

GOLDIE

written by
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FADE IN:

INT. MASTER BATHROOM - DAY

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

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

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

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

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

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

Over and over again. Louder and louder.

LATER

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

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

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

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

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

None of the photos feature Goldie.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

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

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

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

WOMAN

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

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

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

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

WOMAN

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

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

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

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

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

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

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

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

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

WOMAN

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

Something catches her eye. Goldie rips open an envelope.

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

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

GOLDIE

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

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

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

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

GOLDIE

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

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

GOLDIE

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

KITCHEN

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

EXT. GLASS HOUSE - DAY

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

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

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

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

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

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

GOLDIE
Grimm, *platz!*

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

GOLDIE
Braver hund. So ist brave.

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

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

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

GOLDIE
Who's a good boy? Come on.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

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

THREE SHALLOW GRAVES!

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

Goldie smiles at the smallest mound of earth.

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

GOLDIE
(whispers)
Sweet dreams, Baby Bear.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Beauty and her beast disappear into the forest.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The landscape's smothered with lush green trees.

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

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

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

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

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - DAY

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

Solar panels on the roof soak up the morning sun.

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

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

INT. LAKE HOUSE - DAY

Much more cozy than the open space glass house.

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

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

INT. LAKE HOUSE - STUDY - DAY

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

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

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

SARA

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

LILY (V.O.)

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

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

SARA

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

LILY (V.O.)
As your agent and your friend, I'm
advising you to give the cash
advance back to the publisher.

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

LILY (V.O.)
Then the publisher will sue and
you'll lose your dream home.

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

LILY (V.O.)
Want some unsolicited advice from
your soon to be ex-agent?

SARA
Sure.

LILY (V.O.)
Go make a wish list. Five things
you want to change about yourself.

SARA
Five things? What kind of things?

LILY (V.O.)
Anything you want.

SARA
OK, then what?

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

Lily hangs up.

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

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

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - DAY

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

EXT. HILLTOP - DAY

Thick trees obscure the reflection's source.

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

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

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

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

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - DAY

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

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

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

High above: Goldie watches Sara leave.

GOLDIE
Grimm, *achtung*.

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

GOLDIE
Bleip, Grimm.

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

INT. LAKE HOUSE - MASTER BATHROOM - DAY

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

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

LATER

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

PANTRY

Goldie throws the wet towel into the dryer.

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

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

KITCHEN

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

STUDY

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

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

GOLDIE (V.O.)
A wish list?

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

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

GOLDIE (V.O.)
That's my number one too! I knew
it, Sara and I are so much alike.

GOLDIE

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

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

GOLDIE (V.O.)

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

LATER

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

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

On screen: A fun family outing in the lake.

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

GOLDIE (V.O.)

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

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

On screen: The young blonde girl hugs Sara tight.

DAUGHTER (V.O.)

I love you, Mommy.

SARA (V.O.)

I love you too.

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

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

GOLDIE

I love you too, Mama Bear.

LATER - NIGHT

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

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

EXT. HILLTOP - NIGHT

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

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

Next to her: Grimm snores.

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

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

INT. LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

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

Rick buttons his shirt.

SARA
Tonight was the last time.

RICK
You just came three times in a row.

SARA
I wasn't counting.

RICK
Liar. Don't ruin a good thing.

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

INT. LAKE HOUSE - MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT

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

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

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

Steam billows, obscures both women from view.

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

Goldie's gone.

EXT. THE WOODS - BIKE TRAIL - NEXT DAY

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

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

INT. LAKE HOUSE - STUDY - DAY

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

GOLDIE

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

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

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

GOLDIE (V.O.)

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

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

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

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

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

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - DAY

A HARD RAIN falls, punctuated by thunder.

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

SARA
Hello? Rick?

INT. LAKE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Sara closes the back door behind her, looks around.

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

Thunder rumbles. Rain drops pelt windows.

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

Sara approaches the pantry.

SARA
Is that you, Bathsheba?

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

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

SARA
Shit! Fucking Corn Flakes!

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

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

DEN

Sara walks through the space, looks UPSTAIRS.

SARA
Rick? Is that you?

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

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

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

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

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

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

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

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

SARA
Stay away from me, Rick!

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

EXT. BIKE TRAIL - NEXT DAY

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

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

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

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

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

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

SARA
Hello?

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

SARA
Who's out there?

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

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

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

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

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

SARA
Someone's following me.

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

PETER
Come on out, boys.

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

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

Peter and his crew flank Sara.

SARA
What're you doing out here?

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

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

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

PETER
Oh, I got myself a special permit.

SARA
I don't believe you.

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

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

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

SARA
I don't want any trouble.

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

SARA
I'm a married woman.

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

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

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

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

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

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

PETER

Say it. Say it. Say i--

SARA

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

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

PETER

Rut me! Say it like you mean it.

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

GOLDIE (O.S.)

Sara? Is that you?

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

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

GOLDIE

Where have you been?

SARA

I got lost on the trail.

GOLDIE

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

SARA

No, I don't.

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

PETER

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

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

As if Peter and Goldie know each other!

EXT. BIKE TRAIL - DAY

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

SARA
Thank you. You just saved my life.

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

SARA
Follow me. My place is nearby.

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

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

INT. LAKE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

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

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

Sara checks the ankle. Goldie winces.

SARA
What happened?

GOLDIE (V.O.)
Sprained it this morning jumping
out of your bedroom window.

But Goldie doesn't say that aloud...

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

SARA
In the city. Let me take a look.

Sara pulls an ACE BANDAGE out of a drawer.

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

SARA

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

Goldie stares at Sara, poker-faced.

SARA

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

GOLDIE

Why?

SARA

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

Sara laughs, a nervous chuckle. Goldie laughs too.

GOLDIE

That's because we've never met.

SARA

Then how did you know my name?

GOLDIE

I have a confession to make too.

DEN

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

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

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

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

SARA

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

GOLDIE

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

SARA

You mean Todd's glass house?

GOLDIE

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

Goldie's "sincerity" catches Sara off guard.

