

C L A W S

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wga registered

EXT. LOG CABIN, FOREST - NIGHT

The sweet SCREAMS of SEX coming from inside...

And these aren't the sounds of love making. No sir. These SHRIEKS are the product of cold, hard, banging.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM, LOG CABIN - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: Laptop speakers - the source of the MOANING...

CASPER MILLARD is sitting in bed, arms behind his head, a MacBook on his lap.

Early 30's, he doesn't exactly spark a rush of endorphins, but at least he is clean-cut with L.A. teeth and hypnotic blue eyes.

PORNO NOISES continue from the speakers, but suddenly--

--SOUND of a TOILET FLUSH, and--

--GOLDIE WESTON slinks out of the bathroom with nothing but a towel around her airbags...

She halts at the end of the bed.

Also in her early 30's, Goldie is short and of slight build but that doesn't stop her from building her own furniture.

Owns a face that has seen some shit, but make no mistake, still pretty enough to lead most men off a cliff.

Her ears take in the spicy soundtrack.

GOLDIE

What are you... doing?

CASPER

Checkin' out my favorite porn star.

(beat)

Thank God for the signal booster in this place, otherwise be pretty boring around here...

Goldie's eyes glisten. Then--

--She strikes, whipping the laptop off the bed--

--Only to find...

A YouTube screen playing, "STOCK PORN SOUNDS."

CASPER
Ha! Made ya look!

She dumps the hardware and he wins a chuckle. But--

GOLDIE
--In other news... I'm pregnant.

Casper immediately vaults into her arms--

CASPER
--What!? Really?

GOLDIE
No. But it got you up.
(beat)
Now, where's my hot chocolate?

He frustratedly crams his hands down the back of her towel, burying his head in her neck...

CASPER
Ughhhh...

She shows him a finger and makes a sad face.

GOLDIE
I broke a nail.

CASPER
(wry)
I'll call the air ambulance.

GOLDIE
Dick.

But now he has her ass in his grasp, he starts kissing the nape of her neck... and she likes it.

GOLDIE
Second thoughts, maybe I'll take
that hot chocolate later...

She spins him around and knocks him onto the bed, following him down for some boomchickawowwow...

EXT. LOG CABIN - NIGHT

A HOWLING wolf pack.

Suddenly, one of them YELPS as an unseen MASS snatches it into the scrub. *Motherfucker, that was fast...*

EXT. HIKING TRAIL - AFTERNOON

A sign reads: UTAH NATIONAL PARK

Hotter than a crackhead's spoon.

Desert, dust and a forest full of rocks. The boots of a dozen hikers file past. The last two pairs belong to Casper and Goldie.

She dumps her pack and takes a knee, draining a water bottle.

Casper leans against a tree and wipes his forehead.

CASPER

Not exactly what I had in mind.
Almost hotter than me out here.

Goldie glances to the heavens, mocking--

GOLDIE

--Calm down Mother Nature, stop
trying to compete with my man.

Casper watches the hiking party continue away down the trail and catches Goldie crunching up her plastic bottle.

CASPER

Remember to pace yourself. Still
got all afternoon.

GOLDIE

We still got your water.

CASPER

(sore)
Yes we have.

He eyes a sign that says: BEWARE, RATTLESNAKES

CASPER

Hey, babe? If a snake bit me on
the flagpole, would you suck the
venom out?

She grabs her pack and pushes to her feet.

GOLDIE

Don't worry, you're safe. A snake
would never find something so
small.

Turns to him and slaps her pack into his arms...

GOLDIE
Thanks for carrying mine too, such
a gentleman.

EXT. HIKING TRAIL, LAKE - AFTERNOON

The trail curves around a shimmering lake.

Goldie rambles past followed by Casper who is lugging his own
backpack, plus hers. No sign of the other hikers.

GOLDIE
Gotta admit, I'm impressed.
Thought there was more chance of
snow in Thailand than you actually
coming out here.

But Casper is busy eyeing the luxurious, blue lake--

CASPER
--I could just jump in there.

GOLDIE
You know, I could always teach you
a yoga move... or two, in case of
that snake bite.

CASPER
I hope you don't mean... what I
think you mean.

She means it. He laughs her off and gawks down the trail--

CASPER
--What if we can't find 'em?

GOLDIE
Follow the path, we can't get lost,
that's what they said.

CASPER
Yeah, well... they said that Hitler
was a charmer too.

Goldie puts the brakes on and whips around, halting him--

GOLDIE
--Casper? Please. After your job
shit... and us... and my crazy
sister... you said this was
supposed to be a breath of fresh
air. At least try to enjoy it.

Casper steps into her personal space.

CASPER

Hey. I don't wanna be anywhere
else in the entire universe.

Plants a big one on her lips. She smiles, then turns away
and hikes onward, Casper following--

CASPER

(humored)

--Two days stuck out here. Bugs...
wolves... killer bees...

GOLDIE

Dick-biting-snakes--

CASPER

--Death by dehydration 'cause you
drank all the water...

But she suddenly spins back again--

GOLDIE

--Relax, princess. We're saved.

She points ahead. Their group are gathered at a viewpoint.

EXT. FOREST FOOD MART - DUSK

A wooden supermarket shack in the middle of nowhere-ville.

INT. FOREST FOOD MART - DUSK

Goldie dumps a fat bottle of cranberry juice on the counter
followed by a basket of other snacky shit.

A fossil in his late 70s, FREDDY, starts scanning the items.
His face reminds us of a dropped pie.

FREDDY

Stayin' up at the Farrell's Airbnb?

GOLDIE

Yup.

FREDDY

Makes me your nearest neighbor.

(beat)

Don't worry. Ain't one of those
weirdos who's gonna end up stalkin'
you or somethin'.

GOLDIE
Good to know.

Casper slaps two flashlights down.

CASPER
It's getting dark.
(to Freddy)
How far is the walk to our cabin
from here?

FREDDY
Only 'bout ten or fifteen.

CASPER
Are we safe, after dark?

FREDDY
Long as you watch out for coyotes.

Freddy winks at Goldie.

CASPER
Coyotes?

FREDDY
Just jerkin' your bobber.
(beat)
Coyotes no bigger than a cat. More
scared of you than you of them.

Casper fake-laughs.

GOLDIE
(to Freddy)
My fiancé thinks we're gonna die
out here.
(beat)
He sits at a computer all day; his
idea of adventure is the breakfast
buffet at the MGM Grand.

CASPER
(to Freddy)
Have you tried their avocado toast?

But Freddy bags their crap and adds a pack of batteries.

FREDDY
These might help...

CASPER
 Jesus... thanks.
 (beat)
 I see the headline already. *'L.A. dumbasses found dead in forest after buying flashlights without batteries'...*

FREDDY
 Just see your *'dumbasses'* don't end up like these two.

He taps a flyer stuck to the register showing the smiling faces of two hiking dorks. A headline reads: **MISSING**

CASPER
 --Whoa... what happened to 'em?

FREDDY
 We don't know. If we did, they wouldn't be missing... would they?

Casper tries to redeem himself with a playful throwaway--

CASPER
 --Maybe the aliens took 'em. Read a few U.F.O. reports from--

GOLDIE
 (paying)
 --Anyway... gotta be going.

FREDDY
 Just follow the path and you'll hit your cabin in no time.

He watches them leave.

FREDDY
 Hopefully, I won't be the last old coot to ever see you two alive.

Goldie catches his comment on her way out. It grates her, but only for a second.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

An orange tent nestled between towering pines, a dim light glowing from inside.

Alone, Goldie passes it, flashlight leading the way.

GOLDIE
 Call it what you want, but you were
 never a 'real' vegan.
 (beat)
 Orange chicken is not 90 percent
 oranges--

--But she is met by silence. Turns and shines her light.
 It's just her and nature.

GOLDIE
 Asshole? I'm not scared...

SOUND of a TWIG snapping behind her. She pivots, but her
 beam only finds leering trees...

A RUSTLE...

Her beam kisses a bush 20 yards out...

A BIGGER RUSTLE...

GOLDIE
 No one with such a small dick could
 ever scare me--

--But suddenly, a NOISE... like a short, sharp, groan...
Gguuurrrrrrrhhrrrrr...

Inhuman.

GOLDIE
 What the--

--Then... from behind...

CASPER (O.S.)
 Ahem--

GOLDIE
 --Fuck!!

She spins to find Casper--

GOLDIE
 --You're not funny, dipshit!
 (turning back)
 Check out that bush, there's
 something there.

Aims her light back at the brambles. Casper adds his.

GOLDIE
I heard a noise.

They stare. And listen.

GOLDIE
Why don't you go and check?

CASPER
What if it's the aliens? Or a
zombie? Have we done zombies yet?

They stare some more. An owl hoots.

CASPER
There's nothing there. Let's go, I
still gotta grab some extras.

He makes tracks, but Goldie is spooked.

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

The orange tent...

INT. TENT - NIGHT

Two COLLEGE KIDS are squeezed into a single sleeping bag and are playing *hide the sausage*.

AMY is on top, frantically riding JOSH like he is in possession of the last working penis on Earth.

Both are wearing bluetooth ear-pods and both are oblivious to the outside world, so oblivious that--

--They don't notice the shadow of a HUGE BLACK MASS creeping alongside their tent.

The mass pauses... and then--

--Begins pushing itself into the flimsy canvas...

Further and further in, the dent growing deeper and deeper and deeper until it's--

--Inches from the back of Amy's head...

Millimeters--

Micrometers--

--BUT SUDDENLY...

BLAM, BLAM, two gunshots ring out...

The mass scarpers and the canvas SNAPS back into place, but Amy freezes and pulls an ear-pod out--

AMY
--Did you hear that?

Josh plucks his own pod out--

JOSH
--What?

AMY
I thought-- I heard... something?

They listen. Nothing.

Back to boning.

INT. KITCHEN, LOG CABIN - NIGHT

A frying pan spits cooking oil as Goldie drips some extra virgin over a salmon that didn't make it upriver.

HISSING steam. Goldie sidesteps to a kitchen door, pulling it open. It's a spring-loaded door, and to stop it snapping shut she blocks it with a trashcan... but--

--As she turns back to the stove, SOUND of--

--A SCRAPE--

--FROM THE OUTER PORCH...

GOLDIE
Casper?

Another SCRAPE...

She glowers out through the door crack...

GOLDIE
You back?

Too dark to see anything...

A CLUNK...

The CREAK of a floorboard...

GOLDIE
Casper, I swear if--

THEN--

--SHOTGUN BARRELS jut out from around the side...

Goldie's stomach drops, but--

--They're swiftly followed by their owner, Freddy.

FREDDY

Ugh, sorry. Didn't mean to scare you. Heard some shots out this way and came over to check...

Goldie flips a porch light on.

GOLDIE

Shots?

--A sudden RUSTLE in the brush. Freddy pivots, ready to spit lead, but--

--Casper abruptly steps into the fray and throws his arms up.

CASPER

Whoa! Don't shoot, Clint--

GOLDIE

(to Casper)

--Jesus, where have you been?

CASPER

Oh, you know. I climbed a tree to help a cat...

She glowers at him.

GOLDIE

What's in the bag?

CASPER

What bag?

Goldie rolls her eyes prompting him to slip a backpack off his shoulder.

CASPER

Oh, that bag.

(beat)

Huge bricks of cocaine!

She shakes her head. It's exhausting, but he firms up.

CASPER
Supplies. I was grabbing some
extras.

FREDDY
From where, bottom of the lake?
(beat)
I shut shop an hour ago.

Casper slings him a quirky look trying to shut him down
before he ruins the surprise, but Freddy sniffs bullshit.

FREDDY
Hear those shots?

CASPER
Shots, what shots? Are we in
danger?

GOLDIE
--You will be if you don't get in
here and finish setting the table.

CASPER
At once, my lady...

A quick 'suck-teeth' at Freddy, and Casper sashays over to
the cabin, skims up the steps, and slinks inside.

Goldie spirals back to the old man.

GOLDIE
Well... o--okay. Thanks... for...
checking up...

FREDDY
Probably just a ranger anyway.

He tips his head to her.

FREDDY
Enjoy your dinner.

