from Peter, blocking Sara's ability to see through the window.

SARA  
You like red, right?

Sara shows Goldie a bottle of Merlot.

SARA  
The darker, the better?

GOLDIE  
You remembered.

SARA  
I'll start the fire. Come join me  
when you're done.

Goldie nods yes, washes more dishes. Sara leaves.

**EXT. LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT**

Peter watches Goldie sneak out of the back door. He puts down the crossbow, runs his dirty hand through his hair.

GOLDIE  
What're you doing here, Peter?

PETER  
I thought I'd surprise you.

GOLDIE  
This is a surprise.

PETER  
Aren't you going to invite me in?

GOLDIE  
No. You can't be here.

PETER  
Why? She's not mad, is she? It was  
just a joke. We weren't gonna hurt  
her none. You'd told her, right?  
The boys are back at campsite--

GOLDIE  
I'm sorry, Peter. But my friend  
doesn't want to meet you. Or your  
hunting buddies.

PETER  
I see you with her. Every day.

Peter tries to kiss Goldie. She rejects him.

PETER

Come on. I could build you a better castle than this dump.

GOLDIE

Only in your dreams.

PETER

I want my golden princess at my side. We can rule our log castle together in the forest.

GOLDIE

Everyone wants a happy ending, but that don't mean they get it.

PETER

But I love you, Goldie.

GOLDIE

You're trespassing. Get out of here, Peter. Now.

PETER

Come by the camp tonight, we--

GOLDIE

Leave me alone, you fucking psycho!

Goldie turns her back on Peter, walks away. He picks up his loaded crossbow, aims at Goldie!

She's almost made it to the door. Just a few more steps.

Peter's dirty fingernail hovers over the trigger.

Goldie enters the Lake House. The screen door slams.

Peter lowers the weapon, retreats into the shadows. He watches Goldie and Sara in the kitchen.

The two women laugh about something.

Peter drops the loaded crossbow. He closes his eyes, punches himself in the back of the head. Again and again.

Until Peter can't feel the pain anymore. He stops pounding his skull, opens his eyes -- no emotion.

Peter picks up the loaded crossbow, looks up at the nearby hillside... *Where Goldie keeps her tent.*

**INT. LAKE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Sara looks at Goldie washing dishes.

SARA  
You're flush. Are you alright?

GOLDIE  
I was--

Grimm growls, paws at the back door.

GOLDIE  
Grimm, *nein aus*.

SARA  
You wanna go out, big guy? I'll let him out.

GOLDIE  
No. Thanks. I'll walk him later.

SARA  
OK. Join me when you're done.

GOLDIE  
Grimm, *pass auf* Sara.

Grimm looks away from Goldie, ignores the command.

GOLDIE  
Grimm! *Pass auf*, Sara.

SARA  
What're you telling him?

GOLDIE  
To guard you while I finish up.  
It's not safe around here lately.

SARA  
Don't we know it. Come on, Grimm.

Grimm whines. Sara claps her hands at the dog.

Goldie glares at Grimm, then points towards the DEN. Sara starts to leave, then Grimm follows her out of the room.

SARA (O.S.)  
You can be my guard dog any night,  
Grimm, just don't eat my cat. OK?

Goldie unlocks and opens the back door. She looks out into the darkness. Her eyes narrow. She scans the woods...

No Peter in sight. Goldie sighs in relief.

**EXT. GOLDIE'S TENT - NIGHT**

A cloudy night, not many stars. Crickets stop chirping.

An unseen twig SNAPS, then another.

It's dark in the tent. Someone stirs within.

Grimm trots into view. He sniffs the air, then utters a low growl. Grimm eyeballs something in the shadows...

It's Peter. He aims his loaded CROSSBOW at Grimm!

**LATER**

Goldie steps out of the tent. She looks around.

GOLDIE  
Grimm? *Gib laut.*

No sign of Grimm.

GOLDIE  
Grimm, *komm.*

An unseen Grimm WHINES. Goldie charges through the forest, blasting past branches.

The whines get louder and louder.

Goldie stops in her tracks. She looks down at something, tears well up in her eyes...

A bloody Grimm lays on his side. The shaft of a CROSSBOW BOLT sticks out of his chest!

Grimm's breaths are shallow. The dog whines, tries to crawl closer to his mistress.

Goldie drops to her knees, comforts her killer pooch.

GOLDIE (V.O.)  
When I first met Grimm, I thought  
he was dead.

**EXT. DOG KENNEL - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

In the back yard of a rundown house: A tiny fenced-in enclosure that hasn't been cleaned in weeks.

A bloody and beaten Grimm lays on the ground. There's fresh wounds all over his torso. His breaths are shallow.

Shredded strips of duct tape cling to his swollen muzzle. His neck's caked with blood. The thick collar's way too tight.

A blood-splattered Goldie steps out of the darkness. She holds an AXE, the blade's slick with fresh gore.

GOLDIE (V.O.)

Once upon a time, a Neo-Nazi made  
the fatal mistake of inviting me  
over for dinner.

Goldie notices the big white dog. She makes kissy noises with her lips, pokes the chain-link with the butt of the axe.

No response. Goldie kneels at the foot of the fence. She stares at the motionless dog, until...

Grimm jumps to life, lunges at Goldie!

The crazy dog rips into the chain-link fence with what's left of its mangled jaw.

Blood drops splatter Goldie's face, but she doesn't flinch.

Goldie smiles, watches the dog use its last bits of life to try to rip her to shreds.

GOLDIE (V.O.)

He was a four-legged motherfucking  
time bomb exploding in my face. His  
amber eyes screaming: *Doesn't your  
world make you want to vomit too?*

Grimm collapses, starts to death rattle.

Goldie stares at the downed beast. She reaches through the fence, strokes his crimson-stained ivory fur.

**INT. EXAM ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Goldie kicks open the double doors. She carries Grimm in her arms. The bloody dog isn't moving.

An old silver-bearded VETERINARIAN regards Goldie. He wears a lab coat over his pajamas, a stethoscope around his neck.

VETERINARIAN

Put him down on the table.

Goldie gently lays Grimm onto the shiny metal slab.

**LATER**

The Veterinarian stitches up an unconscious Grimm.

Shaved patches and closed wounds cover the dog. His inflamed muzzle's now free of duct tape.

GOLDIE

Will he live?

VETERINARIAN

He'll live. What's his name?

GOLDIE

I don't know. He's not my dog. I was driving through the hills. And I hit him, it was really dark.

VETERINARIAN

You brought him in. So, you'll have to pay the bill.

GOLDIE

I said it was my fault, I'll pay.

VETERINARIAN

Then you can take him home now.

GOLDIE

What about a shelter? His owner's probably looking for him.

VETERINARIAN

If the owner doesn't show up in ten days, they'll put him to sleep.

GOLDIE

Why? He's beautiful and strong. Wouldn't they try to adopt him out to a family?

VETERINARIAN

Not this dog.

Goldie looks down at Grimm on the table. He whines in his sleep, twitches in pain.

**EXT. VET'S OFFICE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Goldie cradles Grimm in her arms. She walks towards a pick-up truck that's decorated with SWASTIKAS.

The groggy dog stirs, licks her hand. Goldie smiles, whispers into Grimm's big floppy ear...

GOLDIE

What am I gonna call you? Hmmm?

Grimm yawns. He nestles into Goldie's embrace, then falls into a deep sleep in her arms.

As if he's under a spell. Goldie pets his head.

GOLDIE (V.O.)

If YOU ever tell anyone this story,  
I swear I'll jump off this fucking  
page and slit your throat.

**END FLASHBACK.**

**INT. LAKE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

The room's dark.

Goldie kicks open the door. She steps through the threshold, balances Grimm in her arms. He's lost a lot of blood.

The crossbow bolt's still lodged in Grimm's chest. There's a wad of bloody gauze around the wound.

GOLDIE

Sara! Help me! SARA!!!

Goldie lays Grimm on the kitchen table.

She lifts the dog's jowl, presses her fingertip against the pink flesh about his incisor. Goldie releases, observes the refill rate of the pale gum tissue. It's very slow.

Sara arrives. She sees a dying Grimm, gasps in shock.

SARA

Oh my god, I'll drive. The vet--

GOLDIE

No! His blood pressure's too low.  
He won't make it that far. I think  
I can take it out, but I need your  
help. Or Grimm will die.

Goldie weeps.

GOLDIE

Please, Sara. I need you.

Sara ponders the dilemma, then nods yes. She holds Goldie's hand in hers.

The two women are face to face, just inches apart.

SARA  
OK. We can do this.

