

BURN THE WITCH

"PILOT"

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ACT ONE

INT. BRONWYN AND GAVIN'S MASTER BATHROOM - MORNING

BRONWYN BOLDER (30), in a short white nightie, is holding her phone up at a flattering angle to take a smiling selfie. She takes a few in quick succession. Her smile drops immediately after taking the photos.

Like a pro, she flips through the photos, selects one and expertly adjusts the size of her nose. Then she slaps on a filter to make her skin glow. This is all done extremely fast and we can tell this is part of her daily routine.

She opens Instagram and types the caption: "Doing my daily affirmation in the mirror! Today mine was 'I am strong.' What was yours? #BronwynFalls #affirmations #selflove"

And post. It's almost like she gags at herself in the mirror.

Her face quickly changes to anger. She heads to the toilet, pulls up her nightgown and pulls down her underwear.

BRONWYN
(in an affected hippy
dippy voice)
"I am infertile AF."

She reaches behind and flips open a small case. Inside is a row of perfectly organized tampons. She grabs one in defeat.

Her phone on the counter still has the Instagram post open and the comments roll in, complete with plenty of heart-eyed emojis...

"Thank you, Bronwyn! You are magic! #bronwynfalls"

"Can't wait for your new book, BB!"

"@lizzer787 omg look she is PERFECT"

"How do I get your life? #queen"

INT. BRONWYN AND GAVIN'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bronwyn lingers in the doorway to the bathroom, glaring at her husband GAVIN (30), still in their king-size bed, nestled in the plush, all-white sheets. He rustles a bit.

BRONWYN
I just got my period.

Gavin sits up slowly, just waking up.

GAVIN

We'll keep trying. It's not so bad.

He shuffles over to give her an obligatory hug. She pulls back.

BRONWYN

Jesus, I've been pushing that "Baby PlanIt" app on the site and what for? I'm tracking my temperature, my mood. I'm eating everything on their disgusting vegan list and choking down those woo-woo horse pill vitamins and for the record, you and I have been sticking to our fuck schedule to a goddamn T!

Yikes. She's coming undone.

GAVIN

Can we *not* call it a fuck schedule?

BRONWYN

What do you want, Gav? Coitus calendar? Doing it dossier? Record of relations?

GAVIN

Maybe it's time to see the doctor.

BRONWYN

Are you kidding? I don't have time for hormone injections, egg harvests or whatever the fuck she's going to tell us to do. The new book is coming out in a few weeks and I needed to get pregnant *this* month because--

GAVIN

(interrupting)

I know, I know. The book tour. The talk shows...all that shit.

BRONWYN

And maybe there's something wrong with your *specimen* there, Gav. Pot lowers your sperm count, FYI.

GAVIN

And I'm sure the e-cigs are doing wonders for your womb.

Bronwyn scoffs, but Gavin isn't in the mood for any of this. He begins faffing about the bedroom, making the bed. Bronwyn heads to the closet, picking out some workout clothes.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Maybe if we had started trying earlier, we wouldn't be in this predicament, Katie.

Bronwyn pulls down her sports bra aggressively. What?!

BRONWYN

Excuse me?

Gavin goes to his closet to start getting dressed.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)

Do you like this big old bed, Gav? What about your wildly impractical cashmere sweatpants? Do you like this house and your five-car garage, half of which we turned into your beloved "mixed media" art studio that to the untrained eye resembles an episode of *Hoarders*?

(beat)

I needed this time to build up my business. For me *and* for you I might add. Any commissioned pieces pending on your end, Mr. avant-garde *Artiste*?

(beat)

I didn't think so.

Ooh, she's going for the jugular and all they can do is stare each other down. The doorbell RINGS.

GAVIN

Welp, that must be your yogi. Go on then! God forbid you miss an opportunity to tweet about the benefits of "breathwork" first thing in the morning!

BRONWYN

Oh, namaste, jackass.

Bronwyn breezes by Gavin and leaves the room in a huff.

INT. BRONWYN'S FITNESS STUDIO - MORNING

Bronwyn is in downward dog on the mat, being adjusted by a stereotypical YOGA INSTRUCTOR. She breathes deeply.

JESSE BOLDER (32, Bronwyn's sister) enters, already on her phone, texting away. Jesse looks like Bronwyn, but with a more down-to-earth -- meh, one might even say frumpy -- look.

JESSE
Hey. Ready in 30?

BRONWYN
No.

JESSE
Women's Health is calling in 30.

Bronwyn moves into plank pose, annoyance all over her face.

BRONWYN
And where was my reminder about an
Women's Health interview?

Jesse never looks up from her phone as Bronwyn chaturangas.

JESSE
Sorry! Kristian got some heinous
bug from the anti-vaxxers' kids at
school. They're always fucking sick
with something. We were up all
night, he was vomiting all over the
place. Chunks, too, not just like
bile, you know? Poor thing...

Bronwyn breathes into upward facing dog.

BRONWYN
Spare me the details and brief me
on what the hell I'm talking about
in 30 minutes.

JESSE
Oh, don't worry, Auntie B. Your
nephew is just fine now.

BRONWYN
Thrilled about it.

JESSE
What the hell crawled up your ass?

Bronwyn rises, steps off the mat and pats the instructor
gently on the back.

BRONWYN
We're good.

The trainer doesn't question a thing and leaves rather quickly.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)
Nothing's crawled up my ass *or* my cervix unfortunately.