GOLDIE

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

SARA

No, you shouldn't have.

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

They stare at each other, until...

SARA

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

GOLDIE

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

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

SARA

What is that?

GOLDIE

It's your next best seller.

Sara sighs.

SARA

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

GOLDIE

I know this story can help us both.

SARA

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

GOLDIE

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

SARA

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

GOLDIE (V.O.)

Liar liar, pants on fire.

GOLDIE

I see. Congratulations.

SARA

Thank you.

GOLDIE (V.O.)

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

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

SARA

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

GOLDIE

Sure. Thanks.

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

GOLDIE (V.O.)

Wish number one. Always be open to new opportunities.

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

RICK: *I want you right now.*

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

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

SARA: *Leave me alone.*

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

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

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

Sara's approaching footsteps click across the hardwood.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GOLDIE
I know, but it's raining--

SARA
Get out of my house. Now.

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

GOLDIE
I should've let them rape you.

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

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

EXT. HILLTOP - NIGHT

A dry Grimm lays under a tree, yawns.

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

INT. LAKE HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

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

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

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

Sara inches towards the door.

SARA
Who is it?

No answer.

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

Someone POUNDS on the door hard.

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

The banging stops.

Sara holds her breath, listens.

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

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

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

Sara opens her eyes, covers her mouth.

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

SARA
What're you doing here?

RICK
Are you ready for me?

SARA
Ready for what?

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

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

RICK
I like to play games too.

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

RICK
Corkscrew me to death?

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

SARA
Go home, Rick. You're drunk.

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

Rick kisses Sara's unresponsive lips. She resists.

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

RICK
I don't care.

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

Rick's pants drop to his ankles.

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

A hard KNOCK at the door upstages Rick.

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

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

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

Relief washes over Sara. She pulls free of Rick.

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

RICK
Get rid of her.

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

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

SARA
Come back tomorrow.

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

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

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

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

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

Rick steps out of the shadows.

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

RICK
Good girl.

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

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

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

RICK
She told you to come back tomorrow.

GOLDIE
But I'm lonely.

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

RICK
Are you lost, angel?

GOLDIE
No. Are you, Rick?

RICK
How do you know my name?

GOLDIE
Sara told me all about you.

RICK
She did? How nice of her.

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

SARA
We did.

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

RICK
What happened to your foot?

GOLDIE
Some jerk-offs were harassing Sara.

RICK
Really? And what did you do?

GOLDIE
I made them leave her alone.

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

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

SARA
She's telling the truth.

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

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

Rick chuckles.

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

GOLDIE
A little of both.

RICK
Then quit the role playing and join the party.

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

Rick advances on Goldie, gets in her face.

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

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

RICK
You don't know me that well.

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

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

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

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

RICK
Call off your dog.

SARA
Get the fuck out, Rick. Now.

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

This isn't over. Rick leaves.

Sara locks the door, then relaxes.

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

GOLDIE
Grimm, *pass auf*.

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

SARA
Thank you. Again.

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

SARA
No. Rick's a deputy sheriff.

That fact catches Goldie off guard.

GOLDIE
Are you going to be alright alone?

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

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

GOLDIE
Grimm, *fuss*.

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

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

GOLDIE
Goodbye, Sara.

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

SARA
Wait. Give me your pitch.

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

The two women share a smile.

NEXT DAY

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

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

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

SARA
I miss you too, Babbling Brooke.

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

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

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

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

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

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

SARA
I love you too.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SARA
How are you doing?

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

SARA
That sounds great. You look great.

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

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

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

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

STUDY - LATER

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

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

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

DEN

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

Her frustrated face reflects in the circular glass.

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

EXT. HILLTOP - GOLDIE'S TENT - NIGHT

It's a starry night, crickets chirp.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

INT. LAKE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

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

SARA
Does he like cats?

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

Grimm pants, wags his long ivory tail.

GOLDIE
But he's not too fond of guys.

SARA
I know how he feels.

The two women share a laugh.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - DAY

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

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

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

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

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

GOLDIE
You sure Todd won't mind?

SARA
Take it. He never uses the bike.

GOLDIE
Why not?

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

GOLDIE
So where's the helmet?

Sara regards the WORK SITE for the unfinished COTTAGE.

INT. COTTAGE - DAY

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

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

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

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

Goldie mentally catalogs the inventory of weapons.

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

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

GOLDIE (V.O.)
Hello, gorgeous.

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

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

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

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

Goldie sighs, puts down the shiny street saw.

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

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

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

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

GOLDIE
(yells)
Coming!

EXT. BIKE TRAIL - DAY

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

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

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

SARA
How did you and Grimm meet?

GOLDIE
Through his previous owner.

SARA
What happened to the owner?

GOLDIE
He died.

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

SARA
So, what's the rope for?

GOLDIE
Follow me and you'll find out.

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

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

EXT. WADING POOL - DAY

A hidden idyllic tributary of the river ends here.

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

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

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

ROCK FACE

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

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

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

WADING POOL

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

Peter's gone.

SARA

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

GOLDIE

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

SARA

Why do you think she kills all those innocent families?

GOLDIE

Because they're not just right.

SARA

For her?

GOLDIE

For anyone.

SARA

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

GOLDIE

This is how she feels.

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

SARA

Who did this to you?

GOLDIE

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

SARA

I'm done with him. I swear.

GOLDIE

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

The two women share a smile.

SARA

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

Goldie smirks, tosses the rope coil to Sara.

GOLDIE
Trust exercise.

ROCK FACE

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

Sara tries to keep up with Goldie...

SARA
I'm having second thoughts.

GOLDIE
Hurry up.

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

Sara pauses, looks down at the tiny bikes below.

SARA
We should turn back.

GOLDIE
Sara, don't be such a pussy.

SARA
I'm not a pussy.

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

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

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

GOLDIE
Come on. Get up here, pussy.

Sara chuckles, then speeds her ascent.

Goldie reaches out, their fingers almost touch.

Sara loses her grip on the cliff!