### LATER

An empty blood-stained kitchen table. There's a dozen wads of used gauze in the sink basin.

Bloody hand prints stain the wooden KNIFE BLOCK. On the counter top: Goldie's SUTURE KIT, it's used up.

Nearby, there's a used syringe with a bent needle. A half-empty vial labeled KETAMINE sits on the floor.

### DEN

Grimm sleeps on a blanket in front of the warm stone hearth of the FIREPLACE. Burning logs steam and crackle.

The big dog's chest has been cleaned and bandaged. His breathing's almost back to normal.

A bloody Goldie sits on the couch. She stares at her faithful companion sleeping peacefully by the fire.

Sara walks downstairs, her hair's wet.

SARA  
Shower's all yours. How's he doing?

GOLDIE  
He'll live. Thank you.

SARA  
Rick's an asshole, but I never thought he'd hurt an innocent--

GOLDIE  
Rick didn't do this.

Goldie stands up. She heads towards the front door.

SARA  
Where are you going?

GOLDIE  
Never mind. You stay with Grimm.

SARA

We should call the police.

GOLDIE

No. I need to borrow your bike.

**EXT. HUNTER'S CAMP - NIGHT**

There's a DEAD DOE hanging upside down from a DEER STAND. The device is secured to the tree trunk with a metal harness.

The doe's neck hangs awkward. Reflected in the poor beast's big round black eyes... Peter and the three bearded Hunters warm themselves by a crackling campfire.

Smoke rises into the moonlit sky. Everyone's head-to-toe in camo gear. They pass around a bottle of bourbon.

The Hunters laugh at dirty pics on their cell phones. Peter watches the woods, his loaded CROSSBOW nearby.

Something rustles in the underbrush.

The men stop laughing, listen close. The crackling fire's the only sound to be heard, until...

A twig BREAKS behind them.

Fire-lit eyes narrow, scan the dark treeline. Until something moves in the woods.

Peter sees a human-shaped shadow dart between tree trunks, then disappear into the darkness. He grins.

PETER

She's here. Teach her a lesson.

**INT. LAKE HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT**

Sara sits on the couch, watches over a peacefully sleeping Grimm. Logs glow orange in the fireplace. She ponders something, then picks up her cell phone...

*On screen:* A GPS TRACKER app loads. A dialog box opens. It's a push notification: *Do you wish to notify the police that your GR200x mountain bike has been stolen? Yes or No?*

Sara presses "No". She watches a map load. A blinking red dot appears on the grid. Sara looks at Grimm, then the map.

**EXT. THE WOODS - NIGHT**

One of the overweight Hunters crouches under a tree, sets his rifle against the trunk.

He adjusts the strap on his NIGHT VISION GOGGLES, then surveils the dark forest...

**NIGHT VISION POV**

The forest looks grainy and green.

We scan in all directions, no movement. Just the wind and the crickets, until...

Something moves behind us. We spin around in time to see:

A pair of green eyes, low to the ground. They stare at us, glowing bright emerald as they reflect moonlight.

We aim the rifle muzzle at the eyes, hold our breath.

The cute bunny hops away. We sigh, lower the rifle and slowly turn around in time to see...

A wild-eyed Goldie charges at us, AXE held high!

She swings hard and fast! The axe blade lodges right between our eyes! Blood gushes.

We hear the sickening CRUNCH of our own skull SPLIT open!

Our body falls backwards onto the ground. We see our spasming hands grip the handle, try to pull the axe out.

Goldie wipes blood from her face, plants her booted foot on our chest. We choke on our own blood.

She grips the axe handle with both hands, then yanks the blade out of our brain and skull.

We gurgle, then die. Our head lolls to one side.

Goldie looks into the lens, then head-tilts.

The night vision stutters and flickers. Static disrupts the image, then stabilizes long enough to see...

Goldie spits on our dead face.

**CUT TO BLACK.**

**THE WOODS**

The two remaining Hunters aim their rifles into the darkness, skulk through the dense forest.

Behind the sweaty men, a SHADOW runs past them. The Hunters spin around, fire into the darkness...

They hit nothing. The Hunters slowly back away, then turn around and face...

A big tree trunk. They almost walk into it. Both Hunters jump-scare themselves, catch their breath.

One of them steps into a SNARE TRAP!

The tubby hillbilly's hoisted off the ground, foot first. He drops his rifle, wriggles like a worm on a hook.

The fatter Hunter laughs at his upside down pal...

FAT HUNTER

You stepped in your own trap.

HUNTER

I didn't set up snares, asshole.

FAT HUNTER

Well then who the fuck did?

From behind, Goldie pummels the Fat Hunter in the back of the head with something big and blunt.

His obese body falls to the ground, stunned. Goldie stands over him. She holds Sara's BICYCLE SEAT by the steel shaft, like it's a baseball bat.

Goldie wails on his cracked skull again and again while his snared buddy twirls high above.

The Fat Hunter shrieks in pain.

Goldie drives the pipe end into his screaming maw, right through the back of his skull!

The bloody pipe lodges into the fresh earth. Bits of brain tissue slough out of the pipe onto the ground.

Fat Hunter's boot death-twitches.

Goldie searches his body, finds a pack of smokes and a lighter. She smiles.

The snared Hunter whimpers and struggles in vain. He's too fat to reach his trapped foot, no matter how hard he tries.

Goldie sits on the bloody bicycle seat, relaxes. Fat Hunter's wide dead eyes stare up at her ass, frozen in fear.

She lights the cigarette, inhales deep. Goldie savors her gruesome smoke break. She looks down at dead hunter between her legs...

GOLDIE

Hey. What're you looking at?

Goldie laughs at her own joke. She takes a long drag, then stubs out the cigarette on the dead hunter's cheek. His flesh sizzles, his wide dead eyes unblinking.

The snared Hunter above weeps and blubbers. His upside down hands clasped in prayer. He whimpers for mercy...

HUNTER

Please don't kill me. I'll be good,  
I'll find Jesus, I swear.

The Hunter opens his eyes. Goldie's gone.

He tries to swing around and around, like a pinata. Still no sign of her. The helpless Hunter breathes a sigh of relief.

HUNTER

Thank you, Jesus.

Goldie grabs the Hunter from behind, exposing his neck. She slits his throat wide open with her Hunting Knife.

### **HUNTER'S CAMP**

Peter surveys the darkness. He smells something, turns around. Peter sees his tent on FIRE!

PETER

What the fuck?

The nylon burns fast.

Peter tries to salvage his gear. He steps on the flames in vain, scans the debris for something.

PETER

Where is it?

Goldie rises from the shadows brandishing his CROSSBOW. A long STEEL BOLT poised to fire. She whistles...

GOLDIE  
Hey faggot. You looking for this?

Peter pivots, sees Goldie pull the trigger.

The bolt flies fast, SKEWERS Peter's KNEECAP. His leg twists, folds sideways. Cartilage snaps. Peter screams, falls.

PETER  
My leg! My fucking leg!

GOLDIE  
Quit your whining. You wanted quality time with me. Well, now you're gonna get it, Peter.

Goldie grabs the impaled bolt, drags Peter towards the DEER STAND. He wails in pain every step of the way...

GOLDIE  
I told you what would happen if you wanted to know her name.

PETER  
Stop! Please!

GOLDIE  
But no, you had to be so fucking charming and helpful.

PETER  
Put me down!

Peter sees the DEAD DOE hung upside down in the tree.

Goldie drops Peter. He writhes on the ground. She circles him like a predator...

GOLDIE  
But you forgot one thing, Peter:  
*This is my fairy tale. Not yours.*

Peter tries to crawl away from Goldie. She grabs him by the hair, pulls his head back. She looks him in the eye...

GOLDIE  
Good night, sweet prince.

Goldie jams a syringe into his exposed neck, injects Peter with a clear liquid. He passes out.

**DEER STAND - LATER**

Peter awakens. His bound wrists pulled tight over his bloody head. Peter's muddy booted feet dangle off the ground.

He looks up. Peter's tied tight to a steel DEER HOIST that's mounted to a tree trunk.

Next to him: The freshly GUTTED DOE hangs from a steel hook.

The deer's soft white underbelly sliced wide open, from neck to udder. Slimy viscera hangs out of her abdomen.

Goldie grabs Peter by the jaw, forces him to look at the gutted doe hanging next to him ...

GOLDIE

Peter, that's a terrible incision.  
You've ruined the meat.

PETER

What're you waiting for? Do it.

Goldie leans close, whispers in Peter's ear...

GOLDIE

Not yet. We're waiting for the  
guest of honor to arrive.