Bronwyn chugs water, unable to look her sister in the eye.

JESSE
(gently)
Oh, Katie. I'm sorry. Maybe this is your body's way of telling you it's not the right time.

BRONWYN
(mocking Jesse's gentle tone)
Well, I'm telling my body that it's arguably the *perfect* time and she better let one of Gav's stoner swimmers through! Jesse, I could have launched the maternity line on the book tour, targeting the psychomommy demo in my audience. It's a missed opportunity. Big time. A million dollar mistake.

Jesse looks disturbed.

INT. BRONWYN'S SUV - MORNING

As Jesse drives, Bronwyn does her makeup in the mirror.

BRONWYN
(on speakerphone)
OK, thanks, doll! Bye.

She hangs up. Jesse looks like she's about to say something, but continues driving into a parking garage.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)
What?

JESSE
Sister, not assistant?

BRONWYN
Fine. Sister. Go.

JESSE

As your sister and, well, an actual mother, I just feel like you should think about the reality of what starting a family truly entails.

BRONWYN

Please. It's all I've been thinking about for the past year. I hired some chi-chi market research firm in France specializing in designer prenatal fashion, I've got a shitload of spreadsheets with financial projections from the accountant and you know we've already started pushing and tracking some BS baby-centric products on the site. I'm 100% ready minus firing up the human life inside of me.

JESSE

This is what I mean, though. All this baby talk has been very...brand focused.

Bronwyn, still focused in the mirror, applies a thick coat of a dark pink lipstick. Jesse pulls into a VIP parking space.

BRONWYN

My brand and my life are one and the same. As you're well aware.

Jesse puts the car in park. Bronwyn blots her lip together in her sister's direction, making a POP noise.

JESSE

If that's the case, where's the segment on your go-to vape pen and the photo collage of your black market diet pill journey? Or how about an essay on the sophistication and calories saved from drinking double vodkas on the rocks, no mixer necessary. Come on, Katie, I know the real you.

BRONWYN

All right then. Say what you need to say. I can see whatever it is, just bubbling inside of you!

Jesse braces herself, looking her sister square in the eye.

JESSE

I don't think you want to be a mom, Katie. I think "Bronwyn" wants a baby because it'll be good for business.

Bronwyn, incredulous, gets out of the car and slams the door.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - MORNING

Bronwyn's heels clack against the ground as she moves towards the elevator. Jesse races after her. The elevator opens.

INT. ELEVATOR - MORNING

Bronwyn pushes the button for PH and Jesse slides in.

JESSE

Aren't you going to say something?

Bronwyn is silently fuming, as is her M.O.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Fine. You'll have to talk to me at some point. Still your assistant.

BRONWYN

(chilly)

For now.

The elevator doors open.

INT. BRONWYN FALLS HQ, LOS ANGELES - MORNING

A stunning office on the penthouse floor. All white furniture, fresh white flowers everywhere and about 5-7 young, well-dressed women running around.

This is Bronwyn Falls, Inc. Lifestyle blog turned worldwide media company and aspirational brand. Bronwyn's actual baby.

The walls are adorned with framed flattering magazine spreads and photos with celebrities and people of influence, like Reese Witherspoon and Sheryl Sandberg.

It's very clear that the picture-perfect Bronwyn Bolder is revered and admired.

Star intern COCO WYETH (21) is positioning a bevy of high-end products on a long white table, in a most artistic fashion, taking photos of them with her phone.

Much like Bronwyn, it's apparent she has a true talent at photography, manipulating images and making everything look incredible. She quickly schedules a few Instagram posts in succession with ease and enthusiastically runs up to Bronwyn.

COCO

Morning, Bronwyn! Hope you had a nice long weekend!

Zero response from an icy Bronwyn. Coco presses on.

COCO (CONT'D)

Anyway, I've got all the paid Instagram posts ready to go. Would you mind taking a quick look since a couple of them are new advertisers? I just want to make sure they're *perfect*.

Now *there's* a trigger word for Bronwyn.

BRONWYN

Coco, when I was your age and starting this company, I didn't have anyone to consult with about anything. I had to do it all on my own. You're an intern. You're here to learn. So why don't you actually *earn* your college credit and figure it the fuck out? OK?

Bronwyn marches straight towards her office, zipping past the stunning MARGAUX STERLING (30s), VP of Operations. Seriously, she's young Naomi Campbell, minus the diva attitude.

MARGAUX

Hey hey Miss USA, how was your 4th?

Bronwyn slams the door behind her.

JESSE

(to Margaux)

She's in hellbeast mode FYI.

Margaux's face reads that she's all too familiar with this.

MARGAUX

What did you do now?

Jesse scoffs as Margaux enters Bronwyn's office, closing the door behind her.

A stunned Coco returns to her desk and discreetly, checks her own Instagram page, username CocoLime, with thousands of followers and a more colorful, youthful spirit than Bronwyn Falls.

She returns back to the paid posts for Bronwyn Falls and CLICK -- she schedules them to publish.

INT. BRONWYN'S OFFICE - MORNING

Bronwyn is vaping furiously at her desk.

MARGAUX

I thought you were taking it easy
with the---

Margaux mimes Bronwyn's vaping. Bronwyn raises her eyebrows.

BRONWYN

Let's just talk agenda, shall we?