She heads inside. Freddy lingers.

INT. LIVING ROOM, LOG CABIN - NIGHT

Alone, Casper closes the living room door and dumps his pack.

A table has been set. Plates, cutlery, two unlit candles and
a vase full of water.

The room is small and decorated like a hunter's lodge.

Casper kneels and unzips his backpack taking out a handful of freshly picked forest flowers.

Dunks them into the table vase. *They'll do.*

Opens a cabinet door to reveal a packed minibar. A Post-it note stuck to a bottle reads: *BE OUR GUEST.*

Grabs a merlot and places it on the table. Slips a lighter out of his pocket and brings a flame to the candles.

Everything looks perfect. Except for one thing.

The backpack he dumped. Something about it grinds his gears.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Goldie scoops the salmon onto a plate and turns around just as Casper flits back through the living room door...

CASPER

Is there a bottle opener in he--

--But Goldie suddenly mimics throwing the plate at him...

GOLDIE

Catch...

He flinches... but she never actually lets it go--

GOLDIE

--Haha, chump.

(beat)

And... I know what you're thinking.

(beat)

'Wow, my vegan fiancée actually cooked me fish, damn, I'm lucky!'

CASPER

That is impressive--

--But Casper's cell suddenly starts RINGING with the PSYCHO theme tune...

CASPER

Ugh.

They both know the tone.

GOLDIE

Just answer it.

He slips his phone out and puts it to his ear.

CASPER

Hi, mom.

His shoulders suddenly drop.

CASPER

WHAT!

A few seconds more, then his dizzy eyes meet Goldie's--

CASPER

--My dad had a heart attack.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Packed bags. Goldie is lying on the bed, Casper sitting next to her tapping on his laptop.

Strikes a final key and slaps the lid down.

CASPER

We leave here at 5am. Get into
Toronto early evening.

(beat)

Uber to the airport.

GOLDIE

I think I need a drink.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Casper and Goldie are entwined on the sofa, an empty merlot bottle on the floor next to two drained glasses...

CASPER

Dad and I were never that close,
sure you don't just wanna fly home?

GOLDIE

I wanna come. If not for him, then
for you.

He kisses the top of her head.

CASPER

Who'd have thought we'd be having a
wine and pills night out here.

She chuckles, but--

CASPER

--Sorry about all this. The last few months, dragging you through all my depressing job anxiety--

GOLDIE

--Let's just focus on your dad and getting home.

(beat)

Probably shouldn't have left my sister anyway.

CASPER

Monica is 29; you can't be a helicopter sister forever.

GOLDIE

I know, but she was going through a rough patch too. I feel responsible for her.

Their minds gnaw at the silence, then--

CASPER

--That old kronk from the store sure looks like he could use a self-help book.

GOLDIE

Said he heard shots...

CASPER

Probably turned his hearing-aid up too high or something.

EXT. LOG CABIN - NIGHT

SOUND of crickets.

INT. LIVING ROOM, LOG CABIN - NIGHT

The candles have burned out. On the sofa, Casper and Goldie have fallen asleep in each other's arms.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dinner was cooked but never served.

Poor old Simon the Salmon. What a waste.

EXT. LOG CABIN - NIGHT

Moonlight illuminates a mouse as it scurries along the rim of the cabin until--

--A DEEP GRUMBLE sends it diving for cover...

Some nearby brambles ripple -- SOUND of a GRUNT--

A HUFF...

HEAVY PANTING, and then--

--A monumental GRIZZLY BEAR emerges from the undergrowth and lumbers towards the cabin...

It reaches the steps and clumps up onto the wooden deck, its big wet nose onto something...

The kitchen door is still propped open. Maybe poor old Simon the Salmon won't be wasted, after all.

INT. KITCHEN, LOG CABIN - CONTINUOUS

--The grizzly wanders inside, short, stumpy legs knocking the trash can over, which in turn frees the door, causing it to SLAM back onto its latch, *KAAAHKKKK*...

The shaggy, brown lump quickly finds the trash can and stuffs its head inside.

Jackpot.

Licks fish packaging. Its tongue alone must weigh a few pounds.

INT. LIVING ROOM

A single closed door separates the living room from the kitchen.

It is the ONLY door that leads out of the tiny living room.

Casper and Goldie are still asleep on the sofa... until--

--SOUND of a SMASHING plate - and Casper's eyes snap open.

His ears zero in on the kitchen party--

--*INTRUDERS.*

He leaps off the sofa and races to the living room doorway slamming his back up against the wall like a cop on a bust.

Sounds like a tornado ripping through the kitchen.

Takes a breath, then slowly moves a hand to the door handle...

His fingers touch the cold brass and he pushes down, opening the door a crack...

CASPER'S POV

The grizzly is standing on its hind legs at the kitchen counter helping itself to Simon.

CASPER
Great buckets of owl shit.

The kitchen light is still on and he can see every ugly detail.

Quietly CLICKS the door shut--

GOLDIE (O.S.)
--Who's there?

Goldie is right behind him. He whips a finger to his lips--

CASPER
--SSShhhhhhh...
(whispering)
We have a dinner guest, and it
isn't your sister for once...

Gestures for her to take a peek. Her eyes sting with shock and he closes the door again.

GOLDIE
What are we gonna do?
(beat)
You have to scare it out.

He stares at her for a bit too long.

CASPER
I'm starting to notice a pattern
with you, in situations of
potential danger.

GOLDIE
Why are we whispering? Do bears
have super hearing?

CASPER

I don't know...

(beat)

All I do know is that the only thing between us and 500 pounds of teeth and claw... is this rinky dink door, so we probably don't want it to hear us.

GOLDIE

We gotta call the forest cops; where's your phone?

CASPER

Upstairs, Einstein. I was using it when we changed the tickets.

GOLDIE

Oh... fuck-me-in-the-face.

CASPER

Where's your phone?

GOLDIE

Charging. In the kitchen.

CASPER

Oh... fuck-me-in-the-face.

GOLDIE

Looks like it's just you and the bear then.

Another look. There just aren't any words.

GOLDIE

Who builds stairs from the kitchen anyway?

CASPER

I don't know. It's a cabin, hardly a regular house.

SOUND of POTS and PANS landing all over the place...

Casper peeks in again.

CASPER'S POV

The monstrosity has its giant ass turned to him. He notices the kitchen door is shut now.

Closes and faces Goldie.

CASPER
It's stuck in there.

GOLDIE
I forgot I left the door open.
Must've closed when it came in.
(beat)
We gotta catch our flight, what if
your dad--

--But she can't bring herself to finish...

Casper steps away and paces.

CASPER
Who gets a bear stuck in their
Airbnb?

But Goldie is already ahead of him and leaps onto the sofa
reaching up to a mounted ANTIQUE SHOTGUN...

Lifts the steel into her arms and jumps down.

GOLDIE
You could use this?

CASPER
Pretty sure we need bullets.

GOLDIE
So look around...

She flies around the room ripping drawers open, but--

CASPER
--It's just for decor.

GOLDIE
You can still use it as a weapon.
Like a bat.

She flips ends, holding it like a bat, but Casper seems
frosty.

CASPER
Do you have any idea what's gonna
happen to me if I run in there and
bitch-slap a bear with that thing?

GOLDIE
You can be quick. The element of
surprise...

(beat)
All you really gotta do is run in
and open the door--

CASPER
--And what if it doesn't take the
hint?

SOUND of SMASHING BOTTLES...

CASPER
How 'bout I throw you in there for
bait, then I make a run for it?

She pulls a face like Godzilla's asshole.

CASPER
You could go, though. Equal
opportunities and all.

She grips the weapon tighter. Game on.

GOLDIE
Okay.

But just as she turns to the door he quickly blocks her--

CASPER
--Stop! Just joking...
(beat)
As much as I'd love you to go, I
think this job definitely requires
a penis. Even... a little one.

She sizes his offer up, but suddenly, *WHAPPPPPPP*--

--A THUD on the living room door--

CASPER
--Jesus-buttfucking-Christ!

The flimsy wood holds. SOUND of a hefty GRUNT...

Casper and Goldie skedaddle to the wall and listen, but--

--The bear goes quiet...

Casper pulls himself back into the situation, the weight of
the predicament really starting to rattle them.

CASPER

Okay. Maybe I can just get to the door... open it... and run.

(beat)

Think it'll chase me out?

GOLDIE

I don't know, how fast can they run?

CASPER

Well, they got four legs. If they run like dogs, I'll--

GOLDIE

--I don't like this now. Maybe we just wait for help.

(beat)

Even if you make it into the forest and hide, how well can they see?

CASPER

Probably better than us.

GOLDIE

Jesus, we need Google so bad right now.

(beat)

Ironic. Got a signal booster but no phones.

Casper suddenly snags the shotgun from her and grips it like his life depends on it. Because it does.

CASPER

I gotta try something, at least for dad. I'll just sprint through and hightail it out into the woods.

GOLDIE

No.

CASPER

Yes.

She moves in for a hug but he can tell he doesn't really have her support.

GOLDIE

I love you.

CASPER

I love me too. Trust me, I got hopes and dreams. I'm coming back.

She lets him go and he slyly opens the door to take a peek.

CASPER'S POV

The brown bulge is licking garbage...

He closes the door. Takes a final breath, but--

CASPER

--Wait. Isn't this the part where
I tell you a secret or something?

(beat)

Something that you didn't know...
just in case... you know, this...
does end up being a one way trip?

Goldie's mind does a backflip.

GOLDIE

Asshole, you're coming back. You
can't be serious...

He is serious.

GOLDIE

Okay. What?

CASPER

Can't think of anything now.

(beat)

Oh, yeah. I was married once--

GOLDIE

--What!

CASPER

Just checking you're awake.

(beat)

Alrighty, once... I got into a bar
fight and lost. A drunk guy broke
my nose.

She looks at him like a cow looking at a new gate.

CASPER

It's why I've got such a cute face.

No comment.

He abruptly holds the gun to his chest.

CASPER
 --Okay. On three...
 (beat)
 One, three--

--He suddenly rips the door open and puts two feet inside the kitchen, but--

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

--The bear turns to him and ROARS...

Mrrrgggggggggggghhhhhhhhh...

Casper's ass tightens and he drops the shotgun--

CASPER
 --FUCK!!!

Backpedals into the living room SLAMMING the door shut.

Slowly unclenches his sphincter and faces Goldie.

CASPER
 I know how to trade high volume
 stocks, and how to pay my taxes
 online. I don't know how to fight
 bears.
 (beat)
 You're right. Lets jus--

BUT SUDDENLY--

--The bear POUNDS against the door--

--*FLUMPFffff*--

GOLDIE
 --It's gonna come through!

Casper goes for the heavy oak dining table...

CASPER
 Help me!

They slide the table in front of the door, but--

--*WUMPPPPPPPP*, another hit causes a split--

--Casper grabs a book cabinet and dumps it on top of the table, barricading the door--

--The bear swiftly relents...

Casper and Goldie listen. Some movement, but nothing to shit another chocolate brick over.

CASPER
We gotta think of another way.

Goldie grabs a fish knife from the table and shows it to him.

CASPER
Yeah, I don't plan on getting that close to it again. See the size of its mouth? Bigger than yours.

She grabs a candle--

GOLDIE
--Fire? What if we light it and--

--But Casper has spotted something else...

CASPER
Wait. The bear is the one trapped, not us!

He darts over to a window and tries to open it, Goldie fervently following...

GOLDIE
Yes! One of us could climb out and sprint to the old fart for help...

CASPER
Not in the middle of the night.
(beat)
But-- even better. Someone climbs out, runs around and opens the door from the outside. *Adios, hairy bastard!*

GOLDIE
Brilliant! Good luck!!

Casper pushes on the window.

CASPER
Why didn't we do this in the first place? Almost lost my balls back there?

But the window is one of those that opens from the bottom, outward, forming a slender gap along the lower ledge.

A fucking slender gap.

CASPER
Is that it?

GOLDIE
Probably so animals don't get in.

CASPER
Yeah, normally a good thing, unless
they're already in!

Goldie drags a dining chair over and Casper steps up onto it.
Lowers a leg down through the narrow window gap--

GOLDIE
--Do you need to take anything?

