



FRESH BLOOD SELECT

GOLDIE

written by
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FADE IN:

INT. MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT

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

She's crying hard. Deep inside the hazy veil of mist...

GOLDIE (20s) hugs herself and weeps. Wet blonde hair clings to her quivering shoulders. She sports a fresh fat lip.

Dark and deep bruises on her forearms shine purple.

Water masks the battered woman's tears.

Blood ebbs out of gashes on her calves and thighs. The pink liquid pools at her feet, then drains.

Goldie balls up her fists, covers her eyes.

She wails, like a grieving mother. Goldie crumples in a heap on the wet tiles and cries hard.

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

Standing naked before a foggy rectangular MIRROR, Goldie grabs a SUTURE KIT. She pushes the curved needle through her flesh, then stitches up a gash on her thigh.

GOLDIE (V.O.)
You can wind me up, point me in any
direction you please and watch me
perform. Until I break down again.

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

INT. WALK-IN CLOSET - DAY

Expensive dresses surround Goldie.

GOLDIE (V.O.)
But I won't give up on my dreams.

She pulls a cheap blue and white tank top over her head. The cotton fabric hugs her muscled curves.

An old leather belt cinches up cargo pants. Thick double-knotted laces dangle from each of her hiking boots.

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 top of a long bureau.

GOLDIE (V.O.)
 Ever since I was a little girl,
 I've wanted to find a family I
 could call my very own.

In the images: Loving parents hug and flank their blonde toddler. Mother, Father and Daughter 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 lush FOREST.

GOLDIE (V.O.)
 To live forever in a special place
 where I was wanted. And everything
 around me was just right.

A clean table's set for three. A steaming bowl of PORRIDGE cools in front of each perfectly straight place mat.

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

Goldie sits. She leans forward, inhales the aroma. Her long blonde hair flanks the bowl of porridge.

She holds a big wooden spoon in her hand. Her swollen knuckles are raw and red.

Goldie eats and eats and eats. Until she pushes the empty bowl aside, then grabs the next full one.

A glob of hot porridge lands on the bloody floor.

She scoops up the dirty slop with her fingers, gulps down the thick gruel fast. Her fresh fat lip oozes blood.

One heaping spoonful of porridge after another disappears into her maw. Goldie never blinks once.

This is not the Goldilocks you know from fairy tales.

The bowls are empty. One by one, Goldie pushes each chair back into place.

Until everything is just right.

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 button nose, then pulls out something else...

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

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Signs of a bloody violent struggle everywhere.

Overturnd tables. Downed bookshelves. Shattered vases on the varnished hardwood floor.

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

GOLDIE (V.O.)

It's not easy to make your dreams
come true. It takes a lot of hard
work and determination. And trust
me, they'll be lots of setbacks
along the way.

Goldie ignores the bloody chaos, sits cross-legged on the hardwood floor of the ravaged home.

She looks at a smashed family portrait. Shattered glass covers the stilted smiles. Goldie throws away the image.

GOLDIE (V.O.)

I don't know why people lie to
themselves, I can see as plain as
day they're not happy. I try to
help them, but they don't want to
listen. Until it's too late.

There's a busted coffee table near Goldie. Blood pools over the glass shards. Two teeth lodged in the red soup.

Nearby, there's a closed LAPTOP. Goldie sorts through a stack of mail between her legs. She 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!

GOLDIE (V.O.)
 I know deep down in my heart that
 the right family for me has to be
 out there. Somewhere.

All those big smiles seduce Goldie. It's a perfect photo
 that's screaming for a Facebook post. Goldie 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 family. Goldie
 obsesses over every curve of their perfect faces.

GOLDIE (V.O.)
 I gotta try to stay positive and
 not dwell on the past. And be open
 to new opportunities.

Goldie looks at the return address, it's in California. She
 grabs the laptop. The cracked screen flickers to life.

She types the return address into a search engine. Goldie
 looks up the residence on Google Earth...

GOLDIE (V.O.)
 I won't give up hope. I'll keep
 looking for my dream home.

It's an idyllic LAKE HOUSE in the woods. Goldie keys the
 sender's name into the search engine: SARA BERENSON...

She's a non-fiction writer. True crime. A one hit wonder,
 actually. Sara wrote just one killer best seller...