MARGAUX

Food Network wants you as a guest
judge. I strongly advise against
it. We can't have you rubbing
elbows with Guy Fieri. Frosted tips
are off brand.

Bronwyn nods along, not laughing at Margaux's joke. OK...

MARGAUX (CONT'D)

And Nordstrom wants to talk about
an accessories collaboration.
That's a meeting we should take,
but we need to discuss the
maternity line first since it's a
good opportunity to bring it up.
I've made a short list of designers
to target...

Margaux produces the list and puts it on Bronwyn's desk.

MARGAUX (CONT'D)

It's also in your inbox.

Sore subject. Bronwyn slides the sheet of paper away from her. Moving on...

BRONWYN

What else?

Bronwyn's phone starts blowing up with Instagram notifications. Followed by Twitter. And Google alerts.

Bronwyn look at her phone in disbelief.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)
Oh fuck. FUCK! What the *hell* was
she thinking?

Margaux circles around to get behind Bronwyn. She starts laughing hysterically. Bronwyn is not as tickled.

MARGAUX
I'm sorry! That copy...
(beat)
Coco wrote that? Is she drunk?

Bronwyn gets up to leave the office and Margaux scurries after her.

Coco's Instagram post is on the screen with the caption: "My hubs Gavin just LOVES when I use @FallonPryce hand creme. Give it a pump! #softhands #bronwynfalls #relationshipgoals"

INT. BRONWYN FALLS HQ, LOS ANGELES - MORNING

Coco is clicking around her computer on her own YouTube page, yes -- CocoLime. She has over 100,000 subscribers.

Still discreet, she take some artsy selfies on her phone, propped up at her desk, posing with her coffee. She then starts recording video, likely for Snapchat.

BRONWYN (O.C.)
COCO!

Coco jumps to attention. Bronwyn, heels clacking, takes slow, intimidating strides towards the intern.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)
Thanks to your social media stunt,
the entire Internet is talking
about me giving my husband a heej
with a hundred dollar hand creme!

The office is silent and *alert* AF.

COCO
A heej?
(and it clicks)
Oh.

BRONWYN

In fact, #hubrub is trending on Twitter and Fallon Pryce isn't going to be thrilled that their brand is now associated with marital masturbation.

COCO

Oh, my God. I'm so sorry. It's just that we hadn't done a "relationship goals" post in awhile. I was referencing holding hands, that's all, I swear!

BRONWYN

(cold as ice)

You can collect your things and go.

COCO

What?!

Jesse is mortified and gives Bronwyn a "WTF" look. Coco thinks fast and presses the button to turn the camera on her phone out to the office, Bronwyn in frame.

JESSE

(under her breath)

You're taking your anger at *me* out on *her*.

Coco is slowly putting things in her messenger bag, near tears and pretty freaked out. The rest of the office watches at Bronwyn in total fear. She observes this quietly before addressing her team.

BRONWYN

Oh, I see the way you're all looking at me. I'm sorry, did you think we worked at a charity? This is a *business*. And it's *my* fucking business. You know we're all held accountable here for our accomplishments as well as our mistakes. Myself included. As for Coco? She made a mistake and now she's now dismissed. But don't worry. She's a size 2 blonde, what? A couple of semesters away from a Princeton degree that her parents were able to pay for? So believe me she'll have the whole world on her organic tampon string the rest of her goddamn life.

(MORE)

BRONWYN (CONT'D)

If this is the hardest thing she'll have to deal with? Getting fired from an unpaid internship she was privileged enough to be able to accept? I think she'll be fine. So don't feel sorry for her. If anything, feel sorry for my unborn child apparently. Right, Jesse?

No one says a word. Margaux and Jesse exchange a look.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)

See, Jesse thinks I just want to have a baby because it would be good for the brand. And you know something? I've been thinking about it and she's right! And so what? There are worse reasons to bring a child into the world. Like to try to save a shitty marriage or to literally make a person that will always love you. Which isn't even always the case. Ask Jesse or me about *our* mother. Is it so wrong to have a baby to make my business better? And thus, all of *your* lives better. You know there's millions of desperate, bored moms out there just dying to be told what to buy. And they'll buy it! They'll buy whatever I say. I have a thriving career! I have a *life*! And I have money so no matter what happens, my baby would always be taken care of, which is more than I can say for the latest cast of Teen Mom or whatever the fuck. Right? RIGHT?

Everyone is looking at Bronwyn like she's a total psycho.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)

I can't believe all of you! Looking at me like, "Burn the witch! Burn the witch!" Burn the witch? I could burn this place to the fucking ground if I wanted to with all of you in it. Coco, kindly see yourself out. Enjoy the rest of your summer. Jesse, get me my ovary stimulation smoothie. NOW. Everyone else, get back to fucking work.

Bronwyn calmly heads back into her office, closing the door.

MARGAUX
 (to Jesse)
 Holy. Shit.

JESSE
 (incredulous)
 She *never* says I'm right. Does it
 still count even though she very
 clearly just had a psychotic break?

INT. BRONWYN FALLS LADIES' ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Coco, tears falling, is on her YouTube app with a screengrab of Bronwyn mid-tirade at the ready. With a "take-no-prisoners" look on her face, she publishes the video before leaving for good.

INT. BRONWYN'S OFFICE - MORNING

More furious vaping from Bronwyn.

MARGAUX
 Really went full-on "off with her
 head" out there...you need to
 relax. Want a half a Xanie?