CASPER
Didn't exactly have time to pack a
bag.

She grabs one of the flashlights--

GOLDIE
--I meant like this, smart ass.

He snags it. *Good idea.*

But--

--As he tries to squeeze through the gap, his happy sacks
grate against the window ledge...

He WAILS... like a leaky balloon losing air.

GOLDIE
Babe... babe...
(beat)
I think this might be a vagina job,
after all.

CASPER
I think you're right.

He steps back inside, jumping down from the chair.

Goldie grabs the flashlight and climbs up.

CASPER
Okay. But before you open the
door, find somewhere to hide.
(beat)
That way, you got a place to go.

She gazes down into the skinny window gap but something inside stops her.

GOLDIE
You know what?

Suddenly flips the flashlight, gripping it like it's a hammer, and--

--SMASHES out the glass with the flashlight's heavy plastic handle, *KISSHHHHHHH... KISSHHHHHHH... KISSHHHHHHH...*

CASPER
What the-- what are you--

GOLDIE
--Fuck it. Now we can breathe out.

She expertly grates the flashlight around the rim of the window frame scraping away any shards.

CASPER
What are we gonna tell the owner?

GOLDIE
The truth.

CASPER
Guess we could both go now.

GOLDIE
No. You stay and distract it while I go around the front.

CASPER
Good thinking, Batman--girl...
Bat-girl-lady-person.

He watches her finish scraping the glass away...

CASPER
You look like you've done that before.

She throws him a suspicious squint.

CASPER
What in the name of Princess Jasmine's tiger...
(beat)
A few hours ago you were bawling over a broken nail and now you're frickin' 'G.I. Jane?'

She winks at him, then jumps out onto the deck, WAAAAAK...

CASPER
Be careful!

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Goldie faces the black. The whistle of wind between trees.

She steps away, but suddenly--

--CRACKING UNDERGROWTH stops her...

Her stomach turns icy. Pans her flashlight.

CASPER
(through window)
What is it?

GOLDIE
Thought I heard something.

GOLDIE'S POV

Her eyes follow the beam around. Tree shadows.

SOUND of a TWIG SNAPPING...

CASPER
Probably little forest animals.
Hedgehogs and stuff.

GOLDIE
Hedgehogs don't live in North
America.

CASPER
How do you know?

GOLDIE
Books.

Casper guffaws--

CASPER
--I didn't know you could read.

She scoffs him off and steps away.

GOLDIE
Okay, I'm going.

CASPER

Wait. Do we need another secret?
It's your turn. I tell you things
but you never tell me things--

GOLDIE

--Shut up, I tell you things.

CASPER

No, you don't. What books have you
read? Why do you hate it when
people say, '*Time flies?*'.

GOLDIE

Not now. I'm coming back, jackass.

A FLUTTER of unseen wings...

She pans her light again. Smirking pines...

Makes her first steps away from the cabin, but--

--As soon as she twists around the side of it--

--Her light lands directly in the face of...

ANOTHER.

HUGE.

BEAR.

Gleaming eyes.

GOLDIE

Oh, fu....

--An instant blood rush.

Then--

--She drops the flashlight and sprints back to the window,
trying to dive through the gap, but--

--The bear is faster...

Raaowwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwww...

Powerful jaws sinking into the side of her leg--

GOLDIE

--CASPERRRRR!!!!!!!!!!!!

He snags her arms but it's a tug of war--

GOLDIE
--HELP ME!!!

CASPER
I'm trying--

--The bear *BELLOWS*...

Goldie frantically grips the window frame, glass splinters
stabbing into her fingertips--

--She SHRIEKS

CASPER
Hold on!

INT. LIVING ROOM, LOG CABIN - NIGHT

Casper bolts across the room scooping up the fish knife--

--Races back to the window, plunging the blade into the
nearest patch of fur--

--The bear responds with a, *skraaaaaaaaaaaa*... and--

--Lets Goldie go, withdrawing into the void.

Casper hauls her through the gap and she lands on the wooden
floor with a *WUMPPPP*...

He kneels and regards her wet, gory jeans as she rolls in
agony, but suddenly--

--The bear YOWLS through the window gap, and now we have a
better look, we can see that it's only got one eye--

CASPER
--Jesus, fuck!!

--Two giant paws hit the ledge, but--

--Casper snaps to his feet and sprints to the sofa, upending
it and plowing it towards the window gap like a battering
ram--

CASPER
--Motherfucker!

The head of the sofa bashes the bear away--

--*BAMFFFFFFFFF*...

He shoves the sofa through the hole until it's completely plugging the gap... half inside the cabin, half outside.

On the deck... SOUND of a GRUNT and a GROAN... then heavy feet clumping away through leaves.

He drops to Goldie's side and his heart stops.

Her ass looks like its been dragged across a giant cheese grater.

CASPER

Gold--

GOLDIE

--I told you it wasn't a hedgehog--
you ass-head, son-of-a-thousand-
whores--

CASPER

--Okay, okay, I know you're ups--

GOLDIE

--What the Hell just happened!?

CASPER

I don't know, maybe it was mama
bear. Why are they so psycho?

He tries to get a handle on her wounds--

CASPER

--Where does it hurt?

GOLDIE

Everywhere, you dick-hole!!

CASPER

I'd lay you on the sofa, but it's
part of our new window arrangement--

GOLDIE

--Don't tell me what you can't do,
just, fucking-- DO SOMETHING!

Tries to crane her neck back, but who can really see their own ass, except for those long-necked, indigenous people of course--

GOLDIE

--How bad is it?

CASPER

Well--

GOLDIE
--TELL ME!!

CASPER
I-- I gotta get your pants off.

He peels back a flap of soggy denim to reveal a tsunami of red.

CASPER
I see bite marks, but you're not missing any chunks...

His tone quickly turns grim--

CASPER
Uh, o--

GOLDIE
--What!?

CASPER
Hold tight...

He digs a finger into her wound and scrapes at something.

Goldie with a primal SCREAM as he holds up a glistening pearly...

CASPER
Someone left a tooth behind...

GOLDIE
How deep?

But it's like she fell into a vat of crimson paint.

CASPER
Hang on...

He skirts across the room and scoops up the vase of flowers.

Heads back, dumps the flowers and pours water over Goldie's bare butt causing her to YEOWWWWW--

She fist-pounds the floor as the magic water reveals ugly teeth holes in her ass and upper thigh...

CASPER
Deep enough.

GOLDIE
Animals carry mouth bacteria, what about infection?

CASPER

We gotta get you to a hospital.

GOLDIE

I have antibiotics leftover from my
root canal...

CASPER

And let me guess where they are?

(beat)

Upstairs? In the bedroom?

(beat)

The bedroom we can't get to...
without going through the kitchen.

He pushes to his feet and gazes at the mess that used to be
their cozy little crib.

CASPER

Okay. Guess I gotta get upstairs.

GOLDIE

No, too dangerous. We have to wait
for help now.

CASPER

And what if we wait too long? What
if you're right and you do get an
infection... and... lose your leg--
or worse--

--The word 'worse' scares both of them.

GOLDIE

There must be another way up.

CASPER

I doubt there's a secret '*Harry
Potter*' chamber in here.

Rubs his head, his eyes falling onto--

--The drinks cabinet.

CASPER

--Wait a minute...

He steps over to it and unscrews the lid from a Smirnoff
bottle.

Shuffles back and kneels beside Goldie tilting the bottle and
showering her ass with booze--

--She SCREAMS like a four-year old...

GOLDIE
--That. Fucking. Stings.

CASPER
Vodka. To sterilize the wound...

GOLDIE
Probably not strong enough you shit
gibbon! More useful if I drank it!

CASPER
I could pee on you? Saw it on
Discovery. An explorer broke his--

GOLDIE
--FUCK OFF!!

She GROANS.

Casper takes stock of her. *He has to do something.*

Gets to his feet and heads to the sofa, ripping the cushions
out and dropping them beside her.

CASPER
Roll onto these.

She slithers onto the homemade mattress.

GOLDIE
I think I've got glass in my hands.

He grabs a sweater and drops alongside her with a super
serious air about him.

CASPER
I'm hardly a doctor, but I know we
gotta stop the bleeding.

She whimpers as he gently wraps the sweater around her thigh -
and then in one fell swoop - pulls it tight...

She reels.

But as the pain ebbs away...

GOLDIE
Am... I... gonna die?

CASPER
Of course you are, you little
asshole. We all are...

He slides around to her face and lifts her head into his lap.

CASPER
But not today.

Massages her scalp.

CASPER
I do get to call you an asshole,
though. Until today, I'd never met
a real-life, asshole, with actual,
holes in her ass.

It works. She breaks a smile...

CASPER
These bears are acting more like
wolves.

GOLDIE
Werewolves.

CASPER
Wanna know something weird?
(beat)
When I stabbed it with the fish
knife, I looked it right in the
eyes. But when it came back, it
only had one.

They forage through their minds trying to find some logic.
But the dig is short-lived as Goldie screws her nose up...

GOLDIE
Ewww, what's that smell?

Casper sniffs...

CASPER
I think Buttzilla just dropped a
brown one.

GOLDIE
(repulsed)
Lovely.

CASPER
Babe, I really gotta go for help.
You can't even walk--

GOLDIE
--I could if I had to.
(beat)
What if there's a whole army of
those fuckers out there?

But SUDDENLY--

--SOUND of a DIGITAL ALARM... coming from the kitchen...

GOLDIE

My iPhone alarm. It's 4am.
Supposed to be getting up for the
flight now.

Casper gently places Goldie's head down and clambers to his feet, moving closer to the door.

CASPER

Then that's what I gotta do.
(beat)
I gotta get the phone, run for a
signal, and call for help.

GOLDIE

Too dangerous. We just sit it out.

CASPER

But you need help! You're bleeding,
badly!

She drops her head and spots the Vodka bottle. Reaches over and takes a swig.

GOLDIE

Why did I stop you renting that
car?

He comes back and kneels down by her. Takes her hand.

CASPER

Because it was supposed to be a
hiking trip. This whole thing is
absurd; don't start blaming
yourself.

But she isn't sold.

CASPER

The flight doesn't matter now.
What matters is that we get you to
a doctor.

He spots a magic marker on the floor and grabs it. Upturns Goldie's hand and draws a heart with an arrow through it, right in the middle of her palm.

She squeezes his fingers.

CASPER
I'm getting that phone.

She reaches up and caresses his cheek.

GOLDIE
I'm scared that something will
happen to you.

They bump heads.

CASPER
Maybe it's '*secret time*' again.
Just in case...

GOLDIE
No, dumbass...

CASPER
I'm off to face my furry destiny.
Just give me something, it's the
least you could do.

They part skulls.

GOLDIE
Okay.
(beat)
You were supposed to be a one night
stand. Happy now?

The remark hits him for six. And seven. Then--

CASPER
--Was it the guns?

He flexes his biceps - less muscle than a mannikin.

GOLDIE
No. In the morning, you didn't
take the easy way out by ordering
breakfast. You made it. Banana
nut pancakes and French toast.
(beat)
That's when I decided you weren't a
one night stand.

A bright light glows inside him.

CASPER
My pancakes get all the chicks.

For a few sweet seconds they're mentally free of this wooden
prison. Then--

--He slowly rises and moves to the barricaded door.

GOLDIE
Please be careful. Grab that phone
and get the Hell outta' there.

She points into a corner.

GOLDIE
Throw my purse over?

He grabs it and slides it to her. She rummages and takes out
a little red canister.

GOLDIE
Mace. In case it gets close.

She throws it to him.

GOLDIE
And if things get really hairy, try
and grab a kitchen knife from the
drawer by the oven.
(beat)
My phone is plugged in on the
microwave.

CASPER
Got it.

Slips the mace into his pocket and crosses to the barricade.

Climbs the table and rests an ear against the thin wooden
door.

CASPER
Nada.

Jumps down and shuffles the table legs away from the door
just enough so he can get through, then, very, carefully--

--CLICKS it open and peers in. The light is still on and his
eyebrows suddenly drop--

CASPER
--That's one big turd.

Then--

CASPER
--Oh, no.