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

Until the taut rope snaps her back!

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

The knot won't come undone.

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

GOLDIE

Sara!

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

SARA

I can't reach the rope.

GOLDIE

Try again. You can do this.

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

Her muscles give out. Sara hangs limp, grunts.

SARA

I can't do it!

GOLDIE

Try harder. Or I'll cut you loose.

SARA

What did you say?

GOLDIE

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

SARA

Shut up. Just shut your mouth.

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

GOLDIE

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

SARA
Fuck you! I will fucking end you!

GOLDIE
Come on up here and try, bitch.

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

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

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

GOLDIE
I knew you had it in you.

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

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

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

Until Sara finally lets go.

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

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

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

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

GOLDIE
Here, let me get that.

SARA
Stay the fuck away from me!

Sara slips, falls backwards off the cliff!

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

Sara plummets! The rope yanks Goldie over the edge!

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

Goldie and Sara scream.

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

WADING POOL

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

It's dead weight!

GOLDIE
Sara? Sara! Sa--

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

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

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

GOLDIE
Sara!

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

She's been down there too long.

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

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

No signs of life from Sara.

GOLDIE
Come on. Don't quit on me.

Goldie breathes into Sara's mouth.

GOLDIE (V.O.)
I need you.

GOLDIE
Sara, wake up!

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

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

GOLDIE
Welcome back, Mama Bear.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - DAY

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

SARA
Why did you call me: Mama Bear?

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

Something rustles in the treeline.

The women freeze. A twig snaps, then another.

SARA
What is it?

GOLDIE
I think we have a visitor.

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

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

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

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

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

GOLDIE
Grimm, *schlechte hund. Platz.*

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

SARA
He's very well-trained.

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

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

The big white dog licks his chops, barks approval.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

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

Sara and Goldie finish their breakfast for dinner.

GOLDIE
Best French Toast ever.

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

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

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

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

SARA
You really did push my buttons.

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

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

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

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

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

Goldie smells something rank, Sara too. They wince.

SARA
Did that come out of your dog?

GOLDIE
I'm afraid it's only the beginning.

SARA
How about some wine by the fire?

GOLDIE
Sounds perfect.

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

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

Goldie sees Peter standing outside!

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

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

GOLDIE
Grimm, *ruhig*.

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

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

Sara exits the pantry.

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

SARA
You like red, right?

Sara shows Goldie a bottle of Merlot.

SARA
The darker, the better?

GOLDIE
You remembered.

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

Goldie nods yes, washes more dishes. Sara leaves.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

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

GOLDIE
What're you doing here, Peter?

PETER
I thought I'd surprise you.

GOLDIE
This is a surprise.

PETER
Aren't you going to invite me in?

GOLDIE
No. You can't be here.

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

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

PETER
I see you with her. Every day.

Peter tries to kiss Goldie. She rejects him.

PETER

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

GOLDIE

Only in your dreams.

PETER

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

GOLDIE

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

PETER

But I love you, Goldie.

GOLDIE

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

PETER

Come by the camp tonight, we--

GOLDIE

Leave me alone, you fucking psycho!

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

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

Peter's dirty fingernail hovers over the trigger.

Goldie enters the Lake House. The screen door slams.

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

The two women laugh about something.

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

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

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

INT. LAKE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sara looks at Goldie washing dishes.

SARA
You're flush. Are you alright?

GOLDIE
I was--

Grimm growls, paws at the back door.

GOLDIE
Grimm, *nein* aus.

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

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

SARA
OK. Join me when you're done.

GOLDIE
Grimm, *pass auf* Sara.

Grimm looks away from Goldie, ignores the command.

GOLDIE
Grimm! *Pass auf*, Sara.

SARA
What're you telling him?

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

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

Grimm whines. Sara claps her hands at the dog.

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

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

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

No Peter in sight. Goldie sighs in relief.

EXT. GOLDIE'S TENT - NIGHT

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

An unseen twig SNAPS, then another.

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

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

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

LATER

Goldie steps out of the tent. She looks around.

GOLDIE
Grimm? *Gib laut.*

No sign of Grimm.

GOLDIE
Grimm, *komm.*

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

The whines get louder and louder.

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

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

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

Goldie drops to her knees, comforts her killer pooch.

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

EXT. DOG KENNEL - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

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

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

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

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

GOLDIE (V.O.)

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

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

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

Grimm jumps to life, lunges at Goldie!

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

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

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

GOLDIE (V.O.)

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

Grimm collapses, starts to death rattle.

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

INT. EXAM ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

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

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

VETERINARIAN

Put him down on the table.

Goldie gently lays Grimm onto the shiny metal slab.

LATER

The Veterinarian stitches up an unconscious Grimm.

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

GOLDIE

Will he live?

VETERINARIAN

He'll live. What's his name?

GOLDIE

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

VETERINARIAN

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

GOLDIE

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

VETERINARIAN

Then you can take him home now.

GOLDIE

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

VETERINARIAN

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

GOLDIE

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

VETERINARIAN

Not this dog.

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

EXT. VET'S OFFICE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

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

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

GOLDIE

What am I gonna call you? Hmmm?

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

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

GOLDIE (V.O.)

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

END FLASHBACK.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The room's dark.

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

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

GOLDIE

Sara! Help me! SARA!!!

Goldie lays Grimm on the kitchen table.

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

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

SARA

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

GOLDIE

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

Goldie weeps.

GOLDIE

Please, Sara. I need you.

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

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

SARA
OK. We can do this.

LATER

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

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

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

DEN

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

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

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

Sara walks downstairs, her hair's wet.

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

GOLDIE
He'll live. Thank you.

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

GOLDIE
Rick didn't do this.

Goldie stands up. She heads towards the front door.

SARA
Where are you going?

GOLDIE
Never mind. You stay with Grimm.

SARA
We should call the police.

GOLDIE
No. I need to borrow your bike.

EXT. HUNTER'S CAMP - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

Something rustles in the underbrush.

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

A twig BREAKS behind them.