BRONWYN
 Always. Benzos are bae.

MARGAUX
 And I will update the social media
 manual to reflect the ban on
 implied cock massage--

Jesse enters the office and she's on a mission.

JESSE
 TMZ. Now.

Margaux shakes her head. They're over it. She cracks a Xanax in half and hands it to Bronwyn, who pops it in her mouth.

BRONWYN
 (before swallowing)
Of course they latched onto this.

JESSE
 Katie. Just look. We're fucked.

Jesse hands Bronwyn her phone and Bronwyn complies while swallowing the pill. Margaux looks over her shoulder. They are both completely shocked.

We see the headline "Wicked Witch of the West: The Real Bronwyn Bolder. Watch her meltdown now and see why she's really trying to have a baby!"

She clicks in and sees the comments rolling in...

"I *knew* she was a psycho! Nobody is that perfect."

"Holy shit! And this chick is telling *us* how to live our best lives. That's rich..."

"WHAT A BITCH!!!!!! She'll be a terrible mother!"

Bronwyn holds her hand out to Margaux.

BRONWYN
The other half please?

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. BRONWYN AND GAVIN'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

A disheveled Gavin is scarfing potato chips, watching some mindless television. Bronwyn appears, looking pretty spooked, with a wheelie bag nearby.

BRONWYN

Well. Did you watch it?

He doesn't even look her in the eye.

GAVIN

Don't have to. I live it.

Ouch.

BRONWYN

Nice. You know this affects you, too.

GAVIN

How so?

BRONWYN

I'm your fucking wife and my business is in jeopardy! Can you please give a shit about me or have you completely forgotten how to do that?

GAVIN

You don't exactly make it easy.

Bronwyn looks at him as if to say, "Ex-cuse me?"

GAVIN (CONT'D)

(snide)

You gonna go run to Harry's now?
Have a *great* time.

And Bronwyn is out of there, completely incensed.

INT. COCO'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Coco's bedroom looks like a Pinterest board come to life. Everything is literally perfect.

Coco, at her computer, is watching her subscriber numbers climb into the millions on her YouTube channel.

This is the best day of her life.

INT. BRONWYN'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Margaux and Jesse are both fielding phone calls and clacking away at their computers.

JESSE

Aaaaand Honest Company just pulled out of their partnership terms. Fuck!

MARGAUX

Nordstrom canceled the maternity line meeting. Big surprise. Looks like it's back to regular old Tampax in the office. Like the Stone Ages. Ladies of the court, prepare ye vajunies!

JESSE

This isn't funny, Margaux! It took everything I had to get the publisher to just postpone the book instead of cancel it outright! And I can't believe *she* just fucking left us with this mess. You can't ghost your own fucking company! She needs to get her head in the game. This is a disaster! Think about it! Paula Deen *never* recovered!

MARGAUX

(practically scoffing)

Bronwyn isn't a Paula. She's a Martha. And *nobody* remembers Martha went to prison and the people that do remember, think it's badass. Trust me, B will be fine.

JESSE

How many partners have called to drop endorsement deals and cancel meetings?

MARGAUX

Seven.

(beat)

Teen.

JESSE

Seventeen! And it's only 2 o'clock. There will be more.

MARGAUX

(beat)

Where do you think she is?

JESSE

My sister? Pfff, I know exactly
where she is.

INT. HARRY BOLDER'S LIVING ROOM, GRAND MARAIS, MN - DAY

HARRY BOLDER (60s, like a weathered cowboy) sits in a huge leather recliner. The living room has all the stereotypical accoutrement of a rustic Minnesota lake house: an antler chandelier, deer heads on the wall, and a big old window looking out to Lake Superior.

He's watching *Naked and Afraid* on a giant television that looks out of place in his tiny home. He sees a black car coming up the driveway.

EXT. HARRY BOLDER'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

Bronwyn exits the car with an overnight bag in tow. She lights a real live cigarette freely. Vape pen be damned!

Harry emerges from the front door, grinning.

HARRY

Hey, cutie! Where's your sister?

BRONWYN

Who cares?

Harry chortles as Bronwyn walks to the door.

INT. HARRY BOLDER'S KITCHEN - DAY

Harry cracks open two bottles of Heineken. Bronwyn practically starts chugging hers.

HARRY

Just let me know when you're ready.

Bronwyn polishes off the beer.

BRONWYN

Ready.

EXT. HARRY'S SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

Bronwyn holds a shotgun and begins target practice. She's very good. Harry observes, continuing to drink his beer.

HARRY

You ever gonna get mad enough to go out hunting with your dear old dad?

BRONWYN

Absolutely not.

She shoots again. Bullseye.

HARRY

Too bad. You'd be good at it.

BRONWYN

It's not wildlife I feel like murdering.

HARRY

Uh, oh. Them's fighting *turds*.

Bronwyn groans at her dad's joke. She shoots again.

BRONWYN

I don't know what to do. I'm losing it, Dad. I'm losing everything.

HARRY

Let's get dinner.

EXT. LAKE SUPERIOR - DUSK

Bronwyn and her dad fish in a small boat as the sun sets.

INT. HARRY BOLDER'S KITCHEN - EVENING

Harry is whistling as he fries up fish, the pan sizzling hot!

INT. HARRY BOLDER'S HALLWAY - EVENING

Bronwyn exits the bathroom and stops in the hallway, looking at the makeshift gallery wall Harry has made.