GOLDIE
What!?

CASPER'S POV

Something in the turd twinkles back at him.

A long, sparkly ear ring - still connected to a flap of curved skin.

He closes...

CASPER

Think we found a missing hiker.

(beat)

What's... left.. of her...

GOLDIE

Oh, my God! It's already killed people!

She suddenly feels a horrible cold creep over her.

GOLDIE

What's it doing now?

CASPER

Same as us. Standing by the door looking out at sweet freedom.

GOLDIE

You definitely can't go.

CASPER

But if I don't... we might be next. I only need the phone.

He looks at the door with new focus.

CASPER

All my life, I've been failing, but now I'm actually gonna get something done.

(beat)

Maybe a prayer would help?

GOLDIE

God doesn't listen to people who only pray when they want things.

CASPER

Not true. He listened when I needed my Tesla stock to go up.

He takes a quick breath and whips the mace out of his pocket.

Flattens against the wall.

CASPER
 (to himself)
 Okay. By the microwave.

GOLDIE
 You don't have to do this for me.

CASPER
 Thanks, I'll do it for me then.

He looks green around the gills for a moment. Then--

CASPER
 --One-- three--

--And with that, he bolts through the doorway and into the belly of the beast...

Goldie glances to the heavens--

GOLDIE
 --Please, God...

We live the next 60 seconds through Goldie's eyes as...

She lies there, listening...

It's as if her eardrums have opened and she has super hearing...

A sudden SOUND of MOVEMENT...

Plates SMASHING. Then--

--CASPER SCREAMS--

GOLDIE
 Casper!

SOUND of the bear, *krraaaaaaaaaaaaaa...*

GOLDIE
 CASPER!

More SMASHING, things falling on the floor and breaking, *BEZINGGGGGGGGGG...*

CASPER (O.S.)
 Ugh... G--GOL-- GOLDIEEEEEEEEEEE...

GOLDIE
 CASPER!!

Another ROAR--

Another SCREAM--

CASPER (O.S.)
--No, no-- Gol-- Gol, Gold...

Goldie's face twists at the sound of a MONSTER ROAR,
Brrrrrrrrrrr...

Then--

CASPER (O.S.)
--No, no, no...
(beat)
GOLD-- GOLDIEEEEEEEEE...

His cries bring a lump to her throat...

The rivulet of a single tear...

Then--

--Silence...

GRUNTING...

Movement... some SCRAPING...

Goldie wants to vomit, her breathing reduced to short,
shallow gasps--

GOLDIE
--Casper?
(beat)
Casper?

Silence.

GOLDIE
CASPER!!!!

She slides off the cushions and--

--Belly crawls towards the door, dragging her shitty leg
behind her.

Makes it and stops breathing so she can hear better.

SOUND of some SHUFFLING. Heavy feet...

Forces herself alongside the door and reaches for the handle,
hauling herself to her feet and falling against the wall.

Opens the door and peeks inside.

Her mouth drops but nothing comes out...

GOLDIE'S POV

A bloody kitchen knife. The microwave is on the floor--

--A trail of blood leading to--

--Casper...

Who is lying between the bear's front paws as it gnaws on the top of his noggin like it's a hairy bone...

Casper's eyes are open but his jaw is slack and he is muttering...

The floor around him; a nightmare curry of blood and bear shit.

Goldie forces a hand over her mouth, but then--

--She HEARS it...

A constant clicking sound, every few seconds--

--*K-tok, k-tok, k-tok...*

He is holding an electric gas stove lighter, his index finger continuously squeezing the trigger and producing a flame each time--

--*K-tok*

K-tok

K-tok...

He is alive... but not for long if the bear chows down again.

His message is clear though.

Goldie drops to floor and mentally preps--

GOLDIE

--Okay... one... three...

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Goldie speed-wriggles her way to Casper...

Eyes her dangling iPhone on the way past, it's hanging over the kitchen counter on a cord, but--

--The bear spots her and--

--Gets up, the fur around its neck glistening red...

She continues crawling, her pain is nothing compared with Casper's life...

But as she squirms through the animal's slippery ass-splatter, her hand suddenly skids on something rubbery--

--The human ear...

She *YIPS* and whips her hand away as--

--The behemoth comes for her like a growling locomotive, but--

GOLDIE

--FUCK YOU!

--Goldie is in beast mode too.

--And as the brown demon reaches her, she makes it to Casper, quickly grabbing the clicker, her other hand seizing the mace alongside his body--

--She clicks the lighter, *k-tok*, and thumbs the mace--

SCHHWAAAAAAAAAAAA--

--A plume of fire greeting the bear's tonsils. It ROARS, *Krrrrrrrrrrrrrr*... eyes as black as frying pans, but--

--Goldie answers with a second burst, *SCHHWAAAAAAAAAAAA*--

--The bear backs into a corner, swaying from foot to foot like a bored elephant. Never seen a flamethrower before...

Goldie bites hold of the clicker and snags Casper's arms--

--Grapples him backwards, shoes slipping all over the moist crap attack...

Casper is heavy, but adrenaline has gifted her strength.

Drags him back towards the living room door just as--

--The bear finds its balls again-- and lunges--

GOLDIE

--FUCK YOU!!

She spits the clicker and, *FWWOOOOOOOFFFFFFFF*, flames kick at the bear's nose, but this time--

--The fire nips a bunch of washcloths hanging on a rail--
 --Igniting them...

GOLDIE

Shit!

Her desperate hands find a shopping bag and she tugs the
 CRANBERRY JUICE out...

Rips the cap off and throws globs of purple at the blaze,
 but--

--A blob splashes an electrical power strip--

--SPARKING IT - TTTZZZZZZZZzzzzzz...

--Causing the cabin to lose power and killing the lights.

GOLDIE

Aaugh!

Darkness.

Goldie squints through the shadows. The enemy can hide now.

She bites hold of the clicker and snatches the iPhone from
 its dangling cord, stuffing it down her top.

Grabs Casper and lugs him to the mouth of the doorway.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Goldie drags Casper to safety. Hard to see his wounds in the
 gloom.

Pushes to her feet and nips the door handle SLAMMING the door
 shut, WHAM!

Drives the table back in place, then--

--Collapses--

GOLDIE

--Cas-- Casper!

K-tok--

--The tiny flame lights her outline...

GOLDIE

Cas-- Casper? Please...

His eyes are open but his head looks like a battered cabbage.

GOLDIE
Say something...

CASPER
--You're, one... brave, asshole...

GOLDIE
--Can you move?

CASPER
I... can't feel my legs.

GOLDIE
They're still there.

CASPER
I tried to mace it... but it didn't
appreciate the taste.
(beat)
Got it with a knife though...

She dabs blood out of his face with her sleeve.

CASPER
How do I look?

GOLDIE
It isn't your best day.

He struggles for breath...

GOLDIE
Try and keep calm, you're in shock--

CASPER
Calm? We're-- we're in the dark.
I can't feel half my body, and we
both need doctors...
(beat)
Did you get the phone?

His comment immediately sparks her pistons.

GOLDIE
The phone... yes!

Shoves a hand down her top and pulls the iPhone out, fingers
desperately dancing over the screen, but--

--Nothing.

Squeezes her thumb over the power button--

GOLDIE

Please...

K-tok, holds the flame over the phone while repeatedly jabbing the power button--

GOLDIE

--Come on, come on...

Dead metal.

She throws it across the room, *SCHLACKKK!!!!*

CASPER

The power surge probably fried it.

Turns his head towards hers.

CASPER

I think it's safe to say we sit tight and wait for help now.

But the muscles in Goldie's jaw bunch.

GOLDIE

No, Casper. Fuck. That.

(beat)

We're not just gonna sit here and bleed out like injured beavers.

Something has happened to her. Something potent.

GOLDIE

We need to kill that brown bag of shit before it kills us.

The air around her is electric.

CASPER

I'm with you.

(beat)

Does this mean you're not vegan anymore?

GOLDIE

It means... if we don't kill it... and it gets in here...

She waves a hand over Casper's current condition.

He gets it.

She toils to her feet, mangled jeans flapping around reeking of bear shit. Rips the tatters off.

Tightens the sweater knot around her leg, then--

--K-tok...

GOLDIE

Fire. It doesn't like fire.

The tiny flame floats around the room as she paces...

GOLDIE

Remember what we saw when Trump
came to town?

CASPER

Lots of people with missing teeth?

She limps to the drinks cabinet and grabs an unopened rum
bottle.

Unscrews the cap and stuffs a bunch of napkins into the neck.

Struggles over to Casper grinning like a possum with a sweet
potato.

GOLDIE

We saw protesters. Throwing these.

CASPER

Don't they fill 'em with gasoline?

She swipes the empty Smirnoff bottle from the floor and
transfers a little rum into it.

Stuffs napkins into the Smirnoff neck, *k-tok*, lights them
with the clicker, and--

--Lobs the bottle into the corner of the room--

--It SMASHES... the puny drop of alcohol igniting but quickly
burning out.

CASPER

Jesus. And you're gonna do this
now? Right now?

GOLDIE

(absurd)

No. I'm gonna wait for the Mars
landing first.

She painfully drags a cushion to him and kneels down on it so
they're close.

K-tok...

Moves the flame nearer to him, but his face holds an expression she hasn't seen before.

CASPER

I'm starting to feel I don't even know you. Smashing windows and now booze bombs?

(beat)

I think it's 'secret time' again, don't you?

A whimper seeps from her lips.

CASPER

I will if you will.

But somehow... this time... it's different, because it's real.

A few heavy seconds tick by. Then--

GOLDIE

--Okay. You really wanna know a secret?

Casper with a face full of wonder.

GOLDIE

When I was younger... I went to prison.

Casper's jaw hangs.

Dueling eyes...

CASPER

--I'm listening.

Goldie eases her finger off the clicker trigger, the flame going out and leaving her just a voice in the darkness...

GOLDIE

When my sister and I were younger and living at home, we really hated our neighbor, 'cause even though he was married, he had a thing for my mom. Used to come over all the time to borrow shit, any excuse to see her. One day, he hit on her so hard that she kicked him out. After that, whenever our family left the house, he'd often hop over the fence to creep about.

We could never prove it, but we knew he did it because one day, the fence was actually broken down. He claimed it was the wind, but he was jealous of mom and tried to spy on her. Used to steal stuff too, dumb stuff, like the dog's water bowl, but occasionally... we thought he'd actually gotten into the house. Sometimes, when me and Monica went to school, we'd forget to lock the back door and mom had already left for work. One morning, Monica couldn't find her new school bag, we'd only bought it two days earlier and were convinced he'd come in the evening before and taken it just to fuck with us. Next morning, Monica and I waited for him and his wife to go to work, then busted out a back window and climbed into his living room. We found the bag; but while we were upstairs, he suddenly came back for something. We tried to run, but he grabbed Monica and I couldn't leave her. He called the cops and claimed I'd been armed with a kitchen knife while denying taking the bag. Said we brought it with us to stash our loot. Showed the cops a knife, and sure enough, it was from our kitchen set, but it was one he'd taken a few weeks earlier. My prints were on it, so were Monica's. Cops believed everything he said, coz, after all, he'd caught us red-handed.

(beat)

We were both charged, but I told the judge that I carried the knife and Monica didn't even know about it. I ended up with three years, Monica got two. When I hit 18, I was moved from juvie to state prison.

(beat)

There a whole year before release.

K-tok... she lights them up again.

GOLDIE

You asked me why I hate the term,
'*Time flies?*'. Well, trust me, in
prison... it doesn't.

Casper swallows down her history like it's bleach.

CASPER

And this is how Monica became an
alcoholic. You blame yourself.

He can almost taste her feeling of culpability.

CASPER

You were a kid though, it's not
your f--

GOLDIE

--But I was the big sister. I took
her with me.

Her voice carries that unmistakable tone of regret.

CASPER

What happened to him?

GOLDIE

Died in prison. After we got out,
the FBI hit his house and found
kiddie porn on his laptop. He was
convicted and sent to prison where
his cellmate strangled him.

Casper nods agreement with the fitting ending.

GOLDIE

Supposedly, he was a Christian. I
like to think of it as God's
payback.