Girl in a Box: Dissection of a Psychopath. Goldie clicks a
 link, 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.

Goldie grins. She's borderline euphoric, like she just won
 the lottery and it's time to claim her prize...

GOLDIE (V.O.)
 The perfect family and the perfect
 writer to tell my story. Sara
 Berenson, you're gonna be my
 happily ever after.

KITCHEN

Goldie opens the MICROWAVE. She stuffs the laptop and a stack of mobile devices into the chamber. Goldie sets the timer for an hour, then presses start.

The microwave beeps and hums to life. Goldie leaves.

Cell phones, laptops and tablets rotate. It doesn't take long for them to crackle and bubble.

An iPhone shudders and pops, like a bloated tick. What's left of the laptop melts in the microwave.

Sparks flit across the chamber. The radiated motherboard pops and dances. Circuits sizzle.

The microwave EXPLODES. The door flies open. Balls of flaming plastic spew out. The entire kitchen starts to burn.

EXT. GLASS HOUSE - DAY

Goldie exits through oversized oak double doors. They clunk shut behind her.

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

Dried blood cakes the closed door. Someone got pulled out that broken window by force. The dented hood's up too. A tangle of severed 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 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 and louder, until...

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 pal.

GOLDIE

Come on, boy. It's time to pay our final respects.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

A secluded shady spot. The thick green canopy hides this place well. Goldie and Grimm push branches aside, reveal...

THREE SHALLOW GRAVES!

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

Goldie smiles down at the smallest mound of earth. She pulls the Teddy Bear out of the backpack.

The bear's torso is speckled with BLOOD. Goldie gently sets the stuffed toy on the child's grave. She kisses the dirt, then whispers...

GOLDIE

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

Eile Grimm, *Elie!* 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 in a thick canopy of trees. The distant rumble of a CHAINSAW echoes through the valley.

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.

In the sunny distance, there's a LOGGING CAMP. More chainsaws BUZZ down in the lush emerald valley.

Grimm stands next to Goldie. He sniffs, licks his chops.

GOLDIE
 What do you smell?

EXT. WOODSMEN LODGE - NIGHT

There's an Old West HITCHING POST out front for horses. But the only beast tethered to the log right now is: Grimm.

The white shepherd lays in front of a bowlful of juicy RIBEYE STEAKS. Grimm gleefully strips red flesh off the bones.

GOLDIE (V.O.)
 But you won't get too far on your
 quest with an empty stomach.

A temporary saloon in the woods. The rundown shanty's a hodge-podge of multi-colored corrugated metal. It's the only "bar" these LOGGERS can get to while stuck on a remote work site.

A pair of CROSSED CHAINSAWS preside over the entrance. Their shiny blades clash over the heads of entering patrons.

Off-duty workers park their ATVs around the bar. The earth's rough and muddy, just like the loggers.

Most guys are still in their dirty WORK GEAR. Some brandish an AXE, others have a chainsaw slung over their shoulder. All of them wear safety orange chaps and heavy work boots.

Somewhere behind the bar, the ROAR of gas engines and the CHEERS of men fill the night. Who are they cheering for?

PETER (20s) has got to know. There's an AXE slung over his broad shoulder. He notices Grimm. The dog growls at him.

Peter grins down at the white shepherd, his hand rests on the wooden handle of his trusty axe.

PETER

What's all the fuss about, boy?

BEHIND THE LODGE...

Portable lights shine on a MASSIVE TREE TRUNK horizontally laying in a V-shaped LOG STAND. It's as long as a car and at least two feet thick!

Goldie, wearing SAFETY CHAPS, wields a large customized CHAINSAW. The engine's big enough for a dirt bike! The chrome exhaust pipe looks like it was stolen from a crotch rocket.

Dozens of loggers watch Goldie pull-start the saw. The engine roars to life, like a hand-held motorcycle. Goldie guns the throttle, filets the log in seconds!

She pulls up on the saw, slices through a second section of the wood. Then down again, powering another slice off as the exhaust spews smoky flames.

The drunk and horny loggers cheer for Goldie. Most of them spill their beer and don't even care.

The woodsmen can't take their eyes off of Goldie. Or the wood chips clinging to her sweaty tank top. Especially Peter.