-- A framed issue of the *Minnesota Daily* student newspaper from ten years ago. Small corner headline reads: Local Photography Blog 'Bronwyn Falls' Shares Spring Fashion Tips.

-- A photo of Bronwyn on the University of Minnesota campus with her pop-up photography and illustration shop.

-- A screengrab of Bronwyn being interviewed by a Minneapolis reporter. Caption reads: From Photographer to Fashionista.

-- A *Real Simple* magazine article featuring Bronwyn's go-to "easy" DIY paint projects for the home.

The images get progressively more impressive.

-- Bronwyn signing books in a Chicago Barnes & Noble.

-- Bronwyn appearing at New York Fashion week, sitting in the front row next to two "It Girl" celebrities.

-- Bronwyn posing with her accessories line at Bloomingdale's
And to the woman she is today...

-- Bronwyn posing with Martha Stewart and Oprah Winfrey.

-- Bronwyn on the red carpet with Gavin at a movie premiere.

-- Bronwyn's profile in Forbes magazine as a lifestyle mogul, highlighting that she's only 30 years old.

INT. HARRY BOLDER'S KITCHEN - EVENING

Harry and Bronwyn are finishing up their dinner. Hank Williams plays in the background.

BRONWYN

You going down to the bar tonight?

Harry's demeanor visibly changes from sweet to all business.

HARRY

Nope. And neither should you. Time to get your head in the game.

That phrase seems to be a theme amongst the Bolder clan.

BRONWYN

(sassy to no end)

I know how much it pains you that I didn't play varsity basketball like your *other* daughter, but I would hope that my multimillion dollar business more than made up for that parental disappointment. Even if I'm about to lose said business.

HARRY

Fine, fine. Make it about everybody else. But this is your problem to fix, Katie. Yours and yours alone.

BRONWYN

I came here for your supp--

HARRY

And you got it! I know you also came for a swift kick in the ass from your dear old dad whether you admit it or not. Come on. We had a lovely evening together. Now you gotta get to work. Buck up and be a goddamn Bolder for Chrissake!

Nobody tells Bronwyn what to do. Not even dear old Dad.

BRONWYN

(defiantly)

In that case, I should *definitely* go to the bar, hmm?

INT. THE SINKING SHIP - NIGHT

Shoddy pirate memorabilia adorns the walls and a janky jukebox sits in the corner with nothing in there from after 1979. It's a classic Midwest shithole bar.

Bronwyn enters and immediately looks at home. She pops on a bar stool and smiles at BERNICE (60s).

BERNICE

I was expecting you.

BRONWYN

Oh, I bet...

Bernice begins pouring Bronwyn a Wild Turkey, no mixer. A LOCAL GUY puts a couple quarters in the jukebox and Bernice can't help but laugh when the Eagles begin to play.

BERNICE

(singing a la Eagles)

Oooooh, oooooh, witchy woman...

BRONWYN

Since when did people start throwing shade in the Midwest?!

INT. THE SINKING SHIP - A BIT LATER

Bronwyn and Bernice are pretty well lit at this point. A few LOCALS are in the bar also enjoying themselves.

BRONWYN

I might have to come work at this bar, you know. I've offended mothers worldwide. As if they're the end-all, be-all to everything.

BERNICE

Don't be so dramatic. Where's Gavin?

Before Bronwyn can reply, LARS GRONDAHL, struts in -- all 6'6" of him -- and heads for the dart boards. He looks like a true Viking, just like they make them in northern Minnesota.

Bronwyn is about ready to fall off her stool.

BRONWYN

Who the hell is that?

BERNICE

Lady, you're not *that* drunk...

Bronwyn squints a little in his direction and Lars meets her gaze. He smiles. She quickly turns back to Bernice.

BRONWYN

Well, shit, he looks diff--

BERNICE

Hot as fire? Sure does.

Lars makes his way over to Bronwyn. He freakin' smolders.

LARS

If it isn't the long lost pirate princess of The Sinking Ship?

BRONWYN

Lars. Didn't know you were in town.

BERNICE

Larsy moved back a few months ago.

Bernice hands him a fresh beer.

BRONWYN

(in disbelief)
Ew. Why?!

Bernice and Lars just look at Bronwyn. That was offensive.

LARS
Nice seein' ya, Katie.

Lars raises his beer glass in Bronwyn's direction and makes his way back to the dart boards. Bernice clucks her tongue.

BERNICE
Princess, all right. Think it's about time I cut you off. Go on home and sleep it off.

Bernice takes Bronwyn's drink and she doesn't disagree.

BERNICE (CONT'D)
See you later, honey.

Bronwyn makes her way out of the bar and Lars takes note.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE SINKING SHIP - NIGHT

Bronwyn starts to walk up the hill towards Harry's house when Lars exits the bar.

LARS
Katie.

Bronwyn turns around to see a dashing Lars. Uh, oh.

LARS (CONT'D)
You want a ride up the hill?

INT. LARS' TRUCK - NIGHT

Bronwyn and Lars are quiet as the truck ascends up the hill. Sexy rock'n'roll plays on the radio, something like Heart's *Dreamboat Annie*.

He drives past Harry's house and they descend down the hill. Neither of them look surprised and a small smile creeps across Bronwyn's face.

EXT. LAKE SIDE, THE BED OF LARS' TRUCK - NIGHT

Lars and Bronwyn are going at it, just like old times. Their clothes are strewn all about the bed of the truck.