Her face exudes some satisfaction. Then--

GOLDIE

--Okay, your turn. And it better
be good.

Casper sinks into his thoughts.

Has to dig deep. Very deep.

CASPER

Right. Can't believe I'm actually gonna tell you this.

(beat)

Once, I was laying in the back of a taxi, in India, for five hours, doing nothing but sweating and clenching my ass cheeks together.

Goldie with a long stare.

CASPER

Bad chicken.

(beat)

Didn't end well.

Goldie's mind is stuck in a whirlpool, but--

--A HUGE THUMP on the living room door shatters the silence--

--CA-CHUNK!!

They jump and Goldie points the flame at the door.

CASPER

(whispering)

Help me up--

GOLDIE

--Wait...

SOUND of movement, then a frustrated, *Roooooooooooooooooooo*...

Feeling safer, Goldie returns the flame to their faces.

GOLDIE

Thank you for sharing such a personal secret.

(beat)

Now I gotta go kill a bear, before it kills you.

CASPER

Sorry to be such a burden.

GOLDIE

Nothing new.

She grins and stops short of kissing him--

CASPER

--No goodbye kisses. Right?

GOLDIE

Right.

She eases to her feet.

CASPER

Did you have to share a cell with
some looney-toon then?

K-tok, Casper's eyes follow the flame as Goldie hobbles to
the drinks cabinet.

GOLDIE

Computer hacker. In for wire
fraud. Nice girl, you liked her.

CASPER

I, what?

GOLDIE

Cindy. From our double date at The
Comedy Store.

CASPER

She was your... cellmate!?

Goldie grabs the rum bottle, but--

CASPER

Wait. Did... did-- you two...

He trips over his own words and Goldie whirls around to him,
almost expectant--

GOLDIE

--Did we what, Casper?

CASPER

Did... both... of... you... t-two--

GOLDIE

--Spit it out. Did we what?

His features quiver...

CASPER

Ugh... l-l-learn... how to make
liquor bombs, in prison, then?

She knows he took the easy way out. Gets back to her bottle.

GOLDIE

Something like that.

Unscrews the rum cap and necks a shot. Then carefully kneels and swipes a strip of denim that she ripped from her jeans.

Stuffs it into the bottle neck to make a fuse.

Spots a bottle of hand sanitizer on a shelf next to the liquor cabinet.

Her eyes hit the word: **FLAMMABLE.**

Grabs it, unscrews the lid, and dumps the whole lot into the rum bottle.

Presses a thumb over the opening and shakes the homemade grenade.

Stuffs the denim back into the bottle neck.

CASPER
Still got the mace?

GOLDIE
We've upgraded.

She hitches over to the living room door and places the bottle onto the table barricade, but--

CASPER
--How do you even work... with a criminal record?

GOLDIE
We live in Los Angeles. Everyone's a criminal.

CASPER
Really?
(beat)
Am I?

GOLDIE
I don't know. Are you?

Something about her cross-examination rubs Casper the wrong way, but she playfully dips her head to him.

GOLDIE
I tutor yoga. I'm not exactly a kindergarten teacher.

Twists away to inspect the door and feels her gut tighten. This next move will be big.

Focuses. A tense mouth.

GOLDIE
 Okay. I'm just gonna walk in there
 and buy him a drink.

CASPER
 Him?

GOLDIE
 No woman would make such a mess in
 the kitchen.

He pushes up onto his elbows--

CASPER
 --What if you set the whole cabin
 alight?

GOLDIE
 Least people'll see us.
 (beat)
 I saw a fire extinguisher under the
 sink.

CASPER
 What if it doesn't work?

GOLDIE
 Jesus, Casper, it'll work. You got
 any better--

CASPER
 --Yeah. Wait here like injured
 beav--

GOLDIE
 --And we have enough supplies, eh!?
 (beat)
 Not gonna lose any fucking limbs
 coz we waited so long that
 gangrene set in, right?

Casper with a micro shrug.

GOLDIE
 Your girl scouts first aid diploma
 ain't gonna get us out of this
 fuckwiddich, babe.

CASPER
 --Sexy. Some of your prison slang?

GOLDIE
 Fuck off, Casper--

CASPER

--I would if I could walk.

She glares at him. Her shoulders slump as sadness gushes through every cell in her body.

GOLDIE

I knew that if I told you about prison, you'd end up using it against me, because eventually, everyone does.

(beat)

I just didn't realize it would come this fast.

Only now does he realize the damage his newfound knowledge could do.

She turns away from him a little bit broken.

Grits her teeth and shimmies the table away from the door.

Grabs the Molotov and reaches for the door handle.

GOLDIE

I'm doing this...

CASPER

If-- if it goes bad, I'm not gonna be able to rescue you.

GOLDIE

Just wish me luck.

He drops his head back to the ground...

CASPER

Good--

--But the door CLICKS shut and he is alone.

CASPER

--Luck.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Goldie turns away from the door, ninja quiet, and faces the mouth of the kitchen.

GOLDIE'S POV

Darkness...

SOUND of her breathing seems amplified, like its being drawn through a respirator...

K-tok...

Holds the puny flame out at arm's length...

In the far corner by the front door, a large, dark mass.

Unclear if it is sitting or standing...

Raises the Molotov and lights the denim fuse... its glow illuminating her strained facial features.

The flame swiftly eats up the rag.

She pitches her arm back as far back as she can, and--

GOLDIE

--Fuck you.

Lobs the bottle at the black mass--

--We follow it as it twirls through the air... but--

--As it reaches the other end of the kitchen...

It hits the bear square on the chest, *FOOOOPPPP*--

--And bounces off it's fur, dropping onto the floor... where it rolls under a table, its meager flame fizzling...

Goldie feels her stomach drop like a heavy bucket of piss.

The bear roars, *ggyyaaaaahhhhhhhh*--

GOLDIE

--Shit--

--Feels lost for a minute, and SUDDENLY--

--The bear charges...

Goldie SHRIEKS, but as she performs a high speed pivot, her foot slips in the bear's ass-custard and she hits the deck--

--The beast is on top of her but she squirms like an eel, slipping underneath it and sliding straight out from under the back of its legs--

--Jaws SNAP at her, but--

--She grabs a wooden stairway slat and hauls herself up a step... then quickly another--

--Clambers upward as the bear SLAMS two paws onto the bottom step, *THUNKKK!!!*

Awkwardly leaps up a level, but--

--The modern, minimal style stairway has large gaps of air between each slat; nothing like it in the natural world and the bear is perplexed--

TOP OF THE STAIRS - NIGHT

As Goldie clears the last step and--

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

--Stumbles in, looking for something... anything...

TOP OF THE STAIRS - NIGHT

As Goldie hobbles back to the steps dragging a pink roller case...

The bear clumsily skitters up another slat, but--

--Goldie HOLLERS and launches the pink roller case down--

GOLDIE

--Aaaaaaaa!!!!!!

--It crashes into the meat-eater, bashing it down a step and shattering as it hits the ground, spilling its guts of clothes--

--The bear ROARS a, '*Fuck you*', claws skating over the smooth slats, but--

--It balances...

Goldie hotfoots it back into the bedroom and reappears with an even bigger case...

Lifts it over her head with all her might and hurls it south--

--It smacks the bear on the head, *BWWAAAKKK*, and detonates an explosion of clothes, towels, shoes and--

--A HUGE CLOUD OF WHITE POWDER...

The bear is knocked down a bunch of steps, but suddenly...

The entire stairway gives way...

CRAACCCKKKKKKKKKKKKK--

--And the bear falls through landing back into the belly of the kitchen--

--It BELLOWS. Then prowls into the gloom... the awkward staircase gap too big for it to leapfrog... and the only thing keeping Goldie alive.

She stares down at the debris but the white mist has stolen every kernel of her attention.

A white, shrink wrapped packet teeters on the edge of a remaining slat.

The sight of it is stomach-cramping.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Goldie collapses onto the bed. A brief respite in total darkness.

Casper's vocal chords ring through the gloom--

CASPER (O.S.)
--Please tell me you're still with us?

Despite her discovery, she bites her tongue-- for now.

GOLDIE
I'm still with us. But I'm upstairs. The bottle didn't blow.

CASPER (O.S.)
You okay?

GOLDIE
I'm not sure.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Goldie storms to the sink and runs the taps, urgently splashing water into her face.

Drinks. Wipes bear shit out of her eye sockets.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Goldie limps back in, a fresh towel knotted around her leg.

K-tok... a more detailed look around the shadowy room.

Casper's iPhone on the bedside table.

Snatches it, the screen illuminating with some earlier messages.

CLOSE ON TEXTS:

MOM: Are u having a nice time in the cabin honey? 23.20

MOM: Your father is looking for u. Typical, only calls when he wants something 23.22

DAD: Lost my email password, how do I get it back??? 23.24

The last message cuts her deep.

GOLDIE
(to herself)
Jesus. What the fuck are you
doing, Casper?

Glances at the phone's signal bar but it reads: NO SERVICE

An icon says EMERGENCY. She hits it... but nothing.

GOLDIE
(yelling downstairs)
Your phone hasn't got a signal.

CASPER (O.S.)
No power, no signal booster.

She throws the phone onto the bed and limps to a window, pushing it open.

Dawn is finally breaking. Can actually see a few feet into the forest.

GOLDIE
--HELP!!!
(beat)
HELP, PLEASE! SOMEBODY!!

Her only reply is a GRUNT.

GOLDIE'S POV

Mama bear rambles around a clump of ferns.

But as Goldie stares out, something else shakes her.

Some bushes a few feet away from mama bear CRACKLE around... like a baby T-Rex is pushing through.

Hard to tell if it's the wind... or a THIRD hairy bastard.
She slips back into the bedroom.

CASPER (O.S.)
Gold'?

She cranes her neck down to the floor, his voice almost inducing nausea now.

CASPER (O.S.)
I been thinking about a few things
you said. Got a lot of time at the
moment.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAWN

Casper lifts his head a little.

CASPER
God's payback?

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAWN

Goldie's face tightens at his choice of words.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAWN

Her silence pushes Casper harder--

CASPER
--You said... your neighbor went to
prison for having some shady kiddie
jazz on his computer, yet your
cellmate, 'Cindy,' hacks computers?

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAWN

Goldie with a wry smile.

CASPER (O.S.)
Kind'a funny, that...

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAWN

Casper lowers his head back onto the floor a little more astute.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAWN

Goldie turns back to the window.

GOLDIE

I got news.

(beat)

I don't think it's a one-eyed
zombie-bear. I think mama brought
her toyboy along.

CASPER (O.S.)

(deadpan)

Fantastic.

Goldie turns back to the bed and grabs the iPhone, tapping the flashlight and panning its beam around.

GOLDIE

Okay, think...

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - DAWN

Goldie steps in and shines the light.

Sparse.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAWN

Goldie ducks back and peers around again.

Spots her hairbrush. An idea.

INT. BATHROOM - DAWN

Goldie shines the light around. Grabs her wash bag and rummages through it.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAWN

Goldie is pulling pajama bottoms on. Better than running around with her hamburger ass hanging out.

TOP OF THE STAIRS - DAWN

Goldie limps out and gazes down the broken stairway.

A floorboard CREAKS under her shoe--

CASPER (O.S.)
 --That you?

GOLDIE
 No, it's the bear.

A meaningful silence. Until--

CASPER (O.S.)
 --I'm sorry I threw the prison
 thing at you. I understand why you
 don't tell people.

She listens, but inside she is still seething.

CASPER (O.S.)
 You were framed though. You don't
 have to feel so guilty.
 (beat)
 You're a victim too.

His words chew away at her soul.

CASPER
 It's nothing to be shameful about.

She takes a soothing breath...

Despite her contempt for him, something cold and dark
 fritters away from her leaving her feeling a little lighter.

Then--

GOLDIE
 --I'm coming down.

Fans the light over the kitchen.

Dawn light is helping, but her beam is better and she spots a
 lump on the far side of the room.

GOLDIE
 Alright, you overgrown meatball.

Phone in one hand, she grips the hand rail with the other and
 hops down the first slat... then another... and then another,
 until she is at the awkward hole.