**THE WOODS**

Someone crouches in the shadows...

It's Sara! She keeps her distance, spies on Goldie. Sara holds her cell phone, but doesn't dial.

PETER (O.S.)

I'll buy you another dog. I don't  
want to die like a fucking animal.

GOLDIE (O.S.)

But that's what you are, an animal  
that needs to be put down.

**DEER STAND**

Goldie rips open Peter's camo shirt. She presses the blade of her HUNTING KNIFE against his stomach. Peter quivers.

GOLDIE

Didn't anyone teach you how to gut  
your prey?

She gropes his crotch hard, then laughs.

GOLDIE

Oh Peter, what a big erection you have. You like being tied up, boy?

Peter laughs. Goldie grabs the shaft of the bolt skewering his bloody knee, yanks hard. He wails in sheer agony.

Goldie releases the bolt. Cartilage oozes out of the wound.

Peter groans and whimpers. Goldie kisses him hard, muffles his cries.

### THE WOODS

Sara crouches down in the darkness. She watches Goldie dominate her male victim.

Sara can't look away from the visceral seduction. She sneaks a little closer, peers between two branches...

Goldie mounts Peter, thrusts against his bound body.

Sara watches Goldie do things to men that she can only dream of. She puts away her cell phone.

GOLDIE (O.S.)

Do you know what happens when you cut too deep into the abdomen? You puncture the bladder and then ruin the meat, Peter!

PETER (O.S.)

Goldie, I love you. I'll do anything you say. Let me go.

Sara gasps aloud in shock -- *Goldie knows him!*

She covers her mouth, regrets ever opening it. Sara holds her breath, listens...

The camp's gone quiet.

Sara lays on her belly, looks between tree trunks. She can barely make out the Deer Stand, but no Goldie.

Behind Sara, an unseen twig SNAPS.

She pivots fast, looks up! No one's there, just a bird in a tree making a nest. Sara exhales in relief.

GOLDIE (O.S.)  
 You can come out now, Sara. You  
 don't have to hide from me anymore.

Sara freezes, like a deer in you know what. She slowly turns  
 back around, looks up at a bloody grinning Goldie!

GOLDIE  
 Hey there, Mama Bear.

### DEER STAND

Branches rustle.

Someone shoves Sara out of the woods. Goldie's not too far  
 behind. She strokes Peter's matted beard.

PETER  
 I'm sorry we scared you, Sara. It  
 was her idea--

Goldie takes Peter's hunting cap off his head, shoves it deep  
 into his mouth. He protests into the smelly gag.

GOLDIE  
 Here, take it.

She offers the bloody HUNTING KNIFE to Sara.

SARA  
 Please, don't kill me.

GOLDIE  
 Kill you? I don't want to kill you,  
 Sara. I want to save you. Take it.

SARA  
 I don't want it.

GOLDIE  
 OK, but if I offer it to him, he's  
 sure as hell gonna take it. Aren't  
 you, Peter?

Goldie regards the bound and gagged Peter. He moans *MmmHmm*  
 into the gag, nods his head up and down.

GOLDIE  
 See? He knows how this game works.

SARA  
 Are you two acting out another one  
 of your fantasies?

GOLDIE  
You mean like you and Rick?

SARA  
Fuck you.

GOLDIE  
Peter's a gift. For you.

SARA  
I don't want him.

GOLDIE  
He's not for you to keep. He's for  
you to kill, silly. It's time to  
step up your research. Our story  
needs more authenticity. Admit it,  
you want to know what it's like to  
kill someone. Don't you, Mama Bear?

Sara comes to a horrifying realization...

SARA  
You knew about the GPS. You wanted  
me to follow you here?

GOLDIE  
I really hoped you would. You  
helped me save Grimm, so I wanted  
to do something special to thank  
you in return, Mama Bear.

SARA  
Stop calling me that.

GOLDIE  
Our book won't work unless we're  
fully committed to the concept.

SARA  
It's a work of fiction, Goldie!

GOLDIE  
No! It's not!

Goldie drives the blade deep into Peter's guts, twists it  
round and round. His organs churn, gush blood.

Peter wails into the tight gag, his body convulses.

Sara recoils, screams in horror.

Goldie pulls out the blade. Peter sees his lower intestines  
coiled around the bloody hilt.

GOLDIE  
So, what do you think of my  
incision technique, Peter?

Peter screams into the gag. Goldie saws up his chest with the knife. He spits blood, convulses until he's dead.

Sara looks away in disgust. She pulls her out her cell phone, starts to dials 9--

GOLDIE (O.S.)  
Put away the phone. This is a  
private party. Invitation only.

Goldie pulls the knife out of Peter, glares at Sara.

The two women stare at each other. They're bathed in moonlight. Sara slowly pockets the smartphone.

Goldie holds the bloody blade, extends the hilt towards Sara.

GOLDIE  
Go on. Give him a poke. Who knows,  
you might be a natural.

Sara looks at the knife. She reaches out, her fingers tremble inches from the hilt. Goldie smiles.

GOLDIE  
That's it. Good girl. Closer.

Like a wild animal being tamed, Sara inches closer and closer to Goldie and the knife. She touches the hilt.

GOLDIE  
Take it, Sara. Take the knife.

Sara grabs the hilt. Goldie lets go of the blade.

SARA  
You used him to manipulate me.

GOLDIE  
Yes, I did.

SARA  
You're a fucking head case.

GOLDIE  
And you're not that sad girl stuck  
in a box anymore. Too scared to  
tell her husband that she hasn't  
written a word in months.

SARA

Fuck you!

Sara charges Goldie with the knife.

Goldie dodges the attack. She disarms Sara, puts her in a head lock. Sara squirms in Goldie's tight grip.

GOLDIE

Don't be such a sore winner.

SARA

Let go of me!

Sara grunts and struggles, until Goldie releases her. The two women face off.

GOLDIE

You and I are in this together.  
Can't you see that? I need you to  
tell our story.

SARA

I don't need you to write a book!

GOLDIE

Come on, Sara. You're a one hit  
wonder. You can't write anymore,  
the bills are piling up and now  
you're cheating on your husband.

SARA

Shut the fuck up!

GOLDIE

You're a burnout, Sara. And you  
fuck guys like Rick because you  
hate yourself. But I can help you.

SARA

I don't need your help.

GOLDIE

Yes, you do. And it's been handed  
to you on a silver fucking platter  
since the very start.

SARA

What're you talking about?

GOLDIE

Who do you think is making your  
Wish List come true, Sara?

Sara backs away from Goldie, closer to the fire.

GOLDIE

It's me. I'm the new friend you needed. I'm the reason you left Rick. And I've given you a killer book to write. Don't you see? I'm making both of our dreams come true, Mama Bear.

SARA

No one wants to read about you.

GOLDIE

You're wrong, our story's a best seller. About me and the people I've killed all over the world.

SARA

You're insane.

GOLDIE

It's an insane world. So, are we going to burn the evidence and write a best seller together? Or am I going to have to bury you out here too, Misses Berenson?

Sara thinks long and hard about her dilemma.

Goldie advances on her. Sara backs away, knife in hand.

SARA

Stay away from me.

**INT. TODD'S SUV - DAY**

Brooke sits in the back reading a book of fairy tales.

She looks at a drawing of a WITCH. The evil woman cooks a screaming little girl in a bubbling black cauldron.

Todd pilots the vehicle through the SCENIC WOODS.

BROOKE

Daddy, why do people always lie to witches in fairy tales?

TODD

I don't know. I guess because they don't know any better.

He dials up Sara on his SMARTPHONE. Her voicemail picks up, Todd sighs...

TODD  
(into phone)  
Hey, it's me again. We should be there before dark. I miss you.

BROOKE  
Hi Mommy.

TODD  
(into phone)  
We can't wait to see you, honey. I love you, Sara.

Todd ends the call.

BROOKE  
I wish Mommy came home more.

TODD  
Me too. But this book's been very hard on her.

BROOKE  
She's been away for so long.

TODD  
I know, princess. I know. Mommy has a lot of things to figure out.

BROOKE  
About her new story?

Todd lies to his daughter...

TODD  
Yeah.

BROOKE  
What part, Daddy?

TODD  
How it's going to end.

**INT. LAKE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

Grimm snoozes on the floor. He looks as good as new.

Goldie washes blood off her knuckles as she talks to someone on Sara's smartphone...

GOLDIE

I know how you feel, Lily, but I have to respect Sara's process. All I can really say is that she's been very productive this month.

LILY (V.O.)

(over phone)

Don't lecture me about process. I want to talk to my client.