And it's good. It's real, real good.

EXT. LAKE SUPERIOR - NIGHT

The two of them skinny dip, treading water in the lake.

LARS

I lost my job in Toronto. To answer your question.

BRONWYN

I'm sorry.

Lars cocks his head to one side.

LARS

I like it here. Always have. I think it's nice to get back to where you're from. It's grounding.

BRONWYN

(laughing)

Grounding? That sounds like some LA bullshit.

LARS

Isn't that the kind of bullshit you're all about...Bronwyn, is it? Where'd that even come from?

BRONWYN

I had a TA with that name freshman year and just loved it. Sounded fancier than Katie. And thus, my photo blog was born.

(beat)

But, Jesus, that's probably all over now...

Bronwyn lets her guard down for a minute. She *almost* starts crying. Lars playfully splashes her.

LARS

Bad girl Katie Bolder? Are you-- are you *crying*?

Bronwyn splashes him back.

BRONWYN

NO! And I wasn't all bad. Despite what your parents said.

LARS

I'm sure they wouldn't give me any grief about you now.

(MORE)

LARS (CONT'D)

Money talks in the Grondahl house.
Weird since we never had much of
it.

BRONWYN

You know, I had no idea Bronwyn
Falls was going to take off the way
it did. It started as a photography
portfolio for a class. But I would
have been an idiot not to run with
it. Money talks for Bolders, too.
And it's not weird. It always means
more when you don't have it.

LARS

And look at you now. Happy as a
clam. Richer than shit. Small town
girl no more. Right?

BRONWYN

You and I both know I was never
meant to be a small town girl.

LARS

Yeah. Your radio silence after
graduation made that pretty clear.

Awkward.

BRONWYN

Well, had you looked like *this* when
we were in high school maybe I'd
have changed my tune!

Bronwyn playfully grabs Lars' enormous bicep bringing them
much closer to each other in the water.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)

So what's 'roid rage really like?

LARS

(teasing)

You've never even accepted my
Facebook friend request. It's just
floating out there, in the abyss of
the world wide web, crying out for
you in vain. Katie! Bronwyn!
Whoever you are! Accept me!

BRONWYN

OK! OK!

Bronwyn swims to the pier and Lars follows her.

EXT. LAKE SIDE, THE BED OF LARS' TRUCK - NIGHT

Bronwyn scrambles for her cell phone in her bag, scrolling through hordes of requests to find him.

BRONWYN
There. Happy?

LARS
(grinning)
When are you heading back?

Bronwyn is tugging her dress back over her head.

BRONWYN
Not sure yet.

Lars pulls up his jeans, zipping them up.

LARS
Are you still with that guy?
(beat)
My sister very cruelly showed me
your feature in *Minnesota Bride* a
few years ago.

They share a quiet moment as Bronwyn feels a pang of guilt. She's not a total monster.

BRONWYN
Yeah, look. I better get going.
Kinda had a fight with my dad and
he's probably getting flashbacks to
when he found me passed out with
you on your damn boat somewhere.

LARS
Still have that boat. Come on. I'll
drive you.

BRONWYN
It's fine. I'll walk. It was...good
to see you.

LARS
Good luck, Katie. You'll be fine.
Bad girls always get away with
everything. Part of their charm.

She waves to Lars and turns around to head back down the hill, walking with a confident swing in her hips that Lars can't help but notice.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. MARGAUX'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Margaux's bedroom overlooks the lights of LA from a high-rise condo. She's in bed with her Kindle, about to put her hand down her pants.

Her phone RINGS and she picks up.

MARGAUX

I don't hear from you aaaaall day
and of course you call *just* before
I'm about to do something for
myself for a change.

INT. BRONWYN'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - NIGHT

BRONWYN

We have some brainstorming to do.

INTERCUT MARGAUX/BRONWYN

MARGAUX

About the official apology? I'm on
it. I hired a very fancy brand
consultant and everything. And not
just because she was super hot. She
has accolades, too.

(beat)

You're welcome.

BRONWYN

Fire her. And fuck an apology!

MARGAUX

I know you've got that big old ego
to contend with on a daily basis,
but you're a few dropped contracts
away from a turn on *Dancing with
the Stars*. And I'd wager an early
elimination based on that
choreographed first dance with Gav
at your wedding.

Bronwyn cringes at Gavin's name.

BRONWYN

We should run with this witch
thing! A total rebrand.

(MORE)

BRONWYN (CONT'D)

We'll be a different kind of lifestyle company. I want it to be real. No more BS.

MARGAUX

But people like BS! They don't want reality, they want aspirational! Foam roller routines they'll never do, superfood smoothie recipes they'll never make and spa recommendations they'll never afford in cities they'll never see. That's the business we're in, babe!

BRONWYN

(at a higher pitch)

I can't have anymore fake phony filtered shit in my life, I will burst into literal flames, Margaux, I swear to God. I'm done! DONE!

MARGAUX

All right, all right. Jesus. I hear you. I just don't know what the answer is. Bitches are kind of on trend right now, but I need more time.

BRONWYN

Yeah, well, keep thinking about it. I know you've got some lesbian erotica fired up on the Kindle, but this is top priority afterwards!

Margaux scoffs.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)

10PM on a Thursday night? About to do something for yourself? I know what you've got going on, baby, and it ain't a bubble bath with wine.