Squats, then places two legs through the gap and drops to the
 floor, collapsing, iPhone skittering under the fridge.

GOLDIE
 Shit.

INT. KITCHEN - DAWN

Goldie clambers to her feet. The lump hasn't moved.

Dips a hand into her pocket slipping out the gas clicker.

CASPER (O.S.)
Still alive?

GOLDIE
Still alive.

But she can't take her eyes off the lump...

K-tok... holds the flame out and--

--Points a wobbly foot towards the bear...

And then another, stepping through the giant puddle of clothes, shoes, bear shit and powder dust.

Heavy breathing as she closes in on the brown mountain.

Can see its body expanding and contracting...

Claws that could decapitate a moose.

As she edges forwards... her empty hand reaches into her pajama pocket and she slides out a--

--Can of HAIRSPRAY...

Levels it beside the clicker-flame and continues forward...

The carnivore's features gradually come into view.

Hard, labored breathing - a sign of pain in dogs.

Eases closer, can see its dime-sized pupils, but also--

--POWDER, around its lips...

Little white granules stuck to its big wet nose.

Abnormal head movements, drooping eyelids...

--It just sits there, face to face, prisoner to prisoner.

Goldie's thumb hovers over the hairspray nib. If she pushes it, the party starts, but--

--The bear is unusually subdued. She eyes the door, pulse beating in her ears--

CASPER (O.S.)
 --You okay?

She can't answer. Can hardly breathe.

Freedom... almost there...

Slowly reaches for the door handle with her clicker hand...

Pushes down, and with a 'CLACK' the door is loose...

Delicately pushes it out and holds it ajar for the bear...

GOLDIE
 --Go...
 (beat)
 Go...

But the bear is fucked up and just sitting there, drooling...

Goldie gazes out at the forest, unsure, but--

--Starts moving herself towards it... until--

EXT. LOG CABIN - DAWN

--She is out...

Lets the handle go and the door slams shut, CLACK...

Freedom. Fresh air. Space.

A moment to acclimatize...

She hops off the deck and limps deeper into the forest, but--

--Stops short... and gazes back at the cabin.

Could be the last time she ever sees it. And Casper.

Eyes the forest again.

EXT. WINDOW, LOG CABIN - DAWN

Goldie arrives at the hole--

GOLDIE
 --Casper! I'm out here!

Still gloomy inside. K-tok...

INT. LIVING ROOM, LOG CABIN - DAWN

Casper arcs his neck to find Goldie shining the flame in--

CASPER

--What the-- run, get help, run to the old guy's place--

GOLDIE

--Run? I've got holes in my ass, I can barely stand.

CASPER

How the-- where's Cuddles?

GOLDIE

In the kitchen. You hurt it with the knife, but it won't leave.

CASPER

Just run-- use the phone--

--But she is halfway through the window and lands inside with a painful *FWAPPPPP!!!!*

CASPER

Please tell me you got my phone?

She catches her breath, red hot lava gushing through her arteries.

GOLDIE

Lost it. But not before reading some pretty interesting messages.

Some nerves in Casper's chest twinge.

GOLDIE

Your dad lost his email password, for one. Wants to know how to get it back. Important stuff... for someone who just a had a heart attack, wouldn't you say?

CASPER

What?

--But Goldie's slow burning fuse suddenly pops and she rips a dope brick out of her pajama bottoms and throws it at him--

GOLDIE

(ala Casper)

--Huge bricks of cocaine!!

--The bundle splits, *WAPPPP*, as it slaps against the wall next to Casper's head, a cloud of blow raining down on him.

GOLDIE

Was that supposed to be funny!?

As the white mist settles on Casper's hand, he clenches it into a frustrated fist.

GOLDIE

I risked my life to rescue you, and you're doing this shit!?

His animus dips to an all time low.

GOLDIE

Why didn't you tell me the real fucking secret, Casper!?

(beat)

That's where you went? To pick up drugs? You're a... a drug dealer?

He can't even look at her... but he has to offer something.

CASPER

No. More, more like a... smuggler.

GOLDIE

I threw your case down the stairs coz the fucker was coming up, and all this shit came flying out.

He curves back to her.

CASPER

While I was working, I took money from the wrong people. Put it into a bunch of high risk stock and lost it all.

(beat)

They told me they had a 'special' way I could pay it back.

Goldie hard blinks - like when you're really trying to understand.

GOLDIE

And-- the cops weren't an option?

He bends his arm back and shows her a scar on his elbow.

CASPER

I didn't fall on broken glass.

A surge of bewilderment wallops her.

GOLDIE

So... we were just gonna fly to
Canada... with it in your case?

CASPER

They're well connected. Got people
in Homeland Security.

GOLDIE

And what if it went wrong?

CASPER

It wouldn't hav--

GOLDIE

--But how do you know, Casper!?

CASPER

Because I've done it before, when
we came back from Costa Rica!

Goldie slumps. Feels like her heart has been ripped out, cut
into three and served up for breakfast, lunch and dinner.

GOLDIE

You were smuggling drugs... the
same weekend you proposed?

Casper sighs. A guilty conscience is a heavy thing to carry.

CASPER

I don't actually know what I'm
smuggling, to be honest.

But Goldie immediately fights to her feet and hobbles to her
purse tearing out a pocket-sized makeup mirror.

Hitches back to Casper and shoves it into his hand...

GOLDIE

Who the fuck is this guy, Casper!?

She tilts it so his mirrored face reflects back at himself--

GOLDIE

--Who is he!?

(beat)

Five years together, and then this!

She sinks to her knees.

GOLDIE

I was desperate to be like you.
You were safe, and boring, but
nice, and good. I even went to
cooking school to be better for
you.

(beat)

You're nothing but a lying criminal
though. Just like me.

Guilt creases Casper's forehead.

GOLDIE

One I was just about to marry.

Her words smash him like a punch delivered by Thor.

GOLDIE

Wait, but... your mom's phone call?

CASPER

I-- faked it. So we could get to
Canada quicker... and I could
deliver on time.

He swallows a deluge of remorse. Eyeballs his reflection.

CASPER

I really don't know who this guy
is. He's an asshole though...

(beat)

Just like his dad.

At last, the train is finally pulling in. Even though Casper
is 34 years old, only now is he truly meeting himself.

CASPER

There's something else, Goldie.

She looks at him as if someone just injected poison into her.

CASPER

A gun. There was a gun-- in my
suitcase too.

It takes a minute to sink in, then Goldie keels over.

She WAILS... and WAILS again, then--

GOLDIE

--Why, Casper, why!? I was
upstairs--

CASPER
 (satirical)
 --Oh, honey theres a gun in the bag
 of drugs, feel free to--

GOLDIE
 --And you'd rather protect your
 dirty little secret than save my
 life!?

CASPER
 I didn't wanna lose you--

GOLDIE
 --Well congratulations, not only
 have you lost me but now you've
 probably killed me!

She SCREAMS so guttural it sounds like the earth itself is
 being murdered.

CASPER
 Goldie, when I went into the
 kitchen I wasn't going for the
 phone, I was trying for the gun--

GOLDIE
 But I'd already been outside and
 got my fucking ass chewed up--

CASPER
 --We didn't know there were--

GOLDIE
 --If you'd have said there was a
 fucking gun upstairs we would've
 tried harder for it!

That earth defying SCREAM again.

GOLDIE
 I had the suitcase in my hands!!!

Her brain in a vortex. Then--

GOLDIE
 --How, how was there a gun in the
 case, Casper? How!?

CASPER
 When I picked up the stuff, there
 was a bear by their cabin. They
 gave me a gun-- to scare it away.

Her heart skips a beat as she puts the pieces together.

GOLDIE

So it was you... who fired the
shots that old crab heard?

He nods. She starts sobbing...

GOLDIE

Why would you do this to me,
Casper? I was gonna marry you.

CASPER

It wasn't supposed to go like this.

He scrutinizes her. Instead of helping to build up the
person he loves, he's broken her down into a pitiful mess.

CASPER

When we first met, I liked you
because you weren't too talky, but
now I know why...

(beat)

While all your friends were out
there dating and hitting up all the
bars, you were in prison. Locked
up and fighting... just to survive.

She wipes her tears.

CASPER

Fighting like an animal. Fighting
like a... bear...

The comparison stirs her.

CASPER

We might both be criminals, Goldie,
but I'm the piss-ant version of
one. Your actions were justified.

He lays his head back onto the floor.

CASPER

I think you should just leave me
here. I can't let you risk your
life for me... again.

Goldie sits up and sucks air. Staggeres to her feet and limps
to the busted window.

Fiddles with her hands, her stone cold gaze fixing on the
love heart Casper drew in her palm. Then--

GOLDIE
--Where is the gun now?

CASPER
Probably somewhere in the kitchen.

GOLDIE
Okay. Pack your bags. Gun or no gun, we're leaving this shithole.

CASPER
Goldie you don't hav--

GOLDIE
--But just know... if you hadn't have rescued my sister that time, and booked her into rehab when I was in Tampa, you'd be bear chow now.

A mutual understanding in a supersonic second.

He watches her wearily saunter over to him, his eyes ablaze in both sorrow and admiration.

CASPER
And how are we doing this then?

GOLDIE
Same way I did. By using the door.

She kneels behind him, placing her hands on his shoulders.

GOLDIE
--Okay, I'm gonna push you up...

CASPER
What about mama and papa bear--

--Goldie drives him to the sky so he is upright.

GOLDIE
Fuck 'em! We're outta options.

Hooks her arms under his--

GOLDIE
--I'm gonna drag you to the door.

She lifts him an inch off the floor...

They both HOLLER as she lugs him across the floor and dumps him by the door.

Takes the gas clicker and hairspray out of her pajama pockets and hands them to him.

GOLDIE

I'm the driver, you're the gunner.

He takes them.

She leans against the door, but dithers for a moment...

GOLDIE

(ala Casper)

*I don't wanna be anywhere else in
the entire universe?*

Pulls the side of her mouth back decisively, coming to terms with the whole farce.

GOLDIE

This weekend was never about us,
was it?

(beat)

No cops out here. Perfect cover to
do your dirty work. Just
underestimated the local wildlife.

Casper swallows a gag. Ground zero. Better to take a ring road here...

CASPER

Hedgehogs...

(beat)

Makes sense now. You had a lot of
reading time in prison.

She replies with a heartbroken smile, then turns back to the door and cracks it open.

GOLDIE'S POV - INSIDE THE KITCHEN

The bear is sitting in the same place. It looks at her and she closes...

GOLDIE

Okay. Same place. Let's go.

CASPER

Just promise that if you need to
drop me and run, you'll do it.

GOLDIE

You're not getting off the hook
that easy.

INT. KITCHEN - DAWN

Daylight. Goldie gently touches Casper down. Just as she said, the lump is still by the door.

Casper eyes the mess of clothes, bear shit and blow.

GOLDIE

Gimme the tools. I'm gonna go open the door so I can pull you straight out.

He hands her the clicker and spray.

CASPER

Be careful, and look out for the gun.

K-tok - Goldie holds the hairspray level with the flame and starts inching toward the bear.

She can do this. Exactly the same as last time...

Scans the floor, no sign of a gun, but--

--As she advances on the brown devil, it turns its head to hers and--

--She freezes.

Unlike last time, the animal seems to be tripping now...

Faster panting... *hu-hu-hu-hu-hu*, a red glistening neck. It's had enough of this situation just as much as she has.

She pushes on, their eyes laser locked.

Closer...

If she reached out, she could touch it...

Transfers the hairspray to her flame hand, empty hand moving to the door handle...

Picks her foot up and moves a fraction closer.

But suddenly--

--The bear gets up...

Goldie RASPS and teeters backward, toppling over the garbage can and hitting the floor-- *WHACKK...*

Drops the clicker--

Races to the sink and rips a cupboard door open grabbing a fire extinguisher...

CASPER

We gotta get outta here!!

She aims the nozzle and squeezes the trigger, but--

--*PUTT PUTT*...

GOLDIE

COME, ON!!

Pulls the trigger again--

--*PUTT PUTT*... a measly splutter...

Throws it and grabs a bucket, flinging it into the sink and running the taps...

