

THE GOOD GIRL

Original Short Film Script

Written by

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1

INT. MOUNTAIN CABIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

1

An electronic keycode chirps.

CALEDONIA "CALLIE" EMERSON (24), cute, bubbly, girl-next-door type, bursts into the Airbnb, energetic, hopeful.

She wheels in a suitcase while juggling a large bag of groceries and roses.

She sets the bag on the kitchen counter. Puts the flowers in a vase. Turns on romantic music.

CALLIE

It's perfect.

She spins around the living room, the flares of her skirt catching air.

2

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

2

House rules posted on the fridge. Callie quickly scans it.

CALLIE

Got it!

She opens the fridge, loads the groceries into it.

Next to a Brita pitcher.

She pulls down a glass, fills it with water.

Downs half of it in one gulp.

Something tastes off.

She places the Brita back in the fridge. Twirls away.

Green, gunky sediment sinks to the bottom of the pitcher.

3

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

3

A pink razor glides across toned legs.

Black mascara is brushed onto long, lush lashes.

CALLIE

(in the mirror)

He brought soup when you had Covid.
Didn't make it weird when you cried
over 'Housewives'. Men don't wait
unless they care.

Pink lip gloss glides over full lips.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

He deserves the gift of your flower.

She gives herself a solemn little nod.

Her stomach gurgles. She dismisses it.

4 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

4

Callie lights several candles.

Sprays the linens with perfume.

Scatters rose petals across the bed.

5 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

5

LATER.

Callie sits across from IAN (28) at the dinner table.

Tall white candles, fancy almost-empty plates.

He's handsome, with a bright, charming smile.

IAN

Wow, Callie. That was amazing.

CALLIE

Special night. Special meal.

She smiles at him lovingly.

IAN

Yeah. Six months.

Her stomach gurgles again. She winces. Holds her hand over it.

CALLIE

Sorry. Butterflies, I guess.

He looks deeply into her eyes. Raises his wine glass.

IAN

I know what this night means to you. And I'm honored you chose me.

She smiles back, warm, affectionate. They clink glasses.

CALLIE

Good girls wait. I'm like a swan. I
mate for life.

His eyes slightly widen. A sip of wine catches in his throat.

His foot taps under the table.

IAN

So, shall we move this into the
bedroom?

CALLIE

(a little thrown)

Um...

He flashes that million-watt smile.

She softens.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Okay.

6

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

6

Callie moves toward the ensuite bathroom.

CALLIE

I'll just freshen up first.

He senses her nervousness.

Takes her gently by the arm. Turns her toward him.

Stares deeply into her eyes.

Caresses her face. Kisses her softly on the lips.

IAN

I think I love you.

She freezes. Stunned, but happy. Suddenly shy.

CALLIE

I think I love you, too.

IAN

I'm really looking forward to this.

Another pang. She clutches her stomach. Bites her lower lip.

Something rumbles inside. She stares at him. Something shifts
behind her eyes.

She nuzzles his neck, taking in the aroma of his skin.

CALLIE

Me, too.

(pulls away)

I'll be right back.

IAN

Um, great.

He touches the wet spot she left on his neck. Grimaces.

7

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

7

Callie hurries to the mirror.

CALLIE

Oh, my God. Oh, my God. He loves
me. He really loves me. This feels
right. Yeah.

(half question)

You made the right choice.

She stares at her face. She leans in closer. Pulls down her
lower eyelid. Bloodshot. She frowns. Disregards it.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Definitely.

Her stomach gurgles again.

8

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

8

Ian checks the bathroom door. Jumps up. Grabs a pillow. Drops
it in the middle of the bed.

He lies down, adjusting the pillow under the small of his
back, testing the angle for Callie.

IAN

Nice.

He plops back down on the bed. Hands clasped behind his neck.
Waiting.

The bathroom door slowly opens.

Callie steps out in tasteful, but evocative lingerie. Soft
light cascades down her shoulders. A warm, nervous smile.

Ian sits up.

IAN (CONT'D)

Wow.

She takes a deep breath. Sits on the edge of the bed.

He moves behind her. Gently brushes her hair aside.

Softly kisses her neck. Chills run down her spine.

She closes her eyes, gives in to it. He gently turns her toward him.

A beautiful, soft, romantic kiss. She surrenders to him.

They fall back onto the bed, Ian on top.

He stares lovingly into her eyes. Kisses her, staring into her soul. She melts.

IAN (CONT'D)

Are you sure about this? I don't want to hurt you.

She swallows. Nods.

His hand moves down her chest. She gasps in anticipation. But his hand continues down.

A little too fast. Aggressive.

CALLIE

Whoa. Can we slow down a little bit? I don't want to rush--

He kisses her again. Moves his hand down again, slower this time, but still with a direct mission in mind.

She sits up. He grimaces, then starts kissing her again.

She firmly takes his arm, stopping him.

Her stomach growls, low and animal. She doubles over.

She looks pale. Dark circles under her eyes.

He notices. Doesn't care.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Um. I don't feel so good. I think I need to lie down.

IAN

Um, okay.

She sees the pillow in the middle of the bed. Raises a brow. Grabs it. Lies on her side, cradling it. Her back to him.

CALLIE
Can you just hold me for a minute?

IAN
Of course, baby.

He wraps his arms around her.

She takes in a deep breath. Then a long, deep exhale.

CALLIE
Oh, thank you. This feels nice.

IAN
Yeah. Nice.

CALLIE
I'm really sorry if I'm ruining--

IAN
It's okay.

CALLIE
I thought I was ready but maybe
we're moving too fast.

IAN
Um. Yeah. Okay. Sure. Yeah, we can
wait. Have any idea how long?

She picks up on his tone.

Her stomach makes a wet, impossible sound.

IAN (CONT'D)
Saint Ian.

He rolls over on his back, frustrated. Takes a beat.

IAN (CONT'D)
Well, look. Do you think you could
at least finish me off?

She squeezes her eyes shut. Clutches her aching stomach.

IAN (CONT'D)
I mean I did drive all the way up
here. Do you know how much gas
costs right now?

At this, her eyes fly open. Pupils black. Face greenish. Skin dry and cracked.

She lets out a guttural growl. He misreads it.

IAN (CONT'D)
Oh, okay. Yeah.

A smarmy smile crosses his face as she slips under the covers.

IAN (CONT'D)
Now we're talking.

Closes his eyes.

IAN (CONT'D)
Mmmmmmm. Man, you're good. This won't take long. Yes.

He moans with pleasure.

Then... CRUNCH!

His eyes fly open.

His moan turns into a gut-wrenching SCREAM.

IAN (CONT'D)
AAAHHHHHHH!

Callie's head pops out from under the covers, mid-chew.

His eyes go wide.

IAN (CONT'D)
What the fu--

She swallows.

She glares back at him, full zombie.

A sly smile crosses her face.

She wipes her bloody chin.

SMASH TO BLACK.