INT. WOODSMEN LODGE - NIGHT

Rusty axes and busted chainsaws memorialize generations of the dead on the walls. Drop lights wrapped around vintage bear traps hang from the ceiling, like makeshift chandeliers.

Loggers crowd the bar, jostle for position. A fight breaks out. Fists are thrown, beers fly and someone hits the floor.

In a corner, Peter and Goldie sit alone. There's a dozen overturned shot glasses in front of them. Just two swallows of whisky left.

Goldie and Peter pick up their last shots, down them. The pair stare at each other, until...

PETER
So, where are you headed?

GOLDIE
To visit a friend.

PETER
Is she a fun friend?

GOLDIE
No.

PETER
Then why are you going to see her?

GOLDIE
Because she needs my help. Bad.

PETER
What's her problem?

GOLDIE
You don't want to know.

PETER
Sure, I do. Come on. Tell me.

GOLDIE
If I tell you about her, I might
have to gut you later.

Peter plays along with the "joke". He rubs his matted beard, mock-ponders his options...

PETER
I'll take that chance.

Goldie grins wide at Peter.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - DAY

A contemporary home 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

A much more cozy home than the open space glass structure.

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 lush green forest. All that literature surrounds a modest wooden desk that's pushed into a dark corner.

SARA (30s) runs her hand through her blonde hair. She sighs, talks to an OLDER WOMAN 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. It looks
like a plastic-wrapped nightmare.

LILY (V.O.)

We had a good run. So, don't take
it personally when I tell you that
your viability as a client is shit.

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
wishes are for losers. And 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 ivory 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.

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 until...

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

GOLDIE

I love you too, Mama Bear.

LATER - NIGHT

RICK (30s) 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, pours herself a glass of wine.

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
We're the only two houses on the lake. Don't ruin a good thing.

SARA
I don't feel good. Please leave.

RICK
If you're not nice to me, I won't fix your speeding tickets for you.

Rick grabs his wallet off the coffee table. He opens the leather, waves the GOLD BADGE in Sara's face and grins.

SARA
Goodbye, Rick.

He chuckles, then sees himself out.

Sara leans against her reflection in the head-to-toe length window. The opposing "faces" look down at the floor.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT

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

From across the steamy room, Goldie watches Sara weep! She head-tilts, watches Sara cry and sit down on the wet tile, her back to Goldie.

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, JUMP-SCARES Goldie! The feline claws at her exposed ankle.

Goldie 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. The clear gel gathers in her palm. 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, kitty?

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. She summons all her courage...

SARA

Rick? Is that you?

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

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

At the end of the corridor, a door creaks open. 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. 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-SCARES herself. Sara spins around...

She retreats from: PETER the Woodsmen! He's dressed head to toe in hunting camo gear and thick boots to match.

Peter strokes his matted beard, leers at Sara.

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 BEARISH and 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 the three bears flank Sara.

SARA

What're you doing out here?

PETER

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

The three hunter bears 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 back at the house 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.

The trio of Hunters share a big laugh.

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

GOLDIE (V.O.)

I know, I shouldn't of involved Peter and the three beards, but I was drunk. He was into me, I was into his night vision goggles, don't judge.

EXT. BIKE TRAIL - DAY

The Hunters' cackles echo down the natural corridor.

Sara and Goldie pilot their bikes. The two ladies pedal side by side down the trail.

GOLDIE (V.O.)

Besides, you heard what I said. I told Peter what would happen if he knew about Sara. But no, he didn't listen to me. They never do. *You're the only one that ever does.*

INT. WOODSMEN LODGE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Goldie and Peter stare at their fleet of empty shot glasses, then into each others' eyes.

PETER

Sounds like your unfun friend needs some sense scared into her.

GOLDIE

Maybe. Are you a scary guy, Peter?

PETER

I can be, for the right woman.

Peter drunkenly smiles at Goldie.

GOLDIE (V.O.)

And that's when it hit me. The best way to meet Sara is by showing her how much worse her life would be without me in it! What better way to make a new friend...

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.

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.

SARA

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.
 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 dial 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.
(MORE)

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 snuffles 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-scars 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 Grimmllet?

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 up 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.