GOLDIE

I'm sorry, but I can't disturb Sara when she's in the study. Her instructions were very clear.

LILY (V.O.)

And so are mine. Disturb her. Or I'll come up there and kick down the door myself.

GOLDIE

OK, Lily. Hold on.

Goldie knocks on the kitchen wall...

GOLDIE

Sara, it's me. I'm sorry to bother you, but Lily insists on speaking with you right now. Hello?

Another bogus knock.

GOLDIE

Sara, are you awake? Sara?

(into phone)

She must be taking a nap. Sara's been working very hard.

LILY (V.O.)

I see. Is the book any good?

GOLDIE

Way more shocking than Girl in a Box. Dozens of innocent families murdered all over the world. Trust me, this concept screams franchise.

LILY (V.O.)

The publisher's gonna sue if it doesn't. And I want those pages gift-wrapped after all the bullshit Sara's put me through, you hear me? A white box with a red fucking bow!

GOLDIE  
 White box. Red bow. Got it.  
 Anything else?

LILY (V.O.)  
 Eat shit, sugar tits. Whoever the  
 fuck you really are.

Lily ends the call. Goldie sighs, pockets Sara's cell.

**EXT. LAKE - DAY**

Goldie relaxes in an inflatable LOUNGE CHAIR.

She hangs over the side, stares at the water. Her rippled reflection looks back up at her.

**EXT. FAR SIDE OF LAKE - RICK'S HOUSE - DAY**

Rick watches Goldie through binoculars from the BALCONY of his vacation home. He speed-dials Sara on his cell.

*Binoculars POV:* The lens focuses on SARA'S CELL in Goldie's hand. She ignores Rick's call, resumes lounging.

Rick puts down the binoculars, turns away from the lake. He leaves a message on Sara's voicemail...

RICK  
 Sara, where are you? I haven't seen  
 you for weeks. Did you know four  
 hunters went missing near here? We  
 need to talk. No more games, Sara.

He ends the call, rubs his ring finger. There's a pale band at the base of the digit where his wedding band used to be.

Rick sighs. He turns and faces the lake....

Goldie's gone, the lounge chair too. The water's still, as if she was never there at all.

Behind Rick in the house, the DOORBELL chimes.

**INT. RICK'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DAY**

DING DONG! Rick slowly approaches the front door. He looks through the PEEPHOLE...

No one's in view.

Rick presses his eye hard against the peephole. His eyelashes just millimeters away from the tiny hole.

DING DONG! The sound spooks Rick. He throws open the door, ready to bitch at someone, but he sees no one.

A low GROWL freezes Rick. He looks down...

Grimm sits on the welcome mat, bares his teeth at Rick.

**EXT. RICK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Grimm snaps his jaw, barks.

Rick slowly reaches for the door knob. Grimm watches his every move, growls louder and louder.

RICK  
Easy boy.

GOLDIE (O.S.)  
He doesn't like men.

Goldie steps into view, smirks at Rick.

RICK  
Call off your dog.

GOLDIE  
Grimm, *ruhig. Fass.*

Grimm stops growling, sits next to his mistress.

RICK  
Where's Sara?

GOLDIE  
She went for a bike ride. But she did want me to tell you to come over tonight for dinner.

RICK  
Really? Did she tell you why?

GOLDIE  
She told me to mind my own business and that I wasn't invited.

Rick likes the sound of that. Goldie puts on a smile.

**INT. LAKE HOUSE - DUSK**

Rick steps through the open doorway. He shuts the front door behind him, looks around.

RICK  
Hello?

Sara's BLACK CAT lounges on the couch. The cat sees him, then disappears under the furniture.

RICK  
(yells)  
Sara?

No answer.

**STUDY**

The door creaks open.

Rick stands in the doorway. Something on Sara's desk catches his eye. It's an overstuffed SCRAPBOOK full of photos.

*In the scrapbook:* Every picture is a POLAROID PRINT. Every image is a strained family photo, including Goldie. Each family's got a blonde little girl. There's DOZENS of pics!

The images disturb Rick. He closes the book, looks at the crude capital "G" scrawled on the cover...

RICK  
(to himself)  
Jesus Christ.

Footsteps creak across the ceiling, jump-scare Rick. He puts down the foul book, looks up...

RICK  
Sara? Is that you?

No reply. Until whoever's up there turns on the shower.

Rick assumes the best. He Cheshire Cat grins, then starts to unbutton his shirt.

**MASTER BATHROOM**

The water's still running.

Steam fills the room, it's hard to see much. The shower stall's glass door is wide open.

A naked Rick steps in from the Master Bedroom. He sees the open door, then chuckles. Rick likes this game.

RICK  
Are you ready for me?

GOLDIE (O.S.)  
Yes, I am.

A loud DOG GROWL emanates from the thick mist. Rick stops smiling, freezes in place.

A wet Grimm leaps out of the ivory fog, teeth bared!

Rick turns and runs. The huge white dog catches him from behind, chomps on Rick's ankle!

Grimm's jaw locks onto the Achilles tendon. The dog shakes his head back and forth.

Until a screaming Rick falls to the ground.

A naked and wet Goldie steps out of the misty shower. She smiles, watches her loyal beast mutilate Rick.

GOLDIE  
*Braver hund, Grimm.*

**EXT. LAKE HOUSE - DUSK**

Someone inside watches Todd's SUV approach. The obscured person retreats from view, pulls the curtain shut.

Todd parks the SUV. He climbs out, stretches.

Brooke pushes open the big passenger door with her little hands. She runs towards the house.

BROOKE  
Mommy! Mommy! We're here!

TODD  
Brooke, stop. Come here.

Brooke stops in her tracks.

BROOKE  
What's wrong, Daddy?

TODD  
I need to talk Mommy, alone. It won't take long. You can wait in the SUV and watch a movie.

BROOKE  
Can I go feed the ducks? Please?

TODD  
Yes, but you have to promise you'll  
stay away the edge. OK?

BROOKE  
OK. Give Mommy a big kiss from me.

TODD  
Of course I will.

BROOKE & TODD  
Once on each cheek.

Todd knows his little girl. They smile at each other. She  
kisses him on each cheek. He does the same to her.

Brooke giggles. She grabs a Zip-Lock of BREAD CHUNKS out of  
the back seat of the SUV.

A smiling Todd watches her run towards the DOCK.

TODD  
No running, princess.

Brooke slows to a reasonable gallop.

Todd pulls luggage out of the SUV, including a pink carry-on  
case for Brooke. He looks at the house. The smile on his face  
turns to worry.

#### **INT. LAKE HOUSE - DUSK**

Todd juggles luggage, steps through the entrance.

TODD  
Hello? We're here. Sara?

He puts down the suitcases, looks around.

No signs of anyone in the den. Just the dull amber glow from  
a slowly dying fire.

#### **KITCHEN**

Todd opens the fridge. He wrinkles his nose at TOFU and a bed  
of fresh WHEATGRASS. There's vegan food on every shelf.

TODD  
(to himself)  
What the hell is this crap?

Todd yells up at the ceiling...

TODD  
I was hoping we could have some  
face time before Brooke figures out  
that our marriage is fucked.

**EXT. LAKE - DOCK - DUSK**

Brooke stands near the edge of the lighted dock. She tosses fistfuls of bread at quacking ducks.

BROOKE  
Come and get it.

Behind her on shore, Goldie watches Brooke! She stares at the little girl, transfixed. Goldie caresses the heart-shaped LOCKET around her neck.

Brooke giggles at the ducks. She stops feeding them, senses someone's behind her. Brooke turns around...

Goldie's gone.

BROOKE  
Mommy?

**INT. LAKE HOUSE - DEN - DUSK**

Todd notices Sara's MACBOOK PRO. The laptop's open, but in screen saver mode. Temptation gets the better of Todd. He presses the space bar, the laptop powers up.

He scans icons, finds the MANUSCRIPTS folder. Todd hovers the cursor over the icon, poised to invade his wife's privacy.

The SUV'S ANTI-THEFT ALARM sounds off, jump-scares Todd. He closes the laptop, springs to his feet.

Todd aims his key fob outside, presses a red button. The alarm keeps howling. He mashes buttons in vain.

TODD  
Come on. Give me a break.

**EXT. LAKE HOUSE - DUSK**

Todd unlocks the SUV, disarms the alarm. He sits there, pondering his next move. Todd looks at the dock...

Brooke's gone. Todd checks the back seat. It's empty, except for the fairy tale book. Kids cook in a boiling cauldron.

TODD

Brooke.

The truck's fog lamps power up, illuminate the lake. No sign of Brooke anywhere.