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

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

PETER
She's here. Teach her a lesson.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

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

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

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

EXT. THE WOODS - NIGHT

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

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

NIGHT VISION POV

The forest looks grainy and green.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Goldie looks into the lens, then head-tilts.

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

Goldie spits on our dead face.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE WOODS

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

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

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

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

One of them steps into a SNARE TRAP!

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

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

FAT HUNTER

You stepped in your own trap.

HUNTER

I didn't set up snares, asshole.

FAT HUNTER

Well then who the fuck did?

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

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

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

The Fat Hunter shrieks in pain.

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

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

Fat Hunter's boot death-twitches.

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

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

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

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

GOLDIE

Hey. What're you looking at?

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

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

HUNTER

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

The Hunter opens his eyes. Goldie's gone.

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

HUNTER

Thank you, Jesus.

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

HUNTER'S CAMP

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

PETER

What the fuck?

The nylon burns fast.

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

PETER

Where is it?

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

GOLDIE
Hey faggot. You looking for this?

Peter pivots, sees Goldie pull the trigger.

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

PETER
My leg! My fucking leg!

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

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

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

PETER
Stop! Please!

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

PETER
Put me down!

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

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

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

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

GOLDIE
Good night, sweet prince.

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

DEER STAND - LATER

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

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

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

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

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

GOLDIE

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

PETER

What're you waiting for? Do it.

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

GOLDIE

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

THE WOODS

Someone crouches in the shadows...

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

PETER (O.S.)

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

GOLDIE (O.S.)

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

DEER STAND

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

GOLDIE

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

She gropes his crotch hard, then laughs.

GOLDIE

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

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

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

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

THE WOODS

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

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

Goldie mounts Peter, thrusts against his bound body.

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

GOLDIE (O.S.)

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

PETER (O.S.)

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

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

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

The camp's gone quiet.

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

Behind Sara, an unseen twig SNAPS.

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

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

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

GOLDIE
Hey there, Mama Bear.

DEER STAND

Branches rustle.

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

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

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

GOLDIE
Here, take it.

She offers the bloody HUNTING KNIFE to Sara.

SARA
Please, don't kill me.

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

SARA
I don't want it.

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

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

GOLDIE
See? He knows how this game works.

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

GOLDIE
You mean like you and Rick?

SARA
Fuck you.

GOLDIE
Peter's a gift. For you.

SARA
I don't want him.

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

Sara comes to a horrifying realization...

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

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

SARA
Stop calling me that.

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

SARA
It's a work of fiction, Goldie!

GOLDIE
No! It's not!

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

Peter wails into the tight gag, his body convulses.

Sara recoils, screams in horror.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GOLDIE
That's it. Good girl. Closer.

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

GOLDIE
Take it, Sara. Take the knife.

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

SARA
You used him to manipulate me.

GOLDIE
Yes, I did.

SARA
You're a fucking head case.

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

SARA

Fuck you!

Sara charges Goldie with the knife.

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

GOLDIE

Don't be such a sore winner.

SARA

Let go of me!

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

GOLDIE

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

SARA

I don't need you to write a book!

GOLDIE

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

SARA

Shut the fuck up!

GOLDIE

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

SARA

I don't need your help.

GOLDIE

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

SARA

What're you talking about?

GOLDIE

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

Sara backs away from Goldie, closer to the fire.

GOLDIE

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

SARA

No one wants to read about you.

GOLDIE

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

SARA

You're insane.

GOLDIE

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

Sara thinks long and hard about her dilemma.

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

SARA

Stay away from me.

INT. TODD'S SUV - DAY

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

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

Todd pilots the vehicle through the SCENIC WOODS.

BROOKE

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

TODD

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

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

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

BROOKE
Hi Mommy.

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

Todd ends the call.

BROOKE
I wish Mommy came home more.

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

BROOKE
She's been away for so long.

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

BROOKE
About her new story?

Todd lies to his daughter...

TODD
Yeah.

BROOKE
What part, Daddy?

TODD
How it's going to end.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

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

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

GOLDIE

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

LILY (V.O.)

(over phone)

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

GOLDIE

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

LILY (V.O.)

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

GOLDIE

OK, Lily. Hold on.

Goldie knocks on the kitchen wall...

GOLDIE

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

Another bogus knock.

GOLDIE

Sara, are you awake? Sara?

(into phone)

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

LILY (V.O.)

I see. Is the book any good?

GOLDIE

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

LILY (V.O.)

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

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

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

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

EXT. LAKE - DAY

Goldie relaxes in an inflatable LOUNGE CHAIR.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Behind Rick in the house, the DOORBELL chimes.

INT. RICK'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DAY

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

No one's in view.

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

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

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

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

EXT. RICK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Grimm snaps his jaw, barks.

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

RICK
Easy boy.

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

Goldie steps into view, smirks at Rick.

RICK
Call off your dog.

GOLDIE
Grimm, *ruhig. Fass.*

Grimm stops growling, sits next to his mistress.

RICK
Where's Sara?

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

RICK
Really? Did she tell you why?

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

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

INT. LAKE HOUSE - DUSK

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

RICK
Hello?

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

RICK
(yells)
Sara?

No answer.

STUDY

The door creaks open.

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

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

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

RICK
(to himself)
Jesus Christ.

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

RICK
Sara? Is that you?

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

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

MASTER BATHROOM

The water's still running.

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

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

RICK
Are you ready for me?

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

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

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

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

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

Until a screaming Rick falls to the ground.

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

GOLDIE
Braver hund, Grimm.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - DUSK

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

Todd parks the SUV. He climbs out, stretches.

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

BROOKE
Mommy! Mommy! We're here!

TODD
Brooke, stop. Come here.

Brooke stops in her tracks.

BROOKE
What's wrong, Daddy?

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

BROOKE
Can I go feed the ducks? Please?

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

BROOKE
OK. Give Mommy a big kiss from me.

TODD
Of course I will.

BROOKE & TODD
Once on each cheek.

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

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

A smiling Todd watches her run towards the DOCK.