Half full--

--Whips it up and throws water over the doorway...

Back to the sink--

GOLDIE

--It's gonna work, it's gonna work!

Yanks the bucket, but as she rushes back - a massive inferno is birthing, and--

--Blitzed bear lunges...

GOLDIE

Fuck--

--Throws the whole bucket at it--

--Blitzed bear BARKS and chest-puffs...

Goldie... cornered... but--

--A GLINT of silver.

The gun - lying in a bed of flames under the kitchen table.

GOLDIE

The gun!

She grasps for it, but the heat slaps her away--

CASPER

--Get it, get it!

GOLDIE

I can't!

Casper crawls toward her, but she can't get her hand through the flames...

Blitzed bear closes the gap, snarling...

And as Blitzed bear tightens up to pounce, Goldie makes a decision--

GOLDIE

Fuck it.

But as she grasps through the fire for it--

--Blitzed bear passes the Molotov cocktail... slowly roasting in another knot of fire, and--

--BADABOOMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM--

--The bottle EXPOLDES, knocking Blitzed bear sideways and bouncing Goldie clean off her feet.

The beast catches glass but quickly finds itself as a new fireball engulfs the room...

Goldie rolls, dizzy... splinters in her forehead--

--The ROAR of the bear is all she can hear... like an incoming missile--

--Sits up in time to face a wall of TEETH hurtling towards her... a final whisper slipping from her lips--

GOLDIE

--Casper.

But at the very last moment--

BLAM, BLAM, BLAM, BLAM, BLAM...

A fistful of slugs SLAM into the bear's chest and--

--It COLLAPSES, slumping on top of Goldie's ankles...

Then--

--CASPER HOLLERS, as--

--He drops the gun, its searing hot handle taking the skin off his palm...

GOLDIE
CASPER!

He nurses his scorched hand...

GOLDIE
Casper, Casper!!

She tries to cradle him, but--

CASPER
--Leave me and get out!!

GOLDIE
I'm not leaving you!

She grabs him, bulldozing her way back through the living room doorway...

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAWN

Goldie hauls Casper all the way in, but the flames refuse to let them go--

GOLDIE
--The window!!

Goldie wrestles him to the window, his legs scraping along like logs of chopped timber...

She tackles the sofa away, trying to get Casper upright--

GOLDIE
--GOD-DAMN-IT!

Shoulders him to the window ledge...

CASPER
Gol... Goldie... listen to me. I
love you, but--

GOLDIE
--NO, CASPER, NO--

CASPER
--You gotta go--

GOLDIE
--We both go--

--A ceiling beam collapses, *SHWAPPPPPPPPP*--

GOLDIE
I can do this--

--But he slips off her and THUDS back onto the floor...

He YAMMERS, his scorched hand blistering puss...

CASPER
Goldie, I didn't tell you a lot of
stuff!
(beat)
You were right all along! I did
have a gambling problem. I didn't
quit my job... I was fired--

GOLDIE
--No, no, no, no, no, no...

CASPER
I'm sorry, I was ashamed, I'm sorry
I put you through all this--

GOLDIE
--Shut up, shut up, you saved me
Casper, you just saved me...

He looks her in the eyes and places his grilled hand on the
curve of her waist--

CASPER
I've always loved you, and I always
will--

--But he has to let her go as smoke bites into their lungs.

CASPER
Quickly, go and get help. Come
back with help... you can do that!

The voices in her head are telling her otherwise though--

CASPER
--You already saved me, you can do
it again... please...

His words finally land--

GOLDIE
--Yes! Okay, I can do it again.
I'll get help, and I'll be back...

CASPER
Go! Now!

The deepest eye contact they've ever held.

CASPER
No goodbye kisses... right?

GOLDIE
Right--

--But this time... she kisses him. Then--

--Her body goes numb as she turns away and clammers out of the window...

EXT. LOG CABIN - DAWN

Goldie tumbles out onto the deck and bounces into the forest, but as she pushes up to her feet and glances back--

--The cabin's entire roof implodes, burying Casper in a pile of smoke and ash--

GOLDIE
--Casperrrrrrrrr!!!!

Her legs buckle and she plunges to her knees, twisting to the forest with a SCREAM that burns into the soul--

GOLDIE
--SOMEBODY, HELPPP!!!!

Crawls away from the inferno, the forest easily swallowing her.

EXT. FOREST - DAWN

Goldie scrambles--

GOLDIE
--PLEASEEEEE, SOMEBODY!!!!

But as her cries echo into the forest--

--They're answered by--

--A GRUNT...

One we've heard before. Goldie arcs in the mud to find--

--MAMA BEAR...

GOLDIE
--FUCK YOU!

Beyond running...

She snags a handful of twigs and throws them at the varmint--

GOLDIE
--FUCKING, DIE!!

Fistfuls of mud, rocks, stones...

--Mama rears up, gnarling at Goldie, even bigger than Blitzed bear--

GOLDIE
--FUCKING... DIE, FUCK... YOU--

A handful of pebbles, some dirt, a plant...

--Mama bear continues to close in, clacking her teeth and towering onto her hind legs.

Truly titanic.

But Goldie's frenzied aura is a thousand times bigger and--

--In a final stand, she boosts to her feet lifting a fallen branch high over her head and throwing it, but--

--It bounces off Mama bear's immense body, *SHOOOOPPP*, and--

--Mama bear answers by lashing out with a monstrous claw, cutting Goldie's cheek and swatting her to the ground with a shocking display of ease.

As Goldie falls, her head meets a log, *KLUNK*...

Rolls over. Lost her coordination. Dizzy. Feels woozy...

Nausea.

Can't find the sky...

Gazes up just in time to see Mama Bear soaring over the top of her--

--A HUGE PAW stomping her arm.

She winces and flexes a hand, once again heeding the heart that Casper inked...

She cries for both of them as drool splatters her face...

Brrrrraaaaawwwrrrrrrrrrr

Focuses on the heart in her palm...

GOLDIE
I love you...

Closes her eyes as the rabid mouth comes racing towards her face, surely this is the end--

--But, SUDDENLY...

Mama bear relents, and--

--Eases off.

Goldie opens her eyes... to find it sniffing her.

A familiar smell. A welcome scent.

Consumed by the odor, Mama bear pays particular attention to the shit stains on her shirt...

Goldie twists as the intrusive cold snout probes her face and rapes an eye socket... but SUDDENLY--

--A MAN'S VOICE BELLOWS...

MAN'S VOICE
--HEY!

Goldie crows - probably just her imagination... but Mama bear steps off her, because--

--The voice is real.

MAN'S VOICE
Hey!!

Goldie swivels to find--

--FREDDY... holding a cellphone...

His cabbage knees aren't what they used to be but at least he he is trying--

FREDDY
--Away, God damn it!!!

Waves his arms at Mama bear as if flagging down a chopper...

Mama bear hovers and sizes up the threat level.

HUFFS at him, blocking his rescue...

Goldie seizes the opportunity and rolls onto all fours--

GOLDIE
 --Please tell me you brought your
 gun!?

FREDDY
 I saw a fire, not a bear--
 (beat)
 Already called the ranger.

Goldie tries to pad away on her hands and knees but Mama bear
 warns her off with a HUFF--

GOLDIE
 --Not just one. A whole fucking
 family!

Mama bear skulks--

GOLDIE
 --What do we do?

FREDDY
 Don't run...
 (beat)
 Where's avocado toast?

Pained, Goldie turns her head back to the burning cabin.

GOLDIE
 He was hurt. I couldn't...

Freddy tries to get past Mama--

FREDDY
 --Damn, menace. Since the
 pandemic, they got more aggressive.
 Come closer to the cabins lookin'
 for food, got used to 'em being
 empty.
 (beat)
 Some say covid got into 'em... made
 'em crazy...

GOLDIE
 Maybe it did. They got the missing
 hikers, we found the leftovers!

Her comment hits Freddy square in the gut...

FREDDY
 What!?
 (beat)
 That was my niece! Been out
 looking for 'em for days.

Mama bear growls but Freddy's got blood in his eyes.

Goldie makes a move and Mama bear veers toward her--

GOLDIE

--What do I do, what do I do!?

Freddy stumbles closer, waving his arms, and--

--It works. Mama bear turns on him...

Freddy holds his phone up--

FREDDY

--Take this... and RUN!

Throws the phone to her then tugs out a tiny pocket knife.

It's small, but it's something.

As Mama bear looms down on him, Goldie steals her chance and hauls ass.

FREDDY

(to Mama bear)

C'mon you son of a bitch!

He slices the blade through the air.

Goldie pounds mud and--

--Gawks over her shoulder to see Mama bear waltzing with Freddy... then--

--A shrill, blood curdling SCREECH as Freddy meets his maker.

FREDDY (O.S.)

Eeeyyyyyyaaaahhhh!!!!

Goldie sprints...

She is the animal now... shoes drumming the mud--

--She is flying, not even human.

Barrels through the bracken, barely able to see in front of herself...

Reaches a ditch and accelerates, trying to jump it, but--

--Comes up short and surfs into the side of it, *WHUMPPPPPP...*

GOLDIE

Aaugh!

Presses up...

GOLDIE
HELP!!! SOMEBODY!!

Glances back--

--The snares of death galloping towards her--

Scrambles up the ditch, tripping into a clearing but catching sight of a smoldering fire pit, beer cans scattered around the edge of it...

THE ORANGE TENT...

Front flaps are loose, steam seeping out of its folds...

Feels like a heroin shot to her--

--Dashes toward it, shoes slashing undergrowth and--

--Explodes through the flaps--

INT. TENT - DAWN

--Instant SCREAMING...

Amy and Josh are lying on their sleeping bags HOLLERING at the sight of Goldie through a cloud of weed smoke--

GOLDIE
--Help-help, a b-bear, a fucking--

--But her panic is vast - the two stoners unsure if the moment is even real...

GOLDIE
A FUCKING BEAR KILLED MY--

--But she slips on a bong and lands beside them--

GOLDIE
--P-- please!!

Amy YELLS even louder... and suddenly--

--SPLUT...

That ghastly sound of metal piercing meat...

Goldie drops Freddy's phone, her breath now coming in short, sharp gasps...

Tilts her head down to find--

--A HUNTING KNIFE sticking out of her stomach, Amy's fist still gripping its handle...

Amy swiftly withdraws the blade and springs to her feet, blowing past Goldie and out through the flaps BAWLING all the way, until--

--Her SCREAMS are met by a roar, *Rrrraaaaaaaaaaaaaa...*

SOUND of CRUNCHING BONES - like someone squeezing a giant packet of chips--

JOSH

--AM--AMY!!

Josh dives through the flaps, but--

--From the SOUND of his horror, Amy is probably compost now.

Goldie smooshes her eyes shut hoping to make the gash in her gut disappear, but--

--It's still there...

Pats around for the phone. Finds it. Clutches it.

Drives to her feet and wobbles out through the flaps...

EXT. TENT, FOREST - DAWN

Goldie stumbles away, Mama bear busy with her human breakfast.

EXT. FOREST - DAWN

Goldie trudges through the scrub cupping her stomach...

She is numb...

Must hold it together...

Must hold it together...

Must hold it together...

Drops her eyes to Freddy's phone: A full signal.

Hits EMERGENCY CALL and raises it to her ear--

GOLDIE

--Police...

(beat)

My, my name is Goldilocks Isobel
Weston. I'm staying in an Airbnb
in Whistlers Creek in Utah National
Park. My fiancé is dead, an--

--SNAPPING TWIGS behind...

She pulls a one-eighty, her four-legged stalker lumbering
after her...

She breaks into an awkward jog, but--

--Just can't run anymore...

It's a foot chase now, and the bear has four.

Goldie reaches a verge and hitches up it to reveal--

--The lake alongside the hiking trail, an island in the
middle, maybe fifty yards out...

Scrambles to the water, 911 OPERATOR'S voice still filtering--

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

--Mam, hello?

GOLDIE

Please, please hel--

--But as she nears the water's edge--

--She spots--

--TWO KAYAKS tied under a tree, one red, one yellow...

Ploughs into the shallow cold water...

Unhooks the red kayak, pretty much a canoe with a small
opening in the top housing a seat compartment.