Todd exits the SUV. He runs towards the dock. Todd looks at the dark churning water, assumes the worst.

TODD

Brooke! Answer me, baby!

He starts to remove his shirt. Todd notices there's a trail of BREAD CRUMBS strewn out along the shore.

TODD

Brooke, can you hear me!?!

The trail leads to Rick's side of the lake. Todd listens, crickets chirp in the dark woods. He looks to and fro.

Todd jogs along the shore, passing more crumbs. He stays on the trail. Todd runs faster, trampling the stale bread.

Something he sees stops him dead in his tracks...

Todd bends down, picks up the empty bag laying next to the last of the bread crumbs.

TODD

Brooke!!! Brooke!!!

Every time he screams her name, there's more desperation in Todd's voice. He shrieks up at the night sky. Until...

BROOKE (O.S.)

Daddy.

Todd pivots, faces his weeping daughter. He scoops her up, embraces Brooke. Relief washes over Todd's pale face.

TODD

Baby, are you alright?

Brooke nods and snuffles.

TODD

Why did you leave the dock? I told you to stay there.

BROOKE

I'm sorry, Daddy. I thought I saw Mommy.

TODD

You did? Where is she?

BROOKE

I tried to follow her, but I got lost. She ran away from me, Daddy. Why did she run away?

Brooke cries. Todd comforts his daughter.

TODD

Hey, it's OK. Mommy would never do that to you, not ever. I promise.

BROOKE

Then who was it that I saw?

TODD

I don't know.

Todd looks around, cradles Brooke against his chest.

**EXT. TODD'S SUV - NIGHT**

Brooke sits in the passenger front seat. Todd stands next to the open door, hands Brooke his smartphone.

BROOKE

When will you come back?

TODD

As soon as I find Mommy. If you see a stranger, honk the horn and call 9-1-1. OK?

Brook nods yes. Todd gives her his cell, then closes the door. He presses the key fob, engages the door locks.

**INT. LAKE HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT**

The fire's out now. Todd skulks through the darkness. He wields the IRON POKER like a weapon.

Todd's about to head upstairs. He notices there's a dim light glowing under the closed door to the STUDY.

Step by step, Todd creeps down the creaky hallway. He approaches the door.

Todd tests the knob, it won't turn. He knocks on the door, pretends to be casual...

TODD  
Sara, can I come in?

No answer. He tries the knob again. It's locked tight.

TODD  
Sara, let me in. Please.

Todd kneels down, peers through the old keyhole. He doesn't like what he sees...

TODD  
Sara, wake up. Unlock the door.

#### **KITCHEN**

Todd runs into the room. He looks at a row of empty hooks by the back door.

TODD  
(to himself)  
Where the hell are the spare keys?

#### **EXT. TODD'S SUV - NIGHT**

Someone approaches the dark SUV from behind. In their left gloved hand: The spare KEY CHAIN.

#### **INT. TODD'S SUV - NIGHT**

Brooke reads her fairy tale book... Behind her, someone walks past the SUV's rear window!

Brooke sighs, then closes the fairy tale. She stares out the passenger window.

The door unlocks itself, JUMP-SCARES Brooke. The phone falls on the floor. She re-engages the toggle, looks around...

No one's in sight.

The lock pops open again! Brooke clasps both hands over the toggle, holds it down. The lock click-clicks in vain.

Brooke cries. She looks at the horn and the phone. She can't touch the wheel or the cell without letting go of the lock.

BROOKE

Daddy!

She stretches for the horn. Little fingers almost graze the steering wheel. Almost there...

But her other hand slips off the door lock! The passenger door flies open!

Someone shines a flashlight in Brooke's face. She screams at the top of her lungs!

#### **INT. LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT**

Outside the Study, Todd tries to pry open the door with the IRON POKER. The wood splinters.

TODD

Sara! Open the door!

Todd drops the metal poker. He throws his shoulder into the door, the wood starts to crack.

#### **STUDY**

A sweaty Todd kicks open the door. There's someone under a blanket on the sofa.

TODD

Sara?

Todd catches his breath, pulls back the blanket...

Reveals strategically placed rows of hardback editions of Sara's novel: *The Girl in the Box*.

Todd laughs at himself. He rests his head on the pile of books, catches his breath.

Behind him, Goldie stands in the doorway!

GOLDIE

Hello, Todd.

Her voice jump-scares Todd. He springs to his feet.

TODD  
Where's Sara?

GOLDIE  
I've heard so much about you. Sara  
talks about you all the time.

TODD  
Who the hell are you?

GOLDIE  
I'm Goldie, didn't Sara tell you  
about me?

TODD  
No, she didn't. Where's my wife?

GOLDIE  
She went for a walk. She should be  
back any minute. We've been working  
so hard on the new book--

TODD  
I don't know what you're talking  
about. I'm calling the police.

GOLDIE  
There's no need for that.

Goldie approaches Todd. The hunting knife's tucked into the  
small of her back.

GOLDIE  
Sara can explain everything to you.  
I'm working with her on a new book  
and it's going to be a best seller.

TODD  
You're lying! My wife would never  
hire someone without telling me.

GOLDIE  
To be honest, I'm not surprised she  
didn't tell you. Sara's been in the  
zone for weeks, cranking out  
chapters. We make a good team.

TODD  
What have you done to my wife?!?

Goldie reaches back, her fingertips graze the knife's hilt.

GOLDIE  
Calm down, Todd.

BROOKE (O.S.)  
Daddy! Daddy!

Brooke stands in the hallway, holding someone's hand.

Todd pivots, regards a HOODED WOMAN. She's wearing gloves and a dark sweatshirt. Todd ends the call.

GOLDIE  
There she is.

TODD  
Sara?

The mystery woman pulls back the dark hood...

SARA  
Todd, what happened to my door?

TODD  
I'm sorry. I thought you were--

Todd gestures at the book pile and blanket.

SARA  
What? What were you thinking? This is my office. My sanctuary.

TODD  
I know, but I thought you were...

**FLASHBACK - DAY (WEEKS EARLIER)**

Goldie sits in Sara's chair, stares at the laptop's dormant screen. The screen looks like a BLACK MIRROR.

Grimm lays on the floor, watches Sara pace.

GOLDIE (V.O.)  
*Did you think I could kill Sara too? You should know me better than that, we're too close to our happy ending to give up now.*

GOLDIE  
The police haven't stopped me in ten years. There's only one thing you can do, Sara, to save your family from the Big Bad Me.

Sara weighs her options, stops pacing.

SARA

I get sole writing credit and all the royalties. We share nothing.

GOLDIE (V.O.)

Once Sara played by the rules, the book practically wrote itself. Everything was perfect, until the family wanted quality time.

**END FLASHBACK.**

Goldie smirks at Todd...

GOLDIE

You thought Sara was... Dead?

The word hangs in the air. Until Goldie has herself a good laugh. Todd nods and chuckles.

TODD

Well yeah, I was worried. I guess it was a little silly of me.

SARA

And also incredibly sweet.

Sara surprises Todd with a kiss. They embrace. Brooke enjoys watching her affectionate parents.

TODD

I've really missed you, Sara.

SARA

I've missed you, too. I see you've met Goldie.

TODD

I have. And I'm sorry I snapped at you earlier.

GOLDIE

No worries, I would've done much worse if I came home and found a stranger in my house. Believe me.

Todd laughs at what he thinks is a joke.

Goldie kneels next to Brooke, much to Sara's dismay.

GOLDIE

And who's this blonde angel that came down from Heaven to visit us tonight? What's your name?

Sara pulls Brooke close.

SARA

She's had a long day. Why don't y--

Goldie shakes her head. Her blonde locks dance. Brooke smiles at the silly gesture.

GOLDIE

My name's Goldie. What's yours?

BROOKE

Brooke.

GOLDIE

That's a very pretty name.

She shows Brooke her gold LOCKET. Goldie opens the heart-shaped clamshell, reveals a family of three.

BROOKE

They all look kinda sad.

GOLDIE

Family is very important. I want you to have it, Brooke.

SARA

No. It's too much.

Goldie takes off the locket. She clasps it around Brooke's neck, then stands up and glares at Sara.

GOLDIE

I want her to have it.

TODD

What do you say, Brooke?

BROOKE

Thank you, Goldie.

GOLDIE

You're welcome, Baby Bear.

Brooke smiles, then yawns.

### **BROOKE'S BEDROOM**

Muted moonlight cuts through the darkness.

Brooke sleeps in her bed. She rolls over, clutches a stuffed unicorn to her chest while she dreams.

Goldie's locket shines around her neck.