MARGAUX

Then let me get back to it and I'll marinate on this rebrand business.

BRONWYN

Great. Fresh ideas come from being freshly fucked, even by oneself!

MARGAUX

And where did you get this idea?

BRONWYN
I'll talk to you tomorrow...

Bronwyn hangs up, rejuvenated in more ways than one.

INT. HARRY BOLDER'S HALLWAY - DAY

Bronwyn meanders out of her bedroom in a bathrobe, looking ready for coffee. Harry passes her on the way to the bathroom. He doesn't look pleased.

HARRY
You've got company. If you can call him that. In the kitchen.

Bronwyn smiles a bit to herself, thinking that it must be Lars because she's just *that* irresistible. She tousles her hair before striding confidently into the kitchen.

INT. HARRY BOLDER'S KITCHEN - DAY

Gavin is standing by the coffee pot, helping himself. Bronwyn looks horrified.

BRONWYN
Hey.

Gavin turns to face her. He hands her a cup of coffee.

GAVIN
Hey.

Bronwyn takes a sip of coffee, unable to hide her disappointment.

GAVIN (CONT'D)
(still pretty cold)
How are you doing?

Even Gavin can she that she's not thrilled to see him and he has the emotional quotient of a houseplant.

BRONWYN
(stammering)
I--

GAVIN
What's your problem now, Katie? I'm here aren't I? Giving a shit? You're like a goddamn land mine these days. It's exhausting.
(beat)
(MORE)

GAVIN (CONT'D)

What is it? What's wrong? What did I do now?

Harry enters the room.

BRONWYN

I fucked my high school boyfriend yesterday.

Harry quickly turns around, exiting the room.

GAVIN

You did *what?*!

BRONWYN

I know it was wrong, but the big problem is that I don't really regret it.

GAVIN

Jesus. Fucking. Christ.

(beat)

You're a psycho, you know that? Why are you even telling me this?

BRONWYN

Because we're married! God, Gavin. I just--we're not happy! We're not on the same level anymore! Our marriage should be a partnership and it's evolved into something...resembling one of those warped relationships on *Million Dollar Matchmaker* or something.

GAVIN

But I'm not like those guys!

BRONWYN

I'm obviously the millionaire in this scenario! You're the leech! It's just...we're not making each other better. We're just driving each other into the ground. It's not fair.

Gavin, super defensive, gets up off the couch at this point.

GAVIN

Fair to who? So what? You're resentful of me because I'm not as "successful" as you? And what's your little townie fuck buddy doing with his life, huh?

BRONWYN

This isn't about that. This is about--

GAVIN

What?! What the fuck is this about?

BRONWYN

Gavin. Stop. Is this really that shocking to you? You're not happy either! I just think we need some time apart. When is the last time we have even *laughed* together? For Chrissake, when we have sex you don't even look at me!

GAVIN

On that note. What about the baby?

Bronwyn pauses. This is it. She's going to say it out loud.

BRONWYN

I don't want to have a baby. Not right now. And if I'm being honest with you, and myself, probably not ever.

GAVIN

Do I get a say in any of this? I never get a say in anything!

BRONWYN

Oh, I'm *sorry* we don't keep white bread in the house, Gav, but it's like having a sandwich between two slices of cake!

GAVIN

I don't remember that being a problem back when you were balls deep in bulimia.

BRONWYN

You're such an asshole. That's so low. How dare you bring that--

GAVIN

(interrupting)

How else am I supposed to react when you bring up an affair and a divorce in practically the same breath?!

They both take a breath. Their bodies look stiff.

BRONWYN

I'm not having an affair! I had a...moment. And I need more moments to wrap my head around everything and I can't do it with you around. I didn't say divorce. I said separate.

GAVIN

You're so arrogant, Katie. Like your infidelity wouldn't be a dealbreaker for me?

BRONWYN

Yours wouldn't be for me! We need a break. You know I'm right.

GAVIN

(interrupting)

And where the hell am I supposed to go? Getting kicked out of my own damn house? This is rich.

BRONWYN

Oh, Jesus Christ, Gavin! You're not going to end up on the streets. We'll figure something out. I'm staying here for a bit anyway.

(beat)

And come on, we both know that house is mine.

Jesse bounds in from what was clearly a morning jog. She takes off her headphones.

JESSE

There she is! We hopped on a red eye. Thought it might be a good idea if your hubs came, too. Had to drag him out of bed, but he rallied!

Bronwyn just cocks her head at Gavin. Of course he didn't come of his own accord.

BRONWYN

(to Gavin)

I think it's a good idea if you got on the next flight back.

(to Jesse)

In coach. We need to pull back on unnecessary spending for now.

Bronwyn heads back to her bedroom with her coffee.

INT. BRONWYN'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - MORNING

Jesse knocks on the door before coming in, her iPad in hand.

BRONWYN

Is he gone?

JESSE

Yeah. He was pretty pissed.

BRONWYN

I bet. Look, I'm sorry I barked at you before. With the baby stuff. You were right about all of it. That's so annoying, you know.

JESSE

I could have been...gentler in my approach.

BRONWYN

But that's not the Bolder way.

JESSE

I just didn't want you to make a mistake you'll regret forever. I'm not saying I know everything, but being a mom is hard. It just is. And if you don't want to do it, you don't have to. You know?

BRONWYN

Yeah. I know. We both know that.

JESSE

This isn't about her. This is about you. I care about your ass.