Fumbles into the seat, the plastic tube wobbling like it's
inflatable, but she grabs an oar and stabs the ground with
it, pushing out...

Glides into deeper water, almost toppling...

Starts paddling to the island...

Twists back to see--

--Mama bear has reached the water, and--

--Dunks two paws in, but--

--Doesn't commit...

Cries relief, but as she faces the front--

--She wobbles, and--

--Loses her balance...

The kayak CAPSIZES, puking her into the water, the dawn cold hitting her like a sheet of ice.

UNDERWATER

Hasta la vista cell phone.

ON THE SURFACE

Goldie treads water. Eyes the other kayak, but notices--

--A PARK RANGER'S pickup bumping along the shoreline...

Brakes in front of Mama bear...

Goldie sputters, excitement flooding through her.

GOLDIE'S POV

As a Ranger gets out of the vehicle and cautiously steps toward Mama Bear, but--

--Mama bear charges him...

The Ranger draws his steel, *BLAM, BLAM, BLAM...*

Mama bear slumps. Dead. Goldie is saved.

The Ranger starts walking back to his truck as Goldie waves--

GOLDIE

--H-- HELPPP!

(beat)

HELP!!

She swivels back to the island, closer than the mainland now.

Swims...

A few more strokes and her shoes find land.

EXT. ISLAND - DAWN

Goldie stumbles out of the blue and turns back to find the Ranger staring at her through binoculars.

GOLDIE
--HELPPPPP!!

He lowers them and raises a bullhorn--

RANGER
--Rest on the island. I'm calling
for backup.

He hikes back to the truck...

Goldie simpers. Emotionally hollowed out.

Stumbles across the rocky shore to find a spot of grass, and--

--COLLAPSES...

INT. CEDAR CREEK HOSPITAL, UTAH - DAY

The delicate BLEEP of a heart monitor.

Goldie is asleep in a private room. A NURSE is dabbing her face with a cotton swab. Dabs an ear and the motion rouses her.

Opens her eyes. Focuses. Remembers...

Tries to lift an arm but her wrist is HANDCUFFED to the bed rail, *CLINK*...

Rolls her head, her focal point landing on--

--A bandage wrapped FIGURE sitting in a wheelchair, watching her.

The Figure is completely mummified from head to toe, the only sign of life - eye, lip and nostril holes.

GOLDIE
C-- Casper?

FIGURE/CASPER
Hello, Goldilocks.

She tries to sit up--

GOLDIE
--You... you're alive?

CASPER
So are you. For a moment, we
thought the worst.

GOLDIE
What? How long have I--

--She twists to a window. It's snowing.

Spots a POLICE OFFICER standing guard at the door.

GOLDIE
Police?

Tries to move her wrist again, *CLINK...*

CASPER
Goldie. This is gonna be hard,
but... the cops know.
(beat)
They know about the stuff in your
case, and they found your gun.

Panic. She forgets how to breathe for a minute--

CASPER
--They found drugs all over the
remains of the cabin.
(beat)
I tried to convince them it wasn't
yours, but with your criminal rec--

GOLDIE
--NO, CASPER, NO!

She jars her head away from the irritating Nurse who is still
dabbing her ear--

GOLDIE
--Get off me!

But on second glance, the Nurse has morphed into Freddy--

FREDDY
--Sorry. Didn't mean to scare you.

GOLDIE
What the fuck!

FREDDY
Heard some shots out this way and
came over to check...

Then SUDDENLY--

--Freddy leans forward and starts licking her face like an excited dog.

Goldie SCREAMS, tries to jump out of bed but can't move her lower half--

GOLDIE

--My legs... I can't feel my legs!!

Throws the bed covers back to reveal--

--Her legs are gone at the knee and she is laying in a huge pool of blood...

FLASH BACK TO:

EXT. ISLAND, UTAH NATIONAL PARK - DAWN

--Goldie opens her eyes to find--

--A spongy, moist tongue licking her earlobe...

A HUGE, spongy tongue.

She is still on the island...

She tightens, and rolls her eyes to find the tongue's owner--

--A COLLOSAL bear with one eye, a bear we will call--

PAPA BEAR

At least the weight of an SUV.

Goldies' pupils SCREECH as the pink, mucus-filled sponge probes her cheek leaving a trail of glop.

Her hands stiffen in the dirt.

Giant nostrils skim over her torso, then--

--The pink sponge samples her stomach gash...

EXT. MAINLAND - DAWN

On the shore, the Ranger drops himself into the yellow Kayak. Grabs an oar and starts paddling towards the island.

EXT. ISLAND - DAWN

Papa Bear traces his snout down Goldie's leg. Gnaws her shoe, and suddenly--

--Chomps down, dragging Goldie, but--

--That's her limit. She lashes out with her other leg, stomping Papa bear in the face...

Papa bear roars thunderous, *huuuoooharrrrrrrrr*, and with an eye missing there is an extra evil to him--

--Grabs Goldie by the knee and flings her across the ground.

Goldie BAWLS...

Papa bear blows his lips out and huffs...

Goldie drags herself towards the opposite shore but she'll be no match for this monstrosity.

Papa bear charges her... but--

--BLAM--

--Falters as a shot skims past...

EXT. LAKE - DAWN

--The Ranger is standing up in the kayak, perfectly balanced, smoking revolver in his extended hands...

RANGER'S POV

He can see the bear between the trees.

Tries to find a bead - too much greenery.

Plants his ass back and rows like a sewing machine...

EXT. ISLAND - DAWN

Goldie hobbles towards the opposite side of the lake and--

--Wades into the water again, up to her knees, chest, neck...

Behind her, Papa bear emerges and toils into the water...

EXT. LAKE - DAWN

Goldie lashes through the lake.

EXT. ISLAND - DAWN

The Ranger reaches the other side of the island, his boots meeting rocks.

EXT. LAKE - DAWN

Goldie swims with short, fast breaths...

Over her shoulder, Papa bear has endless energy.

EXT. ISLAND - DAWN

The Ranger jogs across the island to the opposite shore and spots Goldie and the bear swimming back to the mainland.

Whips his revolver out.

RANGER'S POV

Aims at the brown head, *BLAM--*

--SPLOOOOOSHHHHH

BLAM--

--Another SPLOOSH...

EXT. LAKE - DAWN

Goldie's feet kiss the bottom of the shallows, Papa bear almost on her...

EXT. ISLAND - DAWN

The Ranger dumps his kayak onto Goldie's side of the water and leaps into the seat compartment, grabbing the paddle...

EXT. MAINLAND - DAWN

Goldie drudges to shore, bitten, stabbed, soaked and cold...

EXT. LAKE - DAWN

The Ranger paddles toward the mainland...

EXT. MAINLAND - DAWN

Goldie cups her stomach and falls against a tree...

The woodland is endless and her legs are out of oil.

Only one more direction left. She looks up... and--

--Steps onto a low hanging branch...

Presses down on a water-logged shoe and pushes to--

--The next branch.

And the next branch...

Below her, Papa bear canters into view and shakes water off his giant back, then pads to the base of the pine.

Goldie climbs higher but the branches are thinning...

Glances down to see Papa bear shunt onto two legs and grab the tree trunk in one giant bear-hug.

He pushes up, claws like climbing hooks...

Goldie drives upward, but she is on the road to nowhere.

EXT. MAINLAND - DAWN

The Ranger hits the shore...

EXT. TREE TOP - DAWN

Goldie tiptoes, but the branch above is an inch out of her grasp.

Stranded - thirty feet up.

Grabs the tree trunk and hugs it as if it's Casper.

Tears...

Gazes to the ground.

Probably means life in a wheelchair.

--Closes her eyes, and--
 --Starts to loosen her grip, but--
 --Just as she is about let go--
 --SOUND OF...

CRACKING WOOD...

The branch she is standing on can't take her weight, and--

--SNAPS... GAAAAAAKKKKKKKKK...

Goldie falls--

--It's like the world has stopped spinning and she is the only thing moving...

Leaves, twigs and branches fall with her...

As she descends, she collides with Papa bear, OOOOMPPPPPPP--

--His claws slipping from the bark...

Goldie and Papa bear sail south in unity...

The ground seems a million miles away, until--

--It arrives with the greatest, WHAPPPPP...

EXT. FOREST - DAWN

The Ranger frantically sprinting through the tree line...

EXT. GOLDIE'S TREE, FOREST - DAWN

Goldie and Papa bear roll, a shower of sticks and leaves raining down on them...

She lays on her back, maybe even crippled, but for Papa bear, it's just a scratch...

Goldie turns her head to see Papa bear rear onto his hind legs...

Roowrrrrrrrrrrr!!!!!!

Closes her eyes for good, but--

--Her fingers touch something...

Cocks her neck and opens her eyes to find the snapped off branch...

The wood has splintered, leaving a point at the end, and--

--Just as Papa bear thunders down onto her, she raises it--

--Harpooning him...

Papa bear *YELPS* as the timber penetrates his body like a spear, the point exploding out through the top of his back.

His carcass slides down the branch like deadweight, his huge head coming to rest on Goldie's shoulder.

She meets his beady eye and can smell the breath leaving his body. The game is over.

As she turns her gaze to the tree tops, the Ranger's face comes into view.

CHOPPER BLADES overhead...

FADE OUT:

OVER BLACK:

A WOMAN'S voice--

PENNY (V.O.)

--Happy birthday to you, happy
birthday to you, happy birthday
dear Goldilocks, happy birthday
toooooooooo you.

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM, GOLDIE'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - MORNING

The birthday singer's voice belongs to Goldie's mom, PENNY. She is holding a cake as she pushes her way into Goldie's childhood bedroom.

Goldie sits up--

GOLDIE

--Ugh, you didn't have to, mom.

Her wounds have healed, but the past trauma still hangs behind her eyes.

Penny raises the cake and Goldie blows the candles out.

PENNY
Okay, it's birthday brunch time.

But Goldie crashes back onto her pillow with one serious lack of passion.

PENNY
Come on, honey, we have to at least try and celebrate.

Penny turns away and heads out with the cake--

PENNY (O.S.)
--We're meeting your sister in 15.

Goldie sighs. Rather celebrate in bed.

Finally swings to the side of her mattress and throws the covers back. One of her legs is missing.

Reaches for a steel one and clips it to her knee.

INT. HIDEAWAY CAFE - DAY

A boutique brunch joint.

Goldie, her younger sister MONICA, and their mother, Penny, are sharing a booth while scanning menus.

MONICA
Okay, I'll go for the steak and a dirty martini.

Goldie's pulse suddenly surges--

MONICA
--Chill sis', just blowing fairy dust up your one legged-skirt.

GOLDIE
You better be.

MONICA
Salad and iced tea. I swear...

Goldie cackles as their SERVER heads over, nametag: SHAWN

SHAWN
(to Goldie)
Heard we got an old lady in the house. Did you find a space for your scooter okay?

GOLDIE
 Yes, thank you Shawn. Parked it
 right next to yours.

He grabs his order pad with an amused smile.

SHAWN
 Happy birthday. The usual green
 burger?

But this is a new Goldie, and this Goldie looks like she's
 gone through some shit.

GOLDIE
 No. I'll have the half pounder.
 With cheese.

Shawn pauses. For a long time.

Like, he needs to hear that again.

GOLDIE
 And a side of bacon. And chicken
 strips.

SHAWN
 That isn't very vegan?

PENNY
 Oh... Goldie isn't vegan anymore.

MONICA
 Hallelujah...

SHAWN
 Well shit in your hat and punch it.
 (beat)
 Never thought I'd see the day.

He notes the order down. Then--

SHAWN
 --Any other surprises?
 (beat)
 Doing anything fun this afternoon?

GOLDIE
 Yeah...

CUT TO:

INT. GOLDIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON: A pair of combat boots.

We tilt up them to find the boots are connected to a pair of khaki combat pants, and as we rise up over them we meet Goldie, who is standing in front of a mirror dressed in camouflage and holding a pump action shotgun...

She racks it, pumping a shell into the chamber-- *KUH-KUH...*

GOLDIE (O.S.)
Going hunting.

SMASH TO BLACK:

THE END