TODD
No running, princess.

Brooke slows to a reasonable gallop.

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

INT. LAKE HOUSE - DUSK

Todd juggles luggage, steps through the entrance.

TODD
Hello? We're here. Sara?

He puts down the suitcases, looks around.

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

KITCHEN

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

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

Todd yells up at the ceiling...

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

EXT. LAKE - DOCK - DUSK

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

BROOKE
Come and get it.

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

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

Goldie's gone.

BROOKE
Mommy?

INT. LAKE HOUSE - DEN - DUSK

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

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

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

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

TODD
Come on. Give me a break.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - DUSK

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

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

TODD

Brooke.

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

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

TODD

Brooke! Answer me, baby!

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

TODD

Brooke, can you hear me!?!

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

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

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

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

TODD

Brooke!!! Brooke!!!

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

BROOKE (O.S.)

Daddy.

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

TODD

Baby, are you alright?

Brooke nods and sniffles.

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

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

TODD
You did? Where is she?

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

Brooke cries. Todd comforts his daughter.

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

BROOKE
Then who was it that I saw?

TODD
I don't know.

Todd looks around, cradles Brooke against his chest.

EXT. TODD'S SUV - NIGHT

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

BROOKE
When will you come back?

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

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

INT. LAKE HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

TODD
Sara, can I come in?

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

TODD
Sara, let me in. Please.

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

TODD
Sara, wake up. Unlock the door.

KITCHEN

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

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

EXT. TODD'S SUV - NIGHT

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

INT. TODD'S SUV - NIGHT

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

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

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

No one's in sight.

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

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

BROOKE

Daddy!

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

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

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

INT. LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

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

TODD

Sara! Open the door!

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

STUDY

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

TODD

Sara?

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

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

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

Behind him, Goldie stands in the doorway!

GOLDIE

Hello, Todd.

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

TODD
Where's Sara?

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

TODD
Who the hell are you?

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

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

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

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

GOLDIE
There's no need for that.

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

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

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

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

TODD
What have you done to my wife!?

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

GOLDIE
Calm down, Todd.

BROOKE (O.S.)
Daddy! Daddy!

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

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

GOLDIE
There she is.

TODD
Sara?

The mystery woman pulls back the dark hood...

SARA
Todd, what happened to my door?

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

Todd gestures at the book pile and blanket.

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

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

FLASHBACK - DAY (WEEKS EARLIER)

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

Grimm lays on the floor, watches Sara pace.

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

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

Sara weighs her options, stops pacing.

SARA

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

GOLDIE (V.O.)

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

END FLASHBACK.

Goldie smirks at Todd...

GOLDIE

You thought Sara was... Dead?

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

TODD

Well yeah, I was worried. I guess it was a little silly of me.

SARA

And also incredibly sweet.

Sara surprises Todd with a kiss. They embrace. Brooke enjoys watching her affectionate parents.

TODD

I've really missed you, Sara.

SARA

I've missed you, too. I see you've met Goldie.

TODD

I have. And I'm sorry I snapped at you earlier.

GOLDIE

No worries, I would've done much worse if I came home and found a stranger in my house. Believe me.

Todd laughs at what he thinks is a joke.

Goldie kneels next to Brooke, much to Sara's dismay.

GOLDIE

And who's this blonde angel that came down from Heaven to visit us tonight? What's your name?

Sara pulls Brooke close.

SARA

She's had a long day. Why don't y--

Goldie shakes her head. Her blonde locks dance. Brooke smiles at the silly gesture.

GOLDIE

My name's Goldie. What's yours?

BROOKE

Brooke.

GOLDIE

That's a very pretty name.

She shows Brooke her gold LOCKET. Goldie opens the heart-shaped clamshell, reveals a family of three.

BROOKE

They all look kinda sad.

GOLDIE

Family is very important. I want you to have it, Brooke.

SARA

No. It's too much.

Goldie takes off the locket. She clasps it around Brooke's neck, then stands up and glares at Sara.

GOLDIE

I want her to have it.

TODD

What do you say, Brooke?

BROOKE

Thank you, Goldie.

GOLDIE

You're welcome, Baby Bear.

Brooke smiles, then yawns.

BROOKE'S BEDROOM

Muted moonlight cuts through the darkness.

Brooke sleeps in her bed. She rolls over, clutches a stuffed unicorn to her chest while she dreams.

Goldie's locket shines around her neck.

DEN

Goldie pours red wine into three glass flutes, the latest in several rounds of drinks.

Sara keeps her distance. Grimm lays on the floor nearby, watches her close.

Todd chooses a record to play on the turntable. Goldie stokes the fire with the iron poker.

GOLDIE

Honestly, Sara tells the story much better than I ever could.

GOLDIE (V.O.)

We rehearsed it for a fucking week.

TODD

Details, sweetheart. What did Goldie say to those hunters to get them to leave?

SARA

I try not to think about it. It's a very traumatic memory.

TODD

You're right, I'm sorry. But it did bring you two together. That's the most important part.

GOLDIE

I'll drink to that.

TODD

A toast. To those poor missing hunters. Wherever they may be.

Goldie clinks glasses with Todd. They both look at Sara.

EXT. HUNTER'S CAMP - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

His corpse still impaled on a deer hoist, Peter's dead eyes watch Goldie and Sara square off by the fire.

In the reflection of Peter's pupil, Goldie approaches Sara, HUNTING KNIFE in hand...

SARA

If I do it, I want you to swear
that you won't hurt my family.

GOLDIE

Write my story and you, Todd and
Brooke will live happily ever after
together. You have my word.

Goldie picks up a bloody pint of bourbon. She takes a deep
swig, then offers the bottle to Sara.

END FLASHBACK.

DEN

Sara and Goldie drink their wine. They glare at each other
with a knowing look. Todd notices the exchange.

MASTER BEDROOM

Sara slips under the covers next to Todd.

TODD

Is she all there? I mean, you
checked her out. Right?