(beat)

Do you wanna talk? About Gav and whatever happened in the kitchen?

BRONWYN

Not really.

A beat.

JESSE

So how *is* Lars Grondahl doing these days?

Bronwyn is stunned. Busted.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Dad's got a big mouth.

BRONWYN
 (mortified)
 Oh God, he heard that?

HARRY (O.C.)
 You've got a big mouth, too, missy!
 I was just minding my own business
 in my own goddamn house when you
 shouted about your "relations," on
 the tip top of your lungs for all
 our God-fearing neighbors to hear!

BRONWYN
 We don't have any neighbors, Dad!

HARRY (O.C.)
 And it's a good thing, too!

Jesse and Bronwyn smile at each other.

INT. HARRY BOLDER'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bronwyn is camera ready in her dad's country kitchen. Jesse has her iPad on a stand with Margaux's attentive, goddamn beautiful face staring back at them.

MARGAUX
 Developer pulling the trigger in 5.

JESSE
 This is gonna work. I know it!

Bronwyn pulls her laptop to face her head on, takes a deep breath and begins recording a Facebook live video.

BRONWYN
 Hi, guys. I know a lot of you have
 been waiting to hear what I have to
 say regarding this "Burn the Witch"
 video. And the truth is, sometimes
 that is the real me. What you see
 on my website or read in my books
 is an unreal, perfect version of
 myself that I thought everyone
 would want to see. That
 they'd...rather see actually.

INT. THE SINKING SHIP - NIGHT

Bernice is watching on her phone, beaming. Hearts, likes and other emojis for Facebook live scatter across the screen.

BRONWYN (ON SCREEN):

But being perfect all the time is garbage. Where's the fun in that? I was selling you something that doesn't actually exist. I don't care what the magazines or the blogs or Ina Garten say. Perfection is an illusion. Clearly.

INT. HARRY BOLDER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Harry watches his daughter on an iPad, *Naked and Afraid* paused on the TV in the background. His eyes dart from looking into the kitchen, seeing her back, and then seeing her face on his screen.

BRONWYN (ON SCREEN):

I blew up at my intern because she screwed up in a way that affected my business. And I got in a big fight with my husband and my sister the other day. That's where the baby business talk came from. I agree that was probably some shitty stuff to say, but it was honest. So I hope you can appreciate that.

EXT. LARS' PARENTS' FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Lars watches on his phone, throwing back a beer and smiling, very clear his high school crush on Katie Bolder remains.

BRONWYN (ON SCREEN):

Look, I love Bronwyn Falls and I always will. But at some point during this whole thing, I lost sight of myself and who I actually am. And I'm kind of rough around the edges, which may come as a surprise to most of you. See, it's easy to start doing what other people expect of you when money gets thrown your way. Especially when you never really had any. And look, money doesn't buy happiness, but it helps a whole lot. Anyone who says otherwise is a liar. So I don't regret making Bronwyn Falls into an iconic lifestyle brand.

Bronwyn is a lot of things, but modest isn't one of them.

INT. COCO'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Coco is huddled in her bay window with her computer, watching intently, with a little bit of fear behind her eyes.

BRONWYN (ON SCREEN):

What I'm getting at is that Bronwyn Falls is about to dry up. I'm moving on to something else. Something real. Something bolder. I hope you'll check it out at my new site, which I'm told will be live any minute. And as for Miss Coco Lime, I respect your hustle and I know you're a little bit of a witch, too. Takes one to know one. According to my lawyer, I *could* totally sue your ass, but I'm not going to do that. I've always liked healthy competition. So, with all sincerity, good luck to you...

(beat)

and go fuck yourself.

Coco's mouth falls open.

INT. BRONWYN FALLS CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Bronwyn stops recording. Margaux and Jesse are ecstatic.

MARGAUX

Bronwyn! Yes! Fuck yes!

JESSE

YAS! Burn the witch! BURN!

BRONWYN

(relieved)

I think that was pretty good.

Jesse swipes Margaux's face to the side on the iPad and heads straight to the website which re-routes to: "BeBolder.com."

Bronwyn Falls is no more and the site is completely revamped!

A website with black, white and orange elements has taken its place with a smoldering graphic script on the bottom reading "Burn the Witch."

JESSE

It's already working. Look!

Jesse shows Bronwyn her computer screen. Below the graphic is bold text reading "Join the Coven" with an active counter for subscribers. The number is skyrocketing!

INT. BRONWYN'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - EVENING

Bronwyn flops into her bed, depleted and fulfilled at the same time. *Everything* has changed.

Her phone lights up with a Facebook message from Lars.

LARS (MESSAGE):
People in town are saying you've
gone right off the deep end.

Bronwyn laughs out loud. She types back.

BRONWYN (MESSAGE):
Yeah, probably. But it already
feels better than the shallow end.

She pauses thoughtfully.

BRONWYN (MESSAGE): (CONT'D)
Night! And keep your eyes peeled
for that full moon -- you might see
my shadow flying clear across it.

She anxiously watches the dots indicating he is responding.

LARS (MESSAGE):
Good night, Katie.

Well, that was pretty uneventful. Wait! A follow-up message!

LARS (MESSAGE): (CONT'D)
And you should fly that broom to
the boat tomorrow...

Bronwyn, clearly turned on, puts her phone on the night stand and reaches for her Kindle, with one hand. Lights out.

THE END