**DEN**

Goldie pours red wine into three glass flutes, the latest in several rounds of drinks.

Sara keeps her distance. Grimm lays on the floor nearby, watches her close.

Todd chooses a record to play on the turntable. Goldie stokes the fire with the iron poker.

GOLDIE

Honestly, Sara tells the story much better than I ever could.

GOLDIE (V.O.)

We rehearsed it for a fucking week.

TODD

Details, sweetheart. What did Goldie say to those hunters to get them to leave?

SARA

I try not to think about it. It's a very traumatic memory.

TODD

You're right, I'm sorry. But it did bring you two together. That's the most important part.

GOLDIE

I'll drink to that.

TODD

A toast. To those poor missing hunters. Wherever they may be.

Goldie clinks glasses with Todd. They both look at Sara.

**EXT. HUNTER'S CAMP - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

His corpse still impaled on a deer hoist, Peter's dead eyes watch Goldie and Sara square off by the fire.

In the reflection of Peter's pupil, Goldie approaches Sara, HUNTING KNIFE in hand...

SARA

If I do it, I want you to swear  
that you won't hurt my family.

GOLDIE

Write my story and you, Todd and  
Brooke will live happily ever after  
together. You have my word.

Goldie picks up a bloody pint of bourbon. She takes a deep  
swig, then offers the bottle to Sara.

**END FLASHBACK.**

**DEN**

Sara and Goldie drink their wine. They glare at each other  
with a knowing look. Todd notices the exchange.

**MASTER BEDROOM**

Sara slips under the covers next to Todd.

TODD

Is she all there? I mean, you  
checked her out. Right?

SARA

Of course I did.

**UPSTAIRS HALLWAY**

The only light comes out from under the closed Master Bedroom  
door. Goldie stands in the dark corridor. She listens...

SARA (O.S.)

I'm sorry. I know it's a lot to  
ask. But as soon as the book's  
done, Goldie will be gone.

Those last words sting Goldie.

TODD (O.S.)

It's OK. I just wish you had told  
me about her sooner.

SARA (O.S.)

I'm working as fast as I can.

**MASTER BEDROOM**

Todd smiles, kisses his wife on the cheek.

TODD

Is there anything I should know  
about Goldie?

Sara doesn't know how to answer that one. She kisses Todd, then rolls over on top of him. He relaxes under her, his hands squeeze his wife's hips.

She starts to ride her husband, takes control... Just like Goldie did with Peter.

**UPSTAIRS HALLWAY**

Goldie stands outside the door, listens to Sara and Todd have rough sex. She smiles approval, walks down the corridor.

Goldie stops by an open door to BROOKE'S BEDROOM. She watches the smiling little girl dream.

GOLDIE (V.O.)

Four wishes down. One to go.

**STUDY - DAY**

Sara types away on her MacBook Pro while Goldie looks out the window into the dense forest.

GOLDIE (V.O.)

Sara worked day and night. Chapter  
after chapter. She was incredible.  
The Book of G was almost complete.

Grimm sits at Sara's feet, guards her. But what that big white dog doesn't know is...

Sara has TWO DOCUMENTS open on her laptop!

While Goldie's back is turned, Sara types furiously on the hidden document, all stream of consciousness.

Goldie turns away from the window, sees Sara looking over an early chapter of The Book of G on screen.

SARA

Do you love any of your victims?

GOLDIE

Love is a learned behavior, but  
hate comes naturally to a girl that  
never got what she wanted until she  
took it from the world.

**INT. COTTAGE - DAY**

The plastic tarp draped over the skeletal structure mutes the bright sunlight. Todd organizes a tool box.

Goldie pulls aside a plastic flap doubling for a door. She sticks her head into the work site.

TODD

Enter at your own risk. How's the  
book coming?

GOLDIE

Almost done. I've always wanted to  
try out a mini-dozer. Are they fun?

TODD

Yeah. Hop in.

Todd helps Goldie settle into the Bobcat's cockpit. He lowers the lap bar, secures it just above her crotch.

TODD

Hold the clutch, then start her up.

Goldie turns the key. The Bobcat rumbles to life. Todd yells over the din of the engine...

TODD

There's a lever on each side of  
you. Push both levers away from you  
to move forward. Or pull them  
towards you to back up.

She grabs the levers, pushes them away from her body. The Bobcat lurches forward.

TODD

To turn left, pull the left lever  
back and the right lever forward.

Goldie does just that, her chest thrusts forward. The Bobcat pivots left. She reverses the levers. The Bobcat pitches to the right. Goldie's breasts shimmy side to side.

Todd can't help but notice. Goldie smiles at him.

Until Todd's cell VIBRATES in his pants pocket. He pulls out the phone, checks Caller ID. Goldie kills the engine.

TODD  
I've got to take this call.

Todd answers his phone. He listens for a while, then can't believe what he's hearing...

TODD  
(into phone)  
But why? I don't under--

Something Todd hears stops him dead in his tracks.

TODD  
(into phone)  
What? That's terrible. The whole family? I don't know what to say. I hope you'll reconsider-- Hello? Are you there?

Todd ends the call. He still hasn't processed what he was just told. Goldie hops out of the cockpit.

TODD  
I can't believe it. They cancelled my Architectural Digest article.

GOLDIE  
That's awful. What happened?

GOLDIE (V.O.)  
Fucking loose ends ruin everything.

TODD  
The family that bought the house I designed was murdered. Excuse me, I've got to talk to Sara.

**EXT. LAKE - DAY**

Goldie shows Brooke how to skip rocks on the water. They toss several stones. Brooke finally gets one to skip.

GOLDIE  
You got one!

Brooke and Goldie cheer, then fist bump. They walk along the placid shoreline.

BROOKE

Why did Mommy tell me to stay away from you?

GOLDIE

Because your Mommy loves you very much. And she'll do anything to protect you. But you have nothing to fear from me, Baby Bear.

BROOKE

Can I ask you something? But you have to promise not to tell on me.

GOLDIE

Cross my heart. Hope to die. You can always trust me, Baby Bear.

BROOKE

Why are Mommy and Daddy sad? Is it because of me? Am I bad?

That sentiment strikes an emotional cord within Goldie. She stops, kneels down in front of Brooke.

GOLDIE

Do you really want to know why your parents are so sad?

Brooke sniffles away tears, nods yes.

GOLDIE

Then you must go on a quest of courage and stealth.

BROOKE

Like in fairy tales?

GOLDIE

Yes! And the answers you seek lie in yonder castle.

Goldie gestures to Rick's house. Brooke's enthusiasm fades.

BROOKE

But Mommy said I'm not supposed to go anywhere with you.

GOLDIE

Do you always do what your Mommy tells you?

Brooke grins, shakes her head no.

**EXT. RICK'S HOUSE - DAY**

Goldie and Brooke hide behind a tree at the edge of the property. They're back-to-back against the big trunk.

BROOKE

Ready.

GOLDIE

Three. Two. One. Go!

Goldie and Brooke simultaneously pop their heads out on opposite sides of the tree trunk. They surveil the house.

GOLDIE

Now's our best chance.

BROOKE

Let's do it.

Goldie leads the way. She holds Brooke's hand. The pair skulk through the manicured yard. They sneak up to the front door.

GOLDIE

What now?

BROOKE

Try the door, it might be unlocked.

Goldie tests the knob. The door clicks open.

GOLDIE

You were right. You're so smart.

Brooke sucks up the praise, like a dry sponge. Goldie stands in the doorway, ushers in Brooke.

**INT. RICK'S HOUSE - DAY**

Brooke stands in the foyer. No one's home.

Goldie slowly and quietly slides the CHAIN into place, locks the front door. She holds her index finger over her lips...

GOLDIE

(whispers)

Shhh. Don't make a sound. Or we'll wake the monster.

GOLDIE (V.O.)

It's time for us to find out what this little girl is made of.

**HALLWAY**

Brooke leads the way, Goldie hangs back a little. Always guiding, but never leading.

BROOKE  
Which door should I choose?

GOLDIE  
I don't know. I'm scared.

BROOKE  
Me too.

Brooke faces the door on the right. She holds her breath. Her little fingers reach out. The knob turns...

Just as something THUDS behind the opposite door!

The sound JUMP-SCARES Brooke. She muffles her scream with both little palms. Her eyes wide with fear.

BROOKE  
I want to go home.

GOLDIE  
We can't. You must face the monster  
if you want to save your family.

BROOKE  
Will you come with me, Goldie?

That's sweet nectar to Goldie's ears.

GOLDIE  
Of course, Baby Bear. I won't leave  
your side.

Goldie stands behind her, pulls out her HUNTING KNIFE. She conceals the jagged blade behind her back.

Brooke opens the door...

**RICK'S BEDROOM**

Rick's bound to a chair with duct tape. He's covered in bruises and bite marks. Grimm sits close, guards him.

There's a clear thick PLASTIC SHEET under the chair, the same stuff that covers the unfinished COTTAGE.

GOLDIE  
It's OK. I won't let him hurt you.

BROOKE  
Why is he tied up?

GOLDIE  
He did very bad things to Mommy.  
Over and over again. And he wants  
to take her away from you. Forever.

Brooke starts to cry.

BROOKE  
No. That's not fair. Make him stop.

GOLDIE  
I can't make him stop, but you can.

Goldie offers the knife to Brooke. The child's reflection looks contorted on the jagged blade.

GOLDIE  
Take it. Go ahead.

Rick shakes his head no. His bloodshot eyes pleading. He starts to free his wrist. Grimm growls, silences him.

Brooke stares at the knife. She grabs the hilt.

GOLDIE  
That's a good girl.

Goldie wraps her fingers over Brooke's digits, guides the tip of the blade towards Rick's face.

Rick thrashes in the chair. His eyes wide with fear. The tip now inches from his gagged mouth...

GOLDIE  
(baby talk)  
Now open up for the aeroplane.

Goldie makes whooshing noises, as if the knife were a jet on final approach. The steel tip pushes through the sticky gag.

Just as Rick pulls his wrist free from the bloody tape!

Brooke screams. Rick chokes a surprised Goldie. She grabs his arm, squeezes a fresh wound. Rick grunts in pain, holds on.

Grimm lunges at Rick, bites into his throat! Huge incisors puncture his jugular. Rick chokes on his own blood. Goldie frees herself from his grip, catches her breath.

Brooke opens the door, runs down the hallway.

GOLDIE  
Grimm, *freisetzung!*

**INT. LAKE HOUSE - STUDY - DAY**

Sara stands up, upstages Todd mid-sentence...

SARA  
Where's Brooke?

**INT. RICK'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DAY**

Brooke looks up at the CHAIN preventing her escape. She's too short to reach it. Brooke opens the door a crack, screams.

The heavy thump of FOOTPAWS thunder across hardwood. Brooke turns. She sees Grimm charging down the hallway.

Brooke looks around, the SHINY APPLIANCES in the KITCHEN catch her eye.

Grimm tries to course-correct. The dog slides across the smooth floor, giving Brooke a precious few seconds.

**KITCHEN**

Brooke looks up at the knife block. It's out of her reach, but the OVEN is just the right height.

She opens the oven door, pulls out the STEEL RACK.

Grimm charges into the kitchen, he lunges at Brooke! She screams. He bites the thick steel grate, shakes his head.

**OVEN**

Brooke climbs into the dark tight space, starts pulling the door shut. On the door, there's a small rectangular WINDOW.

Grimm releases the rack, pounces his big forepaws on the oven door, slamming it shut on a crying Brooke. Grimm looks through the window. He growls, his bloody incisors bared.

The big dog slams into the door. Brooke rattles around inside the tiny steel cube. Grimm attacks. She covers her ears.

Another impact, then a third. And a fourth crash. Brooke closes her eyes, braces for another blow that never comes.

She opens her eyes. Grimm's gone. The window's streaked with blood, obscuring the Kitchen. Brooke listens...

The only sound is her breathing. Until an index finger appears, jump-scaries Brooke. The fingertip draws a sideways SMILEY FACE on the bloody glass. :-) An unseen dial turns.

The electric HEATING ELEMENT clicks to life. Goldie looks through the bloody window, grins at a weeping Brooke.

BROOKE

Mommy!!!

**EXT. LAKE - DOCK - DAY**

Sara runs along the shoreline. Todd pursues her.

SARA

Brooke! Where are you?

TODD

Brooke!

GOLDIE (O.S.)

Sara? Is that you?

Goldie steps out of the forest. She appears to be concerned, but Sara's not convinced...

SARA

Have you seen Brooke?

GOLDIE

No. Did you call Rick?

SARA

He didn't answer his phone.

TODD

I'll deal with him.

SARA

No, I'll go. You check the cottage.  
Goldie, keep going around the lake.

Goldie nods in agreement, offer Sara a PEN LIGHT. Sara stares at her smiling face, wary of the kind offer.

GOLDIE

Take it, might come in handy later.  
Don't worry. You'll find Brooke.

Sara takes the small LED, stuffs it in her BACK POCKET. Todd kisses Sara on the lips, embraces his wife. He whispers...

TODD

We're gonna be alright. OK?

Todd looks in Sara's eyes. She nods in agreement, but there's so much she wants to say. Goldie grins at Sara.

#### **INT. RICK'S HOUSE - DAY**

Sara opens the front door, enters the house. There's no signs of the struggle we witnessed earlier.

SARA

Rick? Are you home? Smells like something's burning. Rick?

She walks through the open space, sniffs the air. Her nose leads Sara to the KITCHEN...

Sara looks at the big OVEN, it's set to BROIL!

#### **INT. COTTAGE - DAY**

Todd bursts through the ripped plastic sheeting. He looks around the dark space.

TODD

Brooke? Are in you here?

Behind him, Todd doesn't see a DARK BLURRED FIGURE standing on the other side of the plastic.

The ROAR of the STREET SAW being pull-started cuts through the silence. The engine sounds like ten chainsaws!

Goldie guns the throttle. She slices through the plastic with the saw, charges at Todd. He reaches for the axe. Todd stumbles, lands on his back. Goldie rushes in for the kill!

Street Saw held high, she screams and pounces on Todd. He holds the axe by both hands, blocks the attack.

The saw blade buzzes inches from Todd's face. Eyes wide with horror, Todd stares at the spinning blade.

Goldie bares down on him. The blade closer now, poised over his forehead. Todd screams, struggles in vain.

Until the spinning blade BURROWS into his forehead! Blood splatters the shiny metal. Todd spasms.

Goldie saws through his skull, FILETS Todd's brain with ease!

**INT. RICK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

Sara turns off the oven, covers her mouth. She assumes the worst, kneels in front of the slender window.

Her trembling fingers turn on the light. Sara looks into the oven, her eyes go wide. She gasps in ABJECT HORROR!

SARA  
Brooke!!! My baby!!!

Sara pounds on the oven. She wails and shrieks until her voice gives out. Sara passes out on the floor.

**EXT. LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT**

Sara weeps, staggers in a daze. She holds the blanket-wrapped corpse of her daughter. A little CHARRED HAND hangs free.

SARA  
TODD!!!

TODD'S SUV sits in the dark driveway. The hood's up and the tires are slashed. A knot of wires hangs over the fender.

SARA  
TODD!!! WHERE ARE YOU?!?!

She notices the glow of CANDLELIGHT coming from inside the Lake House. Sara approaches the BACK DOOR.

**INT. LAKE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Sara slowly opens the back door, enters. She sets Brooke's covered body down on the kitchen table, just like Goldie did with an injured Grimm.

She tries the light switch on the wall. Nothing happens. Sara notices the glow of CANDLELIGHT under the PANTRY DOOR.

A big shiny BUTCHER KNIFE gleams in the KNIFE BLOCK. Sara grabs the weapon. She soft-steps towards the pantry door.

Knife held high, she slides open the door... Sara's dead BLACK CAT hangs from the ceiling! The corpse dangles by an electrical cord around its neck.

Sara doesn't react to her pet's body, closes the door.

**DEN**

Sara stares at a happy FAMILY PORTRAIT of her, Todd and Brooke. They've all got perfect smiles. The sounds of the mini-dozer's engine snaps her back to reality.

SARA

Todd.

She looks out the head-to-toe window, drops the knife. Her eyes fly open wide with TERROR at what she sees!

Goldie pilots the BOBCAT. She aims the mini-dozer right at the big picture window! Sara dives for cover.

The Bobcat plows through the massive sheet of glass! Jagged shards scatter across the hardwood floor.

Goldie pulls the levers. The Bobcat skids to a stop. The bloody contents of the front scoop spill out in the room!

Todd's body thuds against the stone hearth. His split skull lands near Sara. She screams bloody murder.

Goldie admires her handy work. With the Bobcat, she's a literal home wrecker. Goldie pushes both levers forward.

The Bobcat charges towards Sara. She swings at Goldie with the IRON POKER. Metal clangs off the COCKPIT CAGE.

Sara jumps out of the way. The mini-dozer zips past, crashes into the fireplace! The hearth cracks. The chimney splits.

Goldie pulls back both levers.

The Bobcat's knobby tires spin in reverse, right towards a downed Sara! The Bobcat's on a collision course with her skull! Goldie floors the dozer.

Sara leaps to her feet, dodges the wide wheels. Goldie crashes through the GLASS COFFEE TABLE. The front scoop plows into the couch. The Bobcat stops.

Goldie aims Peter's loaded CROSSBOW at Sara with one hand, holds a FLASH DRIVE in the other.

Sara stands tall, glares at her. Goldie's finger hovers over the crossbow's trigger...

GOLDIE

I made all your wishes come true  
and this is how you repay me? By  
writing another book behind my  
back?!? That hurts, partner.

SARA

I wrote your stupid novel. My book is non-fiction, it's my story. You're just the villain.

GOLDIE

It's all lies, that's not me! I made your wishes come true! Every single one of them! I did all of this for us, Mama Bear!

SARA

Grow the fuck up. No one believes in fairy tales anymore.

GOLDIE

They should. And they will. Our story will live forever!

SARA

Not if I cook my hard drives in the oven! And you along with it! I'll watch your story burn and no one will ever know about you! EVER!!!

Goldie shakes with RAGE, pulls the trigger!

The bolt sails wide of Sara. She runs towards the STAIRS.

Goldie drops the crossbow, pivots the Bobcat's levers. The mini-dozer swings around, almost BEHEADS Sara with the scoop!

GOLDIE

I want my happy ending!

SARA

Come and get it.

Sara runs UPSTAIRS.

Goldie pull-starts the Street Saw. The engine idles, then growls to savage life. She grins, charges up the stairs.

### **MASTER BEDROOM**

An out of breath Sara locks the door. She leans against the wood, closes her eyes and catches her breath.

She doesn't see something DOG-SIZED under the blankets! A deep low DOG GROWL rumbles through the room. Sara opens her eyes, freezes in DREAD.

Grimm sits on the bed, licks his chops and growls louder. The ROAR of the unseen saw's engine gets closer and closer.

Grimm bares his teeth, lunges at Sara. The dog slams into her chest, mauls Sara! She falls back against the wall.

The spinning SAW BLADE slices through the door.

Sara screams, holds Grimm by the neck, his massive jaw snaps inches from her face. She backs him into the spinning blade!

The saw slices through the dog's unseen spine, splatters the door with fresh blood. Grimm whines and convulses.

Sara drops the dying dog, runs in the WALK-IN CLOSET. She shuts the DOUBLE MIRROR doors behind her.

Goldie kicks in what's left of the bedroom door. She sees her loyal beast dead on the floor. Goldie puts down the saw. She hugs Grimm, wails like a grieving mother.

Goldie kisses his limp muzzle, whispers into Grimm's ear...

GOLDIE

Mommy's sorry. She didn't mean it.

RAGE grows within Goldie. She looks under the bed. No Sara. Goldie's savage reflection moves across the mirrored double doors leading to the CLOSET.

GOLDIE

We both have lost loved ones today,  
Sara. We both have made great  
sacrifices for our art. But it  
doesn't have to end like this.

Sara jumps right through the mirror! Reflective shards shower the bloody women. Sara body-slams Goldie to the ground.

SARA

Yes, it does.

Sara strangles the life out of Goldie. Goldie reaches for the street saw with the other...

Too far away. Goldie gut-punches Sara, chokes her! Neither one can breathe, each one hellbent on strangling the other.

They're both about to pass out. Their bodies convulse, their bloodshot eyes bulge. Goldie injects Sara with a SYRINGE!

**INT. GRAVE - UNDERGROUND**

Almost total darkness. Someone's breathing hard. Short rapid breaths, gasping for oxygen.

The sounds of crinkling heavy plastic punctuate the labored breathing. Until whoever it is wakes up...

SARA

Fuck! Someone help me! Help!

Sara's voice sounds amplified, as if she were in some kind of confined space.

SARA

Can anyone hear me!?

Sara wiggles her fingers against the plastic, reaches for something in her pants back pocket. It's a PEN LIGHT.

GOLDIE (V.O.)

Killing Sara was for the best. She was coming between us. In the end, you're the one that's going to spread our tale to all the good little girls and boys. And then maybe one day, you'll tell our little tale to your kids.

She turns on the tiny LED, revealing her fate...

Sara's wrapped in thick plastic! It's the same stuff Todd used to cover the unfinished cottage. On the other side of that flimsy opaque barrier...

Nothing but DIRT! The dark earth surrounds Sara. Waiting to smother her if she punctures the plastic.

SARA

GOLDIE!!! I'll fucking kill you!

The screams give way to tears. Sara wriggles one shoulder, then the other. She moves her hand holding the light a little, then a little more.

The beam illuminates her crying face. The plastic barrier hovers just millimeters above her blinking eyelashes.

Sara drives the other end of the pen light against the thick plastic. She blindly digs at the barrier with the steel CLIP.

The clip scrapes back and forth against the plastic. Sara arcs her wrist again and again.

It's no use. Her breaths fast and shallow.

Sara pulls at the tiny hole, it widens.

Her fingernail splits down the middle. Sara grits her teeth, claws at the hole. The bloody nail's stuck to the plastic.

Sara coughs and chokes. She's almost out of air. Then she hears a CAR HORN! Sara screams for all she's worth!

SARA  
DOWN HERE!!! HELP ME!!!

**EXT. FOREST - DAY**

Not far from the unfinished COTTAGE...

THREE SHALLOW GRAVES!

Two adult-sized. One just right for Brooke. All three filled in with fresh earth.

Sara's muted screams rise up from below. They're drowned out by another CAR HORN blast.

**EXT. LAKE HOUSE - DAY**

A stretch LIMO pulls into the driveway. The long black luxury car stops near the trashed SUV.

LILY (50s) stubs out a cigarette. She exits the Limo, buttons her tight pantsuit. Lily notices the trashed SUV, walks past it towards the Lake House.

LILY  
(to herself)  
I don't even want to know.  
(yells)  
Sara! It's your adoring agent, wake  
the fuck up!

There's a note pinned to the front door. Lily grabs the paper, the handwriting's crude...

*Lily,*

*Ignore the mess, we had a break in.  
You'll find what you came here for  
in the study. Change one word and  
you won't live happily ever after.*

G.

**INT. LAKE HOUSE - DAY**

Lily opens the front door. She notices the missing window and the smashed furniture, walks down the corridor.

**STUDY**

The door creaks open. Lily peeks inside, then grins.

A plain WHITE BOX topped with a RED BOW sits at the center of Sara's desk, but her laptop's gone.

LILY  
Come to Mama.

Lily scoops up the prize. She cradles the box in her arms, like a mother with a newborn babe. Lily kisses the white cover, leaves behind a DEEP RED lipstick imprint.

**GRAVE**

Sara screams in vain. Dirt pours onto her face, muffles her cries for the last time.

GOLDIE (V.O.)  
I told you not to fall in love with  
her. This is our story. Not hers.

Her eyes start to roll in the back of her head. She draws her last dirt-choked breath. Sara DIES.

**EXT. BOOK STORE - DAY**

A quaint shop in a seaside town. One novel dominates the display window...

*The Book of G.* written by the late Sara Berenson. SIX MONTHS on the NY Times Bestseller List and counting.

**INT. BOOK STORE - DAY**

A blonde CASHIER girl smiles at a customer.

It's Goldie! She looks downright sophisticated in a cashmere turtleneck and tweed slacks.

Goldie hands the Cashier a copy of Sara's book.

CASHIER  
I love this book. Have you read it?

GOLDIE

Yes, many times. I'm buying this copy for a special new friend.

Goldie smiles. It's that same smile we saw on her face when she first targeted Sara's family.

Someone scratches at the front door.

From outside, the whine of a puppy fills the store. The old door starts to squeak open...

A white German Shepherd PUPPY peeks into the store!

The cute pup looks just like Grimm. GRIMM JUNIOR pushes the door open, sneaks in. He barks. Goldie picks up the pup.

CASHIER

Cute dog.

GOLDIE

He's got his Daddy's good looks. Don't you, little Grimmellet?

The tiny white dog licks Goldie's nose.

CASHIER

I heard the author actually wrote a diary about being held hostage by the Goldilocks Killer.

GOLDIE

Don't believe everything you read.

CASHIER

What did you think of the ending? I thought it was really dark.

GOLDIE

The best fairy tales always are.

Goldie picks the book with a smile.

She walks out of the store, back into the real world to do god knows what to her next victim.

**FADE TO BLACK.**