SARA

Of course I did.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

The only light comes out from under the closed Master Bedroom
door. Goldie stands in the dark corridor. She listens...

SARA (O.S.)

I'm sorry. I know it's a lot to
ask. But as soon as the book's
done, Goldie will be gone.

Those last words sting Goldie.

TODD (O.S.)

It's OK. I just wish you had told
me about her sooner.

SARA (O.S.)

I'm working as fast as I can.

MASTER BEDROOM

Todd smiles, kisses his wife on the cheek.

TODD
Is there anything I should know
about Goldie?

Sara doesn't know how to answer that one. She kisses Todd, then rolls over on top of him. He relaxes under her, his hands squeeze his wife's hips.

She starts to ride her husband, takes control... Just like Goldie did with Peter.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Goldie stands outside the door, listens to Sara and Todd have rough sex. She smiles approval, walks down the corridor.

Goldie stops by an open door to BROOKE'S BEDROOM. She watches the smiling little girl dream.

GOLDIE (V.O.)
Four wishes down. One to go.

STUDY - DAY

Sara types away on her MacBook Pro while Goldie looks out the window into the dense forest.

GOLDIE (V.O.)
Sara worked day and night. Chapter
after chapter. She was incredible.
The Book of G was almost complete.

Grimm sits at Sara's feet, guards her. But what that big white dog doesn't know is...

Sara has TWO DOCUMENTS open on her laptop!

While Goldie's back is turned, Sara types furiously on the hidden document, all stream of consciousness.

Goldie turns away from the window, sees Sara looking over an early chapter of The Book of G on screen.

SARA
Do you love any of your victims?

GOLDIE
Love is a learned behavior, but
hate comes naturally to a girl that
never got what she wanted until she
took it from the world.

INT. COTTAGE - DAY

The plastic tarp draped over the skeletal structure mutes the bright sunlight. Todd organizes a tool box.

Goldie pulls aside a plastic flap doubling for a door. She sticks her head into the work site.

TODD
Enter at your own risk. How's the
book coming?

GOLDIE
Almost done. I've always wanted to
try out a mini-dozer. Are they fun?

TODD
Yeah. Hop in.

Todd helps Goldie settle into the Bobcat's cockpit. He lowers the lap bar, secures it just above her crotch.

TODD
Hold the clutch, then start her up.

Goldie turns the key. The Bobcat rumbles to life. Todd yells over the din of the engine...

TODD
There's a lever on each side of
you. Push both levers away from you
to move forward. Or pull them
towards you to back up.

She grabs the levers, pushes them away from her body. The Bobcat lurches forward.

TODD
To turn left, pull the left lever
back and the right lever forward.

Goldie does just that, her chest thrusts forward. The Bobcat pivots left. She reverses the levers. The Bobcat pitches to the right. Goldie's breasts shimmy side to side.

Todd can't help but notice. Goldie smiles at him.

Until Todd's cell VIBRATES in his pants pocket. He pulls out the phone, checks Caller ID. Goldie kills the engine.

TODD
I've got to take this call.

Todd answers his phone. He listens for a while, then can't believe what he's hearing...

TODD
(into phone)
But why? I don't under--

Something Todd hears stops him dead in his tracks.

TODD
(into phone)
What? That's terrible. The whole family? I don't know what to say. I hope you'll reconsider-- Hello? Are you there?

Todd ends the call. He still hasn't processed what he was just told. Goldie hops out of the cockpit.

TODD
I can't believe it. They cancelled my Architectural Digest article.

GOLDIE
That's awful. What happened?

GOLDIE (V.O.)
Fucking loose ends ruin everything.

TODD
The family that bought the house I designed was murdered. Excuse me, I've got to talk to Sara.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

Goldie shows Brooke how to skip rocks on the water. They toss several stones. Brooke finally gets one to skip.

GOLDIE
You got one!

Brooke and Goldie cheer, then fist bump. They walk along the placid shoreline.

BROOKE

Why did Mommy tell me to stay away from you?

GOLDIE

Because your Mommy loves you very much. And she'll do anything to protect you. But you have nothing to fear from me, Baby Bear.

BROOKE

Can I ask you something? But you have to promise not to tell on me.

GOLDIE

Cross my heart. Hope to die. You can always trust me, Baby Bear.

BROOKE

Why are Mommy and Daddy sad? Is it because of me? Am I bad?

That sentiment strikes an emotional cord within Goldie. She stops, kneels down in front of Brooke.

GOLDIE

Do you really want to know why your parents are so sad?

Brooke 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-scares Brooke. The fingertip draws a sideways SMILEY FACE on the bloody glass. :-) An unseen dial turns.

The electric HEATING ELEMENT clicks to life. Goldie looks through the bloody window, grins at a weeping Brooke.

BROOKE

Mommy!!!

EXT. LAKE - DOCK - DAY

Sara runs along the shoreline. Todd pursues her.

SARA

Brooke! Where are you?

TODD

Brooke!

GOLDIE (O.S.)

Sara? Is that you?

Goldie steps out of the forest. She appears to be concerned, but Sara's not convinced...

SARA

Have you seen Brooke?

GOLDIE

No. Did you call Rick?

SARA

He didn't answer his phone.

TODD

I'll deal with him.

SARA

No, I'll go. You check the cottage.
Goldie, keep going around the lake.

Goldie nods in agreement, offer Sara a PEN LIGHT. Sara stares at her smiling face, wary of the kind offer.

GOLDIE

Take it, might come in handy later.
Don't worry. You'll find Brooke.

Sara takes the small LED, stuffs it in her BACK POCKET. Todd kisses Sara on the lips, embraces his wife. He whispers...

TODD
We're gonna be alright. OK?

Todd looks in Sara's eyes. She nods in agreement, but there's so much she wants to say. Goldie grins at Sara.

INT. RICK'S HOUSE - DAY

Sara opens the front door, enters the house. There's no signs of the struggle we witnessed earlier.

SARA
Rick? Are you home? Smells like something's burning. Rick?

She walks through the open space, sniffs the air. Her nose leads Sara to the KITCHEN...

Sara looks at the big OVEN, it's set to BROIL!

INT. COTTAGE - DAY

Todd bursts through the ripped plastic sheeting. He looks around the dark space.

TODD
Brooke? Are in you here?

Behind him, Todd doesn't see a DARK BLURRED FIGURE standing on the other side of the plastic.

The ROAR of the STREET SAW being pull-started cuts through the silence. The engine sounds like ten chainsaws!

Goldie guns the throttle. She slices through the plastic with the saw, charges at Todd. He reaches for the axe. Todd stumbles, lands on his back. Goldie rushes in for the kill!

Street Saw held high, she screams and pounces on Todd. He holds the axe by both hands, blocks the attack.

The saw blade buzzes inches from Todd's face. Eyes wide with horror, Todd stares at the spinning blade.

Goldie bares down on him. The blade closer now, poised over his forehead. Todd screams, struggles in vain.

Until the spinning blade BURROWS into his forehead! Blood splatters the shiny metal. Todd spasms.

Goldie saws through his skull, FILETS Todd's brain with ease!

INT. RICK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Sara turns off the oven, covers her mouth. She assumes the worst, kneels in front of the slender window.

Her trembling fingers turn on the light. Sara looks into the oven, her eyes go wide. She gasps in ABJECT HORROR!

SARA
Brooke!!! My baby!!!

Sara pounds on the oven. She wails and shrieks until her voice gives out. Sara passes out on the floor.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

Sara weeps, staggers in a daze. She holds the blanket-wrapped corpse of her daughter. A little CHARRED HAND hangs free.

SARA
TODD!!!

TODD'S SUV sits in the dark driveway. The hood's up and the tires are slashed. A knot of wires hangs over the fender.

SARA
TODD!!! WHERE ARE YOU?!?!

She notices the glow of CANDLELIGHT coming from inside the Lake House. Sara approaches the BACK DOOR.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sara slowly opens the back door, enters. She sets Brooke's covered body down on the kitchen table, just like Goldie did with an injured Grimm.

She tries the light switch on the wall. Nothing happens. Sara notices the glow of CANDLELIGHT under the PANTRY DOOR.

A big shiny BUTCHER KNIFE gleams in the KNIFE BLOCK. Sara grabs the weapon. She soft-steps towards the pantry door.

Knife held high, she slides open the door... Sara's dead BLACK CAT hangs from the ceiling! The corpse dangles by an electrical cord around its neck.

Sara doesn't react to her pet's body, closes the door.

DEN

Sara stares at a happy FAMILY PORTRAIT of her, Todd and Brooke. They've all got perfect smiles. The sounds of the mini-dozer's engine snaps her back to reality.

SARA

Todd.

She looks out the head-to-toe window, drops the knife. Her eyes fly open wide with TERROR at what she sees!

Goldie pilots the BOBCAT. She aims the mini-dozer right at the big picture window! Sara dives for cover.

The Bobcat plows through the massive sheet of glass! Jagged shards scatter across the hardwood floor.

Goldie pulls the levers. The Bobcat skids to a stop. The bloody contents of the front scoop spill out in the room!

Todd's body thuds against the stone hearth. His split skull lands near Sara. She screams bloody murder.

Goldie admires her handy work. With the Bobcat, she's a literal home wrecker. Goldie pushes both levers forward.

The Bobcat charges towards Sara. She swings at Goldie with the IRON POKER. Metal clangs off the COCKPIT CAGE.

Sara jumps out of the way. The mini-dozer zips past, crashes into the fireplace! The hearth cracks. The chimney splits.

Goldie pulls back both levers.

The Bobcat's knobby tires spin in reverse, right towards a downed Sara! The Bobcat's on a collision course with her skull! Goldie floors the dozer.

Sara leaps to her feet, dodges the wide wheels. Goldie crashes through the GLASS COFFEE TABLE. The front scoop plows into the couch. The Bobcat stops.

Goldie aims Peter's loaded CROSSBOW at Sara with one hand, holds a FLASH DRIVE in the other.

Sara stands tall, glares at her. Goldie's finger hovers over the crossbow's trigger...

GOLDIE

I made all your wishes come true
and this is how you repay me? By
writing another book behind my
back?!? That hurts, partner.

SARA

I wrote your stupid novel. My book is non-fiction, it's my story. You're just the villain.

GOLDIE

It's all lies, that's not me! I made your wishes come true! Every single one of them! I did all of this for us, Mama Bear!

SARA

Grow the fuck up. No one believes in fairy tales anymore.

GOLDIE

They should. And they will. Our story will live forever!

SARA

Not if I cook my hard drives in the oven! And you along with it! I'll watch your story burn and no one will ever know about you! EVER!!!

Goldie shakes with RAGE, pulls the trigger!

The bolt sails wide of Sara. She runs towards the STAIRS.

Goldie drops the crossbow, pivots the Bobcat's levers. The mini-dozer swings around, almost BEHEADS Sara with the scoop!

GOLDIE

I want my happy ending!

SARA

Come and get it.

Sara runs UPSTAIRS.

Goldie pull-starts the Street Saw. The engine idles, then growls to savage life. She grins, charges up the stairs.

MASTER BEDROOM

An out of breath Sara locks the door. She leans against the wood, closes her eyes and catches her breath.

She doesn't see something DOG-SIZED under the blankets! A deep low DOG GROWL rumbles through the room. Sara opens her eyes, freezes in DREAD.

Grimm sits on the bed, licks his chops and growls louder. The ROAR of the unseen saw's engine gets closer and closer.

Grimm bares his teeth, lunges at Sara. The dog slams into her chest, mauls Sara! She falls back against the wall.

The spinning SAW BLADE slices through the door.

Sara screams, holds Grimm by the neck, his massive jaw snaps inches from her face. She backs him into the spinning blade!

The saw slices through the dog's unseen spine, splatters the door with fresh blood. Grimm whines and convulses.

Sara drops the dying dog, runs in the WALK-IN CLOSET. She shuts the DOUBLE MIRROR doors behind her.

Goldie kicks in what's left of the bedroom door. She sees her loyal beast dead on the floor. Goldie puts down the saw. She hugs Grimm, wails like a grieving mother.

Goldie kisses his limp muzzle, whispers into Grimm's ear...

GOLDIE

Mommy's sorry. She didn't mean it.

RAGE grows within Goldie. She looks under the bed. No Sara. Goldie's savage reflection moves across the mirrored double doors leading to the CLOSET.

GOLDIE

We both have lost loved ones today,
Sara. We both have made great
sacrifices for our art. But it
doesn't have to end like this.

Sara jumps right through the mirror! Reflective shards shower the bloody women. Sara body-slams Goldie to the ground.

SARA

Yes, it does.

Sara strangles the life out of Goldie. Goldie reaches for the street saw with the other...

Too far away. Goldie gut-punches Sara, chokes her! Neither one can breathe, each one hellbent on strangling the other.

They're both about to pass out. Their bodies convulse, their bloodshot eyes bulge. Goldie injects Sara with a SYRINGE!

INT. GRAVE - UNDERGROUND

Almost total darkness. Someone's breathing hard. Short rapid breaths, gasping for oxygen.

The sounds of crinkling heavy plastic punctuate the labored breathing. Until whoever it is wakes up...

SARA

Fuck! Someone help me! Help!

Sara's voice sounds amplified, as if she were in some kind of confined space.

SARA

Can anyone hear me!?

Sara wiggles her fingers against the plastic, reaches for something in her pants back pocket. It's a PEN LIGHT.

GOLDIE (V.O.)

Killing Sara was for the best. She was coming between us. In the end, you're the one that's going to spread our tale to all the good little girls and boys. And then maybe one day, you'll tell our little tale to your kids.

She turns on the tiny LED, revealing her fate...

Sara's wrapped in thick plastic! It's the same stuff Todd used to cover the unfinished cottage. On the other side of that flimsy opaque barrier...

Nothing but DIRT! The dark earth surrounds Sara. Waiting to smother her if she punctures the plastic.

SARA

GOLDIE!!! I'll fucking kill you!

The screams give way to tears. Sara wriggles one shoulder, then the other. She moves her hand holding the light a little, then a little more.

The beam illuminates her crying face. The plastic barrier hovers just millimeters above her blinking eyelashes.

Sara drives the other end of the pen light against the thick plastic. She blindly digs at the barrier with the steel CLIP.

The clip scrapes back and forth against the plastic. Sara arcs her wrist again and again.

It's no use. Her breaths fast and shallow.

Sara pulls at the tiny hole, it widens.

Her fingernail splits down the middle. Sara grits her teeth, claws at the hole. The bloody nail's stuck to the plastic.

Sara coughs and chokes. She's almost out of air. Then she hears a CAR HORN! Sara screams for all she's worth!

SARA
DOWN HERE!!! HELP ME!!!

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Not far from the unfinished COTTAGE...

THREE SHALLOW GRAVES!

Two adult-sized. One just right for Brooke. All three filled in with fresh earth.

Sara's muted screams rise up from below. They're drowned out by another CAR HORN blast.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - DAY

A stretch LIMO pulls into the driveway. The long black luxury car stops near the trashed SUV.

LILY (50s) stubs out a cigarette. She exits the Limo, buttons her tight pantsuit. Lily notices the trashed SUV, walks past it towards the Lake House.

LILY
(to herself)
I don't even want to know.
(yells)
Sara! It's your adoring agent, wake
the fuck up!

There's a note pinned to the front door. Lily grabs the paper, the handwriting's crude...

Lily,

*Ignore the mess, we had a break in.
You'll find what you came here for
in the study. Change one word and
you won't live happily ever after.*

G.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - DAY

Lily opens the front door. She notices the missing window and the smashed furniture, walks down the corridor.

STUDY

The door creaks open. Lily peeks inside, then grins.

A plain WHITE BOX topped with a RED BOW sits at the center of Sara's desk, but her laptop's gone.

LILY
Come to Mama.

Lily scoops up the prize. She cradles the box in her arms, like a mother with a newborn babe. Lily kisses the white cover, leaves behind a DEEP RED lipstick imprint.

GRAVE

Sara screams in vain. Dirt pours onto her face, muffles her cries for the last time.

GOLDIE (V.O.)
I told you not to fall in love with
her. This is our story. Not hers.

Her eyes start to roll in the back of her head. She draws her last dirt-choked breath. Sara DIES.

EXT. BOOK STORE - DAY

A quaint shop in a seaside town. One novel dominates the display window...

The Book of G. written by the late Sara Berenson. SIX MONTHS on the NY Times Bestseller List and counting.

INT. BOOK STORE - DAY

A blonde CASHIER girl smiles at a customer.

It's Goldie! She looks downright sophisticated in a cashmere turtleneck and tweed slacks.

Goldie hands the Cashier a copy of Sara's book.

CASHIER
I love this book. Have you read it?

GOLDIE
Yes, many times. I'm buying this
copy for a special new friend.

Goldie smiles. It's that same smile we saw on her face when she first targeted Sara's family.

Someone scratches at the front door.

From outside, the whine of a puppy fills the store. The old door starts to squeak open...

A white German Shepherd PUPPY peeks into the store!

The cute pup looks just like Grimm. GRIMM JUNIOR pushes the door open, sneaks in. He barks. Goldie picks up the pup.

CASHIER
Cute dog.

GOLDIE
He's got his Daddy's good looks.
Don't you, little Grimmellet?

The tiny white dog licks Goldie's nose.

CASHIER
I heard the author actually wrote a
diary about being held hostage by
the Goldilocks Killer.

GOLDIE
Don't believe everything you read.

CASHIER
What did you think of the ending? I
thought it was really dark.

GOLDIE
The best fairy tales always are.

Goldie picks the book with a smile.

She walks out of the store, back into the real world to do
god knows what to her next victim.

FADE TO